

Episode #92-021

FOREVER KNIGHT

"FATAL MISTAKE"

Teleplay by

Michael Sadowski

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SHOOTING DRAFT 9/18/92  
PINK (Full Script) 9/23/92  
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92-021

FATAL MISTAKE  
PAGE HISTORY

September 18, 1992 - WHITE - SHOOTING DRAFT  
September 23, 1992 - PINK - Full Script  
September 26, 1992 - BLUE - Full Script  
October 1, 1992 - YELLOW - Full Script

"FATAL MISTAKE"

CAST LIST

NICK KNIGHT.....Geraint Wyn Davies  
SCHANKE.....John Kapelos  
NATALIE.....Catherine Disher  
STONETREE.....Gary Farmer  
JANETTE.....Deborah Duchene  
LACROIX.....Nigel Bennett  
EDDIE  
BILLY  
KRAMER  
SERF  
ALEXANDRA  
MRS. SHORE  
DISPATCHER  
HARRIS

SETS

EXT. STREET (ESTABLISHING)  
INT. CONVENIENCE STORE  
EXT. ALLEY  
INT. NICK'S CADDY  
INT. PRECINCT  
INT. STONETREE'S OFFICE  
EXT. MEDIEVAL ROADHOUSE  
INT. ROADHOUSE  
INT. NICK'S LOFT  
INT. MORGUE OFFICE  
INT. ROADHOUSE - BEDROOM  
INT. MOTEL ROOM  
INT. SHORE HOME  
INT. CHURCH (PAST)  
EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND  
EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE  
EXT. JUNKYARD  
INT. JUNKYARD GARAGE OFFICE  
INT. INDOOR SHOOTING RANGE

TEASE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING) 1

PUSH IN SLOWLY ON A CONVENIENCE STORE. Typical and "seven-elevenish". The only store on the block that's still open for business. It's late.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. - CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS 2

CLOSE ON a MAN'S INDEX FINGER running slowly over stacks of ICE-CREAM CARTONS in a freezer. Trying to choose...

PULL BACK to REVEAL STONETREE is the man in the market for ice cream. He picks one, studies the back of the container.

STONETREE

(sotto)

Calories, calories.

(beat; deciding)

Aww, what the hell.

He closes the freezer door and GLANCES UP to a convex SECURITY MIRROR suspended up in the corner. REACTS. Quietly puts down the ice cream and DRAWS HIS SERVICE REVOLVER as he

SEES the reflection of trouble in progress: BACK AT the cash register, the STOREKEEPER in a blue smock behind the counter with ARMS ALOFT in a gesture of surrender. Held at GUNPOINT by

A PAIR of TEENAGE ROBBERS. White-trash looking. Heavy metal pipeheads. Headbangers from the dark side of "Wayne's World." One of them, the TRIGGER-MAN is EDDIE SHORE. He brandishes a large, stainless-steel .44 MAGNUM. The other, his ACCOMPLICE, is BILLY SEWELL. Looks drugged-out; hard beyond his years. A twitchy look-out.

Eddie waves the gun at the cash register.

EDDIE

(to the storekeeper)

All of it. Clean it out.

The STOREKEEPER nervously complies, stuffing cash into a bag. Pushes the bag over the counter.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

BILLY  
(to Eddie)  
Get us a carton of smokes too,  
man.

\*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

EDDIE  
(to the storekeeper)  
Carton of smokes, too. And some of  
those cigars -  
(beat)  
We're celebratin'.

\*  
\*

STONETREE CALLS from cover. He's low. Concealed behind a shelf and his gun is trained on the two crooks.

STONETREE  
(interrupting)  
Maybe not.  
(beat)  
Put the gun on the counter and back  
away.

BILLY TURNS, surprised. EDDIE, the trigger-man, HESITATES for a beat then SPINS AND OPENS FIRE on Stonetree.

The CAPTAIN cowers back behind cover as the slugs shatter glass refrigerator doors at the back of the store.

The Storekeeper hits the deck, TRIGGERS an alarm that RINGS SHRILLY.

EDDIE scoops up the bag of cash and the two boys RACE OUT the front door.

STONETREE gives chase.

3 EXT. - STREET - CONTINUOUS

3

The BOYS TEAR down the street, cut across the boulevard traffic, HEAD DOWN an ALLEY. Into the shadows.

ON STONETREE. Hauling after them. The big guy is really pumping, on adrenaline after-burn.

4 EXT. - IN THE ALLEY

4

POV FOLLOWING the two boys as they hustle to the end of the alleyway. To a CHAIN LINK FENCE, sagging and rusted in spots.

BILLY'S first over. He scales the fence effortlessly. Flips himself over the top. EDDIE, STILL ON THE OTHER SIDE, HANDS THE GUN THROUGH a HOLE IN THE CHAIN LINK to Billy. EDDIE STARTS to climb. PAUSES for a beat. REACHES DOWN and TUCKS the folded-up money bag into his waistband as... STONETREE comes around the corner at the ALLEY ENTRANCE. Trains his weapon on Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

STONETREE  
Police officer! Halt!

STONETREE'S POV: the alley is dark. CAN'T SEE BILLY on the other side of the fence

BUT HE SEES EDDIE WHIRL, his hands going to his waistband.

SHOTS BOOM out of the dark as BILLY FIRES THROUGH the fence at Stonetree. Then turns and runs for his life.

CLOSE ON Stonetree:

He RETURNS FIRE.

TWO SHOTS that CATCH EDDIE square in the chest.

ON EDDIE: SHOCK and PAIN on his face as the bullets SLAM INTO HIS BODY.

Stonetree ADVANCES cautiously up the alley, his gun held out firmly in front, still on Eddie.

STONETREE  
Freeze. Keep your hands where I can see 'em.

EDDIE is sagging against the fence. Clutching his chest. We SEE that he's CRYING NOW. Gagging and gasping for air. MUTTERING to himself.

EDDIE  
(sotto; gasping)  
Not yet. Not yet. Not yet.

CLOSE ON STONETREE: his reaction to the severity of Eddie's wounds. Suddenly sickened.

STONETREE  
Oh, man.

He holsters his pistol and moves to Eddie's side as the boy slumps to the ground. Stonetree tries to lift him. Eddie grabs hold of Stonetree's jacket, clutches it tightly against the pain. Pulling the Captain down with him as he slips to the pavement.

CLOSE ON EDDIE: A THOUSAND LIGHT-YEAR STARE. His eyes are wide with terror. Not so much looking at the Captain as through him. Far beyond him...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

EDDIE  
Not yet. Not now.  
(beat)  
Please no.

STONETREE  
Easy kid. I'm here.

EDDIE looks at him. Dead in the eye. Tries to speak but blood bubbles up instead. He gurgles, catches his final breath and goes completely still in Stonetree's hands. His eyes stay open. Staring out blankly.

O.S. HEAR the SOUNDS of DOGS barking and the THROB of a BIG ENGINE as

OUT IN THE STREET: a LARGE TOW TRUCK HAULING A beat-up VAN PULLS AWAY

STREET SOUNDS MIX with a BABY'S CRY wafting down from the tenement upstairs. The baby's crying growing in intensity as Stonetree STANDS.

CLOSE ON Stonetree: GRIM and HORRIFIED. He wipes his brow with the back of fist and we SEE that his hand is saturated with BLOOD.

HOLD ON HIM for a beat, then

FADE OUT.

END TEASE



ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. - ALLEY - NIGHT

5

Scene of the shooting. The requisite yellow tape and forensics techs. Natalie's Deathmobile and a brace of police cruisers are parked so that their headlights ILLUMINATE the spot where Eddie died.

CLOSE ON Eddie's hand as it's slipped into plastic "death mittens" and taped around his lifeless wrist by

NATALIE who gently replaces the boy's hand on the pavement, into it's chalk outline. She STANDS and TURNS to NICK, who's been observing her.

NATALIE

There's nothing to confirm the kid wasn't carrying a gun?

NICK

(shaking his head)

Nothing yet. Doesn't look good for the Captain.

Nick GLANCES across the alley. To STONETREE leaning against a police car. Looking like hell: shocked, disheveled and tired. Patiently answering two policemen's questions.

\*  
\*

SCHANKE appears on the OTHER SIDE of the chain link fence. Waving a flashlight back and forth. He steps through a HOLE that's been cut in the fence to expedite the investigation. JOINS NICK and NATALIE.

SCHANKE

No piece. If it's here I can't find it.

NICK

That's it, then. We can't write it up as a good shoot.

SCHANKE

Forensics boys'll stay on the scene all night. Try to find something that jibes with the Captain's story.

\*

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

NATALIE  
(looking across at the  
Captain)  
He's in for a rough ride.

NICK  
Like his job's not hard enough.

Natalie goes back to work. NICK and SCHANKE cross to the Captain who looks up at them with a hopeful but pained expression.

STONETREE  
Anything?

Don and Nick exchange a look. Neither wants to tell him but...

SCHANKE  
Not yet.

NICK  
You said there was a second perp?

STONETREE  
(sighing)  
There was in the store.

SCHANKE  
Bystander maybe?

STONETREE  
(shaking his head)  
No. Definitely accomplice.  
(beat)  
Never saw him again after they bolted.  
(nodding to Eddie's  
corpse)  
Only him.

NICK  
We know they opened up on you in the store--

STONETREE  
(a tired nod)  
Here too. Got a good look at the piece. Big cannon. Heavy artillery. Looked like a .357 or a .44. Stainless job with a target barrel. Maybe six, eight inches. Couldn't miss it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

STONETREE (cont'd)  
(beat; disgusted)  
Seventeen year old kids with  
elephant guns, for Crissakes.

SCHANKE  
You're lucky the kid wasn't a  
better shot.

Stonetree smiles wryly...sadly.

NICK  
Anything else you remember,  
Captain? Anything at all?

Stonetree thinks for a beat.

STONETREE  
I don't know. I must be slowing  
down. Gettin' too old. It's all a  
blur.  
(beat)  
It was just...instinct, you know.  
He turned and fired. I returned.

SCHANKE  
(beat)  
There's gotta be some lead around  
here somewhere, then. We'll check  
everything in the alley.

NICK  
Tell forensics to look down the  
street, too. Slugs like that  
travel.  
(beat; to the Captain)  
Captain. I'm...sorry. I know how  
you must feel.

STONETREE  
Do you, Knight? Ever killed anybody  
in the line of duty?  
(beat)  
No. You've been lucky, I guess.  
Maybe you'll never have to. Some  
cops go a whole career without  
discharging their weapons.

SCHANKE  
Captain, it's hard I know. But it's  
part of the job--

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 3

5

STONETREE  
(interrupting; softly)  
The job.

NICK  
It's a responsibility we all  
assume.

Stonetree looks off into the night. Thinking.

STONETREE  
(a beat)  
Maybe it's one I don't want  
anymore.

OFF Nick and Schanke

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT (A SHORT TIME LATER)

6

STONETREE'S CAR

Drives off. We FIND Schanke and Nick at the Caddie, staring  
after it. Schanke shakes his head, lost in thought for a  
beat, while Nick unlocks the door.

SCHANKE  
Man, it's tough enough when you  
have to do it. I popped a guy  
back in '88. A bad one. Burned his  
whole crew for five keys of powder.  
Ripped 'em up with an AK-47. Jeez,  
he must've put twenty rounds into  
his "business partner" alone.

NICK  
How'd you feel after?

SCHANKE  
Wierd. For a while. Myra tells the  
story how I stayed up all night,  
taking showers. Like I was obsessed  
or something.

ON Nick: smiling.

NICK  
Internal Affairs give you a hard  
time?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SCHANKE

Are you kidding? So much paperwork,  
you'd think I was buying a house. I  
think I gave about seven, different  
depositions. They barbecued me.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

NICK

Really? Sounds cut and dried to me.

SCHANKE

I had to take him down. Wasn't a tough choice.

(beat)

But somebody unarmed.

(beat)

Can't imagine it.

CLOSE ON Nick. He can. A flash of guilt plays across his face.

NICK

It's not an easy thing to put out of your mind, I guess.

(beat)

Captain doesn't seem to be handling this too well. He looked a little shell-shocked.

SCHANKE

Yeah, well. He's outta the loop. Ridin' a desk too long, you lose the edge. The hardness that protects your sanity.

(beat)

You gotta be hard.

(beat)

Too many scumbags out here.

NICK

The dark side of humanity. And we've gotta ride herd on 'em.

SCHANKE

Exactly. You get all mooney 'cause you plug one, it'll cloud your judgement. AND the next time it's him or you--

NICK

It's you.

SCHANKE

Lunch for the worms. Snoozing with the tuna. Early retirement.

NICK

(shaking his head)

How does Myra cope with it? Knowing you might not come home.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 3

6

SCHANKE  
She's a brick.  
(beat)  
Actually, we never talk about it.  
(beat)  
We accept it.

A solemn beat.

SCHANKE (cont'd)  
Yep. You gotta let it roll off your  
back. Water off a duck.

NICK  
Even when it's questionable?

SCHANKE  
Especially when it's  
questionable. You can't carry  
coffins around with you on this  
beat.

ON NICK: how many coffins is he carrying around? They get  
in the car. \*

\*

7 INT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT

7

CLOSE ON a TV SCREEN: playing the tape from the convenience  
store SECURITY CAMERA. Slo-mo. Eddie brandishing the cannon;  
Billy standing by nervously. REACTING to Stonetree and  
FIRING.

PULL BACK and REVEAL NICK and SCHANKE watching with  
INSPECTOR KRAMER, the officer from Internal Affairs charged  
with investigating the shoot.

NICK  
There. There's your gun.

SCHANKE  
That's not a gun. That's  
something nuclear for cryin' out  
loud.

KRAMMER  
That establishes the victim was  
armed. In the store. Question is:  
was he armed when Captain Stonetree  
confronted him in the alley?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

NICK  
The Captain said he was fired on.  
(beat)  
In the store and in the alley.

(CONTINUED)



7 CONTINUED: 2

7

KRAMMER

But the kid was unarmed. No weapon, no casings, no slugs. No eyeballs on the scene but his and Stonetree's.

SCHANKE

Why would the Captain lie?

KRAMMER

I'm not callin' him a liar, Skank.

(beat)

Maybe Stonetree's...well, maybe he's not so sharp on the details. Maybe it didn't go down the way he remembers.

(beat)

Maybe he shoulda let this one go by.

NICK

Let it go by?

KRAMMER

Three magic numbers, Nick. 9-1-1.

SCHANKE

He's a cop. He's supposed to stop crime, not report it!

KRAMMER

Look, I don't want see a good cop go to the gallows on this thing. It's real simple. Get me a gun. Get me some bullets. Get the other kid. I'm sorry. You got your job, I got mine.

Nick crosses to Stonetree's office. ENTERS.

8 INT. - STONETREE'S OFFICE

8

The lights are low. Stonetree is slouched in his chair, staring vacantly out the window. Without turning, he addresses Nick.

STONETREE

(a quiet beat)

They stay with you.

NICK

Captain?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

STONETREE

They haunt you.

NICK

If you let them.

STONETREE

Cop I knew. Shot an unarmed perp. This was years ago. Never found the gun. Never knew for sure. It haunted him. Used to say that not a day went by when he didn't see the guy's face. It was the beginning of the end for him. Like a loose thread you pull on until the whole suit comes apart. Finally forced him out of policework altogether.

NICK

You're not that cop, Captain.

Stonetree spins around in his chair.

STONETREE

And I don't want to be.

(beat)

I want to be sure.

(beat)

'Cause I'm already seeing him, Nick.

NICK

Eddie Shore?

STONETREE

I'm looking at you right now and I'm seeing him. Close my eyes for a second and I see his face.

(beat)

It'll only get worse.

NICK

Captain, we'll bring in the other kid.

STONETREE

Justifiable homicide's only a little easier to live with. No, Nick. You can't kill somebody, can't watch 'em die and be unaffected.

CLOSE ON NICK: conversation too close to home. He's getting chills, FLASHING BACK TO:

9 OMITTED

9

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

10 INT. - ROADHOUSE 10

A raucous, medieval tavern. Something out of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales". Fire roars in a huge stone hearth and revelry abounds.

TWO RECENTLY ARRIVED TRAVELERS stand at the door as it swings closed behind them: NICK and LACROIX. Shaking off the cold and damp. Pulling open their cloaks to reveal their broadswords. They stride through the throng.

Challenging stares greet them from some of the patrons as they cross to the hearth to warm themselves. LACROIX leans over a table, addresses one of the rabble, a burly SERF swilling mead from a tankard.

LACROIX  
We'll have your seats.

SERF  
Not bloody likely.

The Serf turns to his friends and laughs hearty. They all join in, amused by Lacroix's temerity.

ON Nick: looking on, amused at Lacroix's routine.

Lacroix glares at the Serf. His stare penetrating into the man's mind.

LACROIX  
You were just leaving, weren't you?

He turns his whammy on the others at the table. One by one, they turn sheepish.

LACROIX (cont'd)  
All of you.

Robotically, they abandon their chairs and head for the door. Lacroix SITS in the Serf's chair. Nick takes his place next to him, studies his old master with some amusement.

LACROIX  
(a beat; grinning)  
Even eternal life is too short to  
wait for tables.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

A WAITRESS approaches their table. ALEXANDRA. She BEAMS at Nick. An inviting smile. Instant sexual alchemy. Leans over the heavy oak table and flashes some ample cleavage at him, too.

ALEXANDRA  
What'll it be?

NICK  
Wine, I should think. Something hearty.

LACROIX  
The finest from your cellar. Save the swill for the rest of these hogs.

ALEXANDRA  
(smiling; to Nick)  
It'll cost.

NICK  
We can pay.

Alexandra lights the taper and replaces it on the table. Shoots another come-hither smile at Nick and leaves.

Lacivious Lacroix watches her go, turns to Nick. Flashes that evil grin.

LACROIX  
She's beautiful, isn't she?

NICK  
Quite beautiful.

Lacroix eyes her appreciatively.

LACROIX  
Yes...a far richer 'wine' blushes her complexion than flows from any bottle -  
(egging him on)  
You could have her, you know. A prize for your plucking. On such a cold and lonely night.

ON Nick: watching Alexandra as she uncorks a dusty bottle of red.

Alexandra smiles shyly back at him. Unspoken communication that Nick answers with a nod.

STONETREE (V.O.)  
I don't want to be haunted.

10A INT. STONETREE'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

10A\*

ON NICK. Back in the PRESENT. Momentarily distracted by the  
memory. \*

(CONTINUED)

10A CONTINUED:

10A

NICK

Maybe you should head home and get some rest.

STONETREE

You mean have some nightmares.

Stonetree spins around in his chair, faces the window again and silently resumes his morbid meditation.

OFF Nick's look of helpless sympathy

\*

CUT TO:

11 EXT. - ALLEY - EARLY A.M.

11

Yellow crime scene tape flapping in the night wind. The alley is deserted now.

NICK steps under the tape. Walks slowly up the alley. VAMP-SCANNING in the dark.

HIS POV: panning back and forth. CUTTING through the gloom. Like a night-vision camera. Searching for overlooked clues.

He walks to the CHAIN-LINK FENCE. Scans it up and down.

CLOSE ON the wire mesh. Something different here. Nick's vamp-vision revealing a DISCOLORATION in the metal.

Nick leans in close. EXAMINES the metal. Pinches it with his fingers. Rubs his fingertips together and SNIFFS them.

O.S. the BARKING DOG starts up again. Baying against the moonless night.

The wind catches some of the trash in the alley. Scatters it.

CLOSE ON NICK: sensing something. Suddenly unnerved. He slowly turns his head to

THE END OF the ALLEY. The other side of the yellow tape. A WOMAN IS STANDING THERE. Long blond hair flowing. Dressed in billowing white, back-lit by streetlamps. She looks almost phosphorescent. Almost ghostly.

SHE IS STARING AT NICK. Her expression blank, lifeless.

CLOSE ON NICK: SEEING the woman. Reacting.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

NICK  
(sotto)  
Alexandra?

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: 2

11

CLOSE ON THE WOMAN: a SMILE slowly plays over her face and we recognize that it is ALEXANDRA indeed. From Nick's previous flashback.

Nick walks to her. Slowly at first but gaining momentum. She turns and WALKS AWAY. Almost floats. Nick breaks into a gallop. Gets to the alleyway entrance and LOOKS UP the street after her. But she is gone.

OFF NICK. Pale. Haunted.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. - MEDIEVAL ROADHOUSE - NIGHT (PAST) 12

In a BEDROOM. Softly aglow with candles and the dim, amber light cast by the blaze in a small fireplace.

ALEXANDRA FALLS SLOWLY INTO THE FRAME and Nick FOLLOWS. They KISS. They lie on the floor in front of the hearth. She is below Nick.

ALEXANDRA

I envy you.

NICK

(nuzzling her)

Why?

ALEXANDRA

You're well-traveled. Seen so much of the world that I haven't-- \*

NICK

That you haven't yet, you mean.

(beat)

It's not such big a world at that. \*

ALEXANDRA

From where I see it, it's huge. I've never been farther than the next county.

(beat)

Perhaps...perhaps someday you'll take me.

Nick kisses her.

NICK

I can take you somewhere right now.

She laughs. His kisses tickling her.

ALEXANDRA

And where's that, pray tell?

NICK

How about...someplace you've never really been?

Alexandra giggles seductively.

ALEXANDRA

Oh, but I haven't a thing to wear.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

NICK

I was hoping you'd say that.

A beat. She looks deep into his eyes and they get suddenly serious. Slowly, she undoes her linen gown and pulls it down from her shoulders. Stares at Nick seductively. He wraps his arms around her, kisses her neck and works his way down to her breasts.

CLOSE ON ALEXANDRA: yielding to her lover. Her eyes close in ecstasy as they begin to make love passionately.

OFF ALEXANDRA

DISSOLVE TO:

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

13

In his bedroom.

CLOSE ON NICK: asleep. A beat. His eyes slowly open and he lies in bed. Staring at the ceiling. Awake now but still dreaming.

14 INT. - MORGUE OFFICE - NIGHT

14

NATALIE and GRACE looking down at a table. Natalie holds a scalpel aloft in one hand.

NATALIE

What'll it be?

GRACE

(a beat)

The leg.

Natalie cuts.

GRACE (cont'd)

Not all that. Just the thigh.

NATALIE

The thigh.

GRACE

A wing, too.

NATALIE

A wing.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

PULL BACK and REVEAL: a take-out BBQ CHICKEN DINNER spread out on Natalie's desk. Grace and Natalie are eating dinner in Natalie's OFFICE.

NICK ENTERS. Natalie waves at him with a chicken leg.

NATALIE  
Just in time for dinner.

NICK  
Such a romantic setting.  
(beat)  
Hi, Grace.

Grace mumbles hello through her food.

NATALIE  
Got something interesting for you.

NICK  
Cole slaw?

NATALIE  
Better than that.

She puts down her drumstick and hands him a sheaf of papers.

NATALIE (cont'd)  
Test results. Eddie Shore.  
(beat; she swallows some  
chicken)  
Evidence of recent cocaine usage  
and I found gunpowder residue and  
lead particles.

NICK  
We know he pulled off three rounds  
in the store.

NATALIE  
Ahh. But I didn't just take it off  
his hands.  
(beat)  
Got it off the elbow of his jacket.  
Like this.

She turns and gestures to her own elbow.

NATALIE (cont'd)  
From a small flash burn on the  
fabric.

\*

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

NICK

Like he was standing very close to a gun when it was discharged. \*

NATALIE

Inches from the muzzle. Left elbow. maybe the gun was...here.

She points again to her elbow.

NATALIE (cont'd)

And he was here. Like this. Facing the fence.

NICK

That would be consistent with his buddy shooting at the Captain through the fence. From the other side.

(beat)

Good work.

NATALIE

Thank Grace.

Grace SMILES. Toasts Nick with her chicken leg. And EXITS.

NATALIE (cont'd)

She bagged his effects and noticed the burn on the fabric.

NICK

Stonetree know about this?

NATALIE

Not yet. Just finished the tests.

(beat)

You look like something from the back of the refrigerator.

(beat)

Sleep okay?

NICK

Not really. Stonetree's got me spooked. He's really bent out of shape. Guilty as hell. This thing is haunting him.

(beat)

I guess it's only the power of suggestion but-- \*

NATALIE

But?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 3

14

NICK

I could swear I saw a...ghost or something last night.

NATALIE

Someone from your past?

NICK

(can hardly say it)

Someone I...knew once. Long, long ago.

NATALIE

That's a tough one.

(beat)

I don't know what to say. I mean, I don't believe in ghosts but--

Nick takes the report and heads for the door.

NICK

You didn't believe in vampires either.

OFF Natalie. Hugging herself against a sudden chill. Looking around warily.

15 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

15

Nick tooling down a boulevard.

UP AHEAD OF HIM, on a street corner, he suddenly catches another glimpse of

ALEXANDRA. She pauses for a beat, seeming to stare at him then DISAPPEARS around the corner. \*

NICK STOMPS on the gas. Accelerates.

He CAREENS AROUND the corner and

SLAMS HARD ON THE BRAKES to avoid hitting an OLD MAN who is standing in the crosswalk. The old man is staring off into the sky seemingly astounded by something he has just seen.

He turns and reacts in horror to Nick's oncoming car. Stands frozen in the headlights.

NICK SCREECHES to a halt. INCHES FROM the OLD MAN who just stares back at him blankly. In shock.

A beat. The old man shuffles across the street, continues on his way.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

CLOSE ON NICK: totally spooked now.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. - ROADHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT (PAST) 16

RESUME candle-lit seduction scene. NICK and ALEXANDRA locked in a passionate kiss. Whirling together in a dance of intensifying lust. Alexandra peeling away layers of white linen clothing, pulling Nick along to the bed.

CLOSE ON ALEXANDRA: aroused. Eyes closed as Nick works his way up from her fleshy cleavage to the soft, irresistible nape of her neck.

SUDDENLY, her EYES WIDEN in shock. A sharp intake of breath in reaction to the FANGS PIERCING HER JUGULAR. She gasps. Her eyelids flutter.

Crumbling from Nick's embrace. Dropping limply to the bed and as she falls away

REVEAL NICK: the yellow fire in his eyes. Fangs extended. His chest heaving. In the throes of vampire orgasm. Rivulets of blood trickling from the corners of his curled lips and

NAKED GUILT showing on his face.

CLOSE ON a candle. Burning on a bedside stand in the foreground. Next to a PEWTER CHALICE of unfinished wine. In the immediate B.G., Alexandra is sprawled on the sheets. Her eyes still wide, her face frozen now in a death-mask of total shock. Blood staining her golden hair.

A beat. A chill gust of night air whips through.

Extinguishing the bedside candle.

17 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT 17

RESUME with Nick in the car. Still recovering from nearly killing the old man.

A RUDE CAR HORN HONKING BEHIND him brings him out of his flashback daze.

He drives on.

SEE his car moving off down the street from a POV BEHIND him looking down the avenue.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

REVERSE to REVEAL that ALEXANDRA is there, watching him go. A beat. She smiles. Turns and walks out of the frame.

18 INT. - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

18

CLOSE ON A TV: black-and-white and bad reception. Snowy images of a MUSIC VIDEO PLAYING. Heavy-metal headbangers thrashing their hair, pounding guitars. The sound is OFF.

REVERSE to SEE BILLY SEWELL flopped in an overstuffed chair. Watching the television in a fleabag motel room, his face twisted into a sour frown of rage and sadness. His arms hang over the sides of the chair. In one hand, a bottle of wine dangles. In the other, the .44. He's absently clicking the trigger of the unloaded gun. He lifts it and "dry-fires" a round at the television set. Then pulls a long, sloppy swig from the bottle of wine. \*

CLOSE ON the END TABLE: next to the chair. SIX, silver magnum rounds lined up in a neat row like little ballistic missiles. Gleaming in the ghostly light coming off the television set. Billy sets the bottle on the table and picks up a round. Flips the chamber open and methodically inserts the cartridges. Clicks it closed.

He pulls on the bottle again. swallows long and hard. Then...

BILLY

(sotto)

Payback time.

OFF Billy, staring. His eyes shining with demented rage in the anemic glow of the television.

CUT TO:

19 INT. - STONETREE'S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

19

The Captain strapping on his gun. Nick and Schanke watching him, concerned.

STONETREE

Did you I.D. the other kid?

(CONTINUED)



19 CONTINUED:

19

SCHANKE

One William Sewell. Incorrigible  
J.D. Dropout crackhead. He and  
Eddie were hittin' the pipe pretty  
good. Last known address: Juvi  
Hall.

(beat)

Captain, maybe we should handle  
this--

STONETREE

Questioning my competence,  
Detective?

NICK

It's not about your competence,  
Captain. It's just that--

STONETREE

Just what, Detective Knight?

NICK

It's dangerous. Sewell could be  
out there thinking about revenge.

STONETREE

For his sake, I sincerely hope  
that's the last thing on his mind  
right now.

(beat)

But if it is, you'd better find him  
before he finds me.

SCHANKE

Captain, maybe you're too close to  
this thing. Too emotionally  
involved--

STONETREE

(cutting him off)

I am. And I don't want to be.  
That's why I'm gonna go back to  
that alley and get this done  
myself.

NICK

Captain, you're tired. You've said  
it yourself in the past. Tired cops  
get careless.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

STONETREE

I'm driven, Knight. I know what went down in that alley. Natalie's confirmed it. Now I'm gonna get the evidence and put this thing to rest.

SCHANKE

Captain, I don't know--

STONETREE'S at the door now. Shrugging on his coat.

STONETREE

That's okay, Skanky.  
(beat)  
'Cause I do.

Boom. The door slams and he's gone.

OFF Nick and Schanke.

20 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

20

Nick and Schanke, sitting low in Nick's Caddie. Tired. Staring out the window at the pedestrian traffic.

SCHANKE

So we find the other punk. Get that howitzer. Stonetree walks in the sun again.

NICK

Yeah. Simple, right?  
(beat; cynical)  
They should all be this easy.

They're stopped in traffic. At a redlight. A few cars back from the intersection. Nick looks over and SEES, ACROSS THE STREET -

ALEXANDRA near a cluster of pedestrians queuing up at a curbside BUS STOP. She TURNS and LOOKS DIRECTLY AT HIM as she waits. Definite eye contact. THEN, SHE SPONTANEOUSLY CLIMBS ON the bus.

Nick stares - then without warning, wrenches his door open.

SCHANKE

Knight? What the hell--

Nick barely turns to him as he jumps out of the car. HORNS HONK.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SCHANKE

(shouting above the din)

Where are you going? What is it?

NICK

Suspect.

(beat)

An old case.

And Nick is gone, dodging cars, SCREECHES and HONKING HORNS on his way across the street as he tears for -

THE BUS. It's already pulling away.

As Nick approaches the bus, he LOOKS UP and SEES: ALEXANDRA STARING DOWN AT HIM from her seat inside. That same eerie, lifeless stare.

Nick dives reaches the bus in time to grab hold of the rear and jump on.

FROM THE CADDIE - SCHANKE watches in amazement. A BLAST from behind snaps his head around.

SCHANKE

(to the driver behind)

Keep your pants on!

He slides over into Nick's seat and grabs the wheel to follow.

NICK

holding onto the moving bus, pulls himself up onto the roof and balances as he makes his way from the front...HE reaches the front and drops down in front of the windshield.

ON THE BUS DRIVER - THRU WINDSHIELD: reacting. BRAKING HARD. Passengers tumble in the aisles. The bus stops.

Nick lands on the pavement and tears around to the door. He leaps up the steps and into the bus...

ALEXANDRA is out the back door in a blur

NICK, determined, searching, makes his way down the aisle as the cursing DRIVER leaps out of his seat and SNAGS HIM. Berates him.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

BUS DRIVER

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Nick struggling to get by him, flashes his badge.

NICK

I'm a police officer.

The bus driver HOLDS HIM nonetheless.

BUS DRIVER

I don't care if you're Mother Theresa on a pizza run. I've got a busload of people here and you almost turned 'em into roadkill.

Nick stretches to look past him. A knot of angry passengers is closing in on him, ad-libbing complaints. Nick makes a final burst to free himself and makes it out the back door. He sags as he looks down the street -

EMPTY

Skanky catches up, running from the Caddie as the throng pours out around them.

SCHANKE

It's alright, folks!

(beat)

This is police business.

(beat; to Nick)

This is police business, isn't it?

Nick says nothing. Skanky pulls him away from the angry mob. Stands between him and the driver.

SCHANKE

(to the mob)

I said cool it.

(beat)

Unless everyone wants to come down to the station for a fun-filled evening of paperwork.

That does the trick. As they file, MUMBLING, back into the bus, Skank drags Nick down the street a few yards.

SCHANKE (cont'd)

Now.

(beat)

What is your problem?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 3

20

NICK  
I told you, I saw a suspect.  
(beat)  
Someone...from the past.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 4 20  
OFF Schanke, stupefied

CUT TO:

22 EXT. - STREET / ALLEY - NIGHT 22  
The scene of the shoot. Stonetree pacing off distances in the alley. Lost in thought. RECREATING the sequence of events.

FLASHING BACK to the night in question:

CHASING EDDIE and BILLY. SEEING the boys disappear into the alley. The MOVING POV coming up behind them. EDDIE at the fence. Stonetree calling out his warning.

SHOTS STROBING in the darkness of the alley.

Stonetree returning fire.

EDDIE DYING IN HIS ARMS. The baby's distant cry echoing in his mind and

THE TOW TRUCK PULLING OUT, hauling the crippled VAN behind it.

CLOSE ON the TOW TRUCK: on the side door, a logo: "HARRIS SCRAP"

Stonetree IN THE PRESENT turns to the street, eyes bright with realization.

STONETREE  
(sotto)  
The tow truck...

He hurries back to his car, jumps in.

PULL BACK to a POV from down the street. Watching Stonetree's taillights come on. The car pulling away. A MAN enters the frame. A STAINLESS-STEEL .44 DANGLING at his side. He gets into a car and FOLLOWS.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 EXT. - JUNKYARD - NIGHT 23

Out in the underdeveloped, industrial edge of town. An automobile cemetery. Filled with rusting hulks of long-abandoned cars and trucks, squashed and together together to await recycling.

STONETREE stands outside the chain-link fence that surrounds the junkyard. Looks in. After a beat, he walks to the gate and ENTERS the facility.

24 DOWN THE STREET, about half a block. SEE the headlights of a dilapidated Oldsmobile creeping up the street. HEAR the muted sound of speed metal wafting from the car. The music and headlights blink off as the car rolls silently to a stop. 24

And BILLY SEWELL STEPS OUT, the butt of the pistol clearly visible in his waistband. He pulls his leather jacket closed, looks around cautiously and walks into camera.

25 EXT. - PORCH - NIGHT 25

Eddie Shore's house. A small, tract home in the least nice suburb. Screen door, hanging slightly off its hinges, makes a painful NOISE as Schanke pulls it open. Nick rings the bell. After a beat, a WOMAN ANSWERS. MRS. SHORE, Eddie's mom.

NICK

Mrs. Shore? I'm Detective Knight.  
This is Detective Schanke. May we  
come in?

Eyes heavy with fatigue. She stares coldly at the two detectives for a beat, then admits them.

26 INT. - SHORE HOME 26

Modestly furnished: a thoroughly cat-scratched sofa, mismatched tables and scavenged bric-a-brac...a potpourri of thrift-store jetsom. Mrs. Shore's obviously not a woman of means. The drab environment is hardly lightened by a few, wilting sympathy bouquets. TV droning in B.G.; the sound turned down low.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

CLOSE ON A triptych of PHOTOS. Three different snapshots from the short life of troubled times of Eddie Shore. The FIRST of a grinning toddler squinting into the sun at a family outing. The SECOND picture of Eddie, the wholesome little leaguer hefting a Louisville slugger. The THIRD, a recent graduation pic: Eddie's long, greasy hair tucked carelessly into a mortarboard. A smirk of defiance where the smile of accomplishment should be; heavy-lidded, glazed eyes, drawn features and wisp of a goatee.

ON MRS. SHORE, early forties looking seventy something. Tired...or sedated? All cried out long ago. She straightens the picture on the mantle.

\*

MRS. SHORE

Eddie was a good boy.  
(she catches herself)  
I guess all the parents say that.  
But he was once.

(matter-of-fact)

The drugs got him. Turned him into a freak.

(beat)

He was my baby but the boy you killed. He wasn't mine anymore.

\*

SCHANKE

(consoling)

Mrs. Shore, we're very sorry for your loss.

\*

MRS. SHORE

Why don't you do something about it? About the drugs? Why don't you stop it?

NICK

We're trying.

MRS. SHORE

(pointedly)

You're failing.

Uncomfortable beat for Schanke and Nick.

NICK

Billy Sewell. He was with Eddie last night. Do you know where he is?

MRS. SHORE

(cynical)

You gonna shoot him too?

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED: 2

26

SCHANKE

Mrs. Shore, Billy's the key to this. We find Billy and we can wrap this whole thing up.

\*

MRS. SHORE

And go home and get a good night's sleep. My lawyer says I shouldn't even be talking to you. He wants me to talk to the press.

(beat)

I don't want to talk to anyone. I want my boy back.

(beat)

The way he was before he was so screwed up.

\*

\*

NICK

Do you have any idea where Billy and Eddie were hanging out? Who else they were running with?

MRS. SHORE

You find out. Earn your pay. Why should I make it easy for you when you've made it so hard for me? You have kids, officer?

SCHANKE

Yes.

MRS. SHORE

Pray for them then. Pray they don't end up like Eddie.

NICK

Help us, Mrs. Shore. Help us find Billy. That's one way to start solving the problem.

\*

MRS. SHORE

Excuse me. I have to bury my boy in the morning.

Tears flow freely now. The reality of her son's death kicks in and Mrs. Shore loses it.

\*

ON NICK: her tears affecting him. PUSH IN CLOSE ON HIM and

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. - ROADSIDE INN - BACKROOM - NIGHT (PAST)

27\*

A casket on a table before a dim, makeshift altar of candles. GRIEVING PARENTS hold each other. Mother kisses her fingers and lightly pats the coffin. Her husband bears her away, weeping. \*

PULL BACK to NICK, lurking in shadow. Watching. A troubled look on his face. A beat and \*

LACROIX comes suddenly up behind him.

LACROIX  
Mourning the loss of your prize,  
Nicholas?

Nick reacts to him. Turns.

NICK  
I killed her.

LACROIX  
(a sly smile)  
Feel no pity for her, Nicholas.  
She was in your thrall. She was  
aroused by your power. She was  
willing. She wanted you to take  
her to the edge. \*

NICK  
I couldn't...stop.

LACROIX  
You're not supposed to.

Lacroix LOOKS INTO NICK'S MIND now.

LACROIX (cont'd)  
What is the feeling I sense in you,  
Nicholas?

NICK  
I feel...shame.

ON Lacroix: frowning at his backsliding pupil.

LACROIX  
And more. I sense fear, Nicholas.  
Fear in the fearless? Weakness in  
the omnipotent?  
(beat)  
A fading vestige of what you were.  
It is meaningless.  
(gestures to casket)  
She can have no vengeance from  
where she is now.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Lacroix's eyes wickedly alight now. That EVIL SMILE BLOOMING.

LACROIX

(sotto)

She was a prize, wasn't she?

ON NICK: guilty. Torn.

28 INT. - SHORE HOME - NIGHT (PRESENT)

28\*

RESUME WITH Nick. Watching Mrs. Shore weep. A beat and Nick and Schanke turn and head for the door.

SCHANKE

If you change your mind--

MRS. SHORE

I won't. Good night.

The two, frustrated cops EXIT. Mrs. Shore pauses for a beat in the doorway to watch them go.

OFF her cold look

29 INT. - PRECINCT / STONETREE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

29

With Nick and Schanke crossing the bullpen to the Captain's office. Schanke ribbing his partner.

SCHANKE

It's your diet, Knight. Or lack thereof. It's a scientific fact that people hallucinate when they don't get enough fat and sugar.

NICK

Will you lay off? I told you, I thought it was suspect with an outstanding warrant. That woman from the Dennison case last year.

SCHANKE

I just hope the transit company doesn't make an issue out of this. Sixteen cases of whiplash. That's the whole city budget.

They stop at the door to Stonetree's office.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SCHANKE (cont'd)

(rubbing his neck)

As a matter of fact, I'm feeling a little soft tissue damage myself.

(beat)

You've got insurance, of course.

NICK

Captain's still out.

SCHANKE

The guy can get hell-bent about things, can't he?

Nick is over by Stonetree's desk.

NICK

He did seem in a hurry, didn't he?

Schanke settles into a chair and yawns.

Nick GLANCES DOWN to Stonetree's phone. The VOICEMAIL MESSAGE LIGHT IS LIT. A beat; Nick thinks.

SCHANKE

(yawning)

If I don't come home before midnight at least one night this week, Myra's gonna nail the door shut and leave my pajamas on the porch.

NICK

Skanky, what's your voicemail password?

SCHANKE

Huh?

(beat)

Same as every cop's, I guess. Last four numbers of my badge. Why?

(beat)

What's yours?

NICK

Last four numbers of my badge.

Nick looks to the WALL. To Stonetree's assortment of plaques and career paraphernalia. To his ACADEMY DIPLOMA.

CLOSE ON Nick's finger. Running over the Captain's diploma. Over his BADGE NUMBER. Nick picks up Stonetree's phone. Dials.

30 INT. JUNKYARD OFFICE - NIGHT

30

A greasy garage. HARRIS, the junkman in charge (formerly DEPOT MAN), STANDS BEHIND a counter, thumbing through a dog-eared clipboard.

HARRIS  
(looking at his  
clipboard)  
Let's see. I towed in a wreck from  
there the other night. Think it was  
a van.  
(beat)  
Yep. Here it is. Abandoned vehicle.  
City contract.

His telephone pager BEEPS, summoning him away.

HARRIS  
(re: his beeper)  
Better get that. You're welcome to  
have a look around. The stuff we  
just brought in is way in the back.  
(he gestures out the  
door)  
You wanna take a left out the door  
and head down in the direction of  
the water.

He hastily scrawl a number on a piece of paper, hands it to  
the Captain, along with a FLASHLIGHT.

HARRIS (cont'd)  
Here's the I.D. number. Good luck.

STONETREE  
Thanks.  
(re: the flashlight)  
Might be a while.

HARRIS  
(lifting the phone)  
No problem, Captain. Stay all  
night.

OFF STONETREE: he nods and smiles at Harris.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

31 INT. - STONETREE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 31

Nick still holding the phone. Hangs up and clicks on the speaker. The Captain's voicemail PLAYS BACK. One or two, brief, innocuous messages. One from his wife. And then...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

BILLY (V.O.)

Hi, Captain Stonefeet. It's me...Eddie Shore. I'm havin' a wonderful time and I can't wait for you to join me. If you want the gun, you gotta get it from Billy. Don't bother tryin' to find him, though.

(beat)

He's already lookin' for you.

CLOSE ON Nick: worried.

Schanke sits up.

SCHANKE

What the hell?

NICK

Damn it, Captain. Why didn't you let anyone know?

Nick TAPS IN A PHONE NUMBER. Talks on speakerphone to

NICK (cont'd)

Dispatch. This is Detective Knight. What is Captain Stonetree's location?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

I don't have a current location on him, Detective Knight.

Nick HESITATES for a beat. Then decides.

NICK

Try to raise him on the radio. I'll be in my car.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Right away sir.

Nick heads for the door.

SCHANKE

I'm coming with you.

NICK

No. Hang in here. Get an APB out. Find out where he is and we'll hook up there.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

Nick EXITS. OFF Schanke picking up the phone.

INT. - JUNKYARD GARAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

HEAR the airwave chatter of RADIO SCANNERS in the B.G. Drivers talking back and forth on radio-telephones and a POLICE SCANNER monitoring that network.

HARRIS is holding on the phone.

As he holds, he LISTENS to the staticky SCANNER BUZZ in the B.G. HEARS...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
All units. Still requesting location on unit one, Captain Stonetree. Priority...

The Junkyard Man reacts to the call. He stretches over his desk, looking at the window to catch sight of the Captain. Can't find him. A beat.

HARRIS  
(to himself)  
Priority?

He redials.

HARRIS (cont'd)  
Police?

32 OMITTED

32

33 OMITTED

33

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED: 31

34 EXT. - ALLEY SCENE OF SHOOTING - NIGHT 34

Nick screeches to a halt. Jumps out the car. RACES UP the ALLEY. \*

Pauses. VAMP-SCANNING all around.

CLOSE ON NICK: realizing something's here but what or who? After a beat, he heads back to the car. HEARS his car radio bleating.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
81-Kilo. We have a location on Unit One, Captain Stonetree...

Nick dashes back to his car, picks up the hand mike.

NICK  
(into the mike)  
81. Go ahead.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Confirmed location on Captain Stonetree. Reported at Harris Scrap, a junkyard. 96 and Progress.

NICK  
81-Kilo. Got it. I'm enroute.

Nick replaces the mike. Looks around warily to make sure no one sees him THEN HE RACES BACK INTO THE ALLEY AND TAKES OFF FLYING.

PULL UP to a HIGH POV: SEE ALEXANDRA WATCHING NICK. She stands on the ledge of a rooftop, her white robes billowing around her in the wind. Looking like the figure on the prow of a sailing ship.

CLOSE ON her FACE. Less ethereal now. More substantial. More real.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. - ROADHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT (PAST) 35

CLOSE ON the extinguished candle on the bedside table. SMOKE still curling up from the wick. The pewter chalice is still there. A beat. And a long wax taper comes into the frame and touches flame to the candle, reigniting it.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

PULL BACK to REVEAL LACROIX. Standing over the lifeless figure of Alexandra sprawled on the bed. Looking at her curiously.

He reaches down and gently lifts her hand. Feels for a pulse. And SMILES.

LACROIX

(sotto)

There is life in you yet.

CLOSE ON LACROIX: eyes blazing yellow now. Fangs erupting. He lifts his own wrist to his mouth and BITES.

CLOSE ON THE PEWTER CHALICE: Lacroix's INDEX FINGER comes into the frame poised above the lip of the cup. BLOOD ROLLING SLOWLY down his hand, along his outstretched finger. Flowing drop by drop into the chalice. Lacroix bends over Alexandra. Raises her head up and brings the chalice to her lifeless lips. He POURS the BLOOD from the chalice into her mouth. A beat.

Her eyes POP OPEN.

36 BACK IN THE PRESENT: ALEXANDRA atop the building. The wind whipping harder at her white robes. She holds her chin up to the wind. Feels it flowing against her skin. Revels in the sensation for a long beat and then

36

HE FLIES AWAY.

37 OMITTED

37

38  
THRU OMITTED

38  
THRU

39 INT. - JUNKYARD GARAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

39

HARRIS sitting at his desk. Hangs up and LOOKS UP IN ALARM.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

Reacting to the sudden presence of SOMEONE OFF-CAMERA.

THUD! The JUNKYARD MAN HITS THE FLOOR. Pistol-whipped unconscious. PAN UP SLOWLY from his sprawled body. Halfway up a man's legs. Standing over him. The LONG, STAINLESS-STEEL BARREL of a .44 magnum SWAYING in the frame.

40 EXT. - JUNKYARD 40

STONETREE'S FLASHLIGHT BEAM flickering in the darkness. The Captain walks along, searching for the van.

FINDS IT. Checks the ID number on the paper against the numbers soaped on the windshield. With the flashlight, he searches along the side of the van. Down low along the sides and rocker panels. Until he locates what he's looking for.

STONETREE  
(sotto)  
Son of a gun...

CLOSE ON the rocker panel: TWO BULLETHOLES in the sheet metal skin.

Stonetree flicks open a pocket knife. Bends down and starts to probe into the holes with the blade.

41 OMITTED 41

42 EXT. - JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS 42

CLOSE ON Stonetree. Still digging with his blade.

A FLATTENED LEAD SLUG pops free. He catches it with his palm. Holds it up into the flashlight's beam. Examines it.

STONETREE  
Gotcha!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

He's still kneeling next to the van. ANOTHER FLASHLIGHT BEAM PLAYS into his face. Blinding him in the brilliance. He squints into the light and SEES

the FIGURE of a MAN APPROACHING quickly.

As he comes into view, we SEE THE SILHOUETTE of a long GUN BARREL in the flashlight's beam.

CLOSE ON STONETREE: reacting. Hands going to his shoulder-holster until

The approaching man walks into the pool of light from Stonetree's lantern and we REVEAL

BILLY SEWELL. Smiling and BRANDISHING HIS CANNON. He lowers the gun barrel until it's inches from Stonetree's head. \*

BILLY

(a beat)

Uh-uh.

43 EXT. - JUNKYARD - NIGHT

43

NICK touches down softly. Draws his pistol and SCANS AROUND. Listening for the Captain. Trying to get a fix.

OFF to his left some yards away:

ALEXANDRA has appeared, seemingly out of nowhere. She calls to him, taking him by surprise.

ALEXANDRA

Nicholas.

Nick turns.

NICK

So. The apparition speaks.

She walks toward him slowly.

CLOSE ON NICK: his reaction.

FLASH BACK IN TIME as Alexandra relates her story...

The fleeting images of seduction. Whirling in Nick's arms. Nick, with fangs protruding, CHOMPING ON HER.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)

You took advantage of me.

(beat)

You raped me.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

STILL IN THE PAST : ALEXANDRA'S CASKET in the candle-lit room. The LID is OPEN and LACROIX STANDS OVER. His hand extended. He's smiling and HELPING ALEXANDRA UP AND OUT OF HER COFFIN. \*

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)  
You left me for dead.  
(beat)  
Lacroix returned and gave me this. \*

BACK IN THE PRESENT: ALEXANDRA and NICK facing off.

ALEXANDRA  
A new life after death.  
(beat)  
Eternal damnation.

NICK  
You are what I am.  
(beat)  
Then you understand the hunger that compelled me to feed on you.  
(beat)  
Can you control it? How many times since that night have you killed? How many innocents have you exploited to feed your monstrous hunger?

ALEXANDRA  
(smiling; a beat)  
So many.  
(beat)  
I never counted.

44 EXT. - JUNKYARD

44

RESUME with Stonetree and Billy. Billy disarms the Captain. SEE that Billy's wearing black leather gloves. He prods Stonetree to his feet with the gun barrel. \*

BILLY  
Let's go. Put your hands behind your head.  
(beat)  
Do it!

Stonetree slowly complies.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

STONETREE  
That's the gun, right?  
(beat)  
You were the one who fired on me. \*

BILLY  
(looking around  
nervously)  
Just sorry I missed. \*

STONETREE  
You got Eddie Shore killed.

BILLY  
Save the speech, cop. I ain't  
listening. You murdered him in  
cold blood.  
(beat)  
Move.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 2

44

Stonetree turns and walks slowly at gunpoint. Billy behind him, coaxing him ahead.

STONETREE

You're wrong, son. Eddie Shore's death is on your head. Not mine.

(beat)

It was your fatal mistake.

BILLY

Whatever.

Billy raises the revolver and points it at the Captain. He pulls back the hammer and it locks back with a heavy, mettalic click.

BILLY (cont'd)

Payback time. Let's go. \*

OFF Stonetree, hands knotted behind his head. Billy looks around nervously and STONETREE siezes on the distraction. \*

HE FLASHES OUT and KNOCKS BILLY OVER.

STONETREE BOLTS. Billy recovers and FIRES AFTER his fleeing hostage. Misses him...

45 EXT. - JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

45

With Nick and Alexandra.

HEAR the GUNSHOTS O.S., somewhere not too distant.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Nick REACTS. Tries to go but

WHOOSH...IN AN INSTANT, SHE IS ON HIM. Grabbing him up roughly by his coat. Her considerable fangs are bared and she's hissing like a demon cat.

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

You see, Nicholas - I know you  
don't feed on humans anymore...and  
everyone knows the blood of  
animals is a poor substitute.

\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

I'm much stronger than you now.

She SLAMS HIM UP AGAINST the side of a bus. One hand holding him up, the other curled around his throat, cutting off his windpipe.

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

And you should know what it's like  
to be drained of life.

She GROWLS like a lioness. Her fangs gleam in the moonlight and we

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INTERCUT:

46 EXT. - JUNKYARD - NIGHT 46

Stonetree FLEEING through the eerie corridors of junked cars. Looking around warily.

He STUMBLES OVER something. Tries to get back to his feet but BILLY CATCHES UP. Puts him under the gun again. Clicks back the hammer and prods the Captain.

BILLY

Get up. \*

(beat)

Try that again, cop, and you trade quick and clean for slow and painful. \*  
\*  
\*

OFF Stonetree: exhausted. A sigh of resignation.

47 EXT. - CITY STREET - NIGHT 47

SCHANKE in his car. Stuck in traffic behind a slow-moving truck. Can't get around.

SCHANKE

Damn it.

He BLASTS HIS SIREN. Waits for a break in traffic then pulls around the slow-moving truck and accelerates down the street.

48 EXT. - JUNKYARD - NIGHT 48

Nick in Alexandra's clutches. She SNAPS AT HIM but he eludes her fangs and PULLS HER OFF BALANCE, TOSSES HER OFF with a neat martial arts counter-move. Except that Nick's strength sends her SAILING OFF into a PILE OF SCRAP. SMASHES HER HARD against it. \*  
\*

48A EXT. - INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - NIGHT 48A

The Captain and Billy are OUTSIDE THE JUNKYARD NOW. Billy's marching his captive forward. Out onto a BRIDGE across the RIVER. Out to the middle of the bridge. Stonetree at gunpoint, STARING down at the black river below.

(CONTINUED)

48A CONTINUED:

48A

BILLY

Far enough.

(beat)

This'll do just right. - Nice  
strong undercurrent - suck you  
right down -

STONETREE

Gonna kill me now, huh?

BILLY

I ain't gonna kill you.

He STOPS and SWINGS STONETREE'S GUN UP at the Captain.

BILLY (cont'd)

(beat)

You're gonna do it.

50 EXT. - JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

50

In the maze of scrapped cars and skeletal trucks, Nick is  
scanning -

VAMP-VISION POV: infrared. Searching for the Captain.

HEARING the jumbled sounds of distant trains. Boats and  
barges on the river. And the dull, clanging thud of nearby  
industry.

Nick draws his pistol, starts to walk down past the rows of  
junk cars. There is a WHOOSH behind him - He turns and  
looks up to see--

ALEXANDRA standing atop a pile of junked cars. We SEE that  
she's holding an jagged STAKE now. A spear improvised from  
a length of wood.

She SLINGS THE WOODEN STAKE at him with super-human force.

He DODGES but TOO SLOWLY. The STAKE SLAMS INTO HIM. Like a  
projectile from an artillery piece.

KNOCKING HIM OFF HIS FEET. Flat on his back. His gun flies  
out of his hand.

ON NICK: sitting up. Dazed and PAINED. The makeshift dagger  
IMPALED IN HIS SHOULDER. Inches from its fatal mark.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

51 EXT. - STREET 51

With Schanke, racing to the scene. Lights flashing but no siren now.

SCHANKE

(into his radio mike)  
Dispatch. This is Detective Schanke. I need units to the vicinity of municipal bus depot, 96 and Progress. Tell 'em Code 2, Edna. Might have a possible hostage situation involving Capatin Stonetree--

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Dispatch. You got it, Detective.

52 EXT. - BRIDGE 52

RESUME with the Captain and Billy.

STONETREE

Throw my life away and you're throwing your own away. You won't be able to cover. You won't be able to run.

BILLY

(pissed)  
You didn't think twice when it was Eddie in the gunsight.

STONETREE

I shot in self-defense. I shot to stop. Not to kill. I returned fire. Your gunfire.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

BILLY

Too bad. It's payback time now,  
man. Gotta happen.

(beat)

For Eddie. For me.

(beat)

For Mrs. Shore.

STONETREE

They'll find you.

BILLY

I don't think so, man.

(beat)

They'll find you. Couple days,  
you're body'll wash up downriver.  
Bullet from your own gun in your  
brain. Suicide. You know - poor  
guy couldn't live with himself  
after what he did.

STONETREE

I know what I did was right under  
the circumstances--

BILLY

Yeah. Yeah, I know this speech.  
"And you'd do it all over again if  
you have to"...right?

CLOSE ON Stonetree: cold resolve in his eyes. Staring down  
his tormentor.

STONETREE

Yes.

(beat)

I will.

53 EXT. - JUNKYARD

53

Nick, grimacing, TWISTS the wooden spike from his wounded  
shoulder. THROWS IT AWAY. Recovers his weapon and

STANDS with some effort. LOOKS AROUND.

OFF in the distance, ALEXANDRA is there.

ALEXANDRA

(calling to Nick)

You have been my life's work,  
Nicholas.

He stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

After I was ressurected, I swore that I would have my revenge. That I would find the man who gave me death and...return the gift.

(beat)

I've been searching for you. For a long time.

NICK

Killing me won't change what you are.

(beat)

And I'm not the one who made you that way.

ALEXANDRA

No, it won't change anything.

(beat)

But it'll be easier to sleep days--

\*

Alexandra stoops and picks up a metal slat. Something sharp and sword-like.

\*

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

With your head on the mantle.

She FLIES TO HIM. Attacking. Nick arms himself. A large piece of construction re-bar. Holds it out before him like a lance. And ALEXANDRA IMPALES herself on it. She staggers back and collapses. Shock on her face.

Nick TAKES OFF...

54 EXT. - BRIDGE

54

Stonetree at the edge. Billy raises Stonetree's gun and POINTS IT AT THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD. Clicks back the hammer.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

BILLY

Adios, man.  
(beat)  
See you in my dreams.

STONETREE

In your nightmares.

BILLY

Down on your knees.  
(beat)

NOW.

Slowly, the Captain turns. Faces the edge of the bridge, looking out over the water. Billy takes aim at the side of his head as

A BLACK BLUR WHOOSHES UP the bridge. (Note: Stonetree doesn't see this.) Nick FLASHES INTO HIM, seemingly out of nowhere. HITS HIM SO HARD that he drops the gun and TUMBLES OVER THE EDGE.

ON BILLY clinging to the side. Dangling precipitously over the water. Stonetree's comes out of his stunned beat staring down at him. In the next instant he bends down -

Their hands grasp. He pulls up - hauls the kid over the rail and pins him to the deck. Handcuffs him.

OFF NICK'S FACE watching, having just witnessed the Captain's redemption -

55 EXT. - JUNKYARD

55

SCHANKE'S CAR PULLS UP. His headlights ILLUMINATE

NICK, STONETREE dragging handcuffed Billy along.

SCHANKE hops out of his car, joins Nick. Reacts to Nick's torn and blood-stained clothing.

SCHANKE

What the hell happened to you?

NICK

Don't ask.

STONETREE hands Billy off to Schanke.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

STONETREE  
(to Schanke)  
I think Billy has a story to tell.  
(beat)  
Read him his rights.

SCHANKE escorts Billy away. STONETREE turns to Nick. Sizes him up.

STONETREE  
Looks like you ran into trouble or something.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 2

55

NICK  
More like an old enemy.

The Captain's puzzled.

NICK (cont'd)  
Nothing I couldn't handle.

Nick looks over to the scene of his final clash with  
Alexandra. To the place where he left her, impaled and  
immobilized on the metal bar.

SEES that ALEXANDRA'S GONE.

STONETREE  
Guess we both had some night, huh?

NICK  
Chasing our ghosts.

OFF Nick

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED: 3

55

TAG

56 INT. - INDOOR SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

56

BANG! STONETREE pulls off a final shot. Thoughtfully lays his gun down on the bench in front of him and reels in his target.

He pulls off his protective safety glasses and takes out his ear plugs. Takes his target and studies it.

CLOSE ON the target: a silhouette of a crook holding a gun. Perforated with bullet holes. He folds it closed as

Nick comes up beside him.

NICK

Skanky told me you were here.

STONETREE

Yeah. Taking some practice.

(beat)

Makin' sure I don't get too rusty.

\*

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

He picks up his weapon. Snaps open the chamber and lets the spent casings slide out into his palm. He regards them in his hand for a beat then drops them into a bucket of brass.

STONETREE (cont'd)

(re: his gun)

Few days ago, I thought I'd never pick this up again.

(beat)

You forget, you know. You forget the damage they can do.

(beat)

Until you have to use it and you see it for yourself.

NICK

You did what you had to do, Captain.

STONETREE

Strange. Knowing that still doesn't make it easier.

Stonetree picks up his pistol and they head out.

NICK

We got Billy Sewell's deposition. He confessed to the shooting. Forensics matched the slug you pulled out of the tow truck to Billy's weapon.

\*

\*

STONETREE

(beat)

I guess that's it, then.

(beat)

I won't forget that kid's face, Nick. Won't forget the damage I did.

NICK

Everybody's got skeletons. Everybody lives with some kind of ghost.

STONETREE

'Til you're a ghost yourself, I guess.

Stonetree holds up his gun.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 2

56

STONETREE (cont'd)  
Don't ever forget, Knight. The power this gives you. The power over life and death.

NICK  
And something none of us should forget, Captain -  
(beat)  
That even when we go chasing our ghosts...to do it by the rules - Without letting guilt affect our judgement.

Beat. Stonetree looks at him. The point is taken.

STONETREE  
I can only say I'll try. It's difficult, though.

NICK  
I know. Believe me, I know.

Nick EXITS to

57 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

57

Outside the building, Nick PAUSES. Smiles as he looks down and SEES SCHANKE DOZING in the FRONT SEAT. Nick comes up silently and SPOOKS HIS PARTNER AWAKE.

SCHANKE  
Hey! Jeez, Knight. Tryin' to give me a coronary!

Nick hops into the car, starts it up.

NICK  
Take you home?

SCHANKE  
Yeah. Guess so.  
(beat)  
On second thought, it's a nice night. What say we hit some drive-thru somewhere for some BBQ ribs, get all whooped up and go a yipee-tye-ie-ing down to the ol' bus corral -

OFF NICK's askance look -

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SCHANKE

Sure - You and me head to head with some of those new diesel jobs from Germany? Stompin' good time. Those things move out, boy. What would you guess? Zero-to-sixty in a weekend? Cowboy like you - wrangle one 'em suckers right into the ground.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

I'll never live this down, will I?

SCHANKE

(grinning)

Not if don't let you, partner. Not if I don't let you.

They roll off into the night.

PULL UP to a HIGH POV: From a nearby rooftop. SEE Nick's car drive off.

WIDEN TO REVEAL ALEXANDRA

Looming ominously against the night sky, her clothes still torn and ragged...but bloodless.

Watching...

FADE OUT.

THE END