

F O R E V E R

KNIGHT

Reel copies, KephaneA

Episode # 317

"Avenging Angel"

written by

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SHOOTING DRAFT - December 12, 1995
PINK - December 15, 1995 - FULL SCRIPT
BLUE - December 19, 1995 - FULL SCRIPT

CAST

NICK KNIGHT
TRACY VETTER
NATALIE LAMBERT
LACROIX
CAPT. REESE
LAURA STONE *

JULIE HENDERSON
BARBARA VETTER
JACK HENDERSON
MAI-LOONG
WEI

DERRICK SCHMIDT *

TV REPORTER
E.R. DOCTOR
BATTERED WOMAN
MALE UNIFORM COP *

FEMALE UNIFORM COP *

SETS

INT. WOMEN'S SHELTER - BEDROOM
INT. WOMEN'S SHELTER - HALLWAY
INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT
INT. WOMEN'S SHELTER - BEDROOM (#2 - JULIE'S)
INT. PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM
INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM
INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN
INT. PRECINCT - REESE'S OFFICE
INT. MEDICAL CLINIC
INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - RECEPTION
INT. PRECINCT - CONFERENCE AREA
INT. MORGUE
INT. PRECINCT - BOOKING AREA
INT. WOMEN'S SHELTER - LINDA'S OFFICE
INT. RAVEN - RADIO BOOTH
INT. CHINATOWN - SAN FRANCISCO - 1850
INT. CHINATOWN - COCKFIGHT AREA - 1850

EXT. WOMEN'S SHELTER
EXT. PRECINCT
EXT. STREET - CADDY
EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - PARKING LOT
EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - SIDE ALLEY
EXT. MORGUE
EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SUNDERLAND HOTEL
EXT. STREET - IN THE CADDY
EXT. STREET
EXT. SUNDERLAND HOTEL

TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON a first aid kit. Hands reaching in, extracting swabs. Fingers urgently tear open sterile paper packages.

Follow the first aid preparations as they're applied to

CLOSE : a battered WOMAN'S FACE. Bruised and bloodied. One eye almost swollen shut. A tear squeezes through and runs down her cheek.

Another angle: same battered woman in profile. Stark like a mug shot except for the

HANDS gently smudging away dried blood from cuts with the antiseptic pad. First Aid administered as we HEAR:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
You're welcome to stay here as long as
you feel you need shelter.

Pull back and we're in:

1 INT. - WOMAN'S SHELTER - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

Like a small, spartan dormitory room. Battered woman sits on the edge of a bed. She stares at the floor. She's dazed.

Adjust to LAURA STONE, mid-forties, hard kind of pretty that bespeaks toughness and wisdom. (Think Kathy Baker of "Picket Fences") As she ministers...

*

LAURA
The rules are simple but absolute: cut
all ties with whomever's abusing you.
At least for the first three weeks. No
calls, no visits. A cooling off
period.

*

Laura gently lifts the battered WOMAN's chin; looks at her.

*

LAURA
However tempted you might be to
reconcile...however apologetic your
husband or your boyfriend or whoever
the hell it is, might be...no
contact. Not right now. Think you can
do that?

*

The battered woman nods weakly. Musters a wan smile.

LAURA (cont'd)
Sure you don't want to go to the
hospital?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Another slow nod from the battered woman. Laura turns away.

*

BATTERED WOMAN
Ms. Stone? I mean, Laura?
(off Laura)
Thanks...

*

*

She grasps Laura's hand and holds it tight for a long beat.

*

LAURA
Try to get some sleep. I'll check in
later.

*

The battered woman stretches out stiffly on the bed.

ON Laura at the door. Looking back. She shakes her head,
clicks off the light, pulls the door closed behind her.

*

2 INT. - WOMAN'S SHELTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

2

Outside the room. Again, like a dorm: numerous doors off a
long corridor. Laura sags against the jamb for a beat.

*

CLOSE on her. Emotions showing: fatigue, sadness mixed with
disgust. But stoic in her anger...a beat and from O.S.

HEAR the sound of glass breaking somewhere down the hall.
Laura starts slowly toward the sound. TRACK with her as...

*

Another noise: a crash like furniture falling or a fight in
progress. Muffled, angry voices; a woman's panicked "No!".

Laura sprints to a door down the hallway. Tries the
doorknob: it's locked. She bangs on the door with fists.

*

LAURA
Julie?

*

The reply : a bloodcurdling shriek. Cries for help.

LAURA
(pleading)
Julie! Open the door!

*

Laura pulls out a ring full of keys. Her hands shake as she
sorts through the keys...she drops them. All the while, the
screaming and commotion continues inside the door. Laura
stoops for the key ring. Finally finds the right one and
opens the door. TRACK into the room behind her and

*

*

HER POV: broken, open window. Curtains flapping in cold wind.
JULIE...a young woman about 19...in a fetal curl, crunched
into a corner. She's crying and covered with BLOOD.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

In the middle of the floor, her mother, GLORIA. Dead. Lying on her back...glassy eyes fixed on the ceiling above and blood pooling all around her. Blood everywhere, in fact.

Laura moves to Julie who claws at her with bloodied fingers. *

JULIE

(frantic)

My father was here. He killed her. He killed my mother.

Laura's horrified. She struggles to pull Julie up and, as she does, she HEARS from O.S., through the open, broken window, a car revving then screeching away. *

NEW ANGLE. Overhead POV: looking down on the sprawled body. Laura helps Julie to her feet and leads her out of the room. *

Hold on the bloody scene for a beat. Dead Gloria's eyes staring up, into the camera. Directly at us. Then,

FADE OUT

END TEASE

ACT ONE

Under black, the buzzing of a doorbell. And...

TRACY (V.O.)
(calling out)
Hold on. I'm coming.

FADE IN:

3 INT. - TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

3

CLOSE ON Tracy's pistol. On a table next to a box of ammo and some extra mags. She picks it up.

Pull back: Tracy tucks her weapon into her shoulder-holster. Heads for the door. The buzzer's going again...insistently.

TRACY
Okay, okay.

At the door: she peers through the peephole. She's puzzled. Then she opens the door to the hall.

Tracy's POV: a woman with suitcases who looks remarkably like Tracy herself. Tracy 25 years down the road. She's...

TRACY
(surprised; annoyed?)
Mom! ...I uh... wish you'd told me
you were coming.

Tracy's Mom BARBARA smiles nervously at her daughter.

BARBARA
I figured you were busy. I wanted to
surprise you and...

She trails off. Uncomfortable half-beat. Chemistry here lukewarm at best. Then,

TRACY
(coming around)
Sorry. Please: come in.

Barbara enters. Tentative. Conspicuously uncomfortable. She puts her overnights down. Turns to Tracy.

BARBARA
I was thinking I'd get a hotel but
there's a convention or something in
town--

TRACY
--the Film festival.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

BARBARA
Everything's booked. You wouldn't believe it.

Check out the body language: Tracy has her arms folded tightly. Not so much happy as confused by Mom's presence.

Barbara extends her arms. A reluctant embrace ensues; they peck cheeks like rival debs meeting at a coming-out prom.

CLOSE: Tracy's gun. Barbara's hand brushes it as she pulls out of the chilly clinch. She recoils at the touch of it.

ON Barbara. Focused apprehensively on Tracy's holstered weapon for a beat. Then she looks up. Covers with a smile.

BARBARA
Anyway, I have some business in town. Thought we could spend some time.

TRACY
You're welcome to stay here, Mom. I've got work but if you're still here Saturday, I'm off.

The phone rings. Tracy crosses to it.

TRACY (cont'd)
(over her shoulder)
We could do something.

ON Mom: a thin smile. A shrug. She's hugging herself now.

BARBARA
I'd like that.

Stay on Mom as she watches Tracy answer the phone: Mom's reaction as she HEARS

TRACY (O.S.)
(into phone)
Detective Vetter?

Barbara's smile dims out: the sound of those words, "Detective Vetter", dredge up some secret pain.

Angle on Tracy. Scribbling information on a pad of paper.

TRACY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Got it. Has my partner been notified?
(listens a beat)
Okay. On my way.

She hangs up. Grabs her coat and pulls it on. Turns to Mom.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

TRACY (cont'd)
Gotta run. Make yourself comfortable.
Couch folds out, I got satellite
hook-up now: all kinds of movies.

They face each other for a beat as Tracy buttons her coat.

TRACY
It's good to see you, Mom.

Barbara smiles. They join in another wimpy, frosty embrace.

BARBARA
You too, baby.

Tracy heads out. At the door, she turns as Mom calls out...

BARBARA
I love you. Be careful.

TRACY
(half-smile)
Sure. Okay.

Excuse me : wrong answer, Tracy. She exits.

OFF Barbara. Looking weary, sad...almost brokenhearted.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. - WOMAN'S SHELTER - NIGHT

4

VIDEO CAMERA POV : nondescript building. (Note: no
identifying sign!) Coroner's van and cop cars curbside.
Yellow tape strung. In the F.G., a REPORTER with mic speaks
into camera.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
Once again: it has been confirmed:
Metro Police are investigating an
apparently brutal homicide here
tonight at this shelter for battered
women, this "safehouse"...though it
hardly seems appropriate to call it
that now.

Video POV starts to quake and jiggle. A HAND scrunches around
the lens, darkens the view.

NEW ANGLE. The hand on the camera lens belongs to NICK and
he's angry. He's tilted the camera lens away from the facade
of the building.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

NICK
Show's over. Move on.

TV REPORTER
(incensed)
Excuse me but we're working here.

Nick still has one hand on the camera. With his other he flips open his badge. Gold shield gleams in the video light.

NICK
So am I. The location of this facility is strictly confidential.

TV Reporter gets in Nick's face.

TV REPORTER
We have a right to be here. This is news.

Nick's reply: a subtle but effective enough WHAMMY.

NICK
You're done here. There's nothing more to see. It's...what do you call it: a wrap, right?

TV Reporter turns to his puzzled CAMERA OPERATOR and

TV REPORTER
(hypnotized)
Let's go. That's a wrap.

TV reporter starts off. Cameraman stays, dumbfounded for a beat. Then he hastens after the Reporter. Nick turns to the building. Sees TRACY standing there and, beside her, LAURA STONE, in a knot of cops and people. Laura's looking at Nick...she's seen what he did.

*
*

Not the whammy per se but she's seen him call off the news dogs...Laura nods approvingly at him. As if to say "Thanks."

*

OFF Nick, returning her look,

5 INT. - WOMAN'S SHELTER - BEDROOM - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

5

ANGLE ON carpet floor. A few shards of glass scattered about. And bloodstains. Illuminated for an instant by the burst of photographer's flash. CAMERA FINDS

REESE. Standing next to the broken window from whence the murderer presumably fled. Reese is staring at the glass on the floor and then looking outside the window to the alley.

*

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

REESE
(to nobody in particular)
Somebody check the broken glass out
in the alley... there's a lot more of
it out there.

*
*

Gus nods, moves on. Reese keeps staring outside the window, obviously there's something about this glass that interests him.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY As Nick enters, having just questioned someone outside the room. He moves to where Nat is examining the body.

NATALIE
Multiple stab wounds - I stopped
counting at twenty. Can't say what
type of knife right now. ...Except
that it was sharp...

She turns and moves off. Tracy joins Nick. Reese moves away from the window.

*
*

TRACY
Still no weapon.

REESE
APB go out?

Tracy nods as she hands Reese a rap sheet with photo.

TRACY (cont'd)
Top priority. Most Wanted: Jack
Henderson's face is in every
law-enforcement fax machine in the
Western Hemisphere right now.

REESE
Check hospitals, clinics, pharmacies:
he might be hurt and looking for help.

Reese studies the picture for a beat then hands it to Nick.

CLOSE ON photo: JACK HENDERSON, N.D. abusive spouse. Nothing real sinister about him except dark, dead eyes.

NICK
(reading)
Three priors for spousal abuse.
(shakes his head)
He got a fine. Community service and
counseling.

Nick glances over to the corpse, which is being zipped up into a body bag.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

NICK (cont'd)
Lot of good it did him.

As the body bag is zipped closed, go to:

6 INT. - WOMAN'S SHELTER - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

6

Moving with NICK, LAURA and TRACY as they walk down the hall. Cops and forensics techs dart around them.

*

LAURA
I appreciate your keeping the TV cameras at bay, detective Knight. Women's lives depend on the anonymity of this place.

*

NICK
I did what I could. I hope it was enough.

As they near an exit, slow to a stop...

TRACY
If it's alright with you, Ms. Stone, I'll take Julie by the E.R., have a doctor look at her before I take her downtown for her statement.

LAURA
Thanks. I appreciate that.

*

Tracy nods, moves off to exit. Beat, then:

NICK
(to Laura)
We'll need you downtown, too. Might help if you could be there for Julie.

*

LAURA
Sure. ...Guess you're used to this. You must see it all the time: abuse, domestic violence...

*

NICK
Seen my share.

Close on Nick: he's remembering.

NICK (cont'd)
You never get used to it.

7 INT. CHINATOWN LOCATION, SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (1850)

7

A large "melting-pot" crowd is gathered for an evening of Cock-fighting. High energy wagering is in progress, money is changing hands fast and furiously...

As two birds are brought in to the fight "ring". The bird handlers move to a position facing one and other, then the process of working the birds into a fighting frame of mind begins. The crowd, in turn, works itself into a fevered pitch...

As the birds are set down on the ground... the crowd falls silent. Then the birds are released. (NOTE: Our birds will not actually fight. The fight will be HEARD but not seen). The fight is on, and the crowd goes wild.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals Nick and Lacroix... standing slightly away from the crowd, watching the classic sporting event. Lacroix is enjoying the battle... Nick is uneasy about it.

LACROIX

Two fine specimens. A shame one must die, really. I just hope it's not the one I ~~put my money on~~.

waged

NICK

This is barbaric.

LACROIX

Nicholas, please. This is sport. Better one of them dies proudly in battle than at the hands of a butcher.

Nick is about to respond, when he sees:

NICK'S POV

A Chinese man, WEI, has left the "arena" and is approaching a young woman, MAI-LOONG...barely past her teens... as she hurries toward him. She's fearful of him, but forces a smile. Perhaps she's late in arriving, who knows... but whatever the case, as soon as she's in range, Wei hauls off and smashes her across the face. She goes down in a heap...

BACK TO SCENE

Nick reacts. Lacroix has also seen the attack. Nick goes to move to Mai-Loong's aide, but Lacroix stops him.

LACROIX

She's his concubine, Nicholas. His property. We have no right to interfere.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

But Nick shrugs off Lacroix's hand and moves o.s. Lacroix sighs, and follows.

WITH WEI AND MAI-LOONG

She's in great pain. Her face is bloodied. Wei reaches down, grabs her roughly by her long, black hair and

Spins her around to set her up for another blow.

BACKHANDS her again, knocks her down. Stands over her, berating her.

WEI

(Chinese w/ subtitles?)

You worthless whore: you were to be here for luck. You've cost me money.

(she goes to respond, but:)

Don't speak unless I give you permission.

LOW-ANGLE ON the woman : MAI-LOONG. Trying to crawl away. Wei's straddling her. He reaches down. She winces as he takes her by the hair again.

CLOSE ON WEI. Raising his fist to pummel her.

WEI

You will learn if I have to kill you to teach you.

He rears back to let her have it and

His fist is intercepted...stayed by the tip of a long ebony walking stick. Wei turns, reacts O.S. as we PAN ALONG the black cane to

NICK. And a few feet behind him, LACROIX watching...amused by Nick's gallantry.

NICK

Leave her be.

Wei glares. Turns his anger on Nick.

WEI

This is not your business.

*

NEW ANGLE : WHOOOMP! Wei hits the deck HARD. He hasn't a clue what hit him or how...he looks up.

Now Nick is straddling him. Gazing down on him sternly.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

NICK

Now: I'll let you up only to be on
your way. Leave her alone. Strike her
again and you die.

Wei is gasping. Looking up at Nick.

HIS POV: Lacroix leans into frame, smiles down on the man.

LACROIX

(enjoying this)

Trust me: he means what he says.

Wei nods meekly. Scrambles to his feet. Shoots a grave look
at

MAI-LOONG. Cowering. Then Wei stalks off. Nick helps
Mai-Loong to her feet. She's sobbing.

NICK

You may come with me if you've nowhere
else to go.

She's frightened. Shaking her head and crying. Nick glances
at Lacroix. Then, back to Mai-Loong. ZAPS her with
hypno-suggestion...

NICK (cont'd)

Come with me. I'll see to your safety.

She is almost "under", but maybe she's a resistor, or maybe
it's the pain and emotion; in any case, she shakes off the
whammy.

MAI-LOONG

No. I must go to my master. He will
punish me if I am not prompt.

She runs o.s. after Wei.

Nick watches her. Cocks his head: strange. Lacroix steps up.

LACROIX

(off Nick)

Your "powers of suggestion" need
honing and your gallantry is
misplaced. She has nothing without
him, and she knows it.

NICK

He beats her yet she returns to him?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 3

7

LACROIX

She'd have more right to freedom if
she were his dog, Nicholas. Let it go.

Lacroix turns and glides away. Nick stands there for a beat,
as the crowd ROARS its approval of something or other to do
with the o.s. fight, as we HEAR UNDER:

JULIE (V.O.)

I'll never know why she stayed with
him as long as she did.

CUT HARD TO:

8 INT. - PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

8

CLOSE ON Nick. Standing right up to the two-way observation
glass...his face reflects off it: two images of Nick.

HIS POV: in the interrogation room, Tracy debriefs Julie.

INTERCUT:

9 INTERROGATION ROOM

9

CLOSE : Tracy listening to Julie, best poker face on but you
can see it in her eyes: Julie's pain registers.

JULIE (O.C.)

(a small, derisive laugh)
I was after her to leave him almost
from the time I could talk.

ON Julie. She's wiped...all cried out. Sagging in her chair.

JULIE

One of my earliest memories is of
watching him beat her unconscious.
(beat; looks at Tracy)
One big, happy family.

Tracy considers her for a long beat then

TRACY

(softly)
I want you to tell me what happened,
Julie. The whole story.

JULIE

He followed my mother. She'd said she
thought he was stalking her.

9A EXT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK- BLACK AND WHITE) 9A

Just a quick cut: GLORIA HENDERSON, alive. Walking up steps into the building that houses Women's Shelter. Stops at the door; cast about nervously for a beat then enters.

ANOTHER ANGLE : POV from across the street. Watching Gloria. REVERSE TO a CLOSE SHOT of JACK HENDERSON whom we recognize from his APB photo. He steps out shadow. He looks angry.

9B PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - RESUME SCENE 9B

JULIE

She was supposed to come over. Bring me some clothes and stuff. I didn't have much 'cause when I left, I just left. Had to get out of there. He started coming after me again.

TRACY

To beat you?

JULIE

(matter-of-fact)
To rape me.
(beat)
Again.

ON Tracy : straight-faced...telltale shock in her eyes.

10 OBSERVATION ROOM 10

We've adjusted to see that Nick's not alone in the room. He's standing there with LAURA STONE and REESE beside him. *

LAURA *

(softly; aside to Nick)
As long as he's at large, she's in danger.

NICK

We can arrange protective custody for her until we catch him.

REESE

(almost an afterthought)
If he's the one we're looking for.

Laura glares at him: boiling inside but she's containing it. *

LAURA *

You don't believe he did this, do you?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

REESE
(turns to her)
Jury's still out, Ms. Stone.

LAURA
Did you look at his record?

*

REESE
(nods)
I did.

Laura's agog. She turns...an imploring look to Nick...who can't help her here. He shakes his head.

*

REESE (cont'd)
We've got a long way to go before we can make a case against Jack Henderson. You know the law in these areas as well as anybody, Ms. Stone.

LAURA
(to both men)
Detective...Captain?
(beat)
Can I show you something?

*

11 INT. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

11

TIGHT on Julie, seated.

LAURA (O.C.)
It's okay, Julie. We want them to understand.

*

PULL BACK. Laura's next to her...has a comforting hand on her shoulder.

*

Reverse to Nick, Reese and Tracy. Standing on the other side of the table.

LAURA (cont'd)
When Julie was fourteen years old, she was raped repeatedly by her father. She was threatened with death if she ever told anyone what her father was doing to her.

*

Tears are welling up in Julie's eyes.

LAURA (cont'd)
Julie told. Gloria, her mother, confronted her husband.
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

LAURA (cont'd) (cont'd) *
He beat her so badly on that occasion,
she had to take a cab to the hospital.
And Julie had to go with her...

Laura nods to Julie. Julie's trembling with terror at the *
memory. Tears running down her cheeks.

NEW ANGLE. Camera behind Julie and Laura. POV of Nick, Tracy *
and Reese looking on.

LAURA *
This was Julie's punishment for
telling the truth. For seeking help.

Julie slowly lowers the shoulder off her sweater, revealing
her shoulders... We see grisly scarring. And we know there's
a lot more.

CLOSE ON Tracy. Her reaction to Julie's disfiguring scars.
She closes her eyes.

Nick and Reese are likewise affected but they maintain.

LAURA *
(softly, to Julie)
Okay.

Julie covers up. Laura moves to her shoulder bag, produces *
a file containing photographs. Hands the file to Nick.

LAURA *
I got these from the hospital.

Reese and Tracy look on as Nick opens the file. Their
reaction is immediate...

LAURA *
Even while they were being treated,
they were so terrified of Jack
Henderson that they lied to doctors,
made up a story about their injuries.
(beat)
This is what we're up against. Jack
Henderson killed his wife. Julie
watched him do it. You say the jury's
out. I say I rest my case.

Close on Nick. A beat of silence and

NICK
I'm sorry. We can't.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

REESE
(matter-of-fact)
The law won't let us.

Nick looks to Julie... and ON JULIE'S numbed expression, we:

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

12

We HEAR UNDER :

TRACY (pre-lap)
She's staying with me.
(beat; tense)
No...I don't why she's here.

13 INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

13

CLOSE ON a piece of yellow legal pad. In Tracy's hands...tearing the paper into little strips. A meticulous, neurotic habit. Something she does when she's anxious.

PULL BACK. Telephone receiver's cradled in the crook of her shoulder. She's talking to her Dad, the Police Commissioner.

TRACY
Well, she didn't tell me anything
about suing you.
(interrupts)
Dad? Dad! Listen. It's okay. Where
else is she gonna go?
(beat)
I won't be around her that much and,
when I am, I'll just...try my best to
keep a lid on it, okay?

She's stacking the little squares of paper now; her brow knit from stress you only get from your nuclear family.

OFF Tracy, listening on the phone with her eyes squeezed shut, as her father goes on and on...

14 INT. - PRECINCT - REESE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

14

CLOSE ON A VIDEO MONITOR set up on a trolley. Julie's face: she's sitting in silence for a beat. Exhausted. Her eyes closed.

This is Julie's deposition proceeding. Tracy conducting the examination. Recorded earlier.

JULIE (V.O.)
(pained)
He followed her. He must've come up
the fire escape, I don't know... He
was like a madman.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

JULIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I've seen him angry but never like
that. He just... went at her. He
pulled out a knife...

Julie has to stop here. Too emotional. We HEAR Tracy's voice
on the videotape.

TRACY (V.O.)
Did you try to stop him?

JULIE
(nods and continues)
I tried to stop him...

ZAP: the tape stops. Julie freezes in mid-sentence. Audio
track chatters as the tape shuttles back and replays

JULIE
(nods)
I tried to stop him...

Pull back to Reese. Holding the remote control and watching
the tape. He's lost in thought. A beat and

Nick enters. Interrupts the Captain's reverie.

REESE
I want to keep her here.

Nick gives him a questioning look. Then leans over, looks at
the monitor. Sees Julie's image.

REESE (cont'd)
I'll tell her and Laura Stone, it's a
protective measure for now. *
(off Nick)
We've got no murder weapon, suspect's
at large. His story's still out there.
(off Nick's look)
I'm not letting her walk out of here
until I absolutely have to.
(beat, re: the papers in
Nick's hands)
What's that?

Nick flips through the papers.

NICK
Everything's not in yet, but Jack
Henderson was there at some time,
there's no doubt about it. He left
fingerprints.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

REESE

(thinking)
Any blood?

Nick shuffles sheets and scans.

NICK

(reading)
DNA's not done on them yet, but we've
got stains and samples consistent with
his type, yes.

REESE

Any of them mixed with the victim's?

Nick reads further then shakes his head.

NICK

(looks up at Reese)
None. Not so far.

Nick tosses the papers onto Reese's desk, Reese looks down at them... shakes his head.

15 INT. - PRECINCT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

15

RESUME with Tracy, mid-phone hassle with her Dad. She speaks softly into the phone. During this, we see Nick entering from Reese's office, stopping as he overhears:

TRACY

(listening a beat then)
Look, I don't know, all right?
(beat; with attitude)
What was I supposed to do : give her a
field sobriety test in my living
room ?

CLOSE ON Tracy's desk : little paper squares stacked into a neat pile now. Tracy picks it up and rips it in half as

TRACY

(into phone)
Look, Dad: the divorce is your
business. The settlement is your
business, okay? She's not happy about
it...I'm not taking sides.
(beat)
I gotta go. I'll call you tomorrow.

PUSH IN CLOSE ON Tracy as she listens then

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

TRACY (cont'd)

I love you too.

(beat)

Yes, I'm being careful.

Tracy hangs up. Sits there, kneading her instant migraine.
HEARS:

NICK (O.C.)

Headache?

She looks up.

TRACY

Family thing.

Reese joins them with an urgent dispatch.

REESE

Saddle up. Neighborhood clinic in
Parkdale thinks they made Henderson.
Nurse over there says a guy just came
in all sliced and diced up who looks
like the fax APB.

CLOSE ON Reese.

REESE (cont'd)

Doc's putting him back together right
now. I told her to take her time.

16 EXT. - STREET - CADDY - NIGHT

16

Nick and Tracy in the Caddy. He's pumping the car through
traffic. Hustling...but no lights and siren.

ON Tracy. She checks the load in her weapon and replaces it
into her shoulder holster. She looks glum as she's doing it.

Angle on Nick. Alternating between watching the road and
watching his partner. A beat and

Tracy pulls out her gun again and rechecks the load.

NICK

Tracy?

(she turns)

Trust me: it's loaded. You expecting
trouble?

ON Tracy. Still glum and removed. Replaces her pistol.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

TRACY

(a beat)
You're lucky you don't have family,
Nick.
(off Nick)
I mean, I know it must get hard for
you around the holidays but, take it
from me, family's not all it's cracked
up to be.

NICK

You've got a problem...

TRACY

My parents.
(beat)
Sometimes I can't tell if I'm supposed
to be their daughter or their referee.

OFF Nick's reaction,

17 INT. - PRECINCT - INTERROGATION - NIGHT

17

Julie at the table. Head resting on her folded arms. She's
nodding off. Exhausted.

The door opens. LAURA STONE enters. Has two cups of coffee
that she places on the table. *

Laura sits next to Julie. Looks at her for a long beat then
she strokes her shoulder gently. *

LAURA

Tired? *

Julie looks up.

JULIE

This is awful. Why won't they let us
go?

(teary)
How am I ever gonna make it through
this?

Laura wraps an arm around her. Bolsters her. *

LAURA

It's going to work out. Most important
thing is: you're here, you're safe.
I'll stay here with you as long as I
can. *

(beat)
They'll catch him, don't worry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

LAURA (cont'd)
This time, he won't get away with it.
I promise you.

*

CLOSE ON Laura. From her passion, you'd swear she's the one wronged.

*

18 INT. - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

The observation room is dark. We're watching Laura console Julie through the two-way glass. Hearing Laura's voice through a monitor.

*

*

LAURA (V.O.)
He'll get what he deserves.

*

Adjust to include

REESE. Watching their "private moment" through the glass.
Push in CLOSE ON Reese.

Right up to the glass, like Nick was in previous scene...watching. (Maybe: where before we saw two images on Nick, we only see one image of Reese.)

ON his eyes as he's staring at the glass. You can see wheels turning like turbines behind those eyes...

19 INT. - MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT

19

VERY CLOSE ON a man's beefy forearm. A long, sickening, clotted gash, other smaller cuts, already cleaned and dressed. A suturing needle ENTERS SHOT towards the ragged wound.

TILT UP. The man being stitched watches the procedure. No hint of anything on his face. No pain, no revulsion.

He's JACK HENDERSON. Shirtless; sitting on a gurney. Looking worse for wear: unshaven, dark circles under his eyes.

Angle on the E.R. DOCTOR who's ministering. Young woman just out of medical school.

ER DOCTOR
(chit-chat)
Good thing you came in. These are some
nasty lacerations. Bet you thought
you'd never stop bleeding, huh?

Henderson just stares at her. A dry, menacing look.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

ER DOCTOR (cont'd)
How you'd do it, anyway?

ON Henderson. Same dry look on his face as he turns away and stares ahead blankly at the yellow tile walls.

HENDERSON
(a long beat)
Fixing up...around the house.

ER DOCTOR shoots a glance over Henderson's shoulder.

DOC'S POV: receptionist NURSE hustling other patients quietly out of the waiting area. Leading them to safety. Anticipating trouble...a shoot-out, maybe.

ER DOCTOR
(bluffing)
Hold on a minute. Gotta get some more bandages. Here, hold this right there.

ER DOC places a gauze bandage over the wound, presses Henderson's hand to it. Then she exits, drawing the curtain closed behind him as he goes.

Off Henderson,

20 EXT. - MEDICAL CLINIC - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

20

The Caddie pulls up sharply. As they hop out:

NICK
I'll take the front.

TRACY
I've got the side.

21 WITH HENDERSON IN THE WARD

21

Henderson sits staring for a beat. Then, something dawns on him. He looks over to:

CLOSE on a box of bandages... open, almost full...

OFF Henderson's look of realization: it's a set-up.

22 INT. - MEDICAL CLINIC - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

22

Tracking Nick as he enters, approaches the the Nurse receptionist, and shows her his badge very secretively. She nods... glances back toward E.R., then steals off to stay out of the way.

NICK'S TRAVELING POV: heading into the ER.

Closing in on the curtain that's drawn around the treatment area. Nick moves silently to the curtain. YANKS IT BACK suddenly to reveal

Nothing. No one's there. Henderson's fled.

CLOSE ON Nick as he glances around. His frustration evident.

23 EXT - MEDICAL CLINIC - SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

23

With Tracy as she moves toward a metal fire door. She has her gun drawn. Just as she gets to the door,

IT BANGS OPEN and Henderson flies through. The door smashes into Tracy and sends her sprawling into a puddle of slush or mud. Henderson also takes a tumble.

Tracy recovers first. Reaches out and grabs Henderson. Holds him at gunpoint.

TRACY
(with authority)
Police officer. Don't you move.

Henderson squirms like he's going to try and make a break for it.

Tracy CLICKS BACK the hammer. Grabs a thick hank of Henderson's hair. Pokes the muzzle right into his ear.

CLOSE ON Tracy. Breathing heavily, winces slightly from the jarring blow her face took.

TRACY
(a hoarse whisper)
Go ahead, you son of a bitch: give me a reason.

Behind Tracy, we HEAR the telltale PHOOOM, that miniature sonic boom sound that signals Nick's VAMP arrival.

We SEE...but Tracy doesn't...as Nick fairly materializes from nowhere, directly behind Tracy.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

NICK

Tracy...
(she turns)
Go easy. It's done.

A long beat. Tracy holding Henderson by the hair. Still with her gun in his ear. Then...she lets up. Lets go of his head.

Henderson's face splats to the concrete. He closes his eyes, squints in pain as Nick kneels on his back and ratchets the cuffs on him. Nick stands. Next to Tracy, her long coat covered in muck.

He looks to her, sees the anger evident in her expression...

HOLD ON them for beat. Then:

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 EXT. - MEDICAL CLINIC - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

24

Post-arrest cop mop-up. Squad cars with lights flashing.

Angle on one car in particular : a police cruiser. Jack Henderson's sullen face in the rear window. A beat and

The cruiser's siren blares and the car whips out of there.

PAN to Tracy, vainly wiping mud from her clothes with a hankie. The ER DOC tends to her.

Nick joins her. Has Henderson's personal effects in plastic bags...products of his search. Holds them up.

NICK

Here we go: fresh out of Mr.
Henderson's pockets...

Nick holds up dog-eared map booklets. Turns them around in his hand a couple times, reading as he does.

NICK (cont'd)

Maps. Collingwood, Muskoka...Cottage
Country.

TRACY

Very fugitive-friendly places.

CLOSE ON a plastic bag: contains a hotel / motel room key...with distinctive, identifying plastic tag.

NICK (cont'd)

Looks like Henderson was holed up at
the Sunderland. I called for a phone
warrant. Sent the lab boys to turn his
room over.

TRACY

(dry; cynical)

Guess it's too much to ask: maybe he
left the murder weapon there.

NICK

My guess is he ditched it where it
won't be found.

(he notices her mud caked
clothes, grins)

Mud works on you.

*

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

TRACY
(she shoots him a look)
I'll go home and change after we
skewer Henderson at the precinct.

Nick hears the tone in her voice. He starts for the nearby
Caddy, beckons her to follow.

NICK
You want this guy, don't you?

TRACY
Yeah. I know we're not supposed to
get emotionally involved in a case,
but I'm having a hard time doing that
on this one.

NICK
(beat)
Yeah, I know...

At the Caddy. Nick opens the shotgun door for Tracy. She
hesitates before getting in: looks at Nick's upholstery,
looks down at her muddied up clothes. Should she?

NICK (cont'd)
Get in. It's okay.

Tracy climbs in and sits down ever so gingerly.

NICK (cont'd)
(smiling)
After all, it's only a police car.

25 EXT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

25

We HEAR:

REESE (pre-lap)
We found him. He's under arrest.

26 INT. - PRECINCT - CONFERENCE AREA - CONTINUOUS

26

Angle on Julie. Still sitting at the table. Laura Stone
sitting next to her. They both sigh in relief.

*

JULIE
Oh god... can I get out of here now?
ON Reese. Across from her. He smiles. Cranks the charm.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

REESE

Not quite just yet. I know you gave your statement to Detective Vetter but I'd like to go back over it with you... just want to make sure we've got it all straight before we bring it to the Crown. Okay?

Julie nods stoically.

JULIE

Sure...whatever it takes.

Reese studies her for a beat then

REESE

Good. That's good.

(to Laura)

Ms. Stone, you're welcome to stay but I know you've got some very troubled women to look after back at the shelter--

LAURA

I can stay for a while.

Laura grasps Julie's hand. Squeezes it in support.

Reese has the transcript of Julie's previous statement in front of him on the table.

REESE

(smiles)

Shouldn't take long. Julie...let's go back to the beginning of this, okay?

(off her nod)

Your Dad and Mom? Were they living together as of tonight?

JULIE

Uh, no. I mean, not really. He moved out to Collingwood a few months ago. Came back for some stuff.

REESE

You were living with your Mom?

JULIE

Yeah. But when he came back it all started up again. I had to get out, find someplace. I went to Laura. Thank god for Laura.

On Reese. He smiles.

REESE

Yes. Thank god.

27 INT. - PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

27

Nick and Tracy grill handcuffed Jack Henderson.

HENDERSON

She's lying. That's not the way it went down at all.

NICK

Okay. Then you tell us: how did you murder your wife?

Tracy's standing by...still in her mucky clothes.

HENDERSON

I'm telling you I didn't murder my wife!

TRACY

Where's the knife?

HENDERSON

Why don't you ask Julie?

NICK

(incredulous)

Julie? What are you saying? That she killed your wife?

TRACY

That's a stretch, Mr Henderson.

HENDERSON

Listen to me: Gloria brought me over there tonight to make peace with Julie.

27A INT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT (B&W)

27A

Another quick flashback : this time it's JACK'S POV. In the hall, with Gloria. Gloria knocks lightly on Julie's door.

No answer right away. Gloria glances over at Jack. They exchange concerned glances. Door opens; Gloria enters.

CLOSE ON the door as Jack holds or pushes it open. His palm flattening against it to keep it from swinging closed.

27B PRECINCT - RESUME SCENE

27B

On Henderson.

HENDERSON

It was Gloria's idea. She wanted a reconciliation, you know?

(CONTINUED)

27B CONTINUED:

27B

Tracy gives him a look like, "...yeah, right..." Meanwhile Nick is having a quick pre-flash to the next flashback.

27C INT. COCKFIGHT LOCATION - NIGHT

27C

Nick with a bleeding and dying Mai-Loong propped up in his arms.

27D RESUME PRECINCT

27D

On Nick, the quick flash leading him to...

NICK

(incredulous)

You're telling us your wife wanted to reconcile with you? Someone who had beaten her to within an inch of her life. And maybe the next time would go all the way?

HENDERSON

I'm not the guy I was before. I used to drink. I had a problem. I did things to my family that I'm honestly ashamed of. I got help. I changed.

NICK

Oh, so you didn't kill your wife... but you did run from the scene of her murder and then ran from the hospital... Maybe you were just getting a little exercise?

TRACY

Flight suggests guilt, Mr. Henderson.

Nick holds up map booklets he took from Henderson earlier.

NICK

And you were headed to Collingwood for a little ice fishing.

HENDERSON

I've got a little place there, okay?
(beat)

I ran out of Julie's room 'cause Julie was coming after me.

27E INT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT (B&W)

27E

IN QUICK CUTS: surrealistic, impressionistic montage. Jack turning to Julie, SEEING

(CONTINUED)

27E CONTINUED:

27E

She has a knife in her hand.

ON the knife. Arcing up in slow-motion.

ANOTHER ANGLE: Jack in silhouette as he SMASHES THROUGH the window, collapses to the deck of fire escape.

27F PRECINCT - RESUME SCENE

27F

HENDERSON

She would have killed me if hadn't jumped through the window. She wanted no part of any reconciliation. As for the hospital, I'm number one suspect because of my record. Nobody's going to listen to my side of the story. I got scared. I ran.

CLOSE ON Tracy. Her reaction as she hears...

HENDERSON (cont'd)

(pleading)

Julie's the one you want, not me. She was mad at her mother for even suggesting the idea we could be a family again.

Nick's interrupted by FEMALE UNIFORM COP who pulls Nick aside and gives him a package: a clear cellophane package that contains

*

CLOSE on the package: Nick holds it up. Contents: a blood-stained knife.

The Cop and Nick speak so that Henderson can't hear or see the knife.

FEMALE UNIFORM COP

Tech boys found this in his hotel room. Blood everywhere, too. In his car, in the bathroom, on his clothes. They're testing it now...

*

Nick turns to Henderson. Holds up the package with the knife.

NICK

Look familiar Mr. Henderson?

HENDERSON

(a guilty beat, then...)

No.

ON Tracy: she gives Nick a questioning look.

(CONTINUED)

27F CONTINUED:

27F

NICK

It was found it in your hotel room.

Henderson sags... knows he's been caught out in a lie. Tracy looks pleased.

HENDERSON

Yeah, okay it's mine. But I used it to cut off my clothes when I was bleeding to death. Look, why don't you just consider the possibility I might be telling the truth?

NICK

Because you've been playing hard and fast with the truth the whole time you've been in here. You're in deep, Mr Henderson. Over your head.

Off Henderson, shaking his head...

28 INT. - TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (A LITTLE BIT LATER)

28

TV droning in the B.G. Blue light from the screen providing most of the illumination in the room.

CLOSE ON a vodka bottle on the table. Looking through it to the front door beyond then

RACK FOCUS to the door as Tracy enters. Dragging her ass. Already peeling off muddied clothing. She hears from O.S.

BARBARA

Tracy, honey? That you?

Tracy sees the bottle of vodka. Shakes her head. Turns to Mom as she enters from another room. Barbara reacts.

BARBARA

Oh my...what happened to you?

Tracy holds up the bottle.

TRACY

I got into it with a suspect. Mom, I thought you stopped drinking.

BARBARA

(shining it on)
Oh, well...I still like a little drink on special occasions--

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

TRACY

--and what's special about today? Let me guess: it's Wednesday, huh?

BARBARA

(she's stung)

I don't appreciate your sarcasm, Tracy.

TRACY

You know how much trouble the drinking caused you and Dad?

Tracy disappears into bathroom. Shower starts to run.

ON Barbara: angry. No more Mrs. Nice Gal; the gloves are coming off...anger fueled by vodka. Tension rising.

BARBARA

You know damn well that it wasn't because of my drinking that your father wound up in bed with--

TRACY (O.S.)

--I don't want to hear this.

Barbara doesn't care...

BARBARA

Try to imagine how much that hurts. All the nights I spent alone, waiting to see if my husband, the peace officer, was going to come home in a bag. I deserve a drink for putting up with him, his brothers--

Tracy emerges from bedroom in a robe now.

TRACY

--and me? This an old argument, Mom. You won't win it. Ever. I'm a cop because I want to be.

BARBARA

You never considered anything else. I wanted something else for you, something better. I didn't want to worry about you, too. I was sick with worrying.

TRACY

So you drank and made yourself sicker.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

BARBARA

Wait until you're as lonely as I am.
(mean; bitter)
Make no mistake, you're headed that
way...

Tracy wheels and SLAPS Mom. A reflex that shocks the bejesus
out of both of them. Play the shock for a long beat then

BARBARA (cont'd)

(quiet)
You like to think that you're your own
person, don't you?
(beat)
You're not. You never will be. You are
your father's "person". That's why
you're a cop, Tracy. He made you
what he wanted you to be...you never
had a choice.

Tracy sags into the couch. Can't believe what she's done.

BARBARA

I'm sorry I even came here. I didn't
have any other place to go.

Something on the TV has caught Tracy's eye. A news report.
The sound is turned down. We don't hear but we see it's the
same footage from Act One...

+INSERT - ON TV. News reporter doing the story of Gloria
Henderson's murder. Onscreen : the front of Laura Stone's
shelter for abused women. Address in plain view. *

On Tracy for her reaction: uh-oh...

TRACY

Damn it.

29 EXT. - MORGUE - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

29

NickMobile cooling her fins.

NATALIE

(loud; over the noise)
Hate to be the bubble-buster here,
Nick...

30 INT. - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

30

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Nick's next to Nat. He has two plastic bags; he's holding them up: one contains "THE KNIFE" and something small and silver glints inside the other.

NATALIE (cont'd)

(sighing)

But that is not the weapon that killed
Gloria Henderson.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

30A INT. MORGUE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

30A

Nick looks deflated. This was going so well up until now...

NATALIE (cont'd)

All the blood on that knife belongs to Jack Henderson. Not a trace of even remotely like Gloria Henderson's type.

Nat points to the plastic envelope that contains the small, glinting silver thingamabob: looks like a dart or something.

NATALIE (cont'd)

I pulled that from her sternum. It's the blade tip of the knife that killed her. Force of the blow embedded it in the bone and cracked the whole rib cage.

(beat)

He meant business.

NICK

So the knife we found in his hotel room?

NATALIE

Lab compared the metal... they're similar... could have been from a matching set. It's likely that they're both his... but there's still a reasonable doubt.

Nat crosses to a counter and starts to peel off her bloody latex gloves. Does it angrily; expressing great frustration.

NATALIE (cont'd)

I'd hate for this creep to get away on a technicality.

NICK

We're doing our best to make sure that doesn't happen.

NATALIE

(a look to him, then)
I'm seeing more and more of these cases... and it's starting to get to me...

*
*

NICK

Old story. Doesn't seem to want to end.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED:

30A

CLOSE ON Nick: dissolving into his memories again as

NATALIE (cont'd)

It's terrible. We're the ones who can
do something about it so why don't we?

SMASH CUT TO:

31 INT. COCKFIGHT LOCATION - NIGHT (PAST)

31

RESUME FLASHBACK. With Lacroix and Nick as before. Nick watching Mai-Loong run after Wei who's moving off into the distance.

She falls in stride behind him like a dutiful servant and together, they disappear into the shadows. Nick's puzzled.

Close on Nick.

NICK

...it's not right. Someone should do something.

Lacroix looks impatient, wants to get back to the cockfight.

LACROIX

You had your chance but you didn't, Nicholas. Now put it out of your mind.

NICK

(but it's preying on him)
Perhaps I should help her.

LACROIX

Don't be a fool, Nicholas. Tell me, which is more amusing? Some tawdry little domestic melodrama or a pair of prized cocks pecking each others' eyes out?

Lacroix starts back toward the cockfight. But Nick has hardly heard him.

NICK

I'll catch up to you later.

Nick starts off to follow Mai-Loong and her Master.

On Lacroix. Watching Nick go, shaking his head. Suddenly, from O.S., we HEAR a woman's screaming...bloodcurdling, bloody murder shriek. Nick glances back at Lacroix: what the hell? Then, he turns and goes BALLISTIC.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ON Lacroix. He sighs, shakes his head then does likewise:
PHOOOM, he's airborne after Nick.

32 ANOTHER PART OF THE COCKFIGHT LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

32

Nick alights and runs to Mai-Loong in the F.G. Kneels next to her...props her up as in the pervious quick preflash: she's dying. Blood flowing from her throat. There's nothing he can do to save her. She looks at him imploringly, as if asking for him to save her. He looks wracked with guilt as he watches the life drain out of her.

NICK

I'm so sorry. I should have...

He trails off, lets her down to the floor easily then

*

Nick looks up: he's VAMPED. His eyes are on fire. He's pissed. Looks around: Wei is nowhere around. Nick whooshes off. A beat and

Lacroix descends to the same spot where Nick came down. SEES Mai-Loong in the street. He moves to her, kneels beside.

ON Lacroix. Gazing down at Mai-Loong's still warm, lifeless body. He considers her for a beat then shrugs, "What the hell...". Never one to waste precious natural resources,

He VAMPS. And CHOMPS...and we

SMASH CUT TO:

33 INT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)

33

CLOSE ON Nick. Shaking his head.

NICK

I don't believe it.

PULL BACK. See that Nick's watching a TV over the shoulders of some uniforms in the bullpen.

INSERT ON TV: there's our TV REPORTER again. With various close-ups of the women's shelter. Address in plain view for all the world...including wacko, estranged husbands...to see

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

Call it what you will but the word safehouse doesn't apply: police are investigating a particularly brutal killing here tonight and have, at last report, a suspect in custody:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
the victim's husband...a man with a
history of spousal abuse...

TV reporter's voice trails off as Nick moves away across the
bullpen. Approaching Reese's office...

Nick's POV: Reese is standing there, talking to a young,
lawyerly-looking guy, SCHMIDT. Can't hear yet what they're
saying but it's a heated discussion that culminates in...

REESE
(angry!)
I don't want to hear that. Don't tell
me that...

Reese turns, SEES NICK...call to him.

REESE (cont'd)
Knight! Over here. Where's your
partner?

Nick joins them in the doorway to Reese's office.

NICK
Went home to clean up.

REESE
(to Schmidt)
You tell him.

Schmidt offers a handshake.

SCHMIDT
Detective. I'm Derrick Schmidt, from
the Crown Prosecutor's office. You
were the one who called in for a phone
warrant and sent forensics to Mr.
Henderson's hotel room? *

NICK
Yes. Routine, right?

Schmidt shoots a nervous look at Reese and

SCHMIDT
Uh, maybe not. Forensics guys were a
little too eager turning over
Henderson's flop. They searched and
seized before the bench rubber-stamped
the warrant. They should have
waited...but they didn't.

On Nick. Wants to say something that's not allowed on
television. Wants to punch something...but he contains it.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

SCHMIDT (cont'd)

Sorry but the Crown's real anal about this kind of thing. We've been blown out of court on the same precedent twice before.

NICK

So, everything that was removed from Henderson's hotel room--

SCHMIDT

Is inadmissible.

(beat)

So: unless you come up with something definitive--

REESE

A murder weapon.

SCHMIDT

Yeah well at this point, I'm thinking confession. Or a videotape of the crime, maybe?

REESE

We've got an eyewitness. Blood evidence from the scene.

SCHMIDT

200 kilos of circumstantial zilch without a murder weapon. And she's an extremely prejudiced eyewitness whose testimony is suspect. Kid's got a history of drug abuse, emotional problems, the whole catalogue of teen angst.

NICK

She was sexually abused. Look, we all know Henderson did this murder.

SCHMIDT

(cringing)

Like I was saying, unless you come up with something definitive

They turns and react O.S. to LAURA STONE. Walking slowly toward them. She's heard every word...

*

LAURA

*

You're going to let him go, aren't you? He's going to get away with this.

(beat)

What about all the evidence?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 3

33

LAURA (cont'd)

There's blood everywhere. You said you found a knife.

NICK

(this is hard)

Ms. Stone, the blood we found is all Jack Henderson's blood. So far, we've found none of his wife's blood on him or his clothing. Or in his hotel room.

Nick looks at Reese. Now he has to tell Natalie's bad news.

NICK (cont'd)

Natalie's 100 percent certain the knife we have is not the knife that killed Gloria Henderson.

Reese is crestfallen....Nick turns to Laura.

NICK

Technically we still don't have enough.

LAURA

This is stupid, right? Tell me this is stupid.

Nick all but says yes. But Reese isn't quite as sure.

CLOSE: REESE. In grave doubt. For reasons he's keeping to himself right now. Here comes MALE UNIFORM COP with a "worse news" dispatch.

MALE UNIFORM COP

Captain? Detective Knight? We just monitored a 9-1-1 dispatch...

Cop turns to Laura Stone.

MALE UNIFORM COP (cont'd)

Ms. Stone...I'm afraid there's been more trouble at your shelter...

(beat)

There's been another attack.

OFF Laura's horrified expression,

FADE OUT

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

34 EXT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT 34

Cops cars and a PARAMEDIC'S TRUCK parked out front. Yellow tape's still there. You're all probably wondering...

TRACY (pre-lap)
How the hell did this happen?

35 INT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 35

Chaotic scene. Nick and Tracy standing outside the dorm-like room of the original BATTERED WOMAN from the TEASE.

ANGLE into the room. Battered Woman being attended by PARAMEDICS. They're guiding her onto a stretcher. LAURA STONE is with her, helping out as best she can...

*

Back on Nick and Tracy.

TRACY (cont'd)
This place was supposed to be covered by uniforms.

NICK
It is. She went off grounds to the corner store. Thinks her husband saw the news report on TV. He stalked her and caught her on her way back. We've got an APB out on him now.

TRACY
(frustrated)
First the screw up with the search warrants and now this... What can we do?

*

*

Nick shrugs in frustration. He'd desperately like to do something but knows he can't.

Nick and Tracy stand aside as paramedics wheel Battered Woman out on a gurney. Head down the hall. After a beat,

Laura Stone joins Nick and Tracy. She looks looks like she doesn't know whether to cry or explode.

*

LAURA
That's it. We've gotta get out. It's no safe haven anymore. I've got to find places for all these women...
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

LAURA (cont'd)
(she's upset)
Jack Henderson opened all of this up.
And now you're telling me you can't
make a case against him.

*

NICK
We can still salvage something...

Laura looks hard at the two cops. She's livid now.

*

LAURA
How do you people sleep at night? How
do you rationalize your incompetence?

*

She hastens away.

HOLD ON Nick and Tracy's silent frustration for a beat as we
HEAR:

HENDERSON (cont'd)
What about my car?

36 INT. - PRECINCT - BOOKING AREA - NIGHT

36

ON Henderson...being mustered out. REESE is standing beside
him. He's not a happy Captain.

REESE
Your car's been impounded as evidence.
It'll be returned as soon as the
paperwork's processed. Wouldn't count
on that happening soon. They're slow
down there.

Reese hands Henderson some forms.

HENDERSON
Keep it. It's a rental. I'll take the
bus.

REESE (cont'd)
Sign for your things.
(he does)
I'm releasing you on your own
recognizance...against my better
judgment but I'm told by my superiors
I can't hold you.

HENDERSON
You don't know it yet, Captain...but
you're doing the right thing.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

REESE

You will stay in touch.

Henderson scribbles on a card. He hands it to Reese.

HENDERSON

I have a place in Collingwood. Here's the address and phone number. You can have me followed if you want.

REESE

(beat; stern)

I might do it myself.

Henderson starts out the door. Stops and turns back.

HENDERSON

Captain? If it means anything, I'm sorry about what happened to my ex-wife...to my family. I'd stay for the funeral but Gloria's family, they won't want me around.

Reese looks at him.

37 INT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

37

Nick and Tracy enter. They cross the bullpen and meet up with Reese who's reading intensely as he goes...

NICK

Henderson gone?

REESE

I couldn't hold him. Crown sent down a writ.

Reese hands Nick the card with Henderson's address.

REESE (cont'd)

He's heading back to Collingwood. I'd like you to follow up. Make sure he's there. Stay on him.

NICK

I'd like to do more than that to him.

REESE

Yeah... I know what you mean.

But Reese isn't 100% in agreement with Nick yet. There's still a nagging doubt in his mind about Henderson's guilt.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

NICK

Listen, first I'm going to take another look at the shelter. See if I can come up with anything that might nail Henderson before he skips town.

REESE

Yeah do that. I'll put a unit on him while he's still here in town.

Nick nods, exits. Reese turns to Tracy.

REESE

Vetter, come sit in with me and Julie Henderson. I want to go over her story one more time before I send her...where do I send her?

TRACY

Laura Stone's looking for some temporary shelter now. She'll take Julie in 'til this all blows over.

*

Tracy looks over to the front door. SEES

Her Mom, BARBARA, is standing there.

TRACY

Captain, can I take a minute?
(gestures O.S.)
My Mom...

Off Barbara Vetter,

38 INT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT

38

Laura Stone walks slowly, very sadly down the hallway. Locking doors from her ring of keys. Switching off lights. Closing up shop. She stops. Glances down the hallway to

*

HER POV: the end of the hallway cordoned off with yellow tape and forbidding signs.

Indeed, there's a few forensics guys still working the scene. Mopping up. Closing up shop themselves:

They're dusting the door to Julie's room for fingerprints.

CLOSE ON Laura. Tears well in her eyes. She looks around: all her years of work shot to hell in one night.

*

The bitterness shows in her face. She's not stoic anymore. She's pissed. She turns away. Hurries down the hall, turns the corner so no one will see her break down.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

She hunches down...weeps uncontrollably now. After an anguished beat, she composes herself. Wipes away tears and pulls out a cell phone. Taps in a number...

39 INT. - PRECINCT - INTERROGATION - NIGHT

39

Julie Henderson's curled up in a chair. Has her jacket wrapped around. She's fallen asleep. Uniform Cop enters.

MALE UNIFORM COP

*

Ms. Henderson, Captain Reese would like to speak with you before we release you. He'll be in a few minutes. And you've got a phone call on line three.

Uniform Cop pushes the phone across to sleepy Julie who picks up the receiver. Uniform Cop steps out of the room.

JULIE

(into phone)

Hello?

40 WOMEN'S SHELTER - WITH LAURA

40*

LAURA

*

(into phone)

Julie? Are you okay?

JULIE (V.O.)

I'm tired. I wanna get out of here. They say they're gonna let me go soon.

CLOSE ON Laura. Tears and pain frozen into new resolve.

*

LAURA

*

Listen to me, Julie: I can't come to pick you up. When they release you, ask them to give you a ride to my apartment. You know where I keep the spare key...

41 INTERROGATION - WITH JULIE

41

JULIE

(into phone)

I know. Will you be there later?

42 WOMEN'S SHELTER - WITH LAURA 42*

LAURA
I've got something important to do.
Julie, listen to me and try not to get
upset...
(beat; this is hard)
They let your father go. They can't
make a case against him. They screwed
up the evidence...

43 INTERROGATION ROOM - WITH JULIE 43

Julie starts to weep softly into the phone. We HEAR:

LAURA (V.O.)
I want you to tell me something,
Julie. This is very important...

CLOSE ON Laura.

LAURA (cont'd)
Do you know where your father was
staying while he was in town?

44 OMITTED 44

45 INTERROGATION ROOM - WITH JULIE 45

Julie's crying into the phone now. Tears flowing. A beat and

JULIE
(whispers)
Uhh... The Sunderland Hotel, I think.

46 INT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT 46

POV moving with Laura as she staggers down a hallway. Fairly
bouncing off the walls as she finds her way to

47 INT.- HER OFFICE 47

Door opens. Lets light into the darkened room. Laura crosses
to a desk. Pulls open the drawer.

ANGLE ON open drawer: inside...PHOTOGRAPHS. Mementoes.
Pictures of Laura as a younger woman. Photographs of a baby;
Laura holding the baby. She rifles the drawer and we SEE

Something else: more photographs. Polaroid pictures of
LAURA...battered. Her face swollen beyond recognition. She
picks one up. Looks at it. CRUSHES IT IN HER FIST.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Then she reaches deeper into the drawer for a small box.

ON the box: a stainless-steel .357 revolver. An open container of cartridges, lined up like little missiles.

OFF Laura, lockin' and loadin'...so angry she can hardly see straight...she drops the first bullets she tries to load.

*

48 INT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT

48

Tracy and her Mom. They've been talking for a few minutes in a quiet corner where they can sort it out... sort of.

*

TRACY

(protesting)

Look mom, come on, it's late. You're not going to find anyplace.

*

Please... go back to my apartment. Wait for me there.

BARBARA

(a little smile)

No, baby. I'm going home. I'm sorry, I didn't mean for you to be involved. I thought... I'd just sneak into town, you know. Do my thing with the lawyers and get out.

She's looking at Tracy with affection. Some pride there.

BARBARA (cont'd)

But...I really did want to see you. I couldn't resist.

TRACY

Mom, please: I want you to stay. I want to work this out.

BARBARA

We will...in time. Maybe not tonight but someday.

(a long beat)

I'd better go...

TRACY

Mom, I'm sorry for what I did. I don't know why I did it.

BARBARA

Only hurt my pride, dear. I'll live.

CLOSE ON Tracy as she hears...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

BARBARA (cont'd)
(a little smile)
Take more than that to kill me.

TRACY
Mom? I... I--

How about that? She still can't say it.

BARBARA
I love you, too, honey.

Mom stands. Tracy stays seated.

BARBARA
Please be careful. I worry for you.
Tracy stands now. They embrace. Now...

TRACY
I love you, Mom.

BARBARA
I know, baby. I know.

49 EXT. - STREET - OUTSIDE THE SUNDERLAND HOTEL - NIGHT 49

Jack Henderson exits carrying a suitcase. He stops at the curb. Looking for a cab. *

PULL BACK. To another POV: watching Henderson through the windshield of a car.

Reverse to Laura Stone. Staring ahead. *

TILT DOWN to the revolver on the seat beside her.

50 EXT. - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT 50

Dark now. Maybe a uniform on duty to guard the crime scene. Nick flashes his badge for admittance.

51 INT. - WOMAN'S SHELTER - A MINUTE LATER 51

Nick walking down the hall. Walks by OFFICE DOOR. Stops. *
Tries the doorknob; it's open.

52 INT. - OFFICE 52

Nick scans around the office. *

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

NICK
Laura? Are you here?

*

No answer. Nick turns away, starts out. SPOTS SOMETHING on the floor.

HIS POV: CLOSE on the floor. He sees something glint. He stoops, recovers it. Holds it up to the light: A BULLET.

*

Off Nick,

53 INT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT

53

With Tracy. Sitting all alone in whatever corner she's in. Mom's gone. Tracy's just staring at the floor. A beat and Reese pokes his head in.

REESE
Tracy?
(off her worried look)
What's wrong?

Tracy's fighting to conceal her emotions.

TRACY
Oh, you know. Family thing. Long story.

REESE
Aren't they all?

Female Uniform Cop pokes her head in.

*

FEMALE UNIFORM COP
Captain? I've got the latest forensics from the women's shelter. You'd better look at it right away.

*

OFF Reese and Tracy,

54 EXT. - STREET -IN THE CADDY - NIGHT

54

With Nick. Driving... in deep thought. Coming to a decision.

55 INT. - INTERROGATION - CONTINUOUS

55

Tracy and Reese. One last grilling for Julie Henderson.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

ON Reese. Looking her directly in the eye. Beside him, Tracy doing likewise: they've got her in vise grip of eye contact.

REESE

Just once more so I'm clear: your mother came by to drop off some clothes and things, right?

JULIE

Yes. Stuff I needed. Like I said, I left in a hurry.

REESE

In what...a suitcase? A shopping bag?

JULIE

A bag. Like a Bay Company bag.

TRACY

Julie, tell us again how your father got into the room? Laura Stone says she's good about security. You need a pass. Your Mom had a pass, didn't she?

*

JULIE

My mother had a pass. My father must've been stalking her, I guess.

REESE

You said he came up the fire escape?

CLOSE ON Julie. Fatigued and flustered...

JULIE

He smashed through the window. He was insane. In a rage...

55A INT. - JULIE'S ROOM - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT (B&W)

55A

More quick cuts. Impressionistic flashback: glass shattering in slow-motion.

Julie tumbling to the floor as her father shoves her aside in the struggle with her Mother.

CLOSE: a knife glinting as it arcs upward. Finds it mark. Arcs upward again and, this time, the blade drips blood.

55B PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - RESUME SCENE

55B

Reese holds Julie's look for a long beat. Then...

(CONTINUED)

55B CONTINUED:

55B

REESE

(quietly)
Julie, our criminologists have been
all over that room tonight.

TRACY

They didn't find a bag of clothes,
Julie.

REESE

You know what they did find?

ON Julie. Her composure starting to splinter. Tears welling.

REESE (cont'd)

They found your father's fingerprints
on the outside of the door to your
room, Julie. They determined that the
window was broken from the inside out.

Off Tracy, watching Julie come apart,

56 EXT. - STREET -IN THE CADDIE - NIGHT

56

With Nick. Driving, thinking. Doesn't seem to be in a hurry.

ON THE RADIO, we HEAR:

LACROIX (V.O.)

I hear something familiar on the wind
tonight: a lonely woman's cry for
Justice, coming from beyond Death...

CLOSE ON NICK for a beat then INTERCUT:

57 INT. - RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

57

Lacroix at his mic with some New Age CD droning under...as
usual, riffing off a lurid, tabloid headline, ribbing Nick.

LACROIX

What Justice is sweeter than that
exacted by those who've been wronged?

Circle to SEE the newspaper: a SUN-type tabloid that screams,
"KNIFE WIFE IN SAFEHOUSE STRIFE". And "Horror Hub Held"...

LACROIX (cont'd)

What law is more perfect than that
exercised by an advocate who strikes
swiftly, with resolve?

58 EXT. - STREET

58

With Nick. In the Caddie. Listening. Stopped at a red light.

LACROIX (V.O.)

Only you who've practiced it, know
what I'm talking about. Said the
philosopher, Francis Bacon: "A man
that studieth revenge..."

*

CLOSE ON Nick.

LACROIX (V.O.)

...Keeps his own wounds green."

OFF Nick we FLASHBACK TO:

59 INT - COCKFIGHT LOCATION - CHINATOWN - NIGHT (THE PAST)

59

ON WEI. Running for his life. Decidedly spooked by whatever
the hell it is that's chasing him now. He's panting for
breath. He stops, turns to

NICK. Descending into frame. Nick's got a full-vamp hard-on
for this guy. All fangs, yellow eyes and Gothic horror.

Wei turns and runs the other way. Stumbles face-first onto
the ground. He's stunned for a beat then he looks up and SEES

Nick standing over him. Looks like the Devil himself come for
his pound of flesh.

QUICK SHOCK CUTS:

Nick takes hold of Wei... SNAPS HIM HALF over his knee and,
even as Wei watches him with dying eyes,

Nick "eats him alive". CHOMPS INTO his neck and drains him.
His blood overflowing Nick's mouth, spilling down his chin.

60 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)

60

CLOSE ON A TRAFFIC SIGNAL. It's glowing red. A beat. It
switches to green.

NEW ANGLE. Nick just sitting there in the Caddie. All alone
in the deserted street. Spaced out. Not going anywhere.

ON the traffic signal...changing from green to red again.

61 EXT. - SUNDERLAND HOTEL - NIGHT

61

IN SLOW-MOTION: TRACKING WITH JACK HENDERSON. As he exits the run down hotel carrying suitcases toward a waiting cab.

From shadow, LAURA STONE steps up and, very calmly, PUMPS
THREE ROUNDS into Jack. *

HIS POV: she's standing over him. Looking like an "Avenging Angel". She puts two more in him for good measure.

Another angle: still in slow-motion. The police cruiser cops exit the car in shock, guns drawn.

She turns. Completely calm, she lays the smoking weapon on the ground and raises her hands. As, elsewhere...

62 EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

62

Nick in the Caddie. Still where he was before. Watching the traffic signal change colors.

Push in on Nick as his COP RADIO comes to life.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
81-Kilo. 10-57 reported in progress at
outside Sunderland Hotel, Dundas and
Parliament. Repeat: shots fired. Units
enroute.

CLOSER ON Nick. He shuts his eyes hard. Winces against the realization of what he's done. What he hasn't done...

HOLD ON him for a beat as we HEAR:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
81-Kilo? Please respond. 81, please
respond.

PULL UP and away from Nick. As he hangs his head, we

FADE OUT

END ACT FIVE

act

TAG

63 INT. - PRECINCT - NIGHT (LATER)

63

Nick bursts in through the door. He looks grim.

TRACK WITH him through the bullpen area which is buzzing with much activity even at this late hour. Nick approaches Female Uniform Cop.

*

NICK

Where are they?

FEMALE UNIFORM COP

*

(a sad look)

Still in there. They been at it for hours now.

64 INT. -INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

64

ON Tracy. Big eyelid luggage. Long night still doesn't want to end. Hold on her for a beat as she HEARS:

JULIE (O.S.)

(softly)

I never knew why she stayed with him as long as she did. I hated her for that. I hated that she kept me there...tried to keep us together.

ANGLE ON Reese. His reaction as he listens to Julie.

JULIE

She brought him around tonight. She said he wanted to apologize.

64A INT. - JULIE'S ROOM - WOMEN'S SHELTER - NIGHT (B&W)

64A

FINAL FLASHBACK : as before, in slow-motion...

Jack Henderon crashes through the window...OUT THE WINDOW. Fleeing for his life.

CLOSE: the blood-dripping knife blade at the top of an arc, blurring as it descends.

NEW ANGLE. Julie standing there...the knife in her hand, She slowly sags to her knees.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: on the floor, a HEATING DUCT REGISTER. Flat on the floor. Julie's hand enters frame and lets the knife slip into the ductwork. We HEAR it echo and clang as it bounces down into the maze of aluminum ducts...

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED:

64A

JULIE (V.O.)
I don't know what happened. I just
snapped. I just...was so angry that
she'd betrayed me. That she'd told him
where I was...

65 INT. - OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

65

Natalie's there, watching from the other side of the glass.
Just staring. Seems dazed. She turns and reacts as

Nick enters.

ON Nick: watching through the glass. Like before, two
images of Nick...Nick and his reflection as he steps up close
to the two-way mirror. Listens through the monitor as

JULIE (V.O.)
I don't how many times I stabbed her.

CLOSE ON NICK: Julie's confession slices through him. He
closes his eyes, puts his hand to his head. Oh no.

66 INT. - INTERROGATION - CONTINUOUS

66

ON Julie.

JULIE (cont'd)
I wanted to kill him, too. He jumped
out of the window. Right through the
glass.

A long beat of silence. Then,

TRACY
Where'd you put the knife, Julie?

Another long beat of silence and we INTERCUT:

67 OBSERVATION ROOM

67

With Nick and Natalie. She has a hand on his shoulder. He's
in a chair. Bending over and holding his head in his hands.

We HEAR:

TRACY (V.O.)
You have to tell us now, Julie.
(beat)
Where did you put the knife?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

OFF Nick and Natalie, in the dark observation room,

FADE OUT

THE END