THE DEAD ZONE

"DINNER WITH DANA"
(f.k.a. "Sex, Thugs, and...
(f.k.a. "Pas de Deux")

Production #1011

Written by

Michael Taylor

Directed by

Jon Cassar

White Pgs:1-10,25-35    Jun 05/02
Blue Pgs:1-34(repaginated; with scene #s)    Jun 06/02
Pink Pgs:i,ii,iii,2,9,15,20,22,25-33
(note: repaginated after pg.26)    Jun 07/02
Yellow Pgs:i,ii,34-41    Jun 07/02
Green Script (entire script, repaginated)    Jun 10/02
Gold Pgs:ii,1,12,16-20,25,36-37A,39,41,44,47-47A,50-52    Jun 11/02
2nd White Pgs:6-11,18-19,26,29,42,45-47A,49    Jun 12/02
2nd Blue Pgs:2,6,9,15,46,48    Jun 12/02
2nd Pink Pgs:27,40,42    Jun 14/02
2nd Yellow Pgs:18    Jun 17/02
2nd Green Pgs:1,24-25,31-32,40,53-54    Jun 19/02 *

Copyright © 2002 Lions Gate Television. All rights reserved. No portion of this script may be performed, published, sold or distributed by any means, or quoted or published in any medium, including on any web site, without prior written consent. Disposal of this script copy does not alter any of the restrictions set forth above.
THE DEAD ZONE

"SEX, THUGS, AND PARANORMAL COGNITIVE EPISODES"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXTERIOR BANGOR TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

An upscale duplex on a quiet residential street. Trees cast long shadows under the glare of security lights.

2 INTERIOR TOWN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

ECU of lipstick being applied as LIGHT JAZZ from a radio station plays in the b.g., coming from a stereo downstairs.

Next, EYELASHES are lightly mascaraed. The eye, a luminous green, blinks...

A BRUSH is pulled through a tangle of red hair, which crackles with static electricity. The owner of the hair whips it aside, as we reveal:

DANA BRIGHT, standing barefoot in a silk robe as she critically appraises her face in a mirror.

INSIDE A WALK-IN CLOSET

Dana takes a sleek woman's suit off a rack, then a much racier cocktail dress, the price tag still attached, and compares the two. She smiles mischievously, then puts the suit back and moves out of frame with the dress.

3 INTERIOR TOWN HOUSE - FIRST LEVEL

A neat, well-appointed living room, dimly lit by a small table lamp. Stereo components glow in a glass cabinet. Under the music, we hear the KACHUNK of a lock turning.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON THE FRONT DOOR

as three more locks and dead bolts are opened one after the other from outside. As the door eases open...

INT. BEDROOM

Dana models the dress in the mirror. She looks sexy and stunning. She doesn't notice when the jazz music stops. But then a NEW SONG -- the old Lenny Welch hit, "Since I Fell For You" -- starts up and she reacts with surprise. And then trepidation.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Still barefoot, Dana looks down into the shadowed living room. Other than the changed music, nothing seems amiss. Tentatively, she starts down the stairs, reaches the bottom and moves to the stereo.

DANA'S POV - APPROACHING THE STEREO CABINET

A disk is spinning in the CD player. As Dana eyes it, her trepidation becoming genuine fear...

     MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
     Say cheese!

Dana nearly jumps out of her skin as she turns into the FLASH from...

A DIGITAL CAMERA - CLOSE ON LCD SCREEN

as Dana's frightened face is FROZEN. Then the camera is lowered, and we pivot to reveal MAX CASSIDY, a good looking freelance news photographer a few years older than Dana, who's standing in the kitchen doorway. He laughs as he hits a light switch, brightening the room. Dana tries to collect herself, but we sense that she's still scared.

DANA

Max...

MAX

Surprise. And from the look on your face, I'd say that's an understatement.
CONTINUED:

DANA
What are you doing here?

MAX
I realized I still had your keys.
And since I was back in town...

Dana glances at a phone on a counter that divides the living room from the kitchen. Max doesn't seem to notice, fiddling with the camera as he ambles over.

DANA
You should've called.

MAX
And miss a shot like this?

He comes close to show it to her, but Dana shifts away, turning back to the stereo.

MAX
Five megapixels, amazing color...
I may just toss my film cameras.
(see what she's doing, grabs her wrist)
Hey, let it play.

Setting his camera down, he pulls her gently but firmly away from the stereo and toward him.

MAX
It's one of your favorites, right?

DANA
Look, Max, I've got to...

But Max has taken her by the waist with his other hand as he tries to lead her into a slow dance.

MAX
C'mon, once around the coffee table, for old times sake.

And his manner is charming, and for just a moment Dana thinks that if she goes along for now, it'll be easier to get rid of him later. Max pulls her closer, sighs.

MAX
Four months in Afghanistan, three in the Territories. Bad scenes but great visuals. Catch my Newsweek cover?

(MORE)
MAX (CONT'D)

(she nods)
I put in a word for you with the New York bureau chief.

DANA
I'm happy where I am.

MAX
It's a big world, Dana, and you'd look good in it. Especially in that dress. Hot date?

DANA
It's an assignment.

MAX
What're you covering? Governor's ball or a hookers' convention?

(she pulls away)
I'm kidding...

Dana's moving to the phone. Max follows, turning jealous.

MAX
Who're you calling? This guy you're "not" going out with?

DANA
The police.

MAX
Whoa!

He "playfully" grabs her wrist again as he takes the phone away and sets it back down.

MAX
You want me to leave, just say so.

DANA
I want you to leave.

MAX
Hmm, now I'm confused...

And in one quick motion, he twists her arm behind her and shoves her up against the kitchen counter.

MAX
No means yes, right? Yes means no. You get hazy on the protocols when you're away too long.
His free hand gropes her thigh, pushing up the short dress.

DANA
Max! Stop it!

MAX
What we need is a little honest communication. No mixed signals.

Dana struggles against him, her free hand meanwhile groping across the counter... reaching past the phone...

DANA
Please...

MAX
You mean right here? On the counter?

And as Dana reaches toward A SET OF KNIVES in a hardwood block, Max yanks at the bodice of her dress, RIPPING it. (And throughout this assault, the SONG continues playing.)

MAX
Oops.

Dana's fingers finally curl around a knife handle. She yanks the big blade from the block and wheels. Max jumps back, narrowly avoiding being slashed. And laughs.

MAX
Yikes! 'Scuse me, "Mrs. Bates."

DANA
(barely under control)
Get out.

MAX
I was just fooling around.

DANA
Now.

Max backs away, turning contrite.

MAX
(nodding toward kitchen)
Your keys are on the counter.

Dana watches him as he picks up his camera and moves to the door. He pauses as he opens it, gives her a last look, his voice somber and full of regret now.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

MAX
I'm sorry, Dana. About everything.
I really am.

And he closes the door behind him, the lock clicking. Dana exhales, then moves to the stereo and turns it off. For a beat, she just stands there, shaking slightly in her torn dress.
INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

JOHNNY's got a cookbook open to a recipe for "Duck a l'Orange", various condiments and foodstuffs arrayed about, and a few pots and saucepans simmering on the stove. Reggae music plays as he dips a wooden spoon into a saucepan for a taste. But as he raises it to his lips --

A JOHNNY FLASH - DANA'S HANDS

come into frame, steadying Johnny's as she raises the spoon to her lips and tastes.

DANA
More bitters?

RESUME

As Johnny reacts to this subtly suggestive flash; then he tastes the sauce himself, nods.

JOHNNY
More bitters. Right.

He moves to a cabinet and, as he opens it, we BRIEFLY FREEZE ON HIS TOUCH, then continue as he takes out a spice jar. But behind him now as he returns to the stove, BRUCE enters frame and opens the same cabinet. He pulls out a bag of chips, then leans against the fridge, munching as he eyes Johnny skeptically.

BRUCE
Don't tell me it's not a date...

Johnny glances over his shoulder to see Bruce, then wearily returns to his cooking.

BRUCE
...because frankly it's an insult to the intelligence of a Corleone.

JOHNNY
(mutters to himself)
It's not a date.

BRUCE
Let's see. You're cooking. She's coming over to your crib. (smirks)
Sure sounds like a--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
(turning, annoyed)
It's not a...

Only Bruce isn't there and Johnny's words trail off.

JOHNNY
...date.

And now we realize this Bruce was a vision, a replay of a recent visit, cued when Johnny touched the cabinet. The DOOR BELL rings.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

As Johnny opens it to reveal Dana, now wearing the business suit she put aside before and looking away pensively. But she quickly dons a game face as she turns to Johnny.

JOHNNY
Hey. Come on in...

DANA
I'm sorry I'm late...

JOHNNY
Not at all...

As he escorts her in...

DANA
You're very nice to do this for me...

JOHNNY
Hey, I owed you one, remember..?

DANA
I think this could be a cover piece for the Sunday Magazine.

JOHNNY
'My Dinner With Johnny'.

DANA
You have to admit a date with a psychic is a pretty good pitch for a story.
(beat)
Not that this is a real date.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
(understands)
Just a pretend date. For your story.

DANA
Oh...
(takes out a wine bottle)
For dinner. The "sommelier" at my local liquor store says Merlot's a good choice with duck.

But as Johnny takes the bottle --

A JOHNNY FLASH - INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
As he and Dana have passionate sex.

RESUME ON JOHNNY
staring at the bottle, as Dana eyes him suspiciously... she's seen him have flashes before...

DANA
Okay, here we go. Look, let's establish some ground rules for our "date". It's not fair for you to see into my life if I can't see into yours. Which means when you have a vision -- like right now -- you've got to fill me in.

JOHNNY
Fill you in. Right.

DANA
So? What'd you see?

And Johnny may be a psychic, but he's also a gentleman in a quandary. He eyes the wine bottle in his hands, then rotates it a quarter turn.

JOHNNY
Bunch of old guys in berets turning bottles. A quarter turn, a quarter turn, a quarter turn...
(shakes out his wrist)
Hell on your wrists.

Dana eyes him as if she doesn't quite buy this.
JOHNNY
Better check on dinner.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER
INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE ON A BIG KNIFE

as Johnny uses it to deftly slice some carrots. PULL BACK to show Dana eyeing the knife as he works, unable to escape its recent associations.

DANA
So, when did you become a cook?

JOHNNY
Around the time I ordered take-out and flashed on someone in a kitchen sneezing in my Kung Pao.

DANA
(picks up a tomato)
No "bad vibes" from raw veggies?

JOHNNY
Only that primal scream when they're torn from the vine.

He's about to taste his Orange sauce again.

DANA
May I?

As in his earlier flash, she steadies his hands as she sips from the spoon. And as they both react subtly to the unexpected intimacy of this moment...

DANA
You got the bitters just right.

JOHNNY
Thanks.

But he's a little uncomfortable, and quickly moves away to put the bitters back in the spice cabinet.

(Note: we begin here a convention of psychic projections...
intruding on Johnny's side of the date... all of these are bits and pieces of past conversations that seem to be commenting on the action... Johnny does not interact with these visitors but he is constantly aware of them. In essence, we are trying to show the audience what it's like to be in Johnny's skin on this date. It serves as a metaphor for the baggage any of us bring to a date.

We'll discuss specific execution but in general, I think the visitors are in Johnny's coverage and angles favoring his pov and are not seen in other angles.

JOHNNY
So... job keeping you busy?

DANA
Oh yeah. All news. All the time. That's me.

BRUCE
Whatever you do... don't get her talking about work.

Bruce crushes a large chip into his mouth. And even though Dana can't see Bruce, she notices Johnny's brief distraction...

DANA
You've got that look again.

JOHNNY
Bruce was just telling me -- I mean he was telling me yesterday -- not to ask about your job...

DANA
Because?

BRUCE
It's a turn-off. A one way ticket to good-nightsville: handshake instead of tongue.

Johnny moves next to Dana, who's leaning against a counter, as he rinses off a few dishes that have been soaking.

JOHNNY
He just wanted this to feel like a real date... as much as possible... for the article.
And Dana nods, accepting this and even a little chagrined.

DANA
He's right. The last thing I want to talk about on a date is work. But the truth is I hear it all the time from guys I go out with...

ANGLE TO FIND SARAH DRYING DISHES beside Johnny from a recent occasion...

SARAH
She's a slut. Walt says she's slept with half the county.

Johnny covers his reaction. Dana picks up a cloth...

DANA
Can I help? This is my specialty in the kitchen, sad to say...

JOHNNY
Sure.

She begins to dry dishes too. And now both of Johnny's women are doing the same action on both sides of him.

SARAH
I mean, I suppose she's attractive... but really you should hear Walt talk about her...

Finding --

WALT
(to Sarah)
A carnivore. Certain animals are meat eaters...

JOHNNY
You getting hungry?

DANA
A little.

JOHNNY
Why don't we start with the soup while we're waiting for the duck to finish...

She lifts the lid and looks into the pot...
DANA
Hmm. Tomato?

JOHNNY
With basmati rice grown in the foothills of the Himalayas and nurtured by the famous five rivers of Punjab.

Johnny starts to ladle the soup into bowls...

DANA
Do I detect a hint of curry?

Johnny nods...

SARAH
She's just not worthy of you. Trust me. I know you.

BRUCE
Hey, who cares what Sarah says.

Finding Bruce is back... and in a sense it's like the devil and angel on his shoulder...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Whatever else you want to say about Dana, she's one hot-looking white girl. I say go for it.

JOHNNY
I'm going for it.

DANA
Going for...

JOHNNY
... the wine. Let's open the wine.

Searching drawers...

JOHNNY
Gosh, I hope I have...

He looks up to see Dana holding up a corkscrew from her bag...

DANA
Brought one just in case.

But as he takes it from her, ramp to Johnny and we do a 180 degree turn into...
...to find REVEREND PURDY opening another bottle of wine with the same corkscrew... we lose Dana for an instant during the effect and when we find her, in roughly the same proximity to Johnny as before, she's in a different dress... she moves into the scene with Purdy...

PURDY
Well, if he's serving duck, then I suggest a good Merlot. Of course, depending on the sauce, a Cabernet Sauvignon or Syrah might also be appropriate.

DANA
Still teaching me?

PURDY
(pops the cork)
You still have a lot to learn. For example, you're entirely wrong for Johnny.

Intercutting Johnny still in his kitchen, turning the corkscrew into the wine bottle as he observes...

DANA
(surprised)
I explained to you it's just...

PURDY
...an "interview," not an actual date, yes, of course.
(pouring)
I know him, Dana, and more importantly, I know you.

And this line has a clearly intimate implication, which Dana's expression reluctantly acknowledges, and which Johnny, watching from the sidelines, remarks as well.

PURDY
You make a habit of picking the wrong men because it isolates you and, truth be known, you prefer isolation to intimacy. Whereas Johnny needs to end his seclusion and make a genuine connection.

DANA
Let me guess: You've added a psychology degree to your list of "honorary" accomplishments.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PURDY
(unfazed)
Tell me, Dana. Do you still hear
the key turning in the lock at
night, then wake up in the dark,
stifling a scream?

And this cryptic reference effectively silences her.
Smiling pleasantly, Purdy raises his glass.

PURDY
Cheers.

Reverse the 180 turn back into...

INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Johnny's kitchen as he pops the cork and the vision ends...
she's staring at him, as she taps on her wine glass with
a knife.

DANA
Remember "It's a Wonderful Life"?

JOHNNY
(pouring wine)
Sure.

DANA
"Every time a bell rings, another
angel gets his wings."
(off his bemused look)
I think we're going to have to
institute a bell system for you --
only it'll mean that a psychic's
had a vision, and he has to share.

JOHNNY
(beat, avoiding an
answer)
Why don't we get out of the
kitchen; it's getting stuffy in
here.

And as they take their soup and wine glasses into the
other room...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Johnny and Dana sit at a gracefully set table, tall candles
flickering as they sip their soup...

(CONTINUED)
DANA
Ummmm... like a magic carpet ride
to Punjab itself...

JOHNNY
Old science teachers don't fade
away, they become chefs. Similar
skills... mixing a little of this,
a little of that... hoping nothing
explodes...

DANA
I'm not going to let you, you
know.

JOHNNY
Let me?

DANA
Get by on your charm and dry wit.
I promised my editor a date with
a psychic. And you're not playing
by the rules. What did you see
in the kitchen?

JOHNNY
I'm not sure you'll like it.

DANA
This is part and parcel of the
Johnny Smith Dating Experience.
I knew it when I signed on.

Johnny sighs and lets fly, embarrassed...

JOHNNY
I didn't realize you knew Reverend
Purdy... so well.

DANA
Oh.

Dana reacts, her cheeks might flush a tad but she smiles,
intrigued.

DANA
You know, this is actually kind
of... liberating. It's not as if
I can be dishonest with someone
who can literally see through me.

JOHNNY
You really don't have to tell me--

(CONTINUED)
DANA
Gene Purdy and I had a relationship, and it's been over for a while. But we're still... well, "friends" may not be the best word, but we've always found it... enlightening to spend time together...

And now that she's all but challenged Johnny to disapprove... we move to reveal Johnny's mother Vera Smith at another place at the table... having dinner from an earlier time...

VERA
Gene and I enjoy spending time together... I wish you could see him the way I do, Johnny...

DANA
(to Johnny)
I admit I've always had an attraction to a certain type of older man... and he obviously enjoys the company of younger women...

VERA
...a true gentleman and a man of deep moral character...

DANA
I've made you uncomfortable now, haven't I, I'm sorry...

JOHNNY
(uncomfortable)
Not at all...
Vera is gone.

DANA
Alright. Now it's your turn.

JOHNNY
My turn?

DANA
You have the psychic advantage here. You got to see one of mine. It's only fair I get to see one of yours. Don't you think?

JOHNNY
This is beginning to feel more like "Truth or Dare" than a date.

DANA
A date with Johnny is not going to be like any other date.

A beat as they consider each other.

DANA
Tell me about Sarah.

In quick bursts:

ANGLE - COMING OUT OF THE KITCHEN - SARAH

SARAH
Don't you dare tell her anything about us.
OVER DANNA'S SHOULDER - WALT

WALT
(to Dana)
Just leave my family out of your story, okay?

OVER JOHNNY'S SHOULDER - BRUCE

BRUCE
You're outta chips and you're outta love, so my last tip...?
(swiveling to walk backwards as he exits)
...Don't talk about Sarah. Get your mind in the now, buddy.

He drops a crumpled chip bag in Johnny's lap but it disappears before it lands. Now a DING DING DING brings him back to Dana, who's tapping on her wine glass again. All the visionary characters are gone.

DANA
I'm competing for your attention again, aren't I?
(pointed)
Sarah.

JOHNNY
A lot of people told me not to talk about her tonight.

DANA
I got the same advice. Which is why I'm asking it.
(off his uneasy silence)
My story is a profile on Johnny Smith. Johnny Smith lost the woman he loved when he was in a coma for six years. And yet he finds a way to keep her a part of his life. Can't leave that out, Johnny. Can I?

A long beat as Johnny considers this, still uneasy and not sure how to even begin.

DANA
Why don't we start with this...

She takes a HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK out of her bag -- Cleaves Mills High, 1995 -- opens it to a bookmarked page, and

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

slides it in front of Johnny. As he studies it...

DANA

1995, the year of the accident

INSERT - YEARBOOK

A centerfold spread of "casual" shots of high school kids and teachers, dominated by a photo of Johnny and Sarah, Sarah's and Johnny's signatures are beneath the photo.

RESUME - ON JOHNNY

As he looks up from the photo.

JOHNNY

Ever been in love, Dana?

DANA

(beat)

No. Maybe not.

Johnny touches Sarah's signature. And we turn 180 degrees and reveal --

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT - THE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE

parked with the ferris wheel in the background... Santo and Johnny play on the radio...

FINDING JOHNNY (INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE)

moving to the side of the car, watching himself and Sarah in the back seat... but in his coverage we can see his home and Dana at the dinner table...

SARAH

Two, three, come on, give me a number. Don't you have any feeling at all when we're like this?

PAST JOHNNY

Yeah, I have all sorts of very nice feelings...

As he nuzzles her, she laughs...

SARAH

Johnny, I want to know... how many kids are we going to have?
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
(to Dana)
Sarah was my first... the only woman I've ever really loved.

PAST JOHNNY
I see ten, no, no, fifteen... our own family hockey team...

SARAH
Don't put your money on that one, pal.

She giggles and kisses him playfully.

JOHNNY
(to Dana)
We had our lives mapped out. It wasn't hard. All we wanted was each other.

PAST JOHNNY
Sarah, I don't want to wait... why don't we just elope...

She smiles, liking the sound of it...

PAST JOHNNY
Think of it - in thirty years, I'll be the funny old biology teacher, you'll be headlining the show at the Grand Ole Opry... what a pair we'll make...

Sarah looks into Past Johnny's eyes with love... Johnny turns back to Dana... and the vision's over... he's back in his chair at the dinner table --

INT. SMITH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beat.

JOHNNY
We still share each others' lives, but she has a husband now, a family, while I've got memories... and "visions." And if they sometimes seem more real to me than my actual life, it's because I wish they were.

Dana studies him, jealous of this woman who haunts him, sorry that she had to ask.
JOHNNY
Think that'll satisfy your readers?

DANA
Johnny...

JOHNNY
I should check on the duck.

And as he reaches for her soup bowl, she touches his wrist. Suddenly every door in the room SLAMS SHUT, one after the other. Then the LOCKS TURN and Johnny reacts to the sound of a battery of small fists POUNDING on the other side of the doors, wrenching the doorknobs, as from behind each he also hears a little girl crying "Let me out! Please! Let me out!" and just as suddenly, the vision ends.

NEW ANGLE

The room is back to normal, the doors are open, Dana still looking up at Johnny. And as he takes her bowl and steps back, still reacting to the strange vision...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
INT. COUNTRY & WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

Dwight Yoakam is on the jukebox and Max Cassidy is at the bar with a new friend, a gangly but pretty young woman named SAUNDRA. They've already had a few, and Saundra giggles as the bartender finishes pouring two fresh shots.

MAX
Know what happens when you play a country song backwards?
(she shakes her head)
You get back your farm, your pickup and your girl. In that order.

Saundra laughs into her shot glass, almost spitting out her booze.

SAUNDRA
You're funny. You know that?

MAX
Yeah, about as funny as this music.

SAUNDRA
You don't like country?

MAX
Hate it worse than disco. And disco almost killed me.

SAUNDRA
Then for God's sake, what are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MAX
Rubbing salt in my wounds.

SAUNDRA
Aww, c'mon, cowboy, what did you lose? Your farm? Your pickup? (beat) Your girl.

Max clutches his heart, makes a gagging sound. She's pegged him.

SAUNDRA
Poor baby. Well, you know there's only one way to forget a woman. (leans boozily toward him) Find another.

They look at each other solemnly for a beat, then burst out laughing.

MAX
My God, she's found the cure for the honky tonk blues! Barkeep, two more shots and a coupula beers to wash 'em down.

And as the bartender sets up two more shots, CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - TWO WINE GLASSES

PULL BACK to find Johnny by the open stove, prodding the duck with a fork. Dana sips from her glass of wine. (Note: they are not tipsy.)
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
This Long Island's taking longer than expected.

DANA
Fortunately, your guest has the patience of a saint.

He closes the oven...

JOHNNY
So what's the next phase of this, um, "interview?"

DANA (correcting)
The next phase of this 'date'.
What would you do on a normal date?

JOHNNY
There are no normal dates around here... which is why there aren't many dates.

DANA
Must get lonely.

And that's right at the heart of Johnny Smith but he tries to deflect it with a joke.

JOHNNY
You'd be surprised how far satellite television has come in seven years. I like the old game show network. Charles Nelson Reilly in his prime.

But she's not laughing, she knows he's covering... a smile grows on her lips as an idea hatches...

DANA
I know how we can pass the time...

INT. JOHNNY'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON A TURNTABLE - NIGHT

Dana, her suit jacket off now, is putting a vinyl platter on the turntable... one of Vera's old records...

JOHNNY
I don't think this is a good idea.
DANA
It's a great idea. But you might want to take off your shoes. I'd like to spare my toes.

JOHNNY
How about sparing me?

But as the music starts, Dana just slips out of her own shoes, then crooks a finger at Johnny.

JOHNNY
Really, I don't dance. I've never danced, and now I've got this cane and... well, maybe you've noticed, but I've also got this little thing about being touched... for obvious reasons.

Dana eyes him, and perhaps she remembers Purdy's admonition about Johnny needing someone who's not afraid to make a "genuine connection," because she stands firm.

DANA
I want you to dance with me. Consider it part of the story.

(beat)
Resistance is futile.

Johnny sighs, then pulls off his shoes and walks over to her. But he's unsure what to do with his hands, or for that matter his cane. But Dana just takes the cane and throws it aside, looks in his eyes.

DANA
I won't let you fall, Johnny.

(beat)
Just give me your left hand...

And as she takes his left hand with her right, we FREEZE briefly on their touch, then Johnny sees over her shoulder Purdy taking the hand of another Dana.

DANA
...Put your other hand on my waist, like this...

Again, a little FREEZE on the moment of contact, as Johnny
sees a third Dana taking the waist of ANOTHER MAN; he's well dressed, slightly older than she is.

DANA
...and just feel the music, and follow me.

And as all three couples start dancing, Johnny turns to look Dana in the eyes as she smiles at him.

DANA
See, you're a natural.

And now Johnny sees a fourth Dana dancing with Max. (And as they continue to talk and dance, more couples will join them, most of the men older than Dana and radiating success and self-confidence, until all the couples turn the living room into a small crowded ballroom.)

JOHNNY
And you've done this before.

DANA
Once or twice.
(see him looking away)
Hey. It's important to make eye contact with your "date."

JOHNNY
Like I said, I'm out of practice.
(beat)
Anything else I should know?

DANA
If you want to hold me closer, I won't consider it a proposal.

And so he does. And it seems quite natural, to both of them, as they move more easily together.

JOHNNY
So this sort of thing really sells papers?

DANA
Absolutely. People like to get the personal perspective.

JOHNNY
And are you getting one? A personal perspective, I mean.
DANA
I'm definitely seeing a different side of you. I mean, up until now it's been...
(gruff Johnny voice)
..."No questions right now, Dana."
"Sorry, Dana, but I can't do an interview."

JOHNNY
I'm sorry. I guess I was a little brusque at times. Then again...
(but now he smiles and imitates her)
..."A good reporter and her subject can be a team, Johnny... like Cosell and Ali."

And now it's Dana who has to laugh at herself, puts both arms around his neck, as she pulls back a bit to look him in the eye. And meanwhile both of Johnny's arms now encircle her waist, and they're dancing quite close.(

DANA
I guess I came on a little strong too. But now look at us... we are a team. A dance team, at least.

JOHNNY
Like Astaire and Rogers.

DANA
Fonteyn and Nureyev.

JOHNNY
Abbott and Costello.

And they both laugh, but meanwhile the physical attraction between them is palpable and electric.
CONTINUED: (4)

Though there's still the distraction of all those other "couples," for Johnny at least. As he glances away...

JOHNNY

Too bad we don't have more room here.

Suddenly he sees one of the other men -- **Max** -- haul off and SLAP his Dana hard! As Johnny stops and reacts...

DANA

What is it?

NEW ANGLE

As Johnny turns to her, then looks away again, but now all the other couples are gone. They continue dancing but Johnny's preoccupied now...

DANA

Rules are rules. Tell me what you saw.

JOHNNY

Another man was dancing with you. And then he hit you.

Her face falls on the revelation. Then she pulls it back in with a defensive smile...

DANA

Ah, so, you've met Max.

JOHNNY

Max?

DANA

A mistake I made once... (beat) Or twice...

JOHNNY

Twice? A guy like that?

DANA

It's hard to explain... maybe because I don't really know myself.

The song has taken on a darker context. She pulls away, and at the moment their fingertips part company, the SCENE PIVOTS 180 DEGREES and now the half of the living room where the turntable was has become --
INT. DANA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - VISION

which Dana walks into, heading now for her own stereo, where the same song is playing.

DANA

We lived together for about a year. He was the nicest guy you could imagine... talented and funny...

She switches off the stereo and turns back to Johnny, but she stays in her "apartment," as though what we're seeing isn't just a setting, but a metaphor for a part of her mind, and her memory, that she's still trapped in. And at this moment, Max walks into Dana's living room, livid with rage.

MAX

Where the hell have you been?

And as Dana turns to him (and though she'll interact physically with "Max" in this scene, she speaks only to Johnny, who we understand is seeing a memory that she's reliving in her mind), Max SLAPS her, hard enough to send her to her knees! Dana holds her stinging face, as she turns back to Johnny.

DANA

...And he liked to hit women..

Max crouches in front of her, gripping her chin with one hand.
MAX

Don't lie to me. I can smell him on you.

And this time, Max throws her head backwards like a baseball, sending her hard to the floor. He exits. After a beat, Dana struggles to a sitting position and turns to Johnny, her face streaked with tears.

DANA

After he hit me enough, I got a restraining order... not that it stopped him from coming by tonight and letting himself in with some keys I didn't think he had.

(beat)

Max was the worst, but you could say I've got a talent for picking the wrong men.

But by now, Johnny has walked into her side of the set, and stretched out his hand to her... into his vision to take her away from it. She looks up at him, then at his hand -- held out resolutely; at this moment not the hand of a man who's afraid of being touched, but a man who wants to touch this woman, and ease her pain.

And Dana takes his hand and he helps her to her feet and walks her back to his side of the living room, at which point Dana's apartment fades away.

It's a short journey but a momentous one; we sense that they've both crossed a personal boundary. Dana looks up at him.

DANA

I was saying something. What was I saying?

JOHNNY

You have a talent for picking the wrong men.

DANA

Yes. Until maybe, just maybe, tonight.

And the two of them move into a tentative, heartfelt kiss, a kiss that grows steadily more passionate as we:
INTERCUT: INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - VISION

Johnny and Dana making love. Just brief FLASHES at first -- hands removing clothes; hands touching a naked shoulder, a breast, the curve of a waist; lips kissing a neck, a cheek, a shoulder, and lips. But soon their passion intensifies, building to the flash of Dana atop Johnny seen earlier.

And meanwhile, in the living room, Johnny breaks off the kiss and takes Dana by the hand and leads her around the corner to the stairs, then slowly up...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark... as we find Dana and Johnny, pulling back the covers, falling onto the bed in each other's arms... kissing with passion... starting to undress one another a la Holden/Dunaway in "Network"...

JOHNNY
(deadpan)
You haven't said the words.

DANA
The words?

JOHNNY
I can't do this without the words.
(off her very curious look)
...'Off the record.'

DANA
And I thought you were getting kinky on me.

JOHNNY
It's still early.

DANA
(grins)
You don't want me to write about having sex with a psychic? Enquiring minds want to know what it's like...

JOHNNY
I guess we're about to find out.

That stops her, she breaks the clinch and leans up on one elbow...

DANA
You mean, I'm the first since...
you haven't...
(off his look)
Off the record.

JOHNNY
Well, I do have a very active fantasy life. But as far as flesh and blood, you're the first in a long time.

(CONTINUED)
DANA
I'm tempted to say it's like getting back on a bicycle, but that wouldn't put me in a very flattering light.
(grins)
Just ask if you forget anything.

JOHNNY
I think I can remember this.

He moves in and kisses her and his head covers hers for a moment and when it breaks... it's not Dana he's kissing, it's --

SARAH (PRE COMA)

SARAH
Let's make a hockey team.

JOHNNY
reacts... when we cut back, it's Dana again...

DANA
Uh oh. What was that...

JOHNNY
Housekeeper. Had a flash of the housekeeper making the bed tomorrow.

DANA
How distracting.

JOHNNY
Just a little...

SARAH
Johnny...

Johnny looks to his other side... and sees Sarah (pre-coma) lying on her back, dressed only in one of his shirts, one knee provocatively bent to show a lot of leg... meanwhile, Dana stands before him as she takes her dress and slip off in one motion...

DANA
Let's see if I can get your attention back.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
Remember when I used to sleep over at your house when I was six?

Dana is in bra, panties and garter belt attached to her stockings. She puts one leg up on the bed.

DANA
(re: stockings)
Wanna help me with these?

Johnny eyes that leg... only now Sarah's arms wrap around him from behind. At first he tries to ignore her as she whispers in his ear...

SARAH
What would your mom say if she could see us now?

Johnny rolls down one stocking... and then another... as one of Sarah's legs wraps around his mid-section from behind, then another... Dana moves in beside him, kissing him hungrily, and now Johnny is in the middle of the two women... and in a way he's kind of getting into this... as the kiss with Dana ends...

JOHNNY
You know, this isn't half bad.

DANA
You ain't seen nothing yet.

PURDY
Make room for Daddy...

And Purdy slides into the increasingly crowded bed in a nightshirt... the mood is broken...

JOHNNY
Okay, that's it...

DANA
What... is something wrong?

JOHNNY
No. Yes.

Vera enters...

VERA
Johnny, honey, time to get up for school.

(Continued)
JOHNNY
This is not working for me.

DANA
It's me, I was too aggressive,
wasn't I... I do that all the...

JOHNNY
No, I...

Walt enters in jockey shorts and a t-shirt...

WALT
Honey, I can't find my
toothbrush...

JOHNNY
What are you doing here?

DANA
You're right, this was a mistake;
I'll be going now...

JOHNNY
Not you. Him. Walt.

DANA
Sheriff Walt?

JOHNNY
Asking Sarah for his toothbrush.
He's never even been in my bedroom.

Now finding Dr. Tran there, a clipboard of test results in hand!

DR. TRAN
Sexual arousal could certainly
pump more endorphins into your
Dead Zone, Johnny. That's probably
what caused those cascading visions...

JOHNNY
Enough!

All the visitors freeze in place.

DANA
What's... going on?
CONTINUED: (4)  

JOHNNY
   (sighs)
   I seem to be lost in time and space.
   (MORE)
JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Dr. Tran was just trying to explain why. At my next appointment with him, I guess.

DANA
And his conclusion?

JOHNNY
You wanted The Johnny Smith Dating Experience?
(beat)
Sometimes it means sharing a bed with everyone you've ever slept with and everyone they've ever slept with. It's like six degrees of separation minus five.

DANA
That many people, huh?

JOHNNY
We're lucky it's a king-size bed.

She drapes her arms around his shoulders.

DANA
I'm sorry.

He looks over to see Bruce wearing Johnny's old softball glove as he packs a ball into it... sitting on the edge of the bed...

BRUCE
You rule your visions, they don't rule you. Mind over matter, my brother.

JOHNNY
Bruce says it's simply mind over matter.

DANA
With all due respect to you, Bruce, I say we leave the mind out of this. The mind is what's getting you into trouble.

JOHNNY
You're right.

DANA
We need to get you out of your head and into your body.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (6)

JOHNNY
How do we do that?

DANA
Leave it to me.

She kisses him, continues to undress him...

JOHNNY
But they're all...

DANA
Let them watch.

And as she pushes him back on the bed...

JOHNNY
Okay.

She pulls off his pants... Tran briefly unfreezes to say --

DR. TRAN
In point of fact, Johnny, these psychic projections would have no visual sensory abilities in real time... they can't "watch" anything per se...

JOHNNY
Shut up, doc. You can tell me tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - JOHNNY AND DANA MAKING LOVE

And some of the angles recall the flashes seen previously, only this is for real. And as their passion builds, all the frozen visitors disappear by one by one...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

Country music filters through a grill in a wall as camera pans to find Max and Saundra somewhat drunkenly and roughly making out. He has her up against the wall, while her hands are under his shirt, pinching his nipples. He groans, comes up for air.

SAUNDRA
Like that, don't ya, cowboy?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MAX
You're a bad girl, and I'm gonna
do bad things to you.

SAUNDRA
You mean right here, right now?

MAX
Well, I'd invite you back to my
farm but...

And they both laugh -- it's already an old joke -- as
Saundra finishes for him:

SAUNDRA
...the bank repossessed it.

Back to the rough making out. And in breaths in between:

SAUNDRA
At least you're not thinking of
your girl anymore, hmm? 'Course,
who knows what she's up to.

And she's just teasing, but Max reacts -- a subtle shift
in tone.

MAX
What do you mean?

Saundra heedlessly plows on.

SAUNDRA
Maybe we're not the only ones
being bad tonight. Could be she's
getting her revenge on you, too,
you know.

And suddenly Max has one hand pinning her throat to the
wall, though his tone is still almost mild, and scarier
for it.

MAX
No. All I know is you're a cheap
little whore who'll turn a trick
for a coupula shots of bourbon.

(CONTINUED)
SAUNDRA
Hey! You bastard! Let me go!
You're hurting me.

MAX
I thought you liked it rough,
isn't that right?

And he slaps her like we saw him slap Dana in his visions,
only this time while holding Saundra against the wall
with his other hand. And then slaps her again. And again.
Harder and harder.

SAUNDRA
Stop it! No! Please...

But he's choking her at the same time and the words are
strangled. And then his hand draws back farther...

ANGLE ON HIS HAND
as it comes back into frame... and closes into a fist!
And as the fist flies forward out of frame --

BLACK SCREEN
A disorienting beat as camera pans from an area of deep
shadow to a bed and we realize we're back in:

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dana is on her side asleep, facing away from Johnny, who's
propped up on an elbow studying her: the curve of her
shoulder, inward curve of her waist. He reaches out and
lightly glides his hand over her shoulder and down her
arm. And INTERCUT with this motion is a startling --

JOHNNY FLASH - TWO BRIGHT BLINDING LIGHTS
coming at us filling the screen... (in fact, though we
can't tell for sure now, these are headlights on a car.)

RESUME JOHNNY
as he reacts, we RACK FOCUS from his face to Dana's. Her
eyes are open, her expression uneasy; she's already begun
to disconnect.

DANA
Rules are rules.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

It's become the signature line of the evening, but coming from "sleeping beauty," it startles Johnny.

JOHNNY
I thought you were asleep.

She rolls over to face Johnny, and the short distance between them seems like a gulf; we sense they both have qualms about where their "pretend date" has brought them.

DANA
I'm a very light sleeper. What did you see?
(beat)
Was it about us? The "future" perhaps?

JOHNNY
I'm not sure. I was blinded by the light.

DANA
Light?

JOHNNY
Two lights actually.

DANA
Well, don't let it bother you.

She smiles but it is not the smile of an intimate lover...

DANA
Cause I'll tell you the future. We're going to be the best of friends from now on. This was so much fun. Thank you.

Wow, what a cold compliment. Shutting him out with good cheer. As she pecks him impersonally on the cheek...

ANGLE - A VISION

Suddenly, as before, every door in the room SLAMS SHUT, one after the other.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Then the LOCKS TURN and Johnny reacts again to the sound of a battery of small fists POUNDING on the other side of the doors, wrenching the doorknobs, as from behind each he also hears a little girl crying, "Let me out! Please! Let me out!" and just as suddenly, the vision ends.

NEW ANGLE

The room is back to normal, the doors are open. Dana has her skirt on and is briskly buttoning her blouse as she sits on the edge of the bed. Johnny's look shows concern, for both of them.

JOHNNY

Dana, I--

DANA

Your poor duck. We should rescue it before it's burned to a crisp.

He reaches for her arm, but she's already standing...

DANA

See you downstairs.

And off Johnny as she exits,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

DARKNESS, TINGED BY PULSES OF RED AND BLUE LIGHT

A crackle of walkie-talkie static, followed by:

WALT (O.S.)
That's affirmative. Suspect is a white male, age thirty-five to forty...

During which, camera tilts down to find two EMS WORKERS tending to a woman on a stretcher -- Saundra. We're:

INT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

Saundra's head and neck are in a stabilizing brace and her eyes are closed above heavy bandages, already seeping blood. Another unintelligible crackle of walkie-talkie static as we pull back to reveal Walt in foreground, talking into his hand-held as he watches the EMS workers carry the stretcher to an ambulance, which is parked in the alley, its lights flashing. Other police, crime scene and sheriff's department personnel and vehicles as needed.

WALT
Witness got a partial license, Maine plates, 322...

And as he continues...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A nondescript SEDAN rounds a corner, and heads down the street (and while at first we may not recognize this street from the Teaser, we'll eventually realize it's Dana's).

WALT (V.O.)
Car is a dark-colored, late-model sedan, possibly Ford Taurus or Chevrolet Caprice...

And the description matches the car we're watching, as it parks by the curb (and we may also see the license plate, which also matches, as it pulls to a stop), across the street and about fifty yards from Dana's building.

The static from Walt's walkie-talkie now becomes static on a CAR STEREO inside:
INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

As a HAND with bloody, scraped knuckles repeatedly punches a button on the stereo, zipping the radio from Top 40 to Rap to Metal and finally to country. The HAND pauses for a beat, then turns up the volume.

REVEAL MAX

his cheek sporting several fingernail gouges, as he stares through the windshield at Dana's townhouse. Max's hands tighten on the steering wheel as he waits, letting the country music "rub salt in his wounds" -- a timebomb waiting to explode again...

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. JOHNNY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny and Dana sit finishing dinner, the candles burnt low now. Dana's talking cheerfully as she eats, Johnny sitting back, sipping his wine as he watches her intently, thinking about the locked door visions, trying to figure out what's going on with her.

DANA

So we'll send the photographer by Monday, get some shots of you cooking, or some candids around the house.

And both of them know that something has gone out of the evening and that she's deliberately taken it out and she's hoping he'll just allow it to happen... and leave her alone so she can get the hell out of there unscathed and untouched... so she fills the space up with words...

DANA (CONT'D)

I have a feeling your life may open up a bit after this story runs.

JOHNNY

Why's that?

DANA

People fear what they don't understand... once I show them the real you...
JOHNNY
Power of the press, huh...

DANA
I'd like to help you if I can...

JOHNNY
(evenly)
Like Cosell helped Ali...

Dana knows she's being busted...

DANA
That's not fair.
(looks at him, trying to reclaim control)
Johnny... it was wonderful, if that's what you're asking.

He just studies her evenly...

DANA
Please. Please. Please. Please. Please. let's not ruin this lovely evening with empty promises about a future even you can't see tonight... I think there's a reason those lights are blocking your vision... I put those lights there, Johnny... I like those lights... let me have my lights...

She laughs... making a joke out of it... but it doesn't play. She sighs, puts down her silverware to indicate she's finished with dinner...

DANA
This was a mistake... Gene Purdy was right, you need to make a connection with someone... and I...

JOHNNY
(without anger, dry)
I'd be happy to just have a connection with you here and now in this room...
DANA
(defensive)
Oh, now, listen to you... the man with a thousand faces he brings to the bedroom... Tell me you didn't have one hand holding Sarah's while you were making love to me?

She immediately regrets saying that...

DANA
Well, now I've done it, haven't I? I do this a lot, I'm sorry. You're way too nice. It takes a special kind of guy to tolerate what I...

JOHNNY
Max. Or Purdy.

DANA
Yes.

And damn if she doesn't wear her own self-loathing as a badge of honor. Dana knows she's made a shambles of this... smiles and sighs.

DANA
I've overstayed my welcome.

She takes out her cell phone and dials.

JOHNNY
What are you doing?

DANA
Calling a cab.
(into phone)
Yes, I'd like a pickup: sixty two fifty one Cecil Green Park Road. Thank you.

She closes the phone, turns to Johnny... smiles with affection...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

DANA
Can we forget the last few minutes
and remember what came before?

She rises... as does Johnny. She moves to him, part little
girl, part hardened criminal -- a little remorseful, a
little seductive and completely disconnected... she puts
her arms around him...

DANA
(beat)
It was a great night. I hope
we'll have more.

But as she touches him... during the above lines, we do a
180 degree turn and Johnny finds himself looking into...

INT. AN EIGHT YEAR OLD GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

The door is being shut and locked from the outside...

JOHNNY
Can I just ask you one more thing?
(off her look)
Tell me about the locked door.
CONTINUED:

Dana's taken aback.

DANA

What?

JOHNNY

The bedroom. When you were a child.

Dana understands what he's talking about— but unlike the child's voice we've been hearing, there is no fear, no horrid memories... instead she smiles...

DANA

It was nothing... I don't know why you'd even care about...

JOHNNY

Rules are rules.

She looks at him, she shakes her head, smiles again... moves into the child's bedroom... and moves to the door and tries the handle... it's locked... she looks back at Johnny who is still in the Smith House in his cutaways... she laughs...

DANA

My dad used to lock me in my room if he had to leave the house, that's all. To keep me out of trouble. Like any kid, you know.

JOHNNY

Like any kid.

DANA

It was nothing, believe me.

She tries the lock again...

DANA

Oh wait, is this where I'm supposed to admit that I was abused or something. And that explains everything? Sorry to disappoint but he didn't. He didn't hit me. He didn't lay a hand on me.

(MORE)
DANA (CONT'D)
He didn't even like me all that much. I think I reminded him too much of my mom who was about to dump him.

She shakes the door handle now with growing intensity...

DANA (CONT'D)
I mean I hated it, sure. What little girl wouldn't. But in the big scheme of life's events, it's really pretty small potatoes; in fact, it's just plain stupid. Being locked in your room. While your father takes your little sister out for ice cream.

She moves away from the door, frustrated angry, stares at it like an enemy...

DANA (CONT'D)
(looking at the door)
Barely worth a second thought let alone a Johnny Smith vision.

JOHNNY
(evenly)
Sometimes the visions seem to have a life of their own.

DANA
I really have to be going...

She tries the door again but it's still locked... and slams an angry fist on the door at the same time...

DANA
I have an early interview tomorrow.

...and now she bangs continuously on the door... and in the words of the little girl she was once...

DANA
Let me out! Please! Let me out!

And her face is panicked and red and tears are streaking down her face... as we reverse the 180 degree turn and
we're back with Johnny in the Smith house, the bedroom is gone... and Dana is in the same proximity to Johnny as she was before the vision...

Despite the interior chaos of the vision, her face is placid, controlled, remote. This is the Dana Bright she wants to present to the world.

She may sense that Johnny sees the real her. But she doesn't want to go anywhere near it. They look at each other a beat... she takes a deep breath and smiles easily...

DANA
I hereby declare "My Date With Johnny" over.

Johnny gives her an unsettled half grin...

As he opens the door for her...

DANA
I'm sorry.

JOHNNY
For what.

DANA
Just a general, cover-all-bases apology. Apply to all affected areas.

(beat)
Friends when we meet tomorrow?

She touches his elbow with the only intimacy she has left to muster... and as she does...

A JOHNNY FLASH - THOSE TWO BRIGHT BLINDING LIGHTS

Johnny reacts and she notices.

DANA
Don't tell me.

Dana leaves...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
(grins)
Good night, Dana.

He watches her for a beat, then closes the door. He walks back through...

INT. Foyer - continuous

Where a mantle clock ticks quietly, then into:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He eyes the dirty dishes, the candles sputtering. He blows them out, picks up his dish with one hand and hers with the other but when he does... Ramp to his face...

A JOHNNY FLASH - THE BRIGHT LIGHTS

even closer, brighter than before...

CLOSE ANGLE - DANA'S DISH

falls from his hand, shatters on the floor...

JOHNNY

reacts still confused by the vision but as he starts to pick up the broken shards of the bowl, he's hit by --

INTERCUTTING A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES (LIKE VISIONARY "SHARDS")

- MAX in his car parked outside Dana's townhouse, as he turns on the engine...

- DANA shuts the door to a cab that's pulled up across the street from her building. The cab drives off, Dana starts to cross... then turns and raises her hand as two bright headlights hit her...

- CLOSER ON MAX, intent, eyes murderous as he shifts into drive...

- CLOSER ON DANA, trying to see past the glaring headlights...
RESUME - ANGLE ON JOHNNY'S HANDS

Clutching the shards so tightly they're cutting into his palms, blood flowing... as now camera SWINGS AROUND HIM 180 DEGREES and he finds himself in a full-on vision:

EXT. DANA'S STREET - NIGHT - VISION

Johnny finds himself standing in the middle of the street as Max guns his car right at him. Johnny's briefly paralyzed... and Max drives right through him, as if he were a ghost. Johnny whips around just as there's the SOUND of a car raking alongside parked cars, an ugly THUMP... turns to see the car speeding away and Dana lying on the street... as the vision ends...

RESUME - JOHNNY - INT. SMITH HOUSE

Push to a close-up as he reacts...

EXT. DANA'S STREET - NIGHT - DANA'S CAB

Rounds the same corner Max's did, and continues up the street, passing Max's car. As it does, we match shots from Johnny's 'shard' flashes plus --

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Max sees Dana in the cab, then turns off the country music and watches as the cab pulls over.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Dana just sits in the back for a long beat, still depressed at the way the night ended. (And we INTERCUT with Max as needed for tension.) Then she takes some bills out of her purse...

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Max sees Dana getting out, turns on his engine. The cab pulls away, and Max pulls out his headlight switch.

EXT. STREET - DANA

Turns and shields her eyes as the headlights hit her, just as Johnny saw in his vision.
INT. MAX'S CAR - MAX'S FOOT

stomps the gas.

EXT. STREET - MAX'S CAR

Surges forward. But before he's gone more than ten yards, Walt's Cruiser, lights flashing, skids to a stop in front of him. Max stomps on the brakes, skidding to a stop as well, and before he can do anything else, Walt is at his window, gun out and leveled at Max's head.

WALT

Turn off the ignition, then get out real slow, hands where I can see 'em.

ANGLE ON DANA

as she watches all this from a distance... a beat later...

JOHNNY'S JEEP

roars around the corner... comes to a stop by Walt... who has Max out of the car and is cuffing him, as he glances over at Johnny in his Jeep. *(Note: Johnny's cut hand has been hastily wrapped in a cloth napkin.)*

WALT

Everything's under control. Thanks for the call.

Johnny acknowledges, looks over at Dana who is shaken. Her eyes connect with his. She realizes that Johnny probably just saved her life. Johnny drives over and parks behind her car.

CLOSER ON THEM

He's still behind the wheel. For once in her life, she doesn't quite know what to say. Off her silent look...

JOHNNY

You left before desert.

DANA

*(words, no real meaning, as she studies him)*

I'm watching my figure.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOHNNY
Naw, what kind of dinner would it be without desert?

Johnny gets out of the jeep. Dana looks over to where Walt is shoving Max in the back of his cruiser.

DANA
The lights...
(in the vision)

JOHNNY
(nods)
His. Not yours.
(re: bandaged hand)
Required a broken plate to see the whole picture.

DANA
You were throwing plates after I left?

JOHNNY
Dropping not throwing.

DANA
Better.

Max gives Dana a last angry look before Walt shuts the door.

DANA
He scares me. But in a way, you know, you scare me more.

And we're going to choose not to explain that line to the audience aloud but what she means by it that he's someone that might break through her defenses, touch her - to use the Johnny metaphor - in an intimate way and that scares the hell out of her. But she's willing to take the risk...

DANA
C'mon. I've got a pint of Ben & Jerry's in my freezer. Desert's on me.

She holds out her hand. And as Johnny takes it, and they walk away... we pull back and up to see Walt's car taking Max away... maybe hear some radio traffic about getting a tow truck out there to tow Max's car away... and as Johnny and Dana go inside...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
THE END