2010

The Corporeal Idea

Brian A. Shaw
Western Kentucky University

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THE CORPOREAL IDEA

A Capstone Experience/Thesis Project

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for

The Degree of Bachelor Arts with

Honors College Graduate Distinction at Western Kentucky University

By

Brian A. Shaw

*****

Western Kentucky University
2010

CE/T Committee:

Professor Ron DeMarse, Advisor

Professor Jo-Anne Ryan

Professor Paul Markham

Approved By:

Advisor

School of Journalism and Broadcasting
The act of transforming the ever elusive idea to the glorified art that appears on the “silver screen” is neither glamorous nor easy. I find the process often misrepresented in the eyes of the common viewer, and until the last four years of my undergraduate career, I saw through those same skewed eyes. The art of filmmaking is in its very essence a battle of wills and a test of endurance. It takes more than a great idea to breathe life into a project. It takes perseverance, preparation, cooperation, and most of all, a lot of luck! My experiences as an undergraduate in the School of Journalism and Broadcasting have shown me not only the value of these traits, but I have witnessed firsthand the value of the art itself.

Keywords: Film, Movies, Art
VITA

August 17, 1988.................................................................Born – Glasgow, Kentucky

2002........................................................................Metcalfe County High School,
Edmonton, Kentucky

2006..............................................................................Western Kentucky University

FIELD OF STUDY

Major Field: Honors Area Study: AB (Film and Stage Production)
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*DVD included in back pocket*
CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

While most people would like to think that the art of filmmaking is a delicate art, and in some ways it is, I find it most often to be a chaotic maelstrom of organized thought processes and actions that when thrown together create an intricate web of a foundation upon which the walls of success are built. With film, seeing the big picture is simply not enough. Overlooking the minor details that form the picture can quickly and easily lead to disaster.

Director Ted Kotcheff was quoted as saying, “Everything about filmmaking tries to distract you from that first fine rapturous vision you have of the film.” Sure, every good film starts with a vision of grandeur, but where do you go from there? Once you have the vision you become tasked with making it a reality, and from there things get tricky. Everything then becomes a juggling act.

The process never ceases to accelerate as it continues to move forward. Everything from script, to crew, to cast, to equipment, to schedules, to budgets, to costumes and props are all fighting for your narrow attention and limited time. It is essential to effectively balance every need to create the best project possible. While the art itself may not be delicate, this early foundation is ever so fragile. One slip and the walls will come tumbling down.
CHAPTER 2
MY CAPSTONE EXPERIENCE

This Capstone Experience of producing and directing a television half-hour pilot drama, \textit{SALVATION}, has truly been an eye opening one for me. Until this project, I had only ever worked on short films, and even then none of them were anywhere near the size of \textit{SALVATION}. I had no idea how much effort and cooperation would be required for a student project of this magnitude.

As any good film, or in this case television show, starts out, I had an idea. Unfortunately an idea doesn’t necessarily mean much if you aren’t very good at communicating it on paper. Luckily I had been taught a valuable lesson early in my college education. You won’t be good at everything, so don’t expect to be. It is much better to focus on your strengths and surround yourself with people who are talented in the areas in which you are not. With this idea in mind I focused my attention toward finding that special writer who could make the paper sing with the words of inspiration. I found him in Michael Jodoin, a semi-professional screen writer residing in south central Kentucky.

Once I had a solid script, see appendix D, in hand I needed to find the actors and actresses that could bring the characters to life. This was a task much easier said than done. My professor, Ron DeMarse, once told me, “Casting the right people is half the battle.” I took those words to heart and didn’t settle for the first people that flung themselves in my direction. Salvation, being a character piece, would be completely dependent on creating real and believable characters that audiences could relate to. I
knew that if I failed in this task then the project as a whole would do worse than suffer, it would fail.

I started my search for talent in the month of October 2009. I first reserved a room in Gordon Wilson Hall to serve as the hosting room for the auditions and then designed flyers, see Appendix A, announcing the auditions to hang up in high traffic areas on the campus of Western Kentucky University. On the day of the auditions I had two secretaries sitting outside helping with paperwork as I sat inside taping the auditions.

The turnout for the first round of auditions was impressive, but even with the vast wealth of ability, I couldn’t find exactly what I was looking for. It was this feeling of dissatisfaction that prompted me to hold a second round of auditions using the same methods. From these auditions I was able to cast a majority of the roles, but there were still spaces to be filled.

Toward the end of November I began to worry that I would never find everyone I needed to make this work. In my despair I attempted what would be my third and final round of auditions. It has been said that the third time’s a charm, and it proved to be true for my cast. I was able to cast the remaining roles feeling one hundred percent confident in my decisions. While half of the battle may have been fought, the preproduction phase wasn’t even close to being complete.

From there I had to start worrying about what locations I would be shooting at, how in the world I was going to balance everyone’s hectic schedules and what I was going to do about equipment. None of these questions had easy solutions.

I decided to attempt tackling locations first. My original plan was to rent one of the old Victorian style houses in the historic district of Bowling Green, KY. I drew up a
treatment, which is basically a document used to sell an idea, in order to show my sincerity to the people of whom I would be asking to use their property, see Appendix B. I started “scouting” and gathering phone numbers for prospective places. When I had acquired what I thought was plenty of options I began calling the owners of the houses offering to pay the rent for one month while we did our shooting. I was unable to find a cooperative owner, thus my plans changed.

To be honest, locations were something that ended up plaguing me the entire shoot. The script called for several “exotic” locations that, in my opinion, were difficult to fake without a real studio. I decided to fall back on my lifelines and ask my capstone advisers for advice. It took a lot of imagination, stress, and just plain luck to turn a plethora of seemingly ordinary locations into imaginary fantasies. We managed to pull it off, finding the location we were going to use the night before the shoot on more than one occasion.

My next challenge was a producer’s nightmare! If it isn’t hard to enough to manage one’s own busy schedule, try working around the schedule of six busy cast members, and then throw crew on top of that. Scheduling was probably the single most difficult thing I had to do the entire shoot. Everyone was so busy and finding times that worked for everyone (including the locations) often proved to be impossible.

Due to the difficulties of balancing availabilities, our production schedule was an organic being constantly changing and evolving. What started out as a Winter Break shoot quickly turned into a February shoot, which then turned into a March shoot, finally ending as an April shoot. I was never able to set a schedule in stone as it was continuously being updated throughout the entire production, see Appendix C.
The only good that came out the headache known as scheduling was the solution to the equipment dilemma. When I had originally intended to shoot during Winter Break I was still unsure as to how I was going to obtain equipment since I would not be able to borrow it from the School of Journalism and Broadcasting. I had intended to borrow a majority of the equipment supplies I would need from Mido Entertainment, which is run by my step-father, and even with the shoot being pushed back into the semester I still ended up doing this for a large portion of the production. The few pieces of equipment that I needed to borrow from Western Kentucky University came from either the School of Journalism and Broadcasting or the Technology Resource Center. Both were extremely helpful, but they also offered further scheduling limitations.

Once I felt like I had the most difficult things under control I moved on to the “fine details” of the script. I began shopping around Bowling Green and online for costumes and props that would be needed for the shoot. I had the cast send in measurements for their costumes, and I was able to find their costumes with relative ease. Some of the actors, such as Hannah Carmona, supplied their own costumes.

While all of this was going on the days on the calendar were quickly flying by, which meant I needed to wrap up pre-production and move into the production phase if I had any hope of getting this project completed by May. We started principal photography toward the end of March, much later than I had hoped for. Even though we were pressed for time, I refused to allow the integrity of the art to be compromised. We stretch the actual production phase out for a little over a month, finishing principal photography on April 23rd, 2010. This was to ensure that we were getting quality and
adequate coverage of every scene. My philosophy is, “If you shoot it from enough angles, you’ll always have something to fall back on.”

With the production phase being so tight, and us being so limited on time in the first place, the post production phase had to bleed into the production phase. At the end of every night I would capture and log all of the footage that we had shot. This became quite helpful with establishing efficiency when it came time to do the actual editing. When a significant amount of the script had been recorded, I sat down with my editor, Regina Durkan, and began to put the pieces together.

The post-production phase flowed extremely smooth, because I had taken the time to build the foundation with pre-production. The most often overlooked phase is perhaps the most important. A little planning goes a long way!

With a rough cut in hand, all that was left to do was include special effects and design the DVD. This is where my knowledge of editing software grew to new heights. I watched online tutorials and effectively learned how to use Adobe Encore and Adobe After-Effects. Both programs are widely used in the film industry, and I am grateful to have knowledge of them. In this industry everything competitive edge is important.

When the final DVD was burned, it became time to reflect upon my experience. I took many things away from this experience. My knowledge and skill base grew exponentially over the course of my capstone experience, and that alone was enough to make this endeavor worthwhile.
CHAPTER 3

MY WKU EXPERIENCE

I was fortunate enough to have several resources at my fingertips throughout my undergraduate career. I had access to a plethora of people who bore knowledge of every situation I was able to get myself into. I had access to state of the art equipment and editing labs. I had access to able and willing talent and crew. Anything I needed I could get, provided I was willing to work for it.

The WKU Honors Program taught me a good many things, but the one thing that will forever remain with me is the idea of challenge. We must constantly push ourselves to be better and go farther. As humans we are capable of unimaginable things, but only if we break barriers and go beyond our preconceived “limits”. I took that to heart with SALVATION, and hope to instill the same philosophy in everything I do.

In addition to the Honors Program, I had the pleasure of being a part of the WKU School of Broadcasting Journalism. I learned several tricks of the trade that will practically help along my chosen career path, but I also learned one of the most valuable lessons I know. You can’t be the best at everything. If nothing else, I learned the value of collaboration and trust. Trying to do everything yourself will quickly lead to failure. We all have specific talents, and through the effective use and organization of those talents, we can all achieve greatness.
APPENDIX A
CONTENTS:

1) Log Line
2) Synopsis
3) Cast
The first time evil showed up in their lives it wreaked havoc on them and won...big time. Now evil’s back, but this time the scars it left them with may prove to be their SALVATION.
BRIEF SYNOPSIS:

Private Detective/Paranormal Investigator Michael O’Brien has serious commitment issues. In fact he can only fully commit to two things. One is his mission in life. He’s out to save the world, or at least his corner of it. Not from the harsh and brutal realities of life, but from the things most people only have nightmares about. It seems his little corner of the world, Salvation, Nevada, has more than it’s share.

The other thing he is committed to is his group of friends. Clay, a disillusioned, pot smoking cop, Sister Francis, a multiple personality disorder nun who runs a home for wayward girls by day and a brothel by night as her alternate personality ‘Frankie’, Father Patrick, an alcoholic priest who is plagued by visions, and Michael’s girlfriend Marina, a vampire/hooker who looks after the brothel for Frankie. More than just friends this dysfunctional band is bound together by a horrific event years earlier.

An evil from the past has reappeared in Salvation and opened old wounds for the group. Now they’ll have to forge past their personal issues if they are to keep history from repeating itself and take evil’s newest casualty from a fate worse than death, on to Salvation.
CAST

Salvation is a wonderful representation of the talent present in South-Central Kentucky. The incredible aptitude of the cast adds a lot to the value of the production.

Chris Baker

Chris is a Senior at Western Kentucky University where he pursues a Theatre degree. He has appeared in several short films, including “Just a Putt.” He is eager to expand his portfolio.

Justin Ayer

Justin is a Junior at Western Kentucky University, majoring in Musical Theatre. He has appeared in productions such as Eccentricities of a Nightingale, Yellow Boat, and Greenbrier Ghost. He has also been a part of a traveling tour ensemble.

For More Information Contact: Brian A. Shaw 270.308.0614 bshaw112@gmail.com
Elizabeth Floore

Elizabeth, “Liz”, is a Freshman at Western Kentucky University where she is pursing a B.F.A. in Musical Theatre. She has appeared in several productions including, “Putting It Together” and “The Eros Complex”.

Michael Jodoin

Michael currently resides in south central Kentucky pursing a career in film. He is the writer of Salvation and is no stranger to the screen having appeared in “Vulture’s Eye”, a modern rendition of a Poe classic.

For More Information Contact: Brian A. Shaw 270.308.0614 bshaw112@gmail.com
LaDarra Starkey

LaDarra is a Senior at Western Kentucky University majoring in Theater and Communications. She has stage experience as well as experience as a hair and make-up artist. She is excited about working with the camera.

Hannah Carmona

Hannah is a Freshman at Western Kentucky University Majoring in Musical Theatre. She has appeared in several stage performances including RENT, CATS, and the Crucible. This will be her first role on the screen.

For More Information Contact: Brian A. Shaw 270.308.0614 bshaw112@gmail.com
APPENDIX B
Salvation

“What Doesn’t Kill You Makes You Stronger.”

Open Auditions:
Monday, Sept. 21st
5:30 PM
Gordon Wilson 3rd Floor

Produced and Directed By:

Brian A. Shaw
Brian.shaw112@wku.edu
270.202.3580
Call or e-mail with any questions.
Salvation
FILM AUDITION FORM

Contact Information
Name: ___________________________ Gender: M / F  Age: ______ Hair color: ___________
Primary Phone: __________________ Secondary Phone: _______________________
E-mail: __________________________________________________________
Home address: ______________________________________________________
Height: ______  Build: ______  Shoe:_____  Pants (Waist/Length): ______  Shirt size: ________

Casting Information
Will you accept a role if cast? Y / N  Will you consider being an extra? Y / N
List any talents or acting experience: __________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________
Do you have any physical limitations? If yes, describe: ________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________

Principle Photography
Please list your availability and any conflicts between January - April 2010 (use back if necessary):
__________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________
I agree that the information I have provided is accurate to the best of my knowledge and Brian
Shaw may videotape my audition.

Signature: ___________________________ Date: ___________________
Salvation Production Schedule

Sunday March 21st – Chris, Justin, Hannah
6:00 PM – 7:30 PM Scene 6
7:30 PM – 11:30 PM Scene 7

Wednesday March 24th - Man
8:00 PM – 10:00 PM Scene 11

Thursday March 25th - Chris, Hannah, Man
5:30 PM – 6:30 PM Scene 13
6:30 PM – 8:30 PM Scene 1
8:30 PM – 9:30 PM Scene 2
9:30 PM – 10:00 PM Scene 3

Saturday March 27th - Father Patrick/Entire cast minus Hannah
12:00 PM – 2:00 PM Scene 9
5:30 PM – 11:00 PM Scene 20

Sunday March 28th - Entire Cast minus Liz, Man
8:30 AM – 12:30 PM Scene 10
1:30 PM – 5:00 PM Scene 13
6:00 PM – 9:30 PM Scene 22

Monday March 29th - Liz
5:30 PM – 10:30 PM Scenes 16-18

Tuesday March 30th - Liz, Melanie
4:00 PM – 6:00 PM Scene 15

Wednesday March 31st - Man, Liz, Justin
6:00 PM – 7:00 PM Scene 19
7:30 PM – 10:00 PM Scene 5

Thursday April 1st - LaDarra, Liz, Hannah
6:00 PM – 11:00 PM Scene 21
Salvation
By
MICHAEL JODOIN

m.jodoin54@yahoo.com
TEASER

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A scantily clad, young hooker, HEATHER, walks wearily down the street.

She is approached by THE MAN. We only see the man in shadow and silhouette throughout. We never see his face.

    HEATHER
    Sorry, Mister, but I’m off the clock. My knees are killin’ me.

The man holds a bill out to Heather. It’s folded and we can’t see the denomination.

Heather looks at the bill, but doesn’t reach for it.

    HEATHER
    (sarcastically)
    Finally, I can give up this life and buy a bus ticket...half way home.

The man holds out more bills.

Heather snatches the bills.

    HEATHER
    If you insist.

Heather tucks the bills away.

    HEATHER
    So, you got a place in mind or what?

    MAN
    Yeah.

The man has a very distinctive voice.

His arm is all we see as he points the direction.

    CUT TO
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT
Heather walks down the alley following the man.

HEATHER
This better be a shortcut to some place else.

Heather stops walking and looks up at the man.
A look of concern covers her face.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT
The street is deserted.
Heather’s scream pierces the night.

FADE OUT

END TEASER

EXT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE - NIGHT
Shot of:
Door to Michaels office with a sign that reads:
Michael O’Brien Private Detective - Paranormal Investigations
A phone rings OS

INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE - NIGHT
MICHAEL sleeps on the couch as the phone rings. He pulls the pillow over his head as he tries to ignore the ringing.
The phone continues to ring.
Michael finally gets up, stumbles to the desk, trips, falls out of sight, pulls himself up the side of the desk and answers the phone.

MICHAEL
I hope this is important.

Michael drops into the chair and rests his head in his hand.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 3.

MICHAEL
Clay?
(beat)
What is it this time?

Michael sits upright, wide awake.

MICHAEL
Tell me where you are. I’ll be right there.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CLAY leans against his car smoking a joint. His badge hangs from a chain around his neck. His car is parked on the street at the end of an alley.

Michael parks his car behind Clay’s and gets out. A cloud of smoke lingers around Clay.

Michael waves his hand in front of his face to fend off the smoke.

MICHAEL
Don’t you feel even a little guilty smoking that crap when you arrest people for it?

CLAY
Hell no. Why do you think I arrest them. It’s not like I can afford to buy it on my salary.

Michael just shakes his head.

Clay crushes the joint out.

MICHAEL
So what have you got?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Clay starts down the alley followed by Michael.

CLAY
Got a call about screams coming from this alley. I was close so I took it.

Clay and Michael stop.

(CONTINUED)
HEATHER, lies on the ground behind a pile of cardboard boxes. Her hair covers her face and neck. She looks dead.

Michael and Clay squat on either side the body.

Michael brushes Heather’s hair back from her neck revealing the bite mark on her neck.

MICHAEL
How long ago?

CLAY
I got here fast. She couldn’t have been dead more than ten minutes.

Michael checks her pulse. He pulls a small flashlight from his jacket and shines it on her face as he pushes her lips back to check her teeth then checks her eyes.

Clay looks around, not paying much attention to what Michael’s doing.

MICHAEL
So who is she?

CLAY
No ID, but I’ve seen her working the streets around here before.

MICHAEL
So what do you want to do?

CLAY
This didn’t happen long ago. It’s the closest we’ve gotten to this guy since the night he...

Michael holds his hand up and waves him off.

MICHAEL
He’s long gone by now.

CLAY
How can you know that?

MICHAEL
Trust me I know.

CLAY
Then I guess there’s nothing left to do but call the meat wagon.

Michael shakes his head and stands.

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
I wouldn’t.

CLAY
Why the hell not?

MICHAEL
Because she’s not dead.

CLAY
Yes she is.

MICHAEL
Well, yeah, but only in the sense that she’s not breathing.

Clay looks bewildered at Michael for a second, then realizes what Michael is saying. He jumps back from his squatting position and falls on his ass.

CLAY
Well stake the bitch!

Clay scrambles to his feet.

MICHAEL
That’s cold.

CLAY
She’s a two bit hooker who’s about to be a freakin’ vampire Michael!

MICHAEL
Yeah, I get that.

Clay looks down at Heather.

CUT TO
Pan shot of Heather from her feet to her head

CUT BACK TO
Clay looking down at her.

CLAY
It does seem like a waste. I mean she is hot, but...are you out of your mind?

Clay shakes his head and paces back and forth as he rants at Michael.

(CONTINUED)
CLAY (CONT’D)
Look, I know your girlfriend’s a vampire and a hooker, which is really weird and a little sick. Don’t get me wrong, I like Marina. She scares me a little, but I like her OK. I’m just saying...you don’t need a matched set!

MICHAEL
That’s not it.

Clay stops pacing, looks down at Heather for a second, then looks at Michael.

CLAY
So what do we do with her?

MICHAEL
We’ll take her to Frankie’s.

CLAY
Your place is a lot closer. Besides, the sun’ll be up before we get there.

Heather groans and stirs.

Clay steps back.

MICHAEL
Fine, we’ll take her to my place. Give me a hand getting her to the car.

Clay hesitates.

Michael slides his hands under her shoulders and lifts her.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Don’t worry. I’ll take the end with the teeth.

Clay picks her legs up.

CLAY
She’s a hooker, Michael. I’m pretty sure both ends have teeth.
EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Shot of a sign in front of a church.

The sign reads:

The First Church of Saint Michael

INT. FATHER PATRICK’S BEDROOM - DAY

FATHER PATRICK is asleep, face down on the bed.

A whiskey bottle and empty glass sit on the night table next to the phone.

The phone rings several times before Father Patrick starts to stir and finally reaches for it.

He fumbles for the phone without looking and knocks the whiskey bottle to the floor as he picks up the receiver.

FATHER PATRICK
(harshly)
What is it?

MICHAEL (OS)
(sarcastic)
You sound good, Patrick. Hungover?

FATHER PATRICK
I’d actually have to completely sober up for that to happen. I’m saving the hangover for after breakfast.

MICHAEL (OS)
Well I hate to disrupt your schedule, but we need you...now.

Father Patrick sits up and swings his legs over the edge of the bed. He leans down, picks up the bottle and pours himself a drink.

FATHER PATRICK
I’d love to help, but I have confession this morning.

MICHAEL (OS)
So have someone else handle it.

(CONTINUED)
FATHER PATRICK
I can’t. It’s mine.

MICHAEL (OS)
you’re confessing? That could take all day.

FATHER PATRICK
Your right.

Father Patrick downs the glass of whiskey.

FATHER PATRICK
I’ll be there in a few.

MICHAEL (OS)
What about confession?

FATHER PATRICK
It’ll keep. God already knows what I’ve done anyway.

MICHAEL (OS)
I feel your pain.

Father Patrick hangs the phone up, steps away from the bed and stops. He turns back to the table, pours a short drink and downs it.

FATHER PATRICK
I didn’t want to be hungover anyway.

INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE - DAY

The blinds are drawn and the office is dimly lit.

Michael and Clay sit across from each other at the desk. They both have large go cups of coffee in front of them. A third sits on the desk for Father Patrick.

Heather is still unconscious and lies on the couch. Her hands and feet are tied.

Clay lights a joint and motions to Heather.

CLAY
Marina is gonna’ kill you for bringing another vampire here.

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
No she won’t.

CLAY
If you say so.
(beat)
So, you got a plan, hero?

MICHAEL
Yeah...well, not exactly...OK no, I don’t. I mean, not in the actual sense of a *firm* plan, but kinda’.

CLAY
Could you be just a little more vague please? I’m afraid I might actually understand you at some point and then I’d have to shoot you.

MICHAEL
Hey! At least we saved her.

CLAY
What are you saying? We didn’t save her. We haven’t saved anyone.

MICHAEL
We saved Frankie.

CLAY
How in Hell did we save her? She’s like...two different people since it happened.

MICHAEL
Yes she is, but that’s like two for one.

CLAY
Jesus, you don’t get two for’s with *people*, Michael!

MICHAEL
Hey! At least she’s found a purpose in life.

Clay looks at the joint, snuffs it out in the ash tray, shakes his head and stares at Michael.

CLAY
Excuse me!

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
She’s keeping girls off the street.

CLAY
Is *that* what they’re calling it these days?

The office door opens and Father Patrick walks in. He stops for a second and stares at Heather bound on the couch.

FATHER PATRICK
I’s that your date, Clay.

CLAY
That’s good Pat. Very funny. At least I can have a date.

Michael points to the cup of coffee.

MICHAEL
That’s for you.

Father Patrick picks up the cup and takes a sip. He makes a face.

FATHER PATRICK
What’s this?

MICHAEL
Sorry.

Father Patrick pulls a flask from his pocket and pours a shot of whiskey in his coffee, then quickly pours a shot in Michael’s.

FATHER PATRICK
I hate to drink alone, unless, you know, I really am alone.

Father Patrick takes another sip of coffee.

FATHER PATRICK
So what’s the deal with bondage girl?

Heather groans, stirs and rolls off the couch.

The three men look at her quickly then return to their conversation without moving to pick her up.

MICHAEL
She...uh...

(CONTINUED)
CLAY
She’s a vampire.

FATHER PATRICK
Well why didn’t you just stake her?

CLAY
Thank you!

Michael gets defensive.

MICHAEL
She hasn’t made a kill yet. We might still be able to help her deal with it.

FATHER PATRICK
God bless you, Michael. Still trying to save the world.
(quickly glances at the hooker)
Marina is gonna’ kill you.

Michael rolls his eyes, sits back in his chair and sips his coffee.

MICHAEL
No she won’t.

FATHER PATRICK
If you say so. Let’s just get her to Frankie’s before she wakes up.

CLAY
You think that’s a good idea?

FATHER PATRICK
Yeah. Frankie’s already back at the home.

INT. THE MAN’S APT - DAY

The apartment is very dark.

SHOT OF

The man’s arms as he rummages frantically through a dresser drawer. He finds a pill bottle, pops the top and pours several in his hand.

His hand rises out of frame as he takes the pills.

(CONTINUED)
CUT TO

WIDE SHOT

The Man facing the dresser. A crucifix hangs on the wall above it.

The camera pans up to a crucifix.

THE MAN
(apologetically)
It happened again. I tried not to, but it’s been so long.
(angrily)
And where the hell were you!

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

Shot of a very large, older house.

INT. BROTHEL - DAY

Michael, Clay and Father Patrick stand side by side in the sitting room of the brothel. Michael is in the middle.

Heather lies on the couch, still tied and unconscious.

MARINA enters the room, looks back and forth between the three men and Heather on the couch several times in bewilderment.

Michael, Clay and Father Patrick divert their glances in an effort not to make eye contact with Marina.

MARINA
OK, boys. Someone care to explain what this is?

CLAY
(grins)
That’s a hooker, Marina.

MARINA
I can see that, Clay. She’s not exactly dressed like the Avon lady. What I don’t understand is... why anyone would bring their own hooker to a whore house!

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
OK, you see, it’s like this...

Marina holds her hand up and cuts him off. She grins menacingly at Michael.

MARINA
(to Michael)
Is this your idea?

FATHER PATRICK
Could I interject a thought...?

Marina holds her hand up to Patrick cutting him off and glares at Michael.

MARINA
(beat)
Michael?

MICHAEL
Well I...uh...that is, we figured...uh...

Clay and Father Patrick take a step back from Michael shaking their heads.

Heather groans, stirs and rolls off the couch.

Marina and the three men look at her briefly then return to their conversation.

MICHAEL
That guys back in town and...

Marina cuts him off again. She stops grinning.

MARINA
(suspiciously)
That guy?

Michael attempts to appear and sound nonchalant.

MICHAEL
Yeah. She’s been...bitten.

Marina glares at Michael.

MARINA
I’m gonna kill you.

Clay steps next to Michael to whispers to him, but Michael elbows him in the ribs before he can.
Marina appears to calm down a little.

MARINA
(to Michael)
Could I see you in the other room for a minute?

Marina disappears into the next room.

Michael slowly walks toward the door way. He glances back to Clay and Father Patrick.

Clay holds out a wooden stake. Father Patrick makes the sign of the cross.

Michael waves them off.

Marina sticks her head out of the other room.

Clay and Father Patrick quickly tuck their hands behind their backs.

Michael disappears into the next room.

Sound of a fist hitting flesh OS.

EXT. HOME FOR GIRLS - DAY

Shot of a sign:

First Church of Saint Michael’s Home for Wayward Girls.

It’s late afternoon and the shadows are getting long.

INT. HOME FOR GIRLS - DAY

SISTER FRANCIS (aka FRANKIE) looks somewhat disoriented as she searches a foyer table and the floor immediately around the table.

A young girl, MELANIE, steps into the foyer. Melanie is tough looking and dressed to match.

MELANIE
What’s up, Sister Francis? You lose something?

SISTER FRANCIS
(distant)
My keys. I can’t find my keys and I need to go.

(CONTINUED)
Sister Francis looks up from her search.

Melanie looks into her eyes and sees the confusion. She takes Francis by the arm and leads her toward the door.

MELANIE
No prob, Sister. I’ll hot wire it for you. We’ll find your keys later.

SISTER FRANCIS
You can do that?

MELANIE
Oh yeah.

INT. SISTER FRANCIS/FRANKIE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is fairly spartan. Nothing hangs on the walls. There is a bed and two dressers, one on the left side of the room and one on the right. Beside each dresser sits a clothes hamper.

Sister Francis enters the room. She walks to the dresser on the left and begins to remove her habit.

CUT TO

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sister Francis enters the bathroom wearing a bath robe. She turns the water on in the shower, steps to the sink and looks in the mirror hanging over it.

She stares vacantly into the mirror and cocks her head to one side. She straightens her head, reaches up and gently touches her reflection.

She turns to the shower, drops the robe to the floor, and steps in. She stands under the water, closes her eyes and tips her head back for a second.

When she straightens her head up she opens her eyes and smiles.
INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frankie steps from the bathroom. She has a towel wrapped around her.

She walks to the dresser on the right, opens a drawer and pulls out a ‘Frankie’ blouse.

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

The Man stands in the shadows across the street from the brothel watching as Frankie’s car pulls into the driveway.

INT. BROTHEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael, Marina, Clay and Father Patrick sit around the kitchen table talking and drinking.

Michael has a black eye.

Frankie (aka Sister Francis) walks in.

Frankie stops short and looks at the crew seated at the table.

FRANKIE
Well this is a surprise. Is there a new world order and no one told me?

MARINA
Hey, Frankie. Sorry to spring this on you, but we have a new girl upstairs.

FRANKIE
(surprised)
A new girl?

CLAY
(sarcastically)
Yeah, Michael’s saving the world again.

MICHAEL
It’s kind of an extreme case. She’s...uh...hematologically challenged.

Frankie looks to Father Patrick.

(CONTINUED)
FATHER PATRICK
Don’t look at me. I’m just here for
spiritual support...and the free
booze.

FRANKIE
And you left her upstairs? Alone?

CUT TO

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Heather is still tied and lies on the bed. She groans, stirs and rolls towards the edge of the bed as Michael speaks.

MICHAEL (OS)
Don’t worry. She’s tied up and she’s not awake yet.

FRANKIE (OS)
So you want me to...

CUT BACK TO

KITCHEN

There is a loud thud overhead.

Everyone looks up for a second then returns to their conversation.

FRANKIE
So you want me to take her in.

MICHAEL
It is kind of what you do.

Frankie looks around the room quickly.

FRANKIE
OK. C’mon Marina. Let’s go see if she can be house broken.

Marina gets up from the table, gulps the last of her mixed drink and sets the glass in the sink.

Frankie leaves the room.

Marina stops at the refrigerator and removes a bottle labeled Bloody Mary Mix then walks towards the door.

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
I didn’t think you liked Vodka.

Marina ignores him.

Another girl, MARY, enters as Marina exits.

MARINA
Hey, Mary.

MARY
Hey, Marina.

Mary goes to the fridge and opens the door. A bandage is visible on her arm at the inside of her elbow.

She removes a beer from the fridge and quickly leaves.

Clay searches his pockets for a joint and comes up empty handed. Michael and Father Patrick watch him.

CLAY
Well, guys, it looks like our work here is done. Time for me to go catch some bad guys.

MICHAEL
Out of weed?

Clay shakes his head no.

Michael and Father Patrick look at him suspiciously.

CLAY
(sighs)
Yeah.

FATHER PATRICK
You might want to wait a while. They may still need us.

CLAY
They’re almost out of whiskey too.

Father Patrick checks his watch.

FATHER PATRICK
Look at the time. I’ve got a sermon to prepare for tomorrow.

MICHAEL
Right. A sermon.

The three exchange a tenuous glance then...
Clay and Father Patrick hastily place the wooden stake, holy water and crucifix on the table in front of Michael and quickly split.

INT. BROTHEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Heather sits on the edge of the bed, untied and awake. Frankie and Marina sit on either side of her.

HEATHER (sighs)
This sucks.

MARINA
You’re preaching to the choir, girl.

CUT TO

Shot from behind the three women.

They are sitting in front of a mirror. Only Frankie is visible in the mirror.

MARINA (CONT’D)
Wait till you try to fix your hair or put make up on.

CUT BACK TO

Frontal shot without view of mirror. All three women are visible. They stare straight ahead.

HEATHER
It’s funny. I don’t remember much after going into the alley.

FRANKIE
It’s probably just as well.

HEATHER
But I kept having this recurring dream while I was unconscious.

Marina and Frankie look at Heather curiously.

HEATHER
I kept hearing the distant voices of these guys talking and then I felt like I was falling.

Marina smiles.

(CONTINUED)
Heather looks at Marina.

Marina quickly loses the smile.

    MARINA
    That’s a common dream.
    (beat)
    Really.

All three women sigh. Finally...

    FRANKIE
    So are you good with the rules, Heather?

    HEATHER
    Yeah. I’m good.

Frankie gets up to leave and walks towards the door then stops.

    FRANKIE
    Oh yeah, and don’t eat the customers.

Heather smiles slyly.

    FRANKIE
    (sternly)
    You know what I mean.

    HEATHER
    Oh. That. Yeah, we’re good.

Frankie nods and leaves the room.

Marina stands and hands the ‘Bloody Mary’ bottle to Heather.

    MARINA
    Here’s dinner. Take a shower and stay in your room tonight. I’m taking the night off, but I’ll be back before dawn.

Marina starts for the door.

    HEATHER
    Can I ask you something?

    MARINA
    What?
HEATHER
Do you do this often?

MARINA
Do what?

HEATHER
Save...I almost said people, but...

MARINA
Don’t look at me. I’m a vampire too. But Frankie, my boyfriend, his friends...they think they have a mission.

HEATHER
What do you think?

MARINA
I think they’re all dysfunctional as hell.

Marina walks to the door and opens it. She hesitates.

MARINA (CONT’D)
But they do care. That said, I care about them. Don’t let them down. (beat) Every now and then you’ll get the urge, but you have help here.

HEATHER
Thank them for me?

Marina leaves the room.

Heather tips the ’Bloody Mary’ bottle up and takes a drink. She slides her tongue across her teeth.

INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Michael and Marina lie on the couch, apparently naked and covered by a sheet. They kiss gently. Michael caresses Marina’s face.

MICHAEL
You know, don’t you?

MARINA
Yeah, I know. (beat) I guess it was a good day. Sorry about the black eye... Kinda’.

(CONTINUED)
MICHAEL
Hey, I got a couple good shots in.
Didn’t I?

MARINA
Uh...yeah, there was one that
really...stung.

MICHAEL
(sarcastically)
Feel free to stroke my ego any time
now.

Marina smiles. She climbs on top of Michael, puts her hands
on his shoulders, and pins him to the couch.

MARINA
A man has to know his limitations.

MICHAEL
(grins)
How could I ever forget.

Marina drops down on top of Michael and rests her head on
his chest.

Michael puts his arms around her.

MARINA
Speaking of limitations, hero, you
can’t save everyone.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

The phone rings.

Michael gets up, stumbles, trips, falls out of sight, pulls
himself up the side of the desk and finally answers the
phone.

MICHAEL
I hope this is important.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Clay stands at the end of the alley. He slowly walks into
the alley.

He stops and stares at the spot where they found Heather.

After staring pensively for a moment, Clay looks up at the
night sky.