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The Corporeal Idea

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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

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Professor Paul Markham

Approved By:



Advisor

School of Journalism and Broadcasting

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ABSTRACT

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, *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 *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

SALVATION

CONTENTS:

- 1) *Log Line*
 - 2) *Synopsis*
 - 3) *Cast*
-

SALVATION

{ LOG LINE }

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*.

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.

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.



SALVATION

Elizabeth Floore

Elizabeth, “Liz”, is a Freshman at Western Kentucky University where she is pursuing 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 pursuing 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.



SALVATION

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.



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: _____

APPENDIX C

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 24rd - 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

APPENDIX D

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)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

CUT TO

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.