

CAST:

Scott Short – Benjamin McKenzie (The O.C.)

Ashleigh MacDonald – Anna Paquin (X-Men trilogy, Darkness)

Todd Godwin – John Laguizamo (Romeo + Juliet, Empire)

Jonas Becker – Dennis Hopper (24, Land of the Dead)

Mark Abbot – Kyle Cease (10 Things I Hate About You, Not Another Teen Movie)

Curtis Coates – Jake Gyllenhall (Donnie Darko, Jarhead)

Don Short – Larry Miller (10 Things I Hate About You, The Princess Diaries)

Johner – Danny Masterson (That 70's Show, Dracula 2000)

All the rest – No-named first-time actors. Basically, their role in the series is very small so I won't bother giving them real actors and actresses. (However, since Curtis' role is only very small in the first entry, but gets larger in each following entry, I gave him a named actor)

NIGHTSHADE

WRITTEN BY:

Jeff Long

THIRD DRAFT: 16-05-06

Open On:

EXT. TOWN OF ST. WAINLUK – NIGHT - AERIAL SHOT

We see the entire town from above, lights from various sources such as houses, cars, and streetlights are shining through the darkness of night like hundreds of tiny little glow bugs.

EXT. MAIN STREET – NIGHT

It is long past midnight, Main Street deserted as all the stores are closed. A teenage girl stumbles down the sidewalk, obvious from her movements that she is drunk. Under her opened jacket, she wears a red dress, showing that she was just at a party.

She stumbles and trips over her own feet, but catches herself on the side of a building, giggling noisily to herself. She straightens herself up to the best of her intoxicated abilities and continues walking, or rather stumbling, down the sidewalk. Soon she reaches a long pitch black alley and walks past it without giving it any second thought. Seconds after she passes by, multiple voices of laughter echo from deep inside the alley, however we cannot see the people due to the darkness.

The laughter gets a bit louder and continues to rise in volume as three shapes wearing long trenchcoats walk out from the alley, snickering quietly to each other. One of the gang members, TODD GODWIN, is twenty-six years old and has dyed-green hair and a circular golden medallion hanging around his neck, which has a mystic green jewel in the middle and runes running along the outer edge. On his left side is JOHNER. Johner is a bit on the short side and a tad chubby. His black hair is spiked up in long thick points. On the other side of Todd is a taller man, who also has his hair spiked up, but not nearly as dynamically as Johner. This is BRAD. All three of them carry baseball bats and Brad also wears a pair of metal knucklerings on one hand.

The trio begins to follow the girl from a distance, but quickly closes the gap between them and her. She leans against a wall to catch her balance once more and Todd takes that moment to rush and stand in front of her, blocking her path. She turns to move around him, but Brad then steps in her way. She turns around to face the way she came from, but Johner moves to block that path as well. They have her surrounded.

GIRL

(slurring) Let me by!

She smiles drunkenly as she tries to push by, but has no luck.

TODD

Oh come now, sweet thing. Surly you aren't ready to go home.
(whispering) You know, we can have our own party right here. Ain't nobody around to see us.

Todd leans in and licks the girl's cheek. She tries to cower in disgust.

GIRL

(whimpering) Leave me alone...

TODD

Oh come on! We're pretty good partiers, if I do say so myself.

He leans in to her again, but the girl slams her foot forward, nailing Todd in the shin. He lets out a yell and bends down to rub his shin. The girl cowers away from Todd, only to have Johner grab her by the hair and tilt her head back hard. She begins to cry as Todd stands up.

TODD

Hold her still, Johner. Time we teach this bitch how to respect us.

Brad steps closer to the girl, raising his glistening chrome bat high in the air. Just as it reaches the pinnacle of its height and Brad is about to swing it down, a gloved hand flies out of the darkness from behind him and grabs the back of the bat. The hand jerks the bat back, causing Brad to step back as well, not expecting the pull of force. The bat is yanked from Brad's hands and flung away, clattering to the ground and rolling away.

The three punks turn their heads away from the pathetic drunk girl to look at the newcomer. The figure is dressed in black from head to toe. He wears a black baseball cap with a giant 'N' stenciled in white on it. Below that, the figure wears a pair of sunglasses and covering his mouth and nose is a black handkerchief bandage. Whatever parts of his face are still visible, are painted black with facepaint. The figure wears a black trenchcoat, opened up to reveal a dark gray shirt under that. Further down his body, he wears a pair of black jeans, topped off with a pair of black boots. On his hands are a pair of black bicycle gloves that covers simply his palm and the back of his hand, leaving his thumb and fingers free. (Writer's note: Go here to look at a rough idea of what he looks like:

http://img.photobucket.com/albums/v497/A_Man_Apart8/Misc/Nightshade.bmp)

FIGURE

I highly suggest you let the girl go.

Todd, Johner, and Brad look at each other and smile. Johner lets his grip on the girl go.

JOHNER

Sure, whatever you say.

The three turn to face the figure, smiling in evil delight. Brad takes out a switchblade, popping it open.

BRAD

You shouldn't have taken my bat, asshole.

Johner and Brad rush the figure, Brad jabbing his blade forward while Johner swipes his bat. The figure jumps in the air, flips over their heads, and lands in a crouch behind the girl. He stands and turns, grabbing the girl from behind. He twirls around, causing them both to turn. After they have turned, the figure lets go and continues turning, so he is now facing the punks again with the girl safe behind him.

The figure jumps straight up in the air, swinging his foot out and kicking Brad in the bottom of the chin. Brad's head snaps back as he stumbles backwards and trips on the curb, falling hard onto his ass. Johner runs with the bat and swings down just as the figure dodges to the side and slams his elbow to the back of Johner's head, causing him to stumble forward. Then the figure half-turns in the opposite direction from before, and elbows the punk in the face. He swings his foot around the back of Johner's foot in a hook, tripping him up and making him fall.

The girl, finally slightly more sober after her frightening encounter, decides that she doesn't want to stick around to see the outcome and runs away down the street.

The figure raises his foot up and slams it down on Johner's chest as hard as he can. Johner yelps in pain and lets go of the bat. The Figure kicks the bat away and glares back down at him.

FIGURE

Get lost and make sure I never see you again.

Todd Godwin, who has stayed out of the duel, takes a step towards the figure, slightly amused by his display of skill.

TODD

Who are you?

FIGURE

I'm Nightshade.

Nightshade turns and runs off into the darkness. As Brad and Johner pick themselves up, Todd stares into the darkness where Nightshade ran off into, realizing that there is now a new player on the field.

Cut to:

Opening credits roll as the song 'I'm Not Driving Anymore' by Rob Dougan plays. As the credits roll, the camera passes over various parts of Nightshade's attire, starting with the rims of his sunglasses, moving from one end, to the front, around the lenses, and to the other end. Fade Out. In the darkness, the screen shows some of the credits.

Fade in on his hat, then after a few seconds, zooming in to a close-up of the symbol. Fade Out. In the darkness, show more of the credits.

Fade in on the bandage laid out on a shelf in a closet. Fade out. In the darkness, show more of the credits.

Fade in on his jacket hanging on a coat hanger. The camera starts at the top and moves its way down. Fade out. In the darkness, show more of the credits.

Fade in on the boots on the floor. Fade out. In the darkness, show the last of the credits.

Fade in:

EXT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL – MORNING - OVERCAST

17-year-old SCOTT SHORT runs across the damp main lawn of St. Wainluk High School, a light drizzle falling from the grey sky above. An overly-heavy bookbag jammed with thick textbooks is slung over his shoulders, while the heavy purple bags under his eyes are easily visible for all to see. He stops and looks at the giant digital clock on the billboard of the school.

SCOTT

Shit, I'm late!

Scott takes off running again, rushing right in between a couple that was about to kiss, braking them apart.

MALE STUDENT

Hey! Watch it!

Scott ignores the comment and rushes up the steps, two at a time, and then inside the building.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Scott rushes down the near-empty shining floor as he turns a corner, almost barreling into a group of chattering friends. He ignores rude comments that include a few words his mother would definitely not approve of, and he continues to run as fast as he can. After a couple minutes of running and dodging various students and teachers, Scott heaves a sigh of relief as he approaches his first class. He stops before entering to straighten out his clothes and brush his hair back. He breaths in and opens the door.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM

TEACHER

...and that's why the DNA in the...

The teacher, MR. PARK, stops and looks over at Scott as he enters the room. Scott looks sheepish as he walks down an aisle of seats and sits down next to his best friend, CURTIS COATES. As Curtis glances a disapproving look at his friend, the teacher picks up his speech from where he left off, many of the students taking notes.

Scott takes out his notebook and sighs, rubbing sleep from his eyes. He feels a tap on his arm and turns to look at Curtis.

CURTIS

(mouthing; no sound) Slept in?

Scott nods his head and turns back around, not wishing to get in even more trouble with the teacher for talking in class.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

The halls are packed with students going about their business. Some are at their lockers, others talking with friends, some heading to classes, others aimlessly walking. The Science room door opens and the class walks out, merging with the crowd. Scott turns to Curtis once they get out into the hall

SCOTT

Go on ahead, Curtis. I'll meet you at our next class.

As Curtis leaves, Scott turns around and heads back into the classroom.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM

Mr. Park is filing some papers into his briefcase as Scott walks back into the room and approaches him.

MR. PARK

Yes, Mr. Short?

SCOTT

I just wanted to apologize for earlier.

Mr. Park turns and looks at Scott.

MR. PARK

You're a bright kid, Mr. Short. However you constantly show up late and very often only half-finish assignments.

SCOTT

I know, and I am trying really hard, but I also have a very demanding job that I'm keeping in balance with school and...

MR. PARK

(cutting him off) You're in school to be educated and learn to eventually get a job that you enjoy. Whatever job you have now, that's only for just now. Jobs like that'll come and go in your life. But *this* – School - this is important. This will determine your life, Mr. Short. I can't tell you how many students drop out of high school only to be living under an

underpass because they didn't want to finish. They didn't want to find out what they wanted in life.

SCOTT

I think it's a little bit more complicated than that, Mr. Park.

MR. PARK

How is that?

SCOTT

It's, uh, kind of hard to explain.

The two stare at each other in silence for a moment before the teacher sighs.

MR. PARK

Look, I'll give you a chance to make some extra credit to catch up, but you have to promise to show up. After the weekend I'll give you a test on all the recent material. Study as much as you can in preparation for that test, and if you get eighty percent or above, I will give you some extra credit. I know this will be sketchy for you, but be there.

SCOTT

Don't worry, you can count on it.

MR. PARK

I hope so.

Mr. Park turns, picking up his bag, and starts walking away only to turn back around again.

MR. PARK

And may I suggest an earlier bedtime, Mr. Short? Your eyes give away your obvious lack of sleep.

And with that, Mr. Park goes on his way.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Scott walks back out into the main hallway and yawns as he heads in the direction of his locker.

FEMALE VOICE

Scott!

Scott turns and sees ASHLEIGH MACDONALD walking up to him, pushing through the sea of student bodies.

SCOTT

Hey Ashleigh.

Once Ashleigh reaches him, she notices the state of his eyes.

ASHLEIGH

Wow, you look horrible.

SCOTT

(sarcastly) Gee, thanks.

The two begin walking down the hall together.

ASHLEIGH

Late night last night?

SCOTT

Yeah, kind of. Couldn't sleep.

ASHLEIGH

Well you know you can always call me on my cell, even late at night. I don't mind waking up and talking to you.

Ashleigh bites her lower lip.

SCOTT

Thanks, but I think I'll pass. Unless you're really boring on the phone and can put me to sleep.

Scott and Ashleigh laugh, but then Ashleigh waves to a group of her friends in the distance.

ASHLEIGH

I'll catch you later. Hope you sleep better tonight.

SCOTT

See you around.

Ashleigh goes and joins her friends and Scott stares longingly after her. A hand falls on his shoulder and he turns to see Curtis standing there.

CURTIS

You should make your move. Don't be a pussy. You missed your chance before, but now you have another one.

SCOTT

What do you mean?

CURTIS

Oh, you didn't hear? Her and Rob broke up last night.

SCOTT

She just got out of a bad relationship. I don't think she would want...

CURTIS

(cutting Scott off) Now would be a perfect time. She's hurt and needs a rock to lean against. You like her, obviously, and she seems to dig you too, so I say go for it.

The two stand in silence for a minute, only the chatter from other students in the hall keeping the area from going quiet. Then Curtis widens his eyes and smacks himself in the head.

CURTIS

Shit, I can't believe I forgot. Happy Birthday, man!

SCOTT

Thanks, but no thanks. Birthdays mean nothing to me anymore. I haven't had a good one in years, so I just kind of have it as a normal day in my head now.
(pause) Come on, let's get going. I don't want to be late for a second class today.

Scott and Curtis make their way down the hall. Curtis looks at Scott and notices his eyes for the first time.

CURTIS

Wow you look...

SCOTT

(cutting Curtis off) Shut up.

As they continue down the hall, one of the many people they pass is a nerdy kid, MARK ABBOT. Curtis stops to talk to him, so Scott stops as well.

CURTIS

Hey Mark, I've got a trick for you.

Mark turns to them and smiles.

MARK

What is it?

Curtis takes out a quarter from his pocket.

CURTIS

I bet you five bucks that you can't roll this quarter from the top of your forehead down to your chin, without it leaving your face.

MARK

That's easy!

CURTIS

I don't know. I tried it last night and I couldn't do. It was really frustrating.

Curtis gives the quarter to Mark, who puts it on its side at the top of his forehead and rolls it down his face, to the bottom of his chin. However, Mark is unaware of the pencil-lead line that the quarter is leaving on his face. When he finishes, Mark proudly beams.

MARK

See? I told you it was easy!

CURTIS

Gee Mark, you sure showed me.

Curtis tries his best not to laugh. He takes his quarter back from Mark and walks away, Scott giving up on the blues and finally breaking a smile as he follows after his friend.

MARK

Hey, where's my money?

CURTIS

We never shook on it!

Curtis and Scott walk further away and as they do, Curtis takes out a pencil and starts running the lead over the side of the quarter.

SCOTT

I wonder why that kid doesn't have any friends. I mean, I know why we aren't friends with him, but why isn't he friends with the other nerds here?

CURTIS

I was told it was because he lied to them a lot. Made up stories about himself so he would come across as better than he really is, and they found out. Mark was always a loser. Born that way I think.

Scott chuckles as they finally reach his locker.

INT. THE SNAKE PIT – MAIN ROOM – DAY

'Truth' by N.E.R.D. plays throughout the scene. We see the inside of some kind of hidden refuge for thugs, street punks, and criminals of all kinds and all ages. Throughout the room are even some 'dirty' cops mingling within the crowd. Heavy cigar and cigarette smoke clings around the room. There are dozens of tables set up, some used for various card games, others used for dealing drugs, and there are booth seats for just sitting and having conversations in. There are no windows or any way for outside light to shine through into the criminals' personal club. There is a bar set up at one end of the room and nude dancers dancing in cages with neon bars of all colors. Strobe and neon lights flash all over the room.

A chubby but muscular man, JONAS BECKER sits in one of the booth seats, two beautiful and young topless women on either side of him, cuddling him. Todd Godwin walks over and slides into the seat opposite Jonas. Jonas stretches out his hand, offering Todd a cigarette. Todd takes one out of the crumpled pack and puts it in his mouth, using his own metal Zippo to light it. He leans back as he breathes in and then out on the smoke, putting his Zippo away again.

JONAS

I hear you got some news on this little boy playing hero that's disrupting a lot of my business.

TODD

That's right Mr. Becker, I...

JONAS

(cutting Todd off) Please, call me Jonas.

TODD

I had a run-in with him last night. Me and my crew. The little son of a bitch took both of them out in just a couple minutes, and you know how tuff they are.

JONAS

Indeed. Is it true what they say? About him being just some kid?

TODD

He certainly looked and sounded like he was no older than 18 at the most.

JONAS

(shrugging) Then it's just a fad. Some comic book fanboy geek that wants to feel like one of his great nerdy idols. It'll pass as soon as his fad ends. Next he'll probably be a huge anime fan and staple his eyes wide open while dying his hair bright blue. (pause) Until then, he could pose some kind of trouble. He's already a nuisance. Does the bugger have a name?

TODD

He calls himself Nightshade.

Jonas nods his head slowly, thinking things over.

JONAS

Judging from reports of the fucker, it would seem he only comes out at night. I want you to recruit more members into your gang. Hell, I'll even supply you with some. Then I want you to go looking for him. It shouldn't be too hard. Just cause some kind of ruckus and I'm sure he'll come straight to you like a moth to a flame.

Jonas stops and turns to pay more attention to the two naked girls beside him. Todd opens his mouth to speak. Jonas however turns back to him, sensing what he was about to say and cutting him off before he has the chance to speak.

JONAS

And you don't need to worry about the pigs. I have most of them under my payroll, so they won't get in the way. (pause) Once you have him, crush him. He's only a boy after all. He may be strong, but he can't be that smart.

TODD

Yes sir. He'll be as good as ours.

Todd slams his fist onto the table.

JONAS

Make sure that he is. Now, can I buy you a dance?

Jonas raises his hand and snaps his fingers as Todd smiles crookedly. Within seconds a nude dancer, slightly older than the two Jonas has with him, walks over and sits on Todd's lap, working into the beginnings of an exotic lap dance.

Jonas turns and begins making out with the two women on his sides.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Scott and Ashleigh walk down a sidewalk together, the school far behind them. We can tell by the amount of activity behind them at the school, that school has ended for the day. The bright sun shines down on their bodies, the light having long-since chased away the dreariness of the day.

ASHLEIGH

You don't have to walk me home, you know.

SCOTT

I know, but I want to. I have to walk past your house on my way home anyway, and I like talking to you. I can talk to you about things I can't talk about to other people, not even Curtis.

Ashleigh smiles as they continue to walk.

ASHLEIGH

So what do you do for fun these days?

SCOTT

Oh you know, this and that. Dressing up as a superhero and saving the day mostly.

Ashleigh laughs and Scott smiles at her laughter. Ashleigh bites her lower lip again.

ASHLEIGH

Well you know, if you ever want to get together and do something sometime, just give me a call or come on over. I'm usually home. Besides, I could probably use a dose of 'saving the day' to spice up my social life after Rob and I broke up.

SCOTT

(turning serious) Yeah, I'm sorry to hear about that.

ASHLEIGH

Don't be. Rob was a controlling bastard. I'm happier now that I'm not with him.

By this point they are in front of Ashleigh's two-story house and they have come to a stop.

ASHLEIGH

Well this is my house. I guess I'll talk to you later on.

SCOTT

Yeah, definitely.

Ashleigh heads inside her house. As the door closes, cutting her off from his view, Scott sighs. He turns and continues on to his own house, putting his hands into his pockets.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – PORCH

Scott walks into his house and takes his shoes off in the porch.

SCOTT

I'm home!

Scott's small black mixed-breed dog, comes running instantly and jumps at Scott. When Scott leans down to pet him, the dog licks his face as if he had never seen his master in years. Scott laughs at his pet's playful greeting.

SCOTT

Ok Raptor, down.

When RAPTOR allows Scott to continue into the house, he walks into the kitchen with Raptor following close behind him, and sight his parents, DON and WENDY SHORT sitting at the family dining table. They turn to look at him as he nears.

WENDY

Oh Scott, you're home!

DON

Happy Birthday, son.

SCOTT

(no enthusiasm) Thanks.

WENDY

How was school?

SCOTT

The usual. Got a little bit of homework to do tonight.

DON

We only got you one present this year, however I think it's something you'll really like.

SCOTT

Wicked, just let me use the bathroom first. I've really been needing to go for the longest time.

Scott drops his bookbag onto the floor and goes down the hall to the bathroom.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – BATHROOM

Scott walks in and closes the door, flicking the light on. He leans close to the mirror and checks his eyes, sighing with frustration. The purple bags under his eyes look even heavier and darker than earlier.

SCOTT

(whispering) Gonna have to get some sleep tonight somehow.

Scott opens the door and heads back out.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – KITCHEN

Scott enters back into the kitchen and his parents stand up, smiling.

DON

Your mother and I knew how much you wanted one ever since Uncle Rodney taught you how to use one. Luckily my dealership got a supply of them in just the other day.

Scott looks at his parents, his face radiating with joy.

WENDY

Is it what I think it is?

DON

Go check for yourself. It's in the garage.

Scott turns and rushes to the garage door, his parents close behind him. He opens the door and walks into the room, flicking on the dim light. A white sheet covers something big in the middle of the room. Don moves past his son and goes to stand beside the object. Wendy makes a corny fake drum roll noise, causing Scott to embarrassingly roll his eyes, as Don reaches and pulls back the sheet, revealing a brand new shining black MZ 1000 SF motorcycle underneath. Scott's eyes light up.

SCOTT

Wow.

Don reaches down to the floor and pulls up a black helmet. He wipes a speck of dirt off and tosses it to Scott, who easily catches it.

DON

Take it for a spin.

A large smile breaks across Scott's face.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S HOUSE – ASHLEIGH'S BEDROOM

Ashleigh is in her bedroom, sitting at her desk as she does homework. She sighs and squirms in her seat. After a few seconds she sighs out of frustration and throws her pen across the room.

ASHLEIGH
Stupid Chem...

The doorbell rings, causing Ashleigh to look up.

ASHLEIGH'S MOTHER
(V.O.)
Can you get that, dear?

ASHLEIGH
Yes mom!

Ashleigh gets up and makes her way to the door as three knocks are heard. She opens the door and Scott is standing there with a helmet in his hands.

SCOTT
Let's go for a ride.

ASHLEIGH
A ride? I didn't know you had a car.

Scott moves to the side and Ashleigh sees the motorcycle. She's speechless.

SCOTT
I got it as a birthday present.

ASHLEIGH
It's your birthday?

Scott nods.

ASHLEIGH
Happy Birthday. Sorry. If I had known I would of gotten you something.

SCOTT
Don't worry about it. So you want go for a ride?

ASHLEIGH
Sure, just let me get my jacket.

She disappears inside for a few seconds and then re-appears wearing a short black leather jacket with brown fur lining the collar, and which ended right below her ribcage. They walk to the motorcycle and Ashleigh climbs on behind Scott and tightly wraps her arms around his waist. We see Scott grin to himself as he closes his visor and starts the bike up.

The song 'I'm No Superman' by The Violet Burning plays as we see a montage of scenes of Scott and Ashleigh riding around town. They zoom past the high school and down dozens of streets, passing by houses and an assortment of other buildings. In some shots Scott speeds up, causing Ashleigh to scream

in excitement, in others he slows down due to heavy traffic. Half-way through the montage, we see them stop at a gas station to refuel the motorcycle.

By the time it ends, we can tell by the sky that it's evening. The montage ends with Scott dropping Ashleigh off at her house. Scott takes his helmet off.

ASHLEIGH

That was fun.

SCOTT

I had a great time.

ASHLEIGH

Me too.

The two stare at each other in silence for a few seconds.

SCOTT

Go out with me.

ASHLEIGH

What?

SCOTT

Tomorrow night. Go with me to the movies.

Ashleigh smiles.

ASHLEIGH

Ok. I have gymnastics right after school though.

SCOTT

Yeah, that's ok. I have Tae-Kwon-Do right after school too. We'll go to the late showing.

ASHLEIGH

We should go for another ride too.

SCOTT

Definitely.

Again, they stare at each other in silence.

ASHLEIGH

Good-Night, Scott.

SCOTT

'Night, Ash.

Ashleigh turns and goes inside. Scott puts his helmet back on and drives off back to his house.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – SCOTT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late night and everyone is asleep. The only light in Scott's room comes from his computer screen. Scott sits at his computer, printing something off. We can't see the computer screen however.

While the printer is printing, Scott stands up and moves quietly out into the hall and over to his parents room. He slowly and carefully opens their door slightly, peering in. His mother and father are both sleeping, one of them snoring loudly. 'Boulevard of Broken Dreams' by Greenday plays softly in the B.G. as Scott slowly closes the door and heads back down the hall and to his own room.

Once he enters his room, Scott walks over to his closet and opens the door. On a hanger we see a gray shirt under a black jacket. Scott reaches for the hanger as the song raises in volume. Fade out.

Fade in. From behind Scott, we see him tying the bandage around the lower part of his head. Fade out.

Fade in. We see Scott reach onto the floor of his closet, wearing black biker gloves, and grab a pair of boots. Fade out.

Fade in. We see Scott finishing tying his shoes and he stands up, reaching for his sunglasses that are on his desktop. He puts them on and opens a drawer, taking out black face paint. Fade out.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – GARAGE

Fade in. Nightshade opens the door to the garage slowly, careful to not make a single creek. He turns on the light and closes the door behind him. He goes over to his new motorcycle and bends down, peeling a shape off the sheet of paper he had printed off. He puts it on the side of his bike and presses hard on it to keep it there, running his fingers over its shape. He steps back to look at his new handiwork; there is now a giant white 'N' on the side of the bike. He goes over and does the same thing on the other side of the motorcycle and then he walks to a shelf and takes down his black helmet and puts a white 'N' on the front of that as well.

He folds the beak of his cap up as he slides the helmet on ovetop of it, lowering the black visor. He sits on the comfy seat of the motorcycle and starts it up, pressing a button on a remote that he holds in his hands, to open the garage doors. He puts the remote into his jacket and zooms out of the garage and into the night, the doors closing again behind him, just as the song fades out and ends.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK – RANDOM STREET – OUTSIDE STORE – NIGHT

A lone street thug dressed in a ski mask and thick winter jacket hauls a brick through a window of a closed store. An alarm blares loudly as the glass shatters and the man quickly rushes inside, stepping over the broken glass. The camera stays trained on the broken window. We hear smashing and breaking sounds from inside. The robber runs back out with a bulging sack hung over his shoulder.

He takes a nervous look around to see if there had been any witnesses. We suddenly hear the sound of an approaching engine getting nearer.

ROBBER

What the...

The camera spins around so we see what the robber sees. It appears that a motorcycle is driving by itself, heading towards the thug. As it gets closer we see Nightshade riding it, his dark clothes having camouflaged him from a distance. As the motorcycle gets nearer, the robber doesn't know what to do. He turns to run but Nightshade catches up easily and passes him.

Nightshade slams on the breaks as he turns the motorcycle to the side, blocking the robber's path as it begins to skid to a stop. The robber doesn't have time to stop and slams right into the motorcycle, flipping over it and landing on his back on the other side. The motorcycle continues on and comes to a complete stop a few yards away. Nightshade climbs off the motorcycle, still wearing his helmet, and runs towards the robber, picking up speed with every step.

The robber slowly stands up, but finally reaches full height just as Nightshade reaches him. The vigilante does a back flip but as he does, he slams his leg out so he ends up kicking the robber as he flips back. The robber flips back in the other direction. Nightshade lands on his feet gracefully and walks over to the fallen robber, leaning down and punching him only once, directly in the face, to knock him out. Sirens can be heard approaching in the distance, diverting Nightshade's attention.

He hastily returns to his bike and starts it up, driving off and quickly fading into the darkness. He drives around the corner just as a group of police cruisers arrive from another street and pile into the area, their red and blue flashing lights illuminating the street.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK – RANDOM STREET – NIGHT

Two people are leaning against the back wall of a building, hidden in it's shadow. One of them wears a tank top and has a cigarette hanging out of his mouth while the other wears a jacket. The later hands some money to the former, and in return he gets a bag of dope placed in his palm.

JACKET

Nice doing business with you. If this shit is as good as I'm told, we'll be seeing more of each other.

TANK TOP

My shit is always good. You have a problem with my shit, you have a problem with me, and I don't like problems.

JACKET

Of course. I have no doubt I'll enjoy this bag.

TANK TOP

Just remember who deals the best shit for the lowest prices and we'll do fine in the future.

Jacket smiles.

NIGHTSHADE (V.O.)

Hi-ya Fellas.

Jacket and Tank Top whip their heads to see Nightshade walking out of the darkness towards them. Nightshade is no longer wearing his helmet and instead has his cap on.

TANK TOP

Steve, is that you?

NIGHTSHADE

Far from him.

Tank Top takes out a gun and points it at Nightshade. Nightshade stops walking towards the couple.

TANK TOP

Who are you?

NIGHTSHADE

I'm Nightshade.

TANK TOP

What do you want?

NIGHTSHADE

Well a Bic Mac would be nice, but I doubt I'll be getting that off you.

TANK TOP

If you want some of my shit, I can set up a meeting for another time.

NIGHTSHADE

Why would I want some of your shit? That's just plain gross. Next you'll be asking if I want your piss too.

TANK TOP

Wise-ass motherfucker...

Tank Top fires, but Nightshade predicts that and moves a few seconds sooner. However Jacket sees him moves and slams his leg out, catching Nightshade in the gut. He doubles over and spits on the ground. Jacket goes to kick him again, but Nightshade grabs his leg and pulls up as he stands. Jacket's leg goes up in the air and he falls down on his back.

Tank Top turns to point the gun at Nightshade, but Nightshade grabs the gun barrel with his hand and points it away from himself as Tank Top fires. Tank Top uses his other hand and punches Nightshade in the side of the head. Nightshade lets go and stumbles to the side, moaning slightly. Tank Top aims the gun and fires again, but there's only a click.

TANK TOP

Fuck.

He puts the gun away and quickly does a sloppy uppercut to Nightshade, catching him square in the face. Nightshade lets out a yell and stumbles backwards. Jacket is now on his feet again and moves in to punch Nightshade as well, but Nightshade blocks and then punches Jacket in the face. Then he swings his foot sideways and catches Jacket in the chest, slamming him against a wall. Jacket's head hits against the wall with a loud *thunk*, and he falls to the ground, unconscious.

Tank Top runs towards Nightshade, his arm pulled back to punch. Nightshade goes to duck, but instead of punching, Tank Top slams his knee up, catching Nightshade in the chin. He slams his elbow down on the back of Nightshade's head, knocking him to the ground.

Nightshade doesn't move. Tank Top brings his foot up, and slams down. Nightshade quickly rolls over onto his back and catches the foot in his hands a split second before it connects with his body. He shoves up, toppling Tank Top back, causing him to fall onto his ass. Nightshade stands, but wobbles slightly. He turns away from Tank Top and slams his foot to the side, slamming it into Tank Top's face. Tank Top falls back, also unconscious.

Nightshade holds a hand to his head as he walks to Jacket's body and bends down, taking the bag of dope from him.

NIGHTSHADE

Motherfuckers... That hurt.

He goes to a nearby manhole cover and lifts it up. He drops the dope into the rushing sewage below and closes the cover.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – BATHROOM – NIGHT

Scott is still dressed in his Nightshade attire, except he has his cap, sunglasses, and handkerchief bandage on the counter beside him, and most of the facepaint has been badly washed off with sweat,

and is running down his face and dripping into the sink. Slightly visible under the fading facepaint, are bloody cuts and bruises. He inspects himself in the mirror and reaches for a can of some kind of cream. Removing the lid, Scott dips his fingers into the cream and begins applying it to his cuts and bruises.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – KITCHEN – MORNING

Scott's parents are sitting at the table. Scott walks in the room. Most of his bruises and cuts are masked by whatever type of cream he put on the night before. Don takes a sip of his coffee and then lays the newspaper on the table. He looks up at Scott with a stern look.

DON

Where were you last night?

SCOTT

What do you mean? I was sleeping.

DON

I woke up in the middle of the night to get a drink and saw that the bike was gone. I checked in on you and you were also gone. Now I repeat, where were you last night?

SCOTT

I couldn't sleep so I went for a ride, is that so bad?

DON

It is when it's at night. You know how bad this town is. I don't want you riding after dark anymore.

SCOTT

But that's not fair! Mom, back me up here.

WENDY

I'm sorry Scott, but your dad has a point.

SCOTT

I can't believe this!

Scott storms off.

DON

Where are you going?

SCOTT

To school. Or do you have a problem with that too?

DON

Hey! Don't take that...

But he gets cut off as Scott slams the garage door. His father sighs and turns back to face his wife.

DON

Did I do the right thing?

WENDY

You did fine, dear. You're only protecting him and he'll see that soon enough. Don't worry, he still loves you. You're a great father.

Scott's father smiles and goes back to his newspaper.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – GARAGE – DAY

Scott storms across the garage's stone floor to his motorcycle, which no longer has the Nightshade symbols on it. He grabs the helmet, which also no longer has the symbols on it, and slides it on over his head. He jumps on his motorcycle, revving it up. He presses a button on the remote that he held the night before and the garage door opens for him.

Scott takes off, zooming out of the garage.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL – DAY

Scott pulls to a stop at the front of the high school. Various heads turn to look at the motorcycle as Scott climbs off and removes his helmet. Curtis approaches him with a smile.

CURTIS

Awesome wheels, man. Get it for your Birthday?

SCOTT

Yeah. Took Ashleigh out for a spin on it last night.

They start walking towards the school's entrance.

CURTIS

I told you it wasn't too soon to make your move.

SCOTT

I don't know what it is. I can never stop thinking about her. When she was going out with Rob, I kind of got over her, because I knew it was pointless to pursue it, but now that she's single again, all these old feelings keep coming back.

Curtis pats Scott on the back as they walk into the school and down a hall.

CURTIS

You'll do good. She'll be yours before you know it.

SCOTT

I hope so. I don't know how much longer I can stand to be 'just friends'.

CURTIS

Give it time, my friend. Give it time.

They reach their lockers and turn the combination locks to the right combinations and open their lockers. They start emptying out their bookbags.

SCOTT

What do we have first?

CURTIS

Gym.

Scott closes his locker after he takes out a pair of sweat pants and turns to see Mark walking down the hall, his head hung down, looking at something in his hands. He's holding some kind of round device, inspecting it.

MARK

(murmuring) I don't get it. I just don't get it.

Mark continues on down the hall, occasionally bumping into people, and then out of sight.

SCOTT

What's up with him?

CURTIS

Mark's in my Industrial Arts class. He's always making stupid inventions. Come on, lets get to class. You're actually on time today. We don't want to fuck with that.

Scott chuckles as he and Curtis walk down the hall, heading in the direction of the school gym.

INT. ST. WAINLUK HIGH SCHOOL – HALLWAY – LATER

The halls are empty, classes in session. Scott is by a water fountain, taking a drink. He hears footsteps approaching and looks up, seeing Mark walking down the hall further ahead. Scott wipes water from his mouth and jogs to catch up.

SCOTT

Mark!

Mark stops and turns to look at Scott.

MARK

What do you want?

SCOTT

You don't have any friends, right?

Mark hesitates.

MARK

Why do you want to know?

SCOTT

Oh come on Mark, you can tell me. I heard all about your habit of lying. Seems to have costed you a lot.

MARK

How about you leave me alone?

Mark starts walking down the hall again, but Scott catches up and moves in front of him, blocking his path.

SCOTT

I also hear you're good at inventions.

MARK

(annoyed) So?

Scott takes out a piece of paper and writes an address on it.

SCOTT

Come to this address at Six PM.

Before Mark can say no, Scott turns and walks away. Mark looks down at the piece of paper.

INT. GYM – MAIN FLOOR

Scott is at the town gym, dressed in his tae-kwon-do uniform, a black belt tied around his waist. Other people in a variety of colored belts also occupy the room. The class is in the middle of a sparring match, each person paired up with another of the same rank and belt color.

Scott blocks a punch by his opponent. Then he blocks a kick, and a series of various kicks and punches follow, all of which Scott blocks and dodges, except one. He falls onto his back, coughing. His opponent reaches a hand down and helps Scott to his feet. They bow and go back to their fighting stances. 'Butterfly' by Crazy Town begins to play. The two people engage in a spectacular show of honorable martial arts. The battle lasts for several minutes, during which, everyone else in the class slowly notices how spectacular and fluent the battle is and crowds around to watch and begins cheering them on.

The song ends as does the battle. Scott loses the battle, but just barely. He bows to his opponent and they shake hands. Both are sweating profusely.

TEACHER

Spectacular display, gentleman! You have both come a long way.

The room cheers and claps.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – PORCH – EVENING

Scott walks into his house, still dressed in his uniform.

SCOTT

(quieter than before) I'm home.

No answer. He throws his bookbag to the floor and walks into the house. He walks into the kitchen, which is empty of other people. He sees a small red light blinking on the answering machine. He goes over and presses 'Play'.

DON

(V.O.)

Hey Scott, your mother and I are gone out for dinner. Our anniversary is tonight. We're going out dancing after supper, so we won't be home until late. Do any homework you have, and remember, don't take the bike out after dark.

The message ends.

SCOTT

I'll take the bike out whenever I want to. It is mine after all, old man.

He goes to the fridge and just as he opens it, the doorbell rings. Scott closes the fridge with a sigh.

SCOTT

Who can *that* be?

He walks to the front door and opens it. Mark is standing there. Scott shakes confusion from his head and puts on a smile.

SCOTT

Come in.

He steps out of the way and allows Mark to walk into the house. He closes the door behind him.

MARK

So what did you want me to come here for?

SCOTT

Mark, I'm about to give you the opportunity of a life time. I'm going to tell you the biggest secret in the world, but you can't tell anyone, cause if you do, I'll have to kill you.

Mark chuckles a bit, but sees that Scott isn't and quickly stops.

MARK

No one would believe me anyway.

SCOTT

I know. That's what I'm counting on. That's also part of the reason why I chose you to tell this to. Have you heard of a vigilante that stalks the streets at night and takes out criminals?

Mark nods.

MARK

I've heard a bit here and there. Saw an artist's rendition once.

Scott looks Mark deep in the eyes.

SCOTT

That's me.

Mark bursts out laughing. He laughs so hard, tears flow from his eyes.

MARK

(laughing) You're a bigger fibber then I've ever been!

SCOTT

Stay here. I'll be back in a few minutes.

Scott turns and disappears into the house while Mark continues to laugh.

INT. ASHLEIGH'S HOUSE – ASHLEIGH'S ROOM – EVENING

Ashleigh walks into her room, dressed in her gymnastics clothes. She drops her bag to the floor and looks at the clock.

ASHLEIGH

Shit, I better hurry if I want to be ready for when Scott gets here.

Ashleigh runs to her small bathroom and turns on the shower.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – PORCH – EVENING

Nightshade walks into the porch from inside the house, causing Mark to stop laughing.

MARK

Either you're extremely messed up in the head, or you really are the guy that's stopping all the crime.

NIGHTSHADE

I was getting sick and tired of the way this town is. Crime rate has been going up and the cops hardly do anything about it. I have a theory that they're being paid to ignore most of what happens. I decided that I could either sit around and bitch about it, or actually try to make a difference. Apparently I've been doing quite good at the latter.

MARK

Why me? I mean, I know why you chose me above other people, but why anyone? You didn't have to tell anyone about this. And if you personally ask me, that's probably the safest route.

NIGHTSHADE

I need help. Last night I was almost beaten by a couple of petty stoners. I need weapons to help, and I heard about how you like making inventions. Now that you know the secret, I ask you: Will you help me?

MARK

(After thinking for several moments) I never get picked for anything. It's a great honor to me, to be in on one of the greatest secrets.

NIGHTSHADE

Good. I need some kind of weapon as soon as possible. My body can only go so far as a weapon.

MARK

That shouldn't be a problem. Give me an hour and I'll be back with some stuff.

NIGHTSHADE

Ok. See you in an hour then.

Mark turns and leaves Scott's house. After he leaves, Nightshade lowers his handkerchief bandage to reveal a huge smile.

EXT. MAIN STREET – NIGHT

'Here We Go' by Dirtbag plays in the B.G. of this entire scene, and ends at the end of the scene. Todd, Johner, and Brad are among a group of dozens of people, all thugs and gang members, standing in the middle of the near-empty street. Todd's fingers play with the golden medallion around his neck.

TODD

Alright, listen up! Mr. Becker put me in charge, so if any of you have a problem with that, you can take it up with him after. In the meantime, I want you all to listen to me and listen good. We are going to do everything we can to draw this motherfucker out. Break into stores and homes, steal, deal drugs to kids and in the wide open, kidnap drunk party girls; whatever you want, just as long as it draws him out. We have insurance, so the pigs won't be making any busts on us

tonight. If they do show, it'll be to help us. Anyone sights this...Nightshade, as he calls himself...you contact me over the radio. He's mine. Any questions?

He pauses, but no one says a word.

TODD

Good. Now let's get to work.

The group all cheer as they split up, some going solo, others going in groups of all sizes.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – SCOTT'S ROOM – NIGHT

Scott, now dressed in regular clothes, leads Mark to his room.

SCOTT

So what did you manage to rig up?

Mark opens up his book bag and pulls out a pair of 9MM guns. Scott's eyes light up.

MARK

I was able to sneak those out of my Uncle's gun store. He talked me into watching over the store while he went out to run some errands.

Scott picks them up, and tests their handling and weight in his hands. Mark reaches into the bookbag again.

SCOTT

There's more? This is like Christmas.

Mark pulls out a circular device, the size of his palm. On the side is a round red button. Scott lays the guns down on his bed as Mark passes him the device.

MARK

It's an old invention of mine. Press the button on the side.

Scott does so and a small, near invisible strip of some kind of paper comes out. Mark reaches over and rips it off.

MARK

All you have to do is stick this on something and apply pressure, and the strip will explode a few seconds later.

Scott looks the device over and then lays it down as Mark reaches into the bookbag again. Mark takes out a watch.

SCOTT

A watch? Sorry Mark, but I already got one.

MARK

It's not an ordinary watch. Sure it tells the time, but it also has a small built-in laser and a voice changer and recorder. Oh, and it also tells the temperature.

Mark hands it to Scott, who looks it over.

SCOTT

Tells the temperature? Really?

MARK

I was bored.

SCOTT

Ahhh.

Scott lays the watch in the pile of other new items Mark had brought for him.

SCOTT

Great work, Mark. Get to work on some new inventions, ASAP. These are great.

Mark smiles with proudness.

INT. HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

A woman in her late 20's is sitting on a couch and watching a game show on TV. Suddenly a kid screaming catches her attention and she jumps to her feet and makes a mad dash down the hall. She bursts into her children's room gasps when she sees two bulky men and one female with more facial peircings than should be allowed to any one person, climbing out of the opened window with her two baby children in their arms.

WOMAN

Hey!

They ignore her and she tears across the room, but by the time she reaches the window and begins climbing out, they are already half-way down the street. Their voices drift through the air back to her.

MAN 1

(laughing cruelly) These two will be worth a few hundred thousand, easy, if we sell them to the right buyers.

MAN 2

I hear there's a good-paying Slave Ring up North. Underground shit of course.

The woman has heard enough. She leaps out of the window and charges down the street towards them. The female with all the facial peircings turn around at the sound of approaching feet and slugs the woman in the side of the head, knocking her to the ground. The woman looks up at them, tears in her eyes.

WOMAN

Please. Give me back my children...

The only response she gets is laughter from the criminals, and crying from her baby sons. One of the men turns and suddenly kicks her in the ribcage. She moans as she spits blood onto the ground and rolls over onto her back, heaving for air. She lets the tears flow freely. Just as the three kidnappers begin to walk away, laughing at the mother's misfortune, a booming gunshot sounds out and blood splatters the ground as the piercing girl's kneecap blows out, causing her to scream bloody murder and blood to spray out.

The two men whip around and spot a figure leaning up against the wall of a nearby building, one foot up against it. He has a gun pointed out at them.

NIGHTSHADE

Put the children down.

The men look at each other as the chorus of 'Here We Go' by Dirtbag starts up again. They do put the kids down on the road, but then turn back to Nightshade and take out their own guns. Nightshade fires two more shots before they can even blink. One of them falls to the ground, a gunshot wound in his chest. The other bullet goes wild. The one last standing punk fires at Nightshade and he dodges, the bullet embedding into the wall where he had been seconds before. He fires his own gun and nicks the punk in the arm, forcing him to drop his gun and cover his arm with his good hand to stop the flowing blood.

Without hesitation, Nightshade fires again, just as he takes out his second gun and crosses it overtop of his other arm, firing at the other male punk. Bullets embed into both their heads, spraying a short stream of blood out. The music fades out as Nightshade uncrosses his arms and walks over to the fallen female punk, who is crying her eyes out.

FEMALE PUNK

(crying) Don't shoot...

Nightshade puts his guns back inside his jacket as he turns away and she sighs with relief. Then he suddenly turns back just long enough to kick her in the head, knocking her unconscious. When Nightshade looks back, the woman had already gathered up her kids and is in the process of running back to her house.

EXT. RANDOM STREET – NIGHT

Todd, Brad, and Johner, along with a small group of others, are breaking into all the cars lined up along the sides of that street. They're smashing windows, denting the bodywork, removing hubcaps, and stealing anything of value from inside.

Johner lights a Molotov Cocktail and throws it inside one car, causing the car to quickly light up. He laughs as he starts making a second one.

All of a sudden a motorcycle zooms around the corner. Nightshade lets go of the handlebars, balancing on the bike, as he takes out his two 9MM's from inside his jacket. He begins firing, hitting the street near the thugs' feet. One shot breaks Johner's newly made Molotov, splattering booze all over him. The burning rag touches his hand, igniting the spilled alcohol, and lighting Johner ablaze. He runs around, screaming until he throws off his jacket, drops, and starts rolling around.

Todd smiles in amusement as he looks at Nightshade. Nightshade puts the guns away as he grabs the handlebars again and zooms right into the midst of the gang. 'Pain' by Jimmy Eat World starts playing. Nightshade slams on the breaks and lifts the back tire up in the air, turning the bike around as he does so. The tire slams into the heads of a few of the thugs, knocking them down. The tire lands back on the ground and Nightshade has turned in a 180 degree circle.

Nightshade puts the kickstand down and removes his helmet. He jumps in the air, away from his bike. He lands and starts firing, causing the thugs to scatter and take cover. Todd however, stays standing on his spot, holding his smile.

After firing for a bit, Nightshade turns and trains his guns on Todd.

NIGHTSHADE

I thought I told you I never wanted to see you again.

TODD

It should be *you* that listens to your *elders*, boy, not the other way around.

And with that Nightshade fires at him, but instead hears a clicking sound. He looks down, surprised, and then back up, placing the guns back in their holsters on his side. Todd snaps his fingers and the thugs come out from behind the cars and benches and other hiding places, and rush Nightshade.

He stretches his leg back, kicking one and sending him falling back. He swings the leg to the front, kicking another. Then he ducks to avoid being punched, and rams his fist into the chest of his new attacker. Another one swipes his foot out in a sweeping motion, but Nightshade does a backflip and lands behind another thug. He bashes him in the back of the head, knocking him down, and then jump-kicks the thug that had swiped his foot.

Before Nightshade reaches him though, another thug elbows him in the air, forcing him to fall to the side. Nightshade starts to stand, but Brad is next to him with a baseball bat. He slams it down on Nightshade's back, causing him to fall back to the ground again.

He raises the bat again, but Nightshade shoots his hand out and grabs Brad by the ankle. He yanks back, slamming Brad against the ground. Nightshade shoots to his feet, grabbing the fallen bat, and swinging it around as he turns.

It connects to someone's head, a loud crack being heard. The body falls down. Nightshade swings it at the two nearest people, hitting one in the leg, causing him to fall, and hitting the other in the chest. He brings it back and swings again at the same person. The person tries to dodge, but still gets hit in the side.

Nightshade turns once again, but gets met with a fist to the face. He stumbles back. He raises the bat, but gets punched in the head from behind, and then in the gut from the front. He drops the bat as he falls to his knees.

The man behind him wraps his arms around him in a huge bear hug as he lifts Nightshade back to his feet. The man in front takes out a switchblade, laughing insanely. Nightshade leans back, swinging his feet out and up, kicking the blade from the man's hand. Then he swings his feet back, kicking the person behind him, in the chest. The person stumbles back, letting go of Nightshade. Nightshade lands back on his feet and does a roundhouse kick to the guy in front of him.

The person stumbles back, letting go of Nightshade. Nightshade jumps back to his feet and does a roundhouse kick to the guy in front of him. The song ends in the B.G. and Nightshade, breathing heavily and gasping for breath, turns to face Todd. He gets into a fighting stance. Todd just merely smiles back.

TODD

Goodbye 'Boy of the Streets'.

Todd pulls a hand out from behind his back, holding a gun. He points it at Nightshade and fires.

C.U.

We follow the bullet in slow-mo as it sails through the air and embeds itself into Nightshade's chest, spraying a small amount of blood.

W.S.

Nightshade screams in pain as he stumbles back and falls to the ground. Todd walks over and points the gun right up against Nightshade's head.

TODD

Well you did put up a good fight. But Alas, all good things must eventually have an end. However I first want to know who's under all this.

He reaches down and removes the cloth covering Nightshade's mouth. There is blood running from his nose. Before Todd can remove anything else though, he sees Nightshade smile.

TODD

Hahaha, why are *you* smiling? You welcome death that much?

ZOOM IN

On the ground right in front of Nightshade. His thumb presses down on something. We don't see it, but can easily assume that it's Mark's invisible explosive strip.

W.S.

Nightshade quickly rolls away, putting the cloth back up around his mouth. Todd fires, but the bullet hits the ground an inch away from Nightshade and ricochets away.

Todd aims once again. He gets Nightshade in his sights, but before he can fire, the ground in front of him explodes, showering him with scorching gravel. Todd screams in pain and covers his face with both hands.

Roaring with rage, Todd keeps half his face covered with one hand while he uses the other hand to try to aim his gun on Nightshade. However Nightshade has already reached his motorcycle, got his helmet on, and is driving away, slumping over the handlebars. Todd screams in both anger and pain as he throws his gun at the ground in frustration.

EXT. RANDOM STREET – NIGHT

'Click Click Boom' by Saliva plays. Nightshade zooms down a street, driving with one hand while the other hand covers the wound on his chest. He swerves his bike in a zig-zag matter to avoid and rush past the slower-moving cars that are on the same road. His attention is diverted to a connecting street as he passes by it and notices flashes of red and blue lights and hears a siren come on. Behind him, several police cars barrel out onto his current road, in pursuit.

NIGHTSHADE

(quietly) Shit.

He makes an incredibly sharp last-second turn and swerves his motorcycle into a back alley, hoping to loose the pursuing cops. Behind him, the police drive past the ally, continuing on down the main road and not even slowing down.

Nightshade continues down the dirt-filled back alley for a minute, tearing up the dirt and loose rocks. However just as he is about to exit onto another street, one of the cop cars appear and screech to a stop, blocking the end of the alley. Nightshade slams on the breaks, trying to turn back around, but there isn't enough time, and the side of his bike slams up against the front of the cop car. He quickly takes off again, deciding to go out through the very limited space between the side of the cop car and the end of the alley, just as the cop leans out the window and fires a shot off at him. Nightshade uses the motorcycle to swerve away from the bullet and continue down the road, gunning the engine to its maximum speed.

The cop car reverses and starts the chase again. In front of Nightshade, three other cruisers have appeared and are heading towards him from the other end of the road. He keeps driving straight, playing chicken with the lead car. At the last second, he realizes the cop isn't going to give in and swerves away an inch before being hit. The cop driving the car has a victorious smile show on his face, but only for a second. After that second, he sees the car that had been chasing Nightshade from behind and the two cop cars barrel into each other, head-on, sending shards of glass flying in all directions.

The other two cop cars veer away in opposite directions to avoid the metal-grinding crash and then drive around in a semi-circle to continue the pursuit. Nightshade is far enough ahead

however, that he is able to turn and take off down another back alley, this one a bit more bumpy as its filled with even more dirt and rocks then the previous one. The song fades out and ends just as Nightshade quickly slows the bike down to a stop as he drives off the dirt road and into someone's grassy back yard and hides himself and his motorcycle in a thick patch of plants and bushes. He moves his hand and looks down at his blood-soaked shirt, feeling a wave of dizziness hit.

The occupant of the house, a short old lady, glances out her back window to inspect her backyard after hearing an engine near it a minute earlier, and Nightshade cowers deeper into the dark shadows, not wanting to be seen. He exhales in relief when the old lady disappears back inside her house, moving the curtain back over the window.

Nightshade takes a small quick glance back at the main street he had come in from, and sees that the two cop cars had stopped at the front of the alley and that the four police that occupied the cars have gotten out and are carefully walking down the alley, shining flashlights around as they inspect every inch of the dirt road.

The back door of the house swings open and the old lady from before steps out.

OLD LADY

Officers! He's here, in my backyard!

The old lady points to the spot where Nightshade is currently hiding. Nightshade stands up and jumps back on his motorcycle. He starts it up and zooms down onto the dirt road and takes off down the alley, heading away from the cops. Over the noise of his engine, we can hear a few gun shots go off but nothing hits him as he skids out onto the street and zooms off around the corner.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK – MARK'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Nightshade hides his bike in a small, nearly-empty shed behind Mark's house, and then stumbles around to the front and up the steps, weak and exhausted from the fight, gunshot wound, and chase. He reaches up weakly and presses the doorbell.

A few minutes pass and just as his eyes begin to flutter close, the door opens and Mark is standing there in a house robe, rubbing his eyes tiredly before slipping on his glasses.

MARK

Who's ringing the...Scott? What happened?

Nightshade moans as he falls. Mark catches him and helps him walk inside, closing the door with his foot.

NIGHTSHADE

(weakly) Shot...I've been shot. Cops...after me... I knew you're father was...doctor....

MARK

He's on call at the hospital right now! What should I do?

Mark starts looking around frantically. Suddenly he stops.

MARK

Miranda! My sister! She's training to be a paramedic. I can wake her up.

Mark helps Nightshade sit on the couch.

MARK

I'll be right back.

He turns and takes off up the stairs. Nightshade rests his head on the back of the couch, softly moaning and fighting to stay conscious. A minute later, Mark is tugging his older sister, Miranda, down the stairs. Miranda looks groggy and tired.

Miranda

(sleepy) Marcus, what's going on?

She spots Nightshade on the couch.

Miranda

Oh my.

MARK

Miranda, this is Nightshade. He was...assisting...the police and he was shot in a chase.

Miranda

He should be at the hospital then, not here.

MARK

They'll want his Identification and he wants that to remain a secret. If people ever found out who he was...

Miranda

(cutting Mark off) No, I understand. Ok, go to the back room and get the First Aid kit. I'll go boil some water.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Time has passed. Nightshade has his jacket and shirt lifted up, and has his bare chest covered tightly in a white bandage. He lowers his shirt down over it, and then slowly slips his arms back into his jacket sleeves.

Miranda

There. All fixed up. Now just get some rest.

Nightshade's head slumps to the side, passed out.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Nightshade's head moves slowly, straightening. He yawns as he slowly sits up, still in pain. He slowly stands and lowers the handkerchief bandage from around his mouth. He walks to the bathroom and closes the door behind himself.

He takes off his cap and cracked sunglasses as he turns on the water. He lets it pool into his cupped hands and then splashes it over his face, causing some of the facepaint to run. He grabs a nearby cloth, wets it, and starts wiping the rest of the facepaint off. We see he has a black eye and there is dried blood around his nose.

When that is done, he removes his jacket and lifts his shirt to check the bandage. There is a dried bloodstain where it covers the wound, but apart from that, the bandage is good. He bundles his hat, sunglasses, and handkerchief bandage into his jacket and walks out of the bathroom. Mark is just walking down the stairs.

SCOTT

Hey Mark, do you have a bag or something I can put this stuff in?

MARK

Sure, hang on.

Mark turns and goes back up the stairs. Scott sighs as he relaxes on the couch again. Mark returns with a bookbag.

MARK

Here.

Scott takes the bag and puts the bundle into it, zipping it up and slipping it over his shoulder as he stands up.

SCOTT

Thanks. I'll see you in school on Monday.

MARK

Always glad to help. Just as long as you're ok, that's what matters.

SCOTT

I am now, thanks to your sister.

MARK

Take care.

Scott nods. He leaves the house and goes to get his motorcycle from the shed. He removes the 'N' symbols from it and the helmet and starts it up, slips his helmet on, and roars off out of the shed and down the street.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – KITCHEN

Scott walks into the room, sporting his black eye and a cut lip. His father is reading the paper and his mother is at the counter making coffee. They both look up at him as he enters the room.

DON

Scott, I'm very disappointed. You directly disobeyed me.

SCOTT

I don't know what...

DON

(cutting Scott off) Don't lie to me, son! I know you went out last night. I checked. And not only that, but you've had your mother and I worried sick about you. You're just getting back now! Where the hell have you been all night?

SCOTT

I went out for a ride and decided to crash at a friend's house. I don't have school today, so I don't know what the problem is.

DON

The problem is taking the bike out at night, after I told you not to! And not informing us of the fact that you were sleeping over at a friend's house!

What the hell are we supposed to think when you just disappear and come back looking like this?

SCOTT

The bike tipped over when I was on it. It won't happen again.

DON

Damn right. Because I'm taking the bike back to work and re-selling.

SCOTT

No, you can't!

WENDY

It's not only that. Your school called this morning. Your marks have been dropping.

SCOTT

I'll work harder! Just don't take the bike away!

DON

I'm sorry, son. Maybe you can have another one next year when you're older and more mature, and you've gotten your grades back up.

SCOTT

Fine, whatever.

Scott turns and storms out of the room. On his way to his bedroom, he passes the phone, which sits on a small stand in the hallway, and sees a blinking red light on the answering machine. He presses it.

**ASHLIEGH
(V.O.)**

I'm calling for Scott. (pause) I waited around for you for two hours. When you never showed up, I realized that I was being an idiot and fooling myself into thinking you were any different than Rob. Don't bother calling. I won't answer.

SCOTT

Fuck!

He turns and storms up the stairs and into his room, slamming the door. He throws the bookbag on the floor and lifts up his shirt. He slowly removes part of the bandage, checking the wound. His eyes glance at the bookbag on the floor, and then to his closed door. He glances back and forth between the two a few times.

SCOTT

(quietly) I can't be both. There's not enough room in my life for both Scott and Nightshade.

He hears a screaming noise and glances out the nearby window, seeing some guy running off with a woman's purse across the street, and the woman screams for someone to help.

SCOTT

(quietly) I keep this town safe, but the people I protect rat me out to the enemies. The police that I help turn on me and spend more time on me than they do on most criminals.

Scott looks back down at the bag that holds the Nightshade attire..

SCOTT

There is no room in this town for an unwanted hero.

Scott bends down and takes the bookbag, and throws it under his bed. Scott goes to the phone in his room and dials a number. After a few rings, Ashleigh answers.

ASHLEIGH
(V.O.)

Hello?

SCOTT

Hey Ashleigh, it's me.

ASHLEIGH
(V.O.)

I knew I should have checked the Caller I.D. Look Scott, I'm really busy and can't really...

SCOTT

(cutting her off) Look Ashleigh, I'm very very sorry. Words can't express how sorry I am. But my parents...(pause)...they wouldn't let me go and when I tried to go anyway, they took my bike away. I tried to call, but they took the phone out of my room. I really am sorry.

There is silence over the phone for several very long moments. Finally, Ashleigh spoke again.

ASHLEIGH
(V.O.)

Well I do believe in second chances, I guess.

SCOTT

Great! I swear, you won't regret it!

ASHLEIGH
(V.O.)

I better not.

SCOTT

How about I make it up to you tonight? There's Broadway Babylon playing at the Performing Arts Theater tonight. I can't pick you up on a motorcycle or anything, but we can still go if you want.

ASHLEIGH
(V.O.)

Sure. I love theater and haven't been to a play in ages. Plus walks can be more romantic than motorcycle rides anyway.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – SCOTT'S ROOM – EVENING

Scott is looking in his mirror, straightening up a fancy shirt and tie, getting ready for his salvaged date with Ashleigh. There's a knock on his bedroom door and he glances back at it.

SCOTT

Come in.

It opens and Mark walks in. Scott looks surprised.

SCOTT

What are you doing here?

MARK

I have an idea for a new invention that I want to run by you.

Scott sighs.

SCOTT

Mark...I don't know how to tell you this, so I'm just going to come out and say it. I'm not going to be Nightshade anymore. That part of me died last night when I was shot.

MARK

But...

SCOTT

(cutting him off) I'm sorry. I can't protect a town that doesn't want the protection. It's affected my life way too much as well. I can't be both Nightshade and Scott, and seeing as how no one wants Nightshade around, it wasn't that hard of a decision. I've already started on salvaging my relationship with Ashleigh. Now I just have to get my school marks back up and get myself in my parents' good graces again and everything will be back to the way they were before I had this stupid dream. Actually, things will be even better. Nightshade was just an immature boy's dream. Nothing more. I could have died, Mark! That never really hit me before last night. And what happens then? I die and everyone I love; my family, my friends, Ashleigh, they'd all be hurt. I have to think about them too.

MARK

What about the public? You have to protect *them* or *they'll* get hurt too! The only difference is they'll get hurt physically!

SCOTT

That's what the police are for.

MARK

But you even said it yourself! Most of them are corrupted! The few that aren't need your help!

SCOTT

Why should I defend a public that doesn't even want me to? I can't help people if they don't want to be helped.

MARK

It's your job! You have to protect them, because no one else will. If you don't, people *will* die.

Scott gets a sad, but firm look on his face.

SCOTT

I'm sorry, but I've already made up my mind. I chose Scott over Nightshade. Nightshade is gone...(in a whisper) forever.

MARK

(through clenched teeth) Then I guess I'll have to revive him. For the good of everyone.

SCOTT

(sighing with frustration) Mark, it's over. There's nothing you can do or say that will change my mind. Now can you please leave? I have a date with Ashleigh.

Mark turns and storms out of the room.

INT. THE SNAKE PIT – MAIN ROOM

Jonas is sitting at a table, but this time there are no girls around him. 'Bodies' by Drowning Pool play over the speakers as Todd, with part of his face now bandaged, finds Jonas' table and sits across from him.

TODD

That fucking kid! Look what he did to my face! He burned Johner up real bad too.

JONAS

Please, keep your voice down. I'm enjoying this music.

Jonas is quite for a minute as he taps his feet to the beat of the music. Todd looks at him impatiently for a minute, before speaking.

TODD

How the fuck can you be so calm?! That brat is out there, cutting us off at every turn, and nothing we do stops him! Fuck, not even your pigs could stop him.

JONAS

I can stay calm, because I did not get to where I am today by losing my cool every time something doesn't go my way. As for the brat, you need to strike when he's at his weakest.

TODD

How can I do that? We don't know any of his weaknesses.

JONAS

He's just a boy. Every boy has a weakness. You just need to find it out and exploit it the best way that you can.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK – ASHLEIGH'S HOUSE – EVENING

The music (Not the words) for 'Hope' by Twista plays in the B.G. of this and the next scene. With the sun setting behind him, Scott walks up to Ashleigh's door and rings the doorbell. Ashleigh opens the door and smiles. Her hair is let down over her shoulders and is wearing a black sparkling dress.

ASHLEIGH

Hey.

SCOTT
(taken aback by her beauty) Hey...

Ashleigh closes the door behind her.

ASHLEIGH
How did you get here?

SCOTT
I walked.

ASHLIEGH
Good, just what I was hoping for.

Scott smiles when Ashleigh puts her arm through his and leans against him as they walk away down the street towards the bus stop a couple blocks away.

EXT. THEATER – ENTRANCE

A tall and lanky bald Usher opens the doors to the gigantic performing arts theater for Scott and Ashleigh. As they enter through, a long line of eager people are walking in behind them. The room itself is huge, with a gigantic stage at the front and a couple hundred seats all lined up, going towards the back of the room. The floor tilted in a way so that the viewers can always see over the head of the person in front of them.

Ashleigh looks down at the ticket stumps and then back up.

ASHLEIGH
We're over there.

She points to a couple of seats in the distance. They make their way to the seats, muttering and saying 'excuse me' as they walk in front of other people already seated. At last they reach their seats and sit down.

SCOTT
Maybe we should have gotten a drink before we sat down.

He lightly loosens his collar and wipes some sweat from his head. The B.G. music ends.

SCOTT
It's hot in here. Shouldn't these places have fans?

ASHLEIGH
I don't really find it so hot. Are you nervous?

SCOTT
(sheepishly) Yeah, a little. Is it ok if I go get a drink?

ASHLEIGH
No, Scott, if the show starts while you're gone, you're not allowed back in.

Scott nods his head, understanding, and then they turn their attention to the empty stage just as the lights dim and then go out. There is a thundering clapping coming from everyone in the room as the first actors appear on stage and the first line of the play is spoken.

EXT. RANDOM STREET – NIGHT

Mark is walking down a sidewalk with a bag in his hands from one of the computer stores.

MARK

(quietly) How do I get Scott to come around? The town needs him more than...

Mark's thoughts get interrupted by a chuckling noise. He whips around and Todd walks out from an alley, holding a gun. His face is still partly wrapped in bandages.

TODD

Well, looky-here. A baby out past his bedtime. Maybe if you scream loud enough, Nightshade will hear.

MARK

(panicking) Who? I don't know any Night-whatever.

TODD

(shrugging) It doesn't matter. I need to draw him out and I'm sure he'll show up if I kill enough people.

Todd pulls back on the hammer, about to fire.

MARK

Wait! I do know Nightshade!

TODD

(chuckling) Sure, kid.

MARK

No, I really do! I was lying before! His real name is Scott Short. He lives on 609 80th Ave. He has a girlfriend, Ashleigh MacDonald. I know them from school. He approached me to help him get weapons and stuff.

Todd is silent for a minute as he contemplates this news.

TODD

This girlfriend of his. Where does she live?

MARK

698 on the same street as Scott.

TODD

Why are you telling me this? You're betraying your friend.

MARK

I'm doing what needs to be done.

TODD

I guess I'll take that. Now get out of my face. You just bought yourself more time to live, nerd-boy.

Mark turns and runs down the street, away from Todd.

EXT. THEATER – ENTRANCE – NIGHT

The music minus words for 'Hope' by Twista plays once again, and ends at the beginning of the next scene. The congregation is piling out of the massive building, all chattering to each other about the fine play they just saw. Scott and Ashleigh walk out among them, hand in hand.

ASHLEIGH

I had a really good time tonight,. The play was great. What a fantastic story! And that second act was brilliant!

Scott nods his head at Ashleigh's enthusiasm, agreeing with her.

ASHLEIGH

(worried) Did you have a good time?

By this point they have reached a cross walk and have to wait for the traffic to stop, to allow them to walk across the street. Scott turns to stare into Ashleigh's eyes, smiling.

SCOTT

I was with you. How could I not have had a good time?

Ashleigh smiles back, her cheeks going red with cute embarrassment.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Scott walks up to his house to find Mark sitting on his doorstep, looking at the ground, seemingly depressed. Scott sighs as he approaches.

SCOTT

I already told you Mark, I made up my mind. Now please, stop pressuring me. I said no and I mean it. Nightshade is gone.

Mark looks up, near tears.

MARK

He has to make another appearance.

SCOTT

Why?

MARK

(truthfully) I'm so sorry Scott.

Scott narrows his eyes.

SCOTT

What did you do?

MARK

I was on my way home and this guy stopped me. He had green hair and this golden medallion around his neck, and part of his face was bandaged. He was going to kill me, Scott! I...(tears flood his eyes) I told him! I told him about you! About Ashleigh! About everything! And...(pause) I think he went after Ashleigh.

Scott is shocked. Mark wipes tears from his eyes.

MARK

But now you *have* to become Nightshade if you want to save Ashleigh. Unless you want your friends, family, and Ashleigh to continue to be in danger for the rest of their lives, you'll have to leave all of them and if you do that, then you may as well become Nightshade and do some good.

Scott, furious, punches Mark in the face and knocks him to the ground.

SCOTT

I knew I should have never trusted you.

He turns and takes off running.

EXT. ASHLEIGH'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Scott, out of breath, slows to a stop outside of Ashleigh's house. He rings the doorbell. After a few minutes of nothing, he rings it again. Just as he's about to push the button a third time, the door forcibly opens inwards as Ashleigh's father steps out, looking both tired and extremely pissed off.

ASHLEIGH'S FATHER

What the hell are you doing, ringing our doorbell in the middle of the fuckin' night?

SCOTT

(gasping for breath) Is Ashleigh there?

ASHLEIGH'S FATHER

She hasn't come home from her date yet. I'm sure this could have waited until morning, young man. Decent people sleep at this time of the night.

But Scott doesn't hear him. He has already taken off back to his house.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Scott rushes into his bedroom. As the song 'Taking Over Me' by Evanescence plays, Scott reaches under his bed and pulls out the bookbag with his Nightshade attire in it.

We see various cuts, fade-outs, and fade-ins of him changing out of his current clothes and becoming Nightshade. After all that, he loads his guns and checks to make sure he has extra ammo. He does a few practice punches and kicks to see how well he can move with his wound. A couple times he winces slightly and then practices an alternate version of that move.

When he's satisfied, he goes downstairs to the answering machine and plays the message back.

**DON
(V.O.)**

Hi, You've reached Scott, Wendy, and Don Short at...

As 'Bon Short' plays, Nightshade presses 'record' on his watch. The rest of the message plays as he goes back upstairs and into the master bedroom, and stands above the bed. His parents are sleeping in the bed. He looks like he's about to lean down to kiss his sleeping parents, but ends up turning away and heading back downstairs.

Nightshade reaches into his father's jacket, which is located on a hanger in the porch, and pulls out a set of keys. He goes outside and Mark is still sitting on the step, holding a hand to his throbbing head. Mark slightly smiles as he looks up at him, hoping for forgiveness.

NIGHTSHADE

(low growl) I'll deal out punishment to you later.

And with that, Nightshade turns and runs down the street as fast as he can.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP – NIGHT

Nightshade reaches his father's dealership and takes out the keys he stole from the jacket pocket. He unlocks the front door and walks inside the darkened building. He goes over to the main computer and waits several seconds for it to boot up. Once it is ready, the computer asks for voice recognition and he plays back 'Don Short' from his watch and the computer beeps, allowing him into the vehicle database.

Nightshade does a quick search through the database for his motorcycle and locates it. He goes to the section of the building that the computer told him to and he spots his black MZ 1000 SF motorcycle and goes over to it, placing the white 'N' stickers on the sides. He quickly walks over to a box on the wall that holds the keys for the vehicles. It's an electric lock that requires a password.

Not wishing to take the time to try to figure the password out, Nightshade simply pushes a few buttons on his watch and uses the laser feature, pointing the little thin red line into the electronic lock. After a few seconds, it short circuits as a small amount of white smoke exits from it. He pops the box open, taking out the proper key to the motorcycle. He returns to the bike and hops on, putting his Nightshade helmet on.

He starts up the bike and guns it forward, driving it off the ramp it's resting on, through the glass of a window, and onto the street, driving away as the broken glass showers the street behind him and an alarm rings out from the dealership.

EXT. RANDOM STREETS – NIGHT – MONTAGE

We see a montage of scenes that show Nightshade driving around aimlessly, going to the places he has ran into Todd before, coming up with nothing. He drives by the theater, but that area is empty as well. He follows the path he took home earlier that night, zooming past Ashleigh's house along the way. When he reaches his house, he finds Mark gone from his doorstep. Music from the previous song fades out.

There is a note stuck to the front door. Nightshade gets off the bike and grabs it. As he reads it, we hear a V.O. by Todd.

**TODD
(V.O.)**

I have your girlfriend. She is being kept at the abandoned warehouse just outside of town. If Scott does not appear alone within two hours, I will kill her.

The time that the note was written, is scribbled at the bottom of the note. Nightshade growls.

NIGHTSHADE

Scott is dead.

He turns around, hops on the motorcycle, and speeds off.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Inside of the abandoned warehouse, various gangsters mingle around, carrying various types of guns as they wait. All of a sudden the wooden door shatters as a motorcycle slams through it and Hell is unleashed.

Right away Nightshade starts firing, bringing a couple of men down. The other men raise their guns and fire just as Nightshade tips the bike to its side, allowing it to slide/skid down the length of the floor. The bullets hit against the bike like a protective shield, some bouncing away while others embed deep into the cheap metal.

Nightshade lets go of the bike and runs away as it explodes. The chorus music (without words) for 'Cells' by The Servant plays when Nightshade ducks behind a pillar that goes straight up from the floor and into the roof, just as a piece of burning metal flies past. He throws his helmet off, growling, and takes his cap out of his jacket pocket and puts it on.

Nightshade turns around long enough to fire a few shots and then goes back behind the pillar just as some bullets embed into it and others continue on past him. We can hear the rushing of feet and Nightshade looks up, viewing a bunch of men emerging onto a landing that goes all the way around the length of the warehouse, located about half way up to the roof. He aims both his guns up and starts firing as the men emerge single-file through the narrow door and onto the landing. He doesn't let his fingers up off the triggers until all of the men are either dead or injured.

He moves out from behind the pillar and fires both his guns at a few of the thugs that had stayed on the main floor, killing some, and going behind the pillar again just as shots hit the edge of it where he used to be. A few men walk around the corner of the pillar and Nightshade discovers that his guns are empty by the clicking noise they make when he goes to fire them. He drops them to the concrete floor and dodges the few shots that are fired at him as he slowly steps closer to his attackers. When he gets close enough, he hits one of their guns away with his arm, and then knocks the other person's gun away with a back kick. He follows up with various combinations of punches, blocking, and kicks. Soon enough those two men, and one other that had shown up to help, are unconscious on the floor. Nightshade goes back behind the pillar just as more shots hit where he used to be. He picks up his guns and reloads them.

A group of men carrying baseball bats and thick metal chains come out from a room that is located on Nightshade's side of the pillar. He opens fire, killing them one-by-one as they exit the room. Taking out a bit of the explosive strip, Nightshade places it on the pillar and presses against it. He runs out from behind the pillar just as it explodes, sending rock and stone outward towards the criminals, causing smoke to obscure Nightshade from view. He fires into the smoke screen as he runs sideways, going into the room that he just killed the thugs coming out of.

Once he is safely in the room with the door slammed closed, Nightshade takes more ammo from his pockets and reloads his guns once more. There is a shuffling sound outside the door and he looks down at the small space between the bottom of the door and the floor,, seeing a shadow on the other side. He shoots a hole through the door and hears a thump. A puddle of blood begins seeping in under the door from the other side.

Nightshade opens the door, seeing another dead body on the floor. He side-kicks the closest man and sends him flying away. Then he knees another in the groin and follows through with a punch to the head, knocking him out. Nightshade fires at the last man. Two shots, one from each gun, go straight into his head, splattering blood out in all directions. Nightshade pants, low on breath. Music ends.

NIGHTSHADE

Piece of cake.

Clapping can be heard and Nightshade turns to look at Todd walking out from another room with Jonas with him. Jonas is the person that is clapping, and Todd no longer has the bandages around his face, however he is very badly scarred.

JONAS

Imagine, I go from a boring lowly truck driver, to the most respected crime lord in this town, and now every single one of my most trusted men are dead because of a little brat that can't stop playing House. It's almost funny in its own sick way.

NIGHTSHADE

(coldly) Such a shame. Where's Ashleigh?

TODD

(sneering) Follow me.

Todd starts walking across the floor, towards another door. Nightshade follows him out the door to the backyard of the warehouse, leaving Jonas alone inside.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE – BACKYARD – NIGHT

The outside yard is filled with boxes and crates of all sizes, and is cut off from the rest of the world by a high electrical fence, which has warning signs all over it. Ashleigh is tied and gagged to a chair in the middle of the maze of crates, which Todd leads Nightshade through.

TODD

Don't worry. I didn't tell her your secret. Although I was awfully tempted to. Lucky for you, Mr. Becker has some kind of twisted respect for you.

Nightshade raises his guns to Todd.

NIGHTSHADE

Untie the girl.

Todd laughs. A shot rings out and a bullet hits the ground right in front of Nightshade. He raises his head and sees Jonas on the ledge above, aiming a machine gun down at him, with a sniper scope attached to the top. Nightshade turns and runs sideways as he fires up at Jonas, but Jonas ducks back inside the building and Nightshade quickly runs out of bullets again. He jumps out of the way when gunfire is returned from inside the building where Jonas had gone into, and he runs behind a crate, keeping low to the ground.

He dropped his guns and moves through the maze of crates and boxes, making sure to always keep low and hidden behind them. As he cautiously moves, he reaches into his pocket and takes out the device that makes the explosive tape. He rips a piece off as he reaches the edge of the crate maze and he takes off running straight ahead. Todd and Jonas spot him. Todd takes out a hand gun and both turn to fire, but Nightshade uses a crate as a lift, and jumps up from the small crate, grabbing the edge of the ledge where Jonas was standing. He flips over the ledge, landing in front of the crime lord.

Nightshade punches Jonas with one hand. While Jonas stumbled back, Nightshade takes Jonas' gun from his hand and pressed his thumb against the crime lord's head. He immediately turns and jumps off the ledge, landing in a crouch on the ground below, gun pointed outwards as soon as he lands.

JONAS

(laughing) Was that thumb touch supposed to hurt? I'll show you how to truly deal out pai...

Jonas is cut off when his head explodes in a gory display that splatters the area with blood, shards of bone, and brain matter all mixed together. Nightshade returns to his full height and points the machine gun at Todd. In the blink of an eye, Todd has moved his gun from pointing at Nightshade, to pointing at Ashleigh's head.

TODD

You didn't save the day this time, hero-brat.

Ashleigh squeezes her eyes shut, knowing that her end is near. Nightshade shoots his gun without looking through the scope, expecting to hit Todd, but misses by inches. Some of the shots hit off the electric fence, making sparks fly. Todd turns his gun again and fires at Nightshade, but Nightshade drops the machine gun and dodges to the side as he runs at Todd and does a jump side-kick, nailing Todd in the head and knocking him to the ground. Nightshade bends down and picks up Todd's hand gun, his anger flaring.

NIGHTSHADE

You've caused both me and this girl a lot of pain.

Todd raises one of his hands.

TODD

Please, don't shoot.

Nightshade ignores him and is about to shoot, but Todd swings his foot out at the last second and trips Nightshade. The shot goes wild, missing Todd by a mile. Once Nightshade lands on his back, Todd jumps on top of him and starts to choke him, making sure to knock the gun out of his hand first. Nightshade tries to struggle and gasp for breath, but is quickly losing consciousness and strength. His face starts turning blue, despite the dark shade of black already covering it.

With his last burst of strength, Nightshade slams the back of his foot down onto Todd's back, causing him to lose his balance and get knocked over onto his side. Gasping for air, Nightshade rolls over on top of Todd. He punches him in the face repeatedly until Todd pushes Nightshade off, sending him flying back and knocking several crates over.

TODD

I'll make you suffer before I kill you, boy!

Todd picks up the machine gun, aiming it at Ashleigh once more. Nightshade grabs and raises Todd's fallen gun and fires two consecutive shots, one knocking the machine gun off course just as Todd fires, causing the burst of shots to miss Ashleigh by a fraction of a hair, the second planting deep into Todd's neck.

Blood gushes out freely and Todd's breath slows as he tries to plug the hole with his hands. Within seconds however, he is dead.

Nightshade breathes heavy to catch his breath and lightly moans in pain as he slowly walks, or more like stumbles, towards Ashleigh. He bends down behind her and unties her hands. He helps her get the rest of the ropes untied. Once she is free, Ashleigh stands up and turns to face the vigilante.

ASHLEIGH

Who are you?

NIGHTSHADE.

Nightshade. Boy of the streets.

ASHLEIGH

But *who* are you?

Nightshade ignores her.

NIGHTSHADE

There are several cars parked out front. Their previous owners won't be needing them anymore. Take one and drive yourself home. Go *straight* home, ok?

ASHLEIGH

But...

But before she can finish, Nightshade turns and runs off. Ashleigh is left standing alone in the night, looking out after him.

EXT. ST. WAINLUK – EDGE OF TOWN – NIGHT – DAYS LATER

Mark is driving out of town, speeding down the highway. We can tell by the luggage in the car with him that he's not planning on ever returning. Suddenly one of his tires blow out, causing him to skid all over the road until he flies off the road and into a ditch, kicking up dirt and loose grass.

Mark's head hits off the steering wheel hard. He moans as he lifts his head up, a small bleeding cut visible.

MARK

(quietly) What happened?

He steps out of his car, his legs weak, and walks up to the road. There is a glistening spike strip going across one side of the street. He looks around frantically, eyes wide in fear. He hears a branch snap and whips around. Nightshade slowly walks out of the nearby forest. Mark starts backing up.

MARK

You... You're par... parents...

Mark almost trips over a rock, but catches himself.

MARK

They think... They think that you ran away. They blame themselves for being... too hard on you. They know you stole the bike from the dealership, but... but they think that you ran away on it. See, everything's covered!

Mark stops backing up as he bumps up into a tree. Nightshade continues to move in closer, filling the screen putting us into blackness. In the blackness, we hear Mark scream a high-pitched scream.

Still in the blackness, 'You Can Still Be Free' by Savage Garden plays and we hear Nightshade speak.

NIGHTSHADE

(V.O.)

Scott's parents moved away soon after. They blamed themselves for Scott's 'running away' and couldn't bare to live in St. Wainluk anymore. I wish I could tell them the truth, but it's better this way. Safer for them this

way. Ashleigh was extremely upset over Scott's running away as well. It's been months and she still isn't over it at all. However, the crime rate of the town has reduced greatly and I'm still around, watching over and protecting this town from those that want to do it harm...

The credits begin to roll as the song continues to play.

THE END

If you liked this script and would like to read more Nightshade, there is an online novelization, which also includes scenes cut from this script, and that can be found at www.geocities.com/desperado_newfie/NightshadeNovel.pdf

Nightshade Album:

1. I'm Not Driving Anymore – Rob Dougan
2. Truth – N.E.R.D.
3. I'm No Superman – The Violet Burning
4. Boulevard of Broken Dreams – Green Day
5. Butterfly – Crazy Town
6. Here We Go - Dirtbag
7. Pain – Jimmy Eat World
8. Click Click Boom - Saliva
9. Bodies – Drowning Pool
10. Hope – Twista feat. Faith Evans
11. Taking Over Me – Evanescence
12. Cells – The Servant
13. You Can Still Be Free – Savage Garden