

Murder by Neon

by

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FADE IN

THE PALE LIGHT BEFORE DAWN: A LONE SEAGULL stands motionless in the wet sand watching the ocean as the surf crashes in. REVEAL

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN FROM BEACH AT MARINA DEL REY

Dawn clips the white letters on the faraway hillside; a shy moon retreats from the rising sun; birds browse the wet sand.

A LONE RUNNER moves along the waterline in the pink half-light.

CAMERA PANS to the oceanfront homes.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOMES - DAWN

A PUNKED-OUT YOUTH wearing Stetson, long flapping duster and carrying a GUITAR CASE slouches up; he has a mop of thick spiky, BRIGHT YELLOW HAIR and sports wraparound sunglasses.

This is KID NEON - he enters a STAIRWELL, and climbs, EXITS.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The runner is approaching, coming on strong; mid 30's, a dedicated athlete; he moves at a punishing pace thoughtfully striding around the sandpipers, this is DR. MICHAEL DANE.

EXT. VENICE BEACH APARTMENT HOUSE ROOF - DAWN

Neon moves over to the parapet with an ocean view and opens the guitar case. It contains a HIGH-TECH MESS of wired-together CELL PHONES, BINOCULARS AND FOLDED ITEMS.

EXT. CELL PHONE

- pushed into sand with Dane APPROACHING along water's edge...

PANNING: MICHAEL DANE THROUGH BINOCULARS

- running at speed. The PHONE STARTS RINGING. Dane scoops it up without breaking stride, snatching it away from the incoming water - and flips it open:

NEON

Howya doin' this mornin' Doctor Michael
Dane, my names N,Neon-n-

(Dane looks around to locate caller.)

This 310 363 8685, Doctor Michael Dane?

DANE

(startled.)

That's my home phone, it isn't listed -

NEON ON PHONE

(Laughs)

If it ain't yo phone, it yo number! So how yo talking to me Doccie Danie baby?

DANE

Do I know you?

NEON ON PHONE

You 'bout to - seen you on TV man. I got yo number, I know who you is prob better than you.

DANE

Who are you, what do you want?

(Slows, eyes fix on the distance)

Is this some kind of practical joke?

NEON ON PHONE

Sure, it be a colossal joke. I be Kid Neon, Kid Neon be me. Neon is my name, our name, we are Neon.

ON SEAGULL - TIGHTER, it looks stange; stiff; Dane approaches.

INSERT KID NEON watching through binoculars: his fingers flutter with great dexterity over cells as he ENTERS NUMBERS...

ON SEAGULL - it RINGS a couple of times!

REVEAL Dane as he looks at it in amazement - it EXPLODES in a CLOUD OF BLOOD AND FEATHERS scattering the wading birds - Dane recoils, his face splattered with ENTRAILS!

NEON ON PHONE

That was my gull bomb - outragous huh? Dontcha think it was funny? All those feathers. Did I get your attention Doc?

SOUND FX:NEON'S FRIGHTENING LAUGHTER

DANE'S POV - distant SILHOUETTE of Neon on the roof WAVES HAT.

DANE: disconcerted, looks at Cellphone suspiciously - then suddenly HURLES IT INTO SURF - water cascades as it EXPLODES!

Dane, wiping the gull's blood from hus face, begins to walk towards Neon, albeit slowly - his own cell on his belt RINGS - startled, he hesitates then answers.

NEON ON PHONE

Hey, all these exploding phones I might kill you accidentally man. Safe thing you use your own, okay.

DANE

So, Neon, what's wrong with your voice?

NEON ON PHONE

It's artificial - cybernetic - like me.

DANE

Artificial, like fake, you're just another LA fake huh, don't know who you are, fake flake.

NEON ON PHONE

Don't be frightened, you be clever doc.

(Loses 'bro' accent):

'Just being metaphorical man. Maybe Kid Neon a metaphor, a metaphor of these strange digital times.

I'm a metaphor, y'like that?

DANE

Sure, really interesting. You're really interesting - for a wacko.

NEON NEON ON PHONE

Why, thank you Doctor Dane.

(Laughs heartily)

And I'm only in training. Preparing for my mission my man.

Yep, something'll make you put your little 'Teenage Cookie Killer' right on the back burner Doctor.

DANE

(Startled hearing that.)

You know more about me than I do about you. Who are you Mr. Neon?

DANE'S POV - distant SILHOUETTE on the roof is still, pensive.

Dane squints as the sun comes up, temporarily blinding him.

NEON ON PHONE

I'm a mystery you ain't heard much of, yet. But you will. Oh boy, you will.

DANE'S POV - roof empty, CAMERA PANS along tops of beachfront homes, the sea wall, past a brace of pelicans - nothing.

DANE

What do you want from me?

NEON ON PHONE

'Say hello, un-nerve you a little I guess. But whatever happens, I want you to believe just one thing.

DANE

You're not going to kill me?

REVERSE ANGLE: Dane jogs now, scans the distance as he runs.

NEON ON PHONE

(Laughs warmly.)

Right! You're good Doc, guess you'd have to be, being World King Shrink of TV Criminal Pathology an' all.

(Laughs maliciously.)

You freak fuck, I know what you be! I know what you is! I know where yo's at with that little fat girlie you got tied up in bed in juvie, man.

DANE

So this is a shakedown?

(Pauses, recovers, laughs confidently):

You think I don't get calls like this - from time to time.

Dane comes off the beach, moves between the homes.

NEON ON PHONE

I ain't gonna tell on your juvie scam man - and I ain't going to hurt you. I just wanted to meet you personally, an' tell you that - before I start. Like a lot a people are going to be made dead.

DANE

You're planning to kill someone?
'Care to share your plan?

NEON ON PHONE

When I start Neon, when I start me. I'm gonna have a great weekend Doctor, set the town on fire. Yep, gonna start me up, Neon, we worship violence, me and TV. Our culture worships violence, so I'm gonna make a major retribution contribution. We're gonna have us a whole bunch of fun, Doc, you and me.

And by the way, you do know which good buddy is fucking your wife, don'tcha?

Dane, glances up and down the street.

DANE

No, but you're going to tell me, right?

EXT. DARK SERVICE ALLEY - DAY

Kid Neon shuffles into the windowless alley, DODGES BEHIND DUMPSTER, opens his guitar case. The folded item is a LARGE NYLON SPORT TOTE. Obviously a well-practiced quick-change

artist, the rocker persona and guitar case disappear into the tote - a WELL-TO-DO JOCK strides out from other end..

EXT. MARINA DEL REY CUSTOM TOWNHOUSES - DAY

A STUTZ BEARCAT crouches at the kerb, at home on this street of expensive custom homes - Neon unhurriedly saunters towards it.

Neon DEACTIVATES THE BEARCAT'S ALARM, gets in, flips ignition, the motor bursts into life along with the radio: 'FRIDAY ON MY MIND' blasts out, starting 'CAM CAMBY'S BREAKFAST ROCK'.

BACK WITH DANE:

he walks into the bottom of the alley and

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

RADIO SHOW IN BG

The Stutz skims along, leaving the ocean.

INT. DANE CONDO - MORNING

The ocean cuts across the horizon in the windows; Dane enters pulling off sweats, starts coffee - a SLEEPY WOMAN passes en route to bathroom, the silence between them PALPABLY UGLY.

EXT. SANTA MONICA FREEWAY - DAY

The Bearcat moves through the early rush-hour traffic.

INT. BEARCAT - DAY

FOCUS blurs Kid Neon's face; detail hints of personality are long curly blonde hair, gold jewellery, manicured hands, designer tennis clothes; he leans forward, reacts to exterior:

HIS POV: GIANT 'SMILE-RITE' BILLBOARD ALONGSIDE FREEWAY

A GIRL'S EYES peer out over the cars on the ten lane highway from an expanse of TWINKLING STARRY NIGHT SKY - a slogan screams 'Your Eyes Are Where It All Starts' - beneath is a photo of a LAUGHING GIRL escaping the outstretched arms of a clutch of admiring YOUNG MEN - - The girl is KAT MILLER.

EXT. 2ND BILLBOARD IN HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Kat's beautiful eyes looming over Sunset Boulevard from the ENTIRE SIDE OF A BUILDING as she dances into the LA morning, her trim ankles dipping into the tall palm trees as if they were daisies... Neon's sleek Bearcat passes.

EXT. CHIC HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

The Stutz appears from below in the LA haze, PULLS INTO DRIVE.

INT. KID NEON'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A dark room illuminated by VDU's - NEON'S MECHANICAL VOICE LOOPS INCESSANTLY in disconcerting rhythm:

NEON CARTOON

Noisivelett! Noisivelett! Noisivelett!

ON TV: KID NEON twitches with menace; there is a bleak element in the art; the rudely drawn animation is threatening, foreshadowing extreme malice:

NEON CARTOON

Noisivelett! Noisivelett! Noisivelett!

A SHAFT OF DAYLIGHT: the garage door lifts, the Stutz rolls in.

Neon gets out, weaves through the maze of digital hardware, sits, gently CARESSES BLONDE DOLL MASCOT sitting adorning his VDU as he works the computer:

NEON CARTOON

Ecneloiv! Spihsrow! Noisivelett!
Noisivelett! Noisivelett!

(CARTOON REVERSES picture moves forward.)
T-television, t-television, t-
television worships violence-

(The CARTOON VOICE STUTTERS, giving it a
strangely human, quality.)
I t-the ultimate child of television.
Spiritual, special effex warrior child
- special effects are so good nowadays
who cares if I real. It's only TV -
it's only me - Kid Neon child of TV!

Superimpose:

'Murder by Neon'

ON TV - NEON'S ROCK VIDEO: ANIMATION on LIVE-ACTION, music jarring, disturbing, driving, tuneless.

Kid Neon CUTS INTO THE LA SKYLINE with A BIG KNIFE, reaches in, pulls out BLEEDING HEART, tosses it away nonchalantly, leaps into next scene:

A BEDROOM from above: a FABULOUS BLONDE (Nancy) slips out of expensive lingerie; the cartoon cavorts AROUND SLASHING AND DEFORMING HER - cuts into her bosom pulls out A SLIMY RODENT! Laughs, plunges into abdomen pulls out INTESTINES throws them at CAMERA.

Images splash across VDU's in quick succession:

Documentary combat footage of MAIMED, WOUNDED SOLDIERS interwoven with glamorous TV-SHOW FEMALE DETECTIVES blowing away stereotypical bad guys.

A cynical mish-mash with subliminal flashes of bloody WAR CARNAGE INTERCUT WITH VIOLENT CLIPS FROM KID'S CARTOONS. And always Neon in foreground, fin crooning harmonic discord:

NEON CARTOON sings on TV
 Death means nothing on TV.
 It's commonplace, like love in pop songs.
 Death means nothing on TV.
 Hundreds die daily in the name
 of ratings and entertainment.
 Mainly actors with Technicolor blood.
 But sometimes poor soldiers like
 in the news from Iraq.
 Occasionally real cops gun down criminals
 or terrorists blow up folk before our eyes.

Blank screen with title:

INSERT WHORE KILL SCENE HERE!
 Watch the lady die screaming
 in ten million homes.
 Death means nothing on TV.
 Killing means nothing on TV.
 Murder means nothing on TV.
 Special effects are so good nowadays
 who cares if it's real - it's only me,
 your child of tv - Kiddie Kid Neon.

ON TV - A CRESCENDO OF GRAPHICS the Kid cuts another deep knife wound into the pretty shot of LA.

BLOOD DRIBBLES FROM THE CLOUDS across a yellow sky into the luxuriant palms of the BEVERLY LIDO HOTEL.

CANDID CAMERA picks up on Nancy introducing herself to an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN IN THE HOTEL BAR:

NANCY

Hi, I'm Nancy.

Her warm smile freezes motionless, title reads:

INSERT 2ND NANCY WHORE KILL SCENE HERE!

Agitated, the anonymous figure of the killer stops work:

NEON

I Can't, I can't kill Nancy. Somewhere along the line Nancy loves me. I just know she does, I'm an artist, this violence is filth, pornography.

(Voice changes to SECOND PERSONALITY.)
 IT IS ART. WATCH. START FROM THE FRONT.
 No, it's pornographic filth. YOU WILL DO IT. OTHERWISE - no please -

Neon CHUGALUGS VODKA tip-tapping commands into the computer.

ON TV: Kid Neon's face radiates from the VDU's.

NEON CARTOON

Witness the climax of three years
intense preparation as I activate
state-of-the-art booby traps set across
the city to inflict suffering -

TITLE appears in sync with his voice:

- Live from Los Angeles -
This is murder by television
Murder by Neon

ON TV: STREET PEOPLE via candid camera - the cartoon
leaps amongst them, singing:

NEON CARTOON

Clean up, clean up the streets,
all this scum is living dead meat,
burn 'em in the fire, take a ringside
seat, watch 'em die, isn't it neat.

ON TV - the sequence finishes: KILL SCENES MISSING!

Next up, A PRETTY BLONDE (Carla) radiates a friendly
smile; very young, barely into her teens (she is 14)
is INTERCUT with images of the killer's blonde doll.

The video is a work in progress, SYMBOLICALLY PORNO-
GRAPHIC. On her back, the doll's spread legs
indicate action in flashes of BLANK SCREEN between
suggestive CU'S of the 14 year-old blonde girl.

Finally, THE BLONDE FROM THE BILLBOARDS, the star of
the TV show 'Dance Family Jones - with Kat Miller'.
A dance number runs for a few seconds before KILL
SCENE MISSING comes up after Kat's smiling CU.

Neon stops work, staggers off with his bottle. The cartoon
REVERTS TO SCREEN-SAVER MODE:

NEON CARTOON

Ecneloiv! Spihsrow! Noisivelett!
Noisivelett! Noisivelett!

FADE OUT

INT. HOME GYMNASIUM - DAY

KAT gracefully works the PARALLEL BARS. Her routine is
synchronised to CLASSICAL MUSIC. Her COACH watches her.

The music changes to POP. Kat's moves take on a comedic flavor
of affected gawky slapstick - she spins through the air like a
DEMENTED CLOWN, limbs flailing, arms thrashing.

NEW ANGLE: Unobtrusively, AN ELEGANT MAN in dark business suit enters clutching large brown envelope to his chest, stands watching Kat's performance, entranced - THE MUSIC GAINS TEMPO: Interpreting with wacky dance steps mid-air, Kat sails through a DOUBLE BACK-SOMERSAULT, bounces in-and-out of the SPLITS landing - and with a FAKE TRIP, falls into her coach's arms:

COACH

You've got it down fault free.

(Her stern look questions him.)

Well, practically.

(Tosses her backwards in a jive step)

The man with envelope respectfully approaches:

MILLER

You're doing fine work Charlie.

COACH

Easie-peasie with this one Mr Miller.

The men subtly check each other out as the coach EXITS.

MILLER

'Later Charlie.

KAT

Don't I get any compliments?

MILLER

You're home free Katherine. I've taken care of all the small print.

KAT

(Turns her back on him gets into her robe.)

I can safely sign on the dotted line?

MILLER

Yes, so maybe now you can find time to start doing some of the other things you dreamed of when you were a kid.

KAT

(Yawns sarcastically.)

A white picket husband an' all. Can't wait to be a grandmother, huh Daddy?

She hugs him with great affection.

INT. DANE CONDO - DAY

SARTORIALY DEFINED IN TWEEDY-ACADEMIA GARB, Dane, freshly showered and buttoned down and medium-starched in club necktie; sips coffee, absently watching the news.

ON TV: A MATURE, ATTRACTIVE BLONDE WOMAN REPORTER
talks inaudibly to camera standing outside the
county courthouse - TITLE: DR. LEILA GORDINO

SUSAN DANE passes, dressed for her day in a severely elegant
dark suit. She is frosty, detached - yet her natural warmth
tells us this frigidity is reversed purely for her husband:

DANE

- Time for a cup of coffee, Susan?

Swayed by the timbre of his voice, she pours a half-cup.

SUSAN

You actually have time - to have coffee
- with me - I'm honoured, Michael.

DANE

Maybe I'm attracting a lighter caseload
because the Universe is sending it to
more deserving candidates.

SUSAN

Yes, preparing you for more worthy
tasks to be of service to your fellows.

(Sips coffee)

Don't worry about your caseload honey,
it's springtime, the grass is still
green. By summer the heat will bring
out some fresh crazies for you. When
the hills are frazzled brown your
universe will provide a new psycho for
you to fall in love with, and you'll
have the TV limelight again.

DANE

It's low opinion time of Mike I guess...

SUSAN

Tell me you don't like seeing yourself
on television Michael.

(ON TV - Dane appears with Gordino):

Ooooie ooie-yoo! Look Mikie. Synchronicity!
Just checking to see you hadn't
vanished? Your Universe does provide,
why there you are now! That's what you
were waiting for isn't it, but it's old
material though Michael - months old.

DANE

(A deep breath of self-control)
Finally we talk Susan.

SUSAN

You'll soon have a nice new pathologic-
al mind to crawl inside of - like your
cute little Teenage Cookie Killer.
You'll soon be a dashing cute media
darling once again. Yesh you will baby.

DANE

When your career was on the up and you
were getting good press I used to feel
occasional twinges of envy myself.

(Fuck you! Her glance says it all.)

I can admit that now - but that's a
digression - isn't it Susan.

SUSAN

In front of a camera you light up.
You've become addicted to the rush.

DANE

It's my job.

He watches himself on TV being interviewed by Gordino.

SUSAN

Since when have you worked in tele-
vision, you work for the County, you've
conveniently forgotten that. You've
become one of the mediaglitz assholes
you loved to despise, once-upon-a-time.

(Laughs bitterly.)

Yep, now you're one of 'em, 'Doctor'.

Her tone demolishes him; her impulse is to continue, but looks
at her watch: like it's too late, for everything. Nonchalantly
she drops her fine china coffee cup on the floor - IT SHATTERS.

DANE

Susan, we have to talk. You have
something to tell me. You know it!

And it's killing you...

She coolly picks up her brief case, EXITS whistling cheerfully.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

RADIO SHOW IN BG:

The SMILE-RITE GIRL steps out of a parade of billboards lining
the off-ramp Dane's car passes COMING OFF FREEWAY:

CAMBY DJ VO

This is Cam Camby on the Road again,
been fighting traffic all week - Friday
on my Mind - it's here, Friday - the
start of a hot, hot weekend.

EXT. SYLMAR JUVENILE FACILITY GATES - DAY

KIDS EXERCISE behind the high wire fence. Dane slows shows ID. TWO MALE DETECTIVES and a uniformed FEMALE OFFICER wait, hardly bothering to conceal irritation with Dane's tardiness.

DANE

Sorry for the delay - this is the correct document I require to talk to-

SHOPE

Save the formalities Dr. Dane. You have little to go on here, yet you're confident that this child killed-

DANE

Psychological indicators intrinsic to -

SHOPE

Psycho-what, psychofucking jargon.

(Hard stare)

- Another word for bullshit, my friend.

Shope is older, tough, he TURNS AND ENTERS THE FACILITY.

Dane and REID follow with a passive subservience:

DANE

A little over-protective of his territory - what's with the Lieutenant?

REID

You should've talked to him first Mike.

DANE

Guess he thinks I went above his head - guess I was out of line somewhat.

REID

Lieutenant Shope is truly pissed Mike - what's with you this morning?

DANE

Scott, don't ask. You wouldn't believe.

INT. JUVENILE FACILITY - DAY

A white-coated nurse practitioner leads the cops past various groups of INCARCERATED TEENS:

INT. LOCKED WARD - DAY

JOANNE, a homely kid, sits up in bed reading a comic book.

DANE

Hi Joanne, remember me.

ANGLE from nurse station as Dane and the child begin to talk -
 FOREGROUND FOCUS on detectives:

SHOPE

I got kids myself. I wouldn't like to
 take something infectious home.

NURSE

- 'Nothing physically wrong with her.

SHOPE

(Genuine distress)

So why the harness to keep her in bed?

NURSE

Dr. Dane instructed enforced bed rest
 until his talk this morning.

(A disgusted glance at Dane.)

You weren't aware of this Officer.

REID

Fucking doctors and lawyers. How long
 this kid been tied up?

The Medic smiles sympathetically, EXITS - RACK FOCUS

Dane unties the restraints. Joanne, free, bounces, loosens up:

SHOPE

Dane's a good friend of yours Scott..

REID

Worked three or four cases, he does
 good work.

SHOPE

Sure, 'seen him on TV - man has rare
 insight. You know him socially?

REID

'Few beers with him from time to time -
 'been up against his wife in court.

(Shope smiles, coldly.)

He's very ambitious - but bottom line,
 he's good people.

SHOPE

Tell him he's civilian help, he reports
 to me and there won't be a next time if
 he goes to Stanton again.

REID

(With mock subservience):

Got it. Sir.

SHOPE

(Chuckles)

Fuck you Scott, you insubordinate prick
- good to be working with you again!

The child falls into Dane's arms, chattering tearfully an unbroken stream of words - DANE GESTURES TO SHOPE AND REID SILENTLY OVER HER SHOULDER - they enter:

DANE

Joanne, would you like to tell my
friends what you have just told me.

A flash of betrayal from Joanne; she looks hard at the two policemen, decides she likes Shope - MIX THROUGH

INT. CHIC MELROSE EATERY - DAY

Amongst PERFECTLY GROOMED PEOPLE dining on perfectly groomed food, CAMERA finds Dane and Gordino:

GORDINO

Holding back on the story Doctor Dane.

You haven't been concerned of legal
problems in the past...

(Erotically guides fork to her mouth.)
We could talk privately...

EXT. REAR OF RESTERAUNT PARKING LOT - DAY

Apparently Dane is talking to himself, then, ANGLE REVEALS a BLONDE BOBBING HEAD IN HIS LAP - he stops talking, Gordino comes up for air, delicateky dabbing her lips:

GORDINO

Mm, could be worth getting a camera up
to the juvenile facility at Sylmar -

ON TV: Gordino in TV21 news studio sharing SLIT
SCREEN IMAGE of Sylmar juvenile facility

GORDINO

A shocking new development in the Valley family homicides that local residents are starting to call 'The Teenage Cookie Killer Case' - a Channel-21 Newsprobe source revealed the juvenile confessed to undisclosed murders of family members and - hearing her name the child became visibly agitated - we put together this special

ON TV: fuzzy telephoto blur; a long slow SCREAM -
 Joanne runs towards the windows - JUMPS - enhanced
 image of CHILD FALLING TO HER DEATH:

Neon laughs REVEAL KILLER'S WORKSHOP as he flicks a switch: all
 the VDU's TITLE: KILL SCENES MISSING

NEON

THAT'S NOTHING! - NOTHING TO WHAT YOU
 ARE GOING TO SEE TONIGHT GORDINO BABY.

No, I won't go through with this.

TRY TO STOP! I can't. YOU WEAK
 DIPSHIT. Please, no. COME ON, YOU'RE
 AN ARTIST AND I'M A GENIUS AND THE
 WORLD IS ABOUT TO TASTE OUR DISEASE!
 WE ARE DEMENTIA PRAECOX, INCURABLE,
 HILARIOUS, LETHAL, FUN! WE ARE ABOUT
 TO STEP FORWARD AND ACCEPT OUR DESTINY
 - AND SHOOT THOSE MISSING SCENES, YES.

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT.

He exits singing 'Tonight's the night' SOUND MIX to original
 playing on Cam Camby rock'n roll show:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS & CITY LIGHTS - NIGHT RADIO SHOW IN BG

A car's lights wind across the canyon, the Stutz passes CAMERA:

DJ on CAR RADIO

It's eleven o'clock on KNTZ-LA - the
 planets classical rock station playing
 non-stop rock classics non-stop since
 the sixties with Cam Camby

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT RADIO SHOW IN BG

A garish jungle of neon light: despite the SLEAZE the sidewalk
 appears strangely spotless and clean in the iridescence.

All human life seems behind glass, auto glass; SMILING FACES
 fill car windows, cruising the strip. The Bearcat fits right
 into this GLAMOUR AUTOMOBILE PARADE under the palms.

And Neon, a mask, cool, unsmiling behind shades and tinted
 windows, seemingly, strangely, uncannily real.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT RADIO SHOW IN BG

It's sleazier here, and fewer cars; a DUTY-WORN BLACK-AND-WHITE
 with TIRED COPS scoping out the variety of NIGHT CHARACTERS
 outside garishly lit stores - the Stutz is a few cars ahead:

INT. STUTZ - NIGHT ...RADIO SHOW PLAYS IN BG

Neon aims a small camcorder at the sidewalk as he drives:

NEON

Lowlife, open sores on the sidewalk;
oozing, lounging, watching, smoking,
hustling; eating fast-buck fast food,
hoping one day to escape.

I am Kid Neon, God King of Television
Death - I will give them escape...

BLUE FLASHING LIGHT, a hiccup of SIREN! Neon pulls over, the
black-and-white steams past. Relieved, he hangs a right into
the darkness and safety of a cross street.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT RADIO SHOW IN BG

BOY HUSTLERS wait on street corners. The Bearcat passes,
slowing with lingering curiosity for a TRANSVESTITE:

INT. STUTZ RADIO SHOW IN BG

NEON

Who are you, faggot - a trashy lingerie
gender bender that snapped?

He wrenches the steering wheel, CORNERS WITH SCREECHING TIRES:

EXT. STUTZ ERRATICALLY TURNING INTO SIDE STREET

Leaving the Transvestite calling witticisms to the MUSCLE STUD
on the opposite corner

INSERT INT. RADIO SHOW IN BG

Neon screaming with rage, floors it, AIMING CAMCORDER AND CAR:

MONTAGE:

Oncoming Stutz at speed, JUMPS SIDEWALK:

Transvestite TURNING, SCREAMING UNHOLY TERROR!

Neon, chortling satanic glee Wielding Camcorder!

IMPACT! Transvestite smeared along wall...

Neon's TERRIFYING LAUGHTER ECHOING as he tapes it.

CORNERING, into side street, TURNING INTO ALLEY.

The Stutz stops, Kid Neon gets out, still taping, happily WIPES
BLOOD FROM FENDER as he dances to music from radio.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - BEVERLY LIDO HOTEL - NIGHT

The sumptuous old building discreetly behind a froth of
tropical greenery; a TAXICAB SLOWS pulls into the drive,
presenting the EXQUISITE PROFILE OF THE BLONDE...

INT. BEVERLY LIDO FOYER - NIGHT

Nancy gets out of the cab, ENTERS and causes a mild sensation with the rare understatement of her walk.

Tastefully dressed in quiet business clothes, she could be a successful out-of-town business executive, yet there is something about her that INSPIRES AND OPENLY INVITES LUST.

On her way through to the bar she ignores a WEALTHY TOURIST; she situates herself with elegance and decorum, and reciprocates subtle interest from an ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD HIGH-RENT APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Chic, ornamental lights in lush exotically clipped shrubs - a TAXICAB slows: Nancy arrives with her new elderly gentleman friend and takes him inside her fuck pad.

INT. AIR-CONDITIONING UTILITY SPACE - NIGHT

Darkness, silence, a VDU comes on ILLUMINATING Neon's gadgetry: TWO HEAVY-DUTY POWER CABLES lead into newly drilled holes.

ON VDU TV: The hidden CEILING CAMERA sees all. Nancy in playful mood, \$100 bills from new client induces her to PEEL HER JACKET, BLOUSE, SLIP, BRA.

Her MAGNIFICENT BREASTS establish a friendly rapport with the elderly gent; he TALKS TO THEM, eagerly.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Stutz hums along nonchalantly, turns left into a dark side street of LOW INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURES, hangs right into ALLEY.

INT. 2-CAR GARAGE - NIGHT

RADIO SHOW IN BG

Neon CHANGES CARS, leaving in a 'BAY SIGN & NEON' PANEL TRUCK

EXT. NANCY'S WEST HOLLYWOOD FUCK PAD - NIGHT

Her elderly client leaves and sprightly sets off towards the bright lights of Santa Monica Boulevard.

A SECOND CAB DROPS OFF A SWAYING, STUMBLING DRUNK who makes it to her door, fumbles with entry phone:

NANCY VO

(Over his drunken sing-song plea
for her company.)

Herman, you've been drinking again.

Please be quiet as you come up.

- from palm fronds to MOTIONLESS SILHOUETTE IN SHADOWS: NEON.

INT. AIR-CONDITIONING UTILITY SPACE - NIGHT

Neon crawls in, adjusts VDU and voice synthesiser at throat.

ON VDU: inebriated Herman; naked except for socks,

NANCY

Mmm, cashmere socks, very nice, but
Herman, your drinking - you know how
that effects our 'amore-hey.'

NEON

Note how she pronounces it, just like
the fun thing she sells.

(Adjusts voice synthesiser at his throat.)

Sex. Fun-sex. Isn't she just a
fabulous great gal?

HERMAN

Y'lookin' for a few extra bucks Nancy?
I know it's extra work for you when
I've had a few sherbets - hey, I'm glad
you like me new socks...

The long-legged blonde in garter-belt straddles him:

NANCY

Now lookit Herman, lets have some fun.
I can't be doing with it when you get
all sour and pouting like this...

INSERTS - Neon's PUPILS DILATE as he WATCHES NANCY SERVICE
CLIENT - and ACTIVATES DEVICE hooked into the TELEPHONE LINE.

INT. DANE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan, alone in bed, watching TV21 COMEDY RE-RUNS:

ON TV: Neon cartoon POPS ON over the regular show:

-Live-

From Los Angles

This is Murder by Neon

ON TV: the cartoon bounces over A MONOCHROME IMAGE
OF NANCY'S BEDROOM: She grinds down on Herman - in a
burst of energy he pulls her down, MOUNTS HER.

NEON CARTOON croons

Lil'blonde Nancy
was a whore from San Diego
with burning ambition
to leave the Navy behind
lil'blonde Nancy was a virgin
2000 times over
sold herself to sailors
and was never unkind

ON TV: as if on cue NANCY THRASHES HER LIMBS in mock pleasure and pain:

NANCY

Oh no, please don't Herman, it's too much, I can't take it!

Her FAKE ORGASM is so obvious as to be funny. Even for Herman who chortles as he comes.

Susan is bewildered, but she can't help herself chuckling at the scene on TV -

INT. CRAWLSPACE - Neon sniggers at Nancy's performance:

NEON

I'm gonna thrill you for real Nancy, with electrons. I've waited so long for tonight, because I'm gonna give you some electrons where you need 'em most.

ON VDU/TV: Nancy leaves her client spent.

NANCY

Now you take a rest Herman, but only a short rest mind.

ON VDU/TV: CAMERA IN BATHROOM CEILING. Nancy enters, closes door behind her.

Neon is kneeling as if in prayer over his VDUs:

ON VDU/TV: Nancy reaches for the tube attached to the faucet; runs water, DAINTELY BEGINS TO DOUCHE:

His latex mask fills with ecstasy as HE CRANKS A CONTACT; the heavy-duty POWER CABLES JOLT -

DANE BEDROOM - Susan, aghast, bed sheets pulled to throat in blind terror, watches:

ON TV: NANCY DOUCHES AS THE POWER CONNECTS! She yelps! Arches spine, and unable to tear out tube, break connection SCREAMS!

Agony distorts her beauty; wrenches eyes and mouth! Her muffled scream chokes as her JAW BEGINS TO SNAP!

Herman appears in doorway as burst of frenetic thrashing limbs she BITES OFF HER TONGUE and a LONG WHIPLASH OF BLOOD SPLATTERS HERMAN'S WHITE SHIRT.

From Susan, terrorised - CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY OUT BACK OF NANCY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT
The Bay Sign & Neon Co truck pulls out, job done, and -

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

The truck heading Downtown:

EXT. NEON TRUCK IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

- on the deserted clean wide streets of the FINANCIAL DISTRICT.

Entering the littered DARK STREETS OF SKID ROW a few blocks away - passing HOMELESS PEOPLE by their campfires - pulls into alley as a BLACK-AND-WHITE slowly cruises the indigent settlement encamped in CARDBOARD BOXES ON THE SIDEWALKS...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Bay Neon truck PARKED IN THE SHADOWS:

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Neon weeps as he straps on a backpack trailing an umbilical line to a FLAME THROWER mounted beneath the LENS OF CAMERA:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Street people huddle foreground - PULL FOCUS - Neon silhouetted at top of alley.

- the camcorder VIEWFINDER GIVES NEON HIS TARGET:

TV VIEWFINDER: a WINO staggers into the alley, passing homeless people in the shadows.

Neon IGNITES THE FLAME-THROWER; it ROARS as he walks purposely towards settlement of boxes:

CUT TO

INT. JOE PUBLIC'S HOME SOMEWHERE IN SUBURBIA - NIGHT

ON TV - a hiss as the regular show fizzles: Neon's face radiates out beside the TV21 logo:

- Live -
from Los Angeles
this is Murder by Neon

NEON CARTOON

Live from Los Angeles this is Murder by Neon. Witness the climax of three years intense preparation as I activate high-tech booby traps set across LA - because special effects are so good nowadays who cares if its real - it's only TV, it's only me, a kid of TV - Neon by name and this is my game - this is Murder by Neon.

ON TV - the cartoon cavorts as HOMELESS PEOPLE LEAP FROM THEIR FIERY NESTS, trying to beat off flames.

NEON CARTOON CONT'D SINGS

I do hope you enjoy my mass-murder
 inferno. Clean up, clean up the streets
 all this scum is living dead meat -

INSERT - a RED GLOW ERUPTS from the alley, the black-and-white
 SWINGS A U-TURN:

ON TV: The indigent flee into the darkness as the
 THE FLAME-THROWER REACHES OUT AND BURNS THEM DOWN -
 the police car screeches in - the cops draw their
 guns to confront Neon, dive for safety as he torches
 their cruiser.

As the POLICECAR GOES UP IN A FIREBALL -

REVEAL KILLER'S WORKSHOP

Neon enters, obeys message on VDU, BACKS UP DATA, TEARS OFF
 WIG, TOSSES IT ASIDE: it falls beside blonde doll and the Kat
 Miller poster

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The SOUND OF THE SURF through the spare bedroom window - Dane
 sleeping; awakens, reaches out to caress - the bare wall:

ON TV IN KITCHEN: - a trail of body-shaped outlines
 chalked onto the street lead to Gordino as they load
 BODY BAGS into a CORONERS TRUCK.

GORDINO

From 5th Street, Downtown Los Angeles
 Skid Row this is Dr. Leila Gordino -

JUMPCUT - from TV screen to Susan in tennis clothes: she turns
 off the sound, poses with mock sensuality:

DANE

(At bedroom door)

Hey! - I was watching that.

SUSAN

Spectacular crime Sean, it'll keep.
 Why aren't you downtown trying to get a
 slice of the action? Guess you need
 your coffee first, huh?

DANE

Jut put the sound back on - okay.

SUSAN

I'm not sure I should tell you this
 right now, Sean - I couldn't last
 night, but I signed a lease on an
 apartment yesterday - a nice place - my
 own place, finally.

DANE

So you're leaving me - pity, we were just beginning to talk - guess you're finding it difficult but you still have something to tell me.

(Takes her shoulders.)

We could start again, Susan - with the truth - we have to do something - - -

SUSAN

What did you have in mind - Make love for the last time again? It's getting old Michael - another goodbye fuck.

(He backs off, defeated. Disappointed at her easy victory she picks up her racquets: then, towards TV with vicious gaiety.)

And the psychos couldn't wait 'til summer this year - you got lucky dear.

She tosses him the remote, EXITS. The sound returns:

ANCHORMAN

This is Jim Trimble for TV21 Newbreakin', latest on the Murder by Neon television phenomenon, Dr Leila Gordino now back in the studio!

GORDINO

High-tech media piracy shocked the nation last night when a killer calling himself Neon hacked into this station's primetime shows.

ON TV: Neon's CRIMES AND GRAPHICS appear behind her:

GORDINO CONT'D

His first program interruption, thought to be a hoax, claimed he had booby-trapped the city and he would show the results on this station.

Second 'show' the electrocution of a woman and could be a fake. Two later broadcasts tie in directly to fires that happened citywide last night claiming lives.

Eight downtown idigent street-people dead, incinerated by flame-thrower, also torched a police car that arrived on the scene. The officers escaped.

Six deaths in a second blaze at a beach retirement home. Senior Citizens trapped by incendiary devices - -

ON TV: - blurred, BADLY RESOLVED PICTURES heighten the terror of SENIORS WHO RUN SCREAMING, clothes on fire - AN OLD MAN claws at a barred window - OTHERS CHOKE as smoke engulfs with licking flames.

The phone rings, Dane answers:

DANE

On my way Scott, fifteen minutes.

ON TV: - a church Sunday School sun-dappled yard; SMALL CHILDREN PLAY under the trees; their shouts and laughter eerily distant:

REVEAL INTSIDE NEON'S TRUCK - SCHOOL YARD on a high-res VDU mounted beside camera sighting heavy machine gun. Neon lines up electronic CROSS HAIRS ON THE KIDS:

INT. SAME IMAGE PLAYING ON TV IN HOMICIDE DETAIL - DAY

The men stand watching in shocked disbelief:

ON TV: - KIDS CHASE AROUND. The peaceful morning is shattered with A CLATTER OF GUNFIRE - a trail of BULLETS TEAR UP the sidewalk towards the kids as a homey old YELLOW SCHOOLBUS enters - to be torn, ruptured, and SHREDDED BY EXPLOSIVE SHELLS!

Dane stands in the doorway of the Chief's office - STANTON is a suave 50, lithe, tanned: 90% politico, 10% cop.

REID

Saved by the school bus, can you believe that?

SHOPE

This shit for real or what?
Whadda fucks going on here?

DANE

They should've yanked that off-air the second Neon hacked in, that is mockery of morality, ethics, and the law.

(Cold stares warn him he has intruded on their turf)

So, okay. What is the law here?

Stanton watches his men coolly, waiting - his silence hinting at a CUNNING DEVIIOUSNESS:

INT. CEO'S SUITE, TV21, HOLLYWOOD - DAY

MOSSY GREENE is a tough, sprightly old geeze slumped behind his desk, watching Neon with A SMALL GROUP OF TV21 STAFF - he is, obviously, very unhappy, and stricken with grave doubt.

ON TV - WHIZZBANG PUNK GRAPHICS and frenetic activity from the Neon cartoon:

NEON CARTOON

Hello Mr. Greene, my name is Kid Neon. I am offering you an exclusive on my show, this is the p-p-pilot, en-enjoy.

GREENE

Hold it right there.

(With a growl.)

Mr. Legal Affairs Maxwell, why aren't my fucking lawyers here?

EXECUTIVE

Saturday morning I guess Mossy, they're on their way.

GREENE

Sure Maxwell. Don't start without 'em. How'd this fucking drek arrive?

ENGINEER

Old electronic route the wire services used for emergency transmissions. This Neon is some techie genius Mr. Greene.

GREENE

Yeah. Brilliant. A genius fucking psycho murderer already. Triffic.

Greene looks around the expectant, excited faces as the Neon cartoon SLASHES INTO THE LOS ANGELES SKYLINE: BLOOD ERUPTS FROM GASHES IN THE CLOUDS TO WASH OVER BUILDINGS:

GREENE CONT'D

He's killer mebbe you forgetting now, now get fucking outta here and set up for the lawyers.

Neon comically dances across Nancy protecting her with umbrella as blood rains down...

EXT. STANTON'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is jammed solid; a meeting is in progress; VOICES DRONE; Dane stares out at the city.

STANTON

Options?

SHOPE

Terrorism tactical; don't need 'em.

STANTON

What do we need?

(Non-commitment from blank faces.)

Doctor Dane, do you have profile input?

DANE

I don't see the killings as politically subversive, connected or motivated or organised crime slayings. I see Neon as a state-of-the-art technie loner.

SHOPE

A regular old psycho who so happens to be a computer whiz you're saying?

DANE

A technopath-psychopath to coin a phrase.

STANTON

Cute, technopath-psychopath, I like it.

DANE

That's my theory, implausible as it might sound considering the scale of Neon's operation - all indicators tell me this is the work of one individual.

SHOPE

A hell of a lot of effort for one killer Doctor - like apart from havin' to be a fucking technical genius with all this digital shit, and an explosive expert with knowledge of ordnance -

(Phone rings, Reid picks up)

REID

Yes. Location fixed for covert video. West Hollywood. We've found 'Lil' blonde Nancy.'

STANTON

Hold it one minute y'all - please.

(Prompts Shope with a glance.)

This thing is very sensitive and, we've got a leak. The Cookie Killer media exploitation couldn't have happened without inside information.

(Wide-eyed innocence from men.)

TV21 knew of the child's confession. A camera outside juvenile hall to catch her jumping to her death. I'm advising extreme caution here. Dismissed.

INT. NANCY'S BATHROOM CRIME SCENE - DAY

A FORENSIC TEAM works the scene: A modesty sheet covers Nancy up to her NOSE, EYES AND TANGLED BLONDE HAIR.

REID

Mike.

(Holds up transparent EVIDENCE BAGGIE.)
Ever see a dead human tongue?

DANE

I interned emergency room Scott

(Un-fazed by POINTY-PINK PIECE OF FLESH.)
A single vic breaks the pattern,
Shope'll have to buy that.

REID

I buy it. Neon could have taken out a whole bunch of street hookers en masse, which would have been a lot easier for him - so - assumption?

DANE

Supposition - he knew Nancy personally.

REID

Statistically probable.

SHOPE

Really Scottie?

(Entering.)

Sounds like fun playing motives, eh.

REID

Fun? Sure! What's the fucking world come to?

(Laughs bitterly.)

Now some fame-hungry psycho is immortalising his infamous deeds with snuff movies on National TV.

SHOPE

The power of fame, eh Dr. Dane?

Strikes me as strange how that young Joanne kid got to die on TV too.

You had her all safely tied up in bed too - I wonder what made her escape and jump - your Teenage Cookie Killer news coverage perhaps?

SHOPE Cont'd
(With ill-concealed disgust)

Seems like she got to watch TV the night she died. In fact, she saw the evening news before she jumped - care to share a little Doctor?

Shope stares at Dane with blatant scorn. A TECHNICIAN diverts him PROFFERING NEON'S TV GADGET from roof:

TECH

Lieutenant Shope, your question about 'too much work for one guy. Now we know it isn't. Neon made his equipment with components you can virtually buy over the counter at Radio Shack.

SHOPE

Is that right?

(Answers cell - then to Reid)
We've found Nancy's last trick, or, he found us. Just walked right in - he's Downtown waiting to talk.

INT. TV21 CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ON TV MONITOR - a frame of Nancy & Neon cartoon:

GREENE

So where do we stand on this? Legally, ethically, morally, technically. I want it from each and every one of you.

Greene stares at Nancy, surrounded by A CLUTTER OF FAWNING EXECUTIVES AND LAWYERS, their voices fade in-and-out:

VOICE MONTAGE

I take it we all have no doubts about the value of this material ratings-wise but certain legal obligations...

FCC and co-operation with the police are sensitive issues...

strictly we are required by Federal law to surrender all...

-or deliver a copy of the original as it was received here today..

Legally it is only a copy, Neon has the original...

open to interpretation and controversy...I

our moral and ethical obligations will almost certainly arise

Public outcry will be about the criminal, not the fact that his crimes have been transmitted, broadcast

NEON

D-d-did you enjoy my show Mr G-Greene. Yes you d-did, I know you did. You can't deny it. C-compulsive v-viewing isn't it. P-p-people are going to just love it, yes they are. E,eat it up.

Greene's face turns ugly:

MAXWELL

Mossy, this isn't the old days. We have shareholders now -

GREENE

And you fucking represent them Maxwell, tell me about it.

EXECUTIVE

This is a golden opportunity to get back market share -

GREENE

You really want me to believe this fuckin' drek is what people want to see in their own homes? Do you?

(Looks from face-to-face.)

Okay people, you want it. Fuckin' do it. Keep me informed.

(He stands, EXITS)

Ratings, shareholders - this is entertainment?

This is a fuckin' tragedy.

INT. GREENE'S OFFICE - DAY

He enters, pausing at the window, stands staring the rooftops of Hollywood, goes to desk, unlocks drawer, TAKES OUT FILE.

It contains a HEADSHOT OF NANCY, all long blonde hair and wide, white smile - Unconsciously lays it beside PHOTO OF KAT, all long blonde hair and wide, white smile...

CU KAT MILLER

Relaxing poolside, in similar pose to photograph on Green's desk, taking some rays this beautiful afternoon...

CAMERA POWERS BACK IN 3000mm ZOOM REVEALING EXTREME LONGSHOT

The Miller House in pristine CLEAN AIR ABOVE THE CITY, the ocean cuts across the horizon below. Other hilltop homes perch

on the peaks, the BAY SIGN & NEON PANEL TRUCK comes winding up the road out of the canyon:

NEW ANGLE The truck pulls over into the deep shadow of the rocks - Neon scampers out:

MS KAT: rousing herself, walking to the diving board in the bright sunshine - dives - SPLASH!

INT. POOL PUMP ROOM, IN DARKNESS - DAY

THE SOUND OF WATER as Neon quietly unpacks his tools: HEAVY-DUTY CABLE SPLICERS, ELECTRONIC GADGETS - carefully uncovers two POWER LINES - peers from window:

INSERT: HIS POV - Kat swims with strtegnth, speed and elegance.

Neon watches her as he CONNECTS THE TWO POWER LINES.

HIS POV AGAIN - exhausted, Kat surrenders to fatigue, grabs the Chrome POOL LADDER - TILT DOWN & CUT TO

- same two metal poles beneath the concrete, HIGH VOLTAGE LINES NOW ATTACHED. Accidentally they touch SPARKS FLY! SHOCK CUT

Kat SPRINGS UP PAST CAMERA coming out of the pool.

REVERSE ANGLE - Neon's latex face crinkles with satisfaction watching her towel herself off.

HIS POV AGAIN - as she tosses away her wet bathingsuit, and naked, settles to dry in the sunshine.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Neon's truck pulls out of the canyon, heads south in the boisterous weekend traffic.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA MONICA - DAY

The truck moves through crowded streets; A CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE PERVADES; the sidewalks mill with HAPPY PEOPLE.

EXT. CROWDED GAS STATION - DAY

The truck passes PEOPLE PUMPING GAS, slows, turns into alley.

INT. TRUCK - Neon's fingers flutter over computer keyboard - he's just loving his work:

ON TV VDU - an image forms: THE PEOPLE PUMP GAS.

EXT. NEON'S TRUCK - DAY

He emerges toting TELEPHOTO VIDEO CAM, eyes the gas station, presses a switch:

INT. GAS STATION MINI-MART - DAY

- packed with CUSTOMERS, hectic CLERKS; one distracted by sudden FLASHING FROM CCTV SECURITY MONITORS:

ON CCTV: scene from pumps splutters with static:

CLERK

What's with this shit?

(ON CCTV IN BG - the picture clears)

Maintenance guy came by only last week!

2nd CLERK

Yeah. Weird. Seems okay now man.

ON CCTV - happy people pumping gas, paying for gas, smiling, hey it's the Holiday Weekend.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE - DAY

The men turn from a VTR playing Neon Nancy footage to a broadcast show; it fizzles out:

SHOPE

Here comes another, hit the sound Scot.

ON TV: Neon cartoon cavorts over the gas station.

- Live - from Los Angeles - this is
Murder by Neon

ON TV - People pumping gas continue innocently, then, PYROTECHNICS - A GUSHER OF FLAME belches out, ROLLS ACROSS STREET, GOBBLING UP PASSING CARS!

Screen erupts with murder and mayhem graphics, rooty-tooty cartoon music and goofy-fx as the GASOLINE STORAGE TANK EXPLODES, HURLING FLAMING BODIES & AUTOMOBILES INTO THE SKY:

DEPUTIES stand frozen, shocked by the image:

ON TV: BODY PARTS\AUTO PARTS RAIN DOWN onto sidewalk as Gordino cuts in:

GORDINO

A TV21 newscopter is now on the scene-

A mushroom of BLACK SMOKE BILLOWS up out of Santa Monica over the ocean and mountains...

Shope slips into his jacket, moving towards the door.

STANTON

No sense in going out there.

(FUTILITY builds a long silence;
then the phones start, crazily.)
Hold all calls - business at hand men?

REID

There's no way we could retrieve his
voice electronically and an
approximation might be confusing.

DANE

Neon tossed us this video as a
diversion, to keep us off scent.

Shope reacts like a foul smell emanates from Dane:

SHOPE

Scent? What are you talking about? We
don't have the slightest thing to sniff
after, nothing on Nancy and talking
stink, your psychological assessment -

Stanton looks at Dane, who reads the report:

DANE

(To Shope)

You've made pretty exhaustive enquires
so what can I tell you? Nancy's out of
the same old sad stereotype mould. You
know all the variants on the theme.
Girl comes to town to get into movies,
ends up selling her ass - what's new?

REID

Huh, that's it Michael, that's all
there is? Nah, c'mon - you have more!

DANE

Okay, basically - I guess she thought a
dose of showbiz glitz might blitz her
out of her old San Diego ways, but she
didn't have the drive for acting - so
reverted to what she knew.

(Looks into report briefly.)

To sum up in plain talk - she was a
decent sort.

SHOPE

She was a whore!

DANE

A decent whore - who are you to jud-?

STANTON

Gentlemen, please. This is getting us nowhere. Waiting for the asshole to strike again, knowing there's nothing we can do to stop him - so I'm breaking this up. Doctor Dane, thanks, take a break; go get something to eat.

Dane, excluded from their company, picks up his coat, leaves.

INT. DOWNTOWN DINER - SUNSET

Long shadows seep in from the street. Dane eats alone at the counter, WATCHING TV HIGH ON THE WALL. The gas station footage plays, the pall of black smoke rising over Santa Monica Bay - erupts with NEON'S FAMILIAR CALL SIGN FIZZLES AND FLASHES:

HISPANIC CUSTOMER

Make sound louder Rico, here come
'nother Neon!

Dane watches both the public reaction and the TV screen:

ON TV: a vista of MOUNTAINS AND OCEAN AT SUNDOWN, a BRIGHT RECTANGLE OF TURQUOISE WATER glints out of red and gold rocks; LAUGHTER echoes up as a striking blonde prepares to dive. Neon bounces on:

NEON

Watch me mommy! Watch what I can do!
How many millions of mommies are out there watching? Mommy, mommy, mommy, WATCH, WATCH, WATCH, I've hacked into one of the most expensive home security systems in the whole of Southern California - so you'll get r-r-real high-res pictures when I k-k-kill-

ON TV: As the girl dives - UNDERWATER CAMERA picks her up as she swims underwater. It is Kat Miller -

INT. TV21 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

GREENE

Katie! Holy Fucking Shit! Kat, Kat-

NEON

W-wonder how I d-do my M-murder Magic?
Pre-recorded commentary is on re-remote as I wait near the pool.

ON TV: Kat gets out, pool ladder dominates shot.

GREENE

Call Kat, fucking warn her for God's-

INT. POOL PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

The two power cables connected to the ladder poles give implicit intent of IMMINENT ELECTROCUTION. Plus, Neon's equipment now includes a small VDU:

ON TV VDU - Kat laughs with TWO MEN at the pool.

INT. DOWNTOWN DINER - NIGHT

TENSE FACES, ENTRANCED, full of food; watching the live execution; chewing, forking in more, nervously chewing:

ON TV: Kat on the diving board again.

NEON

I have app-proximately thirty seconds before the p-p- police arrive at the location of this p-p-performance of homicidal art, so this once again Live from Los Angeles, its Murder by Neon.

Dane puts money beside his HALF-FINISHED DINNER, leaves.

INT. KAT'S HILLSIDE HOME - NIGHT

The yard is floodlit; CRIME SCENE SPECIALISTS work the pool. Dane picks his way through, ENTERS BEDROOM through the French doors, Reid watching criminalists checking out bed.

Both men stare as samples are bagged:

DANE

- a lot of sexual action around here?

REID

Sure seems that way Mike.

SHOPE

(Entering, harassed, hands Dane a file from stack under his arm)

Dane. I guessed you'd show up. Talk to the Miller girl. She's in shock, sedated. Your sympathetic bedside manner might loosen her tongue.

DANE

Glad to help.

(Opens file: sees a photo of Kat.)

What would you like me to discuss with to her specifically?

SHOPE

(Impatiently.)

Your choice, but soon. Like now, okay.

REID

She doesn't like cops, Mike. Wouldn't talk to us. Our squeaky clean Smile Rite girl was a juvenile delinquent.

DANE

Other than her father, who was the other pool victim?

SHOPE

I have just given you the report - everything you need to know is there. Go talk to the girl.

REID

(Friendly mock-sarcasm)

Yeah! Make yourself useful Mike.

DANE

I didn't see Miss Miller when I looked round the house, where exactly is she?

REID

Victim's compound, County General.

(Dane gapes.)

You heard right, Downtown. Didn't you see it on TV? We've set up a sealed unit specifically for Neon's victims - it's getting political, which is why Shope's head is in his ass.

DANE

Yeah, right.

(Looks at 2nd younger pic of Kat in file.)

'Strange likeness. Could almost be Nancy's kid sister...

REID

So many blondes in this town man, they could all be sisters - outta the same bottle that is.

ON TV - Carla in fringed buckskins and cowboy hat is JOSTLED IN THE CROWD; A POLICE LINE separates the hospital entrance from the reporters and TV News:

GORDINO

- the Neon TV reign of terror has now claimed over forty lives -

(Spots Dane, SWOOPS with her cameraman)

Doctor Dane, about the recent -

DANE

No comment.

(pushes aside mic.)

Off the record Leila we've got to talk.

(Shoulders through crowd into hospital)

INSERT FLASH DANES'S POV - the cute kiddie blonde Carla at front of the crowd - bobs out of sight.

REVERSE ANGLE - Dane shruggs, continues into hospital.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - DAY

An ELDERLY DOCTOR shows in Dane. Kat is propped up in bed.

KAT

Dr. Stilson, what a pleasant surprise.

DOCTOR

Hello Miss Miller, you have a visitor.

KAT

(Smiles sweetly.)

Smells like a cop. Rank?

(Smiles sweetly again.)

Well, what is it? Detective.

Sergeant? Lieutenant?

DOCTOR

Doctor Dane isn't a police officer.

He's a physician.

DANE

Though, I hasten to add, officially, I am attached to Sheriff's Homicide.

KAT

As a shrink, right? Yeah, I know your face. I've seen it on TV.

DANE

Possibly, my work has been covered on the TV News from time to time.

KAT

Lots of times. You're married to that cool Assistant Public Defender.

DANE

You're well informed, Miss Miller.

KAT

TV is my business.

DANE

Can you talk to me for a few minutes?

KAT

Not going anywhere, I can hardly move.
Whatever they shot me up with is truly
wonderful, but I don't want to be here.
Can you understand that? I'm going to
sue for wrongful arrest.

DOCTOR

You're not under arrest Miss Miller.

KAT

(Laughs drunkenly)

Only joking, gotta see the humor here.
Doctor Dane, thought you smelled like a
cop, just what do you want from me?

DANE

(With long 'sincere' pauses.)

To help try stopping whoever killed
your father - - killing again.

KAT

You don't seem too sure.

DANE

(Her sweet smile challenges him.)

Can I ask you a few questions?

{She acquiesces with a nod}

The obvious one first - have you been
bothered by obsessive fans?

KAT

- a couple of nuts made a nuisance of
themselves - never came to anything -
look, why don't you sit down - take a
weight off - have a chair, it's free -
you're making me nervous.

DANE

(Sits)

Thank you. Can you think of any reason
why anyone would want to hurt you?

(She smiles sagely)

Obvious question - or why anyone would
want to kill your boyfriend.

KAT

Boyfriend?

DANE

The other victim in the pool?

Her smile is bitter. She snuggles into her pillows, letting her
bare shoulder TANTALISE from her hospital gown:

KAT

What did you say your name was Doctor?

DANE

Dane. Michael Dane.

KAT

Doctor Dane, mmm, rolls off the tongue.

She licks her lips, wriggles - gives him a GLIMPSE OF CLEAVAGE.

DANE

That's the medication talking, Miss Miller, plus shock, side effects making you act out of character. You mustn't be disturbed by this, it's normal.

KAT

I'm aware of how I'm behaving, doccie, and my character. He wasn't my boyfriend, the other man in the pool.

DANE

(Looks at report.)

He stayed over. Your bedroom -

KAT

Ahh, yes, bedrooms and details of body fluids. You checked my bed. Or rather, your police buddies checked it, but I don't have a boyfriend doctor.

(Stares into his eyes sadly.)

But my father does. Or, did.

DANE

I'm sorry. I had no idea he -

She laughs at him, hand covering her mouth:

KAT

They didn't tell you. Just like the cops. - They sent you to talk to me without letting you in on the scoop? - about dear old daddy being a faggy, ain't that just ripe? - And typical of cops, fucking-asshole-slimeball-fascist-hypocrite scum.

DANE

I'm not sure I quite understand.

KAT

The cops resent you grabbing their limelight, their glory - that's how they see it! Let me ask you Doctor - do you like being on TV?

DANE

That's a question I seem to be coming up against a lot lately-

(Cautious about her sudden intensity.)
- so I'll try to be honest - sure, I guess, I like it a lot being on TV - at least, I thought I did.

KAT

This isn't some hidden test. I guess you're just out of your depth Doctor.

(Overtly reads his face. Laughs coldly.)
Frightening huh? Don't worry, your type learns to swim fast enough.

And she abruptly turns over into her pillows -

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dane goes to payphone on wall beside window; noise from the street draws his attention:

HIS POV - THE STREET BELOW the Blonde girl in buckskins and cowboy hat watching the hospital.

DANE OS ON PHONE

Chief, Dane - I'm with her - She isn't being particularly co-operative.

(Stanton's voice permeates as the blonde teenager disappears into the crowd: "Hang in there Dane, she is our only lead.")
Yes. Thank you. Good night, sir.

CU KAT:

KAT

Back again?

DANE

'Never left, took a coffee break.

KAT

What's with you; this persistence crap?

DANE

They want me here. You don't like cops, won't talk to 'em, but you might talk to me - that's why I'm here. I'm being nice-nice up-front to try win you over. You're our major lead.

(She smiles, wanly.)

Tell me about the men in your life?

KATE

Up-front - like am I promiscuous, that really your question?

(He hides surprise, nonchalantly shrugs.)

Do you really want to know, most men don't. In their hearts they don't want to believe who I really am, sexually.

This medication - what is it? Sodium Pentathol, that truth drug?

DANE

I don't believe so, no.

KAT

That was a joke, the truth drug, get it. We have to keep it light here Doc. This medication has loosened my tongue - I'm usually not so straightforward.

DANE

I was asking about relationships, old resentments possibly, not about your sexual proclivity - there might be some ex-boyfriends, grievances...

KAT

'Know the way I truly am?

(Smiles sadly)

Just look at me - quietly now - just take it in, the picture, of my face.

(She touches her lips.)

Don't say a word.

DANE

You're enchanting, very, very beautiful.

KAT

I look like an angel, don't I, yet, you know, I have a reputation in certain circles. I sucked my way to the top.

(Laughs.)

Doctor, I'm talking penis here, I give the best head in town, didn't you know?

(Laughs again.)

Look at you, the astonishment; men fall in love with me all of the time.

(Snaps her fingers.)

Just like that! Not because of who I am, but because of what I look like.

DANE

Would you like to tell me about that?

KAT

Now you're beginning to sound like a shrink, patronising assholes -- well, most of 'em - look at me again, just like you just were before I made my confession of expertise in fellatio.

Gimme that puppydog admiration look again, and try not to drool - great.

Now, don't move, keep perfectly still. I'm going to turn slowly. This looks okay, but this looks excellent, yet this, the angles are off, face seeps softly at the jaw. Yet, just a fraction more - how about that?

DANE

(Smiles softly.)

Magical. But why all this - detail?

KAT

(Coldly)

Because - I might make a connection with the man who killed my father.

Because - you asked me about men.

Wonder how I got to find out about cinephotography, I didn't take classes.

O'KEEFE

Men, cinephotographers, presumably.

KAT

Two of 'em, the best - why, you're disappointed in me Doctor. I don't match my angelic appearance.

When was working with those guys, I've never looked better on camera. We're still buddies too.

So Angel Face is a slut after all, a whore; like why couldn't she have practised all that camera angle stuff in front of the bathroom mirror like any ordinary star struck girl. Admit it. That's what you were thinking.

O'KEEFE

Okay - something like that.

KAT

This isn't some jerky Sunday morning confessional, I'm being candid because some fuck just killed my father, or had you forgotten.

(Breathes out her anger - then, calmly.)
I've done a lot of stuff I should be ashamed of but I realised early on if I was going to have a career I wasn't gonna make it purely on talent.

DANE

You were telling me about befriending your conquests -

KAT

Conquests? A quaint turn of phrase but nice of you to put it that way Doctor. Those two guys. They both fell for me. The younger one fell harder. He wasn't married, it was the real thing for him. He's happily married now and I was only nineteen. I didn't know better.

(Pauses, pensively)

I just lied to you. I did know better.
She falls silent, drifts into herself.

DANE

Have you ever been truly in love?

KAT

Say what? What's the connection!

DANE

- your 'manipulations' never ceased when you were in a relationship.

(Kat smiles ruefully.)

Did they object when they found out?

KAT

They never found out, why should they, they probably suspected I would never put fidelity before my career.

I always lied. Consequently, I've only had very few real relationships.

And they were short.

DANE

I appreciate your frankness Miss Miller. We've made a good start.

(Stands and stretches, smiles confidently.)

DANE Cont'd

Some random mental connection might
just click into place.

KAT

Some plausible grudge, someone out
there that blames me for something?

(Nods, sourly.)

'Believes I'm responsible for their
professional failure. Improbable,
though possible.

DANE

I'll stop by again.

They look at each other, unsure of the source of tension
- the attraction - between them..

INT. DANE'S CAR - NIGHT

RADIO SHOW IN BG

He drives pensively, hardly aware of the manic monologue of
CAM CAMBY'S 'INSANE ROCK'N ROLL BEDTIME SHOW' on the radio.

INT. KAT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

She is restless, gets out of bed and goes to the window:

INSERT HER POV - vigilant news crews on the street below...

She turns on the small TV in the corner of her room,
predictably it is tune to TV21

INT. DANE CONDO - NIGHT

He I restless, watches the ocean, turns on TV, his FACE GLAZES.

ON TV: the azure blue pool, and Katie.

GORDINO VO

- a re-run of the double murder that -

INT. LAT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Kat settled into armchair, then FROZEN BY HORROR:

NEON

You are about to witness the final
seconds of a human life being taken by
electrons in electricity on TV, he,he.

ON TV - KAT PLAYS WATER WAITRESS, taking tray to the
MAN IN THE FLOATING ARMCHAIR. Her father prepares
to dive. She smiles at him. He dives and STRIKES
OUT UNDERWATER.

INTERCUT Kat in hospital bed as she watches her father killed:

ON TV - the pool LADDER VIBRATES AS THE POWER HITS. Miller's face contorts. THE WATER BUBBLES. His friend hears the 'hissing', looks down from his floating chair into the water.

MILLER UNDERWATER, SCREAMING. Kat stands watching.

SHOCK INSERT! KAT SCREAMS AT TV SCREEN - No!!!!!!!

ON TV - the armchair topples him into the bubbling water - WRITHING BODIES SPLIT WITH BLOODY CRACKS as the Neon Cartoon cackles with glee:

NEON

I have a-a-approximately t-thirty s-s-seconds before the police arrive at the l-location of this, my latest piece of homicidal art. This has been a-another Murder by Neon, live from Los Angeles.

NURSES rush into the hospital room to help Kat as -

ON TV: Kat jumps into pool to help her father:

GORDINO VO

Luckily for Miss Miller the power was cut after circuit breakers-

Katie's piercing scream takes us into A LONG FADE TO BLACK

INT. SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE - DAY

The Department is quiet, sullen, bogged down with data. A TV plays quietly: Dane peruses a report, one of many on his desk:

ON TV - a longshot of LA; a bright shiny morning and a long arty ZOOM INTO GORDINO outside the hospital:

GORDINO

The Murder by Neon TV killings. A new week starts in the Southland with two more dead overnight bringing the death toll to 44. Doctors fought to save -

The familiar voice choruses across the majestic palms of THE BEVERLY LIDO HOTEL replacing Gordino. Neon pops on, CAMERA IN ONE HAND, UZI IN THE OTHER:

NEON

Lights! Camera! Uzi! Action!

Live from Los Angeles this is Lunchtime Murder by Neon!

ON TV: Sunny restaurant: WAITERS swarm unobtrusively amongst BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE dining amidst works of art.

The SECURITY MONITORS show interiors of the hotel:

CORRIDORS, BARS, and balmy palm tree GARDENS, plus SECURITY OFFICERS sitting watching. Kid Neon appears behind them, holding CAMERA PHOTOGRAPHING THEM.

NEON

Hi Guys! 'Bye guys!

They don't get time to answer. His silenced UZI BURPS THEM DEAD. Jangling their keys, he steps over their bodies, unlocking the security system, takes the long lead from his videocam; plugs it in. His procedure has taken ten seconds.

INSERT: stunned reactions from Stanton, Shope, Reid, and Dane:

ON TV: Hotel SECURITY CAMERAS pick up Neon as he unhurriedly makes his way through to the RESTAURANT; the bright light beside his camera and Uzi playing over UNLUCKY GUESTS who accidentally cross his path.

Pandemonium as he makes his entrance, FIRING INDISCRIMINATELY MOWING DOWN DINERS:

NEON CARTOON

'We all having fun? See 'em stuffing their faces with food while I stuff 'em with lead! Isn't this great?

INSERT: cop's faces, watching - stunned, stupefied:

REID

Talk about selection of victims, what the fuck is this supposed to represent, some childhood resentment against the idle rich? Shit!

DANE

It's a public warning, banks and public buildings next, he's gonna do some private home like - a personal motive -

ON TV: Neon's Uzi/light/videocam sprays table after table - BODIES PILE UP:

Stanton's PHONE RINGS, he stiffens recognising the voice:

STANTON

Yes sir. I'm watching it now.

(Fearful for a second.)

Yes sir. We will be there immediately.

As he puts down phone -

ON TV - The Uzi/light/videocam 'umbilical' line restrains Neon from going further. He draws his pistol, WAVES IT GAILY TO CAMERA as he scampers off!

EXT. THE OCEAN, PICKING UP DANE'S HOME - SUNSET

The Bay Sign & Neon truck is discreetly parked nearby as Dane shows, parks, lets himself into his house...

INT. DANE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Susan is working, a file spread across the table.

DANE

Just stopped by for some paperwork?

SUSAN

You're home early.

DANE

Need a shower and a change of clothes, I have an all-nighter - I could use a cup of that coffee?

SUSAN

It's your coffee -- your table, your chairs, your kitchen, your house, Mike.

He joins her and sits, stirring his coffee.

DANE

The spoons are mine too?

SUSAN

I was going to talk to you about the silverware - the trouble we had finding it. You keep it - as a memento.

DANE

(sips coffee.)

That's kind of you.

SUSAN

Your theory about silverware being an important subliminal statement for a couple's social aspirations.

Such horseshit Mike, but you know - I believed you.

I believed so much you told me in the two fucking years it took us to find this socially acceptable silverware.

DANE

You never complained about the project.

SUSAN

Nordstrom wasn't good enough or even Nieman fucking Marcus. No, you had to go half way around the world -

DANE

It was fun, especially Rio.

Why'd you come back tonight, divvy up
the silverware?

He moves round the table:

SUSAN

It would be a shame to split the set.
A gift, my treat - okay.

DANE

You're thinking I've got to be strong,
have I made a mistake about us?

He bends down, kisses her, roughly. As she begins to respond -

ON TV - HIDDEN CAMERA above bed shows DANE PULL HIS
WIFE INTO THEIR BEDROOM.

INT. ROOF CRAWL SPACE - NIGHT

Neon watches them ROMP in bed and CLIMAX on the tiny VDU.

The VIDEO CAMERA points down into the joists, around it are
mounted THREE 12-GAUGE AUTOMATIC SHOTGUNS.

ON VDU - the couple, post-coitus with arms entwined,
separated only by their thoughts:

DANE

Will you stay over?

SUSAN

What's in the refrigerator?

DANE

Dinner, of sorts; you could finish your
paperwork and wait up for me. I could
swing it to be home by eleven.

SUSAN

Okay - I'd like that.

NEON

A date, oh, oh, they lurve each other -
I think I'll come along too.

INT. SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Dane reads files; in BG Shope, Reid and other officers confer
in Stanton's office - Dane checks his watch.

INSERT: 12-GAUGE KILLING MACHINE

Ominous hollow clicks as THE MECHANISM ACTIVATES: the
VDU/GUNSIGHT FLICKERS in the darkness:

INT. SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE DETAIL OFFICE - NIGHT

REID

(Shouts)

Hey Mike, showtime! Here we go again.

STANTON

Ten o'clock news right on the button.

Dane arrives at the door as Neon replaces the News Anchorman:

ON TV: Neon pops on beside SEMI-NAKED WOMAN in bed:

REID

That - that's - Susan!

STANTON

My God Dane, your wife -

DANE

(Grabs phone, punches in number)

Susan! Answer!

ON TV - the bedside TELEPHONE RINGS:

SUSAN

Hullo?

DANE

Get out of bed! Run! Get the hell out of the hou-

ON TV: The comforter beside her ERUPTS, PUNCTURED BY AN ENORMOUS HOLE! Susan jumps sideways! - the mechanism gets up to speed PUMPING GAPING HOLES INTO THE BED - Neon cackles with HIDEOUS LAUGHTER!

Dane watches helplessly, telephone in hand:

ON TV: Susan HIT SQUARELY in the stomach! SHOCK CUT!

BCU - Dane: EYES FRACTURED; splintered, insane.

DANE

Doc, have you checked your home for any new or unusual wiring? Hey, you could be next Doc. Banks and public buildings are too easy ha, ha.

(Swings from manic to a drawl)

I guess I freaked, huh? Guess I'm not totally coherent.

REVEAL HOSPITAL ROOM - Dane in bed, DOCTOR in attendance:

DOCTOR

(Checking chart)

Anything I can do -

DANE

I want out of here Doc

DOCTOR

You know the drill - extreme shock.

DANE

I, I - don't fight the sedative, right?

IDENTICAL ANGLE - NIGHT

Dane stares at the ceiling in the darkness. DISTANTLY, A WOMAN BEGINS TO WEEP; her sobbing becomes A LOW, STRANGLED SCREAM -

INT. KAT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

KAT

Daddy, wake up now. Wake up, please.

She struggles with a nightmare, SWIMS THROUGH BED SHEETS wound around her limbs. Dane takes her by her shoulders:

DANE

You're dreaming. It's a bad dream.

KAT

What are you doing here? My father, I -

DANE

Your father is dead. You're in shock, in hospital. You're safe. Okay?

He straightens her sheets, covers her, wipes her face:

KAT

A bad dream, okay. What are you doing here, in the middle of the night?

DANE

Guess I was fighting bad dreams too.

KAT

You are wearing hospital stuff like me.

DANE

I'm an inmate of this joint now. Kid Neon got my wife. Right there on TV21.

KAT

(Questions him with a hard stare.)
You saw it --- on TV?

(He nods.)

You're telling the truth. I know you are. I saw my dad - on TV - dying, it was - Oh my God. I'm going crazy.

She loses control, grabs Dane - a Nurse enters, restrains Kat:

NURSE

Dr. Dane, what are you doing here?

DANE

I heard her, nurse. Didn't you -

NURSE

- on my own tonight Doctor, a couple of I.T. cases up here, 'being run ragged.

KAT

Why is he wearing this robe nurse?

NURSE

He's a patient too, dear.

KAT

Don't send him away - please nurse.

IDENTICAL CAMERA ANGLE

Dane sits watching Katie in the darkness, she finally speaks.

KAT

Would you -- cuddle me? It wouldn't be appropriate. Guess not. Sorry.

DANE

It's okay. It's the medication. I feel pretty woozy myself.

KAT

It's like we are on drugs or something.

DANE

The medication is drugs or something.

KAT

Weak shit though; like, if they were going to give me some real sleep therapy or something, they could've knocked me into oblivion.

She stares at him languidly, longingly, albeit playfully.

DANE

You do know what happened to you today?

KAT

Yes. But I was only thinking kissin' - kissin' for comfort.

DANE

Kissing for comfort?

KAT

Comfort has got a lot to do with it.

(Leans forward, pecks his cheek, withdraws - he closes his eyes, puts her mouth over his closed lips.)

Did you love your wife?

DANE

I did, I do - totally adore her.

KAT

- I know you do.

DANE

How could you know that?

KAT

It shows. Believe me honey, it shows.
You are hurting.

(She pulls away)

And this hurting you're doing, you're
hurting underneath that too. Did she
betray you or somethin?

(Watches his eyes closely as he laughs.)

Hey, these drugs are good shit! I'm
reading your mind, I'm right yeah?

DANE

Did I tell you she left me?

KAT

It's hard for men in this town, having
to compete, materially - it's easier to
grow apart here, and faster, than any
other place on earth.

A TEAR slips down his cheek, he laughs quietly to himself.

DANE

We had been - happy - once - ain't that
a fucking clique'.

KAT

Cliques are often little hard nuggets
of truth y'know, repeated so often they
become lore.

SHE KISSES his mouth; tension drains out of him, he responds to
her TENDERNESS - then, as PASSION CONSUMES THEM - FADE OUT

FADE IN - INT. GAPING HOLE IN DANE'S BEDROOM CEILING - DAY

CAMERA TILTS to street below through window as Dane ARRIVES IN
A CAB; he approaches his house through CORDON OF COPS.

CAMERA lingers tightly on shotgun machine in corner - slowly
REVEAL Dane staring at it as he TAKES CLEAN SHIRT FROM CLOSET.

INT. TV21 CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SILENCE, faces mouthing unheard words: Gordino, Greene, Shope,
Stanton, and Reid: CAMERAS, MICROPHONES, REPORTERS; A PRESS
CONFERENCE IS IN PROGRESS. Dane enters unnoticed, SITS IN BACK.

ON TV: a FREEZE FRAME OF NANCY WATCHES over the conference from the many various monitors.

Dane is on the edge, a muscle beneath his eye spasms. SOUND CRASHES IN as he explosively confronts Greene:

DANE

The latest on the Neon TV killings!
The public outrage at the millions of
dollars damage and loss of life?

I'd like to believe you recommended a
media blackout as an alternative to -
to this sham of public social service!

Greene calmly looks to his lawyer:

GORDINO

Public service, Really, and coming from
you Michael? I'm sympathetic to your
argument and I concede certain ethical-

DANE

Yes, you must have had certain reserv-
ations Leila. Logical assumption being
that if TV21 gave Kid Neon a no-no,
he'd have his next-choice-network.

(Turns on Greene)

We all want to see Neon caught and
brought to justice - but how quickly?

Neon is good for business, good for
ratings, everyone is waiting for Neon!
The whole wide world is watching TV212.

MAXWELL

(Almost physically gagging Greene)

To share with you further, Dr. Dane,
could be detrimental to my clients
relationship with law enforcement and-

SHOPE

Please understand Mr, Maxwell. Dane is
a consultant rather than an officer...

GORDINO

Michael, I concede ethical issues coul-

MAXWELL

Ms, Gordino - your contract with TV21-

Greene turns from the freeze-frame of Nancy, GETS UP:

GREENE

I'm terminating this fucking meeting.

(Pauses - puts hand on Dane's arm.)

I'm sorry about your wife.

DANE

Thanks, but tell me you didn't wait 'til the last possible second to pull Nancy's killing off air - or that gas station carnage - you've been milking Neon within the bounds of legality.

MAXWELL

If you are implying that in any moral, or corporate sense, my client is even remotely responsible for continuation of the Kid Neon crimes-

DANE

No, asshole, no implication - I'm stating it categorically. I'm saying exactly that - you are profiting from-

MAXWELL

You are stepping onto very dangerous ground here Dr. Dane, I -

Shope and Reid move in to restrain Dane, Green turns briefly:

GREENE

Shut the fuck up Maxwell! F'fucksake can't ya see he's right!

And as old Mossy Greene EXITS slamming the door CUT TO

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Kat is sitting up in bed - a Doctor is checking her signs:

DOCTOR STILSON

'Feel rested Miss Miller?

KAT

I got a good night's sleep - finally. How is Doctor Dane this morning?

DOCTOR STILSON

Oh - he discharged himself.

Katie hesitates before asking the Doctor her next question:

KAT

His wife was killed like-

DOCTOR

She isn't dead yet Miss Miller, she's - in a coma.

KAT

I thought she was - it doesn't matter.

CU KAT: confusion curdling, turning to pain, anger, and CUT TO

BCU DANE - drawn in on himself, hurting:

REVEAL: STANTON'S OFFICE - MORNING

The men look rested, fresh, crisp, medium-starched.

Conversely, Dane is WAN, GRAY, FRAZZLED:

DANE

- All that free time on my hands! Be reasonable guys, I'd go nuts. And my caseload, I'm a busy boy right now, I -

STANTON

I feel you need a break, Michael.
'Think about it as paid leave.

DANE

But all that free time - I'm starting to get somewhere with Kid Neon Sir, I -

SHOPE

Neon is no longer your business fella.

STANTON

You are personally involved; your grief hindering-

DANE

I'm making waves - someone wants me off the case - of course I'm personally involved. Neon - got my - I deserve some kind of real explanation here.

STANTON

Neon - got my your wife, you do deserve an explanation, but my hands are tied -

SHOPE

- your input this morning at TV21 means, Doctor Dane, that you are now off of the investigation team.

DANE

(To Stanton)

I get it; megabuck media TV business interests have tied your hands behind your backs - I thought you were cops.

BCU - DANE, AS IF WAITING FOR AN ANSWER:

DANE

Miss Miller - Kat - Kathrine?

INT. KAT'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dane at the door bewildered, A MAID MAKES UP THE VACANT ROOM:

EXT. SUPERPOSTER FROM CAMBY'S OFFICE WINDOW - DAY

Camby musing at the huge DANCING FIGURE DIRECTLY ACROSS STREET:

CAMBY

...I like it.

GORDINO

'You say something Cam - whaddaya like?

(Gordino is sitting at his desk, LOOKING
OVER A CONTRACT)

Hey, generous renewal, as usual,
what'ya muttering about over there?

CAMBY

I like the irony of it, yeah...

GORDINO

This seems straightforward, thanks babe
- irony of what?

CAMBY

Fucking eye-drops Leila, eye-drops!

(Turns to Gordino)

She got to be the 'SmileRite Girl'. See
the billboard across the street for
eyewash goddamit - the size of it...

GORDINO

They're going up all over - sweet kid,
shame about her pappy. What do you
think Cam, think Neon really wanted Kat
dead and took out her daddy by mistake?

CAMBY

How the fuck would I know?

(Laughs cryptically.)

Hell, sure, why not, make good news
copy; complicate the issue, add more
interest to the case. Milk it while it
lasts Leila. This Kid Neon shit is big
and you're right in the middle of it.

Strange thing, I wanted the Miller girl
for a promotion a few years back. Held
out for bigger opportunities, guess she
got 'em, huh?

Gordino looks at Camby with SHREWD SPECULATION:

GORDINO

Cam, what's eating at you? Business is
fine, but you've dropped out of sight.
I don't see you around any more..

CAMBY

Her agent told her to hold out for bigger initial public exposure, you know that? 'Least that was the story I got from her, and you know, she didn't even have an agent then. Those photographs she was toting around -

GORDINO

Talented kid - gives best head in town they say.

(Grins - licks her lips in self-mockery.)
Better'n me, they say.

CAMBY

Can't help you with that one Leila, she wouldn't accommodate me; she was an unknown, and I was offering top dollar.

(Laughs)
Well, almost.

GORDINO

I've always liked working with you Cam. You're an honest man.

CAMBY

(Laughs again as she grabs his hips)
And you're a whore Leila, a fine whore.

GORDINO

Whores don't get horny on their tricks Cam, and we've been such good friends for such a long time now, gratitude.

On the 'zippp' of his pants opening:

CU Camby looking from window as she starts to go down on him:

CAMBY

Eye-drops Leila, goddamit! All that shit is is just distilled water piss!

CAMBY'S POV: Kat's giant Smile-rite billboard in HARSH SUNSHINE ABOVE THE BOULEVARD -

MATCH DISSOLVE SAME ANGLE: billboard now in THE GLOW OF SUNSET with Kat stepping out into the TWINKLING LA CITY LIGHTS.

EXT. CAMBY'S HOUSE, HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

The Stutz hums off down towards THE CITY LIGHTS, A PHONE RINGS:

INT. CAMBY'S HOUSE\THE KILLER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The answering machine cuts in:

CARLA VO

This is your dutiful daughter reminding you tomorrow - the usual place, it is still not cool to pick me up at the house, please remember that. Also, if you have to cancel please let me know. I hope you find this message suitably subservient and respectful re our last talk, if you don't - fuck you! Love.

INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carla telephone in hand, HER FRIEND sits examining mirror:

DEBBO

Your paternal sperm donator is so tolerant, Carl - guess he has to be.

CARLA

'Just don't wanna see him I guess -

DEBBO

I wish my eyes weren't perfect.

CARLA

Your eyes aren't perfect Debbo! You look like that sappy old deranged California cheese commercial cow on TV.

DEBBO

Moo-moo, see-yoo, don't-wanna-be-yoo!
Wish my eyesight wasn't perfect, then I could use this shit. Does it really make boys like you? Put it in there Tommy, no not in my eye, put in there, fool! Does it really work Carla,?

CARLA

Of course it works stupid, it means you aren't wearing fucking ugly glasses. Give it, I have to put my contacts in.

DEBBO

(Reads bottle)

'Second Carla. Smile Rite is safe, suitable for all - antiseptic...kills germs - but does it kill sperm?

CARLA

Of course! Smile Rite kills all those little spermies stone dead, because it's got real product follow-through. Just drink it and see. Not only will Tommy actually want to talk to you

CARLA cont'd
 tonight; he'll be so hot you'll need
 this turkey to stop getting pregnant.

DEBBO
 Did Tommy really say be at Tower?

CARLA
 Yes. Drink it Debbo. Now.

DEBBO
 Please, no Carla. I might be tempted.
 Tommy is so cute and I might be tempted
 to let him - you know - in my eye.

CARLA
 (Grabs Debbo's hair.)
 Ugh, you are so gross. Drink it. You
 lurb him don't you.

DEBBO
 Yes. Lurb, lu-uuurb.

(Screaming with laughter.)
 Twoolie! I lurb him. LURB HIM!!

MOTHER shouts OS
 Be women in there.

CARLA
 (Shouts):
 Okay. We're out of here soon.

(Quieter)
 Have a nice lay! She's got a hot date
 Debbo. Be a woman. That's her latest
 way of telling me to grow up, shut up!

(Pause - becomes morose.)
 Be a woman. Sure.

Debbo picks up on Carla's suddenly depleted spirits:

DEBBO
 Have you told her yet?

CARLA
 Who, Mom? I haven't had opportunity to
 bring up the subject. It's okay Debbo.
 Really, I think I'm okay with it now...

DEBBO
 I'd feel better - for you - if I knew -
 you'd told your mom.

CARLA
 Let it go, okay Deb. You haven't told
 anyone have you?

DEBBO

Like, your mother, my mother? No way, truly, but it's a bitch keeping it to myself - I'd feel a whole lot better if you tried to get help Carla.

CARLA

Debbo, I'm okay with it. I'm not losing any sleep over it, okay?

(Reacts to Debbo's pleading expression.)

Lookit, it happened to me, okay - not you! The way I see it is, if it's going to effect my life, then it'll come up in later years.

DEBBO

But if you told your mom now -

CARLA

What, counselling? I can't tell mom, she'd probably blame me, say I led him on or something. Do we really have to talk about this? I think I've worked through it -- let it slide -- Okay?

DEBBO

You've really thought it through?

CARLA

Have you really thought it through Deb? All that shit - telling it in court - if it came out. I regret having ever told you now.

DEBBO

How could you say that? I'm your friend. You had to tell someone. I'll never tell a soul. You know that.

CARLA

Prove it!

DEBBO

C'mon.

CARLA

(A cold smile.)

Prove it, the Smile Rite, drink it!

(Debbo brings the bottle to her lips.)

It wasn't rape. Or the booze.

(She cracks up, her laughter hysterical)

It was weird, but I love him anyway...

EXT. GREENE'S MANSION IN THE HILLS - NIGHT

MARBLE STATUARY, EXOTIC TREES AND GREENERY - the Bearcat is parked under a leafy canopy; Camby peers through his CAMCORDER:

ON TV - POV IN VIEWFINDER: A candle-lit DINNER PARTY. Greene entertains on the patio. UNIFORMED SERVANTS serve fine wine and food to ELEGANT GUESTS:

CAMBY

You passed me up, so who else would take on a chance on me, Mr Greene.

Real thoughtful of you to show your confidence in my talent like that.

Didn't my reputation in radio mean anything? Even if you'd a made me an offer, all I'd a been was a trusted voice mouthing your sponsors puke claims, lying to my public to get them to buy your crappola sponsors shit!

EXT. W. HOLLYWOOD RECORD STORE - NIGHT MUSICAL SEQUENCE

A cat & mouse game: TWO TEENAGE BOYS furtively glance over the racks. Carla and Debbo delight in their coy mouse roles. Caught! Carla finally allows eye contact, lifts her sunglasses:

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A glistening, glittering river of cruising cars; the BOYS CONVERTIBLE departs with the mousies aboard.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Bearcat passes BOYS on the sidewalk looking for trade.

INT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT

Camby slips through DANCING MEN in tight jeans, buffed tight bodies, FINDS HIS DATE AT THE BAR kisses man full on the mouth.

EXT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT

They EXIT, sidle off into the night, arm-in-arm - PULL BACK to REVEAL the smouldering glow of the LA CITY LIGHTS and MIX THRU

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Ocean Front Walk deserted except for A SOLITARY SKATER who nonchalantly roller-blades past a CRAWLING BLACK-AND-WHITE. CAMERA FINDS DANE running by the ocean, and - SLOWLY FADE OUT

FADE IN - bustle, noises, bright sunshine:

RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

Camby, sitting alone, reads a newspaper; Carla ENTERS; their hug is subtly sexual. They sit, 'accidentally' he touches her thigh - her reaction is - girlfriend rather than daughter?

CAMBY

Your mother called this morning.

CARLA

My mother spoke to you - you're lying.

CAMBY

Five a.m. is kinda late to get home from a record store.

CARLA

It's an all-night record store.

CAMBY

Your mother said I should try talking to you - about trust.

CARLA

Dad, are you seriously telling me mom called you to chew me off? That, truly, is a crock, and you know it.

(A genuine warm smile)

I told her I was staying over at Debbo's but, well -

CAMBY

Was that true, you were at Deborah's?

WAITER

Hi, I'm Danny, your server today. Are we ready to order yet?

CAMBY

A few more minutes, thanks Danny. Look, Carla - I was young once.

(She yawns - stares at him.)

Five-am is weird shit, okay.

CARLA

You want to talk about weird? The word was invented especially for you!

CAMBY

This is no joke Carla.

(It is, his sardonic smile says so.)

CARLA

I'm not joking, dad. You've hardly bothered to call me for years. You were just this wacked-out DJ who so happened to be my dad up until a few months ago then you-know-what happened now sudden-ly I'm at the top of your popularity list. It's confusing. And anyway, why did we have to come to this fag joint?

CAMBY

'Fag Joint'?

(Chuckles, somehow pleased.)

That's no way for a young lady to talk.

CARLA

You hate gays. And that's what you've always called 'em; fags, mo's, faggots - fudge packers, you name it.

CAMBY

Fudge huh? Like in hot fudge sundae, I hear they do good ones here and the foods good too, plus it's convenient - the gallery is right across the street.

CARLA

Now I get it, you don't hate gays.

CAMBY

I'm homophobic suddenly?

CARLA

No, phoney - your views on homosexuality border on fascism.

CAMBY

Fascism Carla?

(A tight grin.)

Y'know the meaning of the word?

Carla reins in a retort as the Waiter arrives again:

WAITER

Are we ready now?

CARLA

The usual, please dad, thanks.

CAMBY

A spinach salad for my daughter, with ranch on the side and I'll take the Cobb, with Poppyseed.

The waiter writes, wafts off - Camby PRODUCES THE BLONDE DOLL:

CAMBY

I've got something for you.

CARLA

Annie! It's Annie.

(Delighted. Then, with suspicion.)

I searched everywhere for her.

CAMBY

I found her under the seat of my car,
you must have left her there I guess.

CARLA

I don't recall taking her in your car,
ever. I never take her out of my room
or the house - I'm a little too old for
dolls, or hadn't you noticed?

CAMBY

I noticed she's wearing hip threads -
looks like a pretty new outfit
considering you don't play with her?

CARLA

So? I made it for her a few months
ago; I still like making her stuff.

Suspicious of the doll, she BEGINS TO EXAMINE IT.

CAMBY

Cool. And she looks cool, I don't mind
you playing with dolls Carla. In fact
I sort of kinda like it, you know.

CARLA

You're fucked, you know that dad!
And I don't play with her any more,
she's a dancer. You know I wanted to be
a dancer.

(Camby nods sympathetically)

I still talk to her, but that's all -

CAMBY

Sure baby, I guess talking to a doll
isn't strictly playing with it-

CARLA

How did you get her?

CAMBY

Didn't I just tell you, outta the car.

CARLA

Under-the-seat-of-the-Bearcat, really?

(He grins, nods.)

I don't believe you - you took her!
Mom's had all that new alarm stuff
installed in the house, like armed
response. But that didn't stop you,
did it Dad?

CAMBY

Y'thought of taking a contemporary
drama class baby. Your anger is goood.

CARLA

You broke in and stoled her -

CAMBY

Stoled? Don't you mean stole as in
steal and stolen?

(Carla glares at her father)

Truly baby, she was under the seat
where I recall you had been sitting
only a few days earlier.

CARLA

Big fat liar! You could be in real
trouble if mom found out.

(Her humour dissipates as she sniffs doll)

You really are fucked! What have you
been doing to her! You're gross!

CAMBY

That's no way for a young lady to speak
to her fath -

CARLA

Her hair, it's hard and brittle and -
smells -like the toilet - lik shit!

CAMBY

(Eating with gusto)

She must have been under the ol'
Bearcat's seat for weeks; remember
dear, people get stuff on their shoes
because doggies do doo-doo, de-doo.

CARLA

You're nuts dad. Insane.

CAMBY

That's how I made my fortune, Insane
Saturday Night Show, and albeit small
and dwindling, it pays for your school.
And all that other good stuff you hate.

CARLA

(Stuffs the doll into her lap.)
They'll come for you one day - to take
you away. But I like you well enough -
because you are my dad.

CAMBY

Yeah?

(Laughs.)

Excuse me - I'll be right back.

INT. RESTAURANT RESTROOM STALL - DAY

Camby ENTERS, stands on the bowl; PEERS THROUGH WINDOW:

HIS POV - ALLEY

The Bay Sign & Neon truck parked near back door of Club - a few
GAY MEN CONGREGATE:

CAMBY

Take me away? Many a true word spoken
in jest Carla my child.

(Voice cracking into Neon voice)

One day Dane will come to take me away
only it will be I who choose - like
today I have chosen to do faggots!

TIGHT ANGLE as he TAPS CODE INTO HIS CELLPHONE:

INT. GAY CLUB - DAY

The BARTENDER REACTS: the phone gives SOLITARY STRANGLER RING!

INT. RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - DAY

Carla checks the bill at the counter, waiting for her father:

CAMBY

Looks like you're ready to leave.

CARLA

Yeah, 'guess. Thanks for lunch, dad.

CAMBY

How's about after the art show we-

A low 'CRUMMPHH' permeates; HEADS TURN TO THE TV on the wall; a
SERVER flips on the sound:

ON TV: The Neon cartoon skips over the security
camera SCENE FROM THE GAY CLUB BAR.

DRINKERS MESMERISED by the gusher of green smoke
pouring in along the floor.

A flashing CASCADE OF SPARKS starts one end of the bar below waist height, engulfs them in SHARDS OF LYING TIMBER AND GLASS.

They fall, CROTCHES AND THIGHS TORN OPEN in a LIQUID RED PULP OF RAW, OPEN WOUNDS.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

A MAIMED and BLOODIED BOY stumbles out of the green smoke onto the sidewalk; CARNAGE, CHAOS, MAYHEM as INJURED VICTIMS appear. ANGLE ON Camby and Carla in the GATHERING CROWD OF ONLOOKERS. He protectively puts his arm around her, guides her away.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Dane watches his UNCONSCIOUS WIFE; part of her face visible through bandages and plethora of tubes connecting the life support machines. A nearby PAYPHONE RINGS and rings:

DANE

This is a pay phone at County General -

NEON

I know it is. You know who I am - I am the voice in your mind - Doctor Dane.

DANE

(Short caustic laugh.)

Yeah, cool - and how are you doin' today Mr. Voice? - you sick asshole.

NEON

I'm doing good, real good - I trashed 'em real good huh, the faggots?

DANE

Trashed 'em?

NEON

I have something that is going to blow your fucking socks off Doc.

DANE

How did you know where I was?

NEON

Know everything about you there is to know - I'm the voice in your mind.

DANE

Fuck that shit! How'd you know where'd I'd be right now? No, don't tell me. I guess you had your computer call up ten phones where I might be and the random factor our little game -

NEON

What little game?

DANE

Cut the crap and tell me what you want.

(Laughter, then raw anger.)

You sick fuck!

NEON

Now that is bogus emotion Doc! I do have something that is going to blow your fucking socks off.

I have a fuck flick for you.

DANE

I apologise for cursing back there, unprofessional. I'm sorry, okay?

NEON

You don't have to apologise, I'm not a patient Doc, more like a friend. Would you like to see it - the fuck flick?

I know the perfect place, but you know, before she got naked, she took her wedding ring off -

INT. PAYPHONES IN MALL - NIGHT

Dane, paces outside store filled with TV's, A PHONE RINGS:

NEON on phone

Its a video I made in your roof! Are you watching closely? Yes you are - I know you are.

ON TV: A flash of Neon's face starts artfully edited video clips lasting no more than 10 seconds.

Dane registers erotic content: CEILING CAMERA reveals SUSAN IN ORGASM BENEATH REID, then reversed, riding Reid, HEAD THROWN BACK IN ECSTASY.

CU SUSAN DANE - NIGHT

She sleeps, a small smile playing on her lips - REVEAL AS DANE'S POV - again, he is looking through window in the door to her room - he then goes to the payphone on the wall:

KAT voice on machine

Leave a message I'll return your call.

DANE

I want to clear up the misunderstanding - me leaving that morning. I would really like to talk to you - about this

DANE Cont'd

case. You are about the only person who might conceivably believe me - about - it's kind of unbelievable. I'm at County - please return my call.

SUSAN stares vacantly, small smile on her lips - Dane enters:

DANE

When did she regain consciousness?

NURSE

Minutes ago -

DANE

That's some morphine drip you got going. Multiple system failure?

NURSE

Yes - total renal, electrolytes off the edge. She's been holding for you.

Dane goes to Susan's bedside, gently kisses her:

SUSAN

I didn't think it'd come to this - to make me give you that explanation you've been demanding.

DANE

You don't. I already know - - Scott, I know about you and Scott.

SUSAN

Scott, he's not important - to me. I thought it was over, between you and-

DANE

You don't have to do this, Susan. I understand - you don't have to do this to yourself.

SUSAN

(Struggling to be mischievous.)

So, you want me to spare you the details - haven't you got the courage to hear me out?

DANE

I don't think so.

SUSAN

Well, that's honest of you, for once. I had to do it, Michael. I just wanted to drive the in final wedge between us.

(Takes his hand)

Dane becomes angry, despite effort at self-control:

DANE

Just sex, sure - is that what it was?

SUSAN

My cunt isn't attached to my heart.

DANE

What?

SUSAN

Try to understand what I'm telling you.

(Reaches to touch his face.)

My heart belongs to you, only you.

(Fading.)

I couldn't have told you this, if I didn't know I was going to leave you like this. I love you. I never really wanted to leave you Mike. I -

Her eyes don't blink. SHE'S DEAD. The Nurse and Doctor ENTER.

DANE

Scott! You fucking bastard! You knew our marriage was - you were just taking advantage of her - I'll beat you to a fucking pulp if it's the last thing I -

Dane rises from Susan's bedside and PUNCHES A HOLE straight through the partition wall.

EXT. SEA SHANTY MOTEL - NIGHT

KAT'S voice on machine

Please leave a message -

DANE

My wife just died. I have to talk to you. I'm staying the Sea Shanty at the beach. Call, please call.

Forlorn, he walks into the dark, takes in the ocean - FADE OUT

FADE IN - EXT. KAT'S HOUSE - DAY

She is on the patio, taking morning coffee, reading mail:

KAT'S voice on machine

- message and I'll return your call.

DANE

You're the only person who might conceivably believe me -

- She picks up:

KAT

Believe you about what Dr. Dane?

DANE

Neon, they'll get him soon, in the next few days; you know why. He's wants it, he's gonna fall right into their hands.

KAT

What makes you so certain?

DANE

I've been talking to him.

KAT

You've been talking to the killer?

DANE

He called me. He'll give himself up only he'll be dead. It won't be him.

KAT

What are you talking about?

DANE

I need to talk this through with someone - guess I need your worldly wisdom Miss Miller.

KAT

I'll have to call you back.

(Hangs up on him.)

Don't hold your breath waiting.

EXT. BURNED-OUT GAY BAR - DAY

Carla, irritated and cautious with the man showing her ID:

CARLA

So? You're not a cop. I don't have to talk to you Mr. City Employee. And fake ID is easy in this town. If kids can get it then so can grown-up creeps -

(Her caution melts fractionally.)

Your face does seem slightly familiar.

DANE

TV probably. Here. Drivers license.

CARLA

- so what do you want - Doctor.

DANE

I saw you looking around back there. seen you around a few times recently. Do you live around here?

CARLA

No, and that's a bus stop. Buses stop there and I use 'em to get home.

DANE

Bus went by while you were looking into that burned-out bar back there.

CARLA

It was a bar? Oh, I didn't know that.

DANE

Really? What does it look like to you, then - a pet store.

CARLA

I'm under age, isn't that obvious, like, I don't go in bars? You're that shrink guy who catches serial killers?

(Notices COP APPROACHING from his post at the bar)

Here's my bus, nice talking to you.

DANE

(Scrawls on his card)

You might need someone to talk to about what you were looking for back there.

As the big Metro bus to the beach smokes in -

REVEAL SCENE FROM CAMBY'S POV:

He stands watching with smug satisfaction.

EXT. BAY SIGN & NEON COMPANY - NIGHT

Neon's panel truck in the lot alongside several other identical, neatly parked Bay Sign Co. trucks, plus RANDOMLY PARKED POLICE VEHICLES & LURKING OFFICERS WITH GUNS DRAWN:

INT. SIGN COMPANY WORKSHOPS - NIGHT

Reid interviews A TESTY BALD OLD MAN:

GEEZER

This list, these guys been here years.

REID

Okay Mr. Eckert, this Jimmy Koszepski, tell me, is he bald?

GEEZER

Sure he's bald, I'm bald. You're getting that way yourself. What's this about? Detecting a cure for baldness?

The old man glances around: at the OFFICERS WITH GUNS DRAWN, Shope examining the eight foot face for a large poster; A PERFECT LIKENESS OF KAT:

INT. HOMICIDE CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

A BODY IN A POOL OF BLOOD, flopped in a chair, in front of a video CAMERA MOUNTED BESIDE A .44 ON A STURDY TRIPOD.

EXT. VENICE STREET - NIGHT

Nondescript LITTLE HOUSE lost in a cluster of TV news vehicles, LAPD, Sheriff's, press, and heavily armed officers. THE POLICE LINE OPENS TO LET A CAR THROUGH - Stanton gets out and ENTERS.

INT. KOSZEPSKI'S HOME - NIGHT

Shope & Reid impassively watch CRIMINALISTS at work on the corpse. Stanton joins them - who will break the silence?

REID

So, Neon failed.

(Stanton waits for him to finish)
Dane's theory in his report; Neon would devise the ultimate television self-aggrandisement to take himself out.

STANTON

Yeah, die in front of millions on national TV. 'Guess Dane was wrong.

SHOPE

A .44 mag doctored with mercury makes pretty spectacular viewing on video, but dear Neon planned go out live in front of millions of devout fans.

Dane's report made pretty convincing reading - like I don't want to agree with the asshole but sure as shit I don't like the way this is panning out.

On slumped corpse, FADE TO BLACK

BLACK SCREEN: the ocean; surf, gulls, wind, A CELL PHONE RINGS:

EXT. CELL-PHONE IN SAND VENICE BEACH - DAWN

Dane running, scoops the ringing phone up with bland certainty:

DANE

Hey, you're dead Neon baby - you go heaven or what?

INTERCUT with Camby on distant sea wall:

CAMBY\NEON

Heaven? You know Doctor, some mornings
I wake up sane.

(Laughs pleasantly, easily, happily.)

Sane? Can you believe that? At least
feels that way.

DANE

Until you remember, right?

CAMBY\NEON

Right, until I remember - who I am.

What I am - and then there is no fear
of the day, no fear of life. Lately,
I've been waking up minus fear, fear
zilch, you might call that heaven.

Like self-enlightenment is nirvana,
yeah. Self-realisation I guess.

DANE

This is a cool conversation, man.
Like, how do you know I'm not recording
it for posterity?

CAMBY\NEON

Or evidence? nobody'd believe you,
guess they all think you are a crank
anyway, just like you said, I'm dead.

DANE

Very neatly dead - a brilliant ploy,
but they're not completely stupid.

CAMBY\NEON

Like to put money on it Doc? The
cops're stupid, real fuckin' stupid.

DANE

Question I've been meaning to ask -

CAMBY

Shoot.

DANE

Why'd you choose me?

CAMBY

Choose you? Tee-hee-hee baby, tee-
fukkin-vee! I saw you on TV is all.

You're bein'real nice this morning Doc,
tactic to get close I guess - 'call it
transference in your trade I believe.

(Dane remains silent.)

CAMBY Cont'd

You know how many thousands I've spent on therapy over the years Doc, potential raving psycho that I was, and am?

DANE

No, so why'd you choose me, seeing me on TV was the how, not the why, why'd you choose me, to help end it for you?

(Chuckles sadly)

Like, ultimately, kill you?

CAMBY\NEON

Does it matter?

DANE

- want me to catch you, end your agony?

CAMBY\NEON

(Laughs quietly, bitterly.)

Agony, please! A cliqued syndrome man, we've read the same textbooks.

DANE

You've got to be hurting, hurting badly - you must want it all to end?

CAMBY\NEON

We all have to die sometime Doctor.

DANE

I want to help you.

CAMBY\NEON

(Laughs happily again)

Don't you mean you want to help yourself? I've seen you on TV man, sucking on all that glory.

I know who you are.

DANE

A vainglory scum-sucking asshole? That's why you chose me I guess.

CAMBY\NEON

Not quite, but close. I saw you and I thought, there's a man with no balls.

DANE

No balls - we're talking courage here?

CAMBY\NEON

Your cop budster fucking your old lady man? Didn't that wanna make you want to kill him? Guess not. When your old

CAMBY\NEON Cont'd

lady died didn't you want to kill me -
no? But you will when it comes to Kat.

(Sniggers)

Startled you huh? I almost saw you
jump at the mention of her name.

It runs deep, doesn't it - that
instinct - that women have about men,
men that will kill for them.

(Dane's face tightens.)

Like Kat. Lovely, cold Kattie Miller.

Fucked her yet Doc? No? But know this
Doc, once she's sure you can help her,
she'll fuck you.

DANE

I - I'm married.

CAMBY\NEON

(Laughs ecstatically.)

Gimme a break, c'mon! Don't try telling
me you don't want to lay Kat you feeble
prick! You want to fuck her pal, bad.

(More laughter)

Sorry Doctor. No disrespect, but it's
just that every man wants to - what
with those big doleful blue eyes of
hers it's like she can see right into
you - like, she's got something special
for you. That's her appeal. She knows
what you want. And she lets you know
you don't stand a chance of getting it
from anyone else or her, unless you got
somethin' useful for her career.

DANE

What could she want from me?

CAMBY\NEON

Hey, you're the great motivationalist
man, isn't it drop-dead obvious? She
wants revenge. She wants Neon, baby.
She wants me - me made dead.

DANE

No - you've got her wrong.

CAMBY\NEON

No? Hey - just then: a catch in your
voice. You dog! You rascal! You've
already done her - yes! 'Night in

CAMBY\NEON

hospital. You did Kat Miller - No, she did you - she fucked you tender.

And now you want more. Was it good, was it that good? Why, this is far, far better than I could have ever hoped for - you're obsessed. She's got you. And you - you probably think its love.

DANE

You're sick.

CAMBY\NEON

Sure I'm sick, you silly fuck. I'm a fucking raving psycho serial murderer. Or had you forgotten! Was Kat's sweet pussy so inspirational it made you forget I'm Kid Neon! That's terrific.

(Laughs - warmly, then menacingly chill)

If she's that good I guess I'll have to fuck her myself real soon.

DANE

You know her - personally?

CAMBY\NEON

I wish, but I got some great shots of her screwing in her pool - you'll love 'em Doctor. You'll get to see her in action on another mans cock.

(Bitter laughter.)

Compare her fuckin' - see what she's really like - a bogus cunt!

The LAUGHTER CUTS, THE LINE IS DEAD - Dane about hurl phone. Instead, he taps out a number:

DANE

Scott? Want to hear a funny story?
Kid Neon called me. Right, from hell.

(Listens.)

A beer - yeah, I could go for that.

This time he does toss the cellular PHONE INTO THE SURF.

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

A DARK PLACE - OFF-DUTY OFFICERS indulge their thirsts with serious drinking - Dane and Reed are alone in a booth:

REID

Neon dreams up the most intensely evil ways to fuckin' kill whole bunches of

REID Cont'd

innocent people, then to climax his act, outs himself with a measly .44.

If he'd a blown his own balls off with a bazooka and bled out on camera maybe I could have gone for that -

DANE

Koszepski held at gunpoint and shot dead by the real Neon?

REID

The video is feeble Mike! Why didn't Neon go out live on TV21. He coulda patched in, his apparatus was there -

DANE

The equipment to hack into Channel 21 was at the crime scene?

(Reid nods.)

With Koszepski's prints all over it in convincing out-of-the-way places?

REID

(Nods, drains his glass,)

You know I can't officially tell you Michael, like Koszepski's prints were all over the innards of the apparatus.

DANE

The Medical Examiner find Koszepski anally receptive?

REID

(Laughs)

Lewdly shrewd Mike, how'd you guess?

DANE

Talking with the killer -

(Produces folder)

It's all here, in my report. 'Might be embarrassing for you Scott.

REID

I heard Susan talked to you before she died - we all have our weaknesses Mike. Hit me. Punch me in the face if you think it'll make it any easier for you.

DANE

The killer told me he had a movie of you and Susan in bed. I saw it, playing in a storefront window on TV. Can you believe that, Scott?

DANE Cont'd

It's all in my report I just filed with the department. This is your copy. I wouldn't want to you to accuse me of going behind your back.

REID

Already seen it, you want to fight me?

(Dane is motionless, overtly calm.)

DANE

I need to see the State Evidence file.

REID

I guess we both forgot we took an oath, Scott, somewhere way back.

DANE

Yeah, Hippocrates, who the fuck's that?

Dane downs his drink, gets up, goes out into the bright day -

EXT. COP BAR - DAY

Dane's eyes adjust: gets out his CELL dodging A DRUNKEN COP.

AQUAMARINE BLUE - lithe tanned limbs, hard breasts, tight belly, pubic hair; FEMALE BODY FLASHING UNDERWATER, POOL LIGHTS:

DANE GARBLED VO

- beginning to - you want to believe me
Miss Miller - otherwise why let me in?

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Kat swims with determination, finally pulling up beneath Dane.

KAT

Maybe I feel sorry for you is all.

She gets out, covers with a towel - a ARMED SECURITY GUARD ambles closer; Dane is drinking from BOTTLE OF SCOTCH:

DANE

Bullshit! You must have suspicions, why surround yourself with security?

KAT

You had me believe something before -
you had me believe your wife was dead.

DANE

They told me she would never regain consciousness. What-the-fuck kind of person do you think I am? Tell me that Miss Miller! What are you insinuating?

KAT

Such injured integrity, tut-tut. What kind of person do you think I am?

She nods dismissal to guard: challenges Dane with her body.

DANE

That night was - was - special.

She takes the scotch from Dane, takes a drink - albeit a small one - hands back bottle.

DANE Cont'd

Speculate - if I told you we'd be in his show next time Neon comes on air.

KAT

How's about if I told you I know you've rendered powerless - and ridiculed by your condescending asshole colleagues.

Like, in non-shrink jargon they've gone out of their way to fuck with your head - only a theory on my part, knowing cops - like your theory - that the real Neon set up this Koszepski as fall guy.

She leans into the view; city lights spread endlessly across the horizon.

DANE

All I can prove is Jack Shit - I've already admitted that.

You've been following the case. You're well informed. Those expensive lawyers of yours have sensitive ears.

KAT

They do indeed. Sad, isn't it - that I should have to spend money on lawyers to protect my interests - from the very people who should have my interest at heart - the cops and the media.

DANE

Yeah. The cops tried to use your image to pull the spotlight off the crock they had got into.

Keeping the media at bay with injunctions for invasion of privacy must have cost you plenty.

KAT

You do get the picture. I'm impressed. Mossy Greene helped - this thing could do enormous damage to my career.

DANE

You think I'm crazy too?

KAT

That's what they've told you isn't it, your cop colleagues; you've cracked up, no longer a capable professional. Don't believe it, okay. You're fine.

DANE

Neon talked about you - it was real, but like a hallucination. He knows you. You've met him socially.

KAT

You talked to the killer, I don't think so - - Okay, what did he talk about?

DANE

You. He knows you. The way he described you -- it was like -- he has been as up close to you as I am now.

KAT

- don't be the gentleman Dane. It was man talk wasn't it - give me details.

He nods turns away, distances himself physically:

DANE

It took guts back there. You know, the swimming - after what had happened - to go back in the pool took guts.

KAT

Ever had a bad car wreck?

DANE

Get back in the car and drive?

KAT

Stop the nightmares; you look like you could use a meal - maybe you would like to take a drive with me - have dinner somewhere, talk this through?

She takes away his bottle, pushes him into a chair and EXITS.

EXT. REID HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxicab drops Herb off, he's drunk: emits low A LOW WHISTLE:

REID

Trudy honey, where are you big baby?
Come talk to daddy, honey.

SILENCE - suspiciously DRAWS WEAPON AS HE UNLOCKS DOOR.

INT. REID HOUSE - NIGHT

A video camera winks a red eye, A FLOODLIGHT COMES ON - Neon stands over A DEAD ROTTWIELLER in a pool of blood.

NEON

Hey, Coke! Stand still sir - or I'll shoot you dead with my bottle of pop.

REID

Hey - Neon? You - you killed my dog!

NEON

A big doggie but this gun is biggie eh? We don't want to play guns - do we?

REID

You killed my dog.

NEON

You've had a few too many drinks Scott. Drop your gun.

REID

You killed my dog.

NEON

So you keep saying, not a friendly pup. Now please drop your fucking gun!

REID

You killed my do-

FLAME SPLATTERS through the plastic Coke bottle silencer - bullets strike the dead dog with DAMP SQUISHY THUMPS:

CAMBY\NEON

Sure did and just killed him again. Now shut the fuck up blabbing and drop your gun! Right there in your doggie's blood. Make it all slippery so if you reach for it, you won't be able to grip it, original huh?

REID

What do you want?

NEON

I understand you've been seeing the wife of a young friend of mine, fervently fucking her brains out in fact?

REID

Dane - you know Michael Dane?

NEON

He's a sensitive boy and just doesn't understand certain carnal instincts in women, like why they would fuck their husband's best friend.

(Opens arms in sad gesture of helplessness)
Any famous last words?

REID

You don't have to do this, not with an old soda bottle silencer. Neon, you're a technical genius, a perfectionist.

NEON

So I'll spoil my perfect pattern with this real low technology slaying old buddy, wouldn't want it to connect to my Neon appearances; at least, not yet.

REID

I guess you want to try put a frame round Dane, heh?

CAMBY

Nah, dead wrong pal.

(Lifts mask, reveals face)

REID

Cam Camby, Shit! I'm a great fan, I've-

CAMBY

No, you're just saying that.

REID

Seriously, I am a genuine fan, I-

CAMBY

With the exception of Koszepski you're the first I have actually killed face-to-face. Great television, man'n his dog, make real good viewing on my show.

Aiming the camera alongside the gun, SHOOTS REID IN THE GROIN:

REID

You shot me in the balls!

CAMBY

Ri-ight! That was from your friend Dane - this is from me.

He raises pistol and camera, SHOOTS REID IN THE THROAT - CUT TO

EXT. KAT'S FERRARI ON OLD TOPANGA CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

Motor HOWLING WITH DELIGHT; Kat downshifting, slamming bends!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN- NIGHT

They are standing apart, watching the water:

KAT

So, you think the killer knows me?

DANE

In theory. Look, I'm sorry about -
She turns into his arms and they kiss FADE OUT

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

PCH takes a brief respite from heavy traffic - the Ferrari
tools on back towards town.

EXT. SEA SHANTY MOTEL - DAY

Dane gets out of the car, walks back to his chalet - Katie
lingers suspiciously, intuitively -

INT. DANE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Dane enters the darkness - A SILHOUETTED FIGURE saps Dane, he
folds - a 2nd FIGURE punches Dane hard in the kidneys:

SHOPE

'Got the good word from the Doctor at
the hospital. You casually mentioned
you were gong to beat Scott to a pulp-

And as Shope hits Dane again there is COMMOTION - Kat enters
with a UNIFORMED OFFICER trying to restrain her:

SHOPE cont'd

Miss Miller, what are you doing here?

KAT

I could smell cop - Take your hands off
of him! You fascist motherfuckers -

SHOPE

He's under arrest - for homicide.

KAT

Really? Who died and when?

DANE

I had a drink with Scott last night -

SHOPE

And then you killed him - with a shot
to the throat, after you'd shot him in
the b - for revenge for your wife!

We have evidence that at eleven -

KAT

(Whispered)

Lieutenant Shope, from ten-thirty last night Michael Dane was with me!

INT. SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE - DAY

Dane stands looking from the window under the gaze of a UNIFORMED COP. Stanton is on the phone; Katie is seated opposite, her sedate, polite pose crackling with impatience:

STANTON

Wise to keep your home under surveillance Miss Miller.

SHOPE

You mentioned dinner at the beach?

STANTON

Leave it Shope. Miss Miller, I'm satisfied with your account. You chose wisely with your security company. We know them. You are both free to go.

Dane lifts a file from a cabinet top.

DANE

I appreciate you letting me look over the State evidence, the D.A. would have had an easy time; it would have been an open-and-shut case had Koszepski lived.

Stanton is poker faced.

SHOPE

You never struck me as an overly morbid type Dane, were you interested in the real dirt we dug up on your wife?

Dane keeps himself reigned in.

DANE

If I believed Koszepski was Neon, why face that - don't judge others by your own lack of insight Lieutenant.

STANTON

If Koszepski were Neon - really Doctor, the file provides conclusive evidence. There isn't one shred of evidence to hint that Koszepski isn't Neon.

DANE

Your only real evidence is his body. Koszepski was a real straight - for a gay - there is nothing to support his

DANE Cont'd

lifestyle. Koszepski was a dull duffer who loved classical music; he even had a season ticket for the Philharmonic.

Neon is a rock'n roller. Or do you see that as an attraction of gay opposites?

SHOPE

Fact that Koszepski ended it so neatly, and the case fell into place so quickly - that made us suspicious, but - no.

STANTON

So the Koszepski fall-guy scam worked and now the real Neon walks free, yes? Nice work Dr. Dane - your report.

(Hefts Dane's report)

'Wish I had time for creative writing, myself - but we work with fact here.

(Rises from chair, business is done!)

Sorry we can't accommodate you on this.

Strained, silent faces filled with animosity; Kat takes Dane's arm and leads him out - FADE OUT

FADE IN - EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A carnival atmosphere with TV NEWS, REPORTERS and CROWD behind POLICE LINE -a glimpse of Carla - then Camby, replete with recorder and microphone embellished with station logo ID:

GORDINO

Cam, what are you doing here?

CAMBY

Getting' the radio side of the picture.

How are you today, how is that astute professional curiosity of yours?

GORDINO

Jaded - the case is a lead balloon - no new angles. You? Got anything for me?

As he nods off screen -

INSERT: GREENE'S LIMO ARRIVING

The sprightly old man gets out and BATTLES THE CROWD:

CAMBY

Sure, Mossy Greene, shrewd old fuck; like damage control. He's got a whole bunch of flak from the very people in media who oughta be protecting him.

CAMBY

(Laughs warmly. She wants to hear more.)
So how about local cult radio thing, a special phone-in, nothing high profile. He might dig that, give him chance to answer back, get some street cred back.

GORDINO

Cute angle Cam - for you to get a slice of Neon's TV pie - how long has this been mulling in your slick sick mind?

CAMBY

Hours, days, who cares - cool huh?

As he snaps his fingers -

ANGLE ON CROWD - finding Kat and Dane:

DANE

Who's that with Leila Gordino?

KAT

- it's - Cam Camby.

DANE

Mr. Insane Saturday Night?

KAT

(Hesitantly, startled, staring at Camby)
Yes - come on; let's go inside.

REVERSE ANGLE BCU CAMBY

A broad, white smile as if ACKNOWLEDGING DANE AND KAT.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Dane and Katie pass Gordino talking to TV camera:

GORDINO

- dull sense of anti-climax here at -

INTERCUTS - in PUBLIC GALLERY - Dane and Katie scan the court, Camby is strangely excited:

JUDGE

In summary, this Court of Inquest concludes that the deceased, James Koszepski, substantially implicated in the Neon murders from overwhelming detailed evidence rather than be apprehended in imminent arrest by law enforcement agencies - took his own life - this court finds no reason for further investigation into this matter

JUDGE
(Stands)

The duty of this court is concluded.

Questions to be directed to the agency
that has video documentary evidence.
Special passes for members of the press
will be shown to the guard on entry-

FACES GLAZED IN MORBID CURIOSITY as the Neon VIDEO STARTS;
Stanton and Shope surrounded by uniformed deputies; Gordino
amongst other reporters; again Camby looks at Dane and Katie:

On TV: - a musical parody of loonytoons proceeds the
BULLET HOLE appearing BENEATH KOSZPESKI'S EYE. The
white background SPLATTERS RED, his head rolls
forward, the BACK OF HIS SKULL MISSING.

INT. RADIO STATION OFFICE - DAY

Camby sits behind his desk, working the phone:

CAMBY

That's perfect Leila - no, no, no, I'll
be very nice with Mr Greene. Sure.
I'll get Eddie Sachs get you an amended
contract sent over by the end of the
day. Thanks. You'll be rewarded.

(Flashes the phone)

Is Mr. Sachs in his office? - Cam Camby
- Eddie, we have a phone-in Saturday
Night -- yeah, bigger slice of the
action for Leila - go twenty percent.

ON TV: AN ELECTRIC CHAIR center stage of SMALL TV
STUDIO; a plethora of lights rigged under the roof;
electronic cameras under dust covers, with Camby
sweeping the floor, quietly singing to himself.

EXT. ANONYMOUS VALLEY BOULEVARD - DAY

Dane's car distorted in the wavering heat:

INT. DANE'S CAR - DAY

KAT

I don't believe this.

(Perspiration pours down her neck.)
Travelling without air is so painful.

DANE

Heat delays reactions, condenses anger.

KAT

Who gives a flying fuck, my eyes hurt,
we could have used my car. Where are
you taking me?

DANE

- Does it matter?

KAT

This heat is making me crazy.

DANE

Exactly - take in the view.

THEIR POV: dried-out yards, desperate dehydrated homes, sun-
scorched cars.

KAT

Michael - this is the Valley, goddamit!

DANE

Heat makes us all crazy, Katherine.

KAT

I feel nauseous. You're going to have
to pull over. I can't stand this.

DANE

It's getting to me too.

KAT

What are we doing out here?

HER POV - blinding sunlight, unmerciful on the urban landscape:

DANE

It's worked in the past - I get a taste
of the crazies - driving around in this
I make weird mental connections -

INSERT BCU KAT - silent, non-committal, staring from window:

DANE CON'T

--in this heat, you can feel it, can't
you - almost - the potential - the
tendencies - in yourself?

KAT

(Scoffs)

What! Homicidal tendencies?

DANE

It's sitting here, staring us both
right in the face, I know who he is and
you do too - Camby is Neon.

WIDER: He leans forward, connects a wire the under the dash -
cold air lifts Katie's hair:

KAT

You lied. You told me you had no air.

DANE

Cam Camby.

(He leans over emphatically, pleads.)

You suspect him. Don't you - somehow?

KAT

(Her anger dissipates.)

- since I saw him talking to Gordino outside the courthouse - kind of.

DANE

Does Camby mean anything to you?

KAT

To me and millions who listen in - no, I had dealings with him what, twelve years ago. I was a kid doing a lot of photo modelling then. I was up for some promo deal he had for his station.

DANE

What did he do? Ask to interview you for the part naked or something?

KAT

He had me go back to his house on some pretext, then told me it was between this other girl and me. It would have been a big break - for another girl.

I wouldn't put out, told him it was only radio - he got really pissed.

DANE

I have to talk to Camby.

KAT

Call him. He's always doing phone-ins. He's doing one tonight with Mossy Greene I heard. Going out live - I -

Realisation sweeps over him, he stops the car.

DANE

He is going to broadcast a show with Greene? That is some stunt! I'm full of admiration. How did he pull -?

KAT

Leila Gordino, I guess. She and Camby go back a long way. Talk radio is where she started, she's being doing shows for Camby for years.

KAT Cont'd

Plus, she's got Mossy's ear, or his dick. She's a cool old broad, I really don't want to admit this but I actually like and respect her -- it ties up.

DANE

Camby is Neon - somehow he's going to kill Greene live on National TV.

KAT

I knew where Camby lives. Or lived. I could find my way back there - off of Sunset Plaza, if he hasn't moved.

EXT. CAMBY HOUSE - DAY

They park; nobody at home; find their way round back...

INT. CAMBY HOUSE - DAY

Blinds and drapes drawn tight, as they ENTER IN THE DARK -

REVEAL - A .357 FOLLOWS THEM - hammer back, aim rock-steady.

Dane freezes, noticing the gun and the person holding it:

KAT

Seems you two people know each other.

CARLA

I know why you're here Doctor - you - you're Katie Miller.

(Lowers weapon in awe)

I really admire your work. I just love your show.

KAT

You do know how to use that gun?

Carla LOWERS HAMMER, snicks on safety with easy familiarity.

CARLA

Oh, this is mom's gun. I apologise if I scared you Miss Miller.

(Stashes handgun under her shirt.)

I'm Carla Camby. Kid Neon is my dad.

DANE

- is that why you were hanging around the burned-out bar?

CARLA

Before they got him, Koszepski I mean, I had this bizarre idea that Cam Camby,

CARLA Cont'd

my maniac dad, was Neon. Isn't that sick. I tried talking to mom but she just wouldn't listen. Thought I was being weird, and it made me feel icky thinking that murder stuff about dad.

(Searches their faces. Pulls her out doll.)
Like thinking your own father is a serial killer. Only now I'm certain. You will be too.

KAT

The video doll. Where did you get-

CARLA

Annie? I've had her for years, since I was nine. Her name is Annie. My father stole her from me and gave her back the day he blew up the homosexuals.

DANE

- when he bombed the Gays.

CARLA

I was with him when he did that. We were having lunch nearby. He left the table for a few minutes and after he came back, we heard - felt the blast.

DANE

Why did you come here today Carla?

CARLA

To be sure - that my dad - is Kid Neon.

A silence of helplessness pervades - Dane shrugs to Katie:

DANE

Take Carla to Stanton Kat, now, before your rehearsal. Stanton won't listen to me and have Carla talk to him - I'll stay and wait, check out the house.

As he ushers them to the door -

INT. KILLER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Dane is now at Camby's computer when -

START DREAM\FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

A FLASH of metal, Dane jerks, STABBED IN THE BACK!

CAMBY

Are you looking for me?

Dane looks at the LARGE HYPO in Camby's hand.

CAMBY

Dr. Dane, we finally meet in person.

DANE

You could have killed me with that.

DANES'S POV: A small DRUG BOTTLE FUZZILY SWIMS INTO FOCUS, Camby wafting, artily aiming his videocam smiling winningly:

CAMBY

No, no, no - merely knockout drops dear boy, I promised not to kill you and they're harmless, well, almost. I got the dose right - I'm glad you visited before I left - now I can update you on the next stage of our plan - I'm just off to collect Kat. She's another surprise guest on my show tonight.

Necrophilia a subject you're familiar with? Did you know I'm a necrophiliac? That's why I want Kat. And that's what I wanted to ask you, you won't mind if I fuck her when she's dead - on live television, after I've killed her?

It EXPLODES WITH LIGHT as the door is smashed - COPS SWARM IN -

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE

Carla is relating her story...

STANTON

If you had come forward sooner...

SHOPE

Despite her sophisticated appearance she's only a kid.

(To Carla, sympathetically)

'Thought nobody would believe you honey?

DANE

(Enters, groggily.)

That's right - what do I have to tell you to convince you that Cam Camby is the real Neon and he intends to kidnap Katie Miller.

INT. DANCE FAMILY JONES SET - NIGHT

STUDIO AUDIENCE ERUPTS with applause as Kat & CAST take a bow.

INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

PA

Lieutenant Shope on the phone - says
it's desperately urgent!

KAT

(Hurrying away)

Have him call back, two minutes.

INT. KAT'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Kat enters, kicks off shoes, flops onto couch - the phone rings
again, she reaches for it, it OBLITERATES:

CAMBY

Good shot eh, Miss Miller - practice
makes perfect.

Camby stands behind the door, yellow wig on his head, silenced
gun in one hand, white handkerchief in the other:

CAMBY cont'd

Try a scream and I'll plug it with a
bullet, right through your sweet mouth
- my dear Miss Miller.

KAT

Can I help you?

CAMBY

Can you help me, hey, nice line.

(Laughs viciously)

You can stop the pretence. You
recognise me. You know why I'm here.

A cellular phone purrs from her purse. She reaches for it.
Camby draws a bead. SHOTS.

The slug tears into her thigh. Her BLOOD SPLATTERS THE COUCH.

Camby's hand is across her mouth before she can scream, the
white handkerchief GAGGING HER.

He flips her purse with his gun, spilling the RINGING CELL, and
her own gun - removes handkerchief from HER SLEEPING FACE,
tossing it careful not to inhale the chloroform - her PHONE
CONTINUES RINGING..

ANGLE ON DANE IN RADIO STATION OFFICE:

Shope and the other officers watch with a chill detachment:

DANE

Kat, answer the fucking phone, please.

CARLA

Cursing her out won't help Doctor.

DANE

'Guess you're right Carla-

INT. KAT'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Bloodstained couch, empty - RACK FOCUS Shope talking into Katie's cell in B.G.

INT. NEON'S TV BROADCAST SUITE - NIGHT

NEON TV CARTOON

I'm back, I'm back, I'm back, I'm-

The Neon Cartoon PLAYS ON MONITORS as Camby lines up camera on Kat in the electric chair; she is bound, semi-conscious, with a bloodstained towel around her thigh.

CAMBY

You remind me of someone. Watch her video while I do your makeup.

ON TV: NANCY AT HOME, brushing her hair for her next date - CAMBY caresses her affectionately - she pecks his cheek, he is obviously A REGULAR CLIENT.

CAMBY

That's my friend Nancy, a beauty, isn't she, Miss Miller? If only you were truly blonde, you could be Nancy too.

Camby produces a crude yellow wig much like his own and roughly pulls it over Kats hair; she is now aware of her surroundings:

KAT

What are you doing to me Mister Camby?

CAMBY

Hello Nancy, lil' blonde Nancy, I'm going to kill you Nancy. You always enjoy that don't you, when I kill you? La petite morte, you do it so well.

You will be safe here while I'm gone...

ON TV: Katie, rigid in electric chair, WIG BRIGHT YELLOW AGAINST HER WHITE FACE.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Stutz grooves along in the AUTOMOBILE MELEE' of the Saturday night parade; Camby lounges back with a satisfied grin, listening to his own show on the radio:

CAMBY DJ VO

Hey, it's Saturday, crazy old Saturday.
This is your insane, insane Cam Camby
here on KNTZ Kay-nutz -

EXT. GORDINO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Camby waits in the Stutz, motor running - she appears, gets in:

GORDINO

Hi Cam - 'just love tooling around in
this old ride.

(A PHONE RINGS IN HER HOUSE - she smiles)
Someone doesn't have my cell number.

Camby lays rubber and the Stutz is gone..

Seconds later, BLACK-AND-WHITES SWOOP into Gordino's door.

INT. BEVERLY LIDO HOTEL - NIGHT

Mossy enjoys a cigar in his stretch as the Stutz glides up.
Camby hands his keys to a VALET, helps Gordino into the limo:

CAMBY

Mr. Greene -

(Extends hand)

It's been a long time sir.

Green nods to his CHAUFFEUR, they leave. Camby glances back --
predictably, THE COPS SHOW SECONDS LATER.

INT. RADIO STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

SHOPE

The Beverly Lido - patch me through.

INT. GREENE'S LIMO TRAVELLING ACROSS TOWN - NIGHT

The CAR PHONE RINGS. Greene's chauffeur answers. Camby takes
small camcorder out of his pocket:

CAMBY

Leila, I recall you saying one day
'Cam, give TV another spin, your radio
ratings have been consistent for years,
maybe it's time to try again, before
your good looks fade.'

GORDINO

Yeah, I remember Cam, so - ?

CAMBY

So here we are Mr Greene. With roles
reversed. Now you are going to be the
star guest on mv TV Show.

GREENE

A radio show I'm doing? What is this, a
TV show you got now Cam?

The chauffeur nervously glances in rear-view. Camby grins to him, draws his gun PUMPS FOUR SHOTS THROUGH THE PARTITION virtually lifting the driver out of his seat:

CAMBY

Welcome to the real world of the real
Kid Neon Mr Greene.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

GORDINO'S SCREAM pierces as the limo CARESSES PARKED CARS, crosses sidewalk into a front yard, carves through decorative shrubs into a wall - Camby leaps out MERRILY WAVING HIS GUN:

CAMBY

Ain't this the greatest?

(Pulling Gordino out of the limo.)

Shit, that was good. 'Havin' fun baby?

GORDINO

Cam, the driver? - Cam, you just shot
and killed the driver!

CAMBY

(Sweetly)

Sure, sure I did honey. Now pull
yourself together Leila, the show must
go on - you drive now honey okay?

GORDINO

But you just killed a man Cam!

CAMBY

(Soberly now)

Leila, please baby! You're beginning to
frost my apricots, okay? Just drive -
go slowly, we don't want to arouse
suspicion. I've got another car nearby.

(He suddenly gurgles with mirth)

Isn't this great fun Leila - isn't it?

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Shope looks around tentatively; a sense of apathy pervades:

COP

- Located Greene's limousine sir.

Shope EXITS leaving Dane staring at Camby's computer. Finally, he gets up, walks over to the window:

HIS POV - SATURDAY NIGHT ON THE STRIP - the giant Smile-rite superposter covering the side of the building OPPOSITE GLOWS ABOVE THE CROWDED BOULEVARD - the sidewalks packed, bubbling energy, the street jammed with cars.

CARLA OS

You'll find her Doctor Dane.

Carla quietly squeezes Dane's arm at window:

DANE

Where did you pop up from?

CARLA

'Been here all along, remember.

I have this real creepy feeling just being here in dad's office - but you know - I think she'll be okay.

She squeezes into him again, this time USING HER BREASTS. He pulls back, a light bulb flashes mentally - he moves to the TV nursing this new insight, hand lingering near power switch.

CARLA

- I think we should switch that on.

DANE

Channel Twenty-one?

CARLA

The porn thing in the video - you suspect, don't you Doctor - about dad, and me? There's something - sexual.

He takes on his professional caring expression, the face he wore when he was with the Teenage Cookie Killer:

DANE

- would you like to talk about it?

ON TV the regular show begins to break up as the familiar NEON CARTOON POPS ON:

NEON

I'm back! It's me. I'm back everyone!

INT. TV21 BROADCAST CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

VDU's flicker and buzz incoherently:

TECHNICIAN

Sid, man, someone's screwing with the old Kid Neon feed.

2nd TECHNICIAN

Just some wiseass playing a sick joke - hey, that looks like Kat!

ON TV - picture stabilises, clearly revealing Kat in the ELECTRIC CHAIR - her eyes blink, otherwise she could be dead - then BCU of the Neon Cartoon:

TECHNICIAN

(Reads title onscreen)

What the!Neon lives! Big show tonight!
Murder by Neon on National TV live from
LA with special guest star Kat Miller.

Neon's CARTOON FACE MIXES REVEALS Camby, grinning:

NEON/CAMBY

I am the great television killer known
as Kid Neon, you know my face and name,
I ain't the sucker Koszepski, I killed
him to take the blame, my true identity
is Cam Camby, ain't that just insane!

EXT. TV21 STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD - DAY

CROWDS watch large street MONITORS used for entertaining
waiting audience lines as Shope and DEPUTIES ARRIVE.

ON TV: Camby struts his stuff around the set, which
looks larger now with an eerie, A CLOUD OF COLORED
MIST FLOATING BENEATH KATIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR:

CAMBY

This is Kid Neon broadcasting live from
my secret location in LA; violent crime
has become so acceptable in society
that I decided to make this statement
on behalf of all thinking people -

KAT

Do you hate television so badly as to
have to kill to get attention? Is that
why are you doing this?

CAMBY

I kill for poetic license - plus the
old argument that television has rotted
the family from the inside out, conse-
quently society disintegrates slowly,
but who needs to hear all this when
there's lots of fun killing to see?

MONTAGE: Neon's broadcast seen at various locations MALLS,
FAMILY HOMES, BARS, DINERS, RESTAURANTS:

ON TV: Greene and Gordino on long sofa in the mist:

GREENE

Let these women go Cam. I'll give you
anything; trust me.

CAMBY

Sure, sure, but it's too late Mr. Greene. You robbed me before, but I'm sure you've forgotten that, huh?

GREENE

Free the women, can you do that for me?

CAMBY

So you save the day - metaphorically speaking of course.

Typically opportunistic of you, Mossy - to seize the moment for yourself with an act of pseudo self-sacrifice.

Isn't that a cool gesture Ladies and gentlemen out there? Permit me to introduce Mr Mossy Greene, CEO and principal share-holder of TV21 - lets get the show rolling here Mr Greene, do you feel responsible to the public?

GREENE

The public?

CAMBY

Sure. You know. People, it's people who make up ratings points.

GREENE

(Remorse at Camby's bitterness.)

C'mon Cam. Don't talk like that. I love the public; my viewers are my family.

CAMBY

Of course, yes. Family! You're a big, big family man Mr Greene, right?

GREENE

That is right Cam, eight grandchildren.

GREENE

Cool. Then I'm sure they'll get a kick out of this clip coming up next. You old rascal Mossy. You'll enjoy this.

ON TV: Nancy appears leading Mossy into her bedroom - then Mossy humping like an OLD STEAM ENGINE:

NANCY

You're so cute Mossy, and I do like you so - oh please Mossy no, don't hurt me, not in the ass.

Animated Neon pulls on SECOND CLIENT for Nancy:

NANCY cont'd

You're so cute Herman, and I do like you so - please Herman no, don't hurt me, not in the ass.

ANOTHER WIPE - Neon pulls on THIRD ELDERLY CLIENT:

NANCY cont'd

You're so cute Duane, and I do like you so - oh please Duane no, don't hurt me, not in the ass.

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

NANCY cont'd

You're so cute Jim-Bob, and I do like you so - oh please Jim-Bob no, don't hurt me, not in the ass.

CARLA

I shouldn't be laughing - 'guess it's not funny. But I've never seen a fuck flick before - well, except my own!

Dane hides his shock - the girl turns back to watch.

ON TV: Camby plays gameshow host with relish; raises arms as if to quiet a studio audience:

CAMBY

Wasn't that a great performance folks? Lets hear it for Mr Mossy Greene, married forty years and still going strong. Family values huh? Here's more:

ON TV: Greene naked, sitting on Nancy's bed, smoking a cigar, pulling on his underwear:

GREENE

Y'considered my proposition Nancy. We could have a great life together?

NANCY

You weren't serious Mossy? But, your family - what would -?

GREENE

That I can fix. 'Need a change, Nance - a fine life it would be, us...

NANCY

I don't think I'm not the right girl for you, Mossy.

(Smiles sincerely)

I could be embarrassment for you...

GREENE

No, you wouldn't - had it checked out.
Y'clean, y'led a quiet good life. You
got the low profile.

NANCY

You've been having me watched -- !

(Her anger quickly subsides.

He begins to paw her.)

Doesn't surprise me I guess. You are a
powerful man. Thanks, but no thanks Mr
Greene, I like my life as it is.

And I do like you, you know that. But
I don't think anything other than our
current business arrangement, which I
enjoy enormously, would be comfortable.

GREENE

(Pounces, kisses her passionately)

You're a -- a cold bitch!

NANCY

I shouldn't. It isn't professional.

(Tactfully extricates from his grasp)

- but I like it when you kiss me.

Green watches forlornly as

ON TV: Nancy EXTRICATES HERSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN with
different tricks - then repeat scene with Greene:

NANCY on TV

I shouldn't -

(She extricates herself from Greene)

But I like it when you kiss me.

CAMBY

Isn't that sad Mr Greene? - Ahhhh,
poor old boy.

ANGLE now includes Dane watching, sitting at Camby's computer -
Carla is clearly agitated:

CARLA

I lied to you just now. I did see a
porno movie - Dad's.

(Tugs his sleeve, pulls him to window,
picking up her doll up for reassurance.)

Hard core, with a girlfriend of his, I
guess. With a dildo. Mom found it.
She told me that was all dad wanted his
studio for, dirty videos. He made them
right across the street.

DANE

(Gets up goes to window.)

Where?

CARLA

I told you - right across the street.

(Points)

The very top, the loft where dad does his late night 'things'. There, see, beside Kat's face on the billboard.

INSERT HER POV - the windows on building beside superposter:

CARLA

(Sharply, hugging her dolly.)

I was there.

ON TV: Camby flourishes his pistol playfully:

CAMBY

Family values, well whaddaya say Mr Greene, what will your family say? Don't worry about it, you won't be around to take any grief from them.

(Turns to CAMERA)

Hey Shope. You're tuned in to the show now right. Right, sure you are.

INT. TV21 CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Shope, telephone cradled to ear, watches his adversary on TV.

CAMBY cont'd

For all you folk looking in from home, Lieutenant Shope is the clever cop who conducted the investigation that proved conclusively that what I am about to do is impossible - because I'm dead.

ON TV: Camby calmly turns, aims, and FIRES THREE SHOTS INTO GREENE'S POTBELLY!

Shope winces as -

ON TV: Greene BOUNCES, screaming as BLOOD GUSHES -

A VOICE from the telephone diverts Shope:

SHOPE

Where? Okay.

(To other officers)

We have Neon's location.

The cops EXIT as -

ON TV: Camby goes over to Greene:

CAMBY

Guess that hurts huh? Now don't go die on me yet, Mr Greene.

(To CAMERA)

Ain't this too much fun! Real live murders on National TV - see his belly pucker when the slugs went in?

Great huh? See the blood squirt out of the punctures, the bullet holes?

Cool special effects? What's the difference if its real, watch Ol' Mossy Greene die slowly now while we have fun with my other celebrated studio guests.

(Moves over to Kat in the electric chair)

It's Kat Miller. Isn't she beautiful? All the times you see her show, ever wonder what her little titties really look like? - well...

CUT AWAY as he tears Kat's blouse, BARES HER BREASTS ON CAMERA.

Kat on illuminated Smile-rite billboard, TILT DOWN to Sunset Blvd: Dane pulls Carla through cruising Saturday night traffic.

CARLA

But you haven't called the cops.

DANE

Your dad wouldn't want that Carla.

(Pauses, SIRENS, GROWING LOUDER.)

Points to nearby payphone.)

The cops know where he is now - call Shope, just to be sure.

CARLA

I don't want to be separated from you.

(Clings desperately.)

My daddy'll kill you.

DANE

(Pushes her to phones, enters the lobby.)

No, he doesn'y plan to hurt me Carla, but he will kill Katie, and the others - if I don't get to him before the cops. Make the call, please Carla.

ON TV - downstairs lobby security camera clearly picks up Dane walking towards elevators.

REVEAL NEON'S BROADCAST SUITE with Camby watching with a satisfied smile, he turns:

CAMBY

Isn't this just great television! For all you good people enjoying the show at home, the gentleman waiting for the elevator is Doctor Michael Dane; my final guest for tonight's show.

But there will be many uninvited police guests who will be arriving soon.

ON TV - Camby watches Dane find his way up through the building on the security VDU's:

CAMBY

Ladies and Gentlemen, Dr. Michael Dane.

ON TV - BCU DANE, staring wide-eyed into CAMERA with outrageous artificial applause SOUND-FX.

EXT. SERVICE STAIRS THROUGH WINDOWS - NIGHT

Magnified, CANNED APPLAUSE echoes down the stairwell as Carla runs upwards, passing details of giant billboard on the outside of building - at the top, she cautiously peers in:

INT. NEON'S BROADCAST SUITE - NIGHT

Dane cautiously moving around props and light stands - Camby courteously ushering him center stage with his gun - EYE-LINES CONNECT BETWEEN DANE AND KAT - her glance tells him she is not comatose but playing possum.

ON TV - more DEAFENING CANNED APPLAUSE. Dane is pushed forward, Camby's gun to ribs:

GREENE

(Croaks)

A Doctor? Help me. I've been shot.
Are you really a doctor - ?

Greene is bleeding profusely:

CAMBY

Isn't Mossy a great character! Take care of him Doc, here's enough morphine to keep him high as a kite right on through his own funeral wake.

ON TV - A blur of movement in the corner of Camby's eye: CARLA! Has he seen her dart in? He SPREADS HIS ARMS WIDE to match his smile, THE ULTIMATE SHOWMAN:

CAMBY cont'd

Now, we're all here. Let's have fun.

GREENE

You shoot me in the gut. That's fun?

THE TRAFFIC SIGNALS CHANGE - within seconds Sunset
CLEARS OF TRAFFIC, and is ominously quiet and
deserted. POLICE VEHICLES swoop in silently,
DISGORING HEAVILY ARMED SWAT OFFICERS:

CAMBY

Aah-ahh! The expected but uninvited
guests to my show! Now for some fun!

GREENE

That's fun? You heartless asshole Cam,
and I got a terrific deal for you. I -

CAMBY

Isn't he a character? Shut the fuck up!

(Laughs, and with a flourish SHOTS GREENE
IN THE STOMACH AGAIN.)

Yes! My uninvited guests are here -
little do they realise what treats I
have in store for them?

(Chortles)

Before we party hearty here with
celebrated studio guests Mossy Greene,
Leila Gordino, Katie Miller and Dr Sean
Dane, watch this!

(As the COPS ENTER FOYER Camby enters
codes into cell:)

Claymores go! Mine those turkeys!
Wow, now this is TV!

ON TV: Sheets of sparks as SHRAPNEL CARVES THROUGH
BODY ARMOR splattering blood across the foyer -
canned laughter and manic giggles as DISMEMBERED
LIMBS FLY OVER THE SIDEWALK...

CAMBY

Isn't this great! That was the LA
Sheriff's S.W.A.T. team that was.

Was in the literal sense. Did you all
get to see that clearly back home.

All those loose body parts floatin'
around, see that cop's severed leg get
stuck in top of that traffic signal?

More uninvited law enforcement guests
will show is for sure, and will be
turned away in much the same way.

And that, I can assure all of you good
people watching at home, will make real
exciting live death television.

So stay tuned to Murder by Neon.

SPLIT SCREEN: a small box next to TV21 LOGO comes on revealing the familiar news anchor.

NEWSMAN

This is Newsbreakin' TV21 Los Angeles,
and I'm Jim Trimble.

Murder by Neon is back on air tonight
with mayhem right from the heart of
Hollywood. Looks like Neon was alive
all along, 'cause he's killing again
with one mass-police slaughter to his
credit tonight. We will bring you live
pictures from Sunset Boulevard where he
has taken hostages for his show - this
show! - for uninterrupted coverage stay
with us, TV21LA.

CAMBY

Well, hi, Jim. It's been a long time!
Finally we get to work together again,
huh? Welcome to my show, my man.

NEWSMAN

Hi, Cam. Thanks. Guess y'can see TV21
from your studio?

CAMBY

Sure as shit, Jim baby. Got me a real
professional broadcast suite here. It
isn't that I don't like you or anything
Jim - but I don't want you around, see.

INSERT: Carla lowers hrt gun as Camby he walks behind Katie:

NEWSMAN

(Grinning broadly - adjusts ear-piece)
You want me to leave? I don't quite
understand Cam.

CAMBY

Jim, good buddy, if you don't get your
ass out of here, I'll get real pissed.
There's only room for one cute
presenter on this show.

(Laughs heartily)

And that's me!

NEWSMAN

Sure Cam, got it! I'm outta here; you
don't want me on picture.

CAMBY

Or sound. But I'll do you a big favor
- see studio monitors there Jim?

Trimble nods weakly, Camby fiddles with his remote, points his gun at Trimble, and pulls the trigger: A huge realistically BLOODY SPECIAL-FX BULLET HOLE APPEARS IN THE NEWSMAN'S FOREHEAD:

CAMBY cont'd

There you go Jim. You'll go down in history for that. You died on camera and lived to tell the tale. Just donate ten percent to my estate Jim, my daughter Carla'll need lotsa dough for college and psychiatric help I guess.

2ND INSERT CARLA gun on her father again, lowers it hearing him.

NEWSMAN

(Smiles squeamishly.)

Oh, sure, thanks Cam, good shot. I'm outta here. Take Care Liela, Mr. Greene, Miss Miller - er, have a nice night now Cam.

CAMBY

(Laughs warmly)

You too, 'night Jim, thanks for the visit. 'Guess Jim's a little shaken after taking a bullet like that. For all you viewers who've just joined us, this is The Murder by Neon Show and I'm Cam Camby, the real Neon. And now...

(Canned applause distorts with jarring harmonics)

- a great privilege for all you stupid folk at home - you are going to hear from my very special guest, the greatest criminal psychiatrist on television - Doctor Michael Dane.

DANE

Thank you Cam. I think it is important that you explain to your audience why you became Kid Neon...

ON TV Dane settles as Camby gestures to the monitors: AMBULANCES ARRIVE; PARAMEDIC'S spill onto Sunset Blvd to TEND THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

CAMBY

My show makes good television, yeah?

DANE

For sure Cam, but a question that's been intriguing me. Why did you invent and take on this kid Neon persona?

CAMBY

Oh golly-gosh-gee Doc, ' thought it would be fun is all.

DANE

You must have some intellectual rationalisation Cam?

CAMBY

Oh, hell, no. I'm not blaming TV for anything at all, really - I might be a psycho but I'm not crazy.

(Presses button for more canned laughter.)
The idea that television has turned America into what it is today - now, is that a lame argument? Or, is that a lame argument?

(Points gun at Dane.)

Or, maybe it's true?

Unnoticed by Camby Kat watches Carla sneak by and hide. They EXCHANGE A GLANCE. Carla is about to make a move to help Kat:

DANE

You believe television starts trends in society rather than reflects them?

CAMBY

Sure! But who really gives a fuck, seriously. What do you think this is Doc, a socio-psych seminar? Like, you believe 'they' care out there.

(To CAMERA)

By they, I mean you! Yes, you! The audience, the public. Yeah, you.

You don't have the smarts of a fly, concentration span of a bug, or the taste! Here you all are eating up this television shit and loving it!

He begins to shake, and noticing Gordino quaking, pushes his gun into her mouth:

CAMBY cont'd

You whore Leila; I'll give you something to suck that'll -

He is about to pull the trigger, when:

KAT

Cam, it's me Nancy. Where have you been baby? I've missed ya.

KAT Con't

(It is a remarkable impersonation of Nancy's voice. Camby is stunned, turns)
Cam baby, are we going to have fun
baby, are we?

CAMBY

Nancy I -

(Stares at Kat, CRACKS UP LAUGHING)
Hey, that's a real good copy of your
own voice Nance. Real good.

Slides gun under Kat's skirt, up between her thighs:

CAMBY

You like that baby? Mmmn, Nance!

KAT

(Continues mimicing Nancy's voice.)
Oh Cam, I'm so very sorry, but I've
lied to you constantly over the years -
you have never satisfied me Cam. I
really hate to tell you this, but,
sadly, I believe you could never
satisfy any woman.

He begins to lose it, STIRS THE PISTOL VICIOUSLY
BETWEEN HER LEGS: snaps back, frosty, controlled.

CAMBY

Nancy darling, such very good acting; a
brilliant performance Miss Miller,
quite deserving of an award, a reward.

(OFFERS DANE PISTOL, butt first.)

Doc, I'm going to make you a righteous
hero, a National Hero. All you have to
do to save the girl you love, is -

DANE

Ah, I'm to be the good guy who takes
out the bad guy. Cam, sorry to
disappoint you pal, but I've never
taken life, and I don't intend to start
now, by killing you. Or even injuring
you, I hate TV violence too y'know.

ON TV: Camby puts down the gun equidistant between
them, but Dane stands motionless.

CAMBY

You've killed before.

(Childlike.)

As a boy, you must have killed a bug,
or a bird, playing at hunting, some

CAMBY cont'd
innocent little bird with your first BB
gun. You have taken life!

(Screams at Dane)
I know it! As a kid you must. The
urge has to start somewhere?

DANE
'Like to talk about your urge, Cam.

CAMBY
(Calmly picks up large kitchen knife)
My urge to kill Doc? Wanna play
psychiatrist? Well, okay my man.

ON TV: Camby calmly goes pver to Gordino, slowly
PUSHES THE KNIFE POINT INTO HER BARE ARM.

DANE
Look, you don't have to demonstrate,
okay. I killed a cat once Cam. I
strangled it, with my bare hands, okay.

ON TV Gordino grits her teeth as BLOOD WELLS:

CAMBY
You're not the type to kill a poor
little innocent kitty - I'm not
particularly interested in your motives
for lying either - pick up the fuckin'
gun you yellow-bellied shit!

DANE
I throttled the cute kitty 'til it's
little eyes popped. I was wearing my
father's thick, leather work gloves.

CAMBY
Nice touch. Maybe I believe you but
how insipid and who cares! Leave the
fuckin' gun, let's get on with some
real interesting stuff here.

(- leaves Gordino bleeding, moves to Kat)
Now, the moment we have all been
waiting for - Ladies and Gentlemen, I
give you The Real Kat Miller Show.

ON TV - the music swells, the lights dim,
accentuating the VDU's behind Katie:

More underwater night photography: A MUCH YOUNGER
KAT SWIMS LEISURELY, talking with an ANONYMOUS
FIGURE IN BLACK TIE AND TUX AT POOLSIDE:

CAMBY cont'd

Miss Miller, everyone in the world is fascinated with you and your spectacular career, so please tell us all at home, how it all started, how you lost your virginity.

(More piped laughter as Kat recognises the material on TV.)

Don't be a party pooper Miss Miller, we're starting to have fun here. What did you get in return for - ?

(Pops his cheek)

- Your cherry?

ON TV: Kat SLIPS OUT OF HER SUIT, laughing, teasing, INVITING THE MAN TO JOIN HER IN THE WATER:

KAT

You evil bastard - you kill my father, and now you do this - what are you trying to prove here?

CAMBY

Here we have a little video of you servicing your benefactor.

ON TV: Kat lunges, pulls the other party into the pool - it is Mossy Greene - he THRASHES AROUND PLAYFULLY IN HIS EVENING CLOTHES. Kat begins to undress him, PULL DOWN HIS PANTS...

GREENE

(Clutching his gut, aware of the TV)
The pain - and now this drek you show!

CAMBY

Pain Mr. Greene? Eh, you still alive - you hurtin' and having fun back there? Look at yourself on TV, Mr. Greene, see the cute girlie sucking on your cock?

ON TV - Katie FROLICS in Greene's crotch:

GREENE

This pain, gimme more of that stuff-

CAMBY

Another nice cocktail Mr Greene? How about a nice shot of morphine flavored with a nice hit of methamphetamine?

ANGLE PAST CARLA to Camby and Katie. Carla hides behind bar. Camby doesn't see her, or does he? Is this a game between them? - she flips open the .357, checks the shells.

ON TV: Camby paces around his 'studio guests'...

CAMBY

How do you like the show so far Leila,
huh - all of this picturesque mist
floating around?

GORDINO

Beautiful Cam, just beautiful - you got
any more of that morphine? This
freaking knife wound you just gave me
really is painful.

CAMBY

Sure baby. So let's have us some fun
here. A few adult movies and a drink!
Would you like a cocktail Miss Miller?

(Camby holds the glass under her nose,
drains it himself, SLIDES HIS KNIFE UP
UNDER HER SKIRT)

C'mon Katie - lets show 'em your pussy!

(LIFTS SKIRT to riotous canned applause)

Such cute panties gotta keep the
ratings up so lets have 'em down!

Camby brutally PUSHES HIS KNIFE BETWEEN KATIE'S BARE
THIGHS - - Dane hides his face in terror!

DANE

What have you got to gain by
humiliating Katie more?

CAMBY

Hell Doc, this is only humiliating her
because she ain't getting more lines
just sitting there! She's got nothing
to say poor girl. Just look at her
lowering her head, waiting to die when
I cut her pussy out!

Pick up the gun Doc. Kill me, or I'll
kill the girl you love.

DANE

But Cam, you aren't Kid Neon, I am - if
you want him dead, shoot me - I'm Kid
Neon, and I can prove it.

Dane is wearing Camby's Neon wig. For a second he
is convincing - Camby, momentary confused, pulls his
knife from Katie's underwear:

CAMBY

You trying to drive me crazy Doc?

DANE

You want Neon out of your life Cam?

A long moment as Camby looks at Dane - behind his back CARLA FREES KATIE'S HANDS from the arm clasps of the electric chair:

DANE Con't

You really know who you are Cam?

ON TV: With the gun equidistant between them Camby waits a few nasty moments then chortles:

CAMBY

- so feeble Doc, sorry for laughing - nice try, but you can take the wig off now - it just ain't a funny enough finale' for TV, it's too intelligent.

This is Teee-Veee so people want to see sleee-zee you know, like three-way sex.

ON TV: the VDU's start to play a SEX SCENE - Carla, Camby and the blonde doll.

CAMBY Cont'd

So how's about this! A thirteen year old girl having sex with her own father, and he gets her to like it!

CARLA

(Piercing scream!)

No! It's a secret!

Camby turns towards the ELECTRIC CHAIR. IT IS EMPTY! Katie is gone. He calmly sits in it and watches the SEX SCENE UNFURL ON TV:

CARLA

Stop that! Turn it off!

NEW ANGLE: Carla,.357 pointing at Camby's forehead:

CAMBY

Hi honey, I was wonder when you were going to come out of the woodwork. Aren't we forgetting our manners here dear, pointing a gun like that?

(She backs off; gun aimed steadily at his face.)

You are on TV dear daughter, so you wouldn't kill dear old daddy would you.

CARLA

Don't come any closer - this is a real gun dad. Dad, I'll shoot

CAMBY

Sure honey, I know, it's your mother's .357 - I bought it for her, if you recall. Now are you sure you remember how to use it, just the way I taught you when you were just turning twelve years old? - like I taught you all of those other things too, huh?

STUDIO VDU'S ON TV: Father and daughter make mad passionate love in the artfully edited video - the BLONDE DOLLY BOUNCES UP AND DOWN ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE AS THEY CLIMAX:

Camby turns and presents Carla to CAMERA:

CAMBY

For all you folk lookin' in back home, I would like to introduce my daughter - Carla Camby.

CARLA

It was our - special thing - daddy!

(Weeping hysterically, gun in his face.)

Daddy! How could you - show that - us - together - you've cheapened it - it was our secret! Our secret love!

CAMBY

A question before you kill me honey - was I a good fuck?

GUNSHOT tears chunk of FABRIC AND FLESH OFF OF CAMBY'S ARM! - Katie emerges with a SMOKING PISTOL:

CARLA

You bitch! You've hurt him!

KATIE

You disgusting pervert Camby. Dane was right, you haven't got the balls to kill yourself, and Dane won't do it, so you are trying to get your own kid to kill you -- but instead - let me!

Katie draws a bead, Carla squeezes off a SHOT AT KATIE, MISSING:

CARLA

No bitch! - leave him alone!

They have each other, and Camby covered - he moves between them, hands raised, bleeding.

KAT

Hey! He seduced you.

CARLA

So what! - I liked it!

KAT

He's your father! - He incested you!

CARLA

So what - I love him!

KAT

(Takes aim)

Get out of my way. He killed my dad!

CARLA

Leave him alone, don't hurt him.

(Jumps to block Kat's shot)

Don't kill him. He's crazy. He's insane! Criminally insane...

KAT

(Moves to get CLEAR SHOT AT CAMBY)

You evil pervert; you've even turned your own child into a psycho!

ON TV KAT shoots: clothes, flesh and blood fly, as her shot smashes Camby's other arm.

Carla OPENS FIRE defending her father, missing Katie - WOOD SPLINTERS beside Katie's head!

ON TV: the girls SHOOT IT OUT - finally, pistols clicking furiously, emptily.

CAMBY

The ultimate misogyny folks, getting women to humiliate each other, love it don't you. Admit it. To me, Kid Neon, the ultimate child of TV.

ON TV: the door shatters, COPS BLAZE IN BEHIND STEEL SHIELDS, OPEN FIRE!

Camby grabs Carla, protects her as A HAIL OF POLICE BULLETS SMACK INTO HIM!

IMAGES ERUPT in a climax of NEON'S WHIZ-BANG GRAPHICS, PIPED LAUGHTER AND HIDEOUS SCREAMS as police firepower pulverises everything in the studio with literally THOUSANDS OF BULLET HOLES!

BCU EYES - concentrating: a red spot of fresh blood splatters an eyelid - it blinks - it is Dane.

ON TV: - Dane working on Camby's wounds with bare BLOODY HANDS as Carla passionately GIVES HER FATHER THE KISS OF LIFE in a rapidly growing POOL OF BLOOD:

CARLA

I liked it; I liked it, dad. I love you dad. Dad, don't die.

CAMBY

(Opens his eyes)

Okay. So french me, baby, just like I taught ya. Gimme your tongue, honey, I'll really have something to live for.

ON TV: Kat now in shot, looking stunned - cops rush back and forth in B.G.

DANE

Help me Kat, hold that - there.

KAT

No! He was going to kill you and he killed my father, he killed your wife. Is that camera live?

CARLA

Yes, there are millions of witnesses out there Miss Miller! You want to become an accomplice to murder, you shot him before the police did - help Doctor Dane save my dad's life, please.

DANE

Thanks, Kat, hold that right there.

KAT

Don't thank me - I just want to see him brought to trail.

ON TV: - a paramedic tries to push Dane aside:

DANE

We're gonna lose him if - look, I'm a for-real physician, okay.

REGULAR PHOTOGRAPHY: Dane instructs paramedics:

SHOPE

Having fun, Dane - you knew where this studio was - you could have called us, stopped this blood bath!

DANE

So you could blitz your way in with as much finesse as -

SHOPE

And now you try to save the motherfucker's life?

Camby, amused by them, cell still in hand, uses his final strength and concentration to tap in final command.

ON TV screen fizzles, picture returns:

CAMBY

(Weakly to Dane)

Get down good buddy. It really is
goodbye this time.

(TO CAMERA)

You've been a great audience. This is
Cam Camby signing off from his final
Insane Saturday night Show with-

Dane pulls Kat down. The cartoon bounces around laughing as a
WAIST-HIGH EXPLOSION obliterates the studio:

Lighting poles SKEWER COPS, plate glass CHOPS SHOPE LITERALLY
IN PIECES, his halves fall in a hail of BODY PARTS.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

MOMMY, DADDY and KIDS eat, held spellbound by the show:

ON TV Gordino crawls towards camera, SLIDING THROUGH
GORE until her blood smeared face fills screen:

GORDINO

Are you getting this in the studio - is
anybody there, Jim Trimble, you there?

NEWSMAN

(Appears SPLIT SCREEN.)

You're on air. We're all here, bucking
for you, Leila.

GORDINO

This TV21 Los Angeles, Leila Gordino
reporting live from serial killer Kid
Neon's secret TV lair in Hollywood.

This smell of blood is something I'll
never for - Lieutenant Shope you okay?

Shope distracts her. His doleful pleading, face
stares at her; she moves to assist him, attempts to
cradle him, accidentally PICKS UP HIS SEVERED HEAD!

It's EYES ROLL, she cracks up laughing hysterically:

GORDINO cont'd

This smell of blood, I'll never forget,
don't you agree Lieutenant, ha, ha, ha,
ha. For TV21 Los Angeles, this is
Leila Gordino reporting live -

As she keels over in the red slime START CREDIT SEQUENCE

PANDEMONIUM ON SIDEWALK - Greene, miraculously, is
still alive; Dane & PARAMEDICS put both him and
Neon/Camby into an ambulance.

Stanton arrives in the melee' - dazed, he bends over Camby - who seizes the moment, SEIZES STANTON'S GUN from beneath his jacket.

Dane grabs for it but he is too slow.

Camby pushes the gun under STANTON'S NOSE, shoots with a quick one-two, A BULLET UP EACH NOSTRIL.

STANTON'S HAT IS BLOWN OFF the top of his head by A GUSHER OF BLOOD, followed by a STREAM OF RED GORE SPURTING FROM EACH NOSTRIL as the TWO GUNSHOTS ECHO!

CAMBY

(Joyously)

Yay! Wow! Now that's a nosebleed!

(Stanton topples to the ground, Camby fires into the air, hands empty gun to Dane)

Yup. He made it man. He's famous! He had to die to do it though. Ha, ha.

Then, what people would do to get famous eh? Hey?

(His raucous laughter becomes harmonic; he haemorrhages but tries to sing)

Death means nothing on TV -

It's commonplace -

Like love in rock songs -

START FADE OUT WITH REPRISE images of beautiful Nancy in synch with Neon's discordant kill song:

NEON CARTOON SINGS

Death means nothing on TV

It's commonplace

like love in rock songs

Hundreds die daily

in the name of ratings and entertainment

in gore and gristle of Technicolor blood

Watch the lady die screaming in ten

million homes

Special effects are so good nowadays

Who cares if she's real

It's only me, a child of TV!

FADE OUT, almost - somewhere a rectangle of light emits sound:

ON TV: TV21 News - CARNIVAL MOOD outside Court, Kat jostled by REPORTERS, FANS. Camby shows in straight jacket escorted by MEN-IN-WHITE, is mobbed by fans!

Mossy Greene arrives, beaming, escorted by LAMBOYANT ENTOURAGE - BACK IN THE STUDIO: Gordino, glamorous on camera, makes the most of her heavy bandages with a decorative layer of brightly reflecting jewellery:

GORDINO

This is TV21 Los Angeles. This has been
Dr. Gordino's National News - with -

NEWSMAN

- Jim Trimble, goodnight now.

GORDINO

And sincerely yours, Leila Gordino,
personally promising to report the
highest rated news, seen by more
millions, every night, goodnight.

FINAL CREDITS ROLL under 'Dance Family Jones - the Katie Miller Show' dance routine. Which showcases Carla who is on the show, DANCING WITH KATIE with enthusiasm and expertise - SHOCK CUT CARNAGE, blood - PULLING BACK: DEFT HANDS IN LATEX gloves work inside a surgical incision. REVEAL Dane, concentrated behind surgical mask works on an gunshot victim in EMERGENCY ROOM:

DANE

She'll live. Sew her up Charlene - I'm
thrashed - I'm outta here.

INT. COUNTY GENERAL - SUNSET

A scene in bright fluorescent light featuring BANDAGED WOUNDS, muted WEEPING as VICTIMS. Strangely, an aura of hope pervades this scene of helplessness amongst attendant LAW ENFORCEMENT & MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS - A new dedication shows on O'Keef's tired face as he EXITS:

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL PARKING LOT - SUNSET

Vestiges of fiery contrails stain the sky - Dane walks to his car, gets in, SOUND-FX CELLPHONE CHIRRUPS he notices unfamiliar cell on passengers seat, is hesitant to touch it.

DANE

Hullo - who is this - kid who - hullo?

(Finally - a knock on the window - Kat
stands cell in hand)

Sick joke.

KAT

Sick girl.

DANE

Sick world Miss Miller.

KAT

Sure, but I heard you got a heavy slug
of redemption and - you were being a
real doctor again - 'been waiting for
you for hours.

DANE

Hours? - - waiting for me?

KAT

(She gets in his car)

Sure - what do you do back there, play doctors and nurses all day?

DANE

(Takes stethoscope from pocket)

So that's it - you wanna play doctors and nurses Miss Miller?

KAT

Why else would I be here?

DANE

Maybe I ought to examine you?

KAT

If you think it might help this ache I been troubled with, Doctor.

DANE

Please step into the back seat of my car and remove your -

She moves in on him, gleaming; as he puts his stethoscope on the pointy tip of her perfect right breast, FREEZE FRAME M2SHOT

END