

## THE DEAD ZONE

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

Production #1011

Written by

Michael Taylor

Directed by

Jon Cassar

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

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

THE DEAD ZONE

"SEX, THUGS, AND PARANORMAL COGNITIVE EPISODES"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BANGOR TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 1

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

2 INT. TOWN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

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

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

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

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

INSIDE A WALK-IN CLOSET

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

3 INT. TOWN HOUSE - FIRST LEVEL 3 \*

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

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

CLOSE ON THE FRONT DOOR

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

4 INT. BEDROOM 4

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

5 TOP OF THE STAIRS 5

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

DANA'S POV - APPROACHING THE STEREO CABINET

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

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Say cheese!

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

A DIGITAL CAMERA - CLOSE ON LCD SCREEN

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

DANA

Max...

MAX

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

DANA

What are you doing here?

MAX

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

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

DANA

You should've called.

MAX

And miss a shot like this?

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

MAX

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

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

MAX

It's one of your favorites, right?

DANA

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

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

MAX

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

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

MAX

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MAX (CONT'D)

(she nods)

I put in a word for you with the  
New York bureau chief.

DANA

I'm happy where I am.

MAX

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

DANA

It's an assignment.

MAX

What're you covering? Governor's  
ball or a hookers' convention?  
(she pulls away)

I'm kidding...

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

MAX

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

DANA

The police.

MAX

Whoa!

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

MAX

You want me to leave, just say  
so.

DANA

I want you to leave.

MAX

Hmm, now I'm confused...

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

MAX

No means yes, right? Yes means  
no. You get hazy on the protocols  
when you're away too long.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

His free hand gropes her thigh, pushing up the short dress.

DANA

Max! Stop it!

MAX

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

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

DANA

Please...

MAX

You mean right here? On the counter?

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

MAX

Oops.

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

MAX

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

DANA

(barely under control)  
Get out.

MAX

I was just fooling around.

DANA

Now.

Max backs away, turning contrite.

MAX

Sure. Okay. Just relax.  
(nodding toward kitchen)  
Your keys are on the counter.

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (4) 5

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

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

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 8

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

9 A JOHNNY FLASH - DANA'S HANDS 9

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

DANA  
*More bitters?*

10 RESUME 10

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

JOHNNY  
*More bitters. Right.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)



10 CONTINUED:

10

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

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

JOHNNY  
...date.

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

11 INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

11

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

JOHNNY  
Hey. Come on in...

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

JOHNNY  
Not at all...

As he escorts her in...

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

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

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

JOHNNY  
'My Dinner With Johnny'.

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

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

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

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

But as Johnny takes the bottle --

12 *A JOHNNY FLASH - INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT* 12

*As he and Dana have passionate sex.*

13 RESUME ON JOHNNY 13

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

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

JOHNNY  
Fill you in. Right.

DANA  
So? What'd you see?

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

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

Dana eyes him as if she doesn't quite buy this.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JOHNNY  
Better check on dinner.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

14 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE ON A BIG KNIFE 14

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

DANA

So, when did you become a cook?

JOHNNY

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

DANA

(picks up a tomato)

No "bad vibes" from raw veggies?

JOHNNY

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

He's about to taste his Orange sauce again.

DANA

May I?

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

DANA

You got the bitters just right.

JOHNNY

Thanks.

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

(Note: we begin here a convention of psychic projections)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

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

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

JOHNNY

So... job keeping you busy?

DANA

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

15 ANGLE - FINDING BRUCE MUNCHING CHIPS

15

BRUCE

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

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

DANA

You've got that look again.

JOHNNY

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

DANA

Because?

BRUCE

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

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

JOHNNY

He just wanted this to feel like a real date... as much as possible... for the article.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

And Dana nods, accepting this and even a little chagrined.

DANA

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

16 ANGLE TO FIND SARAH DRYING DISHES 16

*beside Johnny from a recent occasion...*

SARAH

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

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

Sure.

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

SARAH

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

Finding --

WALT

(to Sarah)

*A carnivore. Certain animals are meat eaters...*

JOHNNY

You getting hungry?

DANA

A little.

JOHNNY

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

She lifts the lid and looks into the pot...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DANA

Hmmm. Tomato?

JOHNNY

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

Johnny starts to ladle the soup into bowls...

DANA

Do I detect a hint of curry?

Johnny nods...

SARAH

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

BRUCE

*Hey, who cares what Sarah says.*

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

BRUCE (CONT'D)

*Whatever else you want to say about Dana, she's one hot-looking white girl. I say go for it.*

JOHNNY

I'm going for it.

DANA

Going for...

JOHNNY

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

Searching drawers...

JOHNNY

Gosh, I hope I have...

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

DANA

Brought one just in case.

But as he takes it from her, ramp to Johnny and we do a 180 degree turn into...

17 INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

*...to find REVEREND PURDY opening another bottle of wine with the same corkscrew... we lose Dana for an instant during the effect and when we find her, in roughly the same proximity to Johnny as before, she's in a different dress... she moves into the scene with Purdy...*

PURDY

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

DANA

*Still teaching me?*

PURDY

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

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

DANA

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

PURDY

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

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

PURDY

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

DANA

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

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED:

17

PURDY

(unfazed)

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

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

PURDY

*Cheers.*

*Reverse the 180 turn back into...*

18 INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

18

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

DANA

Remember "It's a Wonderful Life"?

JOHNNY

(pouring wine)

Sure.

DANA

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

JOHNNY

(beat, avoiding an  
answer)

Why don't we get out of the  
kitchen; it's getting stuffy in  
here.

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

TIME CUT TO:

19 INT. DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

19

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

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

DANA

Ummmm... like a magic carpet ride  
to Punjab itself...

JOHNNY

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

Let me?

DANA

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

JOHNNY

I'm not sure you'll like it.

DANA

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

Johnny sighs and lets fly, embarrassed...

JOHNNY

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

DANA

Oh.

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

You really don't have to tell me--

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

DANA

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

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

VERA

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

DANA

(to Johnny)

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

VERA

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

(uncomfortable)

Not at all...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

Vera is gone.

DANA

Alright. Now it's your turn.

JOHNNY

My turn?

DANA

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

JOHNNY

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

DANA

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

A beat as they consider each other.

DANA

Tell me about Sarah.

In quick bursts:

20 ANGLE - COMING OUT OF THE KITCHEN - SARAH

20

SARAH

*Don't you dare tell her anything about us.*

21 OVER DANA'S SHOULDER - WALT 21

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

22 OVER JOHNNY'S SHOULDER - BRUCE 22

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

22 CONTINUED: 22

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

DANA  
1995, the year of the accident

INSERT - YEARBOOK

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

23 RESUME - ON JOHNNY 23

As he looks up from the photo.

JOHNNY  
Ever been in love, Dana?

DANA  
(beat)  
No. Maybe not.

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

24 EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT - THE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE 24

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

25 FINDING JOHNNY (INT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE) 25

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

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

PAST JOHNNY  
*Yeah, I have all sorts of very nice feelings...*

*As he nuzzles her, she laughs...*

SARAH  
*Johnny, I want to know... how many kids are we going to have?*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

JOHNNY

(to Dana)

Sarah was my first... the only  
woman I've ever really loved.

PAST JOHNNY

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

SARAH

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

*She giggles and kisses him playfully.*

JOHNNY

(to Dana)

We had our lives mapped out. It  
wasn't hard. All we wanted was  
each other.

PAST JOHNNY

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

*She smiles, liking the sound of it...*

PAST JOHNNY

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

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

26 INT. SMITH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

26

Beat.

JOHNNY

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

Dana studies him, jealous of this woman who haunts him,  
sorry that she had to ask.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

JOHNNY

Think that'll satisfy your readers?

DANA

Johnny...

JOHNNY

I should check on the duck.

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

NEW ANGLE

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

27 INT. COUNTRY & WESTERN BAR - NIGHT 27

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

MAX

Know what happens when you play a country song backwards?

(she shakes her head)

You get back your farm, your pickup and your girl. In that order.

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

SAUNDRA

You're funny. You know that?

MAX

Yeah, about as funny as this music.

SAUNDRA

You don't like country?

MAX

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

SAUNDRA

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

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

MAX  
Rubbing salt in my wounds.

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

\*

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

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

\*

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

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

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

28 INT. JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - TWO WINE GLASSES 28

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

28 CONTINUED:

28

JOHNNY

This Long Island's taking longer than expected.

DANA

Fortunately, your guest has the patience of a saint.

He closes the oven...

JOHNNY

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

DANA

(correcting)

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

JOHNNY

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

DANA

Must get lonely.

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

JOHNNY

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

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

DANA

I know how we can pass the time...

29 INT. JOHNNY'S LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON A TURNTABLE - NIGHT 29

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

JOHNNY

I don't think this is a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

DANA

It's a great idea. But you might want to take off your shoes. I'd like to spare my toes.

JOHNNY

How about sparing me?

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

JOHNNY

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

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

DANA

I want you to dance with me.  
Consider it part of the story.  
(beat)  
Resistance is futile.

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

DANA

I won't let you fall, Johnny.  
(beat)  
Just give me your left hand...

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

DANA

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

Again, a little FREEZE on the moment of contact, as *Johnny*

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

*sees a third Dana taking the waist of ANOTHER MAN; he's well dressed, slightly older than she is.*

DANA

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

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

DANA

See, you're a natural.

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

JOHNNY

And you've done this before.

DANA

Once or twice.

(sees him looking away)

Hey. It's important to make eye contact with your "date."

JOHNNY

Like I said, I'm out of practice.

(beat)

Anything else I should know?

DANA

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

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

JOHNNY

So this sort of thing really sells papers?

DANA

Absolutely. People like to get the personal perspective.

JOHNNY

And are you getting one? A personal perspective, I mean.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

DANA

I'm definitely seeing a different side of you. I mean, up until now it's been...

(gruff Johnny voice)

... "No questions right now, Dana."  
"Sorry, Dana, but I can't do an interview."

JOHNNY

I'm sorry. I guess I was a little brusque at times. Then again...

(but now he smiles  
and imitates her)

... "A good reporter and her subject can be a team, Johnny... like Cosell and Ali."

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

Like Astaire and Rogers.

DANA

Fonteyn and Nureyev.

JOHNNY

Abbott and Costello.

And they both laugh, but meanwhile the physical attraction between them is palpable and electric.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

29

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

JOHNNY

Too bad we don't have more room here.

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

DANA

What is it?

NEW ANGLE

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

DANA

Rules are rules. Tell me what you saw.

JOHNNY

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

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

DANA

Ah, so, you've met Max.

JOHNNY

Max?

DANA

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

JOHNNY

Twice? A guy like that?

DANA

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

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

30 OMITTED 30  
AND AND  
31 31

32 INT. DANA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - VISION 32

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

DANA

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

\*  
\*

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

\*

MAX

Where the hell have you been?

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

\*

DANA

...And he liked to hit women..

\*

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

\*



32 CONTINUED:

32

MAX

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

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

\*  
\*

DANA

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

*(beat)*

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

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

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

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

DANA

*I was saying something. What was I saying?*

JOHNNY

*You have a talent for picking the wrong men.*

DANA

*Yes. Until maybe, just maybe, tonight.*

*And the two of them move into a tentative, heartfelt kiss, a kiss that grows steadily more passionate as we:*

33 INTERCUT: INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - VISION 33

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

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34 INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

34

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

JOHNNY

(deadpan)

You haven't said the words.

DANA

The words?

JOHNNY

I can't do this without the words.

(off her very curious  
look)

...'Off the record.'

DANA

And I thought you were getting  
kinky on me.

JOHNNY

It's still early.

DANA

(grins)

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

JOHNNY

I guess we're about to find out.

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

DANA

You mean, I'm the first since...  
you haven't...

(off his look)

Off the record.

JOHNNY

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

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

DANA

I'm tempted to say it's like getting back on a bicycle, but that wouldn't put me in a very flattering light.

(grins)

Just ask if you forget anything.

JOHNNY

I think I can remember this.

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

*SARAH (PRE COMA)*

*SARAH*

*Let's make a hockey team.*

JOHNNY

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

DANA

Uh oh. What was that...

JOHNNY

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

DANA

How distracting.

JOHNNY

Just a little...

*SARAH*

*Johnny...*

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

DANA

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

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SARAH

*Remember when I used to sleep  
over at your house when I was  
six?*

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

DANA

(re: stockings)  
Wanna help me with these?

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

SARAH

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

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

JOHNNY

You know, this isn't half bad.

DANA

You ain't seen nothing yet.

PURDY

*Make room for Daddy...*

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

JOHNNY

Okay, that's it...

DANA

What... is something wrong?

JOHNNY

No. Yes.

*Vera enters...*

VERA

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

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

JOHNNY

This is not working for me.

DANA

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

JOHNNY

No, I...

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

WALT

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

JOHNNY

What are you doing here?

DANA

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

JOHNNY

Not you. Him. Walt.

DANA

Sheriff Walt?

JOHNNY

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

Now finding DR. TRAN there, a clipboard of test results  
in hand!

DR. TRAN

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

JOHNNY

Enough!

*All the visitors freeze in place.*

DANA

What's... going on?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (4)

34

JOHNNY

(sighs)

I seem to be lost in time and  
space.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

34

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Dr. Tran was just trying to explain why. At my next appointment with him, I guess.

DANA

And his conclusion?

JOHNNY

You wanted The Johnny Smith Dating Experience?

(beat)

Sometimes it means sharing a bed with everyone you've ever slept with and everyone they've ever slept with. It's like six degrees of separation minus five.

DANA

That many people, huh?

JOHNNY

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

She drapes her arms around his shoulders.

DANA

I'm sorry.

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

BRUCE

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

JOHNNY

Bruce says it's simply mind over matter.

DANA

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

JOHNNY

You're right.

DANA

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

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED: (6)

34

JOHNNY  
How do we do that?

DANA  
Leave it to me.

She kisses him, continues to undress him...

JOHNNY  
But they're all...

DANA  
Let them watch.

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

JOHNNY  
Okay.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

35 MONTAGE - JOHNNY AND DANA MAKING LOVE

35

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

36 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

36

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

SAUNDRA  
Like that, don't ya, cowboy?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MAX

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

SAUNDRA

You mean right here, right now?

\*

\*

MAX

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

\*

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

SAUNDRA

...the bank repossessed it.

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

SAUNDRA

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

\*

\*

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

MAX

What do you mean?

Saundra heedlessly plows on.

SAUNDRA

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

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

MAX

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

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

SAUNDRA

Hey! You bastard! Let me go!  
You're hurting me.

MAX

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

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

SAUNDRA

Stop it! No! Please...

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

ANGLE ON HIS HAND

as it comes back into frame... *and closes into a fist!*  
And as the fist flies forward out of frame --

BLACK SCREEN

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

37 INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

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

38 JOHNNY FLASH - TWO BRIGHT BLINDING LIGHTS

38

*coming at us filling the screen...* (in fact, though we  
can't tell for sure now, these are headlights on a car.)

39 RESUME JOHNNY

39

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

DANA

Rules are rules.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

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

JOHNNY

I thought you were asleep.

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

DANA

I'm a very light sleeper. What did you see?

(beat)

Was it about us? The "future" perhaps?

JOHNNY

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

DANA

Light?

JOHNNY

Two lights actually.

DANA

Well, don't let it bother you.

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

DANA

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

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

40 ANGLE - A VISION

40

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

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

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

NEW ANGLE

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

JOHNNY

Dana, I--

DANA

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

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

DANA

See you downstairs.

And off Johnny as she exits,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 DARKNESS, TINGED BY PULSES OF RED AND BLUE LIGHT 41

A crackle of walkie-talkie static, followed by:

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

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

42 INT. ALLEY BEHIND BAR - NIGHT 42

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

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

And as he continues...

43 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 43

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

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

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

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

44 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT 44

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

REVEAL MAX

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

45 EXT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 45

46 INT. JOHNNY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 46

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

DANA

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

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

DANA (CONT'D)

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

JOHNNY

Why's that?

DANA

People fear what they don't understand... once I show them the real you...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

JOHNNY

Power of the press, huh...

DANA

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

JOHNNY

(evenly)

Like Cosell helped Ali...

Dana knows she's being busted...

DANA

That's not fair.

(looks at him, trying  
to reclaim control)

Johnny... it was wonderful, if  
that's what you're asking.

He just studies her evenly...

DANA

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

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

(without anger, dry)

I'd be happy to just have a  
connection with you here and now  
in this room...

(CONTINUED)



46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

DANA  
(defensive)  
Oh, now, listen to you... the man  
with a thousand faces he brings  
to the bedroom... Tell me you  
didn't have one hand holding  
Sarah's while you were making  
love to me?

She immediately regrets saying that...

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

JOHNNY  
Max. Or Purdy.

DANA  
Yes.

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

DANA  
I've overstayed my welcome.

She takes out her cell phone and dials.

JOHNNY  
What are you doing?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

DANA

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

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

DANA

(beat)

It was a great night. I hope  
we'll have more.

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

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

47

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

JOHNNY

Can I just ask you one more thing?

(off her look)

Tell me about the locked door.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Dana's taken aback.

DANA

What?

JOHNNY

The bedroom. When you were a child.

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

Rules are rules.

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

DANA

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

JOHNNY

Like any kid.

DANA

It was nothing, believe me.

*She tries the lock again...*

DANA

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

DANA (CONT'D)

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

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

DANA (CONT'D)

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

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

DANA (CONT'D)

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

JOHNNY

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

DANA

I really have to be going...

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

DANA

I have an early interview tomorrow.

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

DANA

Let me out! Please! Let me out!

*And her face is panicked and red and tears are streaking down her face... as we reverse the 180 degree turn and*

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3) 47

we're back with Johnny in the Smith house, the bedroom is gone... and Dana is in the same proximity to Johnny as she was before the vision...

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

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

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

Johnny gives her an unsettled half grin...

48 INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 48

As he opens the door for her...

DANA  
I'm sorry.

JOHNNY  
For what.

DANA  
Just a general, cover-all-bases  
apology. Apply to all affected  
areas.  
(beat)  
Friends when we meet tomorrow?

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

49 A JOHNNY FLASH - THOSE TWO BRIGHT BLINDING LIGHTS 49

50 RESUME 50

Johnny reacts and she notices.

DANA  
Don't tell me.

Dana leaves...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

JOHNNY  
(grins)  
Good night, Dana.

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

51 INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 51

Where a mantle clock ticks quietly, then into:

52 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 52

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

53 A JOHNNY FLASH - THE BRIGHT LIGHTS 53

*even closer, brighter than before...*

54 CLOSE ANGLE - DANA'S DISH 54

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

JOHNNY

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

55 INTERCUTTING A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES (LIKE VISIONARY "SHARDS") 55

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

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

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

*- CLOSER ON DANA, trying to see past the glaring headlights...*

DEAD ZONE: SEX, THUGS, AND... - ACT FOUR - 6/11/02 - GOLD 52.

56 RESUME - ANGLE ON JOHNNY'S HANDS 56

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

57 EXT. DANA'S STREET - NIGHT - VISION 57

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

58 RESUME - JOHNNY - INT. SMITH HOUSE 58

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

59 EXT. DANA'S STREET - NIGHT - DANA'S CAB 59

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

60 INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT 60

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

61 INT. CAB - NIGHT 61

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

62 INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT 62

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

63 EXT. STREET - DANA 63

Turns and shields her eyes as the headlights hit her, just as Johnny saw in his vision.

64 INT. MAX'S CAR - MAX'S FOOT 64  
stomps the gas.

65 EXT. STREET - MAX'S CAR 65  
Surges forward. But before he's gone more than ten yards, Walt's Cruiser, lights flashing, skids to a stop in front of him. Max stomps on the brakes, skidding to a stop as well, and before he can do anything else, Walt is at his window, gun out and leveled at Max's head.

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

ANGLE ON DANA

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

66 JOHNNY'S JEEP 66  
roars around the corner... comes to a stop by Walt... who has Max out of the car and is cuffing him, as he glances over at Johnny in his Jeep. (Note: Johnny's cut hand has been hastily wrapped in a cloth napkin.) \*

WALT  
Everything's under control. Thanks  
for the call.

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

CLOSER ON THEM

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

JOHNNY  
You left before desert.

DANA  
(words, no real  
meaning, as she  
studies him)  
I'm watching my figure.

(CONTINUED)



66 CONTINUED:

66

JOHNNY

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

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

DANA

The lights...  
(in the vision)

JOHNNY

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

DANA

You were throwing plates after I  
left? \*

JOHNNY

Dropping not throwing.

DANA

Better.

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

DANA

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

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

DANA

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

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR  
THE END