

# NIGHTINGALE

Written by Byron Snyder

Story by Kris Snyder and Byron Snyder

Based on the character by Kris Snyder

FADE IN -

Open to a clear calm starry night with three mountains silhouetted against the night's horizon.

EXT. CAMPSITE IN THE MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The flames of a campfire flickers brightly .

Several young boys sit around the campfire listening to an old man. All the boys have dark hair and wear uniforms similar to the ones worn by the boy scouts but these are different. Their colors are earth tones and dotted with a few feathers.

The old man also wears the uniform along with several feathers in his braided hair. His face and gray hair reminds us of the Native American Indian.

He tells these young men of their heritage as he tells tales of their ancestors.

Their eyes glow with excitement as the old man throws a powder into the fire.

The flames burst in to a small ball of sparks and fire. Their faces intensely stare into the flames.

The old man points towards the mountain tops.

All of their attention moves to a black night in the direction to where the old man is pointing.

There is the cry of a wolf in the distant.

They turn back to the fire as another burst of sparks and flames appear. Two of the boys look at each other and smile.

The old man then picks up a small bowl filled with a black paint-like liquid. Dipping his finger into the paint, the old man turns to the young boy sitting next to him.

The old man then begins to apply the black paint to the boy's face. The outline that the old man paints resembles a bird, which encompasses the boy's eyes and nose.

The two boys each pick up the small bowls of paint before them and turn to each other. They too begin to paint each other following the old man's instruction.

Soon the old man has finished and sets the bowl down. The young boy turns to his friends. He now wears the black painted mask, which covers the upper portion of his face. It is the mask of the nightingale.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHERMAN HOTEL - NIGHT

There is a light snowfall on the sidewalk in front of the old Sherman Hotel in the downtown district of Tres Montanas. There is a dimly lit window on the fourth floor of the hotel.

INT. ROOM 415, SHERMAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Inside room number four fifteen, stands an array for surveillance equipment. Two police undercover detectives, GRACE BANYON and PETER WINSTON, who are manning the fortress of electronic equipment and surveillance devices.

Grace stands at the window with a pair of binoculars, as she surveys the storefront across the street.

Through the window, Grace can see that there is no activity in the storefront window.

Peter listens to a casual conversation using a set of earphones, as the tape records the conversation. Peter leans back in the chair and props his feet up onto the table.

Grace stands focused on the storefront as she makes small talk.

GRACE

God, I hate this.

Peter looks up at his partner as he removes the earphones.

PETER

What did you say?

GRACE

I hate this part. The waiting. The standing.  
Waiting some more.

PETER

Yeah, me too. Maybe will get lucky and  
have someone pop these two guys. Maybe  
that guy that Murphy claims tied up that con  
on Third Street will do us a favor and get rid  
of these clowns.

GRACE

What?

PETER

You know. That guy they saw in the alley  
off of third.

Grace lowers the binoculars and slowly turns her head towards Peter.

GRACE

What guy?

PETER

I don't know. Some guy, probably dressed  
up in tights.

Grace turns back to the window and continues her surveillance with the  
binoculars.

GRACE

Jesus. If the crime in this city isn't bad  
enough, now we got some nut dressed up as  
Batman.

PETER

Yeah what's next? Old ladies with night  
sticks beating up muggers in the park.

Grace again lowers the binoculars and stares out the window.

GRACE

I need some coffee. Any left?

Peter holds up the thermos and tips it over to show her that it is empty.

Grace looks over at her partner and the empty thermos he is holding.

GRACE

Well. I guess I'll just go get some more. You want any.

PETER

No thanks. But can you grab a newspaper.

GRACE

Be right back.

Grace slips on her coat and heads for the door.

PETER

Hey, Banyon.

Grace turns to find Peter picking up one of the portable radios. He then tosses the radio to her.

PETER

Don't forget to take your radio.

Grace catches the radio. She then raises it up to Peter and winks. She turns and heads out the door.

Peter wheels his chair around and looks through the telephoto lens of his camera, which is propped up in the other window. He puts on the earphones as he continues the surveillance.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Grace exits the hotel; stares at the storefront across the street for just a second, then turns and proceeds down the sidewalk.

She passes other storefronts as she makes her way down to the corner cafe. She stops momentarily to drop a quarter into one of the newspaper racks and retrieves the evening paper.

Grace reads the headlines of the newspaper, "CRIME AT ALL TIME HIGH." Another headline catches her eye; "RARE EXHIBIT COMES TO MUSEUM."

She remarks to herself as she reads the paper.

GRACE

All of this great stuff going on and I get stuck watching two small time drug dealers.

She folds the paper back up and continues her journey to the cafe. As she reaches the cafe's front door, two large dark gray trucks rumble passed her and turn the corner.

She looks up to see them turn the corner and rumble away from her in the night. She opens the door and begins to proceed in.

She stops and turns to see brake lights of the last truck several hundred of feet down the road.

She walks casually back out towards the street as she watches the truck turn and move out of her view.

On the roof of building across the street, a dark figure in the shadows looks over the edge of the roof. From its vantage point, Grace stands on the opposite corner.

Grace looks down at the newspaper. The headline reads, "RARE EXHIBIT COMES TO MUSEUM."

Grace stares down the street at a softly lit location several blocks away where she had last seen the trucks with a concerned frown.

She then turns, slowly walking across the street to the opposite corner and making her way down the street towards that location.

From the rooftop, the dark figure watches Grace as she walks the across the street.

The dark figure moves away from the edge. The wind howls as the dark figure quickly bolts into the darkness.

Reaching the opposite corner grace walks down the quiet street. She looks up to the roof tops as if she heard something, never breaking her stride.

As she reaches the next corner, she pulls out her radio. Keeping an eye on her destination, she calls to her partner.

GRACE

Peter. Listen I'm going to check something out. Do you copy?

As Grace looks away down the side street, the dark figure flies across the side street from one rooftop to another in opposite direction from where she is looking.

She quickly turns her head in the opposite direction as if she heard something.

Noticing nothing unusual, she crosses the side street to the opposite corner.

GRACE

Peter. Do you copy?

Grace continues to walk down the sidewalk as she waits for Peter's reply. There is no answer just the static from the radio.

GRACE

Damn it Peter. Do you copy?

INT. ROOM 415, SHERMAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Inside the hotel room, Peter continues the surveillance. He is oblivious to the call on the radio due to the earphone and the conversation he is listening to.

GRACE

(v.o. over the radio)

Peter? What are you doing? Do you copy?

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Grace slows her pace and looks down at the radio.

GRACE

Damn it.

She puts the radio back in her coat pocket and concentrates her focus on the large iron fence across and down the street. She now continues her brisk pace down the street.

Above her, the dark figure again watches her walk down the sidewalk. It bolts away as the wind howls again.

Grace looks upward to the roofline above her, as if she felt a presence.

Perched on the edge of the roof, she notices a large hawk. It squawks as it looks down at Grace. It spreads its wings and flies across the street towards the Museum.

Grace watches the hawk fly across the street as she, too, quickly walks across the street towards the large iron fence.

As Grace crosses the street, she sees the sprawling Tres Montanas Museum behind the large iron fence.

#### EXT. REAR LOADING DOCK OF THE MUSEUM. - NIGHT

The trucks back up to the loading dock and park. Without hesitation a regimented group of twelve men converge on the rear door of the museum. They are dressed in black and they all wear black ski masks.

They are heavily armed with a vast array of weapons from pistols to machine guns. One man, JACK BEARFOOT, leads them by signaling orders with his hands.

One man breaks open the electrical panel located on the wall. He secures a few wires to the electrical wires in the panel.

The wires lead to a small box that he is holding. He hits the button on the box and a green light appears. He turns to the leader and nods his head.

The leader signals to a man who is setting a small explosive charge in the door's lock.

The man finishes and a small but silent burst of sparks and flames emit from the lock.

#### INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM - NIGHT

Like a well-rehearsed dance, the men explode through the door and down the hall to the security office.

They burst into the office, catching three unsuspected security officers off guard. Like poetry, the intruders aim their weapons holding the three guards at bay.

The leader of the men calmly and mythical walks through the door. He moves over to the guards.

JACK

Sorry to interrupt, gentleman. But we have important business to take care of.

One of the guard's eyes shift to a button located on the side of one of the tables. He casually pushes the button with his finger.

Jack looks at the guard. WE SEE the evil smile under the ski mask.

JACK

Now that was stupid.

Like a flash of lightning, Jack aims a handgun at the guard and fires off a shot.

The guard falls to the ground fatally wounded.

Jack turns to the two remaining guards waving his gun at them.

JACK

We disabled the alarm system. Now be good and we won't have to kill you too. Okay! Put your hands on your heads and come with us.

With the two guards held hostage, the band of intruders make their way down the hall.

As they walk into the main exhibit room, Jack's men fan out to secure the room.

In the large main exhibit room sits the centerpiece of the museum, The Golden Head Dress of Montezuma.

The gold crown is encased in glass and sits on a large platform that sits in the middle of the room. Access to the large platform is made via one of the spiral stairs located in two of four columns that support the platform above the main floor.

Jack stands just inside the doorway along with the two guards and one of his men.

He watches as his men begin to selectively and carefully loot the many display cases located around the large platform.



He steps forward and stares at the golden crown perched high in its case on the platform.

One of the guards smiles and shakes his head as he giggles to himself.

Jack looks over his shoulder to the guard.

GUARD

You can't be serious. That exhibit has so many alarm systems on it. A feather couldn't get through. The floor on the platform alone has three sensor systems.

Jack smiles at the guard.

EXT. REAR LOADING DOCK OF THE MUSEUM. - NIGHT

Grace quickly walks down the long driveway leading to the loading dock area.

She comes around to find the two trucks parked at the dock.

She slowly makes her way around the trucks to the small stairs leading to the museum's back door.

INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM, MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

Jack turns to the guard and reaches into his pocket.

The guard eyes widen in fear of an impending misfortune.

Jack slowly pulls out a small device with an antenna and a button on it.

JACK

Electricity is a wonderful thing. The problem is that if one little transformer miles away can cripple practically an entire city.

Jack raises the device and pushes the button.

EXT. A RURAL ROAD MILES AWAY - NIGHT

Above a rural road several miles from the city, sits an electrical transform high on a lonely telephone pole. The transformer explodes with a flash and a ball of fire.

EXT. REAR LOADING DOCK OF THE MUSEUM. - NIGHT

The lights of the city begin to shut down.

Grace looks around as the museum turns dark. She then pulls out her revolver and proceeds towards the door.

As she peers into the doorway the emergency lights go on.

INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM, MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

In the dark, Jack stands facing the guard as the emergency lights go on. He smiles at the guard.

JACK

Oh my. We seem to have a power failure.  
Did you know that your sensors have no  
back up power?

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY LEADING TO SECURITY OFFICE -  
NIGHT

Grace slowly moves down the hallway. She makes her way into the security office with her gun pointed in the event she was to encounter the intruders.

She finds the dead guard sprawled on the floor.

She turns back and heads down the hallway. Instead of going down the main corridor she turns down another hallway.

INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM, MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

Jack turns around towards the platform. He again looks up at the golden statue and takes a deep breath.

The guards watch as Jack runs up to the platform.

He then disappears into one of the four columns and reappears at the top.

He walks over to the banister that encompasses the top of the platform and looks down at the guard.

JACK

See. No more security systems.

INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM, WEST WING - NIGHT

Grace makes her way cautiously into the west wing exhibit room. She slowly makes her way through the different exhibits.

There is a noise, a rustling sound.

She peers through one of the display cases.

She can see one of the intruders methodically looting a display case across the room.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - NIGHT

Through the sky light located on the roof, WE SEE Grace as she moves around the display case towards the intruder. WE HEAR the wind and WE SEE a shadow move quickly away from the sky light.

INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM, WEST WING - NIGHT

Grace quickly swings around the display and confronts the intruder with her gun aiming at him.

GRACE

Freeze. This is the police.

The intruder looks up at her with a puzzled look. He slowly drops the bag he is carrying and faces his captureur. He begins to raise his hand in the air when Graces's radio comes on.

ANGLE ON the radio sticking out of Grace's pocket.

PETER

(v.o. from the radio)

Grace where in the hell are you? Copy.

Grace, surprised by the voice, glances down at her radio.

With lightning speed the intruder pulls out his hand gun, with a silencer attached, and fires at Grace, hitting her in the stomach.

Grace falls back and slams against the wall, losing her revolver. With a glazed look, she slides down the wall to the floor, slumping over with pain.

The intruder walks up to her and points the gun at her head.

Suddenly a fist comes out from behind one of the displays and smashes into the intruder's face, knocking him out and across the floor.

Grace looks up to see a man masked in a hooded cloak.

The cloaked hero quickly moves over to her as she faints away. He kneels down to her and picks her up. He moves behind a large wooden exhibit and places her behind it for protection.

Another intruder comes in and finds his partner sprawled out cold on the floor. He bends down and clicks on his radio.

#### SECOND HENCHMAN

We have a problem in the west wing. Batboy is down. I repeat batboy is down.

The second intruder looks up to see the shadow of the cloaked man quickly moving across the room. He fires his machine gun with a silencer on it.

The spray from the gun smashes several of the display cases as they miss the cloaked shadow.

The second intruder hears the sound of the wind softly penetrating the air and stands poised ready for any movement.

Behind him the dark figure appears.

The second intruder eyes shift from side to side as he feels something behind him. He swings around to find a foot in his chest. His body slides across the floor, slamming into the wall.

INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM, MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

Hearing the radio call, Jack spins around facing the golden crown of Montezuma, with a confused look.

JACK

(putting his hand over  
his earphone)

Red-Dog. Check on the west wing.

Jack turns back around. He barks his orders from the platform to his man guarding the two security guards.

JACK

Take them to the truck. We may need them  
later.

Jack's henchman nudges to the two captives to move. The three men leave the main room through the doorway leading back down the hallway to the trucks.

Jack turns and faces the Golden Crown. He aims his pistol at the case surrounding the jeweled wonder. He fires the gun breaking the glass mausoleum.

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY LEADING TO SECURITY OFFICE -  
NIGHT

The two hostage guards lead the way down the hallway with their hands on their heads. The gunman follows them with his rifle aim at the guards.

As they pass the hallway leading to the west wing, a hand reaches out and grabs the gunman. The gunman is jerked into the dark hallway and there is a light thump.

The two guards continue down the hallway passed the security office unaware of the events behind them. When they reach the back door, they stop. They slowly look back over their shoulder for the gunman but see an empty hallway.

The guards look at each other with bewilderment. They lower their hands and hurriedly escape through the back door.

INT. TRES MONTANAS MUSEUM, MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

Jack moves towards the Golden Crown. Its beauty spellbinds him. His hand strokes one of its golden feathers.

He hears the unusual sound of the wind.

Jack glances away and is startled by a dark figure standing a few feet from him.

The dark figure stand silent dressed in a blacken cloak. His face is hidden in the shadow of its black hood.

Jack does not react at first. He shakes off the blank look in his eyes and quickly raises his handgun.

The dark stranger reacts with lightening speed knocking the gun away with a roundhouse kick. He then smashes his fist into Jack's face, knocking him to the ground.

The dark figure then moves over to the Golden Crown and snaps it from its perch.

Jack looks up to see the dark figure escape by hopping over the railing and dropping down to the main floor.

Jack quickly gets to his feet and races over to the edge of the platform. He screams at the dark figure as it runs away through the main lobby that leads to the front door.

JACK

No. Get him. He's got the crown.

Several men pop into view banishing their machine guns. Two of the gunman appear on each side of the lobby as the dark cloaked figure runs through the grand entry where there are two rows of four glass display cases on each side of the runway.

He runs faster then any normal man can run but not quick enough for the gauntlet of bullets fired from the two appearing machine guns.

As the two-gunman fire at the dark figure approaching them, the glass cases on either side of the runway explode and shatter. The dark figure is unaffected by the hail of bullets and continues to run towards the door.

As he passes the two gunmen on each side, the crossfire from each gun rips into the gunmen, eliminating the threat to the dark figure.

Jack leaps from the platform and lands onto the main floor. He is then greeted by one of his men carrying a shotgun. He rips the gun from the man's hand and runs after the dark meddler.

As Jack runs after the dark figure, he barks out another command over his radio.

JACK

Don't let him leave the building.

As he approaches the main door to the museum the dark figure is confronted by a rather large man with a shot gun, stepping in front of the glass escape route.

The large man aims the shotgun at the approaching figure.

the dark figure racing towards him and with a sudden leap the dark figure disappears upward.

The large man watches as the mysterious stranger flies upward to the small second floor balcony above the main door.

Two of Jack's men that are stationed on the balcony, greet the dark figure. With each of them on either side of the cloaked figure, they do not shoot at him because of the impending crossfire. Instead they holster their guns.

The dark figure turns with lightening speed to the man on his left and snaps him by the collar throwing him over the banister.

The henchman falls landing on the large man below, knocking them both out.

The dark figure turns to face his next enemy. He places the Golden Crown on the edge of the banister. He watches as the man on his right begin move towards him, brandishing several karate gestures as he moves in for the kill.

Jack and one of his men approach the main entrance to witness the battle that is about to ensue above them on the balcony. They watch as their man systematically approaches the dark strange, which is silhouetted against the large round stain glass window located above the main entrance.

Jack cocks the shotgun he is carrying and takes careful aim.

On the balcony, the henchman attacks with a high kick but the dark stranger blocks it and grabs the attacker's leg.

The dark figure punches the henchman twice with blinding speed. Then with one leg in his hand, the dark stranger swings his leg around knocking the attacker off of his other foot and over the balcony.

The dark stranger snaps up the Golden Crown and turns to see Jack pointing the shotgun at him.

Before the dark stranger can react, Jack fires off a round.

The force of the blast catches the dark avenger in the chest knocking him through the large round stained glass window.

Jack watches as the lifeless body falls onto the pavement outside the main door. Jack turns to his man standing next to him and hands him the shotgun.

JACK

If you need a job done right, you have to do it yourself. Go outside and get my gold.

Jack heads back towards the main gallery as his man steps over the bodies of the other men lying on the floor in front of the door.

The henchman looks through the glass door in amazement.

THIRD HENCHMAN

Hey Boss. You better look at this?

Jack stops and turns around.

WE SEE through the glass door FROM JACK'S P.O.V. the dark figure beginning to move. He slowly rises to his feet. He bends over and picks up the Golden Crown.

The henchman moves towards the door and pushes on it. The door is locked tight. He backs away and aims the shotgun at the door.

The dark figure swiftly moves out of view and disappears into the night.

Jack stops his man from firing as the red flashing lights of the approaching police cars appear.



JACK

Never mind. Let's get out of here.

(pressing his hand  
against his head set)

OK everyone out of here. The party is over.

The cops have arrived.

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEXT TO THE MUSEUM - NIGHT

In the shadows of the alleyway next to the museum the dark figure stands. He holds the Golden Crown into the light to get a better look at it. He then feels his chest and groans little.

There is a noise. He looks down the alley and backs away into the shadows.

He watches as the side door to the museum opens and Grace falls out onto the pavement.

The dark figure quickly moves over to unconscious Grace. He picks her up and moves her over to a dark corner in the alley.

He sets her down and examines her wound. He looks at her face. He touches her skin with his gloved hand. He looks upward to the sky.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SIDE. - DAY

A young Indian Brave kneels down to a second young Indian boy, who lies on the ground. Both boys are from a much earlier time. The Indian boy on the ground has a large wooden branch sticking out of his stomach.

The first young Indian Brave looks up to a cloaked figure standing on the rock.

INDIAN BRAVE

There's been an accident.

The cloak man walks down to the wounded boy. He pulls the stick out of the boy.

The wounded boy moans with pain as the Indian Brave looks on in wonderment and concern.

The cloaked man places his hand on the open wound. WE SEE a light emit from under the hand. Soon the light disappears. As the mysterious man raise his hand away, WE SEE the wound has disappeared.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEXT TO THE MUSEUM - NIGHT

The mysterious dark figure looks at his hand.

He then places it on Grace's wound. WE SEE the light emit from under the hand and then it disappears.

Graces's eyes slowly open to see her savor.

WE SEE the dark figure's hood pulled back enough to see a side view of face. His face dons a black mask.

Grace looks down to see the bullet wound is gone. With a puzzled look, she questions him.

GRACE

Who are you?

Nightingale hands Grace the Golden Crown. He then raises up and runs swiftly away out of sight.

Grace tries to move but her body is too stiff from the ordeal. She falls back into the corner. She lefts up the Crown and then looks down the alleyway with a perplexed look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. TRES MONTANAS GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

The next day Grace lies in a hospital bed. She stares out the window.

DOCTOR STRATMORE enters the room. He strolls up to her bedside as he reads her chart.

DR. STRATMORE

Well, Grace. How are you feeling this morning?