

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE

By

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Only Lovers Left Alive

Set against the romantic desolation of Detroit and Tangiers, an underground musician, deeply depressed by the direction of human activities, reunites with his resilient and enigmatic lover.

Their love story has already endured several centuries at least, but their debauched idyll is soon disrupted by her wild and uncontrollable younger sister.

Can these wise but fragile outsiders continue to survive as the modern world collapses around them?

ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE

Cast



ADAM - Tom Hiddleston

The Avengers (2012)

War Horse (2011)

Midnight in Paris (2011)

Thor (2011)



EVE - Tilda Swinton

We Need to Talk About Kevin (2011)

I Am Love (2009)

Michael Clayton (2007)

Broken Flowers (2005)



AVA - Mia Wasikowska

Restless (2011)

Jane Eyre (2011)

Alice in Wonderland (2010)

The Kids Are All Right (2010)



MARLOWE - John Hurt

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy (2011)

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows 1 & 2
(2010 / 2011)

*Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the
Crystal Skull* (2008)

V for Vendetta (2006)



IAN - Anton Yelchin

Star Trek / Star Trek 2 (2009 / 2013)

Terminator Salvation (2009)

New York, I Love You (2009)

"Some nights stay up 'til dawn,
as the moon sometimes does for the sun."
- Rumi
13th Century

DETROIT.

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Seen from overhead, a 45rpm record spins on a battered vintage record player. The needle skipping repeatedly at the end of the 45.

Also seen from overhead, a man [ADAM] sits on a worn red velvet sofa, his head back, eyes closed. This image begins SLOWLY TURNING CLOCKWISE.

ADAM is pale and thin, appears to be in his early or mid 30's, but with an ageless, almost preserved quality. His clothes are a time-warp from the mid '60s London rock'n'roll style, with dark, messy hair (ala Sid Barrett). In contradiction, his delicate white hands cradle a renaissance lute across his lap.

The image, now wider, STOPS TURNING, leaving ADAM vertically composed. His worn, red sofa is an island in a sea of old recording equipment: amplifiers, microphones, tape-machines, and many stringed instruments of all varieties -- mostly old electric guitars. Recording tapes and more vintage equipment are stacked inside the fireplace and on its mantle.

The record continues skipping on the turntable.

CUT TO:

TANGIER.

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

At the center of an overhead image which is SLOWLY TURNING CLOCKWISE, a woman [EVE] is lying on a bed.

She is on her back, fully clothed, eyes closed, her hands symmetrically crossed over her chest. She appears to be in her late 30's or early 40's but, like ADAM, there is something ageless about her. She wears vintage white denim jacket and matching slim jeans, and boots. Her hair is pale blonde, her skin a luminous white, and lips colored deep red with lipstick.

The image, now wider, STOPS TURNING leaving her vertically composed on her island-like bed. The apartment is a single large open room with bedroom, kitchenette, dining area, and foyer.

EVE is lying on a darkly iridescent Moroccan fabric. She remains completely motionless. Even her breathing is not perceptible. Berber carpets cover the floors around her.

A gentle breeze moves darkly patterned curtains as faint sounds of the night drift in from the balcony: footsteps, voices speaking French and Arabic, a loud Arabic pop song from the radio of a moving car...eventually a distant call to prayer is audible.

EVE's eyes spring open. They are electric blue and completely alert, retaining no trace of sleep. She abruptly sits upright and looks at the vintage Chanel watch on her wrist, her lively eyes then glancing towards the windows.

EVE
(with an English accent)
Oh, shit.

She gracefully springs to her feet and moves toward the door. Effortlessly, she sweeps a black and white head-scarf, an off-white western style Stetson hat, and a vintage shoulder-bag from the surface of an elaborately inlaid table on her way out the door.

CUT TO:

DETROIT.

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The 45rpm record continues skipping on the turntable. ADAM, still on the sofa, head rolled back, pale and thin, shows no sign of life. His breathing is not perceptible.

The doorbell rings.

ADAM's eyes open. They are suddenly remarkably alert, but somehow world-weary. Without lifting his head he listens to the skipping record.

The doorbell rings again.

ADAM
(with an English accent)
Fuckin' hell...

He sits up, then stands, in one continuous, weary motion. He makes his way across the room, following a narrow path through the instruments and equipment. Pulling a curtain back slightly, ADAM looks out his window.

Below ADAM sees a young man [IAN] step back from the front door and look up at the window. The young man, dressed imitatively of ADAM, carries a guitar case in one hand and waves up at ADAM with the other.

ADAM closes the curtain and moves away from the window.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S STAIRCASE - NIGHT

ADAM is reascending the stairs after letting IAN in, who follows behind him. ADAM now carries the worn guitar case.

IAN

(with American accent)

Yeah, man, I finally found it for you. Hey, should I take my boots off? They're all wet.

ADAM

I wouldn't bother.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The two men enter the livingroom and make their way to the rectangular coffee table in front of the sofa. ADAM clears the table and places the case on its surface. He flips the latches and opens it.

Inside is an unusual electric guitar, weathered black with aged-white pick-guard: a Supro from the 1950s. ADAM lifts it from its case. He looks down the guitar's neck, then runs his fingers up its fretboard.

ADAM

(quietly)

Very nice, Ian. Cheers.

IAN

(proudly)

Yeah, and all the electronics and everything are original, of course. I made sure they all work.

ADAM

(still examining the guitar)

Just what the doctor ordered, as they say.

There is a morose tone detectable in ADAM's voice and movements, as he places the guitar upright on the sofa.

ADAM (cont'd)

I shall call him William Lawes.

IAN

It's male?

The two stand, looking down at the guitar.

ADAM
This one is, yeah.

IAN
And who's William Lawes?

ADAM
(distracted)
Oh, uh, just some old English guy.
Wrote some great funeral music.
(then even more distant) Then,
during the English Civil War, he
was casually shot by a
Parliamentarian...

IAN
Oh.
(then after a longer
pause)
Adam, are you, uh, you ok?

ADAM, miles away, sinks into the sofa while IAN moves
equipment off a nearby brocade-covered chair.

IAN (cont'd)
(excitedly)
You know, your new stuff is really
echoing through the underground.
It's all over the place! (then
sitting down) I mean, I know you
never want to do anything live, I
understand, but man I'm gettin'
more and more calls with offers all
the time! One label offered a
really huge advance. And I got
several calls about scoring films,
also offering a lot of money, man.

ADAM
Let's not talk about money, shall
we. Don't I pay you enough?

IAN
No, yeah! You pay me really well!
You bought my car, and everything.

ADAM
Good. Listen Ian, I don't give a
shit about money. You know that.
(pause) I'm like Gomez Adams.
Independently wealthy...

IAN glances at the shabby walls and clutter of dusty
equipment surrounding them.

IAN
 (sincerely)
 Well, maybe being so reclusive is only going to make everybody more interested in your music.

ADAM
 (after a pause)
 Yeah. What a drag. Then I'll just have to...disappear...again...

IAN
 (curiously)
 Again?

But again ADAM has drifted off, his brooding eyes fixed on something a thousand miles away.

IAN (cont'd)
 Uh, what were you saying?

ADAM
 (only partially returning to the present)
 Listen, Ian, there *is* something you can do for me.

IAN
 Sure. Anything. What is it?

ADAM
 (looking off)
 I need a bullet. A very special bullet.

IAN
 Seriously?

ADAM
 A .32 caliber bullet, but made of wood.

IAN
 A wooden bullet? Really?

ADAM
 Yes, and made from the hardest and most dense wood possible. I would suggest ironwood, Lignum Vitae, or possibly snakewood, Piratinea Guianensis. Maybe African blackwood, Dalbergia Melanoxylon. Here. I've written them down. Think you can find someone who can make it for me?

He hands IAN a small scrap of paper. IAN looks at it.

IAN

Well, uh. Yeah, I think I know someone who could, uh... (then looking up at ADAM) What the hell for, though?

ADAM

(looking over at him)
It's for a rather secret project.
An "art" project.

ADAM lazily pulls a stack of folded bills from somewhere and hands them to IAN.

IAN

Oh! Well, let me think. And, uh, does the shell casing have to be made of wood too? I mean, don't they have to be made of brass or something?

ADAM

Yeah, they do. The shell casing should be brass, but the bullet has to be pure wood. The heaviest, most dense wood.

IAN

Ok. A wooden bullet. (then, putting the cash in his coat pocket) Just one?

ADAM

Just the one, yeah.

IAN

Ok, I'll get right on it. (pause)
Anything else weird that you need?

ADAM

Can you jump start my car for me?

ADAM stands up.

IAN

Really? Uh, sure. (then, also standing up) You going somewhere?

ADAM

(distantly)
Just for a drive.

ADAM moves toward the door, putting on a leather jacket in the process and picking up a worn leather doctor's bag.

IAN
 (now following)
 Uh, shouldn't we talk about some
 more music stuff?

ADAM
 (going out the door)
 Let's not, shall we?

IAN
 (following him out)
 Well, do you want some company?

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On the slushy street in front of ADAM's house, IAN stands near the open hood of ADAM's dirty white Jaguar, a 1989 XJ-S coupe. Jumper cables connect its battery to the one in IAN's late-model BMW 3 Series.

ADAM sits behind the wheel of his Jag, turns the ignition and its engine fires up.

ADAM
 Cheers Ian! Let me know about that
 bullet, yeah? Just between us.

IAN
 (disconnecting cables)
 Of course. As always.

IAN watches the ghostly white Jag pull away, a hint of fog rising off the surrounding slush and snow. The car disappears into a background of abandoned industrial buildings.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER STREETS - NIGHT

Her head and face now covered by Stetson hat and Arab scarf, EVE's luminous blue eyes lead her through the narrow corridors of the Medina. Though approaching 5am, the passageways still show shadowy signs of nefarious activity.

Several times, men emerge from darkened doorways and approach EVE as she passes. They speak in Arabic, or French, or English, all offering her "something very special". EVE, however, is unfazed, moving cautiously, but somehow flowing past them like water.

She crosses the square of the Grand Socco, where men gather near several small cafes and bars.

Some chatter to her as she moves past and enters another narrow passage across the square.

Again descending, several women, covered with brightly colored Riffian shawls, observe her curiously from the shadows as she approaches the end of the passageway.

It empties onto another, smaller, square: the Petit Socco. EVE pauses, eyes scanning the only open cafe on the square. Its lit sign reads: ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

EVE heads across the square toward the cafe's illumination, her face still covered.

CUT TO:

DETROIT.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - NIGHT

ADAM's face is concealed by a white surgical mask, his hair pulled up under a pale blue surgeon's cap. Only his intent eyes are recognizable.

He walks deliberately through the dingy florescence of a hospital corridor.

Dressed in a white lab coat over pale green scrubs, ADAM carries the outdated leather doctor's bag in one hand, a stethoscope hanging around his neck.

His eyes unobtrusively survey the details around him:

Two oblivious male nurses talk in Spanish adjacent to a very elderly man on a gurney who is coughing violently.

Two more gurneys pass silently, their occupants completely covered by sheets, including their heads. An older, haggard female nurse pushes the second of these. Her tired eyes, as though seeking sympathy, glance at ADAM as he passes.

He pauses in front of an open door to a small room. Inside a nurse applies pressure to a wad of white gauze covering a wound on the leg of a reclining female patient. Blood is soaking into the gauze. ADAM's eyes fix on the seeping blood, following several drops that fall onto the floor. His eyes have widened, triggered by a primal urge that he visibly, though subtly, fights to suppress. Noticing him the nurse, then patient, both look over in his direction. ADAM collects himself and continues moving down the corridor.

Outside another doorway, he passes a male patient in hospital gown sitting catatonically in a wheelchair, an unlit cigarette in his half-open mouth. A tube runs from his arm to an I.V. on a stand attached to the wheelchair. The I.V.

bag appears to contain blood. Again ADAM's eyes flash, but he keeps walking.

At the end of this corridor ADAM passes through two unmarked white swinging doors. Inside this area only a few doctors are visible, drinking coffee and talking somberly.

ADAM passes through another set of unmarked swinging doors. Here, surrounded by several electronic machines, two male doctors talk with an attractive female in a white lab coat. One nods to ADAM as he passes. ADAM nods back, passing another man in white lab coat, asleep in a nearby chair.

At the end of a short white hallway ADAM pauses, briefly looking back, before opening a single white door, this one marked: RESTRICTED.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL RESTRICTED AREA - NIGHT

ADAM, almost silently, enters a room lined with glass-covered shelves, the shelves lined with medications and restricted supplies.

A single technician, a PHARMACIST, in white lab coat, sits at a metal table, his back turned to ADAM. On the table's surface, his white gloved hands utilize a flat knife-like instrument, as he deftly separates a large pile of loose capsules by color.

Just beyond this table, behind more glass shelves is another, smaller room. On its glass door a sign reads: ATTENTION TEMPERATURE CONTROL. Suspended bags of plasma and blood are visible inside.

Adam silently steps closer watching over the man's shoulder. The PHARMACIST pauses for a moment, shifting to write a number on a clipboard. Then, detecting ADAM's presence, he suddenly turns toward him.

PHARMACIST

Oh, Jesus! You half-scared the
shit out of me.

The jittery PHARMACIST swivels in his chair. He appears to be a little younger than ADAM, with dark-framed glasses and post-collegiate haircut. Unlike ADAM, he wears a white shirt and tie under his lab coat.

PHARMACIST (cont'd)

I've sort of been expecting you
recently, for some reason, Doctor
uh...Doctor Who.

ADAM takes a thick stack of folded bills from a pocket and hands them to the PHARMACIST.

After glancing over ADAM's shoulder toward the door, the PHARMACIST counts the bills at lightning speed (almost like a magic trick) before nervously pocketing them.

PHARMACIST (cont'd)

You know, this, uh, this set-up is a bit unnerving for me. Wouldn't you consider meeting somewhere outside the hospital sometime? Instead of just appearing unexpectedly like a...phantom?

ADAM

That would require pre-arrangement.

PHARMACIST

I know, but, it would be much safer for me.

ADAM

I like to come to the source. Also the mutual jeopardy makes *me* feel safer. Excuse me, but I don't have any spare time.

ADAM deliberately places his doctor's bag on the metal table, his own white-gloved hands holding it open. Nervously the PHARMACIST stands up.

PHARMACIST

Right, let me get you what you need, uh, Doctor. (pause) By the way, that stethoscope you have there is practically an antique. (then turning away) From the 1970s, or maybe even the '60s...

ADAM

(cautiously watching the PHARMACIST's back as he opens the door to the inner room)

Is it? (pause) Well, still serves its purpose.

CUT TO:

TANGIER.

INT. THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS CAFE - NIGHT

EVE is seated at a small table near the cafe's front window, her scarf now lowered around her neck. EVE glances at her watch, then out the window. An untouched glass of mint tea sits on the table in front of her.

Beyond her is a small bar area where several men with tired eyes converse laconically in Arabic. Rai music floats from a small radio on a shelf behind them.

EVE's alert eyes move again from the window to her watch, then over to the men at the bar. One of them with large, sympathetic, sleepy eyes: the BARMAN, looks over at her.

EVE
(in Arabic to the BARMAN)
You sure he wasn't here earlier?

The BARMAN shakes his head, then gestures with both hands indicating that he has no answer. Just then, all heads turn to the door. Moments later a man enters [MARLOWE].

He is an older man, but striking; his eyes assured, but cautious. He is thin and wears a trimmed beard and an odd mixture of clothing representing both the late Sixteenth and late Twentieth centuries. Dangling from one pale hand are two white, unmarked plastic bags, like those from a pharmacy.

MARLOWE nods to the men at the bar, who respectfully return the gesture as though greeting the owner or boss. MARLOWE approaches EVE, who smiles. She rises from the small table.

EVE (cont'd)
Hello, darling.

Embracing him, she kisses his cheek, then both sit down.

EVE (cont'd)
There's only an hour 'til sunrise.

MARLOWE
I'm aware of that, my dear.

He places one of the white bags on the floor next to EVE. She immediately leans over and carefully places it inside her vintage shoulder bag.

EVE
(again smiling)
Is it the really good stuff?

MARLOWE
Yes, Eve. It is.

EVE
(whispering)
From the French doctor?

MARLOWE
Precisely.

EVE
 (now louder)
 I'm so happy to see you Christopher
 Marlowe!

One of the men at the bar briefly glances over at them.

MARLOWE
 (quietly but very sternly)
 I've told you a thousand times to
 never, ever, call me that in a
 public place.

EVE
 (playfully drawn to his
 crankiness)
 Yes, I know, darling. But it's so
 difficult to continue hiding such a
 delicious secret.

MARLOWE
 (glancing over his
 shoulder)
 Eve, please...

EVE
 (again whispering, eyes
 twinkling)
 The most outrageous scandal in
 literary history!

MARLOWE
 (defensively)
 Eve, stop. I beg you. (pause)
 Anyway, no one would believe
 me...not in...four hundred years.

He begins to drift away. Noticing, EVE reaches over and places her hand on MARLOWE's sleeve. After a brief pause, she pulls her hand back.

EVE
 Kit, have you really been wearing
 this frock since 1590?

He looks away, a twinge of guilt briefly crossing his face.

EVE stands to leave, leaning in to give MARLOWE a kiss on the cheek.

EVE (cont'd)
 (quietly)
 I do wish we could let the world
 know one day. It would cause such
 thrilling chaos.

MARLOWE

I think the world has more than
enough chaos to contend with.

EVE

Perhaps you're right, Doctor
Faustus.

She laughs as MARLOWE briefly glares at her. EVE then goes out the door, MARLOWE watching through the window as she pulls her scarf over her face and crosses the Petit Socco. MARLOWE, clasping his own white plastic bag, then also rises to leave.

CUT TO BLACK

OVER BLACK:

"Inside water, a water wheel turns.
A star circulates with the moon."
- Rumi

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM enters his livingroom, still wearing green hospital scrubs, but under his leather jacket and minus the lab-coat, mask, and surgeons cap. He is carrying the vintage leather doctor's bag.

Making his way to the coffee table, he lifts off the guitar case and replaces it with his doctor's bag. Opening it, ADAM carefully unwraps something covered by the white lab coat. It's a large, white, plastic bag, sealed at the top. It makes a dull thud as ADAM places it on the low table, indicating its weight.

ADAM

(to himself)

Ahh, finally. Time to get
straight.

He steps away, removing his jacket. As he leaves the room, he is heard mumbling to himself.

ADAM (cont'd)

Doctor fucking Who...

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - PREDAWN

EVE enters her apartment, locking the door behind her and pulling off her scarf.

She crosses the room and ties the thick curtains tightly shut.

She then re-crosses, approaching a small, round, elaborately carved, Moroccan table with two delicate velvet-covered chairs on either side. Pausing there, she carefully lifts the white plastic bag from her shoulder bag and places it on the table.

Her eyes are alive as she opens the bag. Inside is a sealed white paper bag, which she in turn lifts out and places on the table. It makes a heavy THUNK.

EVE

Ooh, the really good stuff!

She steps away from the small table.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM returns to his sofa, now bare-chested under a frayed, dark brocade bathrobe. He is barefoot, but wearing his slim '60s style trousers with dark vertical stripes. In one hand is a clear glass test-tube.

He sits on the sofa, the back Supro guitar still propped next to him, and opens the white bag. He lifts out one of several cylindrical, stainless steel canisters. It is shaped like a thermos, but taller and more slender. He delicately unscrews the steel top.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - PREDAWN

EVE, now wearing a Moroccan robe with a gold pattern against black, places a delicately-stemmed crystal apéritif glass on the small carved table next to the white bag. Sitting down, her eyes indicate a childlike excitement as she opens the sealed, white bag.

Carefully she lifts one of several cylindrical containers from the bag. Its top is stainless steel but the slender container is clear glass. Inside is a thick, dark red fluid.

Eyes dancing as she unscrews the cap, she then gently pours some of the thick fluid into the crystal apéritif glass.

A platinum wedding ring is visible on her finger as she raises the glass above her head.

EVE

Here's to you, Adam, my love.

She brings the glass to her deep red lips and drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM holds up the test tube, now half filled with a dark red fluid. A platinum wedding ring is visible on his thin white finger.

ADAM

To you, Eve. I love you more
than...all the tea in China.

He raises the test tube to his lips and drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - PREDAWN

EVE wipes a drip of red fluid from the corner of her mouth with a patterned handkerchief. She then rises and floats toward her bed.

She pauses at a low, painted chest next to the bed. On its surface are a pair of very modern looking Harman Kardon speakers incased in glass tubes and connected by a wire to a white iPod.

EVE's delicate white fingers press a button on the iPod's circular control panel.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM's hands now place another 45rpm record on one of his old turntables. He places the tonearm on the record, then steps away.

Seen from above a very relaxed ADAM, as though in slow motion, falls into a sitting position on his sofa. His head falls back, his legs splayed out in front of him. Music begins to flow from the record player ["Funnel of Love" by Wanda Jackson].

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - PREDAWN

Also seen from overhead and as though in slow motion, EVE falls onto her bed.

The same music ["Funnel of Love" by Wanda Jackson] fills her room. [This overhead image begins to SLOWLY SPIN CLOCKWISE].

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM, again seen from overhead, is also now SPINNING SLOWLY CLOCKWISE.

MONTAGE:

These two images, spinning ADAM and spinning EVE, are intercut (or possibly interdissolved) with the spinning turntable. As these images continue to spin they gradually become closer and closer until the faces of ADAM and EVE fill the screen, their eyes slowly closing in trance-like bliss...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The heavy curtains across EVE'S balcony are unmoving, tightly fastened across the windows. Still wearing her black and gold robe, she arrives at the curtains and opens them slightly. She reaches through the opening for the handle of the balcony's glass doors. Opening them a little, she then pulls the curtains open wider.

EVE looks out over the rooftops of Tangier, huddled under the black sky. A faint breeze lightly moves the curtain next to her.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - LATE AFTERNOON OR EARLY EVENING

The curtains over ADAM'S window are tightly drawn and unmoving. Still wearing his dark, brocade robe, he arrives at the window and gently pulls on one of the gold antique cords that fasten the curtains. Accidentally, the curtains briefly separate. For a fraction of a second a slit of pale light leaks through, a streak of it crossing the back of ADAM'S hand.

ADAM
(out loud)
Oww! Shit!

He re-ties the cord, and examines his hand. A thin, red burn is visible.

ADAM pulls a black handkerchief from a nearby lamp and quickly wraps it around his wound.

ADAM (cont'd)
 (to himself)
 Bloody fuckin' hell. You'd think
 that after a few hundred years...

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Still in her Moroccan robe, EVE falls back onto her bed. A white iPhone-like device in one hand. She turns the phone on and dials a series of numbers.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - LATE AFTERNOON OR EARLY EVENING

Among ADAM'S menagerie of equipment, a phone rings. ADAM crosses the room and locates a cordless handset on a large table piled with more equipment -- including an old CRT TV screen with a camera of some kind attached on top.

ADAM sinks back into his sofa as he answers.

ADAM
 Yeah?

EVE
 (voice on phone)
 Hey, handsome. (pause) It's me.

ADAM
 (softly into phone)
 Eve...

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVE
 (reclining on her bed,
 phone to her ear)
 Turn on your contraption so I can
 see you.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - LATE AFTERNOON OR EARLY EVENING

ADAM is seen pushing a switch on a box hand-wired into another box which is wired into the TV set.

The TV's screen gradually illuminates, along with a small red LED light above the camera lens on top of the TV.

ADAM then falls back onto the sofa, phone to his ear, eyes on the TV screen. EVE's face is now visible on the screen, as she apparently holds her phone device out in front of her.

ADAM

Ah, there you are, my love.

EVE

(on screen)

Hello, darling.

ADAM

Hello, gorgeous.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVE's device is seen in her hand, apparently held out in front of her. Adam's head and shoulders can be seen on the device's small rectangular screen. His eyes have now softened, somehow appearing more languid than before.

EVE

(speaking off-screen)

You look tired

ADAM

(on EVE's screen)

Yeah.

EVE

(tenderly, on ADAM's screen, her handheld camera moving closer on her face)

Oh, what's the matter, baby? (then smiling a little) Miss me too much?

ADAM

(on EVE's screen, after a sullen pause)

Maybe...Yeah.

EVE

(on ADAM's screen, a little less close to her camera)

Ooh. But it was your idea, Adam, your "I vont to be alone" routine. (her hand now on her forehead ala Greta Garbo) And it hasn't even been a year yet.

ADAM
 (on EVE's screen)
 I'm fine.

EVE
 (voice off-screen)
 You're the worst actor I've ever
 seen. You know that?

On EVE's screen ADAM is seen getting up from the sofa and "dramatically" approaching his camera.

ADAM
 Vot I vont is to bite your neck!

EVE, on ADAM's screen, laughs, her laughter gently shaking the image on the screen. She then randomly twirls her camera around for a moment, images of her apartment flying past, before it returns to frame her face.

EVE
 (still on ADAM's screen)
 Oh, Adam. You know you're
 impossible. Tell your affection
 starved wife what your bloody
 problem is, will you please?

ADAM, on EVE's screen, sits quietly for a moment looking away from the camera.

ADAM
 (still on EVE's screen)
 I don't know.

He looks back toward the camera. Off-screen EVE can be heard sighing.

EVE
 (voice off-screen)
 Another bad depression?

There is no response from ADAM.

EVE (cont'd)
 (voice again off-screen)
 Any supply problems?

ADAM
 (on EVE's screen)
 No.

There is a long pause before EVE speaks again.

EVE
 (voice off-screen,
 concerned)
 Are you just being dramatic?

ADAM, on EVE's screen, shakes his head, then lowers it, one hand entangling itself in his long messy hair.

EVE, now on ADAM's screen, looks directly into the lens of her device. Her eyes now show a combination of sadness, compassion, and concern.

EVE (cont'd)
 (on ADAM's screen)
 Do you...do you want to come here?
 And be with me? (pause) Please?

ADAM
 (on EVE's screen, looking
 away)
 Oh, I'd just be an albatross around
 your irresistible neck.

EVE
 (now on ADAM's screen)
 I have a really strong neck. And
 it needs some kind of jewelry.

ADAM
 (off-screen)
 Should I send pearls? Black
 pearls?

EVE
 (on ADAM's screen)
 I still have the beautiful strand
 you gave me two hundred years ago.
 Anyway, right now I'd prefer a nice
 scruffy albatross.

There is another pause, neither speaking for several moments.

[NOTE: THE FOLLOWING CONTINUES TO INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO
 VIDEO SCREENS]

EVE (cont'd)
 Will you please just talk to me for
 a minute?

ADAM
 What do you want me to say?

EVE
 Oh, Adam. You've been deeply
 depressed before. Remember the
 1820s? And your reaction to the
 first World War, that did scare the
 shit out of me, to say nothing of
 the Spanish Civil War. Then the
 1950s...the '70s...

ADAM

Yeah, definitely all deeply depressing times.

EVE

Yeah, well you should have lived through the fucking Vandals. Or the Tartars. The floods, the plagues. Fuckin' hell...

ADAM

(flatly)
Sounds exciting.

EVE

(after a pause)
What about your music?

On EVE's screen, ADAM sullenly surveys his instruments and equipment surrounding him.

ADAM

I seem to be writing a lot of funeral music.

EVE

Oh, Adam...Why don't you just fucking come here and kiss me? In the past you so loved Tangier. (pause) You loved the music. And those times when your friends all lived here -- Burroughs and Brion Gysin. Paul Bowles, Brian Jones...

ADAM

(quietly)
I wouldn't make it there, Eve.

EVE

Seriously?

There is a long pause.

EVE (cont'd)

Oh, fuck. (pause) Alright. I'll come.

On EVE's screen ADAM's averted eyes return to the camera.

EVE (cont'd)

But I can't believe you're doing this to me again. And tell me why again you're in, of all places on this planet, fucking Detroit?

On EVE's screen ADAM can be seen shrugging and looking away.

ADAM

Suits my mood. I guess. (pause)
I'll tell you one thing I love
about Detroit -- you can be
whatever you want here.

EVE

Well, that's always a plus.

ADAM

Other than that, I guess it's an
end of the world kind of thing...

EVE

You really are too much, Adam. You
know I still largely blame Keats
and Shelley for your hopelessly
romantic affliction. And a few of
those French assholes too.

ADAM

Listen, Eve. I don't think you
should come. Listen to me. Don't
come. It's gotten way too weird
out there.

EVE

Yeah, well, in three thousand years
momma's seen weirder times than
these.

(then, half to herself)

Although, not by much, I must
say...It's just the traveling
that's such a drag.

(pause)

Don't worry baby. I'll just pack
the bags, 'cause we're going on a
guilt trip.

Seen on ADAM's screen, EVE smiles and sends him a kiss.

ADAM

Don't come, Eve. Really.

(pause)

I love you more than...all the tea
in China.

EVE laughs and switches off her phone.

From his velvet couch, ADAM watches the screen of his
antiquated TV. It darkens, gradually fading to a white dot
at its center, the dot then eventually blinking off.

CUT TO BLACK

"You have said what you are.
I am what I am.
Your actions in my head,
my head here in my hands

with something circling inside.
 I have no name
 for what circles
 so perfectly."

- Rumi

FADE UP TO:

EXT. TANGIER STREETS - NIGHT

EVE and MARLOWE walk arm in arm, along the Place de France in the Ville Nouvelle section, the architecture around them still faintly echoing a decayed form of 1930s glamour.

EVE

You sure you'll be ok? I can't stand the thought of my not being an absolute necessity. I wish you could go with me, and help me drag Adam back over here.

MARLOWE

Oh, god no. Traveling these last years, for me, is bordering on impossible. (then gesturing around him) And why would I want to go anywhere else?

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER PORT - NIGHT

They sit down on a low wall overlooking the port, a shuttered and crumbling Deco hotel in the shadows behind them.

MARLOWE

(looking out at the black glistening water)
 I had a dream about your sister last night. (he turns to her)
 Your infamous little sister...

EVE

You had a dream about Ava?

MARLOWE

Do you even know where she is these days?

EVE

(looking off)
 No. I have no idea. (pause) What happened in the dream, Kit?

Marlowe stares out at the water, not answering.

EVE (cont'd)
 Kit? Did you hear me? (pause)
 Hey, Christopher!

MARLOWE
 (returning)
 What? Oh. I'm sorry, I...I
 drifted away for a moment. (he
 gazes again at the water) To
 Italy, actually. A few hundred
 years ago...

EVE
 Was he painfully good looking?

He turns back to her.

MARLOWE
 What? (pause) Eve, I know I don't
 need to tell you this, but please
 be cautious. I couldn't bear it if
 anything happened to you.

EVE gently puts her hands on his hand.

EVE
 You don't need to worry about me,
 darling.

MARLOWE
 Alright, then. In any case,
 deliver my regards to that
 suicidally romantic scoundrel.

EVE
 I will.

MARLOWE
 (his gaze again drifting
 away)
 God, I wish I'd known Adam before
 writing Hamlet. He would have
 provided the most perfect case-
 study imaginable.

Eve studies MARLOWE for a moment, as he stares off into the
 silvery darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - PREDAWN

EVE's curtains are drawn shut, the area around her bed
 illuminated by electric lamps with ornate metal Moroccan
 shades.

She sits on the bed, legs folded under her to one side, an open suitcase on the floor nearby.

White mobile phone to her head, EVE's other hand sifts through several dozen credit cards fanned out in front of her. Next to them are a variety of passports and bundles of cash in pounds, dollars, euros, etc.

EVE's eyes are bright and alert as she speaks into her phone.

EVE
 (into phone)
 Yes, but is there a night flight from Tangier to Paris? (pause)
 Yes. That's great. And is there any possibility of flying at night from Paris to Detroit? (pause)
 Yeah, Detroit...(pause) Brilliant. And what time does it arrive in Detroit?

Her fingers select a gold credit card.

EVE (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Midnight Detroit time? Oh, that sounds lovely. (she laughs) Yeah. Alright then, I want to book those two flights, please, for one person.

She raises the card in front of her.

EVE (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Oh, uh...

She glances at her watch.

EVE (cont'd)
 For tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Reels of recording tape slowly turn on a vintage upright reel-to-reel machine, connected by cables to several old microphones placed around the room.

A single, harmonically complex and distorted chord sustains in a long drone. As it fades, it starts again.

ADAM sits upright, eyes closed, on his sofa. He is playing the black electric Supro guitar. As the previous drone fades away, ADAM strikes the guitar strings again. The tone is mesmerizing, like broken bells heard from a distance.

The doorbell rings. ADAM's eyes open. He strikes the chord again, and again the doorbell rings, the two sounds merging in harmonic dissonance.

After another ring, ADAM lets the last guitar chord fade into ringing feedback, then stands and lays the guitar on the sofa.

He crosses to the window and, opening the curtains very slightly, looks out. Below, three or four young people are standing out on the street in front of ADAM's house. Their clothes are imitative of a previous period of Detroit rock'n'roll, suggesting they are dedicated, or curious, fans of ADAM's underground music. They stand near a beat-up economy car, talking. One points back towards ADAM's house.

ADAM
(to himself)
Fuckin' hell...

The "fans" squeeze back into their small car, slamming closed its doors. The car can be heard pulling away as ADAM crosses back to the sofa and sits down.

His brooding eyes fix on the tape machine, watching the last of the tape slip from the empty reel and thread it's final path through the tape-heads.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

EVE sits in a first class seat near the window, an empty seat next to her. As usual, her appearance is striking and she stands out dramatically from the other passengers. She wears dark glasses, white denim jacket and white jeans, with her large black and white Arab scarf draped around her neck.

Her vintage shoulder bag is cradled in her lap, on top of it her hands cradling a small antique book, opened. It is a book of Shakespeare's sonnets.

EVE briefly reads several lines, silently, which are heard in her voice over.

EVE
(V.O.)
Mark how with my neglect I do
dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose
bred
That all the world besides, me
thinks, are dead.

EVE (cont'd)
(out loud, but softly)
Marlowe...

Gently closing the book, EVE looks at the window, its view onto nothing but blackness.

Hearing a muffled grunt from across the aisle, EVE turns in time to notice that a male passenger in business clothes had just cut his finger on the pull-tab of a beer can. She lowers her dark glasses and watches intently as a small amount of blood drips from the tiny wound onto the man's tray-table. Fixed on the blood, her eyes flare briefly as she watches the passenger wrap his finger in a white paper napkin, a bit more blood soaking into it. After a moment, she reluctantly turns her head away and repositions her dark glasses.

Just then, an announcement in French is heard over the plane's speakers.

ANNOUNCEMENT

(in French)

We will soon begin our descent into Orly International Airport. Please remain in your seats with seat-belts fastened. Thank you.

As EVE places the small book inside her shoulder bag, a female FLIGHT ATTENDANT makes her way down the aisle, checking seat-belts and seat-back positions. She pauses briefly next to EVE's seat, addressing her cheerfully.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(in English with a pronounced French accent)

Oh, I really like your scarf. You know this is now very chic in Paris!

EVE

Is it? Oh. Thank you.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT smiles, nodding, and moves off down the aisle. When she is out of sight, EVE briefly glances in her direction, then quickly unwinds her scarf from her neck and contrarily stuffs it into the bag on her lap.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM, in his bathrobe, is sitting on his sofa quietly strumming an antique acoustic guitar.

After a few moments, the doorbell rings.

ADAM

(to himself)

Shit...

It rings again, and ADAM stands and crosses to the window. Below, ADAM sees IAN stepping back from the door and looking up toward him. ADAM closes the curtain, and moves away from the window.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM stands at the door to the hallway staircase IAN's ascending footsteps audible. ADAM motions him in, as IAN enters the room, catching his breath.

IAN

I didn't wake you, did I?

ADAM shakes his head as the two cross the room, ADAM sinking into the sofa, IAN sitting on the edge of a cluttered chair.

IAN (cont'd)

Yeah. No. I mean, I know to only come by at night.

ADAM looks at him, vaguely irritated.

IAN (cont'd)

(quickly reaching into his pocket)

Oh! I got it for you!

IAN retrieves a small velvet bag, like those from a jeweler. He quickly stands, handing it over to ADAM.

IAN (cont'd)

(as ADAM opens the small bag and empties its contents into his hand)

A wooden bullet, .32 caliber.

ADAM gently rolls the bullet in his palm -- a dark, polished wooden bullet in a brass jacket.

IAN (cont'd)

It's Cocobolo.

ADAM

(examining the bullet)

Yeah, Dalbergia Retusa.

IAN

(proudly)

For your art project! (pause) The guy made it for me, no questions asked. He said the wood is so dense it sinks in water. I think they use it on guitars sometimes.

ADAM
That's true.

ADAM closes his fist around the wooden bullet, and looks over at IAN.

ADAM (cont'd)
Perfect. Thank you, Ian.

IAN
No problem, man.

ADAM pulls a wad of bills from the pocket of his robe and hands it to IAN.

IAN (cont'd)
(taking the cash)
Oh, no, man. You already paid me for...

ADAM gestures, and IAN is quiet. IAN quickly pockets the money.

IAN (cont'd)
Thanks. (pause) Everything else ok?

ADAM
Listen, there were some, like, rock'n'roll kids ringing my doorbell last night.

IAN
Really? But how could they possibly know where...

ADAM
(cutting him off)
I don't know, but it's not cool.

IAN
Of course not! It's fucked up. (pause) But don't worry. I'm gonna...I'm gonna spread some rumors. You know, very cautiously, about where you might live. You know, throw them way off the track.

ADAM stands up.

ADAM
Yeah, well, whatever. Listen, I need to...

IAN
 (springing up excitedly)
 But, man, it's like there's a new
 scene about to happen in Detroit!
 I can feel it, man.

ADAM moves toward the door, IAN following, still talking excitedly.

IAN (cont'd)
 It's gonna happen again! I mean,
 back in the old days we had The
 White Stripes, The Dirtbombs,
 Detroit Cobras, The Von Bondies,
 Brendan Benson...

ADAM
 (cutting him off)
 Please, Ian. Now you're really
 starting to freak me out. Let's
 calm down. (pause) I'll see you
 later. I have something to attend
 to.

IAN
 (winding down)
 Oh. Oh, yeah, sure.

ADAM ushers him out the door.

IAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 (descending the stairs)
 See you soon, then.

ADAM waits, until the heavy door can be heard closing behind IAN downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ADAM sits on his heavy, carved, antique bed in the bedroom of his house. Much like his livingroom, this room is also cluttered, heavily curtained, its decor mixing several centuries. Its dark walls are lined with framed reproductions of portraits of artists, musicians, writers and scientists.

ADAM looks down at his hand, which holds a silver plated, .32 caliber revolver with pearl handles. He uncurls his other fist, revealing the wooden bullet, cased in brass.

Flipping over the pistol's revolving magazine, ADAM slides the wooden bullet into one of the six empty chambers. With another flip of his wrist, the magazine clicks back into place.

ADAM takes a deep breath, then spins the revolving magazine. When it stops spinning he turns the gun, placing the end of its barrel on his chest, aimed directly into his heart.

ADAM closes his eyes and gently pulls the trigger. The hammer clicks loudly against an empty chamber. After a moment ADAM opens his eyes, slowly lowering the gun from his chest.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

"Whoever finds love
beneath hurt and grief
disappears into emptiness
with a thousand new disguises."
- Rumi

FADE UP TO:

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A taxi is stopped in front of ADAM'S house, just beyond his dirty but elegant, white Jaguar XJ-S. The street is covered in ice and grey slush.

EVE, again with hat and scarf and shoulder-bag, stands next to the DRIVER. He wears a worn parka and lifts her suitcase from the open trunk.

DRIVER
(in Arabic)
Well, welcome to Detroit.

EVE
(in Arabic, handing him
money)
Thank you.

DRIVER
(in Arabic, getting back
into the cab)
May Allah bless you.

EVE
(in English)
May the great mystery bless us all.

As the taxi pulls away down the frozen street, EVE pauses to look up at ADAM'S house. Soft lights barely leak through the drawn curtains covering the upstairs windows.

EVE'S hand affectionately grazes ADAM'S Jag as she passes.

EVE (cont'd)
(smiling to herself)
Ah yes, 1989.

She opens the gate and, entering the yard, stops suddenly, freezing in place. A large raccoon looks up at her through masked eyes as it crosses the walkway leading to ADAM's door.

EVE (cont'd)
 (identifying the animal by
 its Latin name)
 Oh. Procyon Lotor.

The raccoon lumbers off, disappearing into the shadows.

EVE arrives at the door and presses the doorbell. It rings inside, as EVE sets down her suitcase. Behind the door she hears footsteps rapidly descending the staircase, and a moment later the door swings open.

ADAM, fully dressed, sees her and momentarily freezes in the doorway. ADAM and EVE gaze into each other's radiant eyes. ADAM steps out and embraces her. They pull back slightly, again gazing at one another. Their lips meet in a long kiss of reunited lovers. ADAM steps back, his hands still on EVE's waist, both now perceptibly dizzy.

EVE (cont'd)
 (softly)
 Hello.

After a pause, ADAM picks up her suitcase, then steps aside to let her enter. She hesitates.

ADAM
 Oh, sorry. (he gestures) Won't
 you please come in?

EVE smiles and, removing her hat, steps past him. ADAM follows, closing the door behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - PREDAWN

ADAM and EVE, wearing only dark bathrobes, are curled around each other on the sofa. ADAM's unusual electric guitar music plays from a reel-to-reel recorder, though not loudly, in the background. The room is softly lit, the curtains fully closed.

On the table in front of them is an opened stainless canister, lying on its side, empty. ADAM and EVE each hold a blood-tinged apéritif glass in one hand. They uncurl just enough to 'clink' glasses before draining them. They laugh as though drunk, their teeth and lips noticeably tinted a dark red. EVE reaches out to place her empty glass on the table, but it slips and falls to the floor, rolling under the sofa.

EVE
 (leaning back into ADAM's
 arms)
 I think maybe we've overdone it.

ADAM
 (as though intoxicated)
 Yeah...

They remain silent, content, enfolded, the music a lyrical fog around them.

EVE
 I love your newest music.

ADAM
 Thanks. It's called 'I Drank Your
 Mother's Blood, and She Tasted Like
 a Whore'.

EVE laughs, pulling away a little, and playfully punching ADAM in the chest.

EVE
 (settling back into ADAM's
 arms)
 Yeah, right. Hey, Mr. Guitar man.
 Do you know: 'I Drank Your Mother's
 Blood, and She Tasted Like a
 Whore'?

ADAM
 (completing the joke)
 Know it! I fuckin' wrote it!

EVE laughs again, and ADAM too, a little.

EVE
 You know, it does concern me that
 you've finally let your music go
 out into the world. You've always
 been so careful about it, only
 sending it anonymously to other
 composers.

ADAM
 Yeah. But that was the only way I
 could hear it performed. To just
 give it away...

EVE
 So why did you release this recent
 stuff?

ADAM
 (distantly)
 I don't know.
 (MORE)

ADAM (cont'd)

A failed experiment, probably. I guess I just wanted something out there before I...

EVE

Before what? (pause) You know, you always conveniently have the mortals to blame when you sink into depression, but then, what you really care about is all their most beautiful accomplishments. What about all your artist heroes?

ADAM

I don't have heroes.

EVE

Oh no? What about your beloved scientists?

ADAM

Yeah, look what they've done to them. Look at Pythagoras. They slaughtered him and his commune. Galileo -- imprisoned. Copernicus -- ridiculed. Newton -- pushed into secrecy and alchemy. Tesla -- destroyed, and his beautiful possibilities ignored. And they're still bitching about Darwin! Yeah, so much for the scientists.

EVE

Come on Adam, if we're going to start cataloguing the atrocities of human history, those are probably very minor examples.

ADAM

(distant again)

Well, now they've even succeeded in contaminating their own fuckin' blood, let alone their water. (pause) I just feel so...fragile.

EVE

We are fragile. Everything is. But how amazing it is to observe all the details of history flowing by!

ADAM

Easy for you. You have three thousand years of experience.

EVE

Yeah, well our time will end, too.
But first I intend, if possible, to
watch it all just get washed
away...like the momentary waves in
the ocean, the stars fading from
the black sky...

Her words trail off. She turns her head a little, gently
kissing ADAM's neck. ADAM, looking off, caresses her hair
with one hand. The music on the tape machine has ended.

EVE (cont'd)

I don't want you to leave me, Adam.
At least we have each other.

ADAM

(after a pause)

Eve, are you at all familiar with
what Einstein termed "spooky action
at a distance"?

EVE

(quietly)

No. Sounds intriguing. (pause,
her eyes closing) But maybe you
better tell me about it later,
'cause it's gonna get light out.
We better go to bed, baby.

ADAM

Yeah.

After a pause, his free arm stretches back and pulls up an
antique acoustic guitar from somewhere behind the sofa.

ADAM (cont'd)

Eve?

EVE

(eyes closed)

Mmmm?

ADAM

Can you tell me how old this one
is? I think it's an L2, but I
haven't been able to date it
exactly. Can you just...

EVE half opens her eyes and squints at the guitar.

EVE

(sleepily)

She's a pretty one.

Her thin white hand reaches over and briefly caresses the
wooden instrument.

EVE (cont'd)
 (her hand retracting)
 1905...

ADAM
 Really? (pause) 1905...She *is*
 old.

EVE
 (eyes again closing, her
 hand on his sleeve)
 Umm hmm...and did you realize your
 bathrobe is over a hundred and
 fifty years old?

ADAM
 Oh at least.

She nuzzles deeper into ADAM's shoulder. He strums a single sad chord on the antique guitar, letting it ring and fade away.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

ADAM and EVE are in bed together side by side, naked, asleep. Gradually EVE wakes, squinting as though through a hangover. She sleepily surveys her surroundings before her thin arm reaches an antique lamp on the bed-stand and switches it on.

ADAM stirs and wakes. Seeing EVE, he kisses her, and snakes an arm around her. They gaze happily into each other's eyes.

EVE
 Glad to see me?

ADAM kisses her again, rolling over on top of her. Again they look into each others eyes, EVE smiling happily.

EVE (cont'd)
 Oh, I think I'm a bit hungover, my
 love. (pause) Your supply is an
 excellent vintage, I must say.
 Quite delicious.

ADAM
 Yeah. Type O Negative. Nice and
 pure. Uncut.

He rolls off her, now lying at her side, both gazing at the ceiling.

EVE

(lazily)

Did you know only female mosquitoes suck blood? (pause) Oh, but of course you did.

ADAM

And only female wasps and bees can sting, my love.

EVE

Of course.

ADAM

Can I ask you something unrelated? (pause) When they built Stonehenge, it was your people, right? Your Druids?

EVE

I'm a Bructeri Druid, but close enough.

ADAM

Yeah, I know, Bructeri. In any case, I was wondering how in the hell they moved those giant stones. Because I read recently somewhere that the stones weren't from the surrounding area.

EVE

Well, first of all, we didn't construct Stonehenge. A culture previous to us did. But we learned that they dragged those stones across land on, like, sort of giant sleds that rolled over a moveable system of strong wooden rails lined with spherical stone bearings.

ADAM

(fascinated)

I suspected as much. (pause) Did they use a similar system when the Egyptians built the pyramids?

EVE

(laughing)

How fuckin' old do you think I am?

ADAM laughs a little as EVE now rolls on top of him.

ADAM

I've always had a thing for older women.

EVE
(smiling)
And I love being a cradle-robber.

She caresses his face.

EVE (cont'd)
I'll tell you one thing, though.

ADAM
What?

EVE
It's a good thing we both got
turned before we were too old to
fuck.

ADAM
(playing)
Did we?

EVE
Yes. Allow me to demonstrate.

ADAM
Yeah. I think we better make sure.
But first could you switch that
lamp off? It's burning my bloody
eyes.

EVE lithely reaches over and switches it off. Darkness.

EVE
(softly)
You know, I should correct myself.

ADAM
About what?

EVE
The Egyptians. In true fact they
built their pyramids at least a
thousand years later than
Stonehenge.

ADAM
Huh. Yeah, I thought so.

EVE
Oh, did you?

They roll over, entwined, ADAM now on top.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

ADAM and EVE sit across from each other, carefully studying a chessboard between them on the kitchen table. Both again wear their dark bathrobes, EVE with her Stetson hat pushed back on her head.

In the kitchen around them, no trace of human food is visible. Cupboards, shelves, and counters instead hold stacks of books, vinyl records, and dismantled electronics.

EVE smiles as she makes a move on the chess board, taking ADAM's queen with her bishop.

EVE

There goes your queen, playboy.
Check.

Brow furrowed, ADAM studies the board.

EVE (cont'd)

By the way, your hero Christopher Marlowe sends his regards.

ADAM

(fixed on the game)
I don't have heroes. And please don't talk so much. You're just trying to distract me. (pause)
How is he?

EVE

Oh, eccentric and secretive as always. I must say he does seem to enjoy being the king of the Tangier underground.

ADAM

(eyes still on the game)
That's good. Let's not talk now.

EVE

Adam?

He doesn't respond.

EVE (cont'd)

Since we were talking about great English poets, will you tell me again about when you hung out with Lord Byron?

ADAM

Eve, please.

ADAM's hand briefly hovers over a chess piece, but withdraws before touching it.

EVE

Oh, tell me again. Please?

ADAM sighs and briefly looks up at her.

ADAM

What? Uh, I was in his presence only for a few days. 1815 maybe, something like that. In a villa on Lake Geneva. With the others.

EVE

On your way to Italy, right?

ADAM

(eyes again fixed on the game)

Yeah...

EVE

And what was he like?

ADAM

(after a pause, still not looking up)

He was a pompous asshole.

EVE laughs.

EVE

And what about the great John Keats?

ADAM

(eyes on the game)

What? Keats, Keats I never got to meet. But you know all this, Eve. I know what you're doing.

EVE

Oh, but it amuses me so. Please tell me more.

ADAM

(distracted)

Uh, I met Byron and Mary Shelly. I met Wordsworth once, briefly, by an English lake. (pause) Never met Keats though. (pause, studying the board) Great poet, Keats...

EVE

"...That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again..."

ADAM looks up at her. Her eyes sparkle with mischief.

EVE (cont'd)
So what was Mary like, then? Mary
Wollstonecraft.

ADAM looks back at the game, trying to ignore her.

EVE (cont'd)
Come on then, what was she like?

ADAM
She was...delicious.

EVE
Mmm. I'll bet she was.

They gaze at each other across the table, EVE's eyes then suddenly lighting up.

EVE (cont'd)
Oh! That reminds me. I have a
surprise! An experiment.

She gets up and goes to the refrigerator just behind her.
ADAM watches curiously as she opens the freezer.

ADAM
That doesn't work.

EVE
(taking something out)
Yes it does. I plugged it in. But
I must say, you've wired this place
in a most peculiar way.

ADAM
(watching her closely)
It's my own system.

EVE sits back down, holding two homemade popsicles, frozen
onto sticks, blood red. She extends one to ADAM.

ADAM (cont'd)
What's that?

EVE
(licking her popsicle)
O Negative! Frozen on a stick!
Mmm, refreshing.

ADAM takes the other from her, examining it carefully,
holding the stick hesitantly between two fingers. His tongue
then barely grazes it.

ADAM
That's disgusting.

EVE
Mmm. Mine's delicious.

ADAM licks his again, a little less tentatively.

ADAM
Weird. Never tried it frozen
before.

Now beginning to enjoy his frozen treat, ADAM's attention returns to the chess game. EVE watches closely as ADAM carefully moves his remaining castle, then looks up triumphantly.

EVE, delighted, eyes locked on the board, immediately takes ADAM's castle with her queen.

EVE
Checkmate, darling.

ADAM
Damn you, Eve! You're ruthless.

EVE
(rising from the table,
smiling)
I'm a survivor, baby.

As she floats out of the room, her sparkling eyes glance back over her shoulder.

ADAM
(calling after her)
It was all the bloody talking!
(then, more to himself) I
can't...concentrate. (then to
himself, sucking on his popsicle)
Mmm. Not bad...

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

ADAM and EVE are now in the livingroom both in bathrobes, EVE with hat and boots.

ADAM places a record on an antique player while EVE looks around at his collection of unusual instruments.

ADAM
(lowering the tonearm onto
the spinning disc)
You gotta hear this one. It's
Charlie Feathers. Do you know it?

EVE shakes her head, listening.

EVE
(a moment later)
1956.

ADAM

Yeah.

Just then, the lights flicker then go out with an audible fizz, the turntable slowing to a stop. Darkness.

ADAM (cont'd)

Shit.

He fumbles around for a moment, then lights a candle near the coffee table.

ADAM (cont'd)

I can fix it.

ADAM now stands near the door, pulling on some Wellington boots and heavy rubber gloves. EVE approaches and he hands her a flashlight

EVE

Weren't things much more interesting before electrical power? Really, people had more interesting ideas.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Flashlights in hand, ADAM and EVE cross the small, muddy, enclosed backyard. In one corner is a transformer, above it a mass of tangled wires, some connecting to the house, others to wooden poles or adjacent buildings. Several wires are unattached and emitting sparks.

ADAM

(shining his light on the mass of wires)

Look at this shit! Idiots. What fucking century is this...I mean, Tesla had lightbulbs you didn't even have to plug-in -- in fuckin' 1895!

While ADAM works on the wires near his transformer, EVE shines her light along the base of a nearby cement wall. Something catches her eye.

There, along the grey tones of muddy slush and cement, several red mushrooms are visible. EVE stoops to study them more closely. Small white dots decorate their bright caps.

EVE

(to herself)

Amanita Muscaria. How odd. (then, louder) Adam?

ADAM has opened a metal door on the transformer, and flips the switches of several circuit-breakers. Lights come back on inside the house. He closes the metal box then moves toward EVE.

ADAM

What?

EVE

Hey, did you see these before?

ADAM

(bending down next to her)
Yeah. Fly Agaric. They're behaving rather strangely. They appear, disappear, then reappear -- those caps. I guess they're receiving information from the atmosphere.

EVE looks at him curiously.

EVE

But it's winter.

ADAM

I know. It's strange. (pause) We really don't know shit about fungi, do we? Even though life on this planet wouldn't exist without them.

ADAM gets up and moves back toward the house, while EVE lingers for a moment, shining her light on the bright red mushrooms.

EVE

(softly to the mushrooms)
You guys shouldn't be here.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

EVE is alone in ADAM's bed, asleep, radiant under the dim light from a nearby table lamp.

After some moments, ADAM enters. He is in his doctor drag: white lab coat over green scrubs, stethoscope around his neck, doctor's bag in hand.

EVE shifts and stretches. Her eyes squint sleepily. Then, seeing ADAM, she laughs lightly, gently rubbing her eyes.

EVE

What on earth are you doing, my love? (pause) Are we playing 'doctor'?

ADAM
 (pulling the mask below
 his face)
 I am. (pause) I'll be back in an
 hour or two.

EVE
 (pouting)
 Oh...am I not included?

ADAM approaches her.

ADAM
 No.

He kneels next to the bed and, taking her head in his hand,
 kisses her. He then pulls back and looks into her eyes,
 EVE's fingers now touch the stethoscope around his neck.

EVE
 1968...Maybe you need a newer one.

ADAM stands and looks down at her.

EVE (cont'd)
 (looking up, sensing a
 change in ADAM)
 What is it, darling?

ADAM
 I had a dream about...about your
 sister.

EVE sits up halfway.

EVE
 You did? (pause) And I don't
 suppose it was a good one...

ADAM
 Could have been worse, I guess.
 (then, drifting off a little)
 Well, maybe not by much...

ADAM bends and kisses the top her head, then straightens.

ADAM (cont'd)
 Back in a flash.

EVE
 Hope so. Good luck with the
 surgery, doctor.

He closes the door behind him. EVE sinks back in bed, arms
 behind her head. Her alert eyes shift from the ceiling to
 the dimly lit framed portraits lining the walls around her.

She scans the faces: Baudiliere, Tesla, Mark Twain, Sir Isaach Newton, Edgar Allen Poe, Charlie Patton, Henry Purcell, Emily Dickenson, Luis Bunuel, Iggy Pop, Black Elk, William Blake, William Burroughs, Samuel Beckett, John Coltrane, etc. [all TBD]

Her bright eyes then stop, settling on a reproduction of the portrait of Christopher Marlowe: it shows a striking young man, 21 years old, self assured, a bit flashy, arms folded, right over left.

EVE (cont'd)
(softly)
Marlowe...

She sighs. After a moment her eyes drift back to the ceiling, now as though fixed on something in the far, far, distance.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

All of the few lamps in ADAM's livingroom are lit and music, ADAM's, plays from a tape machine. EVE, dressed now in some of ADAM's '60s clothes, moves across the room.

Her attention moves to a stack of old vinyl records. As she sifts through them she notices a small, leather-bound, book-like object next to them.

Holding it tenderly in her hands, she carefully opens it. It is a framed sepia photograph of ADAM and EVE taken in the 19th century, the opposite panel lined in deep red velvet.

Eve's fingers lightly caress the fading image.

EVE
(softly to herself)
June 23rd, 1868...Our third
wedding...

She kisses the photo, then holds it to her chest. As she moves toward the sofa something glints at her from a partially opened drawer. Her thin hand reaches inside and retrieves ADAM's silver-plated, pearl-handled revolver.

EVE sinks into the sofa, antique photo in one hand, gun in the other. She places the photo on the coffee table, then flips the gun's magazine open. Her fingers extract a single bullet from its chamber. She looks at it in the palm of her hand, its tip made of dark, heavy, polished wood. The music ends.

EVE (cont'd)
(to herself, studying the
wooden bullet)
Dalbergia retusa...

EVE sighs deeply, her fist closing around the wooden bullet, her eyes drifting away.

A moment later a car is audible, ADAM's car, stopping outside. Its engine shuts off and a door opens and closes. EVE straightens, waiting for him, gun in one hand, bullet enclosed in the other. ADAM's footsteps are heard on the stairs just before he enters the living room, still partially dressed as a doctor.

Confidently, he crosses toward EVE, leather bag in hand. He pauses, though, seeing her expression, then the revolver in her hand.

As their eyes meet, EVE's fist opens revealing the wooden bullet.

EVE (cont'd)
So, what's all this, then?

ADAM sets the doctor's bag on the coffee table and straightens.

EVE (cont'd)
Tell me you're having trouble with
one of the others. Please tell me
that.

ADAM shrugs.

ADAM
I don't see any 'others'. Ever.

EVE
Oh. Ok.

She deftly flips the revolving magazine open, slides the bullet in the chamber, flips it closed, and spins it. She stands, eyes fixed on ADAM, and quickly presses the gun's barrel into her chest pointing directly into her heart. She pulls back the hammer. CLICK.

ADAM leaps forward in a single motion and snatches the gun from her hand.

There is a tense moment, each looking into the other's smouldering eyes.

ADAM exhales, then sits down on the sofa.

ADAM
Fuckin' hell, Eve. Don't ever fuck
around like that.

He removes the wooden bullet from the gun, as EVE sits down next to him.

EVE

I was just trying to make a point.

ADAM

(upset)

Yeah? What is your point?

EVE

The point is, what the fuck is your problem, Adam? You complain incessantly about mortals not appreciating their exquisite gift of consciousness, and then you, who's exquisite and beautiful and special, you wanna pump a wooden bullet into yourself?

There is a heavy pause, ADAM then pocketing the bullet.

ADAM

(sullenly)

That bullet's just for...reassurance.

He quietly sets the gun on the table next to the doctors bag.

EVE

To reassure you of what? Your own mortality? Your fragility? What, Adam? (Then, shaking her head in dismay) You know, in nature, survival is always more difficult for the predator than its prey. Fewer wolves than deer. Fewer hawks than rabbit. Fewer bats than insects.

ADAM

Yeah, well it's humans I'm sick of. And their fucking fear of their own imaginations.

EVE

Yeah, humans...

EVE gently touches his face.

EVE (cont'd)

Soon, though, they'll genetically modify themselves. (pause) These are the last of the "organic" ones.

ADAM

Great. That'll be even worse.

EVE

Oh, it's already too late I'm afraid, for the original ones. Their extinction has already started: the water wars, new diseases, devastated planet... (pause) And then you know what will happen?

ADAM

What?

EVE

Rodents will evolve as the predominant mammals. The controlling intelligence on the planet.

ADAM

(now less morose)
Really? (pause) Rat-people?

EVE

Yep.

ADAM

I thought you'd only mastered the past. Now you can predict the future?

EVE

I've seen a lot go past me. (pause) Which just brings me back to my point.

ADAM

Yeah, what was it again?

EVE

(caressing his long hair)
That you're such a wanker, Adam. You're as ridiculously romantic as all your dead poet and astronomer friends put together.

She gets up and moves to the stack of records she sifted through earlier.

EVE (cont'd)

(glancing mischievously
over her shoulder)
You've been quite lucky in love, though, if I may say so.

ADAM opens the leather bag, lifting out one of the stainless steel canisters. As he sets it on the table EVE passes, a vinyl record in her hand.

EVE (cont'd)
Is it the delicious O Neg again?

ADAM nods.

EVE (cont'd)
Mmm.

She places the 33rpm record on a turntable. It begins to spin.

EVE (cont'd)
(placing the tonearm on
the record)
But first, I'm gonna dance.

The music begins. It's a vintage soul song ["Trapped by a Thing Called Love" by Denise LaSalle, TBD].

EVE begins to dance in a style perfectly aligned with the period of the music. ADAM watches her.

After a minute or so EVE pulls ADAM up from the sofa, embracing him, and drawing him into a slow dance.

EVE (cont'd)
(while dancing with ADAM)
Let's get straight and then go for
a drive. I haven't been out of
your hovel since I arrived.

ADAM
Ok.

They spin slowly around the room, entwined, the record spinning on the turntable.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. ADAM'S CAR - NIGHT

ADAM's white Jaguar moves through the cold streets of Detroit at night.

EVE happily observes the darkened city from the passenger seat.

EVE
Oh, I'm just so happy to be out in
the world. This is like watching a
movie!

No response from ADAM.

EVE (cont'd)
So show me things. Give me a tour!

ADAM
(sullenly)
There's nothing here.

EVE
Oh, come on! I wanna see the
ruins. (pause) Show me where all
the cool young vampires hang out.

ADAM
Bloody hell...

EVE
(pointing to an abandoned
factory)
What was that?

ADAM
I dunno. Factory where they used
to build auto parts. Engine
blocks. Or manifolds.

EVE
(eyes lit up)
How exciting!

The ghostly white Jaguar continues down a long, murky street.
A Detroit police cruiser passes them going in the opposite
direction.

EVE (cont'd)
(quietly)
There's something I should tell
you.

ADAM
What?

EVE
Well, I also had a...a dream about
my sister.

ADAM
Are you joking?

EVE
And so did Marlowe, before I left
Tangier. She's looking for us.
I'm sure of it.

ADAM
(disturbed)
Oh fuck, Eve. Not again.

EVE
Well, it has been a long time,
Adam.

ADAM

No, it hasn't. It's been less than 80 years, if I remember correctly.

EVE

It was 84 years ago. In Paris.

ADAM

Yeah, and Paris has never been the same.

(pause, then more to himself)

84 years. Seems like fuckin' yesterday.

EVE

(distracted)

Yeah. Time flies.

ADAM

Shouldn't she be sleeping in a fucking coffin somewhere? Preferably with a wooden stake shoved in.

EVE

Come on, Adam. She *is* my sister.

ADAM looks over at her suspiciously.

ADAM

Is she?

EVE

We're...related by blood.

He stares at her a moment longer before his eyes return to the road.

The Jag makes another turn then rolls to a stop at a red light. ADAM and EVE watch as two men in dirty, thermal coveralls, cautiously carrying a large rectangular mirror cross directly in front of them. For a moment as they pass, the Jag's windshield is perfectly framed in the large mirror. In it's reflection ADAM and EVE are NOT VISIBLE, their car appearing to be unoccupied.

As the men obliviously leave their view, ADAM and EVE glance at each other, EVE then laughing as the light changes and the Jag continues.

EVE (cont'd)

(happily)

Ah, I never get tired of the old mirror gag.

ADAM smiles. Moments later he points to a building on their right.

ADAM

Motown.

EVE

Oh, fantastic! (then, as it
recedes) But, to be honest, except
for Smokey and Marvin, and of
course the Temps, I was never
really a huge Motown fan. Always
been more of a Stax girl, ya know?

ADAM

Yeah, I'd agree. But I'd add the
Marvelettes.

They continue on in silence for a while.

EVE

Adam, I want to take you back to
Tangier with me. You loved it
there once. (pause) If you do,
I'll get you a beautiful antique
stringed instrument, with exotic
woods, and pearl inlays.

ADAM

I have antique instruments.

EVE

But I mean a magical one!

ADAM

What, you don't find Detroit
magical?

EVE's eyes, bright and alert, take in more images of Detroit
as they continue to spin past the car's windows.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

"I circle your nest tonight,
around and around until morning
when a breath of air says, *NOW*,
and the Friend holds up like a goblet
some anonymous skull"

- Rumi

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S FOYER - NIGHT

ADAM and EVE, returning from their drive, enter ADAM's foyer
through the front door. They pause abruptly.

ADAM
(quietly)
Was this light on?

He quickly signals to EVE to remain still. Music, ADAM's music, drifts down from upstairs.

They exchange cautious looks, then quietly ascend the staircase, ADAM first.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Silently, ADAM looks through the open doorway into the living room. The music swells slightly as ADAM, with EVE looking over his shoulder, sees a girl seated on the couch.

It's EVE's sister, AVA. She is extremely pale, with darker hair than EVE, at least a decade younger with a petulant, mischievous face. Her shoes are on the floor in front of her, coat also, and she's wearing a short skirt and tight sweater.

ADAM
(angrily)
What the fuck are you doing here?

AVA stands up, excited to see them.

AVA
(with English accent)
Adam! Eve! Oh my god, it's so great to see you!

She approaches ADAM as he and EVE step into the room. She throws her arms around his neck, ADAM nearly cringing.

AVA (cont'd)
You're still so beautiful.

ADAM peels her off and she rushes to embrace EVE. ADAM crosses the room and turns off the music.

AVA (cont'd)
Eve! My darling, totally amazing sister! How I've missed you!

She unwraps herself enough to look into EVE's eyes.

AVA (cont'd)
Did you get my message?

EVE
I think I did. I had a dream...

AVA
Oh, how awesome! It works!

AVA laughs and EVE pushes her back a little, still holding on to AVA's arms.

EVE
(to ADAM)
Is that what you were talking about earlier? Spooky action at a distance?

ADAM
(scowling)
Yes and no.

AVA
What are you guys talking about?

EVE
Listen, Ava, how did you get in here without...without being invited to cross the threshold?

AVA
(laughing again)
Oh Eve, you're so old-fashioned. You're probably still afraid of garlic!

AVA laughs yet again, while EVE and ADAM exchange looks.

EVE
No. Not garlic. But, my little fool, it's still quite bad luck to cross the threshold...

AVA
(completing EVE's sentence)
...of someone's residence without being properly invited. Yeah, yeah, yeah, nasty luck et cetera.

ADAM
It's also bad luck to listen to someone's private music without invitation.

AVA
(turning to ADAM)
Oh my god I love it, Adam! It's totally brilliant! Can I get a download?

ADAM
No!

AVA pouts, as Adam and Eve remove their coats.

EVE
 (tossing her coat over an
 amplifier)
 So, just passing through Detroit?

AVA
 (sitting back down on the
 couch)
 Yes! No! I mean, I came to see
 you! I had a feeling you were both
 here. (pause) I've been living in
 L.A..

ADAM
 L.A.. Figures. Are you alone?

AVA
 No.

ADAM and EVE glance at one another.

AVA (cont'd)
 (bursting into laughter)
 I'm here with you guys!

ADAM
 Oh, fuck. Well, you can't stay
 here.

EVE
 Adam...

ADAM
 Not after last time. No fuckin'
 way.

EVE
 Adam, that was 84 years ago.

ADAM
 (fussing with some
 recording equipment)
 Not long enough...

AVA
 (feigning confusion)
 What? When? Are you still upset
 about the Paris thing?

EVE crosses and sits on the couch next to AVA.

EVE
 Are you alone?

AVA
 Yeah! (then demurely) But I'm
 really, really, really hungry.

ADAM turns around, facing them. AVA looks back and forth between them, expectantly.

AVA (cont'd)
 (in a childlike voice)
 Do you maybe have something?

ADAM
 Could you smell it all the way from
 L.A.?

EVE scowls and gives ADAM a little nod of her head. ADAM glares at EVE, then reluctantly turns to leave the room. AVA eagerly jumps up and begins to follow him.

EVE
 Ava!

AVA whirls back around.

AVA
 I just want to see where you keep
 it.

ADAM
 (O.S.: already out of the
 room)
 No!

AVA's head turns, but she remains still for a moment. Then, as if drawn by an invisible string, she moves back toward EVE and sits down next to her.

They look at one another. EVE smiles and, encouraged, AVA throws her arms around her "sister", childishly burying her head in EVE's shoulder.

AVA
 (lifting her head)
 Oh, Eve. It's so totally awesome
 to see you!

Again, she hides her face against EVE's shoulder. With a hint of hesitation, EVE strokes AVA's hair.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - DAWN

EVE is in bed, her head propped on one hand, watching ADAM, in bathrobe sitting upright on the edge of the bed. ADAM stares sullenly at the floor.

ADAM

She drank up a hell of a lot of our
Type O Negative. Fuck!

EVE

I know. (pause) But, she's been
traveling, and that fucks you up,
ya know? Plus avoiding the bloody
daylight exposure...

She reaches out gently touching ADAM's back.

EVE (cont'd)

It'll be ok. It's always weird
with...relatives.

ADAM turns toward her.

ADAM

She's bad news, Eve. (pause) She
isn't sleeping in my fuckin'
studio, is she?!

EVE

No. I put her to bed in that other
bedroom.

ADAM

What other bedroom?

EVE

The small one, downstairs.

ADAM looks at her blankly.

EVE (cont'd)

Just down from the kitchen?

ADAM

Oh. Right. (pause) Shit. I'll
have to put my fuckin' tapes in a
bloody safe.

EVE

(teasing him)

Must you curse so much?

ADAM reacts by staring at the floor.

EVE (cont'd)

Come to bed, baby. She's out cold,
and it's getting light out. You
can do that when we get up tonight.

ADAM remains motionless, upright, while EVE reaches over and
turns off the lamp.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Darkness. A knock is heard from outside the door. Another knock, louder this time.

AVA
(O.S., muffled)
Eve? Adam?

A lamp is switched on, EVE's arm stretching to it from the bed. Next to her, ADAM wearily opens his eyes.

EVE
(sleepily)
What is it Ava?

AVA
(O.S.)
Can I come in?

ADAM
No.

AVA opens the door and enters, wearing only a shirt that ADAM was wearing earlier, before her arrival.

EVE props herself up as AVA sits on the edge of the bed on ADAM's side. He covers his head with a pillow.

EVE
What is it Ava?

AVA
(lightly stroking ADAM's
pillow)
Isn't it time to get up? It's dark
out already and I'm starving.

ADAM
(muffled from under the
pillow)
Go away. We're still sleeping.

EVE
Why don't you go get dressed, and
then we'll get up and we can all
have breakfast together.

AVA
Some more of that good stuff?

EVE
Yeah.

AVA
Where do you keep it?

EVE
You just get dressed and we'll
bring you some, ok?

AVA
Ok.

Before getting up she flips up the corner of ADAM's pillow, revealing half of his annoyed face.

AVA (cont'd)
Peek-a-boo, I see you.

ADAM immediately pulls the pillow back over his face. AVA laughs, leans in and kisses EVE on the cheek, then exits. EVE sleepily stares after her as AVA closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Now dressed, EVE and ADAM enter the livingroom. EVE carries several wine glasses, while ADAM holds a stainless steel canister.

AVA is dramatically sprawled across the velvet couch wearing a very short polka-dot dress and platform shoes. One pale hand rests across her forehead. She shifts only slightly as EVE sits down, squeezing in next to her.

AVA's half-open eyes are fixed on ADAM's old TV screen, now connected to a laptop. On the screen is a kitschy image from a 1970s French TV show. Girls in micro-mini dresses dance to a very bad pop song, gyrating around a caped male dancer dressed as "Dracula".

ADAM
(referring to the TV
images)
What the hell is this?

EVE and AVA's eyes are locked on the screen as ADAM moves toward it and abruptly switches it off.

ADAM (cont'd)
What the fuck?

AVA
(whining)
Oh...Why did you turn it off? I
love that! I found it on YouTube.

ADAM
Figures...

EVE moves AVA's hand, placing her own on AVA's forehead.

AVA
I don't feel good.

EVE
What is it, baby? You think it was
the traveling?

AVA
(weakly)
Maybe.

ADAM
(pouring blood into wine
glasses)
Probably blood poisoning...

Seeing the red blood AVA pulls herself halfway up.

EVE
Don't joke, Adam.

ADAM
I'm not.

EVE
(to AVA)
Have you been especially careful
about your food these days, what
with all the contamination?

AVA
I've tried.

AVA sits up reaching for a glass. ADAM and EVE watch as she guzzles it down.

ADAM
Take it easy. Shit.

AVA
(setting down her empty
glass)
Oh my god! That *is* good!

EVE clinks her glass against ADAM's and both take sips. AVA, becoming more and more animated, reaches for the stainless canister, but ADAM intercedes. He pours a little more into her glass. AVA drains it immediately.

ADAM
You're gonna get sick. And you're
gonna suck down our whole fuckin'
supply, so take it easy.

AVA stands and swirls around the room, unsteady, laughing.

AVA
Let's play some of your music,
Adam!

ADAM
(sternly)
No. I told you it's private.

AVA
Oh yeah? How come I heard it in
L.A. then?

ADAM
Where did you hear it?

AVA
In, like, an underground music
club.

ADAM
I don't believe you.

AVA
So, don't.

ADAM
How did you know it was mine, then?

AVA
Oh, I could tell immediately!
(pause) I might have been born at
night, but I wasn't born *last*
night, ya know. (she laughs)

She picks up one of ADAM's vintage electric guitars. He quickly takes it from her, putting it down in a safer place. AVA shrugs and sits down on EVE's lap.

EVE pushes her off to one side, but AVA puts her arms around her sister, nuzzling her shoulder like a needy child.

AVA (cont'd)
Well then I'm gonna go out. I
wanna hear some music.

ADAM
Good idea. Go ahead.

AVA
(babyish)
But, I wanna go out with you guys.

ADAM
No.

AVA

What a big meanie. (then stroking
EVE's hair) I bet he never takes
you out, ever, right?

EVE

Not true. We went out for a drive
just the other night.

AVA

Ooh, a drive. Big deal. I mean go
somewhere. Where there's music.
Don't you wanna go, Eve?

EVE

I wouldn't mind. Adam?

ADAM glares at her. AVA springs up from the couch.

AVA

Hurray! Adam's gonna take us out!
Oh my god let's have another drink!

ADAM

No! You've had more than enough.
And no fuckin' way are we going
out.

AVA returns to EVE's side, again embracing her. ADAM looks
over at the two sisters, their faces wearing similarly
pleading, manipulative expressions.

ADAM (cont'd)

No. That's absolutely final.

He turns away, taking another sip from his glass.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCK CLUB - NIGHT

A band is playing messy, very loud, damaged-sounding
rock'n'roll on the small stage of a rundown club. Directly
opposite the stage is a bar, with racks of bottles behind it
partially obscuring a long mirror. Between the stage and the
bar are some tables, and around them people watching the band
play the last song of its set.

Seated around one table, off to the side, are EVE, ADAM, AVA
and ADAM's young "manager", IAN. EVE wears her white Stetson
hat while ADAM hides behind dark wraparound sunglasses. AVA
bounces energetically to the discordant music.

ADAM leans in toward EVE.

ADAM
 (into her ear)
 We shouldn't be in here. (pause)
 You saw the mirror, right?

EVE
 (enjoying herself)
 Don't worry. Nobody ever notices
 that. Just relax ok? Enjoy the
 music.

The band finishes, growling guitar feedback mixing with
 applause from the small crowd. As the musicians step off the
 stage, people begin talking and milling around. Recorded
 music starts from the jukebox.

Several musician types briefly stop by the table to
 reverently congratulate IAN on the underground success of the
 anonymous record. As they drift away, IAN leans in, smiling.

IAN
 Hey man, this is great! (then to
 AVA and EVE) I could never get him
 to go out, hear some live music.

AVA
 They were brilliant! Did you like
 them Adam?

No response.

IAN
 (to ADAM)
 Hey Adam! You wanna meet them?
 They're friends of mine.

ADAM
 (adamantly)
 No. (pause) Please.

IAN
 That's cool. I read you.

He takes a drink from a bottle of beer.

IAN (cont'd)
 (embarrassed)
 Oh man, I'm sorry. Can I get you
 guys something? (he turns to AVA)
 Eve?

AVA
 I'm Ava, she's Eve.

IAN
 Oh, right. I'm sorry. What can I
 get you guys?

EVE
 (politely)
 Nothing, thanks.

IAN then watches as AVA pulls out a silver flask. She unscrews the top and takes a swig.

IAN
 Oh, brought your own, huh? That's cool. What is it, Jagermeister?

ADAM
 (sternly to AVA)
 Where did you get that?

AVA
 I filled it before we left. At home.

ADAM
 At home? You mean at *my* house.

AVA
 (energized)
 Yeah! Want some?

Extending the flask toward ADAM.

ADAM
 No!

EVE
 (gently)
 I'll take some.

ADAM scowls as EVE drinks from the flask. She smiles at him then offers him the flask. Reluctantly, ADAM takes a drink. AVA, smiling, snatches the flask from him and takes another big swig.

AVA
 Mmm!

IAN
 (lightheartedly)
 Hey, could I maybe get in on that?

Mischievously, AVA looks at ADAM as she hands the flask to IAN.

AVA
 Sure, Ian.

Manically, in a flash, Adam snatches the flask from IAN's hands before it reaches his lips. Just after, ADAM appears almost surprised by his own actions.

IAN
 (amazed by the speed)
 Whoa! That was like some martial
 arts type shit! (then to AVA)
 This guy is amazing, man!

AVA
 (admiringly)
 I know. He's fucking brilliant.
 And he's totally hot.

ADAM turns toward EVE. She smiles. He takes a swig from the flask, then puts it away inside his jacket.

IAN
 He *is* brilliant. I wish he would
 take credit for it all.

While looking at ADAM, AVA strokes IAN's arm flirtatiously.

IAN (cont'd)
 (leaning in, half
 whispering)
 I can't even tell anyone who he is!
 How weird is that! I had to sign a
 confidentiality agreement and
 everything, man.

IAN feels ADAM's stern glare, even from behind the dark glasses.

AVA
 (still playfully touching
 IAN)
 You gonna dance with me, rockstar?

IAN
 What, here?

No one else in the club is dancing, but AVA gets up pulling IAN with her. She begins dancing next to their table, briefly drawing some attention from those nearby. IAN at first stands selfconsciously, but after some coaxing from AVA he gradually begins to move a little, trying unsuccessfully to appear nonchalant.

AVA begins to dance more wildly, her eyes mostly fixed on ADAM. IAN briefly notices this, but just laughs. EVE also notices, an unreadable half-smile on her lips.

The music selection changes, and ADAM's RECORD comes on. He stiffens with discernible dread and turns to EVE.

ADAM
 We gotta get outta here.

EVE

Ok, darling. But let's not panic,
or make anything obvious, huh?

She smiles at him. They turn to see AVA, now dancing suggestively to ADAM's slow, unusual music. She locks her eyes on ADAM as she turns and, looking over her shoulder, briefly pulls her short dress halfway over her ass. She laughs.

ADAM

(all patience gone)
That's it. We're leaving right
now.

ADAM gets up, quickly followed by EVE. As ADAM moves toward the door, EVE deftly reaches out and takes AVA by the hand, pulling her.

EVE

(to AVA)
We're leaving now.

As they follow in ADAM's direction, AVA in turn reaches back to grab the hand of IAN, pulling him along as well.

ADAM exits as the other three, hands linked, move past the bar and toward the door. Standing at the bar, facing the mirror are the BASS PLAYER and DRUMMER seen earlier on stage. While the BASS PLAYER looks down at his beer, the DRUMMER gazes absently into the mirror.

IN ITS REFLECTION HE SEES ONLY IAN, LURCHING ODDLY TOWARD THE DOOR AS THOUGH BEING PULLED BY ONE ARM. EVE AND AVA ARE NOT VISIBLE IN THE REFLECTION.

The DRUMMER turns and looks at the doorway, just in time to see IAN lurch through it, disappearing outside. He turns back and stares quizzically at the mirror.

DRUMMER

Did you see that?

BASS PLAYER

Wait, what?

DRUMMER

Nothing...

The DRUMMER shakes his head, then takes a long drink from his bottle of beer.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

EVE, ADAM, AVA and IAN are in ADAM's livingroom/studio. EVE sits on one end of the couch, while at the other end AVA is nestled very close to IAN, her hand lightly moving underneath the sleeve of his shirt. ADAM, standing, is collecting reels and boxes of his tapes. Music plays, but not ADAM's music.

IAN

Couldn't we just hear a taste of your new stuff, Adam?

ADAM

(facing away from them)
Now's not a good time.

IAN

(disappointed)
Oh, man...Last time I saw you, you said that if I came by...

ADAM turns and gives him a stern, definitive look.

IAN (cont'd)

Ok, not now. That's cool. I'm just, you know, excited.

AVA's hand moves to IAN's leg.

AVA

Me too.

Carrying a stack of tape reels and boxes, ADAM moves to the doorway, then turns and nods to EVE. She gets up from the couch.

EVE

It's getting really late. We all should retire before it starts getting light out.

IAN leans forward on the couch, but AVA immediately pulls him back toward her.

AVA

Adam?

ADAM pauses in the doorway.

AVA (cont'd)

Could I have that flask back?
Please?

ADAM

No, Ava. I think you've had enough.

AVA
(pouting)
But I'm just so...so thirsty.

IAN
(offering his beer bottle
to AVA)
Wanna share this?

AVA petulantly pushes the bottle away.

ADAM
Ian, I think it's time for you to
go.

AVA wraps her arms around him possessively.

AVA
He's gonna leave as soon as he
finishes his little beer.

ADAM glares at IAN, who nervously drinks from his bottle.

IAN
Yeah. I should get goin'.

AVA
(her arms still encircling
him)
Yeah. He's gonna go in just a few
minutes.

ADAM leaves the room. EVE leans in and kisses AVA on the
cheek.

EVE
Goodnight, baby. (then extending
her hand to IAN) Nice to meet you,
Ian. See you again soon, I hope.

IAN
Yeah. Hope so.

EVE moves to the door, looking back briefly at AVA and IAN on
the couch before closing the door behind her.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - EVENING

EVE turns a lamp on. She is sitting on ADAM's side of the
bed pulling on her dark red bathrobe, the silver flask in one
hand. ADAM is still asleep, again with a pillow over his
head.

EVE pulls up a corner of the pillow and, smiling, peeks at ADAM. He opens one eye.

ADAM
(groggy)
Don't you dare say it.

EVE laughs. ADAM takes the pillow from his head and looks around.

ADAM (cont'd)
Is it dark out already?

EVE
Yeah.

ADAM
What are ya doin' with that flask?

EVE
I put a little in for AVA.

ADAM
Oh, fuck...

She touches his head affectionately.

EVE
I'm gonna go check on her. But, you're right, she's gotta leave. I need to have you all to myself.

ADAM
Excellent idea, before it's too late. (pause) I'm getting up, then.

EVE kisses him. Before standing, she pauses, looking over at their wedding photo which she has moved to the nightstand.

EVE
(standing)
We look so young, don't we?

ADAM looks over at the photograph, as EVE leaves the room, their faces in it appearing identical to the present.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flask in hand, EVE walks down a corridor, passing the upstairs livingroom, then descending the staircase.

Downstairs she moves through a narrow hallway, pausing to knock on a door. No response. She pushes the door open slightly.

In the small room a light is on. The bed is unmade and empty. AVA's open suitcase, a transparent raincoat and some clothes are scattered around.

EVE turns and heads back to the staircase, ascending to the upper floor. She enters the livingroom, then stops dead in her tracks and gasps. The flask slips from her hand and falls to the floor, blood spilling out onto the carpet.

AVA, on the velvet couch, half undressed and disheveled, is sprawled on top of IAN. His shirt is ripped open, head tilted back, a dark, open, bruise-colored wound on his neck. His skin is blue-grey, one emaciated arm spilling lifelessly off the couch and onto the floor. Nearby, ADAM's antique 1905 guitar lies in pieces.

EVE rushes over and pulls AVA up from the couch. AVA comes-to, but is groggy and disoriented.

EVE
 (looking directly into
 AVA's half-opened eyes)
 Ava, what did you do?!

AVA
 Wha?

EVE slaps her across the face.

AVA (cont'd)
 Ouch!

EVE
 Why did you do that to Ian?

AVA looks over at the dead, blue IAN, his corpse completely drained of blood.

AVA
 (whining immaturely)
 Oh, I don't know.

AVA struggles to stand but EVE gives her a hard push, and AVA lands back on the couch, sitting on top of IAN.

AVA (cont'd)
 Hey! Ouch.

EVE
 (furious)
 Explain, Ava!

AVA
 Please, Eve. I don't know.

She looks at IAN's dead face, his mouth open grotesquely.

AVA (cont'd)
 (whining)
 I was still so hungry, and he was just so cute. (pause) Now I feel sick.

EVE
 No wonder, you idiot. He was in the fucking music business! For fuck's sake, Ava. This is the twenty-first bloody century! That's like having unprotected sex! You stupid twat. Now you've endangered all of us.

AVA
 (starting to cry)
 I didn't mean to. I just couldn't resist...

EVE and AVA turn to see ADAM, in his bathrobe, standing in the doorway. He has stopped dead in his tracks, in complete shock. He stares at IAN in disbelief, then rushes over and throws AVA to the floor.

AVA (cont'd)
 (landing hard)
 Ouch! Adam!

ADAM
 (looking closely at IAN, semi-hysterical)
 I don't believe this! You fuckin' drank Ian! You've completely drained him! He's dead!

ADAM glares down at AVA. Crawling backwards, she moves a few feet away from him.

ADAM (cont'd)
 You slurp down almost all of our O Negative, then you fuckin' suck Ian dry. Why didn't you just turn him, at least?

AVA
 (whimpering)
 I...I don't know...Please!

ADAM pulls back his leg to kick AVA.

EVE
 No, Adam!

ADAM freezes, his leg held back threateningly. AVA sobs. ADAM turns to EVE.

ADAM
 (seething)
 I should kill her.

AVA makes retching noises.

EVE
 Well, kicking her head in would
 hardly accomplish that.

ADAM
 Where's the gun then?

EVE rises and goes to ADAM, pulling him close. She looks in his eyes.

EVE
 Listen. Ava's gotta get out of
 here, and we have to deal with
 this.

ADAM
 (yelling)
 Get her outta here then! I don't
 even want to look at her.

EVE goes to AVA and pulls her to her feet, half-dragging her across the room to the door. AVA continues whimpering. ADAM looks down at IAN.

ADAM (cont'd)
 (furious, to AVA without
 looking at her)
 You stupid little bitch! He was my
 fragile link to the outside! He
 was my fucking manager!

EVE and the whimpering AVA can be heard noisily descending the staircase just outside the door, while ADAM stands motionless, still looking down at IAN's corpse on the couch.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AVA, pushed from behind, lurches out ADAM's front door. She has her luggage in one hand and a transparent raincoat only halfway on. ADAM stands in the doorway, EVE just behind him.

AVA
 (crying)
 Where am I supposed to go?

ADAM
 Go back and rot in fuckin' L.A.,
 where you belong.

ADAM disappears inside, leaving EVE at the door.

AVA
 (pleading tearfully)
 Eve, please! I didn't mean it!
 I'm not well! You're my only
 sister.

EVE
 You have to go.

AVA backs away from the house, sobbing. EVE closes the door from inside. AVA wipes at her running mascara, then looks up at the house.

AVA
 (crying quietly)
 You know what you guys are? You're
 condescending snobs! Just wait.
 (sniffle) You'll find out what the
 world is really like out there.

She pulls her coat on and, buttoning it clumsily, disappears down the empty, darkened street.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

EVE reenters to find ADAM frantically pacing around the room.

ADAM
 (smouldering)
 Uncivilized bitch. What does she
 think this is, the fucking
 fifteenth century?

EVE
 I'm so sorry. He seemed like a
 lovely fellow.

ADAM
 Now just my Achilles heel.

EVE
 No one can connect you with him,
 can they?

ADAM
 Are you kidding? We were out with
 him last fuckin' night! Soon
 they'll certainly be bloody lookin'
 for him.

EVE
 Yeah. So much for that
 confidentiality agreement.

ADAM stops pacing and glares at her, then looks down at his broken antique guitar.

ADAM
(despondent)
Even my fucking 1905 Gibson L2.
Destroyed.

EVE bends over the broken guitar, delicately examining its interior construction.

EVE
(softly, sincerely)
Look how beautifully it was made
inside.

ADAM whirls and kicks the guitar, breaking it further and scattering its pieces. Shielding herself, EVE quickly rises, watching ADAM with concern as he continues pacing frantically.

ADAM
(stopping and turning to
EVE, accusingly)
Why did you invite that little
bitch here, anyway?

EVE
(flaring up)
I didn't fucking invite her! Don't
blame me for this.

ADAM
Fuck.

He paces some more, then leaves the room. EVE sits down on the edge of the couch next to IAN, forlorn.

ADAM returns with a brown tarp and some rope. He is wearing heavy, rubber, work gloves, and tosses another pair at EVE.

EVE
(standing up, putting on
the gloves)
What's the plan, then?

ADAM
(unfurling the tarp)
The plan? I don't have a fuckin'
plan. I don't really plan for this
kind of shit! All I know is we
better get rid of him fast.

The two roll IAN off the couch and onto the tarp, pulling it around him. ADAM loops the rope around the tarp and begins tying it.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S CAR - NIGHT

ADAM angrily, recklessly, drives his Jag through the Detroit night, EVE solemn in the passenger seat.

EVE
Take it easy. Let's just stay calm.

ADAM
(exploding)
Stay calm?!

EVE
(softly)
Please, Adam.

She reaches over and touches his shoulder, but he shrugs it away and she withdraws her arm. A police car passes them, traveling in the opposite direction.

EVE (cont'd)
What are we gonna do with him?

ADAM doesn't respond.

EVE (cont'd)
In the old days we could just chuck 'em in the Thames...alongside all the other tubercular floaters.

ADAM
Any other ideas?

EVE
(after a pause, trying to lighten the mood)
We could put him through a wood-chipper. Like in the movie FARGO.

ADAM glances over, questioningly.

EVE (cont'd)
You didn't see FARGO?

ADAM
I have no idea what you're talking about.

EVE
A movie. It's got Steve Buscemi in it. I love him.

ADAM
(tersely)
I don't know who that is.

EVE

Darling, you're so...unhip.

ADAM glances at her, a hint of insecurity flashing across his brooding eyes.

ADAM

Am I?

EVE looks forward, smiling, her eyes again bright and irrepressible.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S CAR - NIGHT

The car moves through a completely deserted post-industrial area. It turns again, pulling down a narrow alley, which then widens into an open area partially enclosed by broken factory walls. The ghosts of old machinery stand rusting and collapsed. The Jag slows, then stops.

Its headlights illuminate a very large corroded metal tank, a rusting metal staircase leading to a platform near its rim. In the surrounding area rusting barrels are tossed here and there, leaking small pools of strangely colored liquid chemicals.

EVE

(surveying the landscape
through the windshield)

Delightful.

ADAM turns and checks behind him, then switches off the headlights, leaving the engine running.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Together ADAM and EVE drag the tarped body from the car toward the large chemical tank.

EVE

Is this like in BATMAN, when they
throw the Joker into the acid?

ADAM

Yeah, sort of, only he was still
alive.

Suddenly an eerie sound causes them to freeze. Not far off a group of coyote howl and yip uncannily.

EVE

Tell me I'm crazy, but those are most definitely Canis Latrans.

ADAM

Yeah. Coyote.

EVE

Interesting. In the heart of Detroit?

ADAM

You'd be surprised.

The sounds subside, the coyote moving off. ADAM and EVE resume, dragging the corpse to the staircase at the base of the tank. They carry it up the staircase, seemingly without difficulty, indicating prior experience in the physics of moving corpses.

Reaching the platform at the top, they pause and peer into the tank, reactively covering their mouths and noses. Three or four meters below them is a surface of thick, oily, liquid emitting a visible vapor. EVE glances at ADAM.

ADAM (cont'd)

Don't even ask. (pause) You ready?

They hoist the wrapped corpse to rim of the tank, then roll it over the side. Immediately they both take cover, crouching behind the tank's exterior wall.

The corpse lands with a dull splash, as though the sound was slowed down. After a pause, still covering their faces, ADAM and EVE cautiously peer into the tank.

The wrapped corpse is visibly disintegrating as it slips into the thick fluid. The top corner of the tarp, however, has come unfurled, revealing IAN's grimacing, blue face.

Riveted, ADAM and EVE watch as the face disintegrates, skin melting from bone, the skull and teeth then ghoulishly sinking below the surface. A moment later no visible trace of IAN is left.

ADAM and EVE look at each other.

EVE

My, that was certainly...visual.

ADAM turns and descends the rusty metal stairs, EVE then following.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

ADAM is manically pacing in the small room, his fingers twisting his hair. EVE sits calmly on the bed, watching him.

Clothes and objects are strewn everywhere, and drawers flung open. Piles of money in various denominations, as well as passports, jewelry, and credit cards are scattered across the surface of the bed surrounding EVE.

Still pacing and losing control, ADAM reaches into an open drawer and flings a handful of U.S. bills into the air.

ADAM
 (money fluttering down
 around him)
 Need anything? We're having a
 liquidation sale. Everything must
 go!

He tosses a stack of loose euros toward EVE. They float down around her like falling leaves.

ADAM (cont'd)
 (ranting)
 Have some more of mankind's most
 useless and tragic invention!

He whirls around holding a box containing reels of recorded audio tapes; master tapes of his music.

ADAM (cont'd)
 (wildly)
 How about some cult music? Mind
 bending guitar drone. Recorded in
 secret by a real fucking vampire!

He tosses the box, his arm then sweeping a stack of antique, leather-bound books to the floor. He whirls back toward EVE.

ADAM (cont'd)
 What!? Did you say...blood? Ah, I
 see. Not money, not art, but it's
 blood you want! (he turns away,
 eyes wild) That's right! What's
 more precious than human blood?

He turns to EVE, holding up the small silver flask, his eyes now fluttering in his head. He takes a step toward her, almost menacingly.

ADAM (cont'd)
 Type O! The original blood of Adam
 and Eve? That's what we need,
 but...not much of that left, is
 there? In fact, almost none!
 (MORE)

ADAM (cont'd)
 (pause, then in an unusual voice)
 Sorry, but me wife's sis' turned up
 and she sucked it all down! (then,
 moving even closer) Then she
 sucked up my business partner.
 Just like that!

EVE
 (quietly)
 Adam, you're upsetting me.

ADAM
 Am I?

EVE
 Yeah. Let's just calm down.
 (pause) What we're going to do is
 calmly get the hell out of here.

Suddenly the doorbell rings. Both freeze momentarily, then ADAM rushes to the window. Pulling the curtain back very slightly, he peeks out. The bell rings again.

Outside he sees the same group of young hipsters who rang his bell earlier. Several are on his porch, and several more by a car parked in the street.

EVE (cont'd)
 Who is it?

ADAM
 Some fucking rock'n'roll kids.
 (then closing the curtain) They're
 onto me. We're fucked.

The bell rings again.

EVE
 (calmly)
 Don't be ridiculous. They'll go
 away. Good job it isn't the
 authorities.

ADAM
 (again peering through a
 thin opening in the
 curtain.)
 Yeah, well, they'll be next.

EVE
 (turning on her white
 mobile)
 We'll be long gone, baby.

She scrolls then dials a number on the phone, then waits.

EVE (cont'd)
 (calmly into phone)
 Yes, I'd like to make some
 reservations. (pause) Thank you.

The sound of a car pulling away is heard. ADAM closes the curtain and turns to EVE, a wild look in his eyes.

EVE (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 Yes, I want to book flights for two
 to Tangier. (pause) Yes, from
 Detroit, flying at night please.
 (pause) Thank you.

ADAM
 What about my equipment and all my
 fucking instruments!?

EVE
 (to ADAM, hand over the
 phone)
 Oh fuck your bloody instruments.
 There are millions of beautiful
 instruments in the world. Calm
 down. (then, back into phone).
 Excuse me? (pause) Oh, connecting
 through London?

Her eyes are on ADAM, who spins away from her, fingers again entangled in his hair.

EVE (cont'd)
 (calmly into phone)
 London's not good. How about...
 (pause) Oh, yes, Madrid is good.
 And that flight is also at night?

ADAM
 (spinning around)
 I can't do this! I won't survive
 the bloody trip.

EVE
 (into phone but glaring at
 ADAM)
 Yes. Oh, for tonight! First
 class, please, for two.

EVE's fingers pluck a credit card from the pile in front of her. She raises it to her eye level, then looks up at ADAM. He begins to spin slowly, disturbingly, in front of her, both his hands now tangled in his hair.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

ADAM and EVE are seated in first class on an airplane. The interior is darkened, all other visible passengers asleep.

ADAM also appears to be asleep, slouched in the window seat; his gaunt face mostly covered by hair and dark glasses. EVE, in the aisle seat next to him, also wears dark glasses.

Though noticeably more fragile than before, she sits upright, alert and wide awake, as her thin hands caress their wedding photo cradled in her lap.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

"A secret turning in us
makes the universe turn.
Head unaware of feet,
and feet head. Neither cares.
They keep turning."

- Rumi

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER STREETS - NIGHT

EVE struggles to help ADAM out of a taxi in the somewhat run-down quarter of Tangier near EVE's apartment. The Moroccan driver lifts their suitcases from the car's open trunk.

EVE pays him and he thanks her politely. They pick up their luggage as the car pulls away.

ADAM now quite frail, is having trouble walking. He stops, propping himself against a wall.

Two shadowed figures pass them, one pausing in front of them briefly to offer "something really special", first in French, then English. EVE shakes her head definitively and the figure moves away.

EVE

(now taking ADAM's arm)
Come on baby, we're almost there.

ADAM

(weakly)
It'll be dawn soon.

EVE

(she glances at the sky)
It'll be fine, we've got time.

ADAM

But did you reach Marlowe?

EVE
 No, which concerns me a little.
 (pause) But we'll find him, I'm
 sure. Come on.

They make it to the next corner, EVE pausing to look up at the building where she lives.

EVE (cont'd)
 (visibly surprised)
 That's odd.

ADAM
 (leaning on her)
 What?

EVE
 My lights are on.

ADAM
 (exhausted)
 Oh, great. What next?

EVE still holds his arm as they make it across the street and enter her building.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S BUILDING / HALLWAY - NIGHT

ADAM and EVE ascend the narrow staircase as quietly as possible. They pause in front of the door to EVE's apartment, listening. From behind the door voices, both adults and children, can be heard speaking Arabic. On the floor next to the door, in a neat row, are five pairs of shoes, three in children's sizes.

EVE slips her key in the door and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVE stands in her doorway looking in, ADAM propped up just behind her. The voices are quiet.

Looking back at them is a family of Moroccans seated on the floor around one of EVE's low tables. On its surface something is cooking on a hotplate. A clothesline dissects the apartment, draped with drying laundry.

There is a long silent pause. The family: a man, woman, a girl and two smaller boys, stare in surprise and amazement at the gaunt strangers in the doorway. All of the family have large, dark, sympathetic eyes.

EVE
 (in Arabic, wide-eyed but
 calm)
 What's going on here? This is my
 apartment.

The woman glances at the man, then stands up and immediately begins to gather their belongings, the girl instinctively springing up to help her. The man nods toward the two boys, then stands.

MAN
 (in Arabic)
 We are extremely sorry. We were
 told this apartment had been
 possibly permanently vacated. This
 is an embarrassing accident.

While he is talking ADAM and EVE step into the room, ADAM stumbling toward the bed, then collapsing onto it.

The man speaks to the small boys who are now standing, but staring at EVE.

MAN (cont'd)
 (in Arabic, to the boys)
 Quickly, help gather our things!
 We must leave, right now!

The entire family now rushes around the apartment, gathering their belongings and packing them into several large, zippered, plastic duffels. The boys quickly strip the clothesline, while the girl retrieves articles of clothing from the bed. ADAM, half conscious, comes-to briefly as the girl pulls a shawl from under him.

ADAM
 (shifting and looking
 groggily at the young
 girl)
 Oh, sorry.

With remarkable speed, the family finishes packing. As the MAN talks to EVE, the rest move in a group toward the door, the boys with the duffels, the woman and girl wrapping shawls around their heads and faces.

MAN
 (in Arabic)
 I can't apologize more sincerely.
 We had no other place to go. My
 family and I are ashamed by this
 unfortunate misunderstanding.

The family has moved out the door and, hanging his head, the man turns to follow them.

EVE
 (in Arabic)
 Wait.

The MAN turns and EVE hands him some folded bills. He shakes his head, unable to accept.

EVE (cont'd)
 (in Arabic, putting the
 money in his hand)
 I insist. Find another place.

The man backs out the door, half bowing.

MAN
 (in Arabic)
 Bless you. Again, my apologies.

EVE
 Nevermind, but I still *live* here.

She closes the door and leans against it, arms folding across her chest. She surveys the disheveled state of her apartment. Furniture rearranged, ADAM unconscious on the bed.

She crosses the room, making sure the curtains are tightly closed.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP TO:

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

Spinning slowly clockwise, and viewed from above, ADAM and EVE are 'asleep' on the bed. They're still fully clothed, EVE's head resting on ADAM's shins, the room softly lit by several lamps.

The spinning slows and stops. From outside, the haunting call-to-prayer can be heard faintly in the distance.

After a few moments EVE's eyes open. They are less alert than usual. She rubs them, and looks around her. She looks at her watch. Slowly she sits up and retrieves her white phone from the nightstand.

She turns it on and dials a number, then waits. After a moment she turns the phone off, concern apparent in her expression.

EVE
 (quietly to herself)
 Damn it, Marlowe, where are you?

She stares off into space for a moment, then turns toward ADAM. Looking down at him, she lovingly caresses his hair then runs the back of her hand across his sunken cheek. Then, raising his hand in hers, she kisses his wedding ring, then replaces his arm.

EVE gently rocks ADAM's shoulders, now attempting to wake him. He remains unconscious, silent and unmoving. She rocks him again, harder. Still no results.

EVE (cont'd)
Damnit, Adam!

She pulls his hair away from one side of his face, then slaps him sharply across the cheek.

A moment later ADAM stirs and grunts, then groggily raises one hand to his cheek.

ADAM
(in a delayed reaction)
Oww. (pause, eyes opening half way) What was *that* for?

EVE smiles wanly, then leans in and kisses him on the cheek she had struck.

ADAM (cont'd)
(rising to his elbows with difficulty)
Where are we?

He rubs his bleary eyes, looking around him.

ADAM (cont'd)
(weakly)
Did you find Marlowe?

EVE
No, not yet. But you gotta get up.
We're gonna go find him.

ADAM
(pulling himself up a fraction higher)
If I can even fuckin' walk...

EVE helps hoist him into a sitting position.

EVE
(gently)
It'll be alright, baby.

She strokes his hair.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER STREETS - NIGHT

ADAM and EVE walk shakily through the shadowed corridors of the Medina, ADAM partially supporting himself on EVE's shoulder. She is also weak, but determined.

They move past several men outside a dim cafe. One approaches them, speaking in English.

MAN IN STREET

I have something very special for you.

ADAM

(faintly)

Not what *I* need, I'm sure.

MAN IN STREET

Are you sure?

Then, after getting a better look at the strange couple as they pass through a shaft of dim light, he retreats.

MAN IN STREET (cont'd)

(in English)

No, perhaps not.

At the next corner they pause, looking across the small square of the Petit Socco. On the opposite side is the ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS CAFE, where EVE had her previous rendezvous with Marlowe. This time though its lights are turned off, its doors closed and shaded.

EVE

Fuck.

ADAM

What?

EVE

Come on.

They stumble across the square, arriving at the locked door of the cafe. EVE knocks on the door. No response.

ADAM

(slouching)

Shit, baby. We're not gonna make it.

EVE knocks again, much louder this time. She turns and looks around them, propping ADAM up against her.

Just then, there is the sound of someone approaching the door from inside. A lock turns and the door opens a crack. Part of a man's face is visible. The door then opens wider. It is the Moroccan BARMAN who was there before.

His eyes are wide, worried. He quickly ushers EVE and ADAM through the door and into the darkened cafe.

CUT TO:

INT. ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS CAFE - NIGHT

The Moroccan BARMAN cautiously locks the door behind them, then turns to face EVE, his sympathetic eyes on the verge of tears.

BARMAN
(in English)
Madame, the boss is not well. This
is a very bad situation. Very bad.

As he says this he briefly takes EVE's hand in his own. Letting it go, he turns and crosses beyond the bar, stopping near a closed door. Opening it, he turns to them.

BARMAN (cont'd)
Please, this way.

EVE and ADAM cross and pass through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS CAFE - NIGHT

The BARMAN closes the door and turns to face them. The room is a relatively small office; a library lined with bookshelves, there is a desk, several chairs, and a tea-table. Books are stacked everywhere.

BARMAN
(crossing the small room)
This is our private library.

He presses on a leather-bound book in one of the bookcases. The entire section of wall opens, revealing a secret doorway. Again he motions to them and they cross and move through the opening into a hidden room.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDDEN ROOM, ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS CAFE - NIGHT

Just behind EVE, ADAM and the BARMAN, the door mechanically closes. The room is medium-sized, windowless, and lit by lamps and candles. It's walls are dark, it's furnishings a mixture of antique European and Moroccan. A small desk sits in a corner, its surface a mess of handwritten manuscripts.

Central to the room however is an antique daybed with a reclining figure under a dark red, velvet cover.

It's Marlowe, pale, weak and thin. His eyes slowly open and light up faintly as they locate his visitors. With effort, he lifts one hand, palm down, toward EVE.

MARLOWE
(half whispering)
Well, well. Look what the cat
dragged in.

EVE steps over and takes his hand, kissing it, and kneeling next to him.

EVE
My dear Christopher Marlowe.

MARLOWE
You look...like shit.

Over her shoulder he sees the BARMAN near the door, then ADAM who is again propped against a wall.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(to ADAM)
[He quotes from Hamlet - TBD]

ADAM
(to MARLOWE)
[He responds with a quote from
Hamlet - TBD]

This elicits a weak smile from MARLOWE.

EVE
What happened, Kit?

Feebly his hand feels for something next to him, under the velvet bed-cover. He lifts a tarnished, inlaid flask and attempts to hand it to EVE. She takes it from him.

MARLOWE
(his voice now weaker)
It's the last of the (cough) good
stuff. (pause) It's too late for
me.

EVE opens the top and takes a small sip. Then reaching behind her, she hands the flask to ADAM. He takes a sip immediately, then sluggishly hands the flask back to EVE.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
No more good French doctor.
I...got some bad stuff.
Contaminated. Avoid...the
hospital...here.

As EVE slides the flask into her pocket the Moroccan BARMAN approaches and also kneels next to the bed.

MARLOWE looks at him affectionately, and the man takes MARLOWE's hand, his dark eyes beginning to tear.

ADAM, having regained a small amount of strength, steps over to the writing desk which is lit by a candle.

ADAM

Still been scribbling a bit, then,
Kit?

The others look over, MARLOWE's eyes slowly following.

MARLOWE

Oh, you know...Here and there over
the (cough) centuries...

ADAM lifts the candle to a portrait on the wall. It's a familiar image of William Shakespeare, framed in dark wood with a knife firmly planted in the forehead. Seeing it, EVE laughs lightly.

EVE

Well, there he is.

MARLOWE

(with a sudden jolt of
energy)
Illiterate!

ADAM sets the candle down on a table under the portrait and turns to MARLOWE.

ADAM

Yeah. But they pulled it off,
didn't they, Kit? And you played
along.

MARLOWE

(his voice fading)
Had no choice, really...it was
(cough) highly political. After
all, I was supposed to be...dead.
(cough)

EVE and the BARMAN now each hold one of MARLOWE's skeletal hands. MARLOWE makes an effort to look into EVE's eyes.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

And now, at last...I shall be.

MARLOWE's eyes drift back to the defaced portrait of Shakespeare.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(his voice nearly gone)
Mindless...entrepreneurial...
bastard.

MARLOWE's eyes close. His breathing stops.

EVE, tears streaming, gently strokes his hair. The BARMAN leans in, burying his head in MARLOWE's chest. He begins to sob.

ADAM slowly steps over and kneels, with the other two, next to the bed.

ADAM
(reverently)
Great fucking poet.

EVE
(crying softly)
If the world could only know...

ADAM lifts MARLOWE's hand to his lips and kisses it, then gently replacing the dead man's arm.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

"I want to hold you close like a lute,
so we can cry out with loving.

You would rather throw stones at a mirror
I am your mirror and here are the stones."
- Rumi

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGEIR ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

ADAM and EVE hover somberly in a narrow alley behind some buildings not far from the cafe.

Silently they lean against a wall, shoulder to shoulder. EVE, face still streaked from her tears, carefully takes out the flask and takes a small sip. She hands it to ADAM who sips, then tilts the flask approximating it's meager contents. He then hands it back to EVE.

ADAM's head rolls back against the wall. He studies a tangled mass of electrical wires just above him, hanging from the buildings.

ADAM
Look at that shit.

EVE's head tilts back.

ADAM (cont'd)
How fuckin' ridiculous.

EVE
 (teasing, imitating him)
 Yeah, stupid bloody humans.

After a brief reaction from ADAM, there is a moment of silence. Then suddenly they speak in unison.

ADAM AND EVE
 What are we gonna do?

There is a pause before EVE laughs. ADAM attempts to scowl.

EVE
 Hey, I know what I'm gonna do.

ADAM
 What?

EVE
 I'm gonna give you a present.

She holds onto him tightly.

EVE (cont'd)
 We're gonna go a few blocks away,
 and you're gonna wait for me there.
 Ok?

ADAM
 What? Ok.

EVE
 Do you have any money on you?

She kisses his cheek.

ADAM
 Uhh, yeah. A lot.

EVE
 (bright eyed)
 Good. Give me all your money,
 baby.

Her arms still around him, his hand fumbles to locate his outer coat pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER STREETS - NIGHT

ADAM leans against a wall in the shadows. He is on a narrow street just off the Petit Socco, peering into the open, front windows of a bar or small club. From inside, hallucinatory music mixes traditional Middle Eastern and North African forms with something more modern and equally entrancing.

Most remarkable, though, is how the music slowly swirls around a single female voice, half whispering the vocals in Arabic

ADAM becomes mesmerized. Several shadowy figures pass him, one pausing.

SHADOWY FIGURE

(in French)

I have something very special, my friend.

ADAM waves him away, absorbed by the music. From over his shoulder the musicians can be seen inside.

Several seated players with traditional clothes and instruments half-encircle the singer. She is a striking young woman with long dark hair, wearing tight jeans and a dark t-shirt. She is catlike and sinuous, her voice a strong yet delicate instrument. She is riveting.

Someone touches ADAM from behind him and he stiffens and turns. EVE is there standing next to him, concealing a fairly large object behind her back. Again her eyes are bright, but with dark circles around them, as are ADAM's.

ADAM

Shit, man, you startled me.

EVE

Sorry, darling.

She kisses him on the cheek. His eyes are drawn back to the musicians.

ADAM

(enthusiasm somehow
leaking through his
depleted state)

Eve, check this out. This chick is fantastic.

EVE peers through the window. The singer slowly spins as she sings.

EVE

Oh, yeah. She's called Yaz. She's Lebanese.

ADAM

You know her?

EVE

Just her music. (pause) They say she's gonna be a big star, though.

ADAM
 (still absorbed)
 God, I hope not. (pause) She's
 way too good for that.

EVE
 (observing him)
 You wanna go in?

ADAM
 (propped against the wall)
 No. I couldn't handle it, I don't
 think.

He turns to EVE and notices by the way she's standing that she's concealing something behind her.

ADAM (cont'd)
 What's all this, then?

EVE
 Your present.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER MARKET STALL - NIGHT

EVE, smiling, backs away from him and into a small market stall. Adam follows, and EVE presents him with a beautiful antique, inlaid lute. ADAM's sunken eyes lock on the instrument as she gently delivers it into his hands.

EVE
 (proudly)
 1605.

ADAM plucks several strings and holds the body of the lute to his ear.

EVE (cont'd)
 Been eyeing it for you for years.
 You never know, maybe it was John
 Dowland's.

ADAM half-stumbles toward her, holding the lute with one arm and embracing her with the other.

ADAM
 It's exquisite. Thank you.
 (pause) Though a rather odd time
 to be giving me a present.

EVE
 (brightly)
 But I told you I would.

A shadowed figure passes by the stall, pausing to briefly peer in at them. It then moves away.

ADAM

Let's get out of here. (pause)
Can we go down by the water? I
need to see some water.

EVE nods and takes his hand, pulling him back into the dim, narrow street.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGIER STREETS - NIGHT

Each with one arm around the other, and ADAM clutching the lute to his chest, the two move precariously around a corner, then recede unsteadily across the small, dirty square.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF TANGIER - NIGHT

On a small, deserted public terrace in the Ville Nouvelle ADAM and EVE sit looking out onto a sweeping view of the port. Its water is black and glittering.

In the light their skin is luminously white, their features frail and sunken. ADAM holds the lute across his lap. After a silence, EVE carefully opens MARLOWE's flask and takes a sip. She then passes it to ADAM. As he drinks, the angle of the flask makes it clear that very little of the fluid is left inside. ADAM hands it back to her, both again gazing out at the water.

ADAM

(distantly)
82% of human blood is water.
(pause, he turns to her) Have the
water wars started yet? Or is it
still about the oil?

EVE

(looking off)
Yeah, they're already starting.

ADAM

(eyes returning to the
dancing water)
They only figure it out when it's
too late, don't they?

EVE

(after a pause)
How much of a human's body is
water?

ADAM
About 55 to 60%.

EVE
And how much of the earth's
surface?

ADAM
Uh, well, 70% is covered in ocean
(pause) then there are lakes,
rivers...

ADAM begins to gently pluck the strings of the lute, soon finding a haunting, minimal pattern of notes. EVE listens calmly as the tones from the antique wood resonate, delicately mixing with the sparse sounds of the sleeping port and city around them.

ADAM's music now begins to falter. His hands and fingers beginning to tremble. He stops playing.

ADAM (cont'd)
Fuck. (pause) I'm barely still
here.

EVE opens the flask and holds it up to his lips, only a few drops entering them. She then lets another drop fall on her own tongue.

ADAM (cont'd)
That's the last of it, isn't it?
(pause, his head now back looking
at the black sky). Oh, Eve.
Someone call an angel down. It's
gettin' too dark here on the
ground.

EVE
Yeah.

Feebly, she tosses the empty flask out toward the black water. A moment later a small "splash" is audible. EVE then places a hand on ADAM's trembling fingers.

ADAM
And Kit said to avoid the hospital,
yeah?

EVE
Yeah.

Again they stare listlessly off into the water. ADAM's fingers again begin to pluck the lute strings, though even more slowly this time.

As EVE looks into the water, ADAM half-notices a young Moroccan couple approaching.

They laugh, then stop near a railing some distance away oblivious to ADAM and EVE's presence. The young couple begins a long, passionate kiss, their arms fully encircling each other.

EVE now notices them too, watching approvingly for a moment before her eyes return to the water.

EVE (cont'd)

(softly)

Tell me now about Einstein's theory that you mentioned, Spooky Action at a Distance. (pause, then looking over at him) Does it have something to do with quantum theory?

ADAM

(still slowly plucking the lute)

Yeah. No. I mean, it's not a theory, it's been proved.

EVE

Yeah? So, what is it?

He stops playing.

ADAM

(speaking slowly, weakly)

Well, when you separate an entwined particle and move the two parts far away from each other, even at opposite ends of the universe, then if you alter or affect one, the other will, spookily, be identically altered or affected.

EVE again observes the young Moroccan couple, still enfolded in their endless kiss.

EVE

Even at opposite ends of the universe?

ADAM

Uh, yeah.

EVE turns to ADAM, leaning in and engaging him in a long kiss. She then pulls back a little, and they gaze into each others eyes.

EVE

And what if these particles...are in alternate universes?

ADAM

Well...I guess then...uh...hmm...

EVE smiles and rests her head on his shoulder. Her attention drifts back to the young lovers nearby, as does ADAM's. The young Moroccan's lithe bodies remain pressed against one another, lips locked, hands caressing each other, the dark water glittering just behind them.

There is a period of silence, ADAM and EVE continuing to observe them. EVE eventually glances at ADAM.

EVE

Is that what we're thinking?

ADAM doesn't respond, his eyes now ghoulishly locked on the embracing couple.

EVE (cont'd)

Adam, really. That's so fuckin' fifteenth century.

ADAM looks over at her, then both again drift back to the lovers entwined, entranced, completely oblivious to the world around them.

EVE (cont'd)

They are deliciously beautiful aren't they?

ADAM

(half delirious)

What choice do we have, really?

EVE

(after a pause)

I guess for once you're right.
(pause) But we're only gonna turn them. Ok?

ADAM

How romantic of you. (then after another pause, eyes on the couple)
Ok. I get the girl, though.

EVE gently slaps him. She then braces herself and stands. She takes a deep breath. ADAM carefully puts down the lute next to him, then using the back of the bench for support, he shakily pulls himself into a standing position. He turns to EVE and she looks deeply into his eyes.

EVE then turns and descends toward the young embracing couple. ADAM, one arm still holding the bench for balance, pauses, watching her intently.

Confidently, EVE walks up to the young lovers.

EVE

Excuse me.

The couple's dazed heads slowly separate, their bleary eyes attempting to focus on the source of this interruption.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

"Love is for vanishing into the sky. The mind,
for learning what men have done and tried to do.
Mysteries are not to be solved. The eye goes blind
when it only wants to see *why*."

- Rumi

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS