

A DAME TO KILL FOR

by

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1 AGAINST BLACKNESS

1

SHATTERED WINDSHIELD GLASS cascades. MARV'S PROFILE descends into frame, knocked senseless. BLOOD sprays.

WIDER

MARV is tossed upside-down, riding an EXPLOSION of GLASS.

 MARV (V.O.)
 Metal screams. Something hits me
 square in the chest. There's no up
 or down. I don't weigh a thing.

2 EXT. RAGGED TERRAIN - NIGHT

2

MARV tumbles across jagged ROCK and scattering SHRAPNEL. SNOW falls.

 MARV (V.O.)
 I don't remember a thing.

CLOSE ANGLE

MARV looks up, around, taking it all in. SNOW falls. SMOKE billows.

 MARV
 Aw. This doesn't look good at all.

WIDER - REVEAL

MARV surveys a scene of CARNAGE. A SQUAD CAR is smashed into a vintage BUICK. Two FRAT BOYS lie sprawled. SMOKE rises.

 MARV (V.O.)
 I've gone and done something again.
 Wish I could remember what. How did
 I get here? What have I done--and
 why?

CLOSE ANGLE

MARV, bewildered.

MARV (V.O.)
I can't remember for the life of
me.

MARV opens a MEDICINE BOTTLE and sloppily tosses PILLS into his mouth.

MARV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I must've forgotten my medicine.
When you've got a condition, it's
bad to forget your medicine.

MARV looks down at his SHOULDER. His TRENCH COAT is blown open. His shoulder is a bloody mess.

MARV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Caught myself a bullet. The wound's
fresh. Maybe an hour old. I can't
remember how I got it. For the life
of me, I can't remember.

ON THE MOVE

MARV lifts one dead FRAT BOY by his ponytail. Pulls a pack of CIGARETTES from the boy's jacket. Lights one up.

WIDER

GAS DRIPS from the engine of the BUICK, forming a wide PUDDLE. MARV smokes, looking out at the ghostly cityscape of THE PROJECTS.

MARV (V.O.)
The Projects. Ugly as ever. What
the hell am I doing here? Put the
pieces together, one by one. Relax.
Think. Remember...

MARV'S CIGARETTE SMOKE

Fills frame.

SMOKE CLEARS to REVEAL:

NANCY whirls across stage in a wig and with a bandanna across her face. PAST NANCY to REVEAL MARV tossing her a glance as he passes through the crowd, hauling a WHISKY BOTTLE. Gloomy.

MARV

I was in a mood. Even watching Nancy couldn't cheer me up. I get that way sometimes. Just empty in the gut, hollow in that lonely place and wishing I had an excuse to break somebody's face. Lillian felt sorry for me and gave me a fifth of hootch. On the house.

4 EXT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - STOOP - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 4

MARV sits on a low STAIR, sucking back from the bottle. He NOTES a horrid SCREAM.

MARV (V.O.)

It was just another Saturday night. I was wondering what I was gonna do with myself when I smelled something awful.

5 EXT. ANGLE - ALLEY CORNER - NIGHT 5

A snaggle-toothed WINO stumbles into view. Ablaze.

MARV (V.O.)

Burning hair. Burning meat.

WIDER

MARV steps over the still-burning CORPSE of the WINO. Marv moves to the ALLEY, BOTTLE in hand. A PACK of four FRAT BOYS are taking their time with another WINO, kicking him, pouring GASOLINE all over him. One lights a ZIPPO. Out for fun.

WINO

Lay off me. Bastards. Lay off me.

MARV (V.O.)

Like those poor old winos didn't have it bad enough already. Damn frat boys. Damn rich, spoiled brats.

He keeps chugging from LOW ANGLE - MARV

He notices: A ZIPPO is lit, lowered towards the screaming crawling WINO.

LOW ANGLE - MARV

SMASHES the bottom of his BOTTLE against the alley WALL.
Ready to make things ugly.

MARV
Leave him be.

ONE FRAT BOY

The leader of the pack--call him FLINT--whirls, jerking out a
small BERETTA and FIRING.

FLINT
Crawl back into your bottle,
Bernini-boy.

MARV takes a hit to his SHOULDER.

MARV'S CIGARETTE SMOKE

6

EXT. RAGGED TERRAIN - NIGHT

6

Floods screen as we move back to the PRESENT.

MARV (V.O.)
Why'd he call me "Bernie"?...at
least I know they're bad guys.
Nothing wrong with killing the
bunch of them. Hell. It's
practically my civic duty.

MARV moves forward and we cut back to:

MARV amidst the wreckage at the Projects.

MARV ROUSES

From his reverie, hearing a COUGH from one fallen FRAT BOY.

FRAT BOY
God, this really hurts.

HIGH ANGLE as Marv walks over to the Frat boy and steps on
his throat.

With his boot, MARV SNAPS the frat boy's NECK as easily as if
he were crushing out a cigarette butt. The frat boy GURGLES.

Marv goes back to thinking. Remembering.

MARV'S CIGARETTE SMOKE

Rises.

In the shadow of his arm, we see the

7 FLASHBACK - EXT. STREET - BUICK 7

The FRAT BOYS roaring away in the BUICK.

MARV, on foot, gives chase. A juggernaut.

MARV (V.O.)

They made a run for it. I did what
any good citizen would do.

8 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SNOW 8

MARV leaps to the side of the now-speeding BUICK, finding
purchase, riding it as he tries to reach inside for somebody
to kill.

CLOSER

MARV looks up, dismayed, as APPROACHING CAR LIGHTS strike his
face. POLICE SIREN WAILS.

MARV

Aw, hell.

WIDER - HIGH ANGLE

A SQUAD CAR sideswipes the BUICK, yanking MARV onto its hood.
BUICK tears away, unburdened by Marv.

9 EXT. STREET - SIDE ANGLE - WIDE 9

COP DRIVER reacts with alarm as MARV climbs the squad car's
HOOD.

COP DRIVER

What the hell--what the hell--

10 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT 10

COPS FREAK OUT as MARV leaps FACE-FIRST toward their
WINDSHIELD.

- 11 EXT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT 11
MARV crashes face-first THROUGH the squad car's WINDSHIELD.
- 12 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE 12
The SQUAD CAR crests a hill as BOTH COPS are thrown from the car. The car swerves, doesn't slow down.
- 13 EXT. RAGGED TERRAIN - NIGHT (PRESENT TIME) 13
CLOSE ANGLE - MARV continues his fond remembrance.

MARV (V.O.)
That's when I got my idea. If they
got back to their university out in
Sacred Oaks, I'd never catch them.
- 14 FLASHBACK - EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT - SNOW 14
MARV slams his SQUAD CAR into the BUICK, shoving it off
course.

MARV (V.O.)
So I banged them around like a
hockey puck. Cut them off at every
turn.
- 15 FLASHBACK - EXT. JAGGED OUTCROPPING - NIGHT 15
The SQUAD CAR slams into the BUICK, recreating the scene as
we first saw it. MARV leaps to safety.

MARV (V.O.)
I left them no choice but to head
over the hill. To the Projects.
- 16 EXT. RAGGED TERRAIN - NIGHT (PRESENT TIME) 16
MARV surveys the PROJECTS.

MARV (V.O.)
I could just turn my back and leave
them here. My old neighbors would
take care of them but good.

MARV stares at his still-burning CIGARETTE. Grins.

MARV (CONT'D)
But, hell--why should they have all
the fun?

MARV flicks his burning CIGARETTE into the air.

The CIGARETTE flies straight to the BUICK'S puddle of
dripping GASOLINE.

MARV leaps away, laughing, as the BUICK EXPLODES.

17

EXT. PROJECTS - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

17

The place is desolate. Seemingly deserted. FLINT and his
remaining pal BUZZ stare down from a ROOFTOP as MARV saunters
across the shattered pavement. A pair of CONVERSE ALL-STARS
hang, shoelaces entwined, from a POWER CABLE: a signature of
gang presence.

MARV (V.O.)
The projects. I was born here. If
it hadn't been for my mom getting
sick when she did, I probably never
would've left.

BUZZ
Damn. It's him.

FLINT
He's a dead man. I'm telling you.
He's a dead man. I'm one bitch of a
good shot and he's a dead man.

LOW ANGLE - THE ROOF

FLINT cocks his BERETTA and takes aim just as NASTY-LOOKING
ARROWS fly past.

MARV (V.O.)
My old neighborhood. My old
neighbors.

HIGH ANGLE - MARV PAUSES

As FOUR ARROWS strike the pavement, just missing his feet.

MARV (V.O.)
They let me know they're watching.

LOW ANGLE - MARV

Commanding. Fearless. He raises one FIST and punches the other to his chest. A gesture of authority.

MARV (V.O.)
I remind them who I am.

MARV points a FINGER toward the ROOFTOP.

MARV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I tell them what to do.

18

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

18

NASTY ARROWS fly from every direction. FRAT BOYS SCREAM.

The FRAT BOYS tumble across the ROOFTOP, skewered by ARROWS. MARV rises into view from a STAIRWELL, walks toward the frat boys, his step relaxed. Like he's strolling. He's at home.

BUZZ stares in horror as MARV points a finger at him.

BUZZ
Please. No. I've got money. I've
got a trust fund. I can pay.

MARV drags a gloved THUMB across his own neck. A signal.

MARV
You'll pay.

A WIRE NOOSE descends from somewhere above--laces about Buzz's neck--and pulls him UPWARD, out of frame. A sickening GURGLE.

BUZZ swings by his neck, dead as hell. MARV grabs FLINT by the hair.

MARV (CONT'D)
So why'd you call me "Bernie?"

FLINT
What?

MARV
Just before you shot me, you called
me "Bernie." Why'd you call me
"Bernie?"

FLINT

Bernini. It's a brand name. That coat you're wearing. It's a Bernini.

MARV

Thanks for clearing that up. KNIFE!

From somewhere sails a serrated KNIFE. MARV catches it with ease.

MARV slashes FLINT'S neck. Drops him like a stone. MARV pauses to admire his trench coat.

MARV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Bernini, huh? And one fine coat it is. Somebody must've spent a fortune on it. I wonder who?

MARV looks at his leather GLOVES.

MARV (CONT'D)

And while I'm at it--where the heck did I get these gloves?

Marv looks around, then up towards the sky, towards camera.

MARV (CONT'D)

I can't remember for the life of me.

We pull up as the city becomes the SIN CITY logo.

CREDITS SEQUENCE

"JOHNNY"

FADE UP ON

19 EXT. SIN CITY - NIGHT (SNOWING)

19

We are at a point above the city, on a curve of road, above the lights of the city and its general look of Hell's Christmas. Leaning against a DROPHEAD CADDY parked by the guardrail is

JOHNNY

JOHNNY is smoking a cigarette, looking down at the lights. He has a SILVER DOLLAR in his hand. He flips it, flips it.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

Sin City. It's the kind of place your mother warned you about, if she used to be a big boozy broad, with places in her past best left in the dark. It's the kind of place your father doesn't want to talk about, though where I come from, a father is a thing no one seems to be able to find.

He drags, exhales.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Sin City's all wrong.

He flips the coin.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sin City's where you in go with your eyes wide open, or you don't come out at all. But a city's like a woman or a casino: somebody's going to win.

He flicks away his cigarette, puts away his coin, and starts back to the car.

20 EXT. THE ROAD TO SIN CITY - NIGHT

20

THE DROPHEAD CADILLAC is speeding towards town, JOHNNY driving, his hair flying. His expression one of confidence, of vengeance. We pass a sign that says BASIN CITY, with the BA scrubbed out. JOHNNY drives on downhill towards his destiny.

21 INT. POKER ROOM BEHIND THE BAR - NIGHT

21

If you want hell, this is it. SENATOR ROARK shuffles cards, expertly.

ROARK

None of you want to play? You know what happens when you win...You know what happens when you lose.

(MORE)

ROARK (CONT'D)

Not only have you seen the downside
of gambling, which is a sin, as the
preachers might say, you have seen
the downside of gambling with *me*.

ROARK fans the cards on the table. WHOOSH. We look around at
frightened players.

ROARK (CONT'D)

Now who wants to play?

22 INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

22

NANCY is dancing, drugged, tranced, drunk. We notice her only
briefly (her eyes swerving up for a POV that will be
important later) as

JOHNNY, old boots, a dusty leather satchel, enters the front
bar area.

NANCY turns and moves off the stage, leaving a fall of light
filled with whirling cigarette smoke.

On a stool in that light is her hat, her whip, her
holster...and we come in on it lying on the circular top of
the stool...HER GUN (HARTIGAN'S BIG REVOLVER).

OLD TIMER

(confused)

What happened to the show?

JOHNNY

I don't know. I'm new here.

23 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

23

NANCY lurches down the backstage hallway, snatching up a
bottle and drinking.

24 INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

24

Back out on JOHNNY.

In front of the bar is MARV'S STOOL, empty. SMOKE drifting
above it.

COWGIRL MARCIE comes up to JOHNNY, working him.

MARCIE

How's tricks, stranger?

JOHNNY spins a silver dollar from finger to finger, then shows an empty palm.

JOHNNY
That's a trick.

MARCIE
That won't get you anywhere.

JOHNNY smiles.

JOHNNY
That's all I got.

JOHNNY continues through the room (MARCIE looking interested and then following him), establishing the Sin City world, (WEEVIL mopping his face after his escape from ROARK, EUROTRASH laughing at a corner table) flipping a SILVER DOLLAR into the air, flipping it, flipping it, and finally we turn around and see what he is focused on:

A SLOT MACHINE. Lit like a saint. JOHNNY smiles and flips his coin, making calculations.

MARCIE
Where you come from, handsome?

JOHNNY just looks at her – interested by the question – and smiles and moves on. MARCIE stares after him, head cocked.

JOHNNY violently shoves his dollar in the machine and pulls the lever.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
A new town. A new game. My stake?
You're looking at it.

MARCIE watches him, now joined by LILLIAN.

THREE HEARTS line up. SILVER DOLLARS pour forth. JOHNNY catches the loot in a SATCHEL. MARCIE squeals.

LILLIAN
Lucky man.

JOHNNY
Every time, lady. Now where's the
real action?

LILLIAN
Baby, you don't want to know.

He drops in another DOLLAR. THREE BARS, this time. More DOLLARS scooped into his SATCHEL.

JOHNNY

Sure I do.

LILLIAN shrugs, points a thumb past her shoulder.

LILLIAN

Whatever you say, boss. It's your funeral. They'll eat you alive.

JOHNNY

I'm a pretty tough chew.

JOHNNY moves to the next machine, thinks no for some reason, then goes to the next. RINGING BELL. FALLING COINS. WEEVIL stares, then turns to the bar and makes the remark:

WEEVIL

That pretty boy just made himself more than a grand.

MARV swats the back of Weevil's head again.

WEEVIL (CONT'D)

Hey! What was that for?

MARV

Fun of it.

25

INT. CLUB PECOS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

25

A POKER table. SIX PLAYERS show cards. Bearded ABDUL folds his hand, cursing under his breath. He quits the table, shattered, mopping his face.. ROARK laughs at him, then notices:

JOHNNY standing in the doorway. A long beat. Then ROARK nods, and hulking TONY frisks JOHNNY.

JOHNNY

Is it that kind of game? People need to be frisked in case they get mad?

ROARK stares at JOHNNY, really taking him in, and we see ROARK's approximate POV before going back to Roark for:

ROARK

You come and play, boy, and you tell me what kind of game it is.

TONY finds JOHNNY'S KNIFE, JOHNNY'S GUN, and hands them to sweaty LT. LIEBOWITZ, who has got up from the table to join Tony in disarming the new guy.

LIEBOWITZ
Whatever you do, kid--don't win too much.

JOHNNY
I never lose.

SENATOR ROARK lays down a FULL HOUSE. He gathers his winnings.

26

INT. POKER ROOM (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

26

On Johnny's other side, nervous LOUIE snickers.

LOUIE
Jackass. You got any idea what you're up against?

JOHNNY
Looks to me like I'm up against a man.

LOUIE
You're up against a Roark.

JOHNNY
Godzilla would scare me more.

ROARK laughs.

ROARK
Funny boy.

Liebowitz nods in Marcie's direction.

LIEBOWITZ
And what's with bringing a frail in here?

JOHNNY
She's my good luck charm. Besides, I'm heading to make a nice dime here.
(to ROARK, who is staring at him with interest)
Might as well have somebody to spend it on.

ROARK
Hell, she brightens the place up. Frisk her.

TONY pushes her over a table and as we are on MARCIE'S FACE as he "frisks" extravagantly OS.

MARCIE
Careful with the merchandise!
Especially down there, sicko.

JOHNNY lets this happen.

TONY
She's got nothing. She's nobody.

MARCIE
I'm nobody and you got a hard on.
What's that make you?

TONY
(indicates ROARK, and
proudly:)
I'm a valet.

MARCIE
You don't pronounce the "t" in
"valet", Brainiac.

27 INT. POKER ROOM (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

27

ROARK, smoking, likes that.

ROARK
Is anybody playing cards around
here?

He pours his STAKE onto the table. (Note the play is all in silver coins, gold coins, gold double eagles).

ROARK (CONT'D)
That's a question to which the
answer is always yes. Give up the
deck, Sylvio. Let our young friend
do the honors.

SYLVIO shoves it over. JOHNNY shuffles one-handed, with breathtaking skill. Then to Roark as he puts the

DECK

hard on the table and shoves it forward:

JOHNNY
Cut.

EVERYBODY else simultaneously leaves the table, as if there's going to be a gunfight.

ROARK
You think you're good?

JOHNNY
You tell me afterwards.

ROARK cuts.

Johnny deals, one card up, four down.

Roark has a queen showing.

ROARK
Let me tell you about afterwards,
boy. There's got to be a winner,
and that has simply got to be me.

JOHNNY
In my experience, the man to watch
out for is the man with nothing to
lose.

ROARK
Then you've been playing little
games, with little men, in little
places.

JOHNNY
Do I look like a rube to you,
Senator?

ROARK is now looking over his cards.

ROARK
If you were a rube, you wouldn't
know I was the Senator.

JOHNNY
I was born in Sin City.

ROARK
(looks at him, smiles, and
says:)
Who isn't? But we all die here,
sooner or later.

He shoves \$500 to the center.

Johnny takes a slow glance at what he's got. Johnny has a four showing. ROARK has a queen.

ROARK (CONT'D)
How dumb are you feeling, boy?

JOHNNY matches the bet--then shoves \$200 more in.

JOHNNY
I'm pretty dumb. Just watch me.

28 INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

28

The stage is empty, still with Nancy's gear on it. The crowd is chanting, banging on the tables, on the bar.

CROWD
Nancy, Nancy, Nancy.

29 INT. POKER ROOM - NIGHT

29

JOHNNY is way ahead - way, way ahead. SENATOR ROARK is staring at bad cards and no money.

JOHNNY
I'm ready for your worst, Senator.
You still got your worst on you?

ROARK
Boy, you don't even want to dream
about my worst.

ROARK looks at his ruin in the cards, his money situation.

LEIBOWITZ, others, are watching, sweating.

JOHNNY
I don't imagine I do. So how about
I just flatten your ass and call it
a night?

ROARK
Sure. This is a fair game, played
by honorable men. I'll raise you
three hundred.

LIEBOWITZ
Easy, kid.

JOHNNY shoves the last of his money into the pot.

JOHNNY
And I'll raise you five hundred
more.

ROARK
I like this boy. I like him a lot.
(to Johnny)
I find myself embarrassed for cash.
You'll take my note of hand and my
word as a gentleman?

JOHNNY nods. ROARK scribbles on a piece of paper and matches the bet.

ROARK turns over his cards, showing a FULL HOUSE. QUEENS and KINGS.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Taking my note was the worst thing
you ever did.

JOHNNY
Hell. I've done worse. And TO
worse.

JOHNNY produces FOUR ACES.

ROARK stares at the hand.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
You won't be needing anything for
cab fare, will you?

Roark grins as Johnny shovels his money into his satchel.

ROARK
Now that's as fine a hand as you'll
ever have, friend. You just keep in
mind what hands are made out of.

JOHNNY
I'll come back tomorrow to collect
on the note.

ROARK
You do that.

JOHNNY
Will I find you here?

ROARK
I expect from now on you'll find me
wherever you look.

ROARK exits. LIEBOWITZ leans close to Johnny, whispers:

LIEBOWITZ

Get your ass out of here. Run like hell. You might still have a chance.

JOHNNY

I can't miss tomorrow night's game, officer. Not any more than you can. Besides, I've promised Marcie a night on the town.

LIEBOWITZ

I can't protect you.

JOHNNY

Then why you a cop?

30 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

30

NANCY is now on stage, dancing, with her GUN in one hand and a bottle in the other.

As ROARK passes angrily through the bar, NANCY draws a bead on him, following him with her aim, but then just drops the gun at arm's length and continues dancing, crying, drinking, whirling, staggering.

DEAD HARTIGAN watches her from the crowd. Then watches ROARK get out and away.

DEAD HARTIGAN (V.O.)

One of these days she'll pull the trigger, and then there's nothing I can do. Hell, there's nothing I can do, now. All I can do is ask you -- is don't. Don't avenge me. It'll be the death of you.

She holds the gun to her head.

NANCY

Do you want to see a show, you fuckers? Do you really want to see a show?

HARTIGAN looks away, heartbroken.

CHEERS.

MARV

Ah, she's only kidding. She's a sweetheart.

NANCY braces herself on the stool for a minute, then, leaving the GUN on the stool with shaking fingers, continues dancing, crying, drinking, whirling, staggering. DEAD HARTIGAN is an agitated ghost: he can't watch anymore, and cuts out of there. As he moves through the crowd:

DEAD HARTIGAN

I can't help. I can't watch. Death is just like life in Sin City. There's nothing you can do. And love doesn't conquer anything at all. However much you love, love just hasn't got the strength.

He turns and looks back at NANCY distant on stage.

DEAD HARTIGAN (CONT'D)

Good luck, Nancy. Live while you're alive, sweetheart. Try.

31 EXT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT 31

JOHNNY and MARCIE climb into Johnny's parked CORVETTE.

MARCIE

Where we going, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Everywhere.

32 MONTAGE 32

Of NEON SIGNS showing SIN CITY HOT SPOTS, bars, clubs, etc.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

We make Sin City history. Hit every hot spot in town. I blow through almost as much cash as I make at the tables.

33 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 33

A posh Italian place. A flabbergasted MAITRE DE presents a BILL and FIVE CREDIT CARDS to JOHNNY. Mortified WAITER stands nearby. JOHNNY pulls out a roll of fifties to pay. Marcie's a little tipsy. Got the giggles.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The trouble starts when I try to use my credit cards. How can all of them go bad on the same night?

MAITRE DE
I'm sure there is some mistake.
We'll extend you a line of credit.

JOHNNY
No need for that, Denato. For some
reason I don't think I'm a good
bet.

MARCIE
It's not like you don't have the
cash...

JOHNNY
That's not the point. Let's get you
home.

34 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

34

JOHNNY and MARCIE walk to the street. Hit men HECTOR and
GRUNT fall into step behind them. Speaking out loud:

JOHNNY
Get to the side, Marcie. I've got
break some bones.

MARCIE
What are you talking about, you
silly?

JOHNNY shoves MARCIE into a doorway and, whirls. HECTOR has
raised a BLACKJACK. JOHNNY SNAPS Hector's wrist, grabs the
blackjack, and sideswipes Hector's teeth out of his mouth and
we follow as they bounce and tumble across the pavement.
GRUNT looks down at Hector's teeth: and JOHNNY swings the
blackjack and drops him.

MARCIE (CONT'D)
What the hell was THAT about?

JOHNNY
Stay back. Meet me in Old Town, the
hotel. Room 166.

A STRETCH LIMO pulls out of traffic. The BACK DOOR of the
limo swings open. A HEAVY leaps out, and aims a MACHINE
PISTOL at Johnny...

HEAVY
Your car, sir.

JOHNNY
My car?

but Johnny's in close. JOHNNY grabs the barrel and as the HEAVY fires, bends the chattering MACHINE PISTOL back until it points at the firer's face. The HEAVY falls heavy.

Johnny drops the machine pistol, tosses the blackjack over his shoulder, and gets into the car. He looks at ROARK.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Let's get this over with.

MARCIE stares in bewildered horror as the limo tears away.

35

INT. STRETCH LIMO - DRIVING - NIGHT

35

ROARK lights his CIGAR, illuminating his face.

ROARK

It's a weakness of mine.

JOHNNY

What is.

ROARK

I can't stand to be embarrassed.
You made a damn fool of me. Right
in front of the wrong people. You
injured me.

JOHNNY

You took your chances. Just like we
all did. And you lost.

ROARK

I don't take chances. You do. You
just took a big one, getting in
this car. Do you have any idea how
easy I kill little snots like you?

JOHNNY moves but ROARK is faster. He pistol-whips JOHNNY savagely. Johnny's head shatters the window. JOHNNY is out, cold, blood splashed everywhere on the pebbled window.

ROARK (CONT'D)

(hair wild, demented)

Now let's see about that winning
hand.

He produces a pair HANDCUFFS and secures JOHNNY's wrists. He ropes JOHNNY around the neck. He produces a set of pliers.

ROARK (CONT'D)

Powerful men watch what happens at that table. I need them to know the price of defiance.

ROARK snaps JOHNNY's third finger in two places. It hangs, all wrong. JOHNNY's head sags, his eyes still locked forward.

ROARK (CONT'D)

Power is a fragile thing. It tolerates no threat.

(another SNAP!)

Defiance must be met with an example of the wages of defiance. In a less civilized time, a better time, I would have pulled your guts out in front of a screaming crowd, scattered your limbs to the four corners of the earth, and put your head to rot on a pole...But we live in gentler times.

SNAP!

JOHNNY comes to consciousness, vomits on his shirt, stares up with a killer glare. ROARK settles back on his side of the speeding limo. He takes a swig from his flask, pockets it. He throws Johnny's satchel up front with the driver.

JOHNNY

You'd be smart to kill me now.

ROARK

I'll do far worse than kill you, boy. Your money's mine, your car's now technically stolen out of Omaha, and I suggest you not try to use your credit cards, because they won't work. Show your license or passport to anybody and you'll end up with a hood over your head at Guantanamo. You weren't much, but now you're nothing.

JOHNNY

I'll always know that I beat you.

ROARK

You'll always remember me, I guarantee you that.

He kicks JOHNNY out of the moving car.

36

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

36

JOHNNY rolls, bounces on the pavement, lands on some waste land. The limo stops, reverses, and ROARK gets out, pulling his gun. He walks up to JOHNNY.

ROARK

What you have encountered, boy, is power. You've played your last card game. All that's left for you is digging ditches under a fake social security number...

ROARK shoots him in the leg.

ROARK (CONT'D)

Or maybe not even that. Every time the wind blows cold and wet, that thing that was your hand will clutch at your leg in arthritic agony. Whenever it rains, you'll remember me. You'll remember me all the time.

ROARK flicks away his cigar. LIGHTNING now in the rain.

ROARK (CONT'D)

I had a tragedy. A family tragedy. It made me get a bit of religion. But I don't think I'm made for it. I read about God, and entirely the wrong thing happens: *I want to be him.*

JOHNNY

You should have that checked.

ROARK

I already did. In Sin City, I am Him. Sleep tight, son.

JOHNNY looks up at him through blood.

ROARK (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I know who you are. I knew you were one of mine the minute I saw you. I don't give a damn. Who's your Daddy now? I only had one son. Ethan, may he rest in peace, and he could have been President. So did you really think I was going to claim you?

(grabs JOHNNY hard by the hair)

(MORE)

ROARK (CONT'D)
I can call you a stupid bastard
with unusual accuracy.

Laughing, he gets into the limo. JOHNNY sits with his ruined hand, his ruined leg, the rain pouring down, staring after the taillights, vowing revenge.

37 INT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

37

JOHNNY, wretched, in agony, limps toward a STEEL BAR DOOR. An OLD MAN (KROENIG, a junkie doctor) rattles open the lock from inside.

JOHNNY
I need a doctor.

KOENIG
I ain't one!

JOHNNY
That's what I mean.

KROENIG lets him in.

38 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

38

Rusty, antique MEDICAL EQUIPMENT. LIGHT from a flickering BULB. A RAT scampers. Shaky, scrawny old man KROENIG, wearing a dirty wife-beater, takes a slug of something brown.

KROENIG
That's DOCTOR Kroenig to you.
License or not, these hands still
got what it takes, once I'm
prepped. How much you got?

JOHNNY holds out two TWENTIES. KROENIG takes them.

KROENIG (CONT'D)
Forty bucks you got, forty bucks
worth you get.

KROENIG whips out a TOURNIQUET, ties it to his OWN ARM. He injects himself. He feels the rush. His hands steady.

KROENIG (CONT'D)
Steady as a rock. Once I'm prepped.

A GROAN of pain from Johnny. A bloody BULLET hits the floor.

KROENIG wipes his SCALPEL with a snotty handkerchief.
JOHNNY'S MANGLED HAND rises into view.

KROENIG (CONT'D)

Forty got you the bullet. But that hand of yours--that's a lot of bones, need setting. That's about a two year job for a fine hand surgeon. I'll give you an hour for your boots.

JOHNNY

They're all yours.

JOHNNY fights pain as KROENIG gets to work. BONES SNAP.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I do my best to think about winning. Revenge. The old man must like popsicles. He uses the sticks for splints. He licks them first.

KROENIG swathes BANDAGES across JOHNNY'S HANDS.

KROENIG

I wouldn't take handball lessons just yet. But you should have those knuckles working in a couple weeks. Hey--and the shoes, they fit me great. Like I was born to them.

39 INT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

39

JOHNNY limps out, his hand bandaged, only his socks covering his feet. KROENIG, wearing JOHNNY'S BOOTS at the end of his thin legs, stares after him.

KROENIG

Not so much as a goddamn thank you. Don't be coming back here for any more FAVORS. GENEROSITY just don't count for SHIT, this day and age.

JOHNNY's face. As he limps, goes from weary pain to slow alarm.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The girl. Marcie.

40 EXT. MARCIE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

40

JOHNNY limps toward the stoop. A PASSERBY looks him over, gives him a wide berth.

41 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 41

The CLERK is sleeping, snoring.

42 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 42

In agony, JOHNNY climbs steps.

43 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 43

He pounds on the door. Then moves along to a window.

44 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 44

JOHNNY moves laterally.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

It's just as well Dr. Mengele back
there took my shoes. I don't make a
sound.

45 INT. MARCIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 45

JOHNNY slides a WINDOW up, clambers in.

JOHNNY (V.O.)

The window's not locked. Never a
good sign. Not in Sin City.

Some light from the next room. JOHNNY follows it. It resolves
into a FLASHLIGHT laid on a table. We follow the BEAM to THE
FOUR ACE HAND with which Johnny beat ROARK, set up in
Marcie's severed hand.

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM hits Johnny. He squints.

ROARK (V.O.)

He made it this far. Give the man a
hand.

FLASHLIGHT BEAM moves to the floor, spotlighting MARCIE'S
RIGHT HAND, severed at the wrist.

ROARK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Give the man ANOTHER hand.

SPOTLIGHT moves to the BED, revealing Marcie's severed LEFT
HAND. Her HEAD rolls across the light like a bowling ball.

A passing LIGHT outside streaks the wall, silhouetting ROARK, who sits casually in a stuffed chair.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Ruined. Penniless. Friendless and
forgotten. You'd really be better
off dead, Johnny.

OTHER FLASHLIGHTS come on. SIX OF THEM. SIX GUNS ARE COCKED.

JOHNNY leaps back--

46 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

46

JOHNNY CRASHES out the WINDOW to land on the fire escape, covered in glass. There is no gunfire. He scrambles away and down.

Out of the blackness ROARK appears in the broken window, laughing.

ROARK
But I like you just the way you
are!

Johnny scrambles away. ROARK'S LAUGHTER ECHOES.

47 INT. GARBAGE-STREWN ALLEY - DAY

47

JOHNNY squats between an over-filled DUMPSTER and a sleeping WINO. CRUEL SUNLIGHT casts shadows. STREET SOUNDS as people go about their business. Johnny glares balefully. Quaking with rage.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
I got cocky. I got cocky and I got
Marcie dead. Damn it, Johnny. Hate
yourself when you've got the time.

48 EXT. STREET - DAY

48

JOHNNY limps amongst milling SHOPPERS. A haunted man.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Think about tonight's game. That's
all that matters, now. And all you
need is money, just one lousy buck
would be enough to get you started.

49 EXT. DOCKS - DAY

49

JOHNNY limps along the waterfront. A huge CRUISE SHIP sails by, a symbol of wasted fortune.

A wealthy BUSINESSMAN walks past him. Johnny stares after the businessman. Johnny's LEFT HAND closes in a FIST.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Look at him. That suit. He wouldn't miss it...

JOHNNY unclenches his fist, walks on.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Funny. I'll strip a guy skinless at the poker table, but I can't bring myself to straight-out rob a man.

50 INT. DINER - EVENING

50

A grimy joint. JOHNNY sidles up to the counter. Fat waitress BERTHA appears, a cigarette dangling from her mouth, her eyes weary, cynical. She's seen it all. She wears a small CROSS.

JOHNNY
I can't pay, but could I get a glass of water?

BERTHA
Yeah, times are tough all over.

She fetches the water, looks at his bandaged HAND.

BERTHA (CONT'D)
What's with the hand?

JOHNNY
I beat the wrong guy at poker.

BERTHA
Tough break.

He downs the water in a gulp. Gets up to leave.

JOHNNY
Thanks.

BERTHA
Just a second, you.

She furtively slips him a DOLLAR BILL. He stares at it in disbelief.

BERTHA (CONT'D)
You don't stink of anything I don't like. And you remind me of an old boyfriend, OK? It won't take you far...

JOHNNY
It'll take me to the moon, sweetheart.

Johnny exits. She fondles her cross.

JOHNNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sin City. You never know.

51 EXT. STREET CORNER - EVENING

51

A pair of ratty TENNIS SHOES sits, abandoned. JOHNNY'S HAND reaches for it.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
You're in for holy hell now, senator. As long as my luck don't run out.

52 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

52

LILLIAN slides a SILVER DOLLAR across the bar in exchange for Johnny's DOLLAR BILL.

LILLIAN
Just don't spend it all in one place. Have you seen Marcie?

JOHNNY
Yeah.

Johnny moves to the SLOT MACHINES. Looks them over, one by one. Picks one.

SLOT MACHINE LEVER CLANKS. COINS CRASH.

MARV is standing beside Johnny.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I can't pick them up with my hand.

MARV helps. JOHNNY gets his coins by the armload, favoring his busted hand.

MARV

What are you going to do with it
all?

JOHNNY

Kill Roark.

MARV always appreciates a serious man.

MARV

Roarks, they don't die much.

JOHNNY

I think you'll be surprised.

53 INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

53

ROARK leans back in his chair, amused. LIEBOWITZ is sweating it.

GORDO and TONY frisks JOHNNY.

ROARK

Looks like something happened to
your GAME HAND, son.

JOHNNY

Yeah, looks like it.

Unloads his coins on the table. Scared glances all around.

ABDUL shuffles the deck. LUIGI cuts. Abdul deals.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Why do you bother to have a game?

ROARK

Life is a game of chance. Don't you
want to live?

JACK up for ROARK. TEN up for JOHNNY. ROARK shoves money on the table. The others match, except Johnny.

Johnny glances at his cards: THREE TENS and an ACE. Four of a kind. A winning hand. Strangely:

JOHNNY

I fold.

ROARK

What's wrong, hotshot? No good
without that Lady Luck you brought
last time?

JOHNNY
I'll be fine.

ROARK raises the bet. LIEBOWITZ folds. The game goes on.
Roark wins with a weak full house. Smiles at Johnny.

LUIGI deals. Roark shows another JACK, Johnny a QUEEN. Johnny looks at his down-faced cards: another JACK and three TENS. A strong full house.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I'll fold.

ROARK
Just not the same without your GAME
HAND, is it?

JOHNNY
I'll get by.

Roark wins with three-of-kind. The deck is passed to JOHNNY. He clumsily shoves the deck to his left hand. A one-handed shuffle. Like a master. LOUIE cuts the deck. JOHNNY deals. A KING up for ROARK. A JACK for Johnny.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I'm ambidextrous.

The others react.

ROARK
I'm in for five hundred.

ABDUL
I'll fold.

LUIGI
I'm in.

JOHNNY
I'll see it--and raise you five
more.

LIEBOWITZ
I'll fold.

ROARK
Five--and I'll raise you five more,
Pretty boy. You favor your mother.
She was a whore.

Everybody remaining silently folds. JOHNNY, with a deadly glare, shoves everything he's got into the pot.

JOHNNY

I'll match and raise. For the works.

ROARK

Smells good to me. But your side of the table's looking mighty empty, and here I sit with another five hundred U.S. Just waiting to go. Now, you can't match that. All I left you was your life. What's left of it.

JOHNNY

Don't I still have your note?

ROARK, realizing he's trapped, smiles slowly.

ROARK

You have my note.

JOHNNY adds it to the pot.

ROARK brandishes his cards: FOUR KINGS and a JACK.

JOHNNY displays his JACK--and FOUR ACES.

ROARK turns beet red, rises in his chair.

JOHNNY

I beat you. Twice. And everybody knows it. So I beat you forever. I beat you again every time someone tells the story, and it's a story that will be told again and again until you're dead and long after you're dead. I beat you good. They're all gonna tell you they won't tell anybody. But they will.

ROARK

And now they all know what happens when you do.

ROARK draws his pistol.

ROARK (CONT'D)

Say hello to your mother.

Johnny braces himself.

ROARK (CONT'D)

She always was a stupid bitch.

ROARK shoots JOHNNY through the head.

JOHNNY CRASHES BACK TO THE FLOOR.

Silence all around the room.

ROARK (CONT'D)
If I can give any young man advice
it would be this:

Roark holsters his gun.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Use condoms. Now take out that
trash and lets get back to the
game.

The camera pulls back as Roark sits, and Johnny's body is
dragged off.

A door SLAMS in our face.

BLACK.

Then

FLASH!

Close on a camera being loaded.

54 EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

54

DWIGHT crouches atop a SKYLIGHT, his CAMERA at the ready.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
It's another hot night, dry and
windless. The kind that makes
people do sweaty, secret things.

He raises the camera to his eye.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Things worth money to me.

55 INT./EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

55

Middle-aged JOEY and call girl SALLY enter. She goes to
undress. He looks around at her. Lust and fear.

JOEY

This is the last time, Sally. It's got to be the last time.

SALLY

Whatever you say, Joey.

JOEY

I mean it, this time.

55-pt1 DWIGHT snaps PICTURES as SALLY slides from her coat.

55-pt1

DWIGHT (V.O.)

She glides out of her coat like it was Christmas wrapping, playing it for all it's worth. And it's worth plenty. She's got the kind of figure you notice. It's her voice that spoils everything, all bubbly with false innocence.

SALLY

I had a dream about you last night, Joey. It was a nice dream. Do you want to hear about it?

JOEY

No. No dreams tonight. I haven't got any time. And this is the end for us. The last time. I can't go on taking the chance.

SALLY

Whatever you say, Joey. You give the orders. You're the boss.

55-pt2 DWIGHT snaps pictures.

55-pt2

JOEY (V.O.)

It's Gloria, damn her. She's asking all kinds of questions. She suspects something. She'll sue. She'll get everything.

JOEY clumsily unzips the back of Sally's dress.

SALLY

Everything you've worked so hard for.

JOEY

You're damn right I work hard. I work my butt off. Day and night.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)
I always have. Built my business up
out of nothing. Nothing.

SALLY
And nobody appreciates you, do
they, Joey? Not like you deserve.

JOEY
No. Nobody. Not the employees I
keep off food stamps--and not
Gloria, damn her. My own wife.
Living in that mansion I bought
her. Wearing those clothes I bought
her. With my money. My hard-earned
money. And she doesn't appreciate a
damn thing.

He fumbles with his tie, yanks it off.

SALLY pulls her dress down. JOEY unbuckles his belt.

SALLY
That's because you're so strong.

JOEY
You're damn right about that! But
do I get any credit? Hell, no! They
just take and take!

SALLY lounges across a BRASS BED, wearing only her spike
HEELS and a made-for-business NEGLIGEE. She pulls something
SHINY from her CLUTCH. JOEY pulls down his pants.

JOEY (CONT'D)
One of these days I'll fire the
whole pack of them! I'll show them
who's the big man! I'll show them
who's boss!

SALLY
You can show ME, Joey.

SALLY dangles a gleaming pair of HANDCUFFS.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You can show me who's boss.

JOEY handcuffs her to the bedpost.

Naked, JOEY clambers onto the bed, groping Sally's thigh.

JOEY
I'll show you..I'll show you who's
boss..

JOEY'S HANDS make fists around the bedposts. The cuff chain TINKLES with rhythmic movement.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Then she's moaning and saying
"boss" in time with his movements.
It's all over pretty quickly.

55-pt3 DWIGHT snaps pictures.

55-pt3

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I get everything I need. The sad
thing is, some of the compositions
are pretty good.

SALLY leans back against pillows, still cuffed. JOEY sits at the edge of the bed, lights a cigarette.

SALLY
Oh, God, Joey. That was just
incredible. You made me feel like a
woman. I know that sounds corny,
but it's true. So true. It takes a
real man to make a girl feel like
this.

JOEY
I love you, baby. You know I love
you. Even when you lie to me.

JOEY stands, reaches for something in his coat.

SALLY
My wrists hurt, Joey. You think you
could get me the key? It's right in
my purse.

JOEY
You don't have any idea how much
I've sacrificed. It's tearing me up
inside.

JOEY produces a .45 AUTOMATIC, screws a SILENCER into place.

SALLY
Joey--what are you DOING?

JOEY
It's tearing me up. How much I love
you--and what I have to do. But
I've worked hard. Damn hard. And
Gloria would get everything. It's
all her fault. I don't have any
choice.

DWIGHT
Oh my aching back.

55-pt4 JOEY trains the PISTOL on SALLY.

55-pt4

SALLY
Joey. No. I won't tell anybody. I swear to god.

JOEY

JOEY (CONT'D)
I know you won't WANT to talk, Sally. I know that... But Gloria will find out about you, if she doesn't know already, and offer you a lot of money. My money...my own money and she'll use it to bring me down.

SALLY
I'll go away. I'll leave town and go someplace she'll never find me.

JOEY
Yeah? And how will you get there? Fly? And who will pay for the ticket? The ticket and god knows what else! An apartment? A car? Clothes? You'll suck me dry and you'll never stop!

SALLY
Joey--I beg you, baby...

JOEY
Don't make this any harder than it is, damn you!

56 INT. HOTEL ROOM (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

56

CRASH! DWIGHT plummets through the SKYLIGHT, bringing JOEY to the floor. GLASS flies everywhere.

DWIGHT polishes off Joey with a savage left hook.

SALLY
Kill him! KILL HIM!

He turns his head to glare at her, barely containing a fearsome rage.

DWIGHT
Nobody's killing anybody. Not while
I'm around.

Her mouth goes loose and ugly. Using her real voice this
time. The jaded voice of a whore.

SALLY
Then can I have a ride?

57 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

57

DWIGHT drives his MUSTANG.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
I leave the slob handcuffed to the
bed for housekeeping to find.

SALLY chain smokes.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I take Redondo over the hill toward
Old Town. She sobs and blows her
nose and smokes cigarettes. She
smokes six cigarettes.

58 EXT. OLD TOWN - STREET - NIGHT

58

Gorgeous HOOKERS and JOHNS of all variety come and go. SALLY
waves over her back to Dwight.

SALLY
Thanks for my life, man!

DWIGHT (V.O.)
I think of telling her to do
something with it but I know that
she won't.

MIHO watches from above.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sally blends into the sea of flesh
that is Old Town...They all come
back, the damn Old Town memories,
of drunken mornings and sweaty sex
and stupid, bloody brawls. And of
that thing I did. You can't just
pick and choose. You can't take the
good without the bad. Not once you
let the monster out. I can't let it
out. Never again.

He puts his car into gear. MIHO, ever vigilant, watches him go.

59 EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - NIGHT

59

Dwight drives his MUSTANG past PALM TREES.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

I drive ten blocks out of my way
and stop for gas I don't need,
avoiding the worst of this job. My
employer. The wife.

60 INT. MANSION - NIGHT

60

JOEY'S WIFE shuffles through Dwight's PHOTOS. She sags against a window, distraught.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

This one's got a lawyer to pay the
tab and do the talking, so it's
easier.

LAWYER

In cash, as you requested.

DWIGHT takes it, shamed.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

You may be called upon for a
deposition. Please leave by the
servant's exit.

61 EXT. MANSION COURTYARD - NIGHT

61

DWIGHT walks, hands in pockets. Eyes burning.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Maybe tomorrow I'll go to the Times
and crawl on my belly and beg
Gillera for my old job back. He
said I deserved a Pulitzer, once.
But that was then.

62 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

62

DWIGHT drives his MUSTANG, speeding up. Coming toward us.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

The Mustang shudders, angry,
begging to cut loose and show what
it can do. It wants to take me all
the way up to the moment on a bad
curve when it can kill me. I don't
let it. I think about all the ways
I've screwed up and what I'd give
for one clear chance to wipe the
slate clean. To dig my way out of
the numb, gray hell I've made of my
life. I'd give anything. Just to
cut loose. Just feel the fire. One
more time.

The MUSTANG ROARS over a hillside, faster than hell. FIRE
from its' wheels.

A TIRE on the Mustang skids, braking.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

NO!

63 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

63

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

DWIGHT kneels on the ROAD beside his MUSTANG, quaking.

DWIGHT

Never lose control. Not for a
second. Never let the monster out.
Remember when you did. Remember
what you did.

64 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

64

DWIGHT enters his tiny, cluttered apartment. A poor slob's
home. A PHONE on a folding kitchen table RINGS.

Dwight shoves a pizza box out of the way and lifts the
receiver.

DWIGHT

Yeah?

64-pt1 EXTREME CLOSE - AVA'S MOUTH

64-pt1

AVA

Dwight? Is that you?

DWIGHT

Ava.

AVA

I'm sorry to call. I know I've got no right. But I need to see you. Tonight. Please, Dwight. Don't hang up. Please.

AGAINST BLACKNESS

PULL BACK from the stunned face of DWIGHT as his figure recedes, tiny, into a bare field of black.

AVA

She keeps talking. And like an idiot I keep listening. Ava. Damn.

65 EXT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

65

DWIGHT pulls up in his MUSTANG.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

I should tell her to go to hell. Instead I show up twenty minutes early. What the hell could she want with me now?

Dwight exits his car and walks up to the club.

A DRUNK helps another COWBOY toward his truck.

COWBOY

I love that girl. You can't tell me she's just a stripper. I love her...

DWIGHT (V.O.)

You can't drive two blocks in Sin City without coming across a saloon. This one's a country joint, the bad kind.

66 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

66

DWIGHT walks through a haze of SMOKE. MARV stands, one foot on a burly, bloody man's neck. A beer in one hand, a cigarette in the other.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
I grab myself one last lungful of
night air. Then I trade it in for a
smoky soup spiced with sweat and
vomit and booze and blood. I know
the flavor well.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
How's it going, Marv?

Marv has just clobbered a drunk, and has him under his boot.

MARV
You know, Dwight. Same old, same
old.

DWIGHT walks past DRUNKS as they ogle dancing NANCY on stage.
He doesn't give her a glance.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Why here, Ava? It's not like you.
No, with you everything always had
to be first class. All the way. And
when I couldn't foot the bill, you
sure as hell found somebody who
could.

DWIGHT sits alone at a booth.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I order up a ginger ale and stare
at it for the better part of an
hour. She's late, like she always
was. And like always, she's worth
the wait.

67 INT. BAR (CONTINUOUS) - NIGHT

67

AVA enters. Her trench coat only amplifies the silhouette of
her striking figure.

Her shadow engulfs Dwight as he rises to greet her.

She pulls close. He glares at her, cold.

AVA
Dwight...how long has it been? Four
years?

DWIGHT
Sounds about right. Have a seat.

A tense silence. A waitress sets a DRINK down in front of AVA and saunters off.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

She asks for some kind of scotch
nobody's heard of, then settles for
what they have.

AVA lights a CIGARETTE, stares at it, gathering herself.

AVA

So many times I've wanted to call
you. I found myself thinking about
you. Constantly.

DWIGHT

I've got places to be. How about
you just tell me what you want.

AVA

Don't be cold. I don't think I
could stand that, right now. I must
still mean something to you. You
came here. You must still care.
Just a little bit.

DWIGHT

Sure. You called and I came
running. You've still got that much
of a hold on me. Maybe you always
will. But I've got no reason at all
to be nice to you.

AVA

I guess I deserved that.

DWIGHT

Maybe if you'd fallen in love with
the slob, I could've handled it.
But you didn't love him. Money was
all you were after.

AVA

I deserved that, too.

DWIGHT

Let's not screw around. I'm here.
I'm listening. Just tell me what
the hell it is you want.

AVA

There's only one thing I want from
you.

(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)

And I want it so desperately I could scream. I want you to forgive me.

DWIGHT

So you've got a conscience, after all. Fine. You're forgiven. You got your wish. Go home. Sleep tight.

AVA

You're right about me. I'm a selfish slut who threw away the only man she ever loved. But I was wrong!

Dwight cynically lifts his ginger ale.

DWIGHT

Good one. I was born at night but it wasn't last night.

AVA

I'm in hell, Dwight. It's worse than you can imagine.

DWIGHT

You made your bed. Sleep in it.

AVA

Forgive me, darling. I beg you. I love you.

She kisses him, passionately. For a moment he joins in the kiss--then abruptly pulls away, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

DWIGHT

You do that again and I swear to hell I'll kill you.

AVA buries her face in her hands. Chauffeur MANUTE looms over the table.

AVA

If you can't forgive me, then please--remember me. They say you really never die as long as somebody remembers you.

DWIGHT

What the devil are you talking about?

MANUTE

Mrs. Lord, the weather is inclement... The neighborhood is bad, and your present company...is low. You are due at home.

DWIGHT rises, facing off with MANUTE. MARV slouches at a doorway.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

She gasps and grabs my arm and suddenly I'm playing Lancelot.

DWIGHT

I'd say that's up to Mrs. Lord.

MANUTE

This is none of your concern, sir. Any physical contest between us would have one outcome – undesirable to you, and perhaps upsetting to Mrs. Lord.

MARV

Is that clown giving you a hard time, buddy? I'll take him down for you if you want. I got nothing going tonight.
(burps)

MANUTE

That would be an interesting contest.

DWIGHT

It isn't his fight.

AVA holds tight to Dwight's arm, restraining him.

AVA

Never mind, Dwight. It's too late. I'll go with him.

DWIGHT

Too late for what, Ava?

AVA

For everything. Just remember me, my love. Remember me.

68 EXT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

68

MANUTE guides AVA to a parked TUCKER. Within earshot of Dwight.

MANUTE

We will have business tonight, Mrs.
Lord. Unfortunate business.

AVA

I don't care anymore.

DWIGHT and MARV watch from the doorway.

AVA stares from the back seat as the TUCKER pulls away.

MARV

Buddy, I don't mean to poke my nose
in where it don't belong, but that
there is a dame to kill for - and
you didn't.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

The night air hasn't gotten any
colder. It just feels that way.
Ava. Damn!

69 INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

69

Dwight sits on his bed. He's smoking. BLINDS streak scene in wild directions.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Night turns to day and then it's
night again and there's nowhere to
hide. She isn't worth a moment's
thought and I can't get her out of
my head.

DWIGHT starts, bewildered, seeing the CIGARETTE in his hand.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What am I doing smoking? Where did
I get these cigarettes.

70 EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

70

The burning CIGARETTE and open pack go flying, tossed away.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Never give an inch. Never let the
monster out. It's Ava making you
crazy, all over again.

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

71

DWIGHT paces, a caged tiger. He stops, seeing an opened
WHISKY BOTTLE on the counter. It shouldn't be there.

He pours it into the sink. His hand trembles. He leans
heavily against the sink.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Shake her off. Whatever she's in
for, she deserves it. She ripped my
soul apart and tossed away the
pieces like she was emptying an
ashtray. There's no going back. But
I have to know what's wrong. I have
to know.

He grabs his coat.

72 INT./EXT. MUSTANG (MOVING) - NIGHT

72

DRIVING, shifting hard.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
It's a couple hours drive out to
Sacred Oaks. Out where the Lords
dine with Roarks. It shouldn't take
too much effort to get to the
bottom of this.

73 EXT. LORD MANOR - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

73

DWIGHT'S MUSTANG pulls to a stop amidst sheltering BUSHES.
LORD MANOR sprawls below, a Spanish-style configuration
straight out of the Old West.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Just a simple job of breaking and
entering, punishable by up to five
years in the slammer, even if I
don't kill anybody. She's got it
all. Why drag me into her life? I'm
a cockroach to people like this.

He goes over the wall.

74 EXT. LORD MANOR - GATE - NIGHT 74

Dwight scales a wall and moves across the manor's multi-leveled lower rooftops, out of the sight of SECURITY GUARDS.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
The gates pretty standard stuff, no motion detectors, not in coyote country. I just hope I'm not making a total ass of myself.

He stops and sees in the POOL COURTYARD below:

75 EXT. LORD MANOR - POOL - NIGHT 75

AVA, naked, on the diving board, framed by the moon. Poised.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
My telescopic lens lets me have a look around. I wind up seeing a lot more of Ava than I bargained for. And she seems perfectly goddamned fine. Not roughed up... Just the rich man's wife she always intended to be. I'm a damned fool.

Ava dives in to the pool.

75-pt1 Dwight zooms in for a closer look as she swims. 75-pt1

76 EXT. LORD MANOR - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 76

A SECURITY GUARD finds Dwight. Aiming his gun at Dwight --

SECURITY GUARD #1
FREEZE, PERVERT! Don't move a muscle!

A roof tile moves under Dwight's foot. He loses his balance.

GUARD FIRES HIS GUN.

Dwight slips and falls away, missing the bullet.

Dwight tumbles and falls off the roof.

77 EXT. LORD MANOR - POOLSIDE - NIGHT 77

Dwight crashes into the bushes below.

Ava, getting out of the pool, looks over to see...

Two GUARDS apprehend Dwight. Ava tries to get to Dwight but is stopped by Manute.

AVA

Let me through, Manute.

But this isn't going to happen.

DAMIEN LORD, smoking a pipe, opens a door out to the pool area. Middle aged. Aristocratic.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

There's a myth that keeps working
stiffs going that the only real man
is the one without any money... and
it's usually just that, a myth. But
in this case... I'll go with it.

DAMIEN

And what do we have here, Manute?

MANUTE

An intruder, sir. A pervert. A
VOYEUR, by all appearances.

AVA is staring at DWIGHT, smiling slightly.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

She doesn't defend me. That's the
thing about Ava. It's when you're
with her that you're most on your
own.

DAMIEN

We needn't involve the *POLICE* in
this, need we?

MANUTE

No, sir.

MANUTE crushes Dwight's CAMERA in one fist.

DAMIEN

Very well, then.

MANUTE

Yes, sir. Sleep well, sir.

DAMIEN

One of these days, Ava, you'll have
as little hold on other men as you
have on me.

AVA
By then you'll be dead.

DAMIEN exits with a shrug.

AVA steps forward and crouches by Dwight to say

AVA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Dwight.

She turns and goes. Dwight gets up. Manute gets between Ava and Dwight.

Two Guards hold Dwight. Manute kicks him in the crotch.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
An atom bomb goes off between my legs.

Manute punches him in the jaw.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A freight train barrels into my jaw.

Manute punches Dwight again.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've taken a beating before but never like this. Never like this.

CLOSE UP Manute as he punches one more time.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The sounds go wet.

Dwight goes flying from the last punch into a field of utter BLACKNESS.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Maybe he keeps hitting me. I don't know. I'm gone. Gone to that place where there is no pain or thought.

78

EXT. SIN CITY STREET - NIGHT

78

Dwight's body is kicked out of the back seat of the Tucker.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
I wake up in mid-air. The pavement rushes up to give me a big, sloppy kiss.
(looks up)
(MORE)

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll be damned. Door to door
service.

Dwight notices that his Mustang Convertible is parked outside
his apartment.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then I spot my Mustang, which makes
no sense. Why would they return my
car?

79 INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRS - NIGHT

79

Dwight enters the building passing his LANDLADY, who's
holding a small dog.

LANDLADY
My word, Mr. McCarthy. Just look
at you. You're not having trouble
again, are you?

DWIGHT
No. I just got mugged.

80 INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT - OFFICE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

80

Dwight enters his apartment, notes it's not locked. He looks
around. He walks through the room to the sofa. He picks up
AVA'S PURSE. Her CIGARETTE SMOKE wafts.

81 INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

81

Dwight opens his bedroom door. Ava lounges on his bed,
smoking a cigarette.

DWIGHT
Get out of here.

AVA
No.

DWIGHT
Put your clothes back on and get
out of here. Now.

AVA
No. You had your chance. I would
have stayed away. But you came for
me. You still want me. And I'm
yours. Now. Tonight.

DWIGHT

Get out of my life once and for all
or I'll bash your teeth in.

AVA

Do you want me to beg? I'll beg.
But I must have you. Tonight and
never again. If you can't love me--
hate me. If you can't forgive me--
punish me. Make me hurt like I've
hurt you.

He backhands her. KRAKK! Her cigarette goes flying.

He wrenches her to him. They kiss passionately.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

I call her every foul name there
is. She makes my name sound like
music, like a chant to some dark
God. She's slippery with sweat.

They are entwined SILHOUETTES, mad with passion. Pulsing CITY
LIGHTS cast shadows through BLINDS.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Before long my hatred is spent, but
she won't let go. She kisses me and
coaxes me and the fire grows again.

There is no bedroom, no furniture, no reality.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I say all the things I swore I'd
never say again. She owns me. Body
and soul.

Ava stands, streaked by SHADOWS. Dwight is kneels in front of
her, holding her, clinging to her. She is statuesque,
mothering, a standing Pieta. He is her suppliant.

82

INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

82

AGAINST BLACKNESS rises CIGARETTE SMOKE. FOLLOW it to AVA, at
a window, lit by BLINDS. They speak in whispers. Both smoke.

DWIGHT

Tell me everything.

AVA

Manute--the man who beat you--he's
a specialist in inflicting pain.

(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)
Hideous pain, in all the places you
just gave me joy...

DWIGHT
That's sick. That's crazy.

AVA
Damien talks and talks and watches--
it's worse each time. He's getting
closer to his final, sick climax.
He says I'll be very ugly before I
die.

DWIGHT
No, Ava. You aren't going to die.
You're coming with me.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Her laugh is black and bottomless.

AVA
It's hopeless...He lets me run
away. He laughs about it. He
doesn't care where I go, or what I
do. He knows Manute will always
find me.
(looking up)
Isn't that right, Manute.

MANUTE stands there in the dark.

MANUTE
Mr. Lord will require that you be
disciplined.

AVA
No, Dwight. Don't fight him. He'll
kill you. He's not human.

Dwight punches Manute. FAPP!

DWIGHT (V.O.)
I punch a vault door. It doesn't
fall down, so I punch it again.

FAPP!

Manute hits Dwight and he folds like a Kleenex.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A wrecking ball hits me square in
the chest.

Dwight crashes through the bedroom window.

TIGHT on Ava and Manute looking out the window at Dwight OFF SCREEN below.

MANUTE

Mrs. Lord. Your coat. We have an appointment.

83 EXT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

83

Dwight, lying on the street covered in broken glass and window blinds. A bloody mess.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

The monster in my gut uncurls itself and erupts from my throat with an endless bloody roar. They can't take her away from me. Not this time.

DWIGHT'S EYES glare up from beneath his brow. Savage.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know exactly what to do. I know exactly where to go.

84 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

84

NANCY works her lasso, tosses her COWBOY HAT into the crowd. A drunken CHEER goes up. WEEVIL makes a lunge for it. MARV'S HAND snatches it first, and sends WEEVIL flying with a backhand.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Now here's a girl with protection. She may be showing off everything she's got in a ratty dive full of horny drunks, but Nancy's the safest gal in the world. Make a grab for Nancy and you're up against three hundred pounds of iron that goes by the name of Marv.

MARV tosses NANCY'S HAT back to Nancy.

NANCY whirls to catch the hat, puts it on, gives with a wink and a delicious smile. Then dances off.

TOURIST #1 (V.O.)

CUT OFF?! In THIS dickhole?

At the BAR, four TOURISTS loiter. Middle-aged LILLIAN removes an empty glass as TOURIST #1 stabs a finger in MARV'S direction. MARV is drinking, about twelve empty shot glasses in front of him, and about twelve more being gone through one by one. DWIGHT observes, looking from Tourists to MARV, smiling, taking it all in...

TOURIST #1 (CONT'D)

I don't see you cutting off KING
KONG over there!

LILLIAN

He don't ever get cut off. And
watch what you call him.

MARV

It's OK, Lillian. He's from out of
town. He don't know nothing from
nothing.

TOURIST #2

TELL her, man!

TOURIST #3

WE'LL back you up!

DWIGHT slides onto the stool next to MARV. LILLIAN passes Dwight a bottle and a glass.

MARV

(to tourist)

Hey, pal. Maybe you ought to take
some friendly advice and haul on
out of here. You've had a few too
many. We all know what that's like.
But you're headed for trouble,
mouthing off like you been. Go get
yourself some sleep.

TOURIST #1

I'm not taking any orders from YOU--
or from that COW, neither, big guy!

TOURIST #2

WE'LL back you up!

TOURIST #3

Tell him OFF!

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Marv's in altogether too generous a
mood, tonight. I'll have to do
something about that.

DWIGHT sips his drink, watching:

MARV

You shouldn't ought to use language like that. Not when it's a lady you're talking about.

TOURIST #1

"LADY"? I don't know. She looks more like a COW to me!

MARV

There's no call for getting nasty.

LILLIAN

It's OK, Marv. Be a sweet and stay out of this one.

TOURIST #1

She smells like a cow, too! But maybe that turns a guy like you on!

MARV

You are really pushing it. You better shut your trap and get lost.

TOURIST #1

Hell, I bet cows are great! You get all those extra hooters to play with!

TOURIST #1 pulls a massive REVOLVER from his shoulder holster. DWIGHT pours himself another drink. MARV pulls another CIGARETTE from his pack with his mouth, crosses his legs, casual.

TOURIST #2

SHOW him, man! SHOW him!

TOURIST #1

I got something that makes me a bigger guy than you, ugly!

MARV

Now that there is one DAMN big gun. Cool speed rig, too. Must've set you back a bundle. I've got to tell you, I'm impressed.

TOURIST #1 trains his PISTOL on MARV. MARV sips his drink. DWIGHT sips his. LILLIAN produces a BOTTLE and SHOT GLASSES for the tourists.

TOURIST #2
He's BEGGING for it, man! BLOW HIM
AWAY! WE'LL back you up!

LILLIAN
OK. Another round. On the house.
It's OK, Marv. No trouble.

MARV
Sure, we all have a few too many.
Sometimes. It just gets my goat
when guys talk about dames that
way.

TOURIST #1 presses his PISTOL right between Marv's eyes.

TOURIST #1
Moooooooo

MARV
You are really starting to honk me
off.

TOURIST #1
MooooOOOOO

MARV grabs his wrist, shakes it like a chain, breaking it in
three places. The GUN flies. Not leaving his stool, Marv
crushes the tourists's face on the bar.

MARV sits, watching the remaining TOURISTS back away--
TOURIST #1 sprawls on the floor, unconscious, spurting BLOOD.
DWIGHT throws back his drink in a gulp, pours himself
another.

LILLIAN
(into phone)
Somebody pissed Marv off. Bring a
mop.

TOURIST #2
I could use some sleep.

TOURIST #3
Owe the wife a call.

TOURIST #4
Get a good start in the morning.

MARV
Bunch of pansies...

DWIGHT
Marv--I need your help.

MARV

Dwight! I didn't even see you there! What can I do you for?

DWIGHT

It's bad. It means going up against a lot of guns.

MARV

Count me in. I could use a change of pace.

85 ON DWIGHT AND MARV - MONTAGE

85

They talk, drink, even laugh at first. But they're on a bad drunk. By the end they both stare forward, joyless.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

We finish off the bottle, letting its liquid darkness fill us both. When I'm sure he's had enough to make him good and dangerous I tell him about Ava and his eyes go killer red. I know he's willing to die for me, if that's what it takes. The poor slob.

86 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

86

MARV beside him, DWIGHT weaves his MUSTANG through traffic, driving faster than hell.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

So I'm using him. So What? So he breaks the faces I want him to break instead of somebody else's. So he helps me get Ava back in my arms again instead of sleeping it off in a flophouse or a gutter. His life isn't worth a damn, anyway. If I don't get him killed the world will, one way or another. It's got no place for him... The poor slob. I hate myself.

MARV checks the action of the TOURIST'S PISTOL. Spins its chamber. Admires it.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I've never seen Marv with a gun before. The way he plays with it is really disturbing.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
I want you to leave that thing in
the car. Nobody's going to get
killed tonight.

MARV
Aw, Dwight. You're no fun at all.

MARV hands DWIGHT a bottle. Dwight takes a long swig of it.

87 EXT. LORD MANOR - GATE - NIGHT 87

Dwight and Marv climb over the gate. They split up.

88 EXT. LORD MANOR - COURTYARD - NIGHT 88

DWIGHT moves through manicured SHRUBBERY as MARV bounces a
GUARD off a STATUE. GUARDS run at MARV, but he gets the
better of them, tossing them around like toys.

88-pt1 A GUNSHOT barely misses Marv, tearing at the wall behind him88-pt1
Marv looks over his shoulder. Sudden fury.

MARV
Tough guy, huh?

MANUTE lowers his gun, and nods gravely. They engage - and
MANUTE, the huge Manute, is nothing. MARV takes his best shot
- spits the blood out, laughing - and then starts giving his
own. Finally MARV sits back and lights a cigarette, using his
left hand only.

Marv looks at his bloody right fist. There's something in it.
He opens it. On his palm is MANUTE'S EYEBALL.

MARV (CONT'D)
Haven't had my hand around
of one of THESE in DAYS.

MANUTE'S EYE stares from between MARV'S FINGERS.

SMOKES. Pats Manute.

MARV (CONT'D)
Dwight says no one gets killed. So
all right. But he didn't say I
can't hurt you some more.

As he reaches for Manute we

CUT TO:

89 INT. LORD MANOR - FOYER - NIGHT 89

Dwight sneaks into a side door.

90 INT. LORD MANOR - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 90

He climbs marble stairs and sees a shadow.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Damien Lord.

91 INT. LORD MANOR - STUDY - NIGHT 91

Shelved leather bound BOOKS abound. Ancient MAPS. Samurai Prints. A huge, ancient GLOBE. Dwight enters, confronts DAMIEN.

DWIGHT
Where is she? What have you done
with her?

DAMIEN slowly puts his glasses on.

DAMIEN
Have you come to take her away from
all this?

Dwight says nothing, steps closer.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
What is "all this," in her present
stories? I haven't the slightest
notion what nonsense my wife has
told you. Nor do I care.

Damien moves to his desk. Opens a drawer. Dwight advances.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
It's all lies. The woman is
pathological. You've been deceived.

Damien pulls a small pistol from the drawer.

DWIGHT swings as hard a punch as he has ever thrown, and drops DAMIEN, who falls simply. He stands looking at him. The older man doesn't get up. Dwight kneels, and feels for a pulse. As he realizes that Damien is dead, he notices:

AVA stands at a DOORWAY, her figure silhouetted by a transparent ROBE. She holds a .32 Revolver at her side.

DWIGHT
I killed him.

AVA
What did it feel like?

DWIGHT
What?

AVA
Murdering an innocent man. I just
want to know what it felt like.
Your fist. Right in his face. His
eyes, going blank. It must have
been beautiful.

He stares at her, unbelieving. She walks apart. Then turns
towards him.

AVA (CONT'D)
I need to know.

DWIGHT
What are you talking about?
Innocence...

AVA
I knew I could count on you. Sex
always made you stupid. Ready to
believe anything. You've just made
me a very rich woman.

She raises her pistol and takes aim.

AVA (CONT'D)
Do me one last favor, lover. Stay
still long enough for me to blow
your brains out.

She FIRES. The bullet rips at his right shoulder. He
staggers, unbelieving. She FIRES. This bullet hits his left
side. AVA comes closer:

AVA (CONT'D)
I'm not much of a shot. But I do my
best.

DWIGHT
Ava!

BLAM! This one hits him square in the gut. He drops to his
knees.

AVA
 I planned it... You fell for it.
 This is the last time I'm ever
 going to need anything from a man.
 This is the last time I make my
 living on my back.

DWIGHT gets it, and with blood on his teeth, smiles.

DWIGHT
 Manute never hurt you?

She smiles at that one.

AVA
 Only when I asked.

DWIGHT
 You're insane.

Her smile is radiant. She's never been so beautiful. He vomits blood and struggles to rise.

AVA
 No, Dwight. A crazy person would be
 anyone who believes me. And that
 would be you. If I kissed you now,
 Dwight, would you still believe it
 was love?

DWIGHT
 Ava, no.

She FIRES. The bullet SMACKS across Dwight's skull and sends him tumbling toward a WINDOW. Dazed, he sees his chance, and hurls himself through the shattered glass. AVA is in a rage. She goes forward to the window.

92 EXT. LORD MANOR - GARDEN - NIGHT

92

Marv, now wearing Manute's hat, hears the nearby CRASH of WINDOW GLASS.

93 EXT. LORD MANOR - COURTYARD - NIGHT

93

Marv picks DWIGHT up and hauls him away as BULLETS fly.

At the window Ava's gun CLICKS, empty.

AVA
 DAMN!

94 EXT. STREET - TUCKER - SPEEDING - NIGHT 94

The Tucker flattens a STOP SIGN, cutting off a honking PETERBILT.

95 INT. TUCKER - SPEEDING - NIGHT 95

MARV drives, one arm relaxed on the bench seat. In the back seat, DWIGHT is obscured in shadow, semi-conscious, blood running.

MARV

I handled that big guy just like I promised, Dwight. I didn't kill him. I didn't even cripple him. Six months in traction, tops. Took an eye out of him, though. But he's still breathing. And before you say anything, I know I was supposed to use your Stang for the getaway. But then I saw THIS beauty sitting there, keys in the ignition and everything. I couldn't pass up a chance to take a spin in an honest-to-God TUCKER!

SIREN WAILS. A MOTORCYCLE COP pulls up by the car window.

MOTORCYCLE COP

PULL OVER!

MARV swings the steering wheel toward the cop. THROUGH WINDOW WE SEE cop and motorcycle go flying.

MARV

You know they only made a couple dozen of these babies? I saw a movie about it once...Aw, here I am jabbering, with you leaking all over the place. Just hold on. I'll get you to a guy I know. He's good with bullets and he don't ask questions.

DWIGHT

(barely conscious)

No. Old Town. Take me to Old Town.

MARV

Let me level with you, pal. You ain't going to make it to Old Town.

DWIGHT hunches forward, into the light. His face is a butchered mess. ONE EYE bulges, dislocated.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
I've got too much I've got to do to
let myself die.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Old Town.

MARV
It's your funeral. Especially the
way I'm driving.

He steps even further on the gas. POLICE CARS swing in behind them.

96

INT. LORD MANOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

96

UNIFORMED COPS carry body-bagged DAMIEN out on a gurney. Detectives MORT and BOB question AVA. She's still in her revealing ROBE. MORT and AVA share a couch. BOB stands. She holds Mort's hands.

MORT
He left a lot of blood, Mrs. Lord.
He won't get far. You said you knew
him... the killer.

AVA
The killer's name is Dwight. Dwight
McCarthy.

BOB
You knew him in what sense?

AVA
Why, the Biblical one. I'm sorry,
Lieutenant. You've been so very
patient with me. Here we've barely
met, but already I feel I can trust
you.

MORT
You can trust me.

AVA
We were together, for a while, a
few years ago. It went badly. He
wanted me again. He went...

HER EYES come up.

AVA (CONT'D)

...insane.

(a beat)

...He started IMAGINING things.
Accusing me of things. He followed
me. Wherever I went. Recently he
broke onto this very property.

BOB

Did he beat you?

AVA

When he drank. He drank a lot.
Night after night...but that..that
wasn't the worst of it..

She moves closer to Mort, her mouth near his.

MORT

Take your time...

AVA

...there was a cat I had. A
Himalayan. He cut her eyes out. He
said he'd do the same thing to me.

BOB

Did you ever report this?

AVA

No. I suppose I should have...

MORT

Never mind that. It's
understandable.

BOB

What happened next? I mean, you
STAYED with this nutcase?

AVA

You'd be surprised how much a woman
can take.

MORT

You were terrified.

AVA

It was Damien who took me away. He
was so gentle and strong and sure.
I suppose I'm a woman who needs...
protection. He made me feel safe.
But then Dwight, he found me
somehow. He started calling me.

(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)
Late at night. Making awful
threats. And now--now Damien's DEAD
and I'm ALONE and...Oh, please,
Lieutenant...

MORT
You can call me Mort...

AVA
Please, Mort. Hold me tight. Just
for a moment.

97 EXT. LORD MANOR - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

97

Bob and Mort walk toward their car.

BOB
Nothing like a widow in need of
comfort. I got a stiffy just
watching. Man, she's PRIMED.

MORT
Just drop it, Bob.

BOB
You don't pass up a chance like
that. What's the point of being a
Sin City cop if you don't get the
PERKS?

MORT
I'm a married man, Bob.

BOB
(chuckling)
I don't care what you are. You just
don't pass up a chance like THAT. I
mean, just LOOK at that babe. I
wouldn't wait a SECOND.

MORT
That's enough, Bob.

97-pt1 AVA watches from the window. Then turns away.

97-pt1

98 EXT. STREET - TUCKER - SPEEDING - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

98

A police copter circles, looking for a shot. The TUCKER
weaves among SQUAD CARS, moving like a spaceship.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Ava...this time you've crossed a final, fatal line. You've tricked me into doing something there's no coming back from. You've damned my soul to hell.

99 EXT. OLD TOWN - STREET - NIGHT

99

We know where we are because of MIHO coming to alert on a rooftop, beginning to move.

One remaining SQUAD CAR chases the TUCKER into OLD TOWN.

HOOKERS pull forth HANDGUNS and MACHINE PISTOLS and FIRE, perforating the squad car.

One Old Town girl fires a FLAME THROWER from a rooftop.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Poor dumb rookie. His buddies should have told him the girls of Old Town have laws all their own-- and they don't take kindly to cops.

The squad car CRASHES into a lamp post, aflame. The cops run for cover as the cop car EXPLODES.

100 EXT./INT. TUCKER WINDOWS - SPEEDING - NIGHT

100

Dwight's jostled with each swerve of the car. His face SMACKS against the car window. His mouth is open, gulping. BLOOD pours from it.

MARV

Old Town! HAW! This is GREAT!
You're a GENIUS, kid!

DWIGHT (VO)

I can't seem to get any air in. I'm gulping a lot. It sounds awful.

101 INT. ALLEY CORNER - NIGHT

101

MIHO , GAIL, and DALLAS train weapons on them as MARV pulls DWIGHT from the Tucker.

MARV

Here we are pal-- but all of a sudden this don't look like the brightest idea you ever had.

GAIL

You have ten seconds to tell us
what you're doing bringing cops to
Old Town.

MARV

We got us a problem. I don't fight
girls.

DWIGHT

Gail--it's me--

GAIL

Dwight. Oh, baby. What have they
done to you?

DWIGHT (V.O.)

A corkscrew stabs me square in the
chest--and TWISTS.

He collapses. GAIL rushes to him.

GAIL

It's his heart! Get Molly!

MIHO is gone in a flash.

GAIL (CONT'D)

(to herself, mainly)

Get everybody.

102 INT. MORT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

102

MORT'S WIFE sleeps. MORT smokes a cigarette. Stubs it out.

103 INT. LORD MANOR - SPA - NIGHT

103

STEAM. AVA is in the bathtub. The PHONE RINGS.

AVA

It's about time.

She picks it up. Walks out of tub.

AVA (CONT'D)

Lieutenant...Mort. You're so kind
to call..No, I wasn't sleeping. I
haven't slept at all. I'm jumping
at every sound--Just KNOWING he's
still out there. I guess I'm not a
very strong person. And me in this
house. All alone...

Mort sits in another room on the phone.

MORT

You shouldn't be so hard on yourself, Mrs. Lord. You're having a very understandable reaction. If there's anything at all I can do for you.

Back on AVA'S LIPS IN ECU:

AVA

I know it's a bad thing to think of you the way I do... It's inconvenient. But who ever loved, who loved not at first sight? I've thought about you since I saw you. I'm thinking about you now. Are you thinking about me?

MORT

Yes...

AVA

I hate myself for saying this but... I just don't know if I could bear to be alone tonight.

104	INT./EXT. MORT'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT	104
	Lightening crashes as Mort drives.	
105	EXT. LORD MANOR - NIGHT	105
	Ava comes to the window. Mort stands by his car below.	
	Ava opens the door.	
105-pt1	SYMBOLIC SHOT - WHITE SILHOUETTE - SLOMO	105-pt1
	A GIANT BEAR TRAP CLANGS CLOSED.	
106	INT. MOLLY'S ESCORT SERVICE - NIGHT	106
	Blackness.	

DWIGHT (V.O.)

My heart beats. I take in the rich, burnt smell of coffee.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
European coffee, that too-black
stuff she always drinks.

This is all from DWIGHT'S POV:

Open your eyes. Search the dark room. Focus on GAIL'S BUTT.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Gail. She's reason enough to open
my eyes.

Climb past her hands, holding her COFFEE CUP. Keep climbing.
COUGH. Her face turns to us. She still wears the
executioner's mask. She leans close.

GAIL
Can you hear me, Dwight? Blink your
eyes if you can.

Blink.

GAIL (CONT'D)
That's good. Don't try to
talk...You're going to be all
right, baby. But it was close...One
of the bullets hit a pulmonary
artery. You went into cardiac
arrest...Molly had to crack your
chest open...she massaged your
heart...

She pulls off the mask. Her hair is short-cropped, stylish.

His eyes pan sideways to: a needle being plunged into a stent
in an IV.

DWIGHT lies on a four-poster BED, covered in bandages and
attached to an I.V.

GAIL kneels, kissing his hand.

GAIL (CONT'D)
The cops want you bad, Dwight...
really bad. But don't worry. We'll
fix you up, we'll get you on your
feet, and when we do, when you're
all better, I'll deck you for
leaving us in the first place. I
told you, you'd be back. I told
you, you belong here, you jerk.

DWIGHT

I thought... there was another world out there. I thought I could be part of it.

GAIL

There's only Sin City.

107

INT. MOLLY'S ESCORT SERVICE - PARLOR - NIGHT

107

WENDY and GOLDIE stand side by side, confronting DWIGHT. He sits, wearing a silk bathrobe, face still bandaged. But he's smoking and has a drink. GAIL sits at his armrest.

GOLDIE

Molly says you're ready to leave.

DWIGHT

No. I'm staying.

WENDY

Wrong answer. Miho?

MIHO emerges from behind a beaded curtain. She walks past Dwight, meets his eyes, expressionless.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Deadly little Miho. If she recognizes me, she doesn't let it show.

WENDY

Mister, you picked the wrong neighborhood for your hideout.

GOLDIE

Alive or dead, you're leaving.

GAIL

He's staying.

As MIHO comes forward. GAIL stamps out her CIGARETTE. She pulls a .45 from the back of her belt.

GAIL (CONT'D)

If you're going to kill him, you better kill me too. Even though he doesn't feel the same about me-- he's the only man I'll ever love.

Wendy, Goldie, Miho all look at each other.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

They all seem to be waiting for the other shoe to drop. Gail drops it.

GAIL

It was dark in that alley, Miho. When you were fifteen. You killed three of the Tong...but the last two had the drop on you. You were dead, until someone appeared.

107-pt1 [Show this action]

107-pt1

You never got a good look at the man who saved you. Take a look now.

MIHO sheathes her KATANA. She goes and stands at Dwight's side, to defend him. Now Gail is on one side, Miho on the other, facing the Twins.

GAIL (CONT'D)

He gets more time...and more surgery.

The TWINS look at each other.

108

INT. POLICE STATION - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

108

MORT and BOB cast SHADOWS on a PROJECTION SCREEN:

LANDLADY

Oh she never talked to *me*. She's not a woman who likes other women. Other women are a waste of time. But she was so beautiful--and Mr. McCarthy always seemed so lonely, except for when she was there. They had quite a time. My Lord, how the ceiling shook.

MORT looks jealous and sick.

MORT

What?

BOB

But he was violent to her.

The LANDLADY raises an eyebrow.

LANDLADY

Not in any way that she didn't want.

MORT and BOB look at each other.

MORT

Thank you, that will be all.

He leans forward and shuts off the recorder.

109 EXT./INT. MORT'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

109

CAMERA MOVES IN through WINDSHIELD.

BOB

Everything says McCarthy isn't what she says...

MORT

We haven't heard *her* side of it.

109-pt1

(desperate, as we INTERCUT

AVA AND MORT HAVING SEX)

109-pt1

For all we know, the landlady's in on it with McCarthy.

BOB

In on WHAT? First the guy's a psycho killer--now he's masterminding a CONSPIRACY?

MORT

Lighten up on her.

BOB

There's only ONE PERSON who had anything to gain from snuffing Damien Lord--and you're too busy BANGING the broad to bring her in for questioning!

MORT

You don't know her, you don't know anything about her! And I'll be damned if I let you use that kind of language when you talk about her!

BOB

You stupid schmuck, you're in love with her. It's one thing to bang a babe on the side but you can't even think straight!

MORT

Shut the hell up, I know what I'm doing!

110 INT. LORD MANOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

110

MORT gets dressed. AVA crouches in bed, her gown scattered.

AVA
I guess I should have told you
everything.

MORT
You're damn right you should've.

AVA
He raped me and he almost killed
me.

This seems to be making MORT hot.

MORT
Son of a bitch...

AVA
I thought I could reason with
him... But he was worse than ever.
His hands at my throat, strangling
me while he...did what he needed to
do.

MORT is already fumbling to bend one in.

MORT
(starting to bang away)
Not while I'm around!

AVA
He'll kill me, kill me, kill me. I
have only you. I love you, Mort.
Keep me safe.
(a true sexual thespian)
Keep me...keep me...

The PHONE RINGS. Ava grabs the phone and answers as coolly if
she is in an office:

AVA (CONT'D)
Ava Lord.

111 INT. MOLLY'S ESCORT SERVICE - EXTREME CLOSE

111

DWIGHT'S EYES glare from a mask of BANDAGES.

DWIGHT

For once you missed my heart. I'm
healing quickly, Ava. I'll be
coming soon.

112 INT. LORD MANOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

112

AVA stands, glaring at seated MORT. The world's largest
FIREPLACE blazes, sculpting her like a demon.

AVA

You know where he is. And you won't
do a damn thing about it.

MORT

You don't know what you're asking.
We have to wait for Old Town to
give him up. It's the only way.

AVA

You're a Sin City cop. You've got a
badge and a gun. You've got power.
USE IT. If you ever want to have
THIS woman again--be a MAN. If
you're a man, kill him.

113 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

113

MANUTE wakes. His missing EYE is replaced with an orb of
GOLD. DWIGHT, his face bandaged, aims a GUN at Manute's face.
The room is dark. Moving traffic outside streaks the scene
with shadows of BLINDS.

DWIGHT

Don't move.

MANUTE

McCarthy. Death is already in your
eyes. You might breathe and speak
but your soul is dead. The body
will follow.

Dwight squats atop Manute, who lies in traction.

DWIGHT

You never tortured her. You two
cooked that up. You were her LOVER.

MANUTE

You're a fool. The GODDESS takes no
LOVER. The Goddess makes SLAVES of
men. You have been one.

(MORE)

MANUTE (CONT'D)

So was Damien Lord. So was I.
Anyone she wishes... We serve. When
she wishes it, we die. It is that
simple.

DWIGHT

How many others has she tricked and
ruined and murdered?

MANUTE

Dozens. In an instant she can see
to the heart of you-- and transform
herself to your deepest desire. To
Damien Lord she was a princess
bride. To you, a damsel in
distress. She devoured all of you.
Sometimes for profit. Sometimes for
sport. You cannot defeat the
Goddess. She cannot die.

DWIGHT

You're as crazy as she is. If you
were as rotten as her, I'd blow
your brains out right now. But I'm
trying to be careful about who I
kill and all you did was pound the
crap out of me. You've already paid
an eye for that I'm letting you off
with a warning. Stay in bed. Don't
go back to work. Don't get in my
way.

114 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

114

Mort's car climbs a hill. SIN CITY sprawls below.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

No Ava, you're no goddess. You're a
witch. A predator. Maybe I only got
what I deserved but what about the
others? Good men driven mad.

115 INT. CAR - SPEEDING - NIGHT

115

BOB

That does it Mort, you have really
lost it. Bad enough you leave your
wife for that skank.

MORT

You watch what you call her, you
son of a bitch.

BOB

You're throwing away your career.
Hell, you're committing SUICIDE,
you stupid SHIT!

MORT

I know what I'm doing. I'm going to
Old Town and I'm going to nail this
guy once and for all. And if I have
to go it alone, I will.

BOB

Turn the car around, Mort. We're
heading back to the station. You've
got to come clean with the captain.

MORT

Come clean about WHAT? I'm a cop.
I'm doing my JOB. I'm hunting down
a MURDERER.

BOB

You're screwing up every way there
is. You've gotta ditch that dame!

MORT

That's enough. We won't talk about
Ava. You're pushing it.

BOB

Somebody's got to set you straight!
Forget that stupid whore and turn
the car around or I'm turning you
in!

MORT

I WARNED you! EVERY DAY I WARNED
YOU! But you keep asking for it and
asking for it. Well here it is,
pal!

BOB

Mort, no---

BLAM! Mort shoots Bob in the face.

116

EXT. ROADSIDE - CLIFF - NIGHT

116

Mort hauls Bob from the car. He heaves Bob's body over guard
rail and off the cliff.

Mort realizes what he's done. He kneels. He crosses himself.
He blows his own brains out.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
A witch. A predator. Destroying
lives. Sometimes for power.
Sometimes for profit. Sometimes for
sport.

117 EXT. LORD MANOR - TERRACE - NIGHT

117

ARMED GOONS in tuxedos pretend to be casual.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
But now you're locked away in your
mansion, a bird of prey in a gilded
cage. You've had months to wait and
wonder and worry. Are you ready to
do something STUPID?

118 INT. LORD MANOR - BALLROOM - NIGHT

118

A spacious, spectacular place. A DINOSAUR SKELETON looms,
amidst ANTIQUES and STATUARY. The room is packed, a high
class cocktail party. AVA shares a drink with ALARICH
WALLENQUIST, crime lord of Sin City.

AVA
I'm so happy you chose to attend my
little party, Herr Wallenquist.

WALLENQUIST
Your invitation surprised me. Your
husband had no criminal
associations. Believe me, I tried.

AVA
Like any couple, my late husband
and I had our differences of
opinion. May I speak truthfully,
Mister Wallenquist? Old Town is a
thorn in your side.

WALLENQUIST
Indeed it is.

AVA
All those profits, in the hands of
whores. Surely you've wanted to put
them in their place...To make some
adjustment in the balance of
power...To show them who rules Sin
City. Which brings me to a small
bit of business I'd like to
discuss.

WALLENQUIST
Is that me, or you?

AVA
Why Mister Wallenquist! That's very naughty.

WALLENQUIST
When Socrates was past his sexual life, he was glad. He said "Now I am freed from a cruel and insane mistress".

GAIL passes by, unnoticed, looking smart in a tuxedo.

WALLENQUIST (CONT'D)
You have limited influence upon me, Mrs. Lord. And you're an AMATEUR in a game best left to PROFESSIONALS.

AVA
I haven't been doing so very badly.

WALLENQUIST
You've enjoyed an amateur's luck. But the two policemen--that was an EMBARRASSING blunder.

AVA
Yes. I'm out of my league. I need a stronger, more experienced hand. I need the untapped resources of Lord Enterprises joined in...matrimony with the expertise and iron fist of Alarich Wallenquist.

WALLENQUIST
You need Dwight McCarthy's corpse and a suicide note in which he confesses to the murder of Damien Lord.

AVA
And you need to show those Old Town bitches who's boss.

WALLENQUIST
Indeed I do.

AVA
A marriage of convenience, then.

WALLENQUIST

Have you ever made any other kind,
Mrs. Lord?

119 EXT. OLD TOWN - STREET - NIGHT 119

In the Old Town crowd, A MAN talks with DALLAS. She points off. He hands her a roll of money.

120 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 120

SIX MEN climb STEPS, drawing HANDGUNS. They stop at a DOOR. One touches the door. It creaks open.

121 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 121

The MEN enter, GUNS ready, Darkness...silence...then MIHO steps into the light.

122 INT. LORD MANOR - PARLOR - DAY 122

WALLENQUIST and AVA look on as a THUG opens a BOX built for long-stem flowers. SIX SEVERED HANDS are inside, each holding a HANDGUN.

WALLENQUIST, wearing a SMOKING JACKET, slumps in an overstuffed CHAIR. AVA leans behind him, runs her hands across his chest.

WALLENQUIST

(lifting one of the hands)
Six of my best. Sending my second
best would appear to be pointless,
wouldn't you say?

AVA

You're not going to just sit down
and take this, are you?

WALLENQUIST

Anything more would start a gang
war. Too costly. The police would
get involved. It would be untidy.

AVA

It's worth money to me. A lot of
money. Dwight said he's coming
here... coming after me. He will.
There must be something you can do.

WALLENQUIST

There is a specialist in Texas. You don't pay me, Mrs. Lord. You pay him.

AVA

I'll pay anything.

WALLENQUIST

I can have him on a train tomorrow.

GAIL passes the DOORWAY, sweeping, wearing a sexy maid outfit.

AVA

I'll brief him myself.

WALLENQUIST

He'll be on your doorstep at midnight.

AVA

And I'll be yours forever.

He kisses her palm.

WALLENQUIST

Pray for your soul, Ava. This won't be its last visit to Sin City.

123 INT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

123

A TRAIN pulls in. A MAN exits, hauling a DUFFEL BAG. We see his shoes come along the platform, we see his bag, but we don't see his face.

124 EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

124

MANUTE stands waiting at his TUCKER.

DWIGHT saunters out, cocky, out of character. A different man. Played by a different actor. (Clive)

MANUTE

Good evening, Mr. Campbell. I'll take your bag.

DWIGHT

Nobody touches my gear--and I've got somebody picking me up who's one hell of a lot cuter than you.

MANUTE

It was our understanding that you
would travel alone.

DWIGHT

I'm full of surprises.

Fire-engine red, a '68 ELDORADO CONVERTIBLE screeches to the curb. GAIL, unrecognizable in a SOMBRERO, SHADES, and a WIG of wild HAIR, wrenches DWIGHT to the car with a go-for-broke KISS. He tosses his DUFFEL BAG into the back seat.

GAIL

EDDIE!

DWIGHT

Shuffle that bootie over to the
shotgun side, doll. I'm driving.
(to Manute)
We'll follow you.

MANUTE

Mrs. Lord may not be pleased.

DWIGHT

She's the one with a problem. I can
get back on the train.

125	EXT. STREET - NIGHT	125
	TUCKER leads ELDORADO through traffic.	
126	INT. TUCKER - REARVIEW MIRROR - NIGHT	126
	MANUTE stares back at the Caddy. Suspicion.	
127	EXT. LORD MANOR - ENTRANCE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT	127
	TUCKER and CADDY head for the parking garage. ARMED GUARDS OK their entrance. Another ARMED GUARD stands on a ROOFTOP.	
128	INT. LORD MANOR - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT	128
	Disguised GAIL sidles on the Eldorado's TRUNK. Beefy guard BOOGAARD, UZI in hand, eyeballs her. MANUTE walks DWIGHT.	

GAIL

Hurry on BACK. You know I get
IMPATIENT. And you know I get a
little CRAZY when I get IMPATIENT.

MANUTE

Keep an eye on that woman,
Boogaard.

BOOGAARD

Yes, SIR!

MANUTE and DWIGHT exit. GAIL displays her figure across the trunk, propping herself on her elbows. The SOMBRERO hides her face. Boogaard looks her over, thinks he's won the lottery.

GAIL

I hate being left alone. When I'm
alone it makes me want to do all
kinds of crazy things. No one
should leave a woman alone with a
man like you.

She glides to the car's BACK FIN, still in full display.
BOOGAARD leans close, his foot on a bumper.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Do you want me to do something we
shouldn't.

BOOGAARD

My lips are SEALED.

GAIL

There's something I need in the
trunk.

BOOGARD OPENS it, and we see, and the last thing he sees
ever, is

MIHO.

Gail pulls off her wig and shades.

129

INT. LORD MANOR - STAIRWELL LANDING - NIGHT

129

Guard JACOBY trains an UZI on Dwight. MANUTE looms.

MANUTE

Jacoby. Kill this man if he moves.

DWIGHT

I thought this was business.

MANUTE pulls two .45s From DWIGHT'S COAT.

MANUTE

My compliments to your surgeon, Mr. McCarthy. A remarkable transformation... But you still have the EYES. The eyes of a dead man.

Dwight, ambiguously:

DWIGHT

You're mistaken.

130 EXT. LORD MANOR - ROOFTOPS - NIGHT 130

MIHO flips upward across ROOFTOPS toward an ARMED GUARD. She lands briefly to hurl a THROWING STAR.

THROWING STAR strikes GUARD between the eyes.

131 INT. LORD MANOR - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 131

MANUTE leans in.

MANUTE

There will be time to talk of many things, Mister McCarthy. You will talk...you will scream. But first, you will come with me.

132 EXT. LORD MANOR - GROUNDS - NIGHT 132

MIHO breaks a guard's neck with a flying kick.

133 INT. LORD MANOR - SPA - NIGHT 133

STEAM. AVA, underlit, gorgeous, emerges from the water, looking hard at Dwight and MANUTE and GUARDS who wait for her. MANUTE trains Dwight's .45s at his back.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

The bathing thing with her was never about bathing. It was always theater. Or maybe it was retail. You can't make a sale without showing the goods.

AVA comes and looks closely at DWIGHT'S NEW FACE. She walks around him.

AVA
Manute, are you sure?

MANUTE
I am.

AVA
Dwight. You came for me.

DWIGHT
This is the last time, Ava.

AVA puts on a robe and lights a cigarette.

AVA
You always told the truth. But that was for the last time, too.

MANUTE
Madam, may I say that he is far too confident in your presence.

AVA looks around.

AVA
Change that. And change his face again.

MANUTE strikes a blow.

134 EXT. LORD MANOR - ROOFTOPS - NIGHT 134

One GUARD lights another's CIGARETTE. ARROWS strike each in the neck. Both die with barely a gasp.

MIHO'S FEET sprint over their CORPSES as they land.

135 INT. LORD MANOR - SPA - NIGHT 135

AVA moves close to DWIGHT, studies his face. He is now held by guards and bleeding.

AVA
Whatever happened to the man who was SUPPOSED to be on that train?

DWIGHT
Let's just say he never left Texas.

AVA walks around Dwight, studying him, turning her figure in the pool light. MANUTE keeps his guns trained on Dwight.

AVA

Do you mind if I say that you're twice the man I thought you were? You're a warrior... A killer. You're everything I want out of a man, but I could never get the honesty out of you. Or, frankly – cover your ears, Manute – the brains. You could have been everything I needed. You still could be. You're a new man.

DWIGHT

No.

HOLDING DWIGHT'S face:

AVA

When you're immune to me, I'll let you know.

MANUTE

Kill him, Madam.

Letting go of DWIGHT:

DWIGHT

Please do.

136 EXT. LORD MANOR – COURTYARD – NIGHT

136

GAIL charges from the PARKING GARAGE, hurls the DUFFEL BAG into the air.

TWO GUARDS look up as the DUFFEL BAG flies.

The DUFFEL BAG strikes the flagstone courtyard FLOOR with a CLANK.

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rips across the courtyard, sending the GUARDS and the TUCKER flying.

137 INT. LORD MANOR – SPA – NIGHT

137

WINDOWS BLOW IN, and the blast sends AVA, DWIGHT, and MANUTE off balance. AVA's FACE recoils from flying glass and she covers it with her hands. ALARMS RING.

DWIGHT, on the floor, stabs out his HAND. A .25 REVOLVER slides from his sleeve.

As MANUTE looms:

Dwight pops off SIX SHOTS, hitting Manute in the chest, staggering him. Manute doesn't fall.

138 EXT. LORD MANOR - COURTYARD - NIGHT 138

GAIL grabs a MACHINE PISTOL and OPENS FIRE.

GAIL finds cover behind the smoking wreckage of the Tucker as GUARDS pin her down with gunfire.

ARROWS fly through the air.

GUARDS are struck down.

139 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 139

MIHO fires ARROWS, backing away from GUNFIRE.

MIHO runs across ROOFTOPS, tossing her BOW away, as FOUR GUARDS give chase, firing.

MIHO leaps, dropping through a SKYLIGHT. GUARDS converge, emptying their MACHINE PISTOLS down into the SKYLIGHT. Silence...then Miho vaults from within, swinging her KATANA in a perfect circle.

GUARD'S severed HEADS tumble in each direction.

140 CLOSE ANGLES - INT. LORD MANOR - SPA - NIGHT 140

MANUTE slowly raises his head. He's bleeding badly. Still on his feet.

MANUTE

Six shots...and not a single head wound...

He raises one of the .45s, wobbly, trying to aim.

DWIGHT ducks and dodges as the .45 tries to find him.

Dwight delivers a SPINNING KICK. Manute TOPPLES.

MANUTE fires a wild shot. DWIGHT dances past it.

DWIGHT leaps into space--and DOUBLE- KICKS MANUTE. The .45s fly. MANUTE splashes into the POOL.

Seeing BLOOD, MANUTE clutches at the POOL'S EDGE. DWIGHT moves toward one dropped .45. AVA moves to the other .45.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Then it all gets down to speed and
luck.

AVA gets to a .45 first, aims it at DWIGHT. Her face is
lacerated by the glass but somehow beautiful, covered with
blood.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Her eyes are wet and full of love.

MANUTE is getting out of the pool.

AVA spins with the gun, and empties it into MANUTE, who
croaks, in confusion:

MANUTE
GODDESS--

MANUTE floats in the pool, BLOOD swirling.

AVA moves toward Dwight, her gun trained on him. Dwight holds
his gun to his side.

AVA
I never dreamed. You're everything
I've ever wanted. Everything I
need. You and me. Forever.

DWIGHT
It's over.

AVA
Pain has set you free. You're not
good anymore, Dwight. You're more
like me. Be like me. Let the old
Dwight go, let it go with his old
face...

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Then she pulls close and I've got
to look and all I want is to be
lost in the sight and sound and
smell of her... I can't think
straight...

She hesitates, and then, finally, in love, lowers it.

AVA
We can be FREE. We can be HAPPY.
TOGETHER. FOREVER.

She kisses him. It's a long, lingering, lover's kiss.

DWIGHT (V.O.)
Her kiss is a promise of paradise.

GUNSHOT.

AVA
(confused)
Dwight...

DWIGHT (V.O.)
The gun barks and bucks in my hand.
Life leaves Ava with a sigh.

GAIL and MIHO enter. DWIGHT, GAIL, and MIHO, stand looking down at AVA'S CORPSE.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sirens climb the hill. We'll take
the back roads, the old bootlegger
roads. They'll never catch us.

DWIGHT is resolute. The pain lingers in his eyes. He leaves the shot.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm going home.

BLACK

141 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

141

THOUGH TELEPHOTO LENS: NANCY walks amidst GRAVESTONES, wearing a black, wide-brimmed HAT. She carries FLOWERS.

ZOOM FOR CLOSE: NANCY removes her HAT, letting her blond hair blow in the win. She kneels, sets FLOWERS at the modest grave of JOHN HARTIGAN. CLIK! From CAMERA.

142 INT. ROARK RANCH - OFFICE - NIGHT

142

PHOTOS of NANCY are all over the desk.

Eager-to-please LIEBOWITZ splays PHOTOS of NANCY across the desk, from the cemetery, at work, on the street. One PHOTO shows a yearbook NANCY at age eleven.

LIEBOWITZ
All this time, she was right there.
Dancing in the club where you play
poker. You've got to have been
looking for a chance to put this
one through the ringer, Senator.

Looks at a framed foto of Yellow Bastard.

ROARK

Nancy Callahan. My son Ethan was killed, because of her. But I've always thought the better of taking revenge on a child.

LIEBOWITZ

You might want to give it another think. It's been four years now, and still she's planting flowers at Hartigan's grave. Every night.

ROARK

She's showing gratitude, from the look of it. To the cop.

LIEBOWITZ

Gratitude to the cop who ripped your son to pieces.

ROARK

Ethan might've become President... and Hartigan turned him into a freak.

FLASHBACK from the first Sin City. The Yellow Bastard with a needle to Nancy's throat. Hartigan in a noose.

ROARK (CONT'D)

Well, he sort of *completed* him as a freak. But I can hardly blame the young lady for-

LIEBOWITZ

Obsession?

ROARK

Let the little fluff drown in her sorrow.

LIEBOWITZ

It might not be that simple. Somehow, she got her hands on Hartigan's old PISTOL...

143 INT. FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

143

NANCY fires her PISTOL repeatedly.

The man-shaped TARGET ratchets forward, a perfect circle of SIX BULLET HOLES on its face.

144 INT. ROARK RANCH - OFFICE - NIGHT

144

LIEBOWITZ

...and she hits the range every night, just before work. She's become quite a good shot. And I can only imagine whose face she sees on that target.

ROARK

If you can imagine it, Liebowitz, I imagine it's pretty imaginable.

Liebowitz flushes:

LIEBOWITZ

She's been acting kind of crazy, sometimes, at work.

144-pt1 INTERCUT NANCY screaming in a wild rage at GILDA, another 144-pt1 dancer. She strews MAKE-UP from a counter. She smashes a mirror. In a shard, we see HARTIGAN watching her.

LIEBOWITZ (CONT'D)

She's drinking. This is new. Just in the past few weeks. She never drank before. It's all like she's building up to something...maybe building her nerve. Of all the places she could dance, why's she dance where you play poker?

ROARK

She drinks at the saloon?

LIEBOWITZ

At home. Every night. Blackout soused.

144-pt2 INTERCUT NANCY drinking in her thrashed apartment. Wasted. 144-pt2

ROARK

(thinks)

Where does she buy the liquor?

LIEBOWITZ

A corner joint in her neighborhood that she'd never walk into. She has it delivered.

ROARK

One of mine?

LIEBOWITZ

It is.

ROARK leans back, smiles.

ROARK

That will be all, Lieutenant.
You've got my interest. This little
bitch is turning me on.

145 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

145

NANCY dance a slow one, to haunting melody.

NANCY (V.O.)

This place STINKS. I never used to
notice, not when I danced. But now
I smell everything. I see it all.
Every damn thing.

Bleary-eyed LOSERS stare at NANCY as she dances.

NANCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know exactly where I am. I know
exactly what I am. I don't use the
stripper logic, anymore...that
they're losers and I'm not.

145-pt1 INTERCUT NANCY AIMING THE GUN AT ROARK as he passes through 145-pt1
the crowd.

Back to PRESENT, drunken, dancing.

NANCY (CONT'D)

It was when I couldn't shoot him
that I realized I was dead. That I
wasn't a woman with a plan. I was
just a drunk.

Loser MULGREW grabs NANCY'S BOOT by the ankle. She shrugs it
off. Mulgrew grabs again. MARV'S HAND reaches into frame to
crush Mulgrew's wrist.

MARV wrenches Mulgrew's arm around Mulgrew's back, dislocating
his shoulder and breaking god-knows-what.

He bends the screaming MULGREW over face first on stage.
NANCY kicks him in the face. MARV is surprised - lets the
ambulance-case MULGREW drop comically, ignored.

MARV

That wasn't like you, Nancy.

In answer, NANCY quick-draws HARTIGAN'S REVOLVER, FIRES.
Somewhere a BOTTLE shatters.

NANCY (V.O.)
I give them what they want.

A DRUNKEN CHEER goes up. DEAD HARTIGAN looks around to see what Nancy might have hit. She grabs up her BOTTLE from the stage and swigs out of it.

Her point of view of HARTIGAN as her bottle goes up and blocks him. The bottle comes down and Hartigan is gone.

Nancy struts off, SPURS jangling. CROWD stares in awe.

NANCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then I get the hell out of there.

146 EXT. FAT AL'S BOOZE STORE - NIGHT 146

Seedy BUMS harass a COLLEGE GIRL, who keeps walking, head down. One BUM pukes into the shell of a TELEPHONE STAND.

147 INT. FAT AL'S BOOZE STORE - NIGHT 147

Fierce GONZALES stabs a SYRINGE into the top of a VODKA BOTTLE as nervous FAT AL speaks on an old rotary PHONE.

FAT AL
Sure, honey. It'll be there in ten minutes. I'll bring it myself.

Hangs up.

FAT AL (CONT'D)
What are we giving her?

GONZALES thinks about it.

GONZALES
Everything.

148 EXT. NANCY'S CONDO - NIGHT 148

A HEAP bearing the FAT AL'S BOOZE logo on its door sidles up next to Nancy's STATION WAGON.

NANCY (V.O.)
Fat Al always delivers quickly, and personally.

149 INT. NANCY'S CONDO - DOORWAY - NIGHT

149

FAT AL exchanges the bagged BOTTLE for CASH from Nancy. Nancy wears a sweatshirt, jeans, and socks.

NANCY (V.O.)
His eyes never look higher than my
chest. Nobody's do. Not anymore.
They don't want to see my eyes.

FAT AL
Always a pleasure, ma'am. Always a
pleasure.

Hold on Nancy's stare. One of death and revenge.

150 INT. NANCY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

150

NANCY sits lazily on the couch. She's stoned. An old crime movie plays on TV. A third of the BOTTLE is gone.

NANCY
This rotten town. Those it can't
corrupt, it soils.

NANCY grabs the BOTTLE, takes a slug from it. Hartigan is sitting next to her.

NANCY (CONT'D)
It soiled you, John Hartigan.

HARTIGAN
Put that bottle down, Nancy. You've
had enough.

NANCY
It made you LIE to me. You're not
even here, right now. You said
you'd never leave me.

HARTIGAN
And I never have. And I never will.

NANCY
(addressing a direction
opposite Hartigan)
You're not even here, right now.
You're dead. You blew your brains
out. You stuck your gun in your
mouth and pulled the trigger and
blew your brains out.

HARTIGAN
I had my reasons.

NANCY
Those it can't soil, it kills.

HARTIGAN
There was no way out.

NANCY
You're not here.

HARTIGAN
You're hallucinating. You've been
poisoned.

NANCY
I hate you.

NANCY rises, unsteady, grabbing the bottle. She takes another slug. She reaches to the COFFEE TABLE, lifts a FRAMED NEWS CLIP of HARTIGAN titled "Killer Cop Suicide". She topples the coffee table as she moves, not noticing. She studies the NEWS CLIP.

NANCY (CONT'D)
You said you'd always love me.
That's what you said. You swore
you'd always love me.

HARTIGAN
And I always will.

ON HARTIGAN

HARTIGAN (V.O.)
No one ever really guessed what
hell is. It's watching the people
you love, in pain.

She throws the framed NEWS CLIP onto the floor. Smashes its GLASS with her FOOT. BLOOD shows through her sock.

NANCY
You're the only man I ever loved.
And you left me alone.

She totters off, barely able to stand, scraping the walls of the hallway, leaving bloody footprints.

HARTIGAN helplessly watches her go.

CUT TO:

151 INT. NANCY'S CONDO - HALLWAY - NIGHT

151

NANCY'S SHADOW, bottle in hand, glides across a WALL as she staggers. WE SEE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS of SENATOR ROARK, obsessively taped to her WALL.

NANCY

You never thought we'd stand a
chance against goddamn SENATOR
ROARK. You didn't believe in me.

ONE PICTURE of SENATOR ROARK fills frame. It comes ALIVE, laughing, triumphant. She's a tiny figure against it.

NANCY (CONT'D)

No, I was just mousy, scared little
NANCY CALLAHAN to you. To BOTH of
you. You never THOUGHT a little
piece of ASS like ME could bring
down the most powerful man in the
STATE.

152 INT. NANCY'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

152

Nancy glares at her own, bleary-eyed REFLECTION in the bathroom MIRROR. HARTIGAN stands behind her. She's still talking to herself, hysterical:

NANCY

But I have plans.

She snaps a pair of SCISSORS. She CHOPS at her long blond hair. Maniacal.

HARTIGAN

I love you, Nancy.

NANCY

There is no Nancy. There is only
revenge.

She snaps a pair of SCISSORS. She CHOPS at her long blond hair.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I am Nancy's revenge.

DEAD HARTIGAN

You're very beautiful, Nancy. Don't
do this to yourself.

She drags the scissor blade through the skin of her cheeks. Like ritual scarification for battle.

NANCY
I am Revenge.

NANCY'S BLOOD mingles with the HAIR clumped in the sink.

153 INT. NANCY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

153

NANCY tangles in sheets, the blood smeared, coming and going in delirium. She starts at ROARK'S CHUCKLE. He's standing over her bed. Six flashlights behind him.

ROARK
You little slut. You'll scream
before you die. You're out of your
mind. I appreciate the obsession
but you've got nothing. You could
have killed me fifty times if you
had the nerve, but you don't.
You're nothing.

He takes a switchblade to her face and presses it against her skin.

ROARK (CONT'D)
You'll scream, just like my boy
wanted you to.

The blade slides up towards her eye. He throws her down.

She leaps up to claw at his face. He's gone.

Groggy, she turns over, reaches for her BOTTLE. It's empty.

She curls in her bed, twitching, shaking. An angel in torment.

154 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

154

LILLIAN stares at NANCY, wild with alarm. NANCY applies garish red lipstick. Her eyes are sunken, dark. Her hair is short, spiky--and dyed jet BLACK.

LILLIAN
Darling--where have you BEEN? And
what have you done to yourself?

NANCY snags a TEASED PLATINUM-BLOND WIG from a mannequin. She fixes the wig to her head.

NANCY
Let these bastards see the real me.

155 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - STAGE - NIGHT

155

A SPOTLIGHT strikes NANCY as she struts onto stage. CROWD CHEERS. Nancy dances with abandon. Her dance is angry, a real grinder. The crowd eats it up.

In the CROWD, WEEVIL lets out a whoop, his eyes bulging. MARV stares glumly up from his beer. Worried. Weevil notices him.

WEEVIL

This is GREAT! What's with you?

MARV

Something's wrong.

MARV leaves his unfinished beer, moves to exit.

MARV (CONT'D)

It's like watching my sister do the nasty. I'm taking a hike.

On STAGE, Nancy finishes her act. She takes a bow, stumbling ever-so-slightly. LIGHTS OUT. WILD CHEERS.

NANCY'S POV: Marv exiting.

156 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

156

NANCY. She SLAMS her FACE into the mirror. It CRACKS. There's BLOOD on her forehead. .

NANCY

Pretty.

DEAD HARTIGAN

Beautiful.

She slams her head again, more violently.

She grabs a shard of mirror glass, and, after tilting the reflection of HARTIGAN out of it, glass and cuts her CHEEK.

NANCY

Pretty, pretty, pretty...

157 INT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

157

GILDA dances. Cascades of whirling jewelry.

MARV looks her over, glances about, sensing something.

NANCY sits, hunched over a drink at a corner table. No wig. Spiky black hair. Sliced WOUNDS all over her face. Marv approaches, sits.

A WAITRESS brings him a beer and a shot. He doesn't even notice.

MARV

Just give me a name, baby. Whoever did this to you--just give me his name.

NANCY locks eyes with Marv.

NANCY

Roark.

MARV swigs his beer. He stands. His eyes go killer red.

Nancy places Hartigan's gun on the table.

158 EXT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - NIGHT

158

They walk out together.

159 EXT. KADIE'S CLUB PECOS - BACK DOOR/ALLEY - NIGHT

159

MARV and NANCY step out the door into a filthy ALLEYWAY.

MARV

It'll be hard work. And it'll be kind of tricky. We'll need more weapons.

BRIGHT LIGHT hits them. MOTORCYCLE ENGINES ROAR.

NANCY

Looks like trouble.

THREE TOUGH-ASS BIKERS skid up, side by side. Armed to the teeth. As nasty a bunch as you could ask for.

Insert shots of their various guns.

MARV

(eying their weapons)
No... Looks like CHRISTMAS.

MARV saunters toward GORG0, the one on the right, opens his arms in friendly gesture.

MARV (CONT'D)
Sorry, guys. You missed last call.

GORG0 draws two SAWED-OFF PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUNS. Beside him MOTHRA whips out a nasty HOOK AND CHAIN. GODZILLA trains a MULTI-ARROW CROSSBOW.

GORG0
BullSHIT. We're ripping this place
a new ASSHOLE--

BATTING SHOTGUNS ASIDE (BOTH FIRING, AND ONE BLOWING OFF MOTHRA'S JAW), MARV then *digs his THUMBS into Gorgo's eyes, hooks the inside rim of his skull, and hurls him off the bike*. NANCY raises her pistol and shoots GODZILLA dead.

The MOTORCYCLES crash to the alley floor like dominos. MARV surveys the damage.

He and Nancy get WEAPONS of the leathered up corpses.

GORG0 is pinioned on MOTHRA'S hook. MARV, smoking, unhooks Gorgo's corpse, gathers up the SHOTGUNS. He hooks the CHAIN and HOOK to his belt. He grabs a pistol, a big knife.

MARV
These guys don't look like they
worked for a senator. Except for
this...

He takes a BADGE off of one of the corpses.

MARV (CONT'D)
Whoops.

He throws the badge away.

NANCY poses with the CROSSBOW.

MARV (CONT'D)
Hope you don't mind me coming right
out and saying this, baby, but you
look HOT.

NANCY
I don't want to use you as a
weapon, Marv.

MARV
What else have I got?

She kisses him.

NANCY

A friend.

MARV

That's what I'm talking about.

160 EXT. STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

160

A SQUAD CAR goes into a wild skid as MARV and NANCY ride motorcycles RIGHT AT THEM. MARV pops a wheelie--

--his motorcycle roars right over the squad car's windshield, taking out its ROOF LIGHTS. NANCY'S does the same.

NANCY and MARV rip away as the SQUAD CAR veers to CRASH into a STOREFRONT.

161 EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

161

MARV and NANCY are riding along side by side. MARV is happy as hell.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

162

Their motorcycles parked, NANCY and MARV stare out from TREES at the rolling grounds of the Roark Ranch.

MARV

For the life of me... I think I've been here before.

He shakes pills down his throat.

162-pt1 We see ROARK passing past lighted upstairs windows.

162-pt1

MARV (CONT'D)

He better appreciate getting killed by you. One thing, baby, and it's important: Does Roark have any family?

NANCY

None. His wife died ten years ago, and his son--well, it's a long story, but he's dead, that yellow bastard.

MARV

Good. Then there's no reason to leave anybody alive. Nobody's innocent. And we can't leave anybody able to talk. Don't go soft on me and leave anybody breathing.

NANCY

I won't.

NANCY shrugs off her TRENCH COAT. She's still wearing her dancing costume. MARV mouths a silent whistle.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'll work the perimeter and nail the guards.

MARV

Baby, you're a natural. I'll work the inside.

NANCY

How will I know you're in?

Marv stops.

MARV

You'll have a pretty good idea.

163 EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

163

CROSSBOW in hand, NANCY moves among stray COWS. One COW gives her a lazy glance. Moos quietly.

164 EXT./INT. ROARK RANCH - GATE - NIGHT

164

NANCY moves low to the ground next to STEEL MESH. Ducks to the side as a CAMERA LIGHT moves by. She takes crossbow AIM through the mesh. A GUARD comes into arrow point view.

A GUARD checks his watch. An ARROW skewers him in the chest. He drops with barely a sound.

NANCY scrambles behind BUSHES. Peeks through them.

A GUARD whispers on his CELL PHONE--until an ARROW stabs him clear through the temple. He drops.

NANCY breaks into OPEN RUN, tumbles past the MAIN ENTRANCE--downs THREE MORE GUARDS in mid-tumble. Silence...

Rounding a corner, Nancy rearms her crossbow.

A GUARD walks a DOBERMAN across the yard. Tumbles back as an ARROW strikes his eye. The DOG starts growling.

Nancy aims her weapon at the DOG. Pauses. Bites her lip. She just can't bring herself to kill a dog.

DOG BARKS. ALARMS RING.

GUARDS stream from the doors. CAMERA LIGHT strikes NANCY. MACHINE GUN FIRE rings out, barely missing NANCY as she somersaults for cover.

A MOTORCYCLE ROARS, coming closer. NANCY turns to SEE

165 EXT. ROARK RANCH - YARD - NIGHT

165

MARV CRASHES his MOTORCYCLE right THROUGH the STEEL MESH of the FENCE, CRUSHING three GUARDS. He swings his HOOK around his head and throws it, wrapping the chain around the neck of another guard. The GUARD is dragged, strangling, his submachine gun strapped across his chest. GUNFIRE from GUARDS running in from the dark RIPS OPEN THE FRONT WHEEL OF THE MOTORCYCLE.

MARV steps off the now-crashing bike and blasts away with his twin SHOTGUNS, FIRING, cocking, FIRING. The SKIRT of his TRENCH COAT is ripped apart as he moves. And all the while dragging the dead guard.

166 EXT. ROARK RANCH - GATE - NIGHT

166

NANCY huddles behind a BUSH as a GUARD slams into the steel mesh, machine-gunned. MACHINE GUNFIRE continues, then...silence...

...then a THUNDEROUS CRASH of wood. DISTANT GUNFIRE CONTINUES. More CRASHING. SCREAMS.

167 EXT. ROARK RANCH - WALL - NIGHT

167

MARV gets behind cover—a corner of a wall, and throws away his last empty shotgun, lights a cigarette, then drags the GUARD to him on the chain so he can get the SUBMACHINE GUN.

THE GUARD is still sort of alive.

MARV
Thanks, pal.

MARV kills him with a blow of the gun butt.

GUARDS moving carefully towards MARV'S POSITION (we have seen their POV of the GUARD being dragged by the chain TO Marv's position) are skewered by ARROWS.

168 EXT. ROARK RANCH - FENCE - NIGHT 168

NANCY, running along outside the fence, is fired at by MORE GUARDS. She disappears.

169 EXT. ROARK RANCH - WALL - NIGHT 169

MARV steps around a corner with his MACHINE GUN, his chain and hook wrapped around his body.

TWO GUARDS turn and look at him.

MARV cuts them in half. Another GUARD tries to run and MARV catches him, bangs his head against a car, takes away his SUBMACHINE GUN, and hurls him without comment down a WELL. He heads towards

THE FRONT DOORS

170 EXT. ROARK RANCH - YARD - NIGHT 170

NANCY vaults over the fence. DEAD GUARDS lie everywhere. Her POV:

MACHINE GUN FIRE flashes in the house. In the various windows we see shadowplay of Marv's progress to the upstairs.

Nancy dashes heads for the Ranch's MAIN DOORS. They've been smashed open.

171 INT. ROARK RANCH - STAIRWELL - NIGHT 171

Nancy follows a bread-crumb trail of DEAD GUARDS, killed spectacularly by MARV in his progress. One is lying with his head in the lighted fireplace. Another one has been hurled through an aquarium...etc. Others just shot normally to pieces.

172 INT. ROARK RANCH - OFFICE - NIGHT 172

CLOSE ON RECORD PLAYER

A needle is lowered onto a vinyl record. Music plays.

173 INT. ROARK RANCH - HALLWAY - NIGHT

173

One nearly-dead GUARD struggles to rise. Barely glancing at him, Nancy fires an ARROW through his neck.

MARV (V.O.)
Damn thing MISFIRED on me.

Nancy finds MARV, bullet-riddled, slouched against a wall, one bloody hand clutched around his bloody HOOK. NANCY sets down her CROSSBOW.

MARV (CONT'D)
I nearly got them all, but this
here UZI, it just went all STUCK on
me. Piece of crap UZI had to get
all STUCK.

NANCY
It's all right, Marv. Just stay
still.

She puts a cigarette in his mouth, and lights it.

MARV
Ah, you're a peach.

She rises, draws Hartigan's PISTOL, stares at the DOOR to Roark's office.

She looks at a portrait on the wall of the YELLOW BASTARD. Then she goes towards the door.

174 INT. ROARK RANCH - OFFICE - NIGHT

174

NANCY kicks open the DOOR and enters, but ROARK is not where she expected him to be, and he has the drop on her.

He fires.

SENATOR ROARK, striking a marksman's pose, raises his pistol, aiming carefully.

The record player plays loud.

ROARK
You clever, clever little whore. I
can't believe you made it this far.
Hartigan blew my son's pecker off.
Sorry, I'll rephrase for a lady.
His penis... So, where shall I
shoot you next?

Roark deliberately lowers his aim.

ROARK (CONT'D)
That tight little belly of yours?
No. Just a bit lower than that. For
starters...

NANCY has crawled through the lake of her own blood to her
gun and is picking it up.

ROARK (CONT'D)
I'm holding a gun on you young
lady! The rules are that you
pretend there's a chance I won't
shoot you.

He shoots her in the thigh.

NANCY holds in a scream and scrabbles for the gun. ROARK
kicks it away. We follow it skittering away and see it
skitter in front of a floor to ceiling mirror and stop.

NANCY is paralyzed on the floor, holding her shot thigh. She
shakes with rage.

ROARK goes to the bar and pours a drink.

ROARK (CONT'D)
I told you you'd scream before you
die. I owe it to my son.

He toasts ANOTHER PORTRAIT of the YELLOW BASTARD.

He starts walking towards Nancy. Gun aimed in the direction
of her head.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Frankly between you and me, I have
finally accepted that Ethan, was
not presidential material. I would
have had a hard time buying him an
election in an insane asylum. But
he was my son, honey. He was my
son. And now he's going to hear you
scream.

He cocks the pistol.

ROARK (CONT'D)
Scream.

ROARK'S POV:

Lightening flashes and Roark sees:

HARTIGAN, in the mirror.

ROARK (CONT'D)
(eyes wide)
No. You're dead.

Roark spins and fires at Hartigan. But he's not there. Roark looks like he's seen a ghost.

He feels something behind him now, and spins around again.

ROARK POV

NANCY aims her pistol RIGHT AT ROARK.

NANCY
This is for John Hartigan, fucker.

BLAM!

WHITEOUT.

175 INT. THE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

175

MARV is lying there as if dead, but when SOMETHING is dropped into his lap, he wakes up and looks at: ROARK'S TRENCHCOAT and GLOVES.

MARV
Nice coat.

NANCY stands looking down at him: Nancy at the end of her journey: scarred, crop-haired, a killer, the gun in her hand.

NANCY (V.O.)
This rotten town. Those it can't
corrupt, it soils. Those it can't
soil, it kills.

176 EXT. ROARK RANCH - NIGHT

176

MARV pulls a DEAD GUARD off the hood of a car, and MARV and NANCY turn and look back at the ROARK RANCH which is now burning like Manderley.

MARV
I could use a drink, how about you?

NANCY
How about a cup of coffee.

MARV
Even better.

They get in the car.

MARV (CONT'D)
Make it black.

Slams the door.

CREDITS