

1/4/93

1.

EYE CEMETERY - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON) - ESTABLISHING CHURCH

1

BLACK SCREEN: WIND BUFFETS OS. A rumble of incipient THUNDER we ZOOM out of:

THE EYE of a large, sleek, black CROW perched atop a decayed monument, observing:

Gothic, abandoned church in obvious disrepair. PULL BACK TO:

LOW ANGLE TRACKING SHOT - PAST GRAVES

MOVING alongside canvas-sided combat boots, as the wearerer STOOPS to collect flowers from the few graves that have them.

TIGHT ANGLE - CROW ON MONUMENT WATCHING

Ruffles its feathers as rain begins to SPRINKLE. A WORKER (ALEXEI) mounts a white sign across the huge, arched double doors of the church with an electric drill, BG.

ANGLE - ALEXEI

Looking up as a raindrop hits his face.

ALEXEI

Shit. It can't rain all the time

...

ANGLE - ELLY - RESUMING HER MOTION

A dirty-blondish tenement kid of 11, clad in her version of street punk chic (hand-me-downs and castoffs), toting a skateboard. She transfers her impromptu bouquet so she may unzip a flap and hike up a ragged hood against the rain. She LOOKS DOWN OS toward:

ANGLE - SHELLY WEBSTER'S GRAVE

Elly places her flowers there. Childlike/reverent. She plucks a single white rose from the bouquet.

RESUME ANGLE - CROW WATCHES ELLY

As we BACK OUT to show Elly standing between two identical headstones. Elly places the rose on the adjacent grave and lends it a beat of silence before she leaves.

ELLY

Later.

TILT from the rose to the name on the stone: ERIC DRAVEN. Rain spatters the granite, darkening it.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - CROW'S EYE

It BLINKS in its alien way, recording all this.

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WITH THE CROW

as it WINGS ACROSS to perch on Eric's gravestone.

ANGLE - ELLY NEAR THE GRAVES

She hasn't gotten too far before she notices the bird.

 ELLY
What are you, like, the night
watchman?

Another blink from El Birdo.

CAMERA WITH ELLY - BOOM BACK HIGH

As she exits the iron gates of the cemetery without looking back. Brutal building facades, like dead eyes, and sinister alleyways, like hungry mouths, are gradually revealed as we continue PULLING BACK to show that the cemetery is smack in the middle of the worst part of a bad city. When she gets to the sidewalk she SKATES AWAY.

EXT. MAXI-DOGS - TWILIGHT

CLOSE-UP of a foot-long hot dog being drowned in mustard.

 MICKEY (OS)
What this place needs is a good
natural catastrophe. Earthquake.
Tornado ...

ANGLE - MICKEY AND ALBRECHT

MICKEY is the grease-aproned entrepreneur of Maxi-Dogs, a steamy open-front fast foodery. His customer, ALBRECHT, is a burly black beat cop, 35, wearing a rain slicker. A regular.

 ALBRECHT
You gotta put the mustard
underneath, first.

 MICKEY
Maybe a flood, like in the Bible.

 ALBRECHT
Here, just let me do it.

Albrecht grabs the dog from Mickey, spreading a napkin to perform surgery, methodically drowning the bun in mustard, then rolling the dog in the bun. Mickey puffs a cigar.

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2

ALBRECHT
C'mon, onions. Don't cheap out
on me. Lots of onions.

MOVING ANGLE - AS ELLY SKATES TOWARD MAXI-DOGS

MICKEY
Heyyy ... it's the Elly Monster.

ALBRECHT
How do you steer that thing on a
wet street?

ELLY
Pure talent. Hi.

ALBRECHT
Elly's a genuine hot dogger.

ELLY
You buying?

ALBRECHT
I'm buying.

Elly takes a stool next to Albrecht. They've done this before.

ELLY
No onions, though, okay?

ALBRECHT
(horrified)
No onions?

ELLY
They make you fart, bigtime.

Mickey LAUGHS and spots Elly a Coke.

MICKEY
S'up, Elly?

ELLY
(casual, as she eats)
I went to see some friends of
mine.

ALBRECHT
So how are your friends?

ELLY
They're still dead.

Albrecht and Mickey trade a rueful look.

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EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - (RAIN)

3

Thunder KABOOMS OS The crow PECKS the stone - a chip of granite flies off, bang!

EXTREME CLOSE - THE HEADSTONE

as the crow pecks again and draws blood from the rock.

LOW ANGLE - HEADSTONE

A thin trickle of blood wanders from the top of the stone toward the earth. Rain does not interfere. Lightning in the cloud cover, BG.

MONUMENTS with Biblically aggrieved expressions - the church doors blow open to darkness, knocking the sign askew.

CLOSE-UP - SIGN AS IT HITS GROUND. It reads: CONDEMNED STRUCTURE / NO TRESPASSING.

RESUME THE CROW

It TAKES OFF from the gravestone, heedless of the rain.

CLOSE-UP - THE BLOOD

It slowly fills the name Eric Draven carved on the stone.

CLOSE-UP - COWBOY BOOTS

Burned. Ancient. TAPPING at the entrance to the church. Waiting.

WIDER - THE FOOT TAPPER

as lightning STRIKES. Just enough for us to see a weird apparition in a long cerement-like duster. We glimpse the deathshad beneath the brim of a cowboy hat: This is the SKULL COWBOY.

RESUME THE CROW IN FLIGHT

As it alights on the outstretched arm of the Cowboy.

RESUME ERIC'S GRAVE

as blood trickles into the turf at the base of the grave.

INT. GRAVE - DARKNESS

4

The eyes of Eric Draven -- just his eyes in EXTREME CU -- snap open in disoriented panic, spattered in dirt.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUING

5

The light shifts and the shadows of skeletal TREES worm up the side of the church. Blowing leaves. Bleak, forlorn.

INT. GRAVE - TIGHT CLOSE-UP OF ERIC'S HANDS

6

Pale, clawing at the earth. Horrible GASPING noises of effort.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - ON ERIC'S GRAVE

7

As the turf HEAVES and we FOLLOW THE ROSE as it ROLLS AWAY. Rain pounding down in force. Earth flows away from the mound as Eric SHOVES from beneath.

ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR THE HEADSTONE

Eric's pale white hands FORCE the lid of the casket upward lengthwise (as though it is hinged at his feet). Globs of mud spill away. Another PUSH. MOVE IN on the crown of the headstone as Eric's hand GRASPS IT like a life preserver.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND GRAVESTONE

As Eric PULLS himself up. Rain sluices mud from his upturned face. He is clad in a cheap black burial suit (slit up the back). White shirt. A nothing tie. No shoes. LIGHTNING.

ERIC'S POV - THE SKULL COWBOY

Water-blurred, indistinct, standing some fifty feet away. The Cowboy releases the crow like a hunting falcon and it flies to a tree. Eric wipes mud from his eyes. Squints at the crow, then back to the Cowboy.

ERIC

(dry, hoarse)

What the hell are you?

SKULL COWBOY

Interested? Follow the crow.

The Cowboy points to the bird. (NB: The Cowboy speaks in a nicely distorted charnal house whisper. Unsettling and hackle-raising.) The crow takes off into the storm. Eric watches its flight. When he looks back, derailed, the Skull Cowboy is GONE.

LONG DEEP ANGLE - THE CROW

Flying against the night sky, showing the way.

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6.

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7

ANGLE - ERIC

Alone in the land of the dead. After a beat, he lurches ... trying to follow the crow, as instructed.

EXT. ARCADE GAMES OFFICE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

8

A candy-flaked muscle T-Bird parked curbside.

T-BIRD (VO)

You know, Lake Erie actually caught on fire once, from all the crap floating around in it. Wish I coulda seen that.

INT. ARCADE GAMES OFFICE - NIGHT

9

MOVING past dead video and pinball games, a desk vacated just moments earlier, a closed Haliburton case. INTERCUT shots of video and pinball games being SMASHED by crowbars and ballbats with reactions from a WOMAN (ALLISON), being RESTRAINED roughly by strong arms. Hot fear in her darting eyes.

GENERAL ANGLE - OFFICE

And the MEN surrounding Allison, our Fab Four: TIN-TIN, a black, muscle gypsy with a bandolero of throwing knives beneath his black leather trenchcoat. He's immobilizing Allison. FUNBOY: An Aryan surfer gone rotten. SKANK: An overloud, blade-thin dust puppy, pattern-bald razor cut. MOVE OFF Funboy and Skank crashing the place, to the owner of the T-Bird, T-BIRD, a dreadlocked, iron-pumper.

T-BIRD

Uncle T-Bird's 100-proof accelerator. I squirt you with this, you could jump in the Detroit River and burn all the way to the bottom.

He exhibits a squeeze bottle of arson cocktail to his cohorts. Gives Allison a SQUIRT and she SQUIRMS.

T-BIRD

Essence of Burnout. Having a good time?

SKANK

She's hot! She's ready!

Funboy CRACKS an ampule under Allison's nose.

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9

FUNBOY

Tell me you love me.

Funboy KISSES Allison and she SQUIRMS HARDER. T-Bird flips open the Haliburton case, which houses a nasty-looking INCENDIARY. Tin-Tin chucks Allison into a swivel chair and puts a knife to her cheek. T-Bird clicks a switch - PEEP - and an LED countdown begins to blur past.

TIN-TIN

Hey! Hey! What about Working Girl?

T-Bird tosses a roll of gaffer's tape to Funboy.

T-BIRD

Leave her. She can listen to her hair burning.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ARCADE GAMES - NIGHT - ON THE CROW

10

It lands to perch on the edge of a dumpster next to a pair of discarded fatigue boots jutting out of the rubbish. Rain mist diffuses the streetlamps.

ANGLE - ERIC

As he comes floundering into the alley, he TEARS AWAY the rags of his burial shirt, leaving his tie absurdly intact. Wipes his face with the shirt. Discards it. And STOPS, transfixed by a new discovery. His fingers explore a near-perfect circlet of FIVE PUCKERED BULLET PUNCTURES in his chest. Comically, he feels his back for exit wounds.

ANGLE - THE CROW

Inscrutable.

ANGLE - ERIC'S FEET

Bare, muddied, frozen. TILT to Eric. He spots the boots. As he grabs them, the bird CIRCLES him, then swoops OFF.

ERIC

"Follow the crow." Terrific.

EXT. STREET - MOVING - NIGHT

11

The T-Bird fishtails wildly around a corner and eats up street.

INT. T-BIRD - TRAVELING - NIGHT

12

T-Bird eyes his digital watch as he drives. Skank, in the suicide seat, SPOTS --

SKANK

Cop car.

EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR MAXI-DOGS - NIGHT

13

The T-Bird SLOWS to a legal CRAWL as it passes.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT - AT MAXI-DOGS

Reacting, with a mouthful. He knows the car, and WATCHES it until it is out of sight.

ALBRECHT

Bad people out on the streets tonight ...

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND ARCADE GAMES - NIGHT

14

Dead end. Garbage. Eric now wears the boots.

ANGLE - THE CROW IN FLIGHT

Circling, then lighting on the fire escape above Eric.

INT. ARCADE GAMES - NIGHT

15

CLOSE-UP of the timer. Last few seconds.

ANGLE - ALLISON

ZOOM IN on her, secured to the chair and gagged with tape.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ARCADE GAMES - ON ERIC

16

The rear windows EXPLODE outward in a spray of napalm and debris. The whole joint is instantly a three-alarm nightmare of fire. The concussion PROPELS Eric into a trasheap.

EXT. MAXI-DOGS - NIGHT - RESUMING ALBRECHT

17

Albrecht is off and running pellmell to the corner already.

ALBRECHT

(to Elly)

Stay right there!

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

17

HOLD on Mickey. He hoists Albrecht's hot dog. Yecch.

MICKEY
You want I should save this for
you?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ARCADE GAMES - NIGHT

18

Eric RISES, his palm speared by a wedge of glass. He plucks it out and sees his hand gashed from index finger to wrist. VISES his fist shut. Blood runs.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S HAND

OPENS as the blood snakes its way BACK INTO the wound. The wound SEALS ITSELF seamlessly.

ANGLE - ALLISON IN DOORWAY OF ARCADE GAMES

As she collides with the skewed and flaming door. Smoldering ribbons of tape CLING where she was bound.

WITH ERIC - AS HE MOVES TO THE DOOR

He reaches the door as Allison COLLAPSES straight into his arms, burned and bloodied.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT - ERIC AND ALLISON

Their eyes lock. Eric stiffens with the impact of his first FLASH.

(NB: Eric's FLASHES of past memory are keyed by physical contact. They are hints and fragments in fierce, super-saturated COLOR. Puzzle pieces he must assemble, each accompanied by a BLOWBACK NOISE and a degree of PAIN. It hurts to remember.)

FLASH: INT. ARCADE GAMES OFFICE - NIGHT

The bad boys are murky, ephemeral; their taunts distorted
ECHOES:

TIN-TIN
Hey! Hey! What about Working
Girl?

T-BIRD
Leave her ...

(FLASH ENDS.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18

NEW ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC AND ALLISON

Eric is confused by this weird shock of clairvoyance but there's no time to ponder it. Allison FADES in his arms. Horrified, he lets her drop. Staggeres back into the alley with her blood on his hands.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT RUNNING TOWARD MOUTH OF ALLEY

Skidding in. He spots Allison. Kneels to her.

ALBRECHT

Here now! You're gonna be okay!
Can you understand me? I'm a
police officer, everything's
gonna --

Her eyes roll back and she DIES in Albrecht's arms.

ALBRECHT (CON'T)

Oh, no, no ... don't go, darlin',
you stay with me, now ... shit!

A police unit SCREECHES up to assist, too damned late.

EXT. ERIC ON THE FIRE ESCAPE ABOVE - NIGHT

19

He has just witnessed all this. He fixes on an ancient band poster lit by the fire, for a group called HANGMAN'S JOKE. The playdate is for Club Trash, over a year ago.

ERIC

Fire. Fire in the rain ...

EXT. ROOF OF LOFT BLDG - NIGHT

20

Eric, clammers onto the roof. The bird SKIMS LOW and lights nearby. Eric VISES a railing and stares out over the cityscape from on high, then speaks to the night, as though channeling someone else's mantra:

ERIC

"My kitten walks on velvet feet
/ And makes no sound at all. /
And in the doorway nightly sits
/ To watch the darkness fall. /
I think he loves the lady, Night
... "

(to the crow)

Tell me, am I alive? Am I dead?
Something else? Something in
between?

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20

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

No answers here.

ERIC
Where're you taking me next,
partner? The sewer?

Eric yanks open the rusty rooftop door from outside and sweeps down the steps.

INT. ABANDONED STAIRWELL - NIGHT

21

Mist SWIRLS. Like disturbing an ancient tomb.

ANGLE - FOOT OF STAIRS

Trash and detritus all around. The crow lights on a scarred bannister knob. Eric's footsteps come down INTO FRAME.

ERIC'S POV - LOFT DOOR

A year ago this door was sealed with police barricade tape ... which now sags, faded. This is -- was -- a crime scene. The crow wafts ahead of Eric, arriving at the door first.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S HAND ON BANNISTER

sliding along until it hits a cigarette burn in the wood.

PUSH IN TIGHT ON ERIC

Stiffening as he suffers his second FLASH.

FLASH: The loft, a year earlier, decorated for Hallowe'en. Door broken. The stairwell is filled with cops. Lab and forensics guys BUSTLE. (MORE)

CLOSE-UP - ERIC IN REAL TIME

ERIC
Shelly ...

(FLASH CONTINUES): Albrecht is present. A detective (TORRES) steps over. Torres has never liked Albrecht much.

ALBRECHT
Victim's name is Shelly Webster.
She lives here.

Torres indicates the huge broken-out window. BG. FIRELIGHT OUTSIDE as the city burns. Devil's Night.

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21

TORRES

The guy we just scraped off the pavement?

ALBRECHT

Boyfriend. I didn't know him.

Albrecht picks a crumpled 8x10 off the floor, a posed photo for HANGMAN'S JOKE, the band in which Eric was the guitarist. He is visible posing with his white Fender Strat.

ALBRECHT

Name's on the back.

Albrecht grinds out his smoke on the bannister. As he begins to read the name, (FLASH ENDS.)

RESUME ERIC ON THE STAIRS

He sits down hard, hurting. He completes Albrecht's LINE:

ERIC

"Eric Draven."

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

22

As Eric shoves the door open from outside. The rotten lock POPS and spins on the wooden floor. Dust STIRS. The crow flies in, through the same basic tableau we just saw in the FLASH. PULL BACK to frame SHOT through the window.

ANGLE - AS ERIC ENTERS LOFT

He scans the room. Sees reflecting golden eyes near the floor.

ERIC'S POV - FLOOR NEAR WINDOW

A white longhaired CAT walks into a pool of night light. Eric KNEELS. Extends his hand. The cat nears. Not afraid.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S HAND

As it makes contact with the cat. Sudden jolt of white -- a FLASH.

FLASH: POV of the CAT seeing Shelly get BACKHANDED by Skank. Blood. She sprawls, loose-limbed. (FLASH ENDS.)

UP ANGLE - ERIC

Wincing. Recovering quicker. He purposefully gathers the cat into his arms and braces for more - harder - faster - stronger FLASHES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22

FLASH: Eric steps through the door holding a bag of groceries. A knife pins his shoulder to the wall. (FLASH ENDS.)

ANGLE FROM BEDROOM DOOR - ERIC

Eric drops the cat. Vises his head, teary-eyed.

FLASH: Out of a MUZZLE FLASH Eric slumps to his knees, as seen between the legs of Funboy, the shooter. A blood eruption, high in Eric's chest. (FLASH ENDS.)

ANGLE - THE CROW

Perched in a dead light fixture, monitoring Eric.

HIGH ANGLE - ERIC

As he looks DOWN and sees the dark stain of old blood (Shelly's) on the floor. He is standing on it.

FLASH: Funboy kicks the cat out of the way, pulls Tin-Tin off of Shelly and piles on top of her, rough, Struggling, Panic.

FUNBOY (VO)

No. Me first.

(FLASH ENDS.)

ANGLE - ERIC

Staring at the floor with dead eyes. He approaches the crow. He reaches to the broken windowframe. TOUCHES the jags of glass.

FLASH: Eric sucks up four more shots to the chest. T-Bird and Tin-Tin grab his arms and HURL Eric through the window in a shower of struts and glass. (FLASH ENDS.)

RESUME ERIC

He whirls and unexpectedly PUNCHES the wall.

ERIC

Don't look. No more. No more.

ANGLE - ERIC ..

Reeling back, overloaded. His eyes roll up and he SLUMPS the length of the doorframe like a drowning non-swimmer.

ERIC

No more! Stop it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

22

ANGLE - THE CAT

Watching as Eric hits the deck with an OS THUD.

INT. CLUB TRASH - NIGHT

23

Right now the BG SOUND is our biggest clue that we are deep in the neon PCP techno-depths of CLUB TRASH. We are:

TRACKING ALONG A WALL OF FRAMED BAND 8X10s

As fingers (GRANGE'S) trace parallel lines through the dust on the picture glass. OS WHISTLING. HOLD as the fingers cross the 8x10 of HANGMAN'S JOKE and CLEAR the eyes of Eric Draven in the photo.

LONG SHOT - CLUB CORRIDOR - ON GRANGE

A doer, an ex-merc with assassin eyes and steel-rimmed glasses, whistling as he walks toward the club end of the corridor. Beyond, Cabaret Blitzkrieg: A doom-laden Radio Werewolf band rules amidst savagely industrial decor thronged with patrons who are chromed/leathered, nipple-pierced and primal screaming. T-Bird SHOVES a pair of them out of his way enroute to meet Grange at the club end of the corridor.

T-BIRD

Outta my way, you mooks.

GRANGE

(re: T-Bird)

We got a dress code, y'know.

T-BIRD

Arcade Games fell down and went boom.

GRANGE

How tragic.

T-BIRD

So -- is the man in?

GRANGE

He's in a meeting.

(beat; relents)

Don't sweat it. If this cleans up the mess you made last Hallowe'en, consider yourself on for tomorrow night.

T-Bird happily fires up a smoke with his Zippo.

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CONTINUED:

23

T-BIRD
Is that a fact.

GRANGE
(re: T-Bird's smoke)
Use the ashtray.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HQ - NIGHT

24

CLOSE-UP on a shaking snow-globe. Little gravestones.

TOP DOLLAR contemplating the globe. Top is the A#1 puppet master of the street scene, a congenital zen psycho who exudes power and cruel charm, mid-30s. From Top's post in the living quarters we can see Grange and T-Bird on a bank of TV monitors that oversee the club from the central chamber of the HQ.

WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL an UNMOVING WOMAN prone on the bed next to Top. Naked. Unconscious.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AT BATHROOM

One of those black tile/glass brick jobs with an enormous shower. Top is watching MYCA bathing as much as the snow globe. Myca is Top's mysterioso half-sister, an Eurasian exotic, mid-20s. Myca notices Top noticing, EMERGES in a steamcloud, strolls over to him, takes the globe.

TOP DOLLAR
You're all wet.

Myca SQUEEZES a fist and Top CATCHES the water droplet that falls into the palm of his hand.

MYCA
(re: snow globe)
This is sweet.
(re: monitors)
You going to see him?

TOP DOLLAR
What for? I can smell buildings
burning.

Top WIPES his hand down her body and uses this to WIPE OFF his face. Refreshing. There is no relationship quite as weird as the one these two share.

MYCA
You ought to be very excited by
tomorrow night, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

24

TOP DOLLAR
I love traditions.

MYCA
You're more fun when you're
worked up.

Myca shakes the globe. Likes it.

MYCA
As long as you don't agitate it,
the little graves all stay
buried.
(she looks to the prone
girl)
Is she asleep?

TOP
Maybe we broke her.

Top ROLLS the insensate woman over.

MYCA
Pretty.

TOP DOLLAR
I love her eyes.

Top holds one of the woman's eyes open with his fingers.
Nobody home. He raises an ornate dagger into frame.

PUSH IN on the globe in Myca's hand. The snow swirls.

INT. LEFT BATHROOM - NIGHT

25

IN THE TUB - An UNDERWATER view of Eric DUNKING his face. He
RISES, dripping, cleansed of mud and grave filth, wiping his
face, to SEE an enormous cockroach trundling along the lip of
the tub. A flurry of dark motion as the crow CROSSES FRAME.

ANGLE - THE CROW ON THE TUB EDGE

Having just snatched the bug in its beak. Crunch.

ANGLE - ERIC IN BEDROOM DOORWAY

Staring at the dead maw of his old fireplace in the main room.
Papier mache masques of Comedy and Tragedy still hang there,
askew.

SKULL COWBOY (OS)
Enjoy your nap?

(CONTINUED)

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25

The Cowboy emerges from the shadows next to the fireplace.

ERIC
You're an hallucination.

SKULL COWBOY
And you're dead. Big deal. So why am I wasting my time here? I'll give you a hint. Remember whatsername?

ERIC
Shelly. She --

SKULL COWBOY
(overrides)
Whoever. Miss her?

The answer is obvious.

SKULL COWBOY
Here's how it goes: Kill the men who killed you both and you win yourself a reunion on your... anniversary.

Eric is now very interested in this "hallucination."

ERIC
How?

SKULL COWBOY
Do I have to drag a blackboard and a pointer in here? You're dead. That gives you certain advantages.

He indicates the crow. As Eric looks, the Cowboy prestigiditates a throwing knife and FLINGS it.

CROWVISION: THE INCOMING KNIFE

Weirdly distorted, black and white, Eric "sharing" what the bird sees.

ANGLE - ERIC

Automatically DUCKING the knife and ROLLING.

ANGLE - THE CROW

It hops out of the way as the knife EMBEDS in the wall near it. Eric's ROLL finishes him up IN FRAME with the crow.

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25

ERIC
Goddammit.

SKULL COWBOY
Trust in what you see. Let the
crow lead you.

ERIC
Leave me alone.

ANGLE - ERIC AND COWBOY

ERIC vises his head in emotional pain.

SKULL COWBOY
Sorry. Not part of the deal.

Eric falls to his knees.

SKULL COWBOY
Hurts, don't it? Do something
about it.

ERIC
Go away.

SKULL COWBOY (CON'T)
Guess she didn't mean so much to
you. You let them beat you, you
let her die, now you can let her
rot. Much easier.

This changes Eric's channel back to slow-burning rage. He
GRABS for the knife in the wall ... which is GONE. Then Eric,
snarlingly pissed off, runs full tilt across the room to TACKLE
the Cowboy.

ANGLE - SKULL COWBOY

As close to surprise as he gets. He WHIRLS, duster flying.

ANGLE ON WINDOW - ERIC

As Eric realizes he's headed for the window and can't stop.

CLOSE-UP - BRICKWORK ABOVE WINDOWFRAME

Eric's fingers SMASH into the tiny mortared gaps!

EXT. LOFT BLDG - UP ANGLE FROM STREET

26

Eric's feet shoot out from the window. Dislodged bits of glass fall TOWARD FRAME. He swings up like a gymnast, holding himself rigid against the building, head down, by his quarter-inch finger grip.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC

Shock and surprise that he is NOT tumbling earthward. Every muscle hums with tension. Hold. Wow, what else can I do? Then he relaxes, reverses, swings back inside.

INT. LOFT - PICKING UP ERIC'S FLIP - NIGHT

27

He arches, flipping back to land on his feet. The Skull Cowboy is gone. Only the crow remains, watching.

ERIC
(to the crow)
Don't applaud or anything.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

28

THE PIT is a grungy sawdust-floored shot-and-beer joint packed with urban BURNOUTS. Hammering MUSIC and rude whorehouse lighting; each predator straining to be badder than the next. CLOSE-UP on a gloved hand as it thumbs bullets from an auto clip and sets them up next to four shots of tequila.

ANGLE - FUNBOY'S TABLE - FUNBOY, SKANK, T-BIRD, TIN-TIN

FUNBOY
Me first.

Funboy POPS the slug like a Contac capsule and washes it down. Jazzed, T-Bird follows suit.

T-BIRD
Here's to Devil's Night. My new favorite holiday.

TIN-TIN
You outta your fucking mind.
- (gulp! to Skank:)
Pussies last.

Skank riles on cue, pulling a gigantic Auto Mag and cocking it in Tin-Tin's face. A knife shows up in Tin-Tin's hand like magic.

SKANK
Fuck you, Tin!

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CONTINUED:

28

FUNBOY
It ain't loaded.

Just as lightning-fast, T-Bird jams his own gun under Skank's jawbone and makes a kissy face.

T-BIRD
I love you too, you lunatic.

They all crack up, laughing like ax murderers. DARLA, a career barmaid, delivers refills. Obvious drug mileage.

TIN-TIN
We gonna set the whole town on fire again, Tee?

T-Bird exhibits the flame of his Zippo to Tin-Tin, grinning.

DARLA
Here's your shooters -- hey you guys, put the guns away, 'huh?

T-Bird fires up a fresh smoke. Tin-Tin reslots his knife. Skank owlshly checks to see if his gun is loaded. Funboy feels Darla's ass.

FUNBOY
Hi, pussycat.

DARLA
Please.

TIN-TIN
Mesecow.

She sets the new shots down, 1-2-3 ...

FUNBOY
Not for Skank. He's just not ready to commit yet.

Clearly everyone gets off on baiting Skank, the loser of the group. As he speaks the others all chime in:

SKANK / OTHERS
"Oh, fuck you, Funboy!"

Funboy has his gun up before Skank can even repeat his fast-draw. Big yocks. Skank toughs it up. Drinks his bullet shooter. Tin-Tin rises to split.

TIN-TIN
I'll fuck you later. I'm gone.

INT. BEDROOM - SHELLY'S OLD VANITY - INT

29

The mirror is cracked. ON ERIC in the bifurcated reflection as he lights a candle stub; uses that to light another to place on the vanity. He is clad in a long-sleeved, skintight black shirt. He TOUCHES the mirror.

FLASH (AS SEEN IN THE UNBROKEN MIRROR): Shelly snoozes on a divan, a year ago.

ERIC (OS)

Boo.

Eric is standing over her, wearing the Tragedy masque from the mantle. She cracks one eye open, tolerantly.

SHELLY

Your scary quotient really needs work.

(FLASH ENDS.)

ANGLE - ERIC AT VANITY

ERIC

Does it?

The room now glowing with other candles BG. Eric considers old cosmetics. Everything he touches might hurt him. He picks up an old lipstick.

FLASH: Shelly at the vanity. Rich, full mouth.

SHELLY

I think red's my color, don't you?

(FLASH ENDS.)

CLOSE-UP - PANCAKE TIN

A big, store-bought container of clown white, for Hallowe'en. Eric's fingers dig into it.

FLASH: Eric in the mirror, half made up as a sort of mime.

SHELLY

You're going as a necrophiliac, right?

Miffed, he turns and dots her nose with the pancake. (FLASH ENDS.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

29

RESUME ERIC AT VANITY

Having just smeared long streaks of white down his face, shaky. Frustrated, he PUNCHES the mirror and it spiderwebs.

SKULL COWBOY (OS)

Anger. Glad to see you're finally with the program.

Eric looks down. The Cowboy is visible in one tiny facet of the fractured glass.

ERIC

Bugger off to the graveyard, skull-face. I'm busy.

SKULL COWBOY

You're busy wallowing. Get to work. Time's a-wasting.

Eric smears pancake over the Cowboy's image ... Hands down on the vanity, he closes his eyes. Concentrates.

MORE FLASHES

Eric's death fall. He swans out the window, trailing broken glass. Smashes to the sidewalk. Blood courses from the corners of Eric's mouth, a definite foreshadow of the "Crow" face.

RESUME ERIC AT VANITY

As he wipes his hand down his face in fatigue, spreading the white more uniformly. He reaches to pick up the lipstick he dropped.

ERIC

She always said red was her color.

EXTREME CLOSE - THE MIRROR

Only a reflected corner of Eric's mouth as he duplicates the blood trail in red lipstick, making half of the Crow harlequin smile. OS "meow."

ANGLE - ERIC IN SILHOUETTE

We can't see his face. He looks down to the cat.

ERIC (CON'T)

The last time we saw each other,
I didn't do so well, did I,
Gabriel?

CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

29

He strokes the cat, wary of FLASHES which do not come.

ERIC (OS)
I bet you'd like some cat food
... right?

TIGHT on the cat, watching Eric.

EXT. LOFT BLDG - NIGHT

30

The latest assault of the storm brews blackly. PUSH SLOWLY IN on Eric, framed in the window as the breeze buffets. Clad in black, firm-wrapped, tightly wired, his shadowy visage framed by punkish and spiky hair. CLOSER as the crow lights on his shoulder.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S MOUTH

Painted into the tragic Crow "smile." It whispers.

ERIC
Ready or not. Here I come.

ANGLE - THE CROW

As it flies out into the storm.

INT. GIDEON'S PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

31

A junkyard of loot and dusty discards. Junkie thievings and other people's stereos. Behind a wire-meshed cage GIDEON is in mid-transaction with Tin-Tin. Gideon is stubbled and unkempt, ratlike, food on his shirt. Tin-Tin passes items through the screen slot and Gideon lends each a disdainful inspection.

TIN-TIN
Coupla more rings ... 24K.

GIDEON
18K. Crap. Probably fake.

TIN-TIN
Purse is leather.

GIDEON
Never mind the bloodstain. Fifty bucks. And I hate charities.
(cheesy)
Homemade napalm? Disposable lighters? Fire insurance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

31

TIN-TIN
I'll pass.

GIDEON
Just a fucking joke, hard-on.

TIN-TIN
Just be glad nobody's gonna touch
a match to this shithole tomorrow
night.

GIDEON
Thanks for your support. Slide
the gate for me, willya?

TIN-TIN
(saluting)
Sir, yes, sir.

EXT. GIDEON'S - NIGHT - AS TIN-TIN EXITS

32

Sliding the security gate shut outside the door, giving Gideon the finger, then the horns, and strolling off.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - ON ERIC

33

As he LANDS down IN FRAME. Glaring up toward the crow.

ERIC'S POV - THE CROW

It SKIMS the roof again and sails across the gulf separating two buildings.

ERIC
Oh, no. I don't think so.

He exhales. Shrugs. Feels mocked by the bird.

ERIC
Fine. Make an asshole out of me.

Eric TAKES OFF at a run. Clumsy at first. He STUMBLES, FALLS ... but the fall becomes a tumbling ROLL that lands him back on his feet, almost instinctively.

As he squints toward the crow and does his damndest to keep up. He JUMPS a negligible gap to the next lower roof. He keeps moving. The next jump is one story down; Eric CLEARS it with a woc of air, landing catlike on all fours.

ERIC
Time out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

33

BEAT as he looks around, always upward. No crow.

CROWVISION: TIN-TIN ENTERS ALLEYWAY

The POV veers away. Buildings tilt. Lights strobe.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - CLOSE-UP - ERIC

34

As his closed eyes OPEN with what he has just seen.

ERIC

Where.

ANGLE - ANOTHER ROOFTOP

As Eric LANDS, bang, more athletically, in a hurry now.

FAST MOVING ANGLE - THE CROW

Keeping ahead, keeping airborne.

MOVING ANGLE WITH ERIC

Eyes toward the sky as he suddenly realizes the next jump is too much. Tries to stop. Momentum. He COMMITS --

UP ANGLE FROM ALLEY - BUILDINGS

Eric LEAPS across a gap at least three stories up where there is no connecting building.

CLOSE ANGLE - TARGET BUILDING LEDGE

Eric SMASHES into it, just missing, hinging, grabbing a rusty bracket for purchase. As gravity tries to kill him he slowly executes a one-handed pull-up that will save his ass.

ERIC

Gotcha.

He completes the pull-up, bringing his chin level with the ledge. The Acme bracket SHEARS away and Eric PLUMMETS.

UP ANGLE FROM STREET - ERIC FALLING

It's a loooooong way down. INTERCUT WITH:

DOWN ANGLE FROM ROOF

Eric FALLS to BLACK OUT FRAME. No sound of impact.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - TIN-TIN APPROACHES

35

LIT by trashcan fire in FG. He pauses to light a smoke by leaning his face into the fire. A bottle BREAKS OS.

ERIC (OS)

Cut up anyone interesting lately?

Tin-Tin STARTLES and looks up THROUGH THE FLAMES to see Eric walking toward him, still holding the bracket. He SPITS out the cigarette. In an eyeblink a KNIFE is ready in his hand.

TIN-TIN

Who the fuck are you?

ERIC

I know you. I know your trademark.

Tin-Tin gets a good look at Eric and doesn't like what he sees.

TIN-TIN

Trick or treat ain't till *manana*, speedball. You wanna put that thing down, and I won't mess you up.

(sotto voce)

Much.

ERIC

Murderer.

TIN-TIN

Guess you got that goddamn right.

Tin-Tin SHRUGS; converts the shrug into a launch of the knife.

TIGHT ANGLE - MOVING WITH ERIC AS HE ADVANCES

His black-gloved hand SLAPPING down the incoming knife an inch from his nose.

ERIC

Try harder.

VARIOUS ANGLES - ERIC CLOSES IN ON TIN-TIN

Tin-Tin throws another knife. Eric CLAPS his hands together, capturing the knife and letting it drop. Tin-Tin pitches a third knife. Eric SNAGS it midair and THROWS it back. Tin-Tin CATCHES the knife high in the right shoulder as Eric is UPON him, smashing him back to the alley wall with a forearm to the throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

35

ERIC

I want you to tell me a story.
A year ago. Hallowe'en. A man
and a woman. In a loft. You and
your friends murdered them.

TIN-TIN

Yeah! Right! Hallowe'en! I
remember, sure! I fucked her
too, I think.

ERIC

(growing rage)
You cut her. You raped her. You
watched.

TIN-TIN

Got my rocks off, so fuck you in
the ass! I don't even know who
the fuck you are, man!

ERIC

Think. I'm sure you'll remember
me.

As Eric bears down on Tin-Tin, Tin begins to show fear. One
hand clasping Tin-Tin's throat, Eric draws another knife, holds
it wickedly to the light.

ERIC

Victims. Aren't we all.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

36

TIGHT on the spinning wheels of Elly's skateboard, gobbling
sidewalk and JUMPING a curb.

ANGLE - MOVING WITH ELLY

Piloting her board like a hot-dogger, targeting the next
corner.

EXT. PIT - NIGHT

37

LOW ANGLE Elly dismounting her skateboard, boots walking down
the steps of the Pit. Music POUNDS UP toward her.

INT. PIT - NIGHT - ON ELLY APPROACHING BAR

38

TRACKING at Elly's eye-level through the maze of drinkers in this luridly-lit grownup's place. A burly BARKEEP (Roscoe) appraises her, his tone jokey. He knows and likes Elly.

ROSCOE

Hey, kid. Lemme see some ID.

ELLY

Very funny, Roscoe. Ha. Ha.
Oh, my sides. Got any quarters?

Roscoe NODS. From her vantage, Elly can see Funboy's hand squeezing Darla's butt. WITH ELLY as she approaches a pinball machine, always keeping one eye on Funboy's table.

ANGLE - ON DARLA

Seeing Elly. Goddamn kid.

RESUME ELLY

She fires up the pinball machine as Darla cuts across the room to intercept her. Darla's inflamed.

DARLA

I told you to stay outta here.

ELLY

I already put my quarter in ...
(snide)
... "MOM."

She PLAYS, trying to shut Darla out. BG, Funboy YELLS:

FUNBOY

Come on, Darla, before we die of
old age -- how about it?

Darla FLATHANDS the machine. It goes to "TILT."

DARLA

Out. Now. I gotta work.

Darla EXITS. Elly slots another quarter, mad, disappointed.

EXT. ALLEY - WHERE TIN-TIN GOT IT - NIGHT

39

Cop lights bounce, competing with the trash fires. Several other UNIFORMS are present as Tin-Tin is hoisted onto a guernsey between Albrecht and Torres. All of Tin-Tin's knives are sacking out of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

39

ALBRECHT
Couldn't have happened to a sweeter guy.

TORRES
You know this sack of shit?

ALBRECHT
This sack of shit's called Tin-Tin. Part of T-Bird's little entourage.

Torres scribbles in a leatherbound notepad.

TORRES
Who the fuck is "T-Bird?"

ALBRECHT
(fed up with Torres)
Nothing. A car.

TORRES
Don't any of your so-called street demons have real, grown-up names?
(to cops)
Bag him.
(back to Albrecht)
You don't get to play detective anymore, officer. That's my business, and I don't like your snout sticking into it. Word to the wise. Watch your mouth.

Torres PCINTS. Albrecht follows his gaze.

TORRES
So what the hell do you call this?

Daubed in blood, a crow silhouette on the wall where Tin-Tin died. Albrecht doesn't want to talk to Torres anymore.

ALBRECHT
I call it blood, Detective. You can call it grafitti if you want to.

INT. GIDEON'S PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

40

CLOSE-UP of Gideon's fingers shuffling grimy currency. Sudden SCREE of the security gate being pushed back, outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

40

GIDEON
Piss off, we're closed.

BANG-BANG-BANG on the door. Silhouette of someone outside.

GIDEON (CON'T)
Sleep somewhere else, dusthead,
unless you wanta get mutilated.

BANG-BANG-BANG. Gideon approaches the door with a big-bore
revolver. Cocks it.

GIDEON (CON'T)
Fuckun creatures of the night;
they never goddamn learn.

As he speaks the crow ROCKETS through the frosted glass, right
at Gideon's face. Gideon recoils, sprawl-assing backward and
dropping the gun.

ANGLE - DOOR

Eric's FACE visible through the hole made by the crow.

ANGLE - PAWNSHOP

Gideon yawping in rage: *dirty-fuckun-bastard-shit-SOB!*

ANGLE - RESUME DOOR

As Eric walks through it (now WEARING Tin-Tin's trenchcoat),
causing the fractured safety glass to disintegrate around him.
He brushes cubes of it off his shoulders like lint.

ERIC
(declaiming; thespian)
"Suddenly I heard a tapping, as
of someone gently rapping,
rapping at my chamber door."
(pause)
You heard me rapping, right?

GIDEON
I'm blind, you fuck! You're
trespassing and breaking and
entering and you just bought me
a fuckun door!

Eric's boots ENTER FRAME over Gideon. REVERSE to a LOW ANGLE
of Gideon looking UP at Eric. Eric LOOKS BACK as though the
door was incidental.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

31.

CONTINUED: (2)

40

ERIC
I'm looking for ...
(shrugs)
... something in an engagement
ring. Gold.

GIDEON
You're looking for a coroner,
shit-fer-brains!

Gideon brings the gun around and SHOOTS Eric in the chest. The
bullet tears THROUGH and destroys a boom box on the shelf. The
bullet tears THROUGH and destroys a boom box on the shelf behind Eric.
Gideon's jaw hangs and the gun slowly descends as he SEES --

CLOSE-UP - GIDEON WATCHING ERIC'S CHEST

-- As the entry hole recollects blood and closes.

GIDEON
Shit ... on ... me.

CUT SHARP TO:

ANGLE - COUNTER CAGE - GIDEON AND ERIC

As Gideon comes flying face-first into the cage.

ERIC (OS)
The customer is always right.

Gideon SPINS to SWING a blind roundhouse. Nobody there.
Nobody behind him. CHANGE ANGLE to reveal Eric CLINGING to the
cage mesh above Gideon. Eric DROPS to the floor and PUNCHES
through counter glass to capture an immense COMBAT KNIFE. The
whole move is a single smooth arc that ends with Gideon's hand
being NAILED to the countertop by the knife.

TIGHTER ON GIDEON AND ERIC

Gideon cuts loose a HOWL. His eyes get very white and he
breathes in shallow, whiny GASPS.

ERIC
Pay attention, now. I repeat: A
gold engagement ring. It was
pawned here a year ago by a
customer of yours named Tin-Tin.

GIDEON
(hanging on)
Don't know him!

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

32.

CONTINUED: (3)

40

ERIC
He confided in me before he ran
out of breath.

GIDEON
All's I got is in a metal box!
Under the counter!

ANGLE - BEHIND COUNTER CAGE - ERIC AND GIDEON

As Gideon tries weakly to lever the deeply-embedded knife out
of his hand. Eric scans the shelves: Rows of boxed ammo.
Kerosine tins. A big SPAS-12 riot gun. Survival knives and
knuckle-duster curios. And a fireproof box of rings.

CLOSE-UP - THE RING BOX IN ERIC'S HANDS

Dozens of gold rings. Eric's fingers sift them.

TIGHTER ON ERIC

As he brings each ring to his face.

ERIC
No ... no ... no ... no ...

. tosses each rejected ring over his shoulder. Until:

CLOSE-UP - THE RING IN ERIC'S HAND

~~Obliterated~~ by a stab of brilliant white light resolving into:
FLASH: Shelly's face, a perfect vision. She smiles as she
opens a ring box, looks inside, hugs Eric close. (FLASH ENDS.)

RESUMING ERIC

His fist closes around the ring. Eyes shut. Decision time.

ANGLE - GIDEON

Pulling the knife free at last -- SHHLORK! He presses his
wounded hand tightly to his chest. WIDEN as Eric grabs the
riot gun and shucks it one-handed.

ERIC
You have one chance to live.

GIDEON
Please ... take anything you want
...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

40

ERIC

Thank you. Now tell me about Tin-Tin's party pals.

GIDEON

At the Pit! The Pit! That's where you'll find the rest of T-Bird's potato-heads! The Pit! Hell, Funboy lives there! Upstairs!

ERIC

Funboy. T-Bird. A whole club of pirates, with jolly pirate nicknames.

c seems to go berserk, kicking and puncturing the cans of mmables and powder while Gideon COWERS.

GIDEON

Stop! Stop! Oh, Jesus H. Christ in a fuckun taxicab, man, stop! Don't kill me!

c STEPS OVER Gideon. Gideon FLINCHES. Eric unhooks a white tie that hanging above Gideon.

ERIC

You're a parasite. You feed off the dead. I'm not going to kill you. Your job will be to tell the rest that Death is on it's way to them tonight.

DUMPS a handfull of rings down the shotgun barrel.

ERIC

Tell them Eric Draven sends his regards.

E - GIDEON

covering his eyes to see Eric BACKING out the front door, ar bowslung, riot gun leveled at the counter. Gideon has a surge of phony bravado, standing up, YELLING.

GIDEON

You walk outta here, they'll erase your ass! You're street grease, you fuck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

40

ANGLE - ERIC FRAMED IN DOORWAY

ERIC
One chance to live. Take it.

ANGLE - GIDEON BEHIND COUNTER

He STOPS. Looks DOWN. Leaking cans. His shoes are saturated in gasoline and gunpowder. Gideon HAULS ASS towards the pawnshop's rear door with a bleat of terror.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC

Now outside the door as he CUTS LOOSE with the riot gun.

EXT. GIDEON'S PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

41

as seen from across the street. Eric silhouetted, UNMOVED as the whole storefront BLOWS OUT hellaciously around him, raining glass and debris. Stirring his hair. Eric is the black eye of a fireball. An ALARM goes off instantly.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GIDEON'S - NIGHT

42

As the concussion FLINGS Gideon through the door and into the trash, his pants on fire.

EXT. GIDEON'S PAWNSHOP - NIGHT

43

LOW ANGLE - ERIC, LIT by flames and residual explosions, FITCHES the shotgun into the inferno. Brushes flaming/smoking shards from his clothing. Calm.

ALBRECHT (OS)
Don't move! I said don't move!

NEW ANGLE - ERIC ON SIDEWALK

He turns, slowly. Sees Albrecht, out of reach, gun drawn. Eric's attitude lightens; Albrecht is not the threat here.

ERIC
I thought the police always said
"freeze."

Albrecht divides his attention and aim between the odd sight of Eric, guitar and all, and the burning store. Jumpy.

INTERCUT locals jerking their kids away from windows, snapping drapes shut, or just staring at Gideon's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

43

ALBRECHT

I am the police, and I say don't
move, Snow White! You move and
you're dead!

Eric has begun to pace toward Albrecht. Palms up, a gesture of
submission. Albrecht's battle cool wavers.

ERIC

And I say I'm dead ... and I
move.

ALBRECHT

Not one more step. I'm serious.

Eric BOWS, bringing his forehead to the gun's muzzle.

ERIC

Then shoot, if you will ...
officer.

TIGHT ANGLE - ALBRECHT

He gives it up. This is too weird for him. Jumps back.

ALBRECHT

Are you nuts, walking into a gun?
Are you high? Are you shot?
Man, you got blood all over you.

NEW ANGLE - LESS THREATENING - ERIC AND ALBRECHT

Eric sits crosslegged on the sidewalk.

ERIC

It's not mine. You must listen
carefully. There is an injured
man in the alley who will need
assistance. I must --

ALBRECHT

You MUST nothing. You and me, we
are going to sit here real nice
and wait for backup.

Distant OS SIRENS. BG, LOCALS and SCAVENGERS hump out to scarf
up the smoking Gideon freebies littering the street.

ERIC

I have to go find someone named
T-Bird. His friends shouldn't
play with knives.

Albrecht is interested but holds steady with the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

43

ALBRECHT

You're the guy that cancelled Tin-Tin. You're under arrest, man.

Eric's return glance says, "oh, really?" Albrecht wavers.

ERIC

He and the others like him have turned your streets into their Hell.

ALBRECHT

Fucking A.

ERIC

I may need your help to find them. Do you remember Shelly Webster? She needs your help, too.

ALBRECHT

You must be high. Shelly Webster is dead, my friend.

The SCAVENGERS, BG, are getting rowdy. Albrecht SHOUTS.

ALBRECHT

Hey! Yo! Put that shit down! Get back from that place! This is a police control zone!

Eric SMILES, amused by Albrecht's predicament. PULL BACK TO Albrecht as he TURNS to find Eric GONE. Albrecht does a quick 180. No Eric. Flashbar lights bounce off Albrecht's face.

ALBRECHT (CON'T)

Oh, fine. Perfect. Good night. Guy shows up looking like a mime from Hell and you lose him right out in the open.

(beat; sigh)

Least he didn't do that "walking against the wind" shit; I hate that.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HO - NIGHT

44

TRACK DOWN Top's empty conference table, to Top, completing hand-rolling a coca paste cigarette. A flame BURNS brightly in a tooled copper dish nearby. Top stares into the flame, abstractedly, and DROPS something into the dish, casually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

44

CLOSE-UP - COPPER DISH

Wherein a BLACKENED EYEBALL collapses and FRIES as the eye Top just dropped in rolls so the PUPIL is aimed AT CAMERA. It, too, begins to STEAM and BURN.

WIDER ANGLE - TOP AT TABLE

Lighting his smoke with an entire book of club matches. He REPLACES the dagger previously seen inside an obviously cherished display of fighting knives and swords. Myca moves up behind him.

MYCA

Feel better?

TOP DOLLAR

I always feel stronger after a little ... visual diversion.

They share a snicker at this. Myca kneads his shoulders.

MYCA

I feel ... something unsettling, gathering around you. You're the center of some kind of impending catastrophe.

TOP DOLLAR

Sounds serious. Good.

MYCA

Just watch your ass.

TOP DOLLAR

You can watch my ass for me.

Grange and T-Bird enter from the far end of the room. Top targets T-Bird.

TOP DOLLAR

Mister Grange informs me Gideon's Pawnshop just burned down to the foundation. And nobody bothered to clear it with me.

T-Bird fires up a smoke with his Zippo. Agitated.

T-BIRD

I didn't have nothing to do with that.

TOP DOLLAR

And that pisses you off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

44

T-BIRD

Tin-Tin got himself whacked.

TOP DOLLAR

Who got what?

T-BIRD

One of mine. Somebody stuck all
his blades into his organs in
alphabetical order!

TOP DOLLAR

I'm sure this is nothing outside
your capacity to deal with. You
need new personnel, find a
recruit.

(beat)

So -- problem?

T-BIRD

Whatever you say, I can do.

TOP DOLLAR

I guess we should have a moment
of silence for Tin-Tin.

(sanctimonious 1/4
second beat)

I don't usually permit a second
chance following a first mistake
... but you've had a whole year
now to improve your act, and I
can use your talent for light
tomorrow night.

T-BIRD

You've got my personal guarantee
on the job.

TOP DOLLAR

That's reassuring. Out.

T-Bird EXITS. Top moves to the blade display. Selects a
sword. Toys with it.

MYCA

There are forces aligning against
you. This could all be
significant.

TOP DOLLAR

A connection?

MYCA

Call it a feeling.

INT. POLICE HQ OFFICE CUBICLE - NIGHT

FOLLOW ALBRECHT inside. Musty. CLOSE ON desktop as he clicks on a light. Grabs an old styro cup to use as an ashtray. Begins to sort through an old FILE FOLDER.

CLOSE-UP: 8x10: The loft wipeout. 8x10: A document pinned to the loft wall by one of Tin-Tin's knives.

ANGLE - 8x10 IN ALBRECHT'S HAND

Subject: Eric, dead on the street, blood trickling from his mouth.

As Albrecht's hands shuffle the file we glimpse the HANGMAN'S JOKE 8x10 -- other promo shots of the band.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE ALBRECHT

As a DOUGHNUT on a paper plate suddenly touches down in the middle of all this deep research, STARTLING Albrecht.

ANGLE - ANNABELLA AND ALBRECHT

ANNABELLA, a comfortably large uniformed officer, POPS her gum, announcing herself.

ANNABELLA

Don't thank me. Are we fighting the good fight?

ALBRECHT

Double homicide, a year ago, no conviction. Look at this, Annie.

He holds up the document seen in the 8x10. Knife hole in it.

ANNABELLA

(reading)

"We, the undersigned tenants of 1929 Calderone Court Apartments ... What is this, a petition?"

ALBRECHT

It's a big KICK ME sign for a very nice white girl who found herself a cause, and the cause got her killed.

ANNABELLA

She was fighting tenant eviction. In that neighborhood? Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45

ALBRECHT
Yep. Miss Shelly Webster, and
her nice white rock 'n roll
boyfriend, Eric Draven.

Albrecht shows Annabella photos of Shelly and Eric.

ANNABELLA
Y'know your last little wild
goose hunt is what got you busted
back to beat patrol.

ALBRECHT
Torres keeps reminding me.

Albrecht begins sketching on Eric in the Hangman's Joke photo.
Cartoon outlines. Adds a Crow smile. Spiky hair.

ALBRECHT
This feels right.

ANNABELLA
You're gonna wind up working a
school crosswalk.

ALBRECHT
I'm cool.

ANNABELLA
That doughnut's chocolate, you
know.

PUSH IN on the doctored photo. It's Eric. It's the Crow.

ALBRECHT
Hello ... chocolate?

ANNABELLA
You didn't get that file from me.
And don't tell me you owe me one.

Albrecht blows her a kiss. Annabella rolls her eyes.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - ON ERIC

46

Climbing. The crow perched on his shoulder, the guitar
bowslung. Not in a hurry.

ERIC
It's a Raymond Chandler evening
/ And the pavements are all wet
/ And I'm lurking in the shadows
/ For it hasn't happened ...

(CONTINUED)

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41.

CONTINUED:

46

CLOSE-UP - ERIC

Impish now. The clown killer.

ERIC (CON'T)

... yet.

He unleashes the crow, which soars up into the night.

CROWVISION: Swooping down to target the neon of the Pit. Below, we fix on ELLY, dogging along on her skateboard.

EXT. STREET (NEAR PIT) - NIGHT

47

LOW CLOSE ANGLE of taxi roaring toward intersection. INTERCUT Elly skating. She sees taxi. Cabbie LAYS ON the horn but doesn't slow down. Elly is roughly WHISKED BACKWARD off her board, feet flying into the air. Board ROLLS BETWEEN the front and back wheels of the moving cab.

ANGLE - ELLY AND ERIC ON CORNER

Eric has just grabbed/saved Elly. The cab speeds off.

ELLY

Hey! Lemme go, you creep! HELP!

Eric releases her. Elly SITS DOWN hard on the sidewalk.

FLASH: Shelly toying with makeup at the vanity ... WITH ELLY.

SHELLY

Slow down. Not so much.

(FLASH ENDS.)

Eric touches his temple. Just a wince. Elly's voice FADES UP as she YELLS after the cab.

ELLY

You didn't even slow down, you dickhead!

Elly finally SEES what her savior looks like for the first time.

ERIC

He couldn't have stopped.

ELLY

He was a butt. I coulda made it.

(peers at Eric)

What are you supposed to be? A rock star? A clown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

47

CLOSE-UP - ERIC

He smiles for the first time. Genuine.

ERIC
Sometimes both.

ANGLE - ERIC AND ELLY WITHIN VIEW OF THE PIT

ELLY
So, I say thanks and you leave me
alone, right?

Eric's smile fades. He closes his eyes. Turns his back on
Elly and walks away ... a deliberate, regretful effort.

ELLY
Hey, wait! I know you! Come
back!

Eric stiffens, almost stops. Keeps on walking. Doesn't look
back. He is halfway to the Pit from Elly's position.

ELLY (CON'T)
Jesus ... sorry I bothered you.

INT. FUNBOY'S ROOM (PIT) - NIGHT

48

TIGHT on a RISING hypodermic as a fingernail taps bubbles from
the syringe. FOLLOW NEEDLE and BROADEN ANGLE as Funboy taps a
vein in Darla's arm and shoots her up. Both are naked in a
shabby bed. A BOOM BOX blasts music.

DARLA
Oooh baby, gimme gimme gimme all
of it.

CLOSE-UP - THE NEEDLE

as the plunger depresses.

ANGLE - FUNBOY AND DARLA

He knocks a quick hit off a freebase pipe.

FUNBOY
Tomorrow night, we can get high
and watch the whole fucking city
burn from that window.

DARLA
I'll bring the popcorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

48

ANGLE - ON THE WINDOW

As the crow lights on the open windowsill, scaring the poop out of our two dopey friends. Funboy pulls an auto pistol. Mock-aims.

DARLA

It's a big fucking bird ...

CROWVISION - Darla stares, falls back against the pillow, eyes dreamily defocusing. Funboy beckons the bird.

FUNBOY

It's a squab. Hey, bird.
C'mere, bird. Here birdie ...

NEW ANGLE - DARLA AND FUNBOY

Funboy and Darla's attention is focused in the opposite direction as Eric, guitar and all, ENTERS via the window.

ERIC

Here, Funboy.

FUNBOY

What the fuck --?

Funboy struggles to maintain against his high. Eric calmly unslings the Strat, leans it against the wall.

FUNBOY

Wow, oh wow, don't do that, man,
I nearly had a fuckin heart
attack.

DARLA

Look at that guy, Fun.

FUNBOY

It's just the dope; don't sweat
it.

DARLA

It's not the dope, Fun, he's not
going away ...

Funboy levels the gun, cocks it, totally in focus.

FUNBOY (CON'T)

Time for you to take your bird
and leave, freako.

Eric rips open his shirtfront to reveal the circlet of scars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

48

ERIC
Take your shot, Funboy. You've
got me, dead bang.

Eric PATS his chest, indicating where to shoot.

FUNBOY
You are seriously fucked up, man.
Look in a mirror. You need
professional help.

In a blur, he sights and SHOOTS through Eric's upraised hand.

FUNBOY (CON'T)
BINGO! He shoots, he scores!

His expression SAGS as Eric strides toward them.

ERIC
Bull's eye. Good shot.
Professional.

Eric lifts his hand. Peers at Funboy THROUGH THE BULLET HOLE.
Blood slithers back into the wound. Darla LIGHTS OUT for the
bathroom, the only route away from Eric.

ON ERIC AND FUNBOY

FUNBOY
C'mon, man either die or play me
a solo!

BANG! Eric averts his shoulders and the bullet whizzes past.

INTERCUTS - DARLA IN BATHROOM

Locking the door, trying to BARRICADE IT. Flinching with each
successive GUNSHOT, terrified.

RESUME ERIC AND FUNBOY

BANG! Eric advances. BANG! Funboy is a good shot. BANG!
Funboy's auto JAMS and he furiously clears the action. Before
he can shoot again Eric GRABS his gun hand, twisting it full
around, BREAKING Funboy's arm as the gun GOES OFF and blows a
ragged HOLE in Funboy's THIGH.

FUNBOY
Jesus Christ!

Eric TOSSES the empty gun, action back.

ERIC
You're out. Does that hurt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

48

FUNBOY

Fuck yes it fucking hurts, you
dead-ass, clown-faced fuck!
Aaaaah, god! Look what you did
to my sheets!

Funboy's eyes roll up in his head and he's OUT, clunk.

IN THE BATHROOM - ON DARLA

Cowering in the gap between the toilet and wall as Eric KICKS
DOWN the door and barricades, dragging Funboy by the leg.

DARLA

Stay away from me!

She holds a straight razor in front of her like a crucifix.
Eric SLINGS Funboy into the tub and cranks the shower full-on
cold. Extends a hand to help Darla up. Darla JABS with the
razor and misses. Eric GRABS her wrist and WRESTS HER upright
so she can see herself in the mirror.

CLOSE-UP - DARLA'S FOREARM

Where we may clearly see the needle tracks.

UP ANGLE - ERIC AND DARLA

ERIC

Mother is the name for God on the
lips and in the hearts of all
children. Do you understand?

He holds her arm captive. PUSH IN to see the dope EVACUATING
from the punctures (a reverse on Eric's blood trick).

ERIC

Morphine is bad for you.

ON DARLA

As she watches. Drug rage. Terror. A fast-mo cold turkey
withdrawal. She SLAMS into lucidity, really confused.

DARLA

What did you ... how ... did you
do that?

ERIC

Magic. Your daughter is out
there on the streets, waiting for
you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

48

Eric releases Darla. Darla EXITS. Eric watches after her, then holds a FULL SYRINGE of morphine to the light. He is suddenly BLINDSIDED by Funboy, dripping, wild-eyed, who SLASHES Eric broadly across the back with the razor! Eric WHIRLS, catches Funboy by the throat and PITCHES him out into the room. CRASH.

INT. PIT - NIGHT - GIDEON AT THE BAR

49

Burn bandages visible inside his shirt and covering half his face. Still shaky. He DRAINS his glass and pitches the ice cubes over the bar, scowling at Roscoe.

GIDEON

If I'd'a wanted ice I woulda asked for ice. Do I look like a faggot to you? Fill it up.

Roscoe wiggles a loose hand. Whew, tough guy. Leaves Gideon a bottle.

ROSCOE

Fill it yourself, macho man.

Roscoe POKETS all the cash Gideon has on the bar as Gideon fills his glass to the rim. Grange moves up BEHIND Gideon.

GRANGE

Burn yourself playing with matches?

GIDEON

Fuck off.

Gideon turns, SEES it is Grange and clams up.

GRANGE

You have an appointment. Drink up.

This prospect unsettles Gideon. He hangs tough, sips.

GIDEON

Well, shit on me. This is a first. Do I bow or curtsy?
(to Roscoe)
Bring him a glass of blood.

ANGLE ON GRANGE AND GIDEON AT BAR

As Daria BANGS helter-skelter out of the stairwell, still pulling on her clothes, and EXITS through the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

49

ROSCOE
Hey, g'night, Darla.

Most everyone laughs. Grange to Gideon:

GRANGE
Stay put right there.

Gideon SHRUGS. Grange makes for the stairs, quickly.

INT. FUNBOY'S ROOM - NIGHT - RESUMING ERIC AND FUNBOY FIGHT

50

Eric ROLLS, gets an arm SLASHED as he shields his face. Funboy HUMPS around him, favoring his blasted leg.

FUNBOY
Close that hole, fuckface!

Eric is not healing. He's on one knee, fighting to rise and avoid the razor.

FUNBOY
Just die! Just die! Just die,
you fuck!

In a fast two-handed move, Eric SLAPS away the razor and recovers the syringe, DRIVING it into Funboy's chest.

CLOSE-UP - AS ERIC RAMS THE NEEDLE INTO FUNBOY

Slamming home the full knock of morphine.

NEW ANGLE - ERIC VS. FUNBOY

Funboy gawks at the needle hanging out of his tit.

ERIC
You first. I insist.

Funboy angrily SLAPS the needle out of his chest. Weaves.

FUNBOY
Oh, no ... Stop. Go back.
Rewind.

Funboy and Eric face off, stunned, hurt, punch-drunk. Eric's WOUNDS begin to CLOSE, too slowly. Funboy is GASPING and clutching at his heart. Eric FILLS another syringe.

FUNBOY
No, no, that's way too much, man,
you're wasting it. Jesus this
hurts!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

50

ERIC
Your pain ends very soon. But
first...

Eric SQUATS on Funboy and poises the needle on his EYELID.

ERIC
Your friends. Skank and T-Bird.
Where?

INT. STAIRWELL / CORRIDOR - NIGHT - ON GRANGE

51

Edging up on Funboy's room. Sees the door ajar. Gun out. He
KICKS the door wide.

INSIDE FUNBOY'S ROOM - REVERSE POV - ON GRANGE IN DOORWAY

As Funboy's hand SLUMPS and TWITCHES large in FG. Grange BG,
sweeping the room at gunpoint and SEEING --

ANGLE - THE WINDOW

Eric perched on the sill, guitar on his back, a finger to his
lips. Shhhh. A wink for Grange. Then Eric DROPS out of
sight.

ANGLE - GRANGE

Rushing to the window. No Eric. WITH HIM back to Funboy.

ANGLE - GRANGE AND FUNBOY

A Crow doodle in blood on Funboy's naked chest amidst several
protruding needles. One from the heart. Funboy SUCKS a last
breath. He sees Grange. GUITAR OVER TO:

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

52

Gabriel the cat laps from an open tin of cat food, as seen
through the window. CRANE UP TO:

EXT. LOFT ROOF - NIGHT - ON ERIC

53

Strumming the purloined Strat, which is jerry-wired into a
Pignose amp. Sitting cross-legged. Healing.

ANGLE - ERIC FROM BEHIND

Being observed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

53

TIGHT ON ERIC

He hits a really SOUR note, distracted. Angrily SLAMS the strings as he turns to see the Skull Cowboy, behind him.

SKULL COWBOY
What is this, some kind of coffee
break?

Eric, irritated, wipes his face. Stares at white makeup on his hand. Speaks without looking at the Cowboy.

ERIC
My own personal Greek chorus. Go
away.

SKULL COWBOY
You look a mess. Like an ole
cooter dog. That nasty incision
you got on your back tell you
anything?

ERIC
Enlighten me.

SKULL COWBOY
You're getting a little
extracurricular. Don't. It
ain't your job to save people.

ERIC
(bitter laugh)
Who have I saved?

SKULL COWBOY
That junkie, Number One. And the
junkie's little girl.

ERIC
Elly. I knew her.

SKULL COWBOY
She knows you, too. Against the
rules.

ERIC
Maybe you should just write me a
manual.

Eric goes back to playing guitar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

53

SKULL COWBOY
You work for the dead. Never
lose sight of that. You work for
the living, you'll bleed. No
anniversary. No reunion.
(beat)
Don't make the mistakes I made.
It ain't worth it.

This turns Eric around ... but the Cowboy is gone.

ERIC
What are you talking about ...?

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HO - NIGHT

54

Gideon, berserk, bandaged and messed up, in mid-rant.

GIDEON
What am I talking about? Jesus
Christ in a go-cart!!
(re: his hand, burns)
Does this look like my fuckun
imagination to you?!

ANGLE - THE ROOM

Top Dollar SNAPS around at Gideon's unintended insult. Grange
stands by Gideon, who goes sheepish as he looks toward Myca.

GIDEON
Sorry.

ANGLE - MYCA

START IN TIGHT on a drilled ebony cigarette holder as Myca
takes a puff. WIDEN to include Myca, who lifts a silver
pendant out of a pewter bowl of RED LIQUID. She dips her hand
into the liquid, tastes it with her tongue, and smears it down
her face.

ANGLE - GIDEON REACTION

This shit is too off-planet for him. He looks around for
something else to do. Tense.

TOP DOLLAR
Stressful business day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

54

GIDEON

I shot this sonofabitch and watched the bullet hole suck itself shut! He crawled around my shop like a monkey and then everything blew up real good! Other than that, my day sucked!

GRANGE

(evenly)

He jumped out a fourth floor window like he had wings. I saw it. He was packing a guitar.

(beat; incredulous)

He winked at me first.

TOP DOLLAR

Mr Gideon, did you ever shoot marbles as a child? Assuming you ever were a child.

Gideon is abraded by this apparent non sequitur.

Top ROLLS AN EYEBALL the length of the table and Gideon nearly kills himself getting out of its icky way.

GIDEON (CON'T)

Holy fuckun shit!!

TOP DOLLAR

Say hello to the last fellow who would not co-operate with me. Dead, yet still with us. His eyes were more useful to me than the man who bore them.

GIDEON

An eye?! Christ on skates, what the hell is wrong with you?

TOP DOLLAR

In Vietnam soldiers used to collect ears from their kills. Sometimes their balls. They got it wrong. They wasted energy.

(beat)

All the power in this world resides in the eyes.

GIDEON

You are one sick ticket, man, eyes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

54

TOP DOLLAR

Quite likely. You saw this man.
Tell me what else you saw.

GIDEON

Had a big black fuckun bird with
him. Almost pecked my eyes out.

MYCA

A bird?

Everybody looks at everybody else. Is Myca nuts?

GRANGE

(evenly)

Funboy said he saw a black bird.
Then he laughed. Then he choked
to death on his own blood.

Top Dollar looks at Gideon. Has he heard this correctly?

TOP DOLLAR

And he let you live ... ?

GIDEON

I'm supposed to tell T-Bird that
"death is on its way", whatever
the fuck that means -- Draven.
He said his name was Eric Draven.

He places the tip of the sword against Gideon's Adam's apple.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

Nobody makes combat moves in my
sector, especially not now. You
wouldn't lie to me to save your
own ass ... would you?

GIDEON

(panic beat)

Shit on me, why would I make this
up?

TOP DOLLAR

That's what I like to hear.

Top RUNS the sword completely through Gideon's neck. Gideon
THRASHES and gobbles. It takes too long.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

Oh, come on, die, you asshole.

Top takes Grange's gun (a spiffy Calico 950) and SHOTS Gideon
until he don't move no more. Hands back the smoking gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

54

GRANGE
(re: Gideon)
You want him for anything else?

Top shakes his head slowly. Myca wrinkles her nose like she smelled a fart.

GRANGE
I'll have the janitor come up.

INT. ALBRECHT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

55

CLOSE-UP - STEREO

LEDs jumping as Etta James sings.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AT KITCHEN TABLE

Smoking. Having a beer. Studying the Draven file. His uniform blouse is OPEN and he still has his hat on.

ANGLE - WINDOW NEAR THE STEREO

The drapes are slightly stirred by wind.

ANGLE - AT BEDROOM DOOR, INCLUDE ALBRECHT

ERIC (OS)
Freeze.

Albrecht DROPS the beer in a spray of foam. On his bare foot. STANDS and tries to draw his gun. No gunbelt. His big floppy BOXER SHORTS, emblazoned with red HEARTS, are REVEALED!

ALBRECHT
Jeezus! Don't ever do that, man!
Fuck!

Eric EMERGES from the darkness of the bedroom, crosses to the opposite side of the table and holds up the doctored photo quizzically.

ERIC
Good likeness.

Albrecht recovers pretty fast, all things considered.

ALBRECHT
You, my friend, are dead. I saw
your body. You got buried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

55

ERIC

Yes. I did. You still have your hat on.

Miffed, Albrecht spins his hat onto the sofa. Calms down.

ALBRECHT

I told you, cops don't say "freeze." I gotta sit down.

Albrecht parks it in a nicely broken-in recliner. Eric leans INTO FRAME and hands Albrecht a fresh beer, which he accepts dumbly and sips. Eric drifts around the room, examining Albrecht's knickknacks.

ALBRECHT

You died, man. I can't process this shit. Last year. You and your girlfriend ...

ERIC

Shelly.

ALBRECHT

Are you some kinda ghost?

ERIC

I need you to tell me what happened to us.

ALBRECHT

You took a six-story swan dive out the window. She was beaten and raped. That's all I know - we never could find out any more. She died in the hospital.

Eric didn't know this. Fixes Albrecht, intensely.

ALBRECHT (CON'T)

Hey, you asked, man. Read the file. Shelly Webster held on for thirty hours in Intensive Care. Hemorrhage, trauma. Her body finally just gave it up.

(beat; regret)

I saw it. And I couldn't do jack for her.

Eric gently holds Albrecht's temples. Places his thumbs over Albrecht's eyes. Both react to a brutal FLASH we do not see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

55

NEW ANGLE - POST-FLASH - ERIC AND ALBRECHT

Eric staggers back, now holding his own head, his Crow face slack in realized horror. Albrecht disoriented.

ALBRECHT

What the hell was that? Are you okay?

ERIC

The venom of bad memory. You were there. You saw her. I saw you seeing her. I felt your pain. Your anger.

Understandably nervous, Albrecht shakily lights another smoke.

ALBRECHT

You gotta understand -- I was hoping she'd come out of it. Give me a lead, a clue, something to work with. But she only said one thing to me before she died.

Eric lowers his head, penitent.

ERIC

My name.

ALBRECHT

I'm sorry as hell, man.

(beat)

Technically the case is still open. No evidence. Nobody gave a shit. No suspects. Sure.

(beat)

T-Bird and his goon squad, sure as taxes.

Eric nods slowly, then plucks the cigarette from Albrecht's lips. Takes a single contemplative puff. Keeps his eye on the glowing tip.

ERIC

And death. You shouldn't smoke these.

Eric SNUFFS the butt between his fingertips.

ALBRECHT

You just gonna vanish into thin air again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

55

ERIC
I thought I'd use your front door.

So saying, he crosses to the door and OPENS it.

ALBRECHT
I should be trying to stop you.

ERIC
Thank you. For giving a damn.

ALBRECHT
Don't mention it.

Eric EXITS. Then PEEKS back in before he closes the door.

ERIC
I like the shorts.

The door SHUTS. Albrecht sits, discombobulated. Looks at them big ole hearts.

ALBRECHT
Thanks.

CROWVISION - SEARCHING CITY STREETS

Finally fixating on T-BIRD'S CAR, parked across the street from:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

56

A LONG SHOT as T-Bird and Skank approach.

T-BIRD
I want the piece of shit that made Tin-Tin into a fucking voodoo doll. He's mine.
(looks at watch)
No Funboy.

SKANK
Probably still bangin' Darla.

ANGLE - ACROSS THE STREET

A GRAFITTI ARTIST spray-paints a CROW SHAPE on a wall.

ANGLE - T-BIRD AND SKANK

Skank waxes macho, pulling his gun and AIMING at the Grafitti Artist.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

56

SKANK
Hey, you little fuckweed! That's
against the law!

Click-click-click! No ammo in Skank's bigass gun. The
Grafitti Artist LAMS into the night. T-Bird is disgusted.

T-BIRD
You're a waste of protein.

T-Bird points to the liquor store.

T-BIRD (CON'T)
Smokes and road beers.

SKANK
I'm on it.

T-Bird crosses to the car. Our clueless, hopeless pal Skank
enters the store ahead of two 12-year-old kids, AXEL and
CHOPPER.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

57

The KIDS split between counter and magazine rack as Skank
"browses," grabbing odds and ends. Two BOYS fight videogame
wars. An East Indian CLERK jabbars on the phone.

EXT. STREET / INT. CAR - NIGHT

58

T-Bird climbs in. Digs the last cigarette from his pack.
Flunks his Zippo. In orange light he SEES the rearview:

T-BIRD'S POV - REARVIEW MIRROR

A SHADOW crosses quickly behind the car (TOWARD DRIVER'S SIDE)

ANGLE - T-BIRD

Turning, one hand reaching for his gun. BEHIND him, Eric DROPS
silently INTO FRAME, leans in through the open passenger window
and IMMOBILIZES T-Bird's hand before it can draw the gun. T-
Bird can only see Eric in the mirror right now -- and Eric is
shaking his head "no."

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

59

Skank glances outside. Sees Eric as the car fires up, pipes
and glasspacks grumbling. Skank BRISTLES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

59

SKANK

What's all this happy horseshit?

The car PEELS OUT maniacally! Skank MOVES ... but the two KIDS unsling weapons and draw down on everyone in the store.

AXEL

Alright, alright, alright --
everybody be cool and stay
exactly where you are.

Chopper APPEARS behind Skank with a sawed-off shotgun and relieves Skank of his gigantic Auto Mag.

CHOPPER

Whoaaa, cowboy! Cool gun.

Off Skank's LOOK of total outfoxed disgust:

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT - TRAVELING FAST

60

Eric holds T-Bird's own gun on him.

T-BIRD

What the fuck are you supposed to
be, man?!

ERIC

I'm your passenger. You're the
driver. Faster.

T-BIRD

You call it, blood -- you got the
gun. Just tell me where you want
to go.

ERIC

We're going someplace you've
never been before.

T-BIRD

No we're NOT!

He SLAMS the brakes full down and swerves, hitting a FIRE HYDRANT. Eric is BLOWN through the windshield. The gun drops to the car seat. Water SPOUTS UP in front of the car.

INT. EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

61

Skank BROADSIDES Chopper and flees out the door. Chopper SHOOTS Skank through the shoulder with his own Auto Mag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

61

Skank falters off the curb and into the path of a SHOEBOX COMPACT car that lays on the brakes. Skank goes UP and OVER the hood to sprawl in the street.

 CHOPPER
 Oh, what a classic!

ANGLE - SKANK AND CAR

As the DRIVER jumps out to assist him.

 DRIVER
 You dumb ass hair! You hit my
 car!

Skank comes up with a forearm smash that lays the Driver down.

 SKANK
 Shut up!

Skank STEALS the car, buzzing off in pursuit of T-Bird.

INT. T-BIRD'S CAR - NIGHT - RESUMING T-BIRD

62

He speed-reverses and BACKS UP as Eric emerges through the spray from the hydrant.

ANGLE - OTS ERIC

As the car BACKS OFF he cocks his head, moves to the center of the street, then BECKONS the car forward with his fingertips.

HIGH ANGLE - ERIC AND THE T-BIRD

Faced off like gunslingers, the car's engine GUNNING.

IN THE T-BIRD

 T-BIRD
 Welcome to the Wonderful World of
 Roadkill!

Teeth grit, T-Bird PEELS OUT, very manly.

ANGLE - ERIC AND THE T-BIRD

As the T-Bird ROCKETS to mow Eric down, Eric executes a long, broad head-over-heels FLIP over the moving car.

IN THE T-BIRD

T-Bird decides. Fuck it. He's outta here.

(CONTINUED)

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60.

CONTINUED:

62

ON THE STREET

Eric lands as the T-Bird picks up speed. He decides. And SPRINGS to grab the back bumper as the T-Bird picks up speed.

INT. T-BIRD'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

63

As Eric CLINGS onto the rear deck and T-Bird tries to SHOOT him over the shoulder. The rear window EXPLODES. Eric narrowly misses HITS as he jumps to the roof. T-Bird SHOOTs through the roof. GRIMACES as the gun goes off next to his ear.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

64

Parked in an alley facing the street. Two cops (MJ and SPEEG) work on large styro cups of steaming coffee.

MJ

Smells like more rain.

SPEEG

Smells like a septic tank. You got that cream stuff?

Speeg rummages inside a take-out bag.

SPEEG (CON'T)

I hate this. They can't even call it cream, legally.

They SNAP TO as the T-Bird BLAZES past, doing ninety with Eric hanging onto the outside.

MJ

What in the crap ...?

MJ FLOORS the pedal. Speeg is DRENCHED in hot coffee.

SPEEG

Ow! Owowowowowowowww,
goddammit!

EXT. STREET - ON ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

65

As the cruiser ROARS out, wheel wells spitting steam.

EXT. / INT. T-BIRD - TRAVELING FAST - NIGHT

66

T-Bird runs out of bullets. Frantically looking around for Eric, holding the road and trying to reload. Eric's face APPEARS right in front of T-Bird -- upside-down.

ERIC

Keep your eyes on the road.

He SLAPS the gun away.

EXT. / INT. SKANK'S CAR - NIGHT

67

Skank sees the T-Bird FLASH past a block away and CUTS down an alley to catch up with it.

RESUMING THE T-BIRD

The police car fishtails into view blocks behind it. All-out Code Three. Eric has resumed his seat and once again has the gun on a dizzy T-Bird.

ERIC

Congratulations. You caught one.

T-BIRD

Great! So we're gonna die now and I don't even know what you want!

ERIC

I want you to drive faster, wheelman. And stop talking.

Keeping the pistol leveled, Eric RIFLES the glovebox, tossing items out the window: Clips for the gun. Sunglasses. A giant dildo. INTERCUTS of these items BOUNCING on the street as the cop car PASSES THEM.

INSERT - T-BIRD'S SPEEDOMETER

Climbing quickly toward the 100 mark.

ERIC (OS)

Time for you to skip down Memory Lane.

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT - TRAVELING FAST

68

As Eric finds T-Bird's gaffer's tape in the glovebox.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

68

ANGLE - ALLEYWAY TO STREET

Skank's car bounces out of the alley and is BROADSIDED by the police car. The two cars SLIDE together in a vee, scattering parts. Airbags BLOW OUT to immobilize Speeg and MJ.

ANGLE - SKANK'S CAR CRUSHED INTO POLICE CAR

Skank TUMBLES out the passenger side door. Sees the cops wrestling the airbags. Jogs after the T-Bird as it HANGS a distant corner.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

69

The T-Bird careens through dockside quiet, alone, then FISHTAILS to a lung-compressing STOP.

INT. T-BIRD'S CAR - NIGHT - ON ERIC AND T-BIRD

70

T-Bird respirating like a jackhammer. Eric deadly-determined.

T-BIRD

Listen -- whoever the hell you want, you grabbed the wrong man, motherfucker!

ERIC

Time for your reward, T-Bird. Payback. With interest.

Eric RIPS a long strip of tape from the gaffer's roll.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT - LATER

71

Eric pops the trunk. Much more arson paraphenalia.

INT. T-BIRD'S CAR - NIGHT - FAVOR T-BIRD

72

A SLOW TILT from T-Bird's foot, firmly taped to the pedal. Hands taped to the wheel. Throat taped to the headrest. Almost mummified into his seat. Eric continues TAPING.

T-BIRD

What -- you gonna xape me, now?

ERIC

Do you know what you destroyed with that little housecall you engineered a year ago?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

72

T-BIRD

You want money, I got it, man.
Dope. I got that, too.

ERIC

A year ago. A very nice lady
circulated a petition. She died.
On Devil's Night. Answer yes or
no.

T-BIRD

That's ancient history!

ERIC

It's yesterday! Do you know what
you destroyed?

T-BIRD

Who gives a fuck! I'm a
businessman. You gonna do me
then do me and shut your face!

ERIC

You don't even remember.

T-BIRD

I never forget anything,
dickhead. That building was a
sweep-and-clear. That bitch was
a nuisance with her goddamned
petition! It was a bulldog job,
okay, and the bulldogs got a
little rowdy! End of story!

ERIC

Rowdy.

Eric and T-Bird are face to face now. T-Bird begins to
recognize him. Fear. Sweat.

T-BIRD

Holy shit, man, we fucking killed
you! You can't be here! We
pitched you!

Eric RIPS a long strip from the roll and T-Bird CLAMS UP.

ANGLE - ERIC, FROM CAR WINDOW

ERIC

I knew I could bring it all back
for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

72

Eric TAPES a flare into T-Bird's mouth like a gag. Eric reaches inside and pulls UP on a bungee cord.

ERIC (CON'T)

Too bad you have to miss Devil's Night. I know you in particular were looking forward to it. I want you to remember Shelly Webster's name. Think it, over and over. Think of how she burned while you were inside of her.

Eric exhibits a wad of T-Bird's C4, with timer.

ERIC (CON'T)

What's the lag on this? Twenty seconds, ballpark?

T-Bird tries to scream.

ERIC (CON'T)

I've comrades in Hell, T-Bird. Hot place. Give them my best.

Eric ACTIVATES the timer. Drops the bomb in T-Bird's lap. YANKS upward on the cord.

INSERT - T-BIRD'S FOOTWELL

The cord PULLS T-Bird's foot all the way down on the pedal.

ANGLE - ON ERIC AND CAR, FROM DOCKSIDE

The car HURTLES for the dock edge, about the length of a football field. Eric extracts the clip from T-Bird's gun and THUMBS BULLETS from it as the car speeds for the water's edge.

ANGLE - T-BIRD

Through half a windshield as his eyes bug out and he goes
MMMMMMHHHH!!

CLOSE-UP - THE CLIP IN ERIC'S HAND

Thumbing out the final bullet.

ERIC

All gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

72

ANGLE - T-BIRD AT DOCKSIDE

The car LIFTS OFF and BLOWS ALL TO HELL, a billion smithereens of phosphorescent fire pattering into the dark water. It SPLASHES DOWN and SINKS. Weird flare glow as it submerges.

ANGLE - ERIC

He heaves the gun into the water. Squirts a pool of T-Bird's accelerator onto the ground. Ignites it with T-Bird's Zippo.

HIGH LONG SHOT - ERIC

Walking away. The firepool coalesces into a BURNING CROW SHAPE.

ANGLE - NEARBY CARGO WAREHOUSE

Fire LIGHTS Skank's face. He witnessed T-Bird's checkout. He flinches. Then FLEES, doublequick.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BURNING CROW SHAPE

Eric is gone. SIZZLING NOISE. MATCH WITH:

INT. DARLA'S APT - DAY (MORNING)

73

CLOSE-UP of a frying pan busy burning firebombed eggs. Gross.

ANGLE - DARLA AT THE STOVE

Looking better. Not thrilled with her cookery.

DARLA

I never was too good at this domestic Mommy shit.

ANGLE - ELLY AT LIVING ROOM WINDOW

ELLY

Don't say "shit."

(beat)

You don't have to cook. Corn flakes are okay. Anything.

Elly hears a lilting, faraway GUITAR STRAIN from the city.

DARLA

What do you have to do today? No school.

(CONTINUED)

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66.

CONTINUED:

ELLY
I wanted to try visiting a
friend.

73

DARLA
Anybody I know?
(to herself)
No. Of course not. Get real,
Darla.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Grange stands over the sundered grave of Eric Draven. A
ragged, muddy pit. He kneels. Feels a clod of earth.

74

INT. LOFT - DAY - ON ERIC

FLASH: Eric and Shelly (wearing a long dress) exchange an
extremely passionate and intimate KISS in the moonlight. (FLASH
ENDS.)

75

Coming out of a FLASH, embracing a ragged gown of Shelly's.

ANGLE - ERIC IN LIVING ROOM

Barechested, clean of makeup and blood, he arches and executes
odd balletic Crow moves of increasing complexity. INTERCUT
this pump-up dance WITH:

FLASH CONTINUES: PUSH IN TIGHT on Shelly, wearing the gown
when it was fresh and sassy, as she is embraced by a nude Eric.
He undoes the wispy ties. The gown crumples the length of
Shelly's body to the floor. (MORE)

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC

Executing an acrobatic ROLL that winds him up at the
windowsill. He claps his hands in front of his face and
breathes deeply.

FLASH: A series of CLOSE SHOTS of Eric's and Shelly's HANDS,
each moving along the contours of the other's body. (FLASH
ENDS.)

ANGLE - ERIC AT WINDOW

Opening his eyes.

ERIC
That's better.

The crow is perched on the sill.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

67.

CONTINUED:

ERIC
What are you looking at?

75

He wipes his torso down with a towel. Holds his hand before his face and FLEXES it. His tendons crackle like harness straps. He CLOSES his hand into a powerful fist.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Torres watches as the scorched chassis of T-Bird's car is winched up out of the drink. The dessicated HUSK of T-Bird is still fused to the wheel. Albrecht moves up behind Torres.

76

ALBRECHT
They're gonna have to ID his teeth ... but I'll bet that's T-Bird.

Torres gets in Albrecht's face, righteously pissed off.

TORRES
Hit Number Three in your hood in twenty four fucking hours and all you've got for me is a funny name?

ALBRECHT
I'm not a detective, Detective.

TORRES
You're holding out on me. I've got a goddamn vigilante killer knocking off scumbags left and right, and you've got information vital to this investigation!

ALBRECHT
I don't know any more than you do.

TORRES
Bull-fucking-shit! You were burrowing around in the case files last night!

Albrecht knows he's covering for Eric already.

ALBRECHT
Fire was his thing. He was a righteous arsonist. There was a highspeed pursuit. He zigged when he should have zagged. Kaboom. Case closed.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

68.

CONTINUED:

76

TORRES

Okay, smartass. Your disciplinary's been filed. After today you're not a cop anymore.

ALBRECHT

Behind my back.

TORRES

Have a nice day.

Torres HUFFS off with better things to do, victorious.

INT. LOFT - DAY - ERIC IN LIVING ROOM - LATER

77

As Eric tosses the gown into the fireplace, which is already ablaze with other remnants of his old existence.

WITH ERIC as his eyes move to an old photo in a broken frame. Cracked glass. Subject: Eric and Shelly, goofing for the camera. As he is about to pitch it into the fire --

ELLY (OS)

Smells like my mom's cooking.

Eric TURNS. There's Elly, peeking in the doorway. No place for him to retreat.

ANGLE - GABRIEL THE CAT

As it TURNS to notice Elly at the door.

ANGLE - ERIC, AS ELLY ENTERS

ERIC

Hello, Elly.

ELLY

I knew it was you. I knew that I knew. Even with the makeup and stuff.

Elly seems delighted. Conspiratorially SHUTS the loft door.

ELLY (CON'T)

You're Eric. You're back.
You're not dead!

ERIC

Elly, it's not a good idea for you to be here. I shouldn't even be --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

77

Eric is cut short by Elly hurrying across the room to HUG HIM.

ELLY
I missed you. I missed you.

PUSH IN ON ERIC as he fights to make his speech, but cannot. Slowly his arm comes up to embrace Elly right back. His eyes are squeezed tightly shut.

INT. LOFT - DAY - ERIC AND ELLY - LATER

78

A blanket has been spread picnic-style before the fireplace. Eric sits across from Elly.

CLOSE-UP - THE FRAMED PHOTO OF ERIC AND SHELLY

Curling and smoking in the grasp of the flames.

ELLY (OS)
What happens when you die?

ERIC
Everything gets very dark. You stop feeling. There's no time. Like sleep.

ELLY
No dreams, though, I bet. Right?

Eric doesn't say anything. He knows he shouldn't be doing this.

ELLY (CON'T)
Why do people have to die?

ERIC
I don't know.

ELLY
Do you get to see her?

ERIC
If it all goes right.

ELLY
Will you tell her I said hi?
Tell her I miss her, and I'm sorry she's dead.

Eric is on the verge of tears. This is ripping him up.

ERIC
I'll tell her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 ELLY
You're going to leave, aren't
you? Soon?

 ERIC
Yes. Tonight. I have to go
back.
 (rueful laugh)
Home.

Eric gives a little smile. Shakes his head.

 ERIC
Somebody else here wants to say
hello. Gabriel?

Gabriel has joined them. Elly is smitten but hesitates.

 ELLY
Is he dead, too? Is he still
your cat?

 ERIC
I think he's your cat now.

The gift has effectively derailed Elly's relentless inquiry.
As she BEAMS we CUT TO:

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HO - DAY

CLOSE-UP: An intricate TATTOO against flesh. PAN OFF Myca's
body to her hands WIELDING a needle, wiping droplets of blood
away from a new component of a similar TATTOO on Top's back.

 MYCA (VO)
Protection. That's not like you.

ANGLE - TOP AND MYCA ON THE BED

Her tools scattered around. He echoes Myca's earlier line.

 TOP DOLLAR
Call it a feeling.

Myca indicates the other sections of the tattoo with the tip of
a knife blade.

 MYCA
Power. Past lives. Skill. I
like the one for purity.

 TOP DOLLAR
Goes with the set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYCA
You're forgetting one.

The knife TARGETS another section of ink.

TOP DOLLAR
Love. You. Me.

Myca WIPES the new section again. She's done. She stands up.

MYCA
There. Protection.
(beat)
This was hanging in front of us
all the time.

She hands Top the HANGMAN'S JOKE 8x10 from the corridor.

TOP DOLLAR
The late Eric Draven. Who died.
How do you do? What are you and
what do you want?

MYCA
He died on Devil's Night.

TOP DOLLAR
T-Bird's little fuckup. Not so
little.

MYCA
The dead can rise. Properly
motivated. Do you know of spirit
assassins?

TOP DOLLAR
A Fury, seeking revenge.

On the MONITOR, Myca sees Grange hustling Skank along.

MYCA
Take a look at what your right
hand just dragged in.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HO - DAY - LATER

Top exhibits the 8x10 of Eric. Skank is battered and taped up.

SKANK
That's him.

GRANGE
Just add weird makeup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

80

SKANK

Sumbitch had his face painted all
white like some kinda kabuki
homo! He flash-fried T-Bird to
his fucking car!

Skank unholsters a new Auto Mag and furiously jacks the action.
The magazine FALLS OUT and hits his foot.

TOP DOLLAR

Too many poppers, Skank. Relax.
Heel.

(to Grange)

You saw the grave?

GRANGE

Yes sir. Empty.

SKANK

Fuck all this voodoo shit, man!
What about my fucking grave?!
This guy is supposed to kill my
ass next!

GRANGE

Three out of four. He's working
his way to this meatball right
here.

SKANK

We were kidding, alright!? A
little terrorism action, okay,
then Funboy wants to get his knob
wet and it all goes out of
control! This donkey dick
waltzes in and we had to waste
them both! It's T-Bird's fault,
man!

Top GRABS Skank's face, pulls him close. Piqued.

TOP DOLLAR

Skank. Shut. Up!

Top forments a plan. Myca ENTERS.

MYCA

They have all arrived.

Top has business. He hangs into Skank for his punchline:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

80

TOP DOLLAR

Do you want to continue
breathing?

(beat; intense)

The next time you flap your jaws,
it'll be to tell us everything
you did. Everything you saw.

Top PATS Skank's cheek, paternal. To Grange:

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

Watch him. I'm going to need
him.

EXT. LOFT ROOFTOP - SUNSET - ON ERIC

81

Dark clouds highlight the sunset. Eric plays the Shelly Theme, LOUD, in a major key. Where before it was wandering and wistful, now it's bold and definitive; pain replaced by strength and a sense of homecoming. At the climax Eric RIPS the guitar overhead and SMASHES it on the Pignose, which shorts out and dies. Eric is finished here. He flings the guitar into the night.

ANGLE - ROOF EDGE - FROM STREET LEVEL

As the fractured guitar SAILS OUT.

RESUME ROOFTOP - SLOW CRANE BACK FROM LEDGE

Revealing deserted roof. Eric is GONE. An aggressive, steamrolling industrial SONG fires up OS as a SEGUE TO:

INT. CLUB TRASH - NIGHT - ON STAGE

82

An around-the-bend biomechanoid BAND tortures itself into FRENZY and galvanizes the clubbers to do likewise.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HQ - NIGHT - SLOW PAN OF CONFERENCE TABLE

83

Where sit ten nicely-turned-out BADASS CRIMINALS, all types, colors and calibers, smoking, talking, drinking, toying with weapons. Behind each are BODYGUARDS who scan the room. END PAN on Top Dollar's entrance, with Myca, Grange and (a gunless) Skank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

83

TOP DOLLAR

A little more than ten years ago
I was what the media call a
"common criminal," like this
sorry specimen you see quivering
before you.

(to Skank; pointedly)

You sit in T-Bird's chair until
I tell you otherwise.

All heads turn as Grange herds Skank (who doesn't like it one
bit) to the only chair and sits his ass down.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

Unfortunately, T-Bird is not
living any more. Pity. The man
was headstrong, but he had an
artist's hand for fire.

Skank fidgets, whipped-dog style.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

For those of you joining us for
the first time tonight --

Top looks to Skank and several other BCs.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

-- the first fire I ever set in
this town made the papers. In
four years mavericks were
imitating me. It is now a self-
perpetuating phenomenon. We help
perpetuate it. Now everybody
knows what "Devil's Night" means.

SANCHEZ (BC #2)

It means "Light My Fire" time for
the whole fucking city!

General agreement as Myca walks into the light. Stands by Top,
who takes her arm.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

Our father was a veteran of the
war in Vietnam. I grew up on our
city streets.

CROWVISION - Approaching Club Trash from the air at night.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T / OS)

My sister grew up on the streets
of Saigon.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

83

TOP DOLLAR (Cont'd)
 She had to watch her homeland
 change, one block at a time, one
 building at a time.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HO - NIGHT - RESUMING TOP DOLLAR

84

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)
 Whole lives erased. A whole way
 of life, polluted. She helped me
 to find myself. Everything I am
 today I owe to her.

Behind Top's back, Myca runs a slim hand between his legs.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)
 And on her behalf, I decided
 reciprocity was called for, in
 all ways. Now, aside from the
 obvious payoffs reaped from our
 festive little annual reign of
 terror --

The Badass Criminals all enthusiastically pitch in:

SANCHEZ
 Oh, you mean the insurance scams.

BRAEDEN (BC #1)
 The property kickbacks.

JUGGER (BC #3)
 The resale merchandise?

MYCA
 Not to mention all the pretty
 lights.

This gets a general LAUGH from the group.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT - ANGLE ON WINDOW

85

Shadows. Eric is there, perched on the exterior ledge,
 invisible until he OPENS HIS EYES (on Top's line "chaos"), two
 dots of white in the twilight blackness.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T / OS)
 I do this for my sister, because
 I can. I do it for me, as a
 demonstration of power. And
 something more -- call it my
 inner need for chaos.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HO - NIGHT - RESUMING TOP DOLLAR

86

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)
I created it. It is mine. And
I love it. And it is the
spectacle that it is because you
all help me to make fire.

Glasses and bottles get raised in a general toast.

ANGLE - TOP DOLLAR

As he strolls around to Skank's position.

TOP DOLLAR
Do you feel something in the air,
Skank? Do you feel a sense of
privilege?

ANGLE - SKANK AND TOP DOLLAR

SKANK
Oh, I'm priveleged, man! I'm a
worm on a fucking hook!

TOP DOLLAR
A worm. I agree. What are you
doing in that chair? That chair
is for T-Bird.

SKANK
But you just told me to --

TOP DOLLAR
(overrides)
You have no right to sit in that
chair. It's disrespectful.
Stand up.

When Skank complies Top lifts a full pitcher of icewater and
DRENCHES him.

SKANK
What is this shit, man?!

TOP DOLLAR
Rejõice. You've been baptized.

Everybody laughs AGAIN.

The CROW zips in to land in the center of the table. Surprise.
Half the BCs instinctively draw weapons.

ERIC (OS)
Great party. We're all laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - ERIC NEAR WINDOW

Having entered, walking now into the light, facing down many, many guns.

ERIC (CON'T)
All I want is him.

Eric points to Skank. Top looks at Skank as though he suddenly has value.

TOP DOLLAR
You take him and breeze off into the night, bad manners and all?
No. I've been waiting to meet you. We've all been waiting to meet you.
(to group)
Gentlemen, say hello.

Grange OPENS FIRE with his Calico. All the BCs and their bodyguards follow suit, DRAW DOWN and COMMENCE FIRING.

ANGLE - ERIC AND THE BADASS CRIMINALS

Eric's foot LASHES OUT to KICK a pistol drawn on him by the nearest Badass Criminal.

INSERT - THE PISTOL

Spinning in mid-air to land in Eric's waiting hand!

ANGLE - ERIC AND BADASS CRIMINAL

Eric SHOOTS the BC through the forehead. BOOM!

VARIOUS ANGLES - BIG MOBY SHOOTOUT

Or "Death Cleans House": Eric JUMPS onto table, firing as he SPINS - Skank scrambles beneath the table - BCs and Bodyguards drop like mosquitos - Eric LANDS and tears his way through four or five guys that attack him bodily, punching, kicking, taking weapons from his adversaries and using them against them until the knives are seated in flesh and the guns run dry.

CLOSE ANGLE - THE CROW

Observing from the center of the table. Myca springs up from cover and GRABS the bird, which PECKS her hand before Grange YANKS her out of the firing line.

(CONTINUED)

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78.

CONTINUED: (2)

86

ON GRANGE - BACKING TOP AND MYCA TOWARD ANOTHER DOOR

Grange has one behind each arm, his body always turned toward the gunfire. Top keeps straining to look back, seeing Eric take hits like paint pellets without slowing down.

SHOOTOUT CONTINUES

BCs and Bodyguards suck big hits and DROP - the battle progresses toward the display case, from which Eric GRABS a sword and begins SWINGING - INSERT of machinegun flying through air with the shooter's hands still attached, severed at the forearm - Eric fights with sword in one hand, gun in the other.

INT. CLUB TRASH - NIGHT

87

A full dance floor of thrashers and trendazoids. A bullet-riddled BC EXPLODES through one of the mirrored observation windows overlooking the club and smacks the floor. The dancers REACT - some in fright, some in amusement, some in approval. The BAND onstage HAMMERS ONWARD.

ANGLE - LOOKOUT WINDOW (SAME AS PREVIOUS SHOT) - TO CLUBBERS

As another wounded BC is FLUNG to crash-land amid the clubbers, who all begin to come unhinged as glass and blood rains on them. It's not part of the show. Now the band gives it up and retreats backstage. Stampede Time at Club Trash.

ANGLE - ERIC

As the last terminated BC DROPS from his death-grasp. Eerie lighting. A low fog of drifting gunsmoke. Top is GONE.

ERIC

Guess it's not a good night to be
a bad guy. Right, Skank?

Eric reaches down and DRAGS Skank from beneath the table.

SKANK

Don't kill me don't kill me shit
don't kill me -- ! (ETC.)

ANGLE - THE ENTRANCE DOORWAY

Starts to CAVE IN as police BATTER it from the outside.

ANGLE - ERIC AND SKANK FROM FAR END OF ROOM

Eric wrests Skank around. Uses him as a shield. Here come the cops right behind their door-ram. All guns target Eric.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

87

LEAD COP

That's all she wrote, Bozo! Let
him go! Do it now!

SKANK

(to Eric)

Pleeeeee don't kill me ...

ERIC

Think of a snappier comeback on
your way down.

Without a beat Eric PITCHES Skank right out the window! Skank
HOWLS all the way down.

EXT. CLUB TRASH - STREET LEVEL - NIGHT

88

A backup POLICE CAR screeches INTO FRAME with its front end
bashed in, occupied by our pals MJ and SPEEG. Speeg holds a
protective hand over his coffee to keep it in the go-cup. He
hasn't lost a drop.

SPEEG

Thank you, god.

MJ

Oh shit --

MJ is looking UPWARD as Skank FALLS DIRECTLY TOWARD THE
CRUISER.

ANGLE - SKANK HITS THE COP CAR

Skank DESTROYS the flashbar, IMPLODING the front windshield.
Speeg gets DRENCHED again in fresh hot coffee.

SPEEG

OwwwwAHHH son of a BIRCH!

ANGLE - SIDEWALK ACROSS THE STREET - ON ALBRECHT

Who sees it happen. Marvel and horror.

ALBRECHT

Jesus Christ...

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S HQ - NIGHT - RESUMING - WIDER ANGLE

89

Just Eric, corpses, bald light and drifting gunsmoke. The cops
ADVANCE into the room, hyper-aggressive.

(CONTINUED)

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80.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - ERIC ESCAPES

89

By KICKING OFF from the massive conference table, FLIPPING into the air and arcing cleanly through the window as the cops OPEN FIRE and tear the room to pieces.

EXT. CLUB - AT FRONT OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Picking up Eric's escape dive. Bullets chase him. Cops BELOW immediately OPEN FIRE. Bullets spark off bricks and ironwork.

90

ANGLE - CLUB ROOFTOP - ON ERIC

Somersaulting over and landing HARD. Eric is immediately NAILED from above by a blinding spotlight thrown by a police helicopter DIRECTLY overhead.

CROWVISION - Eric running rooftop to rooftop, vaulting heights and spaces. Cops on the street rush parallel to track Eric.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC'S RUN

As he VEERS to dodge the incoming sniper fire and runs out of buildings to jump to.

FROM THE HELICOPTER

As Eric DIVES without looking back.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

91

As Eric HITS a dumpster. He RISES as the chopper spotlight SWEEPS DOWN to dog him.

ANGLE - ERIC'S RUNNING POV - END OF ALLEY

His escape is cut off by a POLICE CAR that screeches in to block his path, lights flashing.

ANGLE - ERIC

He backpedals, searching for an alternate escape route.

ALBRECHT (FROM CAR)
Come on! Move it!

ANOTHER ANGLE - ERIC AND POLICE CAR

So we may SEE Albrecht. Eric DIVES IN. The car takes off.

7/4/93

81.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING - ALBRECHT AND ERIC

92

Albrecht harried and frantic, but in control. He twists and turns the car, glancing rearward for pursuit.

ALBRECHT
I figured you might need a ride.
Keep your head down!

Eric CROUCHES low in the adjacent seat.

ALBRECHT (CON'T)
You cap off all the bad guys?

ERIC
I'm done.

ALBRECHT
(ruefully)
You and me both. Hey, man --
you're hit. A lot.

ERIC
It's only a flesh wound.

ALBRECHT
Yeah, only about fifty or sixty
flesh wounds.

Eric sits up as the car gains distance. Grabs the ever-present
cigarette from Albrecht.

ERIC
You shouldn't smoke these.

Eric PITCHES the smoke out the open window. Albrecht
immediately fires up another cigarette.

ALBRECHT
You sure I can't just take you to
the Emergency ward?

ERIC
No.

ALBRECHT
How 'bout the morgue? How about
we at least stop and get us a
shitload of Band-Aids?
(beat)
I was kinda hoping you'd decide
to stick around a bit. This
place needs you.

ERIC
Shelly needs me.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

82.

CONTINUED:

92

ALBRECHT
Well, ain't love grand.

ERIC
You shouldn't be doing this at
all. You'll get trouble.

ALBRECHT
I got trouble up to my eyebrows
already. Can't sink much deeper.

Eric CLASPS Albrecht's hand, brotherly.

ERIC (CON'T)
You're a good man. Look after
Elly. And don't mourn me.

The car is CUT OFF at an intersection by a POLICE UNIT which
RUNS the red light enroute to Club Trash, code three. Albrecht
SWERVES and SLAMS the wheel.

ALBRECHT
Shit!

Albrecht looks. The door is open and Eric is gone.

ALBRECHT (CON'T)
I knew you were gonna do that.

INT. TOP'S LIMO - NIGHT - MYCA AND TOP

93

Grange DRIVES. TIGHT on a glass of liquor in Top's hand as his
grip SHATTERS it in seething rage.

TOP DOLLAR
This whole fucking block should
be going up in flames by now!
The sky should be red! WHY AM I
HERE?!

He HAMMERS the door panels, the armrest.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)
I want to wash my hands in his
blood. I want to rip off his
head and make him watch while I
dismember him.

MYCA
Too dangerous. He's not a man.
He's not alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93

TOP DOLLAR

No, he's a real live dead Fury
come to click off my entire
existence like a light and I will
not permit it.

(beat)

It was my destiny to meet him.
I am the recipient of
unanticipated good fortune.

MYCA

You want his eyes.

TOP DOLLAR

I can have that ... and I can
take all the power that is his.
I feel it in my blood. He's
supernatural but not superhuman.
If he has a weakness, I want to
hurt him.

MYCA

The crow is his familiar. I
touched it. It is his link
between the realm of the living
and the land of the dead.

TOP DOLLAR

Then it can be used to trap him,
exterminate him, and extract from
him what is mine by right.

(beat)

Will I be strong? Can I take him
on and win?

MYCA

Yes, I think he could be hurt, if
he poses a threat to you. Yes.

TOP DOLLAR

Nobody threatens me. Alive or
dead.

Myca gets in Top's face, close, intimate.

MYCA

Yes. But you have to find him
again.

TOP DOLLAR

If his little vendetta is
complete, there is only one place
on this earth left for him to go.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

94

Eric marches along in plain view since everyone around him seems to be in costume. The wind whips his coat. Hallowe'eners bustle around him with trick-or-treat bags. The crow is perched on his shoulder. He crosses the street to:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

95

Waiting for him. The church steeple looms.

EXT. CEMETERY - SHELLY'S GRAVE - NIGHT

96

Elly lies sleeping against the gravestone. She erupts from her doze. Eric is standing in front of her.

ELLY

You're gonna tell me I shouldn't be hanging around the graveyard in the middle of the night, right?

Eric looks around the churchyard. Sad. Even forgiving.

ERIC

Safest place in the world to be.

ELLY

'Cos everybody's dead.

(beat)

I knew you'd come here last. When you said "home," I knew you'd come here.

ERIC

It's very late, Elly.

ELLY

You didn't say goodbye.

Eric hunkers down closer to her..

ELLY (CON'T)

Do you get to see her now?

ERIC

Very soon. In a better place, I hope.

ELLY

And you're never gonna come back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

96

ERIC
I don't know if I can. For you,
I'd try real hard.

ELLY
Promise?

ERIC
Promise.

Elly gives Eric a fierce hug. White makeup on her face when she comes away.

ELLY
I gotta go sneak back into the
house.

She releases Eric's hand and backs off toward the gate. Beat. Eric turns from Elly to the grave. Elly dutifully turns away, hits her board and skates out of the cemetery.

ANGLE - CEMETERY GATE - AS ELLY SKATES THROUGH

She keeps glancing back and is SNATCHED off her board by GRANGE, who clamps his hand over her face.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

97

The main sanctuary, all columns and pews. Grange lugs Elly in from a rear entrance. Myca, next to Top at the altar, toys with a crow feather she captured during the Big Moby.

GRANGE
He's just standing out there now.

TOP DOLLAR
Waiting. For what?

Myca shakes her head - no idea.

TOP DOLLAR
Hello, Elly. I have a supercool
little job for you. You get to
be my bait.

ELLY
You're a creep and he'll kick
your ass! Child molester!

TOP DOLLAR
(to Myca)
She's cute as a chocolate torte.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANGE

So we grab the bird?

MYCA

The crow will precede him.

She runs the feather over her lips.

MYCA (CON'T)

Every part is a whole. Simple
enough to collect the rest.Myca SETS FIRE to the feather and drops it into a communion
dish to burn. As it does:

TOP DOLLAR

Elly? I'm going to fuck up your
friend so badly he'll wish he'd
been cremated.

Top remands Elly to Myca, and motions to Grange to prepare.

NEXT CEMETERY - NIGHT - ON ERIC AT SHELLY'S GRAVE

Eric KNEELS, touches the stone. Ready and waiting.

ERIC

"My kitten walks on velvet feet
..."Eric JERKS his hand back abruptly, as though the stone has BURNED
him. Momentary pain. Already gone. That's queer.

ELLY (OS)

Eric! Eric!

Eric snaps him out of his reverie. WITH HIM as he turns and
sees Elly held captive by Myca up in the bell tower.

MYCA

When was the last time you went
to church, Mr Draven?Myca quickly WRESTS Elly out of sight. Eric takes off at a run
for the church entrance.

CUT TO - ERIC CROSSING CEMETERY

Eric vaulting over monuments as the crow flies ahead of him.

CUT TO - TOP OF CHURCH STEPS

Eric waits the Skull Cowboy, who extends a hand. STOP.

(CONTINUED)

97

98

CONTINUED:

98

SKULL COWBOY

Quit screwing around. Your job
is done. The problems of the
living are not your concern.

TIGHT ON ERIC

Angered and ready to do battle. You talkin to ME?

ERIC

This one is. Get out of my way.

STAIR ANGLE - ERIC AND SKULL COWBOY

Eric below. Cowboy superior. The storm builds around them.

SKULL COWBOY

You risk everything. I took that
risk and lost.

ERIC

That's your story.

The crow flies back to perch on the Cowboy's waiting arm.

SKULL COWBOY

You'll go alone. As a mortal.

Eric ADVANCES a step closer, steely eyed.

ERIC

I'm already alone.

SKULL COWBOY

Then choose. And be damned.

The wind kicks up around them. The storm distills into a weird
DUST DEVIL that begins to DISASSEMBLE the Cowboy. The fire in
the Cowboy's eye sockets extinguishes. His garments
disintegrate and blow around, rotten cements falling apart in
mid-air.

EXT. CEMETERY FENCE NEAR MAIN GATE - NIGHT

99

PULL BACK through the iron bars to reveal ALBRECHT, watching
Eric trying to grapple with a typhoon of dust and debris.
Leaves from the turmoil blow against him. Albrecht sees only
Eric, not the Skull Cowboy.

ALBRECHT

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

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88.

CONTINUED:

99

CLOSER ON SKULL COWBOY

Ancient bones crumbling and blowing away.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - NIGHT

100

ANGLE - ERIC ON STEPS

Bulling against the force of the supernatural storm, he STRIKES at what is left of his mysterious, smartass mentor.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S HAND

Reaching to where the Cowboy's heart would have been. Grabbing only ancient dust.

RESUMING ERIC ON STEPS - INCLUDE CHURCH DOORS

He has a micro-beat to register the corruption in his palm before it, too, evaporates. The church doors BLOW OPEN.

EXT. CEMETERY FENCE - NIGHT

101

RESUMING ALBRECHT

It begins to RAIN. Albrecht glances skyward.

ALBRECHT
Give it a rest, huh?

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - AS ERIC ENTERS

102

The high breeze blows in behind him, stirring dust in the abandoned Gothic dark. Hollow cathedral ECHOES.

LONG SHOT - ERIC APPROACHES THE ALTAR

Leery of potential danger from a thousand dark corners.

CROSSHAIR POV - ERIC

Blurring, then focusing in nightscope GREEN.

ANGLE - GRANGE IN THE PULPIT SHELL

Targeting Eric with a laser-sighted sniper's rifle then TILTING UP to target the crow in flight and SQUEEZING OFF two silenced shots.

CROWVISION - A humungous incoming BULLET, spinning in SLO-MO, halated by the sighting BEAMS.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

89.

CONTINUED:

102

ANGLE - ERIC HALFWAY DOWN THE AISLE

Surprised at the vision, he DUCKS the bullet meant for the crow.

ANGLE - CROW AND STAINED GLASS WINDOW

As the bird VEERS and the first shot blows a hole in some pastoral religious representation. TINKLE of glass.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC

Looking around for the crow.

ERIC
You're still here.

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

As the red laser light of the sight NAILS him and the bullet that follows perforates a WING in a dark blurt of feathers.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC

He grabs his shoulder in sympathetic PAIN and spins.

ANGLE - GRANGE IN GALLERY

Victorious, dipping down and rising with a BULLPUP SHOTGUN with an overslung TORCH that cuts a hard white light beam.

GRANGE
Incoming!

Grange spaces out his shots, CHASING Eric with explosive DISCHARGES from the bullpup.

ANGLE - CONFSSIONAL

As Top Dollar bursts out with a pistol in each hand, FIRING madly at Eric, following Grange's light. Top's ensemble includes a twin shoulder holster rig with clips. One of his prized SWORDS is strapped across his back.

TOP DOLLAR
Happy anniversary, fuckhead!

GENERAL ANGLE - INTERCUTS - THE SANCTUARY

As Top and Grange catch Eric in a vicious crossfire. Eric DIVES madly from pew to pew, twisting and dodging slugs as the gunfire rips the interior of the church to matchwood.

EXT. CHURCH / CEMETERY - NIGHT - ON ALBRECHT

103

He SEES the flashes of gunfire and breaks stuff out of the trunk of his nearby COP CAR in a big hurry.

ALBRECHT

Oh, goddammit to hell!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - RESUMING SHOOTOUT

104

Eric DOWN near the altar. Top ADVANCES, dropping and changing magazines in both pistols, enjoying this.

TOP DOLLAR

Everybody's heard about the bird

...

(to Grange)

Is it down?

GRANGE

I see it.

TOP DOLLAR

Blow it away.

Top SPOTS Eric and holsters one of his shooting irons.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

Hi. Me again. Sorry we didn't get a chance to chat earlier.

BOOM! He puts Eric down with a shot to the upper right chest.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

So you're the avenger. Killing the killers.

He HOLSTERS his other gun and KICKS Eric in the face.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

You should mind your own business.

(STRIKES)

Now I'm gonna have to set a whole shitload of fires BY MYSELF!

(STRIKES again)

But hey -- it's okay.

(STRIKES)

I appreciate your abilities as few mortals can. That's why I desire them. You intended to finish this evening in the cemetery -- I am here to help you on your way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

104

Top grabs Eric by the hair and locks him up in a stranglehold, waxing lyrically sadistic. Eric's injuries are BLEEDING.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)

For a ghost, looks like you bleed just fine.

ANGLE - NEAR STAINED GLASS WINDOW

Grange arrives with his Calico, sees the crow FLUTTERING on the floor near a large rack of dead votive candles.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - ON ALBRECHT

105

Cutting through the dust, edging up on the doors, and OVERHEARING Grange inside.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

106

ANGLE - GRANGE AND CROW

Grange STOMPS on its wing and readies to blast it.

GRANGE

Bye-bye birdie.

RACK to Albrecht at the entrance as he FIRES A FLARE PISTOL, blinding Grange as the flare SIZZLES INTO FRAME.

ANGLE - GRANGE AND THE VOTIVE RACK BEHIND HIM

The flare EMBEDS in the wall, showering phosphor frags. He whips the sniper's rifle up to bear on Albrecht.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AND GRANGE

Albrecht cross-draws his pistol and EMPTIES it into Grange. Bullets SPIT through him and PUNCH him backward into the candle rack. Several of the candles have been IGNITED by sparks from the flare, which patter down on Grange.

ALBRECHT

Bye-bye.

ANGLE - THE CROW FLIES FREE

FLAPPING past Albrecht close enough to make him DUCK. Albrecht TURNS and fires a flare into the sanctuary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

106

ANGLE - TOP DOLLAR AND ERIC

Top has drawn his sword and is about to make Eric buy the coup de ville when Grange's noisy termination plus the INCOMING FLARE turn his head.

CROWVISION - Swooping down directly at Top Dollar and Eric as the flare EMBEDS in the pulpit shell.

ANGLE - RESUMING TOP DOLLAR AND ERIC

Eerily LIT by the flare as the crow lights on Top's face and CLAWS OUT ONE OF HIS EYES in a welter of blood. Top SCREAMS and is propelled backward over a pew. Eric SLUMPS. Clutching his face, Top hightails it for the bell tower, FIRING back into the church until his gun empties. The shots travel wild; Albrecht takes cover.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AND GRANGE

Albrecht reaches out to appropriate Grange's Calico. TRACK WITH HIM through the disaster area of the sanctuary as he finds Eric and helps him to his feet. The flare SIZZLES.

ALBRECHT

I came to pay my respects. You sorta looked like you might need a hand.

ERIC

Not your place ... not your fight.

ALBRECHT

You're welcome. You're messed up bad, my friend.

ERIC

They've taken Elly.

Albrecht instantly goes on guard with the Calico.

ALBRECHT

How many?

ERIC

Two.

ALBRECHT

Then let's go.

Together they move for the doorway to the bell tower.

(CONTINUED)

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93.

CONTINUED: (2)

106

ERIC
I don't want you here.

ALBRECHT
The hell you say. This isn't
just about you any more, you
selfish sonofabitch.

INT. BELL TOWER STEPS - NIGHT

107

A vast stone spiral staircase with a thick bellrope descending down the center. Topside, Myca wraps Top's bloodied eye-hole with her scarf. Top YANKS Elly savagely away from Myca. GRABS Myca's face close for a damned-near-passionate KISS which leaves blood on her face. Gives her his remaining gun.

TOP DOLLAR
Do what you can.

Myca looks DOWN the spiral OS as --

ANGLE - BOTTOM OF STAIRCASE - ERIC AND ALBRECHT

ENTER cautiously, Albrecht covering the shadowy space above.

ALBRECHT
You're bleeding like hell. You
sure you can make it?

It's an effort, but Eric LOPES up the steps two at a time, quickly leaving Albrecht behind at the bottom.

ALBRECHT (CON'T)
Smartass.

ANGLE - MOVING WITH ERIC UP THE STEPS

The crow spirals up through the steep void.

ANGLE - MYCA IN BELL TOWER

Seeing the bird and backing into the shadows as Eric ascends.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT ON STAIRS

Plodding upward, pausing to light a cigarette.

ALBRECHT
I ain't cut out for this
superhero shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC ON THE STEPS

He reaches the top and explores the recesses of the antechamber just below the bell. Continues UP. Below him, we see Myca peek out. She AIMS at Eric's back and is distracted by the sound of Albrecht bringing up the rear.

ANGLE - ANTECHAMBER - PICKING UP ALBRECHT

Who looks ahead as Myca steps out into his path. They both DRAW on each other simultaneously. He moves forward, she moves back along the L-shaped walkway.

MYCA

I can't abide by a man who abducts children. All I want is to leave here.

ALBRECHT

You'd best be on your way, then.

They stay gun-to-gun as she crosses, to the stairs.

MYCA

How do I know you won't shoot?

ALBRECHT

How do I know you won't shoot back?

Myca tilts her gun up, off Albrecht.

MYCA

Shoot if you will.

Albrecht relaxes.

MYCA (CON'T)

They're on the roof. Use caution.

Albrecht glances toward the roof. Myca FIRES, backing toward the steps. Albrecht responds with the Calico. Myca's throat is chopped apart. She pirouettes on the stairs, still firing. Albrecht takes slugs in the leg, the arm, the chest. He REBOUNDS from the wall and FALLS out into space!

UP ANGLE - THE STAIRWAY

Albrecht GRABS THE BELLROPE, swinging as Myca ROLLS down the steps, thud-thud-thud, her SCARF wisps down the void.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

95.

CONTINUED: (2)

107

TIGHTER ANGLE - ALBRECHT

His blood greasing the rope. He SLIDES down. STOPS. Slides more. Blood drops anticipate his fall.

EXT. CHURCH ROOF - NIGHT

108

CLOSE-UP: A rooftop gargoyle pukes rainwater. CRANE UP TO Eric, emerging from the bell tower. Lightning STRIKES a LIGHTNING ROD that crowns the front of the church BG, to illuminate Top Dollar and Elly, backing away.

ERIC

It's me you want. Not her.

Eric moves TOWARD Top along the narrow peak of the roof.

CLOSER ANGLE - TOP DOLLAR

Smiling. One eye gone.

TOP DOLLAR

Mister Predictable.

ELLY

Lemme go, you pervert!

TOP DOLLAR

Okay.

Top SHOVES Elly, who SLIDES/ROLLS down the steep roof slope, and CHARGES at the oncoming Eric, drawing the sword from the scabbard on his back.

ELLY'S FALL - INTERCUTS

As Top SWINGS the sword and Eric FLIPS over Top's head to land behind him. Eric glances at Elly. Top TURNS and charges again. Eric falters, regains his footing by GRABBING the lightning rod. SIZZLE of flesh as Eric's hands get scorched. Eric RIPS the rod from its mount and PIVOTS to PARRY Top's next STRIKE. SPARKS of metal clashing. Eric HURLS the rod like a lance to PIN Elly's hood to the roof before she plummets.

ON TOP DOLLAR AND ERIC

Elly SCREAMS (OS) as Top charges and RUNS ERIC THROUGH with the sword. Top WITHDRAWS. Touche!

ON ERIC'S FALL DOWN THE ROOF SLOPE

He CRASHLANDS onto the lower roof.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

96.

CONTINUED:

108

ANGLE - ELLY WITHIN SIGHT OF ERIC

Elly FREES herself of the lightning rod and DROPS to a safer position atop a flying buttress, near a gargoyle.

ANGLE - TOP DOLLAR ON PEAK OF ROOF

SLIDING down victorious to STRADDLE Eric. He WHANGS the blade in next to Eric's face.

TOP DOLLAR
I want you to go back to Hell
knowing that you had your chance
at me -- and you blew it!

ANGLE - ERIC

The blade seated alongside his bleeding ear, a hank of his hair firmly IMPALED to the roof.

TOP DOLLAR (OS)
But first I'm going to hear you
scream.

Top SQUATS down on Eric's chest.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)
Scream the way Shelly screamed.
That dumb muffin was a pain in my
ass! That building was purged on
my order! T-Bird and his boys
didn't kill you -- I killed you!
SORR-EEEE! Nothing goes down
here unless I make it happen!

Eric is hurting to the max, about to chomp the big one. Top draws the ceremonial DAGGER and GRAZES Eric's lower eyelid, then reverses it for a killing thrust.

TOP DOLLAR (CON'T)
Time for a sacrifice.

Eric feebly gets a hand up as Top LUNGES with the dagger.

CLOSE UP - THE DAGGER PIERCES ERIC'S HAND

Ouch! Eric SLIDES his hand the length of the blade ... to CLOSE AROUND Top's knife hand firmly, twisting it!

ERIC
You talk too much.

Eric RISES, catching Top's face in the clawlike grip of his free hand, strong. Top struggles. No good.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

97.

CONTINUED: (2)

108

FLASH: Shelly comatose in ICU, eyes fixed, hoses darting in and out, cold blue freezer light. Bloody, bruised, broken.
(MORE)

ANGLE - TOP IN ERIC'S GRASP

Arching, seizing up in pain.

ERIC (CON'T)
All of her pain, Top. Thirty
hours of pain you caused. All at
once ...

Eric bores in. Top SCREAMS. Blood courses from his nose and ears.

ERIC (CON'T)
... all for you.

FLASH CONTINUES: Rapidfire - overload - a jagged compound fracture - jutting bone - Shelly's eye, the sclera blood-red, purpled and sunken - Her scraped-raw hand clawing at air - a TIGHT SHOT of her monitor going flatline: EEEEEEEeeeeee ...
(FLASH ENDS).

RESUME ERIC AND TOP DOLLAR

Top SAGS, terror fixing his wide-staring eyes. Eric lets go. Top does a laundry-bag roll down the roof and is IMPALED on a gargoyle.

ERIC
I didn't think you could handle
it, either.

CLOSE ON THE GARGOYLE

As the rainwater it vomits turns red.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

109

A HIGH ANGLE view of Albrecht, lying small and still at the very bottom. ...

ANGLE - ERIC AND ELLY

Begin to make their way down the stairs, Elly helping Eric crutch slowly from step to step.

ELLY
Will you get better if you get
back?

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

98.

CONTINUED:

109

ERIC
(weak)
I don't know.

ELLY
See Shelly?

ERIC
I don't know. I think I broke
the rules.

ELLY
I think you did great.

AT THE BASE OF THE STEPS

Albrecht much larger in frame. Elly has tears on her face.
She takes a closer look at Albrecht.

ELLY
He's breathing!

Albrecht's eyes flicker open as Eric and Elly crouch near.

ALBRECHT (OS)
Medic ... goddamnit ...

ELLY
Are you alive?

ALBRECHT
I slid all the way down that
goddamned rope. I hate churches.
I'll be dead soon if somebody
don't do something. God, I need
a cigarette.

Eric LIGHTS ONE for Albrecht. Puts it between his lips.

ALBRECHT (CON'T)
You shouldn't smoke those.
Thanks. You two okay? Is
everybody else dead?

Eric indicates the SIRENS we can hear OS. To Elly:

ERIC
Help them to find him.

Elly and Albrecht look UP OS as we HEAR the helicopter pass
overhead. No Eric.

ALBRECHT
He does that all the time.

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

99.

CONTINUED: (2)

109

Elly looks around - Eric is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. CEMETERY SHELLY'S GRAVE - NIGHT

110

Eric crawls to SLUMP against the stone. It has STOPPED raining. His outstretched hand reaches toward the flower near the grave and:

A SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES: Some we have seen, some not, all with one thing in common: Shelly and Eric moving in for a kiss. Daytime. Nighttime. Nude. Clothed. Closer. Closer. . .
(FLASH ENDS)

TIGHT ON ERIC IN THE REAL WORLD

almost dead. Then Shelly leans in and kisses him. Eric looks up at her. Wind and leaves start to stir.

ANGLE - WITH ELLY FROM CHURCH TO GRAVE

Elly DASHES toward the graves and into a surreal little dust-devil of leaves. No Eric. The phenomenon dies out, leaving her with only the flower and Eric's undisturbed grave. Flashbars light her from a distance, harshly lighting the cemetery. The helicopter SPOTLIGHT passes by.

ANGLE - ELLY HOLDING THE ROSE

Looking up to see the crow perched in the tree, as in the beginning. Keeping an eye on her.

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

Has SHELLY'S RING in its beak. It DROPS it.

ANGLE - ELLY AND THE CROW

As Elly CATCHES the ring and inspects it. Realizes.

EXT. FRONT OF CHURCH - LATER

111

Cops and paramedics scurry around. Albrecht is stretchered out past TORRES.

ALBRECHT

One of my so-called street demons with a funny name is stuck on the roof.

TORRES

What?

(CONTINUED)

1/4/93

100.

CONTINUED:

111

ALBRECHT
It's vital to your investigation,
Detective.
(laughs)
Have a nice day.

Albrecht POINTS toward the graveyard as he is ambulated.

LONG SHOT - TORRES, PAST GRAVES

As he looks TOWARD CAMERA and hurries over.

TORRES
Hey, kid!

ANGLE - ELLY AT GRAVESITE

As TORRES catches up to her.

TORRES
You okay? You see what happened?
What are you doing out here in
the rain?

Elly turns her attention from the ring to Torres. Looks up.
Then looks at the crow.

ELLY
It's not raining. It can't rain
all the time.

Torres follows her gaze to the crow. PUSH IN ON THE CROW until
we are ZOOMING RIGHT BACK INTO THE DEPTHS OF ITS EYE.

FADE TO DEAD BLACK. THE END.