

THE CROW: SALVATION

by

Chip Johannessen

based on a character created by James O'Barr

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OVER BLACKNESS. Silence. Broken by the faint clink of precision tools. Accurately, patiently wielded.

2 INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DIMNESS

X-CLOSE. A SCALPEL returned to its place in a neat array of TAXIDERMISTRY TOOLS. A long surgical TWEEZERS taken.

A steady HAND grasps a GLASS EYE with the tweezers, sets it skillfully in a large CLAY BIRD FORM. Then sets the second eye. Unhurried. Meticulous.

A MYSTERY MAN, features obscured, sets the tweezers aside, reaches for a black lump on the table, revealed to be shiny feathers as he wraps it around the form. Adjusts it so the glass eyes peer out through holes in the skin of this large CROW. A taxidermy specimen.

WIDE, the man works across the room under the pooled light of a draftsman's lamp, the Crow on the table in front of him. His identity yet to discover.

SLOW FADE OUT.

2 EXT. GARRISON PRISON - "THE WALLS" - NIGHT

X-WIDE. "THE WALLS" like a medieval castle above a throng of PROTESTERS and GAWKERS. A POSTCARD at first, then signs of movement--handheld placards and flickering candles telegraph an imminent execution. The group shifts amoeba like as...

A LARGE MERCEDES

approaches, slowly works its way into the edge of the crowd.

INSIDE THE BENZ

NATHAN RANDALL, father of the victim comforts ERIN RANDALL, fourteen year old sister, as she looks up in terror at the bodies pressed against the car, the throng between the car and the prison entrance. The car stops.

ERIN

Why are there so many?

RANDALL

Just hold on to me.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD--a Protestor's poster visible. "Remember the Victim." With a picture of LAUREN RANDALL, the deceased, who bears a striking resemblance to surviving sister Erin. And another sign--"Happy Birthday Alex."

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

ERIN

It's because they're doing this
on his birthday.

She takes a deep breath, they get out of the car and...

WITH THE RANDALLS

as they make their way through the throng toward a special
entrance marked "WITNESSES," nearly within reach when WHOMP.
Erin shields her face as a BRIGHT LIGHT comes on.

OVER TV REPORTER BARBARA GONZALEZ

Action Newsteam addressing the Nathans. Speaking into a mic.

GONZALEZ

Mr. Randall. Sir. Do you think
this execution will bring you a
sense of closure?

Nathan pushes past Gonzalez, taking Erin's hand.

GONZALEZ

Erin. Your sister...

RANDALL

Leave us alone!

The Reporter TURNS to the camera, not missing a beat.

GONZALEZ

A difficult time for everyone
involved.

(then)

Interesting fact. It will take
about eighteen cents of
electricity to execute Alex
Corvis tonight on this, his
eighteenth birthday.

CUT TO:

3 INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATHROW - NIGHT

CLOSE on a BIRTHDAY CAKE, eighteen candles flickering as it
makes its way past deathrow cells, held waiter style on one hand
by MERCER, a MUSTACHED prison GUARD.

SLANG. The barred door opens and the cake swoops in, landing on a small table next to a CHESS GAME in progress and an untouched last meal. ADJUST to find.

ALEX CORVIS. Eighteen today. Disarmingly appealing. Peaceful. Simple clothes. He looks up from the game, at...

PETER WALSH. Alex's pro-bono attorney and only friend, trying not to explode at this shit-eating stunt.

WALSH

He didn't order that.

MERCER

We found the man with the scar.

Despite himself, Alex looks up. Mercer gestures at...

THE CAKE

in the middle of the candles, an arm made of frosting with a large ZIGZAG marking on the forearm, also frosting.

FAVORING ALEX

looking from the cake up to Mercer, who nods at the candles.

MERCER

Go ahead. Make a wish.

WALSH

(intense whisper)

Get it out of here.

Alex focusses on the chess board. Tries to anyway.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. GARRISON PRISON - NIGHT

FLASH. The harsh Newsteam video light WHUMPS on, illuminating a WRINKLED OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

Yes, I've come to a lot of these over the years, but this one has many unique aspects. Youth of the condemned. That's unusual. Fifty three stab wounds. Kind of a record.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

GONZALEZ'S VOICE
And Corvis still maintaining his
innocence.

OLD WOMAN
Oh, they all say that.

CUT TO:

FLASH. A nervous, not to say shifty looking THOMAS "TOMMY"
LEONARD, thirty five year old key witness in the trial, talks to
Gonzalez under the hot video light.

TOMMY
I don't fault him saying I lied
on the stand. Facing the chair,
you do what you gotta do. But I
saw those two fighting that
night.

Tommy shifts uncomfortably, silent as we HOLD a long beat.

TOMMY
I didn't lie.

CUT TO:

6 INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE. A Chess piece, a CASTLE, shoved at CAMERA. ADJUST to
INCLUDE ALEX. He breathes deliberately, trying to hold it
together. His hand shakes as he removes it from the piece.

WALSH
You ok?

Alex gets up, crosses to a small ledge on the other side of the
cell that holds a few books and pictures. He finds...

A PICTURE OF LAUREN AND ALEX

In a grove of tall trees. A self-portrait by autotimer. Arms
around each other. Her head on his shoulder. Happy.

RESUME

Alex staring at the photo, taped to the wall.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

What's been holding me together
is the hope that maybe you do go
someplace. And I'll be seeing
her again soon. Only what will
I say? That I was too stupid to
find the guy who killed her?
That he's down here laughing?

WALSH

Tell her... we'll get him.

ALEX

We won't.

WALSH

Someday he'll surface and I'll
get him for both of you. I
promise. I'll find the guy with
the scar.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. GARRISON PRISON - NIGHT

FLASH. Four UNIFORMED COPS--DUTTON, ERLICH, LARKIN and YOOMEY--
in the harsh news light. Erlich holds a CANE in one hand. Larkin
and Toomey are twosie monkeys, smoking cigarettes with eerie
simultaneity.

ERLICH

This mystery man with the scar...
(indicates forearm)
...the zigzag, whatever.

Erlich gives a long-suffering look. Like it's preposterous. But
he's too gentlemanly to say it.

ERLICH

We couldn't find him. And,
obviously, the jury didn't buy
it.

GONZALEZ

Some people here seem to.

DUTTON

People here are protesting the
execution of a kid still in his
teens. A kid who had a tough
life. No parents, no dough.
(more)

- CONTINUED:

BUTTON (cont'd)

Always had to fight for everything. It's a tragedy, it really is. But I don't see a single sign telling me Alex Corvis is innocent.

Look around. He's right.

CUT TO:

8 INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

Alex still gazing at the picture of Lauren. At the board, Walsh moves a piece.

MERCER (OS)

I was facing the hot seat, I'd want my attorney banging down the door of the Supreme Court, not playing board games. But maybe that's just me.

They look up as Mercer appears outside the barred door to the cell, starts to unlock it.

WALSH

Your move.

MERCER

No. It's time.

It really is. Other prison personnel arrive outside the cell in various uniforms: A MINISTER with clerical collar, the WARDEN, two GUARDS. Waiting.

Walsh crosses, very emotional now. Gives Alex a huge hug.

ALEX

I don't want you to watch. I don't want to give them the pleasure.

The two friends exchange a long last look.

MERCER

Ok. C'mon now...

As Alex exits past Mercer, Walsh sits down on the cot. He's hard to read a second until he lashes out, flips...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

THE CAKE

against the wall where it hits, slides down, still semi-intact as it hits the floor.

9 INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATHROW

Dead Man Walking. A mini parade past the cells of the condemned. One guard flanks Alex, another follows. The Warden and Minister out in front.

HANDS extend from the other cells as Alex passes. Unable to touch, but he reaches for them, a gesture of solidarity.

Mercer catches up with the group, flanking Alex cell-side. Alex drops his hand, cut off even from that.

10 INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER - NIGHT

The CHAIR, an atavism, sits alone a moment before the entourage enters and begins a surprisingly well choreographed last dance.

The Warden gestures, and Alex is escorted to his place in the chair. The Guards move in, death attendants now.

MINISTER

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want...

The MINISTER CONTINUES as...

CLOSE. Handstraps tightened. WHOP. WHOP.

Alex ^{winces} squirms ^{uncomfortable} despite his resolve. Through an act of will, calms himself. Looks up at... *beginning*

THE PHONE. On the wall. A last possibility of reprise.

CLOSE. Trouser legs slit. Footstraps tightened around bare ankles. Electrodes checked.

CLOSE. Chest strap tightened. Yanked again for good measure.

ALEX gasps. It's hard to breathe now with the strap tight across his chest.

CLOSE. Copper mesh. Pieces of sponge jerry-sewn onto it, the irregular stitching giving it an unsettling natural appearance. ADJUST to REVEAL this is the electrode in the odd leather HELMET tightened now on Alex's head. *beginning*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

THE EXECUTIONER. Pulls a hood over his own obscured face. Moves behind a half curtain at the side of the room.

MINISTER
(concluding)
... and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord. Forever.

SLAP. The Minister shuts his bible.

WIDER. Some weird sin. Alex strapped into the chair, unable to move. The guards exit, jobs done. The Warden nods and...

ALEX'S POV - THROUGH PLEXI - THE OBSERVATION ROOM

REVEALED as the CURTAINS OPEN. Two dozen observers crammed into a space the width of a singlewide trailer. Erin. Her father. The Cops. Tommy Leonard. Gonzalez and other media types. Prison personnel. Every seat occupied. Sweaty and surreal. All looking at him.

IN THE DEATH CHAMBER

The Warden steps forward.

WARDEN
Alexander Frederick Corvis. Do
you have any last words?

A thick silence. Alex looks unprepared, uneasy as he scans a sea of hostile faces, settling on Erin and her dad.

ALEX
I loved Lauren. I still do. I'm
innocent.

Erin shakes her head, disgusted. Looks away.

ALEX'S POV - THE LAST SECONDS OF HIS LIFE

SLOWING in his inner perception, movement ramping down as Alex scans the disbelieving faces.

The Phone. Silent. No reprise.

The Observation Room witness door opens. A Guard in the back row deferentially offers his seat to the NEW ARRIVAL, a man in dark clothes, his face obscured by REFLECTIONS in the plexiglass. As he UNBUTTONS his shirt cuff...

The warden steps to the side of the room, nods to the executioner who lifts a COVER off a large switch.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

The New Arrival pulls his shirtsleeve back over his forearm, exposing a scar for Alex. THE SCAR, an odd zigzag pattern of raised welts, a pattern deliberately formed of skin.

The Executioner throws the switch.

ON ALEX

SHAKING violently as he fights to stay alive, time extremely subjective now as he chokes out...

ALEX
(indistinct, filtered)
Murderer!

The word bubbles up as if from underwater, audible only to Alex. Alex wrenches his head, a superhuman act of will trying to ID the Scar Man through the reflections.

THE HELMET starts to smoke. Then a burst of FLAME at Alex's head. A BOTCHED EXECUTION made worse by Alex's struggle to see, to stay alive.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

The observers panic, horrified. Only the Scar Man calm as he covers his arm, rebuttons his shirt. Face always obscured.

IN THE DEATH CHAMBER

Alex in electro-spasm, smoke filling the room, the warden in real time now as he runs to pull the curtain closed. It JAMS partway across.

ALEX expires in the chair, grotesquely burned, EYES OPEN as the Warden finally yanks the curtain closed.

IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM

The Scar Man slips out, but the rest remain, transfixed, horrified. Erin and others in tears. HOLD a long beat, their GASPS faintly audible. Then...

MERCER (OS)
Cruel, who's to say, but it sure
was unusual.

CUT TO:

11 INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two guards push a gurney down a reverberant hallway far from the in-your-face security of deathrow.

GUARD ONE

Look at this. Goddamn helmet melted down.

MERCER

That, my friend, is a deterrent.

They WIPE past, Alex's charred remains visible a moment, parts of the helmet fused on his face and head, his body convulsed in a pugilistic attitude.

boxed - 1/10/88

12 INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE - NIGHT

The guards swing the gurney to a stop by a steel locker, one of several. Mercer opens the locker door. They unceremoniously slide the body into the locker and...

BANG. The body hits the open door. Convulsed as it is, the body won't really fit through the door.

MERCER

Whoops.

CRUNCH. The sound of something breaking as they SHOVE Alex into the cubby hole.

GUARD ONE

Why do they even autopsy these guys? Cause of death is pretty fucking obvious.

FROM INSIDE THE LOCKER. The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

13 INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE on the PICTURE of Alex and Lauren. ADJUST to include Walsh, looking at it. Pained. Still trying to understand.

He secures it to the lid of the case already containing the neatly packed chess set. Closes it. Bows his head.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. GARRISON PRISON - NIGHT

The protestors are gone, as is the Newsteam, but the four Cops are still there, Larkin and Toomey synchro-smoking. They look up as the Randalls emerge shaken from the Witness entrance.

FAVORING NATHAN RANDALL

He speaks softly to Erin, who's leaning against him.

RANDALL

(to Erin)

I'll meet you at the car, honey.

She continues on and Randall crosses to the cops, who wait patiently to see what he'll say. Finally...

DUTTON

We all wish this had ended better. Sir.

Randall nods. Like that's all anyone could say. As he walks off the Cops fall into easy chatter.

CUT TO:

15 INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DIMNESS

CLOSE. A face slides into frame in PROFILE, too tight to be recognizable. Just an eye, peering...

EYE'S POV - THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS

A coarse ZIGZAG stitch shaped like the Scar runs the length of the Crow's underbelly. The end stitch now tied with a tiny knot. Tightened just so.

THE MYSTERY MAN

features obscured still, grabs a bent surgical SCISSORS, snips the excess thread. Smooths black feathers into place, hiding the stitching on...

THE CROW

Finished. The Man gets up, leaves. CAMERA PUSHING on the Bird's head as we HEAR a door shut, still PUSHING on the glass eye that BLINKS now.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE LOCKER. A human EYE BLINKS. Barely visible in the darkness. Alex KICKS with a YELL and...

IN THE MORGUE. The locker door flies open and Alex spills onto the floor. Gropes a few seconds on hands and knees before a SHADOW passes over him evoking a primitive response. He cowers, looks up at...

A LARGE CROW

flutters through the bars of a high window, lands near him on the floor. It looks at him, then flaps its way up to the autopsy countertop, cocks its head. Follow me.

ALEX

strains to pull himself up on the gurney that brought him here.

HIS POV

as he slowly rises above the gurney--the Crow in front of a mirror over the splash sink. It flies off, revealing Alex's reflection. Charred. Hideous.

with-ill *highlighted/absorbed*

ALEX

drops back to the floor with a SCREAM. Turns, sees himself in a stainless door and SMASHES it with his fist...

THE BASHED STAINLESS DOOR

the word "MORGUE," painted on the wall behind Alex, brought into focus at the center of the concavity.

ALEX

thrashes, trying to avoid his reflection, but the dim mirrors have him surrounded.

THE CROW

flaps down, crazed too, as if in empathy. CAWING loudly, finally getting Alex's attention.

ALEX

settles, hazards another look at his reflection in stainless steel. His body looks less misshapen now. He looks at his arms, hands, no longer burned. Pulls himself up on the gurney again, cautiously.

behusan

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

OVER ALEX

as he slowly rises above the gurney a second time, looks in the mirror. His body miraculously HEALED, covered by shredded clothing. His face obscured by the meltdown helmet.

He slowly approaches the mirror on unsteady feet.

ALEX
(to his own
reflection)
What happened?

Alex starts to tear away the helmet and gets a first frightening FLASH as his fingers touch it...

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV - FLASHBACK

A blitz return to his own execution. The copper screen, the helmet lowered into place. Electro-spasm. The faintest glimpse of a jagged scar seen darkly.

RESUME - ALEX

clutching the helmet on his head, ripping it off in one painful OVERCRANKED movement and...

OVER ALEX, IN THE MIRROR

It's Alex, and yet not. His face marked with the Crow MASK, jagged WARPAINT where the melted helmet ran down his face. An indelible reminder of the botched execution.

He stares at himself for a couple of deep breaths. Then WHAM! Shatters the mirror with a martial punch.

THE FRACTURED MIRROR

Alex's mask reflected in shards as his busy hands remove certain pieces of broken glass. His purpose unclear.

CUT TO:

17 INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Crow hops out into the hallway, flies toward us, lands with a CAW as Alex enters the hallway, framed against high walls. His tentative movements growing more assured.

ALEX
Follow the leader.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

The Crow flies off and Alex follows, to...

A DOOR

marked "No Unauthorized Entry." As they pass through...

18 INT. GARRISON PRISON - SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

CLOSE on a MONITOR, a SCHEMATIC MAP of the prison. A small red light FLASHES. The GUARD keys a communications radio.

RADIO GUARD

We've got unauthorized movement
in "B five."

19 INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

WITH the LEGS of a Guard walking quickly. REVEAL Mercer. His RADIO crackling.

MERCER

(into radio)

Mercer. I'm on it.

He passes through the "No Unauthorized Entry" door into...

20 INT. GARRISON PRISON - "B-5" HALLWAY - NIGHT

Empty. Bars at the far end spell seriously secure territory. Mercer moves cautiously up the empty hallway, stops as...

The Crow hops out from a side hallway. Drawing him on.

MERCER

(into radio)

Found our intruder. It's got a
beak and a death wish.

Mercer pulls out his NIGHTSTICK, loses the bird as it hops back THROUGH BARS into...

21 INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATHROW - NIGHT

Alex stands in front of his now empty cell. Mercer peering at him through the double barred gate at the end of the row.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

MERCER
still into radio!
Get me some backup. We got one
loose on the row.
(through bars to Alex)
Now who the fuck are you?

Alex looks up, sees Mercer and FLASH...

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

A pop of Mercer bringing the birthday cake. A wash of flame,
eighteen candles. A blip of Walsh. Of a White King.

RESUME

Alex perplexed, looking at the cake still littering the floor of
his ex-cell, candles melted down.

Mercer works his way through the double barred doors onto the
row.

MERCER
And what have you done to your
face there beauty queen?

The INMATE occupying the cell next to Alex's peers out through
the bars, vanishes again as Mercer WHOPS the bars once with his
nightstick.

ALEX
It's my birthday.

MERCER
Yeah, well... here's a present
for you.

WHOOOSH. Mercer swings his NIGHTSTICK at Alex's head. Alex
catches it, instinctively in one hand. Mercer reaches for...

A RED PANIC BUTTON

hanging off his guard belt. Mercer slams it.

FAVORING ALEX.

lets go of the stick, looks at his own hand, surprised. WHAM!
Mercer broadsides Alex's head with the stick.

Alex goes down shocked, not from pain, from the fact someone
would attack him. WHAM WHAM WHAM. Mercer brutalizes Alex,
collapsed at his feet as...

(CONTINUED)

TWO GUARDS

enter the far end of the Row, race toward Alex's cell, one holding a TASER. Its LASER SIGHT finds Alex, crumpled in front of Mercer.

MERCER

It's ok. Man. Had me going there.

Looks like its over. The guards relax.

ALEX

suddenly looks up at Mercer. Zero damage from the blows.

ALEX

Go ahead. Make a wish.

MERCER

Taser!

Alex wheels around as Guard One squeezes the trigger.

CROWVISION

The Taser Darts speed toward Camera.

RESUME

to Alex
Alex shunts himself to the side and the TASER DARTS impale themselves in Mercer's thighs. He drops fibrillating.

A CHEER goes up from the men in their cells, who become progressively rowdier as the guards BOLT and Alex follows, strength in his stride, nightstick in hand. Pieces of FLAMING TOILETPAPER flung now from the cells of Deathrow.

AT THE FAR ENTRANCE

the two Guards scramble to get the door closed behind them before Alex catches up. They'd make it except Alex hurls...

THE NIGHTSTICK

flying end over end like a throwing knife, catching the trailing guard in the back of the head, dropping him in the door, propping it open.

ALEX

enters the cage entrance to Deathrow, sharing the space with the Guard still standing.

Keys? <sup>(Also ALEX
pats pockets, then)</sup>

The frightened Guard opens the door into the next hallway and bolts. Leaving the keys. The Crow napping, screaming...

22 INT. GARRISON PRISON - SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

CLOSE on a SCHEMATIC MAP of the prison. Lit up like a Christmas tree now with flashing red lights. The Guard keys a communications radio.

RADIO GUARD
Unauthorized movement in B five,
B six, C three, four, five...

Another LIGHT goes on. They're starting to make a line. Buzzers going off now. A general ALARM sounded.

RADIO GUARD
Escape in progress. Heading for
the roof.

23 INT. GARRISON PRISON - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The Crow flaps up the stairwell. Alex on its heels, taking steps three at a time.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRWELL

The Crow waits on a LANDING with a door marked "Emergency Use Only." Plus a dozen lines of assorted instructions. Guards' feet THUNDER below, approaching.

ALEX
I hear the pitter patter of
little feet.

He opens the door. The ALARM is LOUD.

24 EXT. GARRISON PRISON - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Dark a moment. Then a HUGE SPOTLIGHT hits Alex, casting long shadows. He looks up at a GUARD TOWER, the source of the light. And of a BULLHORN VOICE.

BULLHORN VOICE
Do not proceed. Back slowly away
from the fence.

14 CONTINUED:

note Alex's hands

As if in defiance, the crew hops toward the fence, old chain link topped with razorwire along the perimeter of the roof. BULLHORN VOICE CONTINUES as Alex follows...

ALEX'S POV

through the fence, down fifty feet to pavement.

ALEX

Damn.

Alex turns, sees...

A HALF DOZEN GUARDS

emerge from the stairwell to the top of the roof, level weapons at Alex.

ON THE FENCE - ALEX

climbs quickly to the top, where he grabs two painful handfuls of razorwire that cut deeply into this hand. He extricates himself, balancing atop the fence. And looks... *before*

ALEX'S HANDS

The jagged bloodlines disappear, miraculously heal.

FAVORING ALEX

as he holds up his hands to show the guards, a kid-like smile on his face.

They respond by raising their weapons and BAM BAM BAM.

Alex hurls himself off the edge in a hail of gunfire that topples down to silence as he falls, falls...

AT THE BASE OF "THE WALLS"

Alex hits, flushing PIGEONS, that fill frame with manic wings.

As the SPOTLIGHT sweeps toward Alex he rolls off, over the sidewalk, between two parked cars.

ON THE ROOFTOP

Mercer and the others stand there dumbstruck, looking down as the SPOTLIGHT finds nothing. A RADIO CRACKLES. Mercer keys it a beat later.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO GUARD VOICE
Physical head count shows all inmates present.

Mercer moves the radio away from his head.

MERCER
Then who was fucking Houdini?

AT THE BASE OF "THE WALLS"

Illuminated by spill from the Spotlight, Alex crouches between two cars. He leans forward, checking his reflection in a CHROME HUBCAP. A huge smile spreads over his face.

ALEX
Happy birthday.

He laughs. Life--or whatever this is--is good. So far.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. CITY - AIRBORNE - NIGHT

The CROW flies past tall buildings downtown, past letters P-O-L-I-C-E on the side of an older building taking us to...

26 INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

SMASH. A hand punches through a sash window, right through the unbedded security wires, roughly rips off the latch inside. Retracts, bleeding. The window opens. It's Alex, on the fire escape, checking out his arm as the BLEEDING STOPS.

Alex follows the Crow into the dark room packed with file cabinets and evidence bins, wire lockers. And a desk, strewn with POLICE FORMS. Plus a vertical SPIKE with processed evidence request FORMS impaled on it.

ALEX
(checking out desk)
Police? Evidence? *(Crow)*
(then, to Crow)
Look. I like what we've got going here. But I can think of lots better to do with it than fighting crime. Know what I mean?

The Crow makes its way to a file cabinet, the top drawer marked "Cl-Cr." Alex lingers a moment at the desk, eye on the spike.

(CONTINUED)

BE CONTINUED:

WHOP. Alex drives his hand onto the SPIKE. Looks up, delighted.
CROW. The Crow gives Alex an admonishing look. Alex pulls the
spike from his hand. Instant healing.

ALEX
Ok, ok... what?

Alex opens the top drawer. Looking for... he's not sure what.
Glibly goes through folders.

ALEX
Nothing under "Crow."

He stops. Pulls out the first FILE out in a thick section marked
"CORVIS, ALEXANDER F." Having caught a glimpse of...

IN THE FILE - ALEX'S MUG SHOT

And rap sheet. X-CLOSE. We see "Murder 1st degree," "Penalty
Phase: Find for Execution."

ALEX
Execution?

But even this has little interest for him as he finds the words
"Lauren Randall" on the page.

ALEX
(remembering)
Lauren...

ALEX

rips the drawer out of the file cabinet, dumps it CRASHING on
the ground. He drops to the floor with a growing sense of dread,
feeling with both hands, finding...

THE MURDER WEAPON

A rough looking hunting knife bagged and tagged as "AC-005:
Murder Weapon."

ALEX

frantic now, spreading out the file contents, finding...

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

In a Grove of tall trees. Lauren Randall's stabbed and mutilated
body, her neck slashed, head lolling sideways, melds with...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

Brief glimpses of Lauren with Alex in the Grove, happy, like the still photo Alex kept in his cell.

RESUME

Alex full-blown tortured now, throwing things.

ALEX

No! I didn't...!

Alex SMASHES his own head against the metal file cabinets, wounding himself on the handles, droplets of blood flying now, spattering the evidence on the floor. He reaches for the KNIFE, the murder weapon, to end the pain and FLASH...

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

A tunnelvision pop of Tommy Leonard on the witness stand. The knife held up for him by an unseen lawyer.

TOMMY

His knife. Corvis.

ALEX'S VOICE

You lie!

RESUME

Alex shakes his head "no." *the flash* Incredible, horrified. The fury abating with a growing sense of mission.

ALEX

You lie, you lie, you lie...

Alex fishing through the detritus around him, finding...

"THE LIST"

A list of witnesses by category with contact numbers, addresses. Alex's finger finds Eyewitness Thomas Leonard.

ALEX

Thomas Leonard.

THE DOOR TO THE EVIDENCE ROOM

opens. A YOUNG COP enters, walks slowly past rows of file cabinets, looking down empty aisles until finding the file drawerful Alex dumped. But Alex is gone.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

The Young Cop looks up as the Crow departs through the window and two other cops arrive. One of them Dutton.

DUTTON

What the hell was that?
(then seeing mess)

Shit.

Dutton walks to the mess on the floor, curious. He squats. Picks up a tag marked "Murder Weapon AC-005" staples ripped out, nothing attached to it. Takes in the crime scene photos of Lauren. Off the PIX...

CUT TO:

27 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

CAMERA DRIFTS down through dark trees FINDING Alex at a grave beneath a sheltering tree.

ALEX

I thought I'd be with you now.

He's kneeling in front of a HEADSTONE. "Lauren Randall 1983-1998 Always With Us." The Crow perched nearby.

Camera circles Alex who looks up as the headstone WIPES through frame and...

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

LAUREN NATHAN, a compelling sixteen year old, circles making an oddly sexy version of the "Oooo" Bruce Lee sound. A goof, a game she's playing with Alex, who circles opposite.

LAUREN

("Chinese" pseudo dub)
Your Shaolin style is no match
for my kung fu.

As Alex wipes by...

RESUME

Camera continues to circle Alex at the grave.

ALEX

I'm not dead. And I'm not alive.
And I'm remembering. And it
hurts.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

More goof kung fu, the circle closing. Lauren laughing more, searching for words.

LAUREN

Your... flying crane style is no match for my... drunken tiger kick.

RESUME

Resolve strengthening.

ALEX

I can't be alive. Not without you.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

Lauren's starting to crack up, trying to think of what comes next.

LAUREN

Your... mad monkey... love ... is no match for...

They look at each other a long moment. As they kiss...

RESUME

ALEX

I want to be with you forever.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

Lauren in his arms as the kiss ends, and she answers a question we never heard.

LAUREN

Only forever?

RESUME

OVER THE CROW. Camera stops circling. Alex looks up at the headstone, silent tears in his eyes as...

ALEX

What happened to us?

A SINGLE BLOOD RED TEAR rolls down the cheek of the angel atop the headstone. Alex stops it with his finger.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

denoting B7 letter

WIDER. the supplicant at the grave. And the Crow nearby.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELLING - DAY - RAIN

28

A GIRL'S HAND clutches a HEART SHAPED LOCKET. TILT UP, it's Erin, wearing an identical LOCKET around her neck. School uniform, pleated skirt and school books. The splish splash of the wipers the only sound until...

ERIN

Dad...

Nathan looks over. Sees she's holding the Locket.

ERIN

I want to take this to Lauren.
She'd want it.

RANDALL

Honey. I just can't.

ERIN

Stay in the car. I'll only take
a second.

RANDALL

Erin. I know you think she's
been talking to you.

ERIN

It's not that. Really. It's
just... now that he's gone, I
think it's time.

Off her dad...

CUT TO:

29 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - RAIN

The Benz stops on the roadway beneath Lauren's grave. The door opens...

ERIN gets out in the pouring rain pulling her jacket HOOD up over her head. Locket in hand she runs to...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

LAUREN'S GRAVE

The tree a shelter from the downpour. Erin's approaching the headstone when Alex emerges from behind the trunk. Drenched. She YELPS.

ALEX

It's ok. I'm not going to hurt you.

ERIN

Don't come near me!

He holds his hands up, compliant. She doesn't bolt. But she's ultra-cautious. Like with a snarling dog.

ALEX

I was a friend of your sister's.

ERIN

I know her friends.

ALEX

That locket you're holding. You have one just like it.

She lifts the Locket around her neck. Visible to anyone.

ERIN

Yeah, no kidding.

ALEX

Your father gave them to both of you.

ERIN

And he's right over there by the way.

(then)

What did you do to your face?

ALEX

Someone else did it.

ERIN

You're a friend of the guy who killed her, aren't you? You almost sound like him.

ALEX

He didn't kill her.

(CONTINUED)

ERIN
How do you know?

ALEX
I know everything about your
sister. I'll prove it to you.

ERIN
(loud now)
Stay away from me! Dad! Dad!

OS, the car door opens. Then SLAMS shut. Nathan approaches.

RANDALL
Erin!

ERIN
Watch out!

She whips around, points at... Alex is gone.

RANDALL
What were you yelling about?

ERIN
This guy said he was a friend of
Lauren's. He had like paint all
over his face.

RANDALL
Are you ok?

ERIN
What's that supposed to mean? He
was right here. He was!

She shakes her head, confused, then, looking around spots...

THE HEADSTONE. The track from the RED TEAR indelible even in the
downpour.

Off Erin, as she touches the angel's stained cheek. And her dad,
soggy in the rain...

CUT TO:

30 EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - RAIN - NIGHT

A street LIGHT flickers on. Maybe because night has fallen or
maybe its just a rainy day. Thomas Leonard hikes up his collar,
trying to stay dry, as he passes a clutch of hookers huddled in
a doorway...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

HOOVER

Yo, Tommy. Red light special.
(hikes her skirt)
Even you can afford it.

He shakes his head--don't need that grief--continues on to the next building and CAMERA FINDS...

ALEX watching, holding "The List." He crosses off the name for Eyewitness "Thomas Leonard."

31 INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tommy clears the stairs, heads for his door. Unlocking the second lock, he looks around alert, like he heard something. Then opens the door.

32 INT. TENEMENT - TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex waits for Tommy, crouched by an OPEN WINDOW that looks out onto an alley, a four story drop.

TOMMY

(sees Alex, then)

Marcy?!

ALEX

Sssshhh. She's resting.

TOMMY

Where the fuck did you come from?

ALEX

Big bang, primordial ooze, divine hand of a benevolent creator? All possibilities. Although recent events have given me doubts about the benevolent creator.

Tommy starts toward Alex, who pulls the KNIFE from the Evidence Room.

ALEX

You lied at my trial.

TOMMY

I don't know you, man.

(CONTINUED)

IS CONTINUED!

ALEX

Capital case nine nine dash C
one one five. Alex Corvis.
(flashes knife)
Exhibit A.

WHAM. Alex pins what looks like Tommy's arm. It's just his
jacket, but it immobilizes Tommy.

TOMMY

Hey. I said what I saw. Two kids
arguing. A guy and a girl.

ALEX

You said you saw me with this.
I never held it until today.

TOMMY

What's your damage, man? Corvis
hacked up that girl like a
motherfucker.

Alex HEAVES Tommy crashing into the window, smashing the glass
and cheap aluminum frame. Tommy hanging halfway in, halfway out.
Four floors above the alley.

Alex rips Tommy's shirt where the knife already cut it. JACKS
the sleeve down. No scar there.

ALEX

One chance to tell the truth,
Tommy. Who is the man with the
scar? He planted this in my car.

TOMMY

There's no scar. Corvis made it
up.

ALEX

Wrong. Answer.

TOMMY

Who are you?!

TOMMY'S WIFE (OS)

Tommy!

TOMMY'S WIFE enters from the bedroom, SCREAMING. Heavy eye
makeup, looking like she just woke up. OS, a TODDLER CRIES as
she throws herself on Alex and they spill back inside.

TOMMY'S WIFE

Let him go! Let him go!

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
Capital case nine nine dash C
one one five. Alex Corvis.
(flashes knife)
Exhibit A.

WHAM. Alex pins what looks like Tommy's arm. It's just his jacket, but it immobilizes Tommy.

TOMMY
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arguing. A guy and a girl.

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I never held it until today.

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What's your damage, man? Corvis
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Alex HEAVES Tommy crashing into the window, smashing the glass and cheap aluminum frame. Tommy hanging halfway in, halfway out. Four floors above the alley.

Alex rips Tommy's shirt where the knife already cut it. JACKS the sleeve down. No scar there.

ALEX
One chance to tell the truth,
Tommy. Who is the man with the
scar? He planted this in my car.
phantom, unidentified

TOMMY
There's no scar. Corvis made it
up.

ALEX
Wrong. Answer.

TOMMY
Who are you?!

TOMMY'S WIFE (OS)
Tommy!

TOMMY'S WIFE enters from the bedroom, SCREAMING. Heavy eye makeup, looking like she just woke up. OS, a TODDLER CRIES as she throws herself on Alex and they spill back inside.

TOMMY'S WIFE
Let him go! Let him go!

TOMMY
Honey, take the baby. Get out of here now!

But she doesn't leave. She pleads in wrenching SOBS that seem to infect Alex. The Crow lands in the window.

TOMMY'S WIFE
He's all I got. Tommy and the baby. Don't take him. The baby needs a father.

Her MASCARA runs down her cheeks, a facsimile of Alex's mask. They share a long look, connected by pain. The Crow cawing a warning, hopping in the window as...

ALEX
Your baby is crying. Go.

Tommy nods at his wife, who heads off to the bedroom. The Crow gives Alex an admonishing CAW, then takes flight.

ALEX
What did they give you?

TOMMY
They showed me pictures, what he did to her. Evidence. Said all I had to do was stand up there and nod my head "yes."

ALEX
(repeats, insistent)
What did they give you?

TOMMY
A job. Construction. Twelve an hour.

Tommy's wife returns, holding a fifteen month old BOY. Alex unfolds "The List," passes it to Tommy, blank side up.

ALEX
Write down their names. All of them.

But Tommy takes a look at "The List" and flips it over...

"THE LIST"

Tommy points to the Police Witness list. Dutton, Erlich, Larkin, Toomey.

TOMMY
 You already got 'em. Right here.
 These cops said they needed an
 eyewitness, or Corvis would walk.

ALEX

drops his head. All clear now. He laughs gently at the sound of
 SIRENS approaching, still blocks away.

CUT TO:

33 INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DIMNESS

23

CAMERA CREEPS toward the by now familiar Mystery Man, bent over
 his work at the table across the room.

CLOSE. A lineup of short (2") rods. One selected with a pair of
 surgical forceps, INSERTED through a hole in human flesh,
 raising a considerable welt. Some bleeding.

As the man reaches for a cotton ball, he notices an empty STAND
 among the taxidermy specimens. Marked "Corvus brachyrhynchos."

He scans the table, searching, then throws up his hands,
 shielding his face as a Crow flies out of the darkness, right at
 him.

The man turns toward Camera but we never see his face as the
 Crow wheels mid-air, flying past him a second time. As the Crow
 flies up and out a SMALL WINDOW, the man stands, hands on the
 desk. SLOW PUSH on the man, on...

A ZIGZAG PATTERN of raised welts on the underside of his
 forearm, in high relief under the Draftsman's lamp. The "Scar."
 A drop of blood zigzags, running downward.

SLOW FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK, the CRACKLE of a Police Radio. We're...

34 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

24

HIGH ANGLE. A police CRUISER has stopped a late model CADILLAC
 SEVILLE on a deserted street.

IN THE POLICE CAR

CLOSE. COP I.D. "Dutton, Phillip" with a picture of the same
 face CAMERA FINDS working a bad comb-over in the rearview mirror.

(CONTINUED)

IN THE SEVILLE

TRACY, almost sixteen, dressed for nightlife, sees Dutton primping in her rearview mirror. He's getting out now.

TRACY

Oh no...

She jostles her friend JANNIE, passed out in the front passenger seat, trying to rouse her. No luck.

DUTTON

motions and Tracy buzzes down the window.

TRACY

Anything wrong?

DUTTON

Let's hope not. License and registration please.

Tracy tries hard to keep her smile going as she looks through her purse. Not finding anything.

DUTTON

What's with your friend there?

TRACY

She's... sick.

(off Dutton)

Actually she never had Mai Tais before.

DUTTON

But you, you've had them.

TRACY

Not tonight. Honest.

Tracy paws through her purse some more. Vamping.

DUTTON

If you had a license, I bet I'd have seen it by now. How old are you? Fifteen?

TRACY

Look, I'll tell you the truth. Jannie drove us and was supposed to drive us back, she has a license, but I mean... look at her.

Dutton leaves that dangling. Circles around to the passenger side...

TRACY
(whisper to Jannie)
Get up, get up...

Dutton opens Jannie's door, leans in, slides a hand between her slightly parted legs. Dutton smiles at Tracy.

DUTTON
Why don't you get out.

CROWVISION

High overhead. Tracy steps out of the car. Dutton shuts the passenger door, points. Tracy moves behind the Seville.

RESUME

Dutton closes in. She's getting very nervous.

TRACY
You want me to walk a straight line?

DUTTON
I want you... to bend over.

TRACY
Look, can I just call a cab?

DUTTON
What did I say?

Tracy bends over the car trunk. Dutton eases her feet apart with the tip of his boot then pulls out his NIGHTSTICK, uses it to lift her tiny skirt slowly up over her butt. As he does, she stands back up, shakes her head "no."

DUTTON
Maybe I'll ask your friend.

Tracy's frantic, about to call out as Dutton moves to the passenger door, opens it and...

OVER DUTTON - ALEX

sits in the passenger seat now. Jannie shunted inward.

ALEX
mimicking Dutton!
I want you... to bend over,
Officer Dutton.

Dutton pulls his 9MM BARETTA on Alex.

DUTTON
Where'd you come from? Out of
the car. Now!

With insolent slowness, Alex finishes writing...

"THE LIST"

a red line drawn through Dutton's name.

ALEX

gets out of the car. Dutton SLAMS the door and Jannie stirs,
coming to. At least a bit.

DUTTON
Hands on the car.

ALEX
Question. These hands?

naive
Alex advances on Dutton.

DUTTON
You're dead, ditch weed.

CLOSE. Dutton's finger squeezes the trigger.

BAM! The shot blows Alex back at the Seville passenger window.
Slumped face against the car.

TRACY
Omigod, omigod...

Jannie's head pops up inside the car. She SCREAMS at...

JANNIE'S POV

Alex right in her face, nice and dead. Dutton lowers his gun BG.
Tracy in a panic. Suddenly, Alex opens his eyes, smiles. Face
distorted against the glass. She screams again.

ALEX
You're up.

ALEX

wheels around, wrenches Dutton's wrist, vise gripped. Dutton's gun falls to the ground.

ALEX

Ladies. Drive carefully.

Tracy rushes to the driver side.

ALEX

You might want to call 911.
Report an officer down.

Tracy SCREECHES off leaving Dutton in shock.

DUTTON

That was a fucking hollow point!

ALEX

I guess it's true. Guns don't
kill people...

Alex draws the KNIFE--the murder weapon--from his costume.

ALEX

Think maybe knives do?

DUTTON

Keep that thing away from me.

ALEX

This is not just some "thing."
It's A C zero zero five.

DUTTON

You're the skel broke into the
evidence room.

FLASH. The knife moves and RIP! Alex yanks the sleeve off
Dutton's uniform, revealing a SCARLESS FOREARM.

DUTTON

Fuck! What do you want?

ALEX

A scar. On the arm. Of the man
who planted this in Alex
Corvis's car.

DUTTON

There's no scar, you freak. The
Corvis kid made it up.

Alex glitches, hearing this a second time, then RAMS Dutton into a wall with a great CLATTER of brass cans.

Alex all over him, holding Dutton's head firmly in his two hands, like he could crush it in an instant.

ALEX

He was innocent. You framed him.
You. And Erlich. And Larkin. And
Toomey. What do you think,
Officer Dutton? An eye for an
eye?

Alex's thumbs inch toward Dutton's eyes, grazing Dutton's eyelids now and a wild thing happens. FLASH!

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

Dutton's Nightstick lifts Lauren's skirt. Then flashes of a bloodsoaked struggle, Lauren's death. And the surprise BAM! of a shot fired.

RESUME

Alex thrown by this. Relaxes his grip on Dutton.

ALEX

You were there. All four of you.

Dutton kicks him off, smashes a garbage can over Alex's back then pulls a SMALL SEMI-AUTO from an ankle holster.

ALEX

You killed her. I saw it.

DUTTON

Bitch killed herself when she
shot a cop in the leg. If she'd
just acted like a girl nothing
would have happened.

(then)

So you're right, spooky. Happy?

BAM! Alex barely slowed by the shot, advancing, Dutton starting to panic. BAM! Alex keeps coming, right up to the gun. Pointed right at his face, then...

WHOOSH. Alex flips it around, RAMS the gun in Dutton's mouth. He couldn't talk if he wanted to.

ALEX

I'm working on it.

34 CONTINUED: (5)

SAM: We HEAR the blast as we...

CUT TO:

35 INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

SAM BAM continues, but these are TOY GUNS, fired in synch with POUNDING MUSIC. In the hands of TWO STRIPPERS, Topless, leather G's and chokers, black stockings, POLICE HATS on their heads, law enforcement stars for earrings. The CAPACITY CROWD responds as they pout, wield their weapons.

AT THE ENTRANCE - MADDEN

a straightfaced plainclothes detective, more upscale than the clientele, flashes a BADGE at a BOUNCER who scowls, lets him pass.

WITH MADDEN

circumnavigating the mainstage, where the cop-strippers are waving handcuffs now. At the edge of the room, LAP-DANCERS pull one-on-one's for twenties. Madden exits...

BACKSTAGE

Madden moves past girls in various states of undress. Smoking, rapping, waiting to go onstage. One looks up, interested, but he doesn't look back, exits into...

AN INTERNET PORN FACILITY

Where "live" sex workers man tiny fantasy sets--a Dungeon, a Shower, a desk and blackboard meant to suggest a Schoolroom. Crudely built, but good enough for 500x800 pixel resolution.

Madden stops a second, looking...

OVER A MONITOR - THE DUNGEON SET

UPDATES every six seconds, the slowly changing low-rez version of the action on the set--a woman tied to a chair with bright surgical tubing. The picture refreshes and BG, the woman sneaks an expertly timed sip of Diet Coke, puts the can away before the picture updates again.

A COUNTER shows 132,768 hits and climbing.

Madden gives a look, like people are really fucked up, continues past a curtain with a "No Admittance" sign into...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED;

A BACK HALL

dark, the furthest recesses of the building. Madden continues cautiously toward...

A DOOR

cracked open. Madden moving very quietly now, scowling as he peers through the slight opening. Three guys and whirring machines counting stacks of money. Guns on the tabletops, in holsters, out of reach.

36 INT. THE HOLE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The door flies open.

MADDEN

Police!

A moment of panic as the guys bent over the machines freeze. Raise their hands, slowly turn. Then lower their hands.

ERLICH

You fuck. Don't do that.

It's Erlich. Larkin and Toomey. Three cops we met at the execution. Erlich's cane nearby.

MADDEN

How's the month end?

ERLICH

Oh yes. Never been better.

MADDEN

Where's Dutton?

ERLICH

Probably parked near some high school with a hardon. Fuck never showed.

MADDEN

Anyone at all curious why?

Erlich, Larkin and Toomey exchange a look. Madden goes to one of the money counters and grabs...

A STACK OF TWENTIES tossed violently at the ceiling. Larkin and Toomey scramble as the bills flutter down like leaves, picking them up.

(CONTINUED)

MADDEN

You leave the door open with two hundred strangers out there! What's it take for you guys to learn a goddamn lesson?

TOOMEY

No one saw anything. Mad.

MADDEN

You know why Dutton's not here? Rigor mortis! He's dead.

The Three exchange looks.

MADDEN

One shot to the head, then fifty three stab wounds with a six inch blade. Any deja vu here? Think Corvus knife, missing from the evidence room.

TOOMEY

Since when?

MADDEN

Since last night. As usual, you're right on top of things.

LARKIN

It was supposed to end when Corvis died. Remember? The kid no one would miss?

ERLICH

Don't look at me, asshole.

LARKIN

Hey, I didn't kill anybody.

ERLICH

Back off. I mean it.

MADDEN

Shut up!

Erich and Larkin settle down.

MADDEN

Crime scene's a goddamn clusterfuck.

(more)

MADDEN cont'd.

Every reporter in town's trying to get a look at Dutton's body. I suggest we get a line on this before someone else does.

LARKIN

Who'd give a shit about Corvis at this point? Kid didn't have a friend in the world even when he was alive.

ERLICH

I can think of one.

Erich and Madden share a look. On the same wavelength. Erlich picks up his weapon off the table.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

37

A large CRIME SCENE marked off by tape, Erlich's cruiser where he left it. Several other cruisers nearby, lights flashing. An ambulance, stretcher being unloaded now.

AN ACTION NEWSTEAM

the one we've seen before, Barbara Gonzalez frontman, speaking into a mic, too far away for us to hear.

38 INT. RANDALL HOUSE - ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a TV. Gonzalez audible now.

GONZALEZ (ON TV)

... rumors multiply as officials refuse to confirm or deny reports of multiple, multiple stab wounds...

Gonzalez CONTINUES UNDER as...

ERIN

Dad! Come in here!

The SOUND of footsteps racing down the hall.

RANDALL

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

RANDALL

Honey, it's doesn't mean anything. It's NOT a message.

ERIN

That guy in the cemetery today said he knew everything about Lauren.

RANDALL

It still doesn't mean...

ERIN

He said he'd prove it.

Off Randall, as he sits on the bed, thoughtful...

39 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

WIDE. The ambulance drives off, lights flashing, and we BOOM UP over the crime scene, over the Newsteam, revealing the top of Dutton's cruiser, marked with a BLOODRED CROW. Continuing upward, FINDING...

The Crow, perched high on a building. It takes flight.

40 EXT. CITY - AIRBORNE - NIGHT

The Crow soaring through this lousy part of town.

41 EXT. LOW-RENT OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The Crow swoops in, lands on the roof of a low end brick building, peers down over the edge.

Camera DRIFTS DOWN the side of the building finding a light, someone burning the midnight oil. FINDING a CHESS SET mid-game near the open window as...

42 INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WAM! Erlich's CANE knocks a pile of papers to the floor off a desk piled high with briefs.

WALSH

I don't know about any knife.
I'm trying to forget that case.

ERLICH
Well someone isn't. They killed
Dutton.

WALSH
It wasn't me.

ERLICH
No shit. You couldn't get close
to him. But I'm betting you know
who did. Who's into Corvis? Huh?

Erllich flips through a Rolodex, knocks it to the floor, then
picks up a PHONE LOG off the desk.

ERLICH
Not a lot of calls. Business
slow?

He tosses the phone log out the window.

43 EXT. LOW-RENT OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

43

HIGH ANGLE. Watching the phone log fluttering down.

INCLUDE ALEX, sitting where the Crow was perched, wearing
Dutton's badge on his evolving costume. Alex winces at the
voices faint but audible from below.

ERLICH'S VOICE
You're the only one gave a
flying fuck about him when he
was alive.

WALSH'S VOICE
Lauren Randall did.

ERLICH'S VOICE
Hey. Bitches are crazy. Richer
they are, crazier they get.

"THE LIST"

The name "Erllich, Vincent" crossed off now by Alex.

44 INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

44

Erllich limps through frame toward Walsh, grabs him roughly by
the collar.

(CONTINUED)

WALSH

Maybe if you hadn't fried an innocent kid...

ERLICH

Who is it?

WALSH

How about the real killer. You think of that?

Erich violently tosses Walsh crashing back toward the window, falling by the chess board.

ERLICH

If you're covering for someone, that's jail time. I got my eye on you.

Erich exits, slamming the door behind him. Walsh starts to get up, stops. Looking at his own eye level...

ALEX'S CHESS BOARD

set up identically to the game in Alex's cell, a piece of FOLDED PAPER protruding from under the board. Walsh pulls it out. It says "Q-->B5"

WALSH

makes the move, Queen to Bishop Five. Smiles. Looks at...

THE PAPER UNFOLDED

says "Check." Walsh sets it down in the Chess Box next to...

THE PICTURE OF ALEX AND LAUREN

arms around each other in the woods, smiling.

WALSH

sensing something, a presence.

WALSH

Alex?

Walsh moves cautiously to the curtains, draws them back. Nothing. He leans out the window.

45 EXT. LOW-RENT OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

CROWVISION: Starting on Waish, popping his head out the window two stories down, INCLUDING Erlich as he exits the building, gets in a SILVER PORSCHE. Picture bending wildly as the Porsche takes off and the Crow takes flight.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. CITY STREET - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A RED TRAFFIC LIGHT. The Porsche pulling to a stop.

IN THE PORSCHE

Erlich looks down, presses a button on the stereo. Elvis from his baroque period "If I can Dream." Erlich looks up, waves his arms.

ERLICH

No, no...

ERLICH'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

a BUM starts to "clean" the windshield with an OILY rag, leaving opaque smears on the once clean glass.

THUD. A handful of gravelly MUD lands on the windshield, starts to get smeared around.

ERLICH

pounding the window from inside.

ERLICH

No! Shit!

The bum is giving the driver side window the same treatment. Hard to see anything now. Erlich throws up his hands in disgust, reaches for the door handle just as...

SMASH! The driver side window SHATTERS as something enters at high speed KICKING Erlich across the car...

Erlich's head bounces off the passenger window, leaving a BLOODY SMEAR. Alex in the driver seat now.

ALEX

The Germans really know how to make a car, don't they?

LOW ANGLE ON THE PORSCHE

wheels spinning as it peels out.

47 INT. PORSCHE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

WINDSHIELD WASHERS and WIPERS clear away the grime Alex smeared on the windshield, revealing that we're rocketing through a bad part of town.

MUSIC CONTINUES as Alex pulls the KNIFE out of his costume with his LEFT HAND. It looks huge in the cramped sports car.

ALEX
(re: Lauren knife)
I heard you were looking for this.

ERLICH
You're the guy killed Dutton.

ALEX
I want you to think of me as the guy who killed you.

Erlich pulls a .380 SEMI-AUTO stashed between the two seats. Points it at Alex.

ERLICH
Stop the car.

Alex FLOORS it and BAM. Erlich blows a hole through Alex's LEFT ARM, a yawning aperture through which Erlich watches the passing scenery a few improbable seconds.

ALEX
Ow.

The WOUND closes. Knife still in Alex's hand.

ERLICH
Fuck. Me.

ALEX
What happened to your leg there Officer? Hunting accident?

WHOP. In one swift ^{open handed} move Alex impales the knife THROUGH ERLICH'S WRIST, into his thigh. Erlich SCREAMS, tries to remove the knife, but Alex keeps a firm grip on the handle.

ALEX
Lauren Randall shot you trying to get free. The fifty three stab wounds she died of came from you. Am I right? Ballpark?

Erlich tries to stay steely, yells louder as...

48 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Porsche bumps over a sidewalk, runs a red light.

A POLICE CRUISER

going the other way pulls a stunt U, flips on its lights. In hot pursuit.

49 INT. PORSCHE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Bumper now as Alex's driving gets more and more erratic.

ALEX

In Saudi Arabia they cut off the hands of petty thieves. What price for a life? For two lives?

FLASH. Alex yanks the Knife out and FLASH, slices through the left arm of Erlich's jacket, sawing into the FLESH. Erlich's arm bleeding.

ERLICH

Not my arm! What you fucking want?

ALEX

I want Lauren. I want my life back. I want... to know why.

ERLICH

Why? Why's anything happen? It's all money, man. Money. The girl just got in the way.

Alex grimaces, then RIP, he yanks the sleeves off Erlich's arm. Erlich looks down, surprised to see his arm intact.

ALEX

The scar. Which of you has it?

ERLICH

Nobody.

Alex poises the knife for another descent.

ERLICH

I swear. It's a bullshit fucking story the loser boyfriend made up.

This gives Alex pause. He shakes his head, clearing the reality glitch, looks up...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

ON THE REARVIEW MIRROR

Cop cars, lights flashing.

50 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Porsche slides around a corner, screams into a final straightaway that dead ends into the sloping concrete side of an overpass. The cops not far behind. The Porsche bottoming out on a bump now and...

51 INT. PORSCHE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Alex's sun visor falls partway down from the jolt. He reaches to push it back into position and notices...

ON THE BACK OF THE VISOR

The CAR REGISTRATION. Alex takes it out of the holder.

RESUME

Alex suddenly calm. He reaches down for...

THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER

pushed in. The volume on the Elvis song pumped up.

ALEX

relaxes back in his seat as they scream toward the abutment.

ERLICH

Are you out of your fucking mind? We're going to die.

ALEX

How can you die if you're already dead?

ERLICH

You're him. Corvis.

ALEX

I was talking about you.

Alex smiles as the CIGARETTE LIGHTER pops out. He grabs it and the GLOW vanishes as he closes his fist around it.

Erlich turns front in horror. The microsecond of terror realized as Elvis climaxes, the retaining wall zooms in...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

ELVIS
My dream... comes true... right
now!

52 EXT. OVERPASS / ABUTMENT - NIGHT

WHAM! The Porsche hits at a million mph. Crumpling, disintegrating, and hurling two bodies bouncing off the abutment.

THE CAVALRY - CRUISERS AND PLAINWRAPS

Too late. A half dozen cars bearing down all lights and sirens. Screeching to a halt by what used to be a silver Porsche. The ruptured gas tank spurting GASOLINE.

A CRUISER

screeches to a halt. Both doors fly open. Toomey and Larkin step out. Toomey on his radio as Larkin looks up the embankment, catches a glimpse of...

ALEX

battered but alive, jerkily unclenches his fist, still holding the Lighter, glow fading. He tosses...

THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER

arcs down onto the ex-Porsche.

WIDER - BOOM!

Cops shield themselves as the Crash scene explodes in a huge FIREBALL that engulfs a cruiser stopped too close by.

IN THE TOO-CLOSE COP CAR

the DRIVER rams the car into REVERSE. Tires squeal as the fireball hits and...

THE TOO-CLOSE CRUISER

Engine compartment ignites, a second fireball racing backward into another Cruiser. BOOM! Total chaos now.

LARKIN

focussed on Alex, seen vaguely through the flames. Moving toward him.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

WITH LARKIN

as he arrives at the top of the embankment, draws his weapon, Hyperalert. Alex is gone, but he finds...

ERLICH'S BODY

two hundred broken bones bagged by bruises. Larkin pulls something out of Erlich's shattered fist. It's...

"THE LIST"

Dutton and Erlich crossed off. Larkin and Toomey yet to go, but the first letters of their names are all contained in a VERTICAL OVAL, "DELT" circled in red.

LARKIN, AS TOOMEY JOINS HIM

They give each other an oh-shit look. Then Larkin checks his fingertips, smeared red from...

"THE LIST" - FLIP SIDE

the CROW CIPHER, rendered thick in coagulating blood. Illuminated by the flickering light of the fire below.

CUT TO:

51 INT. RANDALL HOUSE - ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE. A heart shaped Locket swung gently back and forth, then closed in Erin's hand as CAW!

Erin turns, sees the Crow perched on the window ledge. As she moves to the open window, the Crow flies off.

ERIN'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW - THE CRASH SCENE

far away, the flashing lights and sirens of fire trucks arriving to bring the fire under control.

ERIN

looks, wondering, then spots something closer to home. She moves off, WIPING through frame REVEALING...

ON THE FRONT LAWN

Alex. He looks down now, at the front door where...

Erin exits the front door and we see her framed against the huge house, a rich-man's castle built in the twenties of quarried stone, quarter sawn oak and leaded glass. Erin, like her sister, a child of privilege. She approaches Alex.

ERIN
Daisy. How did you know?

ALEX
I told you. I knew your sister.

ERIN
You killed that cop Dutton.

ALEX
And another one. There. Erlich.
Took a wrong turn.

Alex points at the distant crash site, the vague flashing lights.

ERIN
I know who you are.
(no response)
That's why you paint your face.
To hide.

ALEX
I'm not hiding. I'm right here.

ERIN
You killed Lauren! You killed
her!

Erin shakes her head, trying to absorb what's going on, then RUSHES ALEX, screaming, beating on him, fists of fury.

ALEX
Not me. Dirty cops killed her.
Dutton, Erlich...

Alex tries to handle her flailing arms but she's too manic. He's getting hit in the face, the chest, and it's hurting. He grabs her roughly, gets her to stop.

ALEX
I've been shot, and stabbed and
thrown from a car and none of it
hurt. But what you're doing now,
does. I don't know why.

ERIN
My dad was right! He said you'd
ruin her life.

The entire room looking back at the three renegades.

SERGEANT

The old man's requested the
pleasure of your company.

Madden shakes his head like this is bad news, rises and leaves.

CUT TO:

56 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

A SECRETARY mans a LOW COUNTER guarding a large door at the end of the huge empty hall. She's got a heavy mascara trailer park vibe. looks up from her eyelash curler at the sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS.

HER POV - THROUGH THE EYELASH CURLER

Madden approaches. Stops.

THE SECRETARY

smiles, hits a BUTTON under the counter. The door to the Captain's office swings open.

SECRETARY

Glad I'm not you.

MADDEN

Right back at ya.

She checks out Madden as he moves past her, then puts the eyelash curler away in a NAILKIT containing a couple of razor sharp SCALPELS.

57 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

No sunlight in this cavernous, wood-panelled office. The Captain obscure in skiffs of shadow at the edge of the room.

CAPTAIN

Sit down.

Madden sits.

CAPTAIN

I thought we had an
understanding. I thought we
understood that discretion is
paramount.

37 CONTINUED:

MADDEN
Yeah, we do.

CAPTAIN
Shut up.

Madden does. The Captain begins an intense slow burn.

CAPTAIN
Erich gimping around in his
goddamn eighty thousand dollar
car is not discreet. I've got
reporters asking me how much he
made. I've got the entire force
looking at this case now.

MADDEN
I know.

CAPTAIN
You know.

MADDEN
I know the guy leaves a sign.

Madden produces "The List," flips it over to show the Crow
doodle in blood.

CAPTAIN
No shit he leaves a sign. He's
goddamn Picasso.

The Captain slaps down a crime scene photo--the Crow emblazoned
huge on the top of Dutton's cruiser.

CAPTAIN
What else do you know? Do you
know this?

The Captain SLAMS a file down in front of Madden, who lets
things cool out a moment before looking at it.

MADDEN
(reads cover)
Tommy Leonard. The eyewitness in
the Corvis case.

CAPTAIN
Some hooker phoned it in. There
was a riot at his apartment
yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

MADDEN
Guy dressed for Halloween?

CAPTAIN
Good for you. You do know something.

They look up as the Secretary enters, holding the door open, like it's time to leave. Madden starts to speak and...

CAPTAIN
Don't say. Just do. Before it all comes tumbling down.

The Secretary gives Madden a look as he exits, then joins the captain who's standing...

BY AN AWARDS CASE

holding glass bowls and trophies presented to the Captain over the years for Civic Service. The Secretary wraps her arms around him from behind as he looks at his loot.

CAPTAIN
Idiots.

SECRETARY
Sssshhhh.

CAPTAIN
You're the only one who makes it go away.

As he turns toward her embrace, CAMERA ADJUSTS to point up something we may have noticed...

IN THE CASE - A STUFFED BIRD, on one of the glass shelves.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. RANDALL HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA CREEPS toward the large stone house. A light comes on at one end of the lower floor, shining through the window.

59 INT. RANDALL HOUSE - NATHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Erin works at her father's desk under the light of an antique floor lamp. Using a LETTER OPENER to PRY open...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

A DESK DRAWER

Full of files. She flips through, finds a manila file marked--
DELT. Takes it out.

ERIN

Lays the file open on the desktop. EMPTY. She checks...

A SMALL PAPER SHREDDER

under the desk. Judging from the paper spaghetti in the basket
underneath, recently used.

ERIN

scoops up the shreds of paper. No way to reassemble this.

RANDALL *but only if*
(trying to be casual)
What are you doing there?

Erin's a terrible liar, spooked as he approaches.

ERIN
I think I dropped an earring.

RANDALL
Looks like you have them both on.

She jumps up as her father reaches the desk, keeps her distance.
He spots the empty DELT folder, closes it.

ERIN
Alex Corvis didn't kill Lauren.
Cops did. Didn't they?

No response.

ERIN
You're in with them.

RANDALL
It's not what you think.

ERIN
You killed her!

RANDALL
No.

ERIN
Stay away from me! Stay away!

(CONTINUED)

RANDALL

Erin. It wasn't supposed to happen.

Erin SCREAMS, runs out the door with her hands over her ears. He misses a beat, then RUNS after her.

THE HALLWAY - WITH NATHAN

chasing his daughter toward...

60 INT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

60

Nathan catches up with her as she frantically grabs CAR KEYS out of a dish by the front door. He grabs hold of her arm, she struggles, CLAWS at his face to get loose. Squeaks out the door onto...

61 EXT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

61

Erin runs to the far side of the big Benz, parked in the driveway. Tries the door. The ALARM goes off.

RANDALL

They killed her because she found out.

ERIN

About you.

RANDALL

About them. You've got to leave it alone.

ACROSS THE STREET, A PORCH LIGHT comes on. Erin hits a button on the key ring, CHIRP CHIRP. It stops.

RANDALL

Sweetheart...

ERIN

Don't call me that! Don't call me anything!

A NEIGHBOR opens the door, peers at them from across the street. Inquisitive.

RANDALL

I would never hurt you or Lauren. Never. Believe me.

(CONTINUED)

ERIN
I don't believe you.

RANDALL
Please. Come inside.

ERIN
I'm never going back in that
house again. Get away.

He edges away from the car, reluctantly. She starts to get in,
anger giving way to extreme sadness.

ERIN
(crying now)
They killed Alex for something
you did, daddy. You killed both
of them.

She gets in the car. Starts it.

ERRRKKKK! She peels out backward down the driveway, SLAMS the
car into Drive and tears off down the street.

The Neighbor shakes her head at Nathan, goes back inside.

CUT TO:

62 INT. TENEMENT - THOMAS LEONARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WHAM! Thomas Leonard bounces off the wall, drops to the floor.

A FEMALE FIGURE wipes through frame, throws herself on Larkin,
who's roughing up Tommy.

TOMMY'S WIFE
Please! Leave him alone!

Larkin backhands her sprawling to the floor, where she crawls to
the WAILING BABY, takes him in sheltering arms.

TOMMY
I'm not making this up. He had
a crow with him.

LARKIN
Caw caw, that's what you're
telling me.

TOMMY
He said I lied at his trial.
It's Alex Corvis.

(CONTINUED)

LARKIN
So we're talking... a ghost.
With a pet bird.

Tommy nods.

LARKIN
Turn down that fucking baby!

The baby's gets quieter as the mom rocks it.

LARKIN
Get up, Tommy. I want to show
you something.

Larkin helps Tommy to his feet. Places "The List" on the table.
Then RAMS Tommy's face down on top of it.

LARKIN
You see that? My name's next on
his list. It's fucking next.

Larkin hauls Tommy back upright. Dazed.

LARKIN
So who is the guy, Tommy?

TOMMY
Corvis. It's...

LARKIN
(cutting him off)
Take your time. Think before you
speak. Cause at this point I got
to hear something besides the
crap you're been spewing.

KA-CHUNK. Toomey cycles his 9mm. Everything dead silent.

TOMMY
He said the whole trial was a
setup. That I caused an innocent
kid to die. Is that true?

Larkin grimaces. The only question is how to end this.

53 EXT. TENEMENT - ALLEY - NIGHT

Madden stands by a plainwrap, calmly SMOKING. A SCREAM above. He
looks up to see CRASH!

(CONTINUED)

Tommy's BODY breaks through a window four floors up and falls with broken glass, landing by Madden who rubs his temple a second, then calmly grinds out the butt.

64 INT. TENEMENT - THOMAS LEONARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tommy's wife horrified, pleading, as Toomey raises his weapon.

TOMMY'S WIFE
No, please...

Her voice stops mid-sentence as BAM. The baby still crying as Toomey takes aim again, then lowers his weapon, starts to leave the room with Larkin.

At the door, Toomey turns and BAM! The crying stops.

CUT TO:

65 INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE. A diminished field of Chess Pieces. ADJUST to include Walsh, scrutinizing the board.

WALSH
Alex?

He looks out the window a second. Then scans the room again.

WALSH
C'mon. I'm talking to myself here. It's humiliating.

Walsh goes back to the board, makes a move.

WALSH
Check and mate.

ALEX (OS)
Dream on.

Walsh looks up. Nothing. Then Alex steps from the shadows. Walsh looks at him a long moment, sees through the makeup.

WALSH
My God. It's really you under there.

The two guys look at each other a long moment, cross the few steps to hug. Walsh blown away.

EE CONTINUED:

WALSH
I'd like to say you're looking
good, but...

Walsh leans in, examines Dutton's BADGE on Alex's costume.

ALEX
Two down. Two to go.

WALSH
"Down?" Wait, don't tell me.

ALEX
The cops from my trial. They
killed Lauren. The whole thing
was fixed.

(off Walsh)
You think I'm crazy.

WALSH
I'm thinking... that explains a
lot.

Walsh sits down. Disturbed.

ALEX
Lauren's father's involved. He
bought the cops fancy cars, I
don't know what else. It's a
company called D-E-L-T. I think
Lauren found out.

WALSH
What do they do that they had to
kill her?

ALEX
I was hoping you'd find out.

WALSH
Yeah. I sure will.

They both turn as the Crow lands in the window, CAWS.

WALSH
(at the bird)
Boo!

The Crow flies off. Walsh goes to the window and looks out.

WALSH
What's the deal with this bird?
It's been hanging around. Alex?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

He turns toward Alex, who's gone. A double take as Walsh gets it, whips around, looks out the window again.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. REMOTE ROAD - FOREST - NIGHT

Far above a solitary car winding through an old-growth forest, its headlights stabbing the darkness.

The Crow soars into frame, watching.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. OLD GROWTH GROVE - NIGHT

A simple WOODEN CROSS illuminated by the headlights of the Big Benz as it pulls off the road into the grove of huge trees dripping with moss.

IN THE BENZ

Erin blank as she turns off the car, leaving the headlights on. Silence.

WITH ERIN

as she steps from the car, walks toward the cross. Partway there...

BAW! Erin looks up, finds the Crow fluttering in to perch high overhead.

Alex emerges from behind a tree, near the cross.

ALEX

This is where it happened. Right over here.

ERIN

Yeah, I know.

She stays where she is. Alex quiet, affected by the place. Erin's about to lose it.

ALEX

Are you ok?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

ERIN

When Lauren was missing the police came to our house. They said they were looking for her, right?

(breaking down)

But I know now they had her, and the reason they brought her here and knew they could blame it on you...

ALEX

No...

ERIN

... is that I sent them here. I told them she came here sometimes. With her dirtball boyfriend. That's exactly what I said.

She's crying softly. He draws nearer.

ALEX

Erin. It's not your fault.

ERIN

(losing it now)

It's all my fault. Oh God. I wish I were dead.

ALEX

No. You don't.

ERIN

Yes I do, I really do.

Seeming to lose patience, Alex lunges at her, like an attack.

ALEX

There were four of them.

ERIN

No...

He's holding his hands over her eyes, transferring IMAGES that shake them both.

ALEX'S/ERIN'S INTERNAL POV

Jolting FLASHES. A Plainwrap stops where the Mercedes is now. A hand slams the car into Park. Doors open. Four men get out, seen dimly, but they're Dutton, Erlich, Larkin, Toomey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 21

Erich reaches back in to drag Lauren out of the back seat, her hands cuffed in front of her. Dixon flips up her skirt with his rightstick.

ALEX'S VOICE

Four large men. And still...

Lauren stumbles into Erlich, grabs and BAM! FLASH! He takes a shot in the leg from his own, still hoistered weapon.

ALEX'S VOICE

She grabbed one of their guns.
Got off a shot, then ran, ran
for her life.

RESUME - PRESENT

Erin's covering her face, like trying to avoid seeing some horrible thing.

ERIN

I don't want to know.

Alex grabs Erin, forces her to run with him, awkwardly, like a three legged race. Tracing the path Lauren covered.

ALEX

She ran. Them breathing down her neck...

Erin stumbling as Alex pushes, cajoles her, the two of them running toward a large tree, MATCHING to...

ALEX'S/ERIN'S INTERNAL POV

Lauren stumbling, her cuffed hands hindering, tree limbs hitting her face. Her own panting subsumed in the panting of the cops on her heels.

ALEX'S VOICE

... all the way from the road to
this tree...

RESUME - PRESENT

Erin still trying not to see. Alex forcing her.

ALEX

This tree. Here's where it
happened.

ERIN

I don't want to see!

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

Alex spins her up against the tree and we MATCH to...

ALEX'S/ERIN'S INTERNAL POV

Lauren an adrenaline crazed fighter destined to lose. Her movements UNDERCRANKED, strobed. Discontinuous and jarring.

ALEX'S VOICE

She turned and faced them and went down kicking and punching and fighting them, fighting death as they stabbed her and stabbed her. Fifty three times.

The brutal cops overwhelm Lauren. She drops to the ground as...

RESUME

Erin drops to the forest floor, convulsed in sobs.

ALEX

She fought for her life because life is worth living.

Wishes
Alex panting. Fierce.

ALEX

Think about that. And then tell me how much you wish you were dead.

Off Erin, sobbing, heartbroken. Alex's fury waning as he looks at her, wonders if he did the right thing.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. GARRISON PRISON - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Armed men and barbed wire. The Spotlight FLARES and we're...

69 INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

An odd foursome approaches from the far end of the hall. Mercer escorts Madden, the Captain, and the Secretary who hangs on her bosses arm, gawking like a tourist.

CAPTAIN

Why wasn't the incident reported?

(CONTINUED)

MERCER
Nothing to report. All inmates
were present and accounted for.

CAPTAIN
So you pretended nothing
happened.

MERCER
Hey, Corvis fried. I don't
really see how it could be him.

CAPTAIN
No. I wouldn't expect you to.

They all enter...

70 INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE - NIGHT

70

Mercer goes to the locker where he left Alex.

MERCER
Be forewarned. Nature takes its
toll.

(opens locker)
Bon appetit.

The all look inside. The locker is empty.

Mercer's the only one shocked. He noisily opens and shuts the
other lockers looking for Alex.

CAPTAIN
You lost him! Now lay off the
fucking doors!

Mercer stops, backs off, gives the power trio some space.

MADDEN
They botched the execution.

CAPTAIN
Could say that.

MADDEN
Christ. It was Corvis. Tommy
Leonard was right.

SECRETARY
Maybe you were a little harsh on
him.

TO CONTINUED:

They watch now as the Secretary moves, drawn to the mirror.

SECRETARY

Babe?

She's looking at... THE FRACTURED MIRROR. Shards of glass selectively removed forming, we see now, a CROW.

MADDEN

Fucking crow.

CAPTAIN

Sign of the dead come back to life.

Madden turns, not comfortable with the concept.

MADDEN

How about sign of a big black bird?

Quinn-David

CAPTAIN

The dead can return, given sufficient motivation. And Corvis has that.

SECRETARY

This guy David Jenkins came back as a ghost because my uncle owed him four dollars. Followed him everywhere. Ruined his life.

MADDEN

Time out. You really saying he's back from beyond?

The Secretary nestles into the Captain, who whispers in her ear. He nods.

MADDEN

Cause if you're losing your mind, I got a right to know.

CAPTAIN

He's looking for something. Won't stop until he finds it.

(then)

Sometimes the best way to get rid of someone is to let them have what they want.

SECRETARY

The man...

(CONTINUED)

ALEX OS:
... with the scar...

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD GROWTH GROVE - NIGHT

WIDE. Erin sits cross-legged in the HEADLIGHTS of the Benz. Alex perches Crow-like on the hood.

ALEX
... took everything I ever cared
about. Left me with nothing.

ERIN
So you're going to kill him?

ALEX
Have to find him first.

He closes his eyes. Pained at a memory.

ALEX
You know what Lauren and I were
fighting about that night? She
had a secret, wouldn't tell me...

ERIN
My father.

ALEX
All I knew, she was pulling
away. It made me crazy.

ERIN
I used to be so proud of him. My
big deal daddy. And now, he's
just a crook. Worse even. And
the weird thing is...

She fights back tears. Gains strength.

ERIN
I wish I could hate him but I
can't. He said he'd never hurt
either of us, and I know it's
true and... I'm going back.

ALEX
It's what Lauren would do.

Erin nods, takes the Locket off her neck.

71 CONTINUED:

ERIN
I want to forget. Forget what I
know. Forget myself. Forget
everything.

She winds up to toss the Locket away and Alex hops down off the
hood. Stops her. Takes the Locket.

ALEX
(re: Locket)
Keep it. Because it connects you
to Lauren. And it connects you
to me.

He fastens the Locket back around her neck. A covenant.

ERIN
No matter what happens I'll make
sure everyone knows. That you're
innocent. That you loved her. I
promise.

CLOSE. Erin pulls some makeup out of her jacket pocket. Dumps it
on the ground. Finds a pot of dark eyeshadow among the
containers.

ERIN
I don't want to be me anymore.
Make me like you.

Erin's face blasted WHITE by HEADLIGHTS. She closes her eyes as
Alex begins the first bold lines around her eyes and for a
moment in the gauzy white light, she could be...

LAUREN

opens her eyes a second, smiles, shuts them again.

WIDER. Alex paints Erin's face in the Benz headlights, the two
of them kneeling in the forest-cathedral. Camera creeps
BACKWARD, leaving the two of them connected by ritual. And
touch. And a promise to each other.

CUT TO:

72 INT. RANDALL HOUSE - NATHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE. A mess of documents. Nathan nervously writing, assembling
a tell-all at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

TO CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN IS:
You know it doesn't work this way.

Nathan gets up. Tries to subtly ^{hate} herd the Captain off.

NATHAN
I'm out of this.

CAPTAIN
Partnerships don't end like that. Friendships don't.

NATHAN
Our friendship ended when Lauren died.

The Captain circles to the desk now, past Nathan.

CAPTAIN
Do you believe in ghosts, Nathan? Because there's a ghost threatening us.

RANDALL
You mean Alex.

CAPTAIN
I mean Lauren.

The Captain flips through some of the papers on the desk. Frowns. He closes a file folder.

CAPTAIN
Because you never accepted that what happened to her was an accident.

RANDALL
Your men killed my daughter.

CAPTAIN
An accident, Nathan.

RANDALL
(exploding now)
She was sixteen years old! There were four of them. They stabbed her fifty three times! Where's the fucking accident?! Huh?! Where is it?!

Nathan furious. The Captain keeps a preternatural calm.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN

I watched her grow up. Just like you. I know how her mind worked. She kept snooping around because she was worried about you. What you'd gotten yourself into. So stop blaming me. And blame yourself.

RANDALL

(beat, quietly)

I do. Every day.

CAPTAIN

Erin knows, doesn't she?

This catches Nathan off guard. He starts to say something.

CAPTAIN

Don't even bother. You never were a good liar.

The Captain flips through the papers on the desk again.

CAPTAIN

Look at this. Everything we worked for. You tell me... what are we going to do?

CUT TO:

73 EXT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS approach from down the street.

The Big Benz pulls into the empty driveway. Erin alone in the car, her mood tough to judge in the Crow mask.

Leanne says/b. w. n

74 INT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

slight w/n
Erin enters, steels herself. Then she calls out...

ERIN

Dad?! You home?

CUT TO:

75 INT. RANDALL HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

UNDERWATER. Erin plunges her masked face into the wash basin in this white-tiled bathroom.

ANGLE - ERIN

A few SLO-MO DROPLETS cascade off her face into the basin as she scrutinizes herself in the mirror, wipes off the mask. CAMERA INCHING forward...

She listens up. Grabs a Towel to blot the water on her face. We begin to hear with her... DRIP. DRIP. DRIP...

She tightens the sink faucets. The sound continues DRIP DRIP as she moves to...

THE CLAWFOOT BATHTUB

Faucet not dripping, but the sound is louder. DRIP DRIP. Erin grabs the shower curtain, whips it back REVEALING...

NATHAN RANDALL

behind the tub, face a mask of gore, blown off point blank by the BLOODY HANDGUN on the tile next to him.

ERIN

screams.

CUT TO:

76 INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE. The Chess set. A few pieces moved off the board now. Alex not looking at it. He's looking at the picture of himself and Lauren taped in the lid of the Chess box.

WALSH

It's like a bowl of spaghetti. D-E-L-T is owned by Westwind Builders, Nathan Randall's company. But DELT in turn owns a dozen other corporations. A big mess to wade through, so I checked out Tommy Leonard.

Alex picks up the BLACK KING.

ALEX

Leonard, Dutton, Erlich. They don't matter. I want the King.

(CONTINUED)

TO CONTINUED:

WALSH

We're getting there. Because in his so-called construction job, Tommy makes a daily delivery to a place called "The Hole."

ALEX

The strip joint?

WALSH

I believe they call it a connoisseur's club. Owned by DELT.

Alex places the picture of himself with Lauren back in the box of chess pieces, against the open lid.

WALSH

Places like that, they're about unreported cash, processing money from drugs, prostitution.

(then)

I took a chance, called asking for Larkin and Toomey, the two other cops. Whoever answered said "they're not here..."

(meaningfully)

... this is the front office."

BAM BAM BAM. They look up. A shadow banging on the door. Leaving BLOODY SMEARS on the outside of the frosted glass.

ERIN (OS)

Alex!

Walsh opens the door and Erin enters, wild and blood smeared, remnants of the Crow mask around her eyes.

ERIN

They killed my dad.

It all catches up with her now, the flight, the exhaustion. She throws herself into his arms.

ALEX

It's ok, it's ok...

ERIN

It's not. I can't take it.

ALEX

Erin. Who?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 2.

ERIN
I don't know. I found him lying there.

Alex mobilized by this. He turns to Walsh.

ALEX
Where is it? This place?

WALSH
I think we should get some support.

ALEX
What? Call the police?

ERIN
What is this? Where are you going?

Alex waiting for an address. Finally...

WALSH
1315 Berkeley Street.

ERIN
Don't leave me. Please.

Alex turns to her, comforting. Holds her face in his hands.

ALEX
It will be over soon.
(then)
Watch out for each other.

He heads off and we PRE-LAP sexbomb death metal POUNDING...

CUT TO:

77 INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

the sexbomb/death metal/sexbomb

More debauched than our previous visit. Darker, more crowded. Patrons propositioned in front of our eyes by girls barely eighteen. The room writhing.

ON THE MAINSTAGE

the "Cop" strippers we saw before, but dangerous seeming, as they pantomime an interrogation, a handcuffed "perp" manhandled between them.

(CONTINUED)

-- CONTINUED:

AT THE ENTRANCE

Alex blows past people waiting to get in, creating enough disturbance that TWO BOUNCERS greet him.

ALEX
Toomey and Larkin. They're
expecting me.

The Two Bouncers give each other a look. One points to a SIGN on the wall: "You must be 21..."

BOUNCER
I need to see some I.D., pal.
Circus in town?

The Other Bouncer grabs Alex as he pushes past. Alex heaves him into the line of WAITING PATRONS. As they go down like dominoes... the First Bouncer pulls a GUN.

ALEX
I don't think you want to do
that. Lot of innocent people
here.
(looks around)
A lot of people, anyway.

As Alex starts off... BAM! He's blown back by a shot half lost in the noisy club. No panic yet.

ONSTAGE

the strippers break character, looking. The audience turns as...

NEAR THE ENTRANCE

The First Bouncer goes flying above the heads of the crowd, getting off a dramatic SHOT while airborne, inducing...

PANDEMONIUM

Patrons stampeding as BAM BAM! Alex taking bullets, the miracle lost in the chaotic exit. The Bouncers out of sight underfoot.

ON ALEX

visible again, back on his feet. Buffeted, stationary as everyone flees. With the exodus still at flood stage...

CUT TO:

BY WALSH, in motion as he puts on a jacket, throws some papers into a briefcase. He's nervous, ill-suited for this cloak and dagger stuff, chattering...

WALSH

We'll be safe in my car. Nobody will recognize it. Let's move yours in back, no, down the block. Hope it's nothing fancy. There's a chop shop around the corner.

She's looking elsewhere, at the door that has quietly opened. The Captain stands there. Somber reptile. Holding a sheaf of papers in one hand.

ERIN

You followed me here.

CAPTAIN

No... Erin, I put out a bulletin on your car because... there's bad news. And I thought you should hear it from me.

She stares at him expressionless.

CAPTAIN

Your father got involved with some bad cops. On my force, so I take responsibility.

(beat, then)

He killed himself.

She talks with great difficulty.

ERIN

How?

CAPTAIN

How did he kill himself?

She nods.

CAPTAIN

With a gun. Is that what you mean?

ERIN

No. I mean... how did he kill himself.

(more)

CONTINUED:

ERIN (cont'd)
How do you figure he killed
himself--with a gun, right?--
when it wasn't anywhere near
where you found him?

He takes a step toward her. She pulls out the Blood Pistol.
Seems crazy enough to use it.

ERIN
You killed him.

WALSH
Erin. Don't.

ERIN
Back the fuck off! Now!

The Captain stops, gently tosses the sheaf of papers toward her,
onto Walsh's desk. The papers Nathan was preparing. Walsh looks
at them while...

CAPTAIN
He left this. Names, addresses,
a note to you. These people he
was involved with killed Lauren.
He couldn't bear it anymore.

WALSH
My God. He's right, it's all
here.

ERIN
The note. Show it to me.

Erin has one eye on the papers now, recognizes her dad's hand.
The Captain inches forward.

ERIN
(to Captain)
Not you!
(to Walsh)
Show it to me.

The Captain steps forward, right to the desk. Erin backed into
a corner now.

CAPTAIN
It's right there, under that
paper.
(grabs a note)
Here. Look.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2)

She holds a hand out for the note, taking her eye off the situation for one second as she reads...

THE NOTE

A bunch of numbers added together in her father's hand. Not a suicide note.

THE CAPTAIN

grabs Erin's wrist and BAM! A chunk of the ceiling falls as the weapon discharges. The Captain throws her in a chokehold, her finger still on the trigger.

CAPTAIN

You were always the stupid one.

She fights as the Captain wraps his own hand over hers, wrestles her arm toward Walsh, in the sights now. BAM!

WALSH

blown backward, collapsing by the Chess Board. Trying to pull himself up. Erin struggling. As...

MADDEN

enters from the hall, in a hurry, gun drawn.

MADDEN

You need help?

He nods toward Walsh, who is moving, barely.

CAPTAIN

Hurry. We don't have much time.

BAM. A shot from Madden drops Walsh for good. As Madden drags Walsh toward the door, the Captain grabs...

THE PICTURE OF ALEX AND LAUREN

pulled off the lid of the Chess box, one of the pieces of tape left behind. The Captain exits.

CUT TO:

79 INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

MUSIC STILL POUNDS, lights swirl. But the club has cleared out, leaving human detritus, a handful of casualties from the stampede.

(CONTINUED)

TO CONTINUED:

WITH ALEX

as he steps over the Two Bouncers, expired on the floor. A soft WHIMPERING marks the silence. The girl cuffed onstage.

Alex goes up to the terrified girl. Close up, she looks way underage. He gathers her clothes, spots a key on the floor.

ALEX

How old are you?

She listens as he unlocks the cuffs.

ALEX

You have one chance to value your life. Take it.

He watches as she hightails it out the front door, still half naked. As she leaves...

THE CROW

appears in the doorway near the broken bodies. Alex takes a deep breath, as if it hurts. The casualties.

CAW. The Crow flies on, disappearing into the back rooms. Alex turns, follows...

BACKSTAGE

Alex moves past the empty makeup table. A lipstick cigarette smolders in an ashtray. People left in a hurry. MUSIC LOUD, as if inside our heads now. Alex continues...

THE INTERNET PORN STAGE

Nobody home. Empty images refreshed every six seconds. Number of hits static now.

Alex drawn now by the "No Admittance" Curtain which he approaches slowly, touching it and FLASH!

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV - LAUREN

looking over her shoulder, pulling back the "No Admittance" Curtain, going where she shouldn't go.

ALEX

Lauren? You were here?

Lauren makes her stealthy way into....

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

THE BACK HALL

revealed as Alex slips past the curtain, retracing Lauren's footsteps. CAMERA FOLLOWS Alex CREEPING down the hall to...

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV - LAUREN

down the hall, peering inside the partially open Back Room door, then turning back startled TOWARD CAMERA as if suddenly overtaken.

AT THE DOOR

Alex turns back, like Lauren, looks behind him. The hallway is empty. He enters...

80 INT. "THE HOLE" - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

80

Darkness. As Alex gropes for a lightswitch, a LIGHTER FLARES. Toomey and Larkin lean in, light up in synch.

Alex takes in the dark fringes, dim reflections off lots of eyes. Not taxidermy specimens.

BAM BAM BAM BAM. A dozen police officers lining the walls empty cartridges into Alex in an angry, STROBING fusillade. In the silence that follows...

LARKIN

(after the fact)

Don't move.

The gang LAUGHS. Larkin makes his way to a light switch by the door.

LARKIN

Drinks are on me.

Larkin flips on the low-watt BARE BULBS hanging down past industrial pipes and conduit, casting a dim light on the cinderblock space. NO ALEX.

ALEX (OS)

Cheers.

They look up and...

BAM! Alex DROPS LARKIN with a shot to the forehead. BAM! He MISSES TOOMEY as bullets from below EXPLODE all around him. Alex scampers across the framing as...

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

The BARE BULBS burst, all but one, plunging us back into near darkness as Alex drops to the ground near Larkin's fallen body. Jacks up the sleeve. No scar.

Alex spots Toomey, rolls out as...

THREE COPS

pump rounds into Alex. BAM! Alex takes the middle Cop out, a TOOMEY-LIKE GUY who falls onto Toomey, behind him.

ALEX

turns, forced to defend himself as FULL AUTO FIRE breaks open, the other flank, more advancing cops. While...

TOOMEY

crawls out from under the fallen cop, then backs out the door on hands and knees while...

A FINAL EXPLOSIVE FUSILLADE

leaves only Alex standing. As the echoes dissolve...

Alex moves to where Toomey was, bends down to check the body...

THE NAMEPLATE - "TOOMEY"

But the pin isn't fastened properly. The badge askew.

RESUME - ALEX

rolls the body over, finds another nameplate underneath. "Hauser." Heads off in search of...

ALEX

Toomey!

81 INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

Toomey is clearing the "No Admittance" curtain when...

ALEX (OS)

You dropped something!

Toomey panics as he approaches...

INTERNET FANTASY SETS

Monitors still updating every six seconds. Toomey hears Alex coming, slips through the "Dungeon."

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

BEHIND THE SHOWER FANTASY SET

Toomey takes refuge out of sight, next to a GAS HOT WATER HEATER, quiet as a mouse.

ALEX

tears the "No Admittance" curtain completely off its rod, arriving at the fantasy sets just in time to see...

THE DUNGEON MONITOR

Toomey (frozen) scurrying through. Gone now as the monitor updates. Then Alex appears, following him through the set...

WITH ALEX

moving to the rear of the "dungeon," on Toomey's heels.

WAM. Toomey hits him full force with A PIPE, sending Alex sprawling backward, COLLAPSING the flimsy Shower set. WAM. Toomey swings again, misses Alex, but connects with...

THE GAS LINE

to the water heater ripped out by the blow. HISS. The sound of gas, loud, as the line breaks.

RESUME

Alex straddles Toomey, just as Toomey manages to get his gun pointed in Alex's face. Hissing gas nearby. CLICK. Toomey cocks the gun.

ALEX

Spark, gas... bad combination.
And it's not this leak here,
that's the least of your worries.

WAM! Alex swings Toomey's pipe HARD at a much bigger GAS LINE right behind the gas heater, leaving it badly cracked. The hiss magnified 100x now.

ALEX

We're going to play a little
game called "Who's got the Scar."

TOOMEY

What Scar? What fucking scar?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
 (buzzer sound)
 AAAANK. That's not how we play
 the game.

Alex jacks Toomey's sleeve down. No Scar. Alex pissed as Toomey
 locks eyes with him. Really seeing him now.

TOOMEY
 You're him! You're Corvis! We
 fried your ass. You're dead, man!

ALEX
 Good thing in a situation like
 this.

We pick up...

82 INT. "THE HOLE" - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Some light filters in as a door opens to the outside. A FIGURE
 enters, squats among the bodies. He leans in, closes Larkin's
 eyes, and we see...

It's Madden. Blood on his hands. He hears Alex's VOICE faintly,
 then Toomey cries out in pain. Madden moves toward...

83 INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

Madden creeps down the hallway to the back room. VOICES growing
 louder.

TOOMEY (OS)
 Fucking Zombie.

ALEX (OS)
 The scar.

TOOMEY (OS)
 There is no scar. I'm telling
 you.

As Madden moves toward the conversation, his face registers the
 slightest of smiles.

MADDEN'S CREEPING POV

MONITORS obliquely visible as he reaches the end of the hall by
 the Fantasy sets. The "Shower" monitor shows Alex and Toomey,
 visible through the trashed set, updated every six seconds.

33 CONTINUED:

MADDEN

SNIFFS gas. The HISS now audible along with Alex's voice. Madden smiles. Pulls out his 9mm.

And BACKS UP, away from the Fantasy Sets toward the back room. Madden takes aim at...

THE FIRST MONITOR

The image is Alex threatening Toomey. Updating now--LOSING ALEX on the Monitor as he steps into frame in person, looks up and BAM!

CROWVISION

a speeding bullet passes narrowly by and...

ANGLE - GROUND ZERO

as the bullet hits the monitor in a shower of sparks, followed by... BOOM!

A ROILING FIREBALL

seems to vaporize Alex before flying down the hallway right at CAMERA. Madden manages a couple steps in retreat before it blows him into the back room with a deafening roar.

34 EXT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

BOOM! Windows blow out in a gas fired inferno. A body flung out the rear door. BOOM!

35 INT. "THE HOLE" - INFERNO - NIGHT

Interior/exterior being less meaningful than seconds ago. Walls crumbled, roof blown off. BRIGHT FIRE consumes the frame, consumes the bodies of downed cops, consumes every last bit of oxygen and life. Distant SIRENS draw closer.

A SLOW SCAN, someone's OBSTRUCTED POV of Hell.

INCLUDE ALEX

watching from under a collapsed cinderblock wall that offers some protection from the flames, if not the heat. He looks, intent now, spotting...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

THE ARM WITH THE ZIGZAG SCARIFICATION

sticking out of the rubble, surky through the flames, growing clearer as camera PUSHES, flames licking at it...

ALEX

tries to move toward the arm. Forced back by too-intense flame as another beam falls, the rubble shifts and...

THE ARM WITH THE ZIGZAG SCARIFICATION

flips over, trippy in the flames. Not attached to anything, just a severed arm. Root visible now.

ALEX

huddles, breathing hard, feeling real physical vulnerability. Watching. As the scar goes up in smoke.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

86 INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

The still smoldering skeleton of the back rooms. FIREMEN walking the debris. And...

The Captain expressionless as he passes the odd torched bodies of his men. He finds...

THE ARM WITH THE ZIGZAG SCARIFICATION

skeletal now, baked down to bones. A dozen short metal rods on the ground under it. He picks a few up.

THE CAPTAIN

drawn now to...

UNDER THE RUBBLE - WHERE ALEX WAS

water dripping off the concrete, collecting in the place where Alex hid. But he's long gone.

The Captain drops the rods. Satisfied it's over.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Alex staggers along in bad shape. Up ahead...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A GIRL in her twenties exits a building down a flight of stairs, waits at the bottom for her BOYFRIEND, who's locking the door. She sees Alex, gives him an empathetic look.

Alex walks slowly closer.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

Lauren appearing to him, playing their game. But the words are wrong, distorted.

LAUREN

Your witness list is no match
for my kung fu.

Her Bruce Lee "Oooo" a siren call.

RESUME

Alex moving slowly forward on the street, drawn toward the girl who watches with horrified fascination.

ALEX

I'm losing you.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

LAUREN

Your zigzag love scar is no
match for...

Lauren and Alex drawing very close now when...

RESUME

WAM. A FIST clocks Alex in the face, dropping him hard onto the pavement.

GIRL

Did you have to do that?

BOYFRIEND

How about "thank you."

GIRL

He's bleeding.

ALEX

I don't bleed.

BOYFRIEND

And delirious. Better steer
clear.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX'S POV

The Guy wraps his arm protectively around the girl, walks her off. Running into a COP at the next intersection. They POINT at...

ALEX

takes off, ducking into an alley. Confused. CAMERA CREEPS BACKWARD as he gathers his thoughts.

CUT TO:

38 INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

RATTLE RATTLE. Alex's shadow visible through the frosted glass, jostling the locked door.

ALEX

Erin!

SMASH. His arm PUNCHES through the glass, turn the knob. Alex enters, arm bleeding badly. He yanks a large piece of glass from his flesh. Painful. Alex registers that the rules have changed.

He finds a necktie of Walsh's, uses it to bind the wound, staunch the flow. He scans the room again looking for... something. But everything seems ok. He passes...

The Chess Box, the picture of Lauren and Alex gone. Just a piece of TAPE left, sticking to the top of the open lid.

OVER THE CHESS BOARD - ALEX

the missing pic lost on him, drawn to the chess board where Walsh collapsed. Something wrong with the game. He finds...

THE BLACK KING

Off the board. On top of a stack of news clippings lying on the floor. Alex picks it up, LEAVING a RING OF BLOOD under.

CAMERA PUSHES on the clipping underneath, the headline "City Leaders Vow Crackdown in Wake of Randall Murder." PUSHING, finding among the City Leaders...

ALEX

The King.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

THE CAPTAIN'S FACE

circled in blood. Camera continues to PUSH on the grainy newsprint, through it, until all we see are halftone pixels and the picture loses meaning.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. CITY - AIRBORNE - NIGHT

The Police Station in sinister CROWVISION as we approach, swoop in and...

90 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alex walks the long approach to the Captain's office, past the empty Secretary's desk. KICKING the door open CRASH! into...

91 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Captain works alone at his desk under a standing lamp. Looks up unconcerned as Alex enters, walks to the desk, and SLAPS down the ring-of-blood clipping.

CAPTAIN

I hate that picture.

ALEX

Where are they?

CAPTAIN

Can I get you something? A glass of water? A transfusion?

ALEX

Where are they? Last chance.

CAPTAIN

Or what? You'll bleed all over my carpet?

The Captain rises.

CAPTAIN

You know crime was actually down until you showed up, or stuck around, or whatever the hell you're doing here.

(then)

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

ALEX
I'm looking for my friends.

CAPTAIN
See, I heard you were looking for some guy with a scar. How's that going? You find him? Yes? No?

Alex tenses as the Captain starts toward him.

CAPTAIN
You are like the guest who would not leave, you know that? And judging from your condition, maybe you've overstayed your welcome. That's not a criticism. Just an observation.

Alex draws the knife from his clothes.

CAPTAIN
I don't think you're going to use it. That's Lauren's knife.

Enraged, Alex SWIPES the knife. The Captain grabs his arm right at the blood soaked necktie, squeezes hard. Alex writhes in pain. In each other's faces now.

CAPTAIN
You come in here all full of righteous indignation, but what have you got to be righteous about?

THE KNIFE starting to fall from Alex's hand as the Captain continues to clamp down on his wound.

CAPTAIN
How many innocent people did you leave dead back there?

ALEX
You sent them. I had no choice.

CAPTAIN
Bullshit. You're a killer, that's all you are. A clown with a bird and a rising death toll. You think the world did you wrong?! You did the world wrong.

The Captain snatches the knife, RAMS it into Alex's midriff.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN
You and Lauren had a fight. You
couldn't let it go.

FLASH.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

Lauren in tears in Alex's car.

LAUREN
I can't say.

He grabs for her. She pulls violently away.

LAUREN
Don't touch me!

RESUME

WHOOOMP. Another stab into Alex. There will be fifty three.

CAPTAIN
It was one thing her dad
rejected you. But when she did
you lost it.

ALEX
You're wrong.

CAPTAIN
Yeah? I see doubt oozing out
your arm. Where do people go
when they kill their girlfriends?

FLASH.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

Alex back at the inferno, cowering from flames.

RESUME

The Captain full of righteous conviction.

CAPTAIN
Screwed up kid stabs her fifty
three times. Where would he end
up?

The Captain bent over Alex, stabbing him.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV INTERCUT WITH PREVIOUS)

FLASHES move us backward along the path we've taken so far, a tour of hell on earth, the blast of infernal winds and the ever-present voice of the Captain, condemning.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
Take a look!

Strappers writhe at "The Hole."

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
That's who you are!

The Porsche explodes.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
You sick fuck! Look at it!

Alex blasts Dutton. BAM!

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
Every loser name anyone ever called you was true!

Alex escapes the taser. Mercer drops.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE
Are you looking? Answer me!

Time SCREECHING to a halt, all the movement converging on a single, quiet image. One we've seen before...

Alex in the chair. But his last words are different.

ALEX
I loved Lauren. I never meant to hurt her.

ZAP. Electro-spasm as the switch is thrown. No scar, no meltdown, just violent fibrillations that moderate, finally as we MATCH TO...

RESUME - THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

The Captain shaking Alex, holding something in front of Alex's face.

CAPTAIN
You see it? Huh? Did you see it?

Alex's eye's gone dead, no longer seeing...

THE PHOTO - LAUREN AND ALEX IN THE WOODS

arms around each other. Familiar, but on second take, it's like the crime scene photos...

Lauren's NECK is SLASHED, her body riddled with stab wounds. Alex has a big smile on his face, his arm around her, her head on his shoulder. 100% sociopath.

RESUME

CAPTAIN

Yeah. I think you fucking saw it.

The Captain drops Alex lifeless and bloody to the floor. Only the sound of the Captain panting now, then...

The sound of slow clapping. Madden walks into the room from behind perimeter curtains. CLAP CLAP CLAP.

MADDEN

You were right. Picture's worth a thousand words.

Madden kicks Alex lightly, nudging him. No life signs. The Captain rips the picture in two. Tosses it in the trash.

CAPTAIN

Just don't believe everything you see.

MADDEN

Doubt is a motherfucker.

CAPTAIN

Give me a hand with this sack of shit.

NEW ANGLE - THROUGH A WINDOW DARKLY

Madden and the Captain grab Alex, one at each end.

SECRETARY (OS)

He's cute. Was cute.

REVEAL, this is the Secretary's POV through the window. She's bent over someone's toes, painting them BLUE.

92 INT. MYSTERY ROOM - NIGHT

WIDE. The Mystery Room revealed. Taxidermy specimens line the wall and the table.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

Maybe we had a case of that here.
(to Secretary)
Get me my kit.

MADDEN

You two are majorly demented.
Anyone ever tell you that?

The Secretary steps off to grab the kit, leaving Alex's lifeless open eyes pointing toward Erin, reflected in his eyeballs first before...

ANGLE - ERIN

looking up at her own hands, bound above her as she eases them apart and...

The HEART SHAPED LOCKET slips from between her palms and she closes them again in time to catch the chain, the locket swinging.

ON THE TABLE

X-CLOSE. The locket reflected in Alex's lifeless open eyes a second before...

The Secretary returns, blocking the sightline. Lays out the Kit, nasty looking tools left over from the Inquisition. Then unbuttons Alex's tattered shirt, undressing him for the procedure. Stab wounds everywhere.

SECRETARY

Fifty three?

CAPTAIN

In all the excitement I kind of
lost count.

(then)

I think I'll mount him with his
head up his ass.

A large KNIFE, the Lauren murder weapon, angles in at the base of Alex's neck where the Secretary's head was.

THE CROW - OVERCRANKED

moves on the table. Takes flight.

THE TRIO

turn toward the commotion.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN
Grab it:

THE LOCKET - OVERCRANKED

snatched in midair by the Crow from Erin's praying hands. FLASH!

ALEX/CROW'S INTERNAL POV

HIGH ANGLE CROWVISION. Dim memories from the woods. Anamorphic and dark. Two figures--Alex and Erin--kneeling.

RESUME - THE LOCKET

released from the Crow's beak, passing through the TRIO'S HANDS uncaught, bouncing off Alex onto the table, in front of his open eyes.

ALEX/CROW'S INTERNAL POV

FLASH. AT GROUND LEVEL. Alex fastens the LOCKET around her neck. The distortion lessening, becoming Alex's POV.

ALEX (OS)
... it connects you to me...

FLASH.

ERIN
No matter what happens... you're
innocent... I promise...

FLASH. Alex painting her face.

RESUME

Alex BLINKS. The Captain reacts--oh shit--starts to bring the knife down, a hurried strike at Alex's chest. WAM!

Alex grabs the Captain's arm in his hand, stopping the movement on a dime.

ALEX
All lies. Everything you ever
showed me.

MADDEN

pulls a gun, points it at Erin.

ALEX

92

jumps up, flying INTO the gun as it goes off. CRASH! They tumble THROUGH THE WINDOW into the Captain's office while...

THE CAPTAIN

cuts down the rope holding Erin. She collapses...

ON THE TABLE

strewn with blades, secreting one between her hands, in the second before...

THE CAPTAIN

drags Erin off.

The Secretary flails at the Crow with a metal ROD, while...

IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Madden has the gun on Alex now. BAM! No effect. BAM! Madden sweating it now, continuing to shoot with no effect as...

THE MYSTERY ROOM

The Secretary finally connects with the Crow, batting it against the wall, noticing this coincides with...

THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Alex goes flying against the desk, winged himself. Madden confused, not understanding.

SECRETARY (OS)
It's the bird! Kill it!

Madden wheels, points the gun through the busted-out picture window into...

THE MYSTERY ROOM

The Secretary DIVES for cover as bullets explode around her. The Crow dancing, sprayed with debris.

CUT TO:

93

CLOSE. Floor lights sequence above the door, heading for underground parking. "5 - 4 - 3..."

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

The Captain watches the lights. Erin is slumped face first against the side of the elevator opposite him.

CAPTAIN
You brought him back. Good. He owes you. We'll stick together, you and I.

ON ERIN

face pressed against the elevator wall, intent.

CAPTAIN
Seen but not heard. They ought to make it a law.

Erin winces, looks down...

THE BLADE

emerging from her sleeve as she tries to hold it with her two bound hands. DING. The elevator jerks to a stop.

THE CAPTAIN

grabs her off the floor and she RAMS the blade into his abdomen with the force of her entire body. Twists it.

The elevator doors open.

ERIN

pulls out the blade, claws her way out the door, the Captain hanging on to her, finally getting free as she swipes at him again, drawing fresh blood. Running now, into...

94 INT. POLICE STATION - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Erin stumbles between cars in the dark underground garage, cutting the cord off her hands, leaving it behind as...

Behind her, the Captain unsteady on his feet, a wounded animal. He pulls out a GLOCK 9MM and KA-CHUNK. Cycles it.

Erin dives between cars, scrambling on hands and knees. Looks around.

HER POV - SCANNING

a small garage with a few police cruisers by a SERVICE AREA and no people. A barred GATE over the exit. No way out.

(CONTINUED)

ERIN

winces. Then stifles a cry as she cuts the stitches off her mouth with the knife. Drops the threads on the floor and moves off...

CUT TO:

95 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alex runs past the glass AWARDS CASE, takes a flying leap behind the desk, seeking cover as Madden empties a clip at him. The slide ratchets back. Madden SLAMS another clip in, advances on Alex, hidden behind the shredded desk as...

THE SECRETARY

clears stuffed birds off the table trying to expose the wounded crow cowering back against the wall.

SECRETARY

Here pretty bird. Here birdy.

WHOP! She grabs it, the Crow flapping desperately as...

IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Madden creeps up on the desk, peers over it. Nothing. Out of nowhere...

WAM! Alex rushes Madden, bulldozing him across the room with a pained cry of brute force toward...

THE AWARDS CASE

CRASH! Glass shatters as Alex hurls Madden, who swivels around in time to get off a last shot BAM! that collapses Alex to the floor.

IN THE MYSTERY ROOM

The Crow squeezes out of the Secretary's grasp, leaving her holding a couple feathers.

AT THE AWARD'S CASE

Alex hauls himself off the floor as the Crow joins him. Seeing...

MADDEN'S HEAD has taken its place among glass bowls and trophies, half decapitated by the glass shelf it now rests on. Down the shelf from the stuffed bird.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

ALEX

rushes through the blown out window into...

THE MYSTERY ROOM

seeing for the first time that Erin is gone, the rope hanging from the ceiling, finding...

THE SECRETARY

sitting on the floor, painting her own toenails BLUE, leaning up against the wall.

ALEX

Where'd they go?

Alex eases the Secretary to her feet with a hand around her neck, her back to the wall. She looks UP, smiling at...

WALSH - RIGHT ARM MISSING

hangs high overhead from some kind of hook. His arm has been crudely removed.

Underneath him, on the table, a BOX of 2" surgical stainless steel rods sits by a pool of blood.

ALEX

yells, reeling, as...

IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

the door flies open. The Sergeant leads a half dozen cops in, all targeting Alex as...

THE SECRETARY

plunges the Lauren KNIFE in Alex's back.

He spins violently THROWING her HARD against the wall. WAM!
Surprise!--she sticks.

REVEAL, she's impaled on ANTELOPE ANTLERS, hanging off the wall. Her head drops, looking down as a stream of blood flows down her legs, drips off her toes...

SECRETARY

(dying words)

My nails.

BAM BAM BAM. The new arrivals open fire.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

Alex reaches over his shoulder, yanks out the knife with an odd slurping sound as...

CUT TO:

36 INT. POLICE STATION - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The sound of GUNFIRE filters down from above as the Captain hunts his hidden prey. He stops, studies...

ERIN'S POV - LOW ANGLE LOOKING UNDER A CAR

The Captain's feet, joined by his hand as he picks up the thread she left on the ground.

INCLUDE ERIN

Reproving herself as she turns toward camera. She looks back under the car, but...

The Captain's feet have moved off. Where?

She listens, hears nothing. Slips off...

NEW ANGLE - ERIN

takes refuge in the service area, crouching behind stacks of TIRES. Knife at the ready. The Captain's FOOTSTEPS audible.

HER OBSTRUCTED POV

between stacks of tires, the Captain, Glock at ready, PASSES BY, moving out of sight. Footsteps RECEDING. Then silent.

ERIN

Listening, neurons firing. Cranes her neck to see. Nothing.

WIDER the Captain appears BEHIND ERIN, over the stacks of tires. She's oblivious, then...

Erin wheels, slashes across his wrist. The Glock falls, Erin grabs it, levels it at the Captain. Her finger tense on the trigger.

CAPTAIN

(re: gun)

I know you too well. You won't do it.

ERIN

You don't know me at all.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

SAM! She pulls the trigger, simultaneously wrenching the gun, aiming just enough off that...

THE CAPTAIN

yells :- pain, rushes his hand to his ear, a bloody mess. He starts advancing again toward her and Erin pulls...

THE TRIGGER

again, again, again. No click, no blast. NOTHING.

RESUME

the Captain takes the gun from her. Shows her the CLIP he's carrying in his hand. Slams it into the gun.

CAPTAIN

One in the chamber. That's all you get.

Erin SCREAMS as he drags her off now and...

CUT TO:

97 INT. MYSTERY ROOM - NIGHT

THE CROW flies UP toward the small entry window. Alex follows, bullets exploding around him as he hauls himself up toward the windowledge.

98 EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

ERRRKKK. The SOUND of a car in a hurry audible as Alex hauls himself out the small window. Runs to the edge, spotting...

FAR BELOW a dark sedan leaving in a rush, wrapping around the corner of the police station now.

99 INT. DARK SEDAN - TRAVELLING FAST - NIGHT

The Captain nervous at the wheel. He looks over his shoulder...

Erin's in the back seat, cuffed to the door handle.

100 INT. POLICE STATION - MYSTERY ROOM - NIGHT

The Sergeant and crew utterly speechless taking in the carnage.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

SERGEANT
crossing himself,
Holy mother of God, The devil
himself.

He looks up, where Alex vanished. Starts to climb.

101 EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Alex dashes over the articulated roof, trying to keep in sight...

HIS MOVING POV

partially obstructed, of the sedan below. Speeding around
another corner now...

ALEX

alters course to cut the sedan off, jumping up onto a PARAPET
where he totters over the vertical face as the sedan turning
onto the street below.

THE SERGEANT AND CREW

emerge on the roof. Acquire target Alex Corvis.

SERGEANT
Stop or...! Don't jump!

WITH ALEX

as he takes a flying dive off the building, intercepting...

102 EXT. POLICE STATION - STREET - NIGHT

The Dark Sedan careening up the street leaving the city. WAM!

103 INT. DARK SEDAN - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

WAM! ERRRK! The Captain nearly jumps out of his skin, barely
keeping control.

CAPTAIN
What the fuck?

Erin perks up in the back seat. Battered. Ever hopeful.

104 EXT. CITY STREETS - DARK SEDAN - NIGHT

WIDE. As the speeding car passes under a streetlight, we see a HUMAN FIGURE standing on top of it, legs spread, arms upstretched. PUNCH IN...

CLOSER. The Figure, Alex, strikes downward, right THROUGH the glass moonroof. CRASH!

IN THE SEDAN

the Captain horrified as Alex's hand yanks his own right off the wheel and up, through the moonroof...

ON THE ROOF OF THE SEDAN

Alex kneels now, holding the Captain's arm up as he jacks the sleeve down exposing...

THE ZIGZAG PATTERN, THE MORTIFIED FLESH

held in Alex's hand like the trophy it is.

FADE TO BLACK.

Alex's voice appears. Calm. Unhurried.

ALEX'S VOICE

The Jolt, eight amps at two to three thousand volts. It lasts a few seconds. The current surges and is turned off.

FIND ALEX'S FACE in the darkness. Moving as he performs some unseen task. Intent, focussed.

ALEX'S VOICE

They wait for the body to cool, then check to see if the heart is still beating.

FIND ERIN, in the darkness, listening to Alex's voice. She touches her mouth, little drops of dried blood where the wounds are already healing.

ALEX'S VOICE

If it is... ba-boom, ba-boom... another jolt is applied.

SLOW FADE IN as our eyes adjust to the dim light.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX'S VOICE

Experts say unconsciousness occurs before pain has time to register. They agree electrocution does not "hurt." could not hurt. But it does. Unimaginably. Believe me.

105 INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER - NIGHT

We're in the death chamber. Dark. Claustrophobic. The only light a few panel indicators and spill from the door open from the adjacent observation room to the outside.

Alex looks at the phone on the wall. Silent.

ALEX

I don't expect a call from the Governor. Any last words? Captain, my Captain?

REVEAL the Captain in the chair. A private execution. Erin slumped along a side wall. Totally inscrutable. Intense.

CAPTAIN

Yeah. Fuck you.

A long beat of silence.

ALEX

Was that it? Well, ok.

CAPTAIN

I'm not dying for your goddamn illusions. You got that? You think you and your girlfriend had some rosy future taken from you? Bullshit. She was already bored, why do you think she was looking around? You're nothing, Corvis! Less than nothing.

A Figure wipes through frame moving toward the switch. The Captain's voice rising as he senses time running out.

CAPTAIN

You can't do this to me you little fucks! I'll come back, just like you, a big fucking shit spewing bird and three guesses what little bitch I'm taking out first...

105 CONTINUED:

CLOSE. The switch thrown. ~~ZZZZZZZ~~. PAN UP off the switch to...

ERIN
You are so dead.

She glances at the Captain, fibrillating in the chair, starts to move off. Then stops, near Alex, looking with him at...

THEIR POV - THE ZIGZAG SCAR

fibrillating, as we PUSH into seething detail. Writhing bodies, human suffering, a hellish miasma that draws us in until we turn our heads away, released.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. GARRISON PRISON - DAWN

106

Alex and Erin exit the visitor's entrance, met by the Crow and the first rays of morning light.

He puts his arm around her and she places her hand over his.

ERIN
You want to get some breakfast?
(then)
What I mean is... I don't know
how this works, but...

He stops, face to face now.

ERIN
In the woods you said you had
nothing. But you wouldn't, and
I wouldn't if there's some way
you don't have to go. Please. At
least not right away.

ALEX
Erin. I'll always be with you.

For a split second, she's...

LAUREN

Smiling. Sublime. She kisses him. As they break off, it's...

ERIN AGAIN

She hangs on a long moment before letting go. Then she spots something...

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

ON THE GROUND - A SIGN

carried by one of the protestors. "Remember the Victim." With a picture of Lauren. Someone has written a bold "s" after it. "Remember the Victims."

ERIN

picks up the sign.

ERIN

Alex. Look at this.

She turns to Alex. But he's gone. She tries to keep it together as...

CAMERA BOOMS up leaving her alone outside the prison walls, with her memories, and her conscience, and her hopes, which is alot. As a DUSTDEVIL whips up in the parking lot, she drops the sign, and starts to CRY.

ERIN'S VOICE

In that moment when Alex went... wherever he went... when he made that choice, I knew I was making a choice too. To be alive. In the world. And it made me cry.

CUT TO:

107 INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DIMNESS

CAMERA FINDS Walsh, laid out on the table now, missing arm mercifully away from us. The CROW alights nearby, something in its beak.

ERIN'S VOICE

Maybe the world is a bad place but the Captain gone has to be some improvement. And that hope, that tomorrow will be better, is enough to keep me going.

The Crow flaps off, REVEALING the WHITE KING, laid by Walsh's head. CAMERA keeps MOVING, FINDING...

The Crow, on the stand marked Corvis Brachyrhynchos, stuffed and mute. Its eyes blink a last time, then are motionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

X-CLOSE. JOURNAL. A not-too-loopy feminine hand, writing the words we are hearing.

ERIN'S VOICE

When I think of Lauren fighting and dying, it tears me apart, but it also reassures me. That Lauren and Alex were meant for each other.

REVEAL...

108 EXT. CEMETERY - LAUREN'S AND ALEX'S GRAVES - DAY

Erin is writing the journal, but she's a radically transformed wild child. A shock of vividly colored dreadlocks, some of the holes that stitched her mouth shut kept permanently open by studs.

ERIN'S VOICE

That they're together now. Fighters. United by love. And anger. That they've given also to me.

She's leaning up against a new headstone. "Alex Corvis 1981-1999 Always With Us."

ERIN

I love Alex. As my sister always hoped I would. And I love Lauren. And I know, because of this, that love does not die. I'm alive. Thinking of them. Hoping that, sometimes, they're thinking of me.

Erin stops writing, closes the journal, stands.

She takes the Locket off her neck, drapes it over Alex's headstone, like the one already over Lauren's. She stares at the two a moment, then puts her index fingers to her lips, transfers kisses to the two stones. And leaves.

THE END