

VAMPIRE IN BROOKLYN

Written by

Michael Lucker & Chris Parker

**Based on a screenplay by
Charlie Murphy**

**A story by
Eddie Murphy, Vernon Lynch, Charlie Murphy**

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN SKYLINE - NIGHT

An ominous storm broods over the windswept city.

THUNDER cracks through the dark, angry heavens. A bolt of LIGHTNING streaks down, exploding against a towering archway of the mighty BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Below, howling winds whip the churning river into a white capped frenzy. And through the thick fog bounds....

A FANTASTIC OLD FREIGHTER. Tossing in the turbulent waves, knifing it's way toward the beaconing red light of the...

EXT. HARBOR TOWER - SAME

Heavy winds rattle the tower windows. Inside, the only source of light is that of a flickering television.

INT. HARBOR TOWER - SAME

ON THE OLD BLACK AND WHITE

FAMILY FEUD. New and improved. And if you haven't seen this lately, you probably won't believe us. But ratings have compelled the "powers that be" to pit...

Atlantic City SHOWGIRLS verses Vegas SHOWGIRLS. No shit. A meeting of the minds, per say. The survey board displays:

1. ?
2. BUTTER
3. CHEESE
4. ICE CREAM

The smiling HOST poses the question to anxious team captain, CHEVELLE. A silicone poster child.

HOST (ON TV)
Vegas Showgirls, one answer
stands between you and ten
thousand dollars. Chevelle,
it's up to you now, sweetheart.
(slowly)
Name a dairy product you find
in the refrigerator.

She bites her lip in thought. Deep thought. So many choices. But one man's pretty sure it's...

AVERY
Milk, God damnit!

AVERY GREEN, the haggard old harbor master, takes another slug from a near empty bottle of vintage cognac. It keeps him warm. It keeps him drunk.

HOST (ON TV)
Three seconds, Chevelle.
Hurry.

Outside the window, we see the enormous freighter nearing. Closer. And closer. But Avery doesn't. He's too busy.

AVERY
Milk, fool! Milk!

Finally she brightens. An epiphany.

CHEVELLE
Sugar?

Her teammates jiggle and squeal with support.
The host musters a smile. Rolls his eyes to the camera.

HOST
O-kay. A dairy product you
find in the refrigerator. Is
it sugar? Survey says...

KABAMMM!!! The enormous freighter crashes into the docks.

The harbor tower rocks like an 8.0. Windows explode in a spray of glass. The TV shatters into the wall. And poor Avery tumbles helplessly to the floor.

EXT. HARBOR DOCK - SAME

The giant freighter cuts into the dock. The steel bow
CRACKS through the wooden pier. Splintering a large sign:

WELCOME TO BROOKLYN

After a moment, the ship settles. Then the dock.

Avery stumbles out through the thick blanket of FOG.
His flashlight BEAM scans the damage to his port berth.

AVERY
Good Lord!
(beat)
Who the sam hell's pilotin'
this vessel, Stevie fuckin'
Wonder?!

No answer. Just moaning winds. Crashing waves.

AVERY
(calls out)
A-HOY THERE! I wanna see the
Cap'n! Fuck up Avery's dock,
gotta answer to Avery.

Still no answer. But now a strange BUMP from inside the ship. The old man grows concerned.

AVERY
HELLO? Alright in there?

Nothing. So Avery climbs aboard.

EXT. FREIGHTER DECK - SAME

Planks CREAK beneath his step. The hull wrenches with an awful MOAN. Seeping water echoes in the darkness.

The old man recoils from the stench of something rancid. His flashlight passes over ravaged equipment and baggage.

AVERY
Heaven have mercy.

Avery pushes open a cabin door with a SQUEAK.
A cold chill shudders down his spine.

AVERY
Hello there? Anybody home?

Nothing. Abandoned. A ghost ship. Avery grows confused. As he turns away, his flashlight shines on...

A DEAD MAN. Staring him in the face. Bone white skin. Clouded lifeless eyes. Avery SCREAMS, tumbles back terrified. Trips and falls. His flashlight spins away.

The beam twirls, shining back on him as he lands before ANOTHER DEAD BODY. The man's face is testimony to his tortuous death. On his neck is a large open gash teeming with maggots. Avery can't move. Can't breathe.

THUNDER CRACKS. And a bolt of LIGHTNING shocks the night sky, illuminating the entire boat.

There are dead bodies everywhere.
And then there is darkness.

And that's when he hears it.
A low, evil GROWL. Something large. Something powerful.

AVERY
Oh... shit.

Avery slowly peers up. Amid the shadows he sees only dark, haunting RED EYES filled with blood hungry rage.

The old man scoops up his light with a trembling hand. Shines the beam on...

A HUGE BLACK WOLF. The angered beast snarls with razor fangs dripping saliva. This is death. And it's pissed off.

The beast springs. Avery SCREAMS. But the wolf sails OVER him. Bounds onto the pier and around a corner.

The old man spots it's enormous SHADOW cast against a vast warehouse wall transform into that of a MAN.

AVERY

Jesus, Mary and Jo Jo.

CRACK. The hull gives. The bow tips. Water gushes. As Avery scrambles off the sinking ship...

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWN HEIGHTS - BROWNSTONE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

City lights twinkle in the surrounding fog. The rusted roof door opens with a BANG.

WARREN JUSTICE plows out toting a leather bag. The streets have scarred his attitude, but not his handsome face.

JUSTICE

What the hell's going on?
Everything was set for
tomorrow.

He strides toward the ledge. Meets two dapper dressed dudes, DUKE and PJ. And a beautiful woman named... RITA VEDER. Sexy. Smart. And a handful for anyone.

DUKE

Plans change, my man. Got a
problem with that?

PJ echoes his boss's every sentiment.

PJ

Yeah, got a problem with that?

Justice takes a quick glance over the ledge. Only three stories, but he's not big on heights. He plays it cool.

JUSTICE

Yeah, I got a big fuckin' problem with that. I got another deal waiting on me uptown. So I got no patience and no time.

The pretty woman checks her watch.

RITA

Then you should've been on time.

He doubletakes to Rita.

JUSTICE

Who the fuck is this?

DUKE

She's cool. She's with me.

PJ

Yeah, she's with him.

JUSTICE

Well, I never trusted either of you motherfuckers. Why am I trustin' her?

RITA

Cause I'm the one checkin' the merchandise...

(smiles politely)

Motherfucker.

Justice cracks a disbelieving smirk.

JUSTICE

You? You joking, right?

Justice tosses the bag atop a nearby air vent. ZIP.
The bag's full of uzis. Duke and PJ like what they see.

JUSTICE

And there's a lot more where that came from.

Rita checks the gun like a seasoned pro. Mag. Trigger.

RITA

From where, Toys 'R Us?

JUSTICE

Excuse me? These babies are
German issue. Special forces.
Clean, precise, and deadly.
(pointed at Rita)
Want me to show you?

She shoots him a look. Hands the weapon to Duke.

RITA

You're better off throwin'
rocks.

JUSTICE

Does this bitch have a leash?

RITA

Don't you fuck with me. I
won't stand for it.

JUSTICE

Well, maybe you'd take it
better lying down.

He laughs at his own joke. But before he can blink, a
MAGNUM's staring him in the face. Rita's holding it.

JUSTICE

Girl, you been watchin' too
much Charlie's Angels.

She COCKS the gun.

DUKE

Easy now.

Duke slowly lowers her arm.

RITA

If I'ze you, I'd send his flea
market bullshit back to Bed-
Stuy where it came from.

DUKE

I know what I'm doin'.

PJ

Yeah, he know what he...

DUKE

Shut up. Pay the man.

PJ hands Justice a roll of cash. He does a quick count.

JUSTICE

Gentlemen. Painful doing
business with you.

(to Rita)

Medusa.

Justice wheels for the door. After a beat, Duke calls out.

DUKE

Hold up a second.

(beat)

If you two never met... how'd
you know he's from Bed-Stuy?

Justice turns. Uneasy silence. He and Rita swap glances.

RITA

I met him before. He just
don't remember.

Duke eyes beautiful Rita, shakes his head.

DUKE

No, he'd definitely remember
your ass.

He COCKS his gun at Justice, realizing...

DUKE

He's a cop. And if you know
him...

(to Rita)

Then you're a cop.

PJ COCKS his gun at Rita.

RITA

(to Justice)

Didn't you say you had
somewhere to go?

Justice and Rita break across the roof.

Duke and PJ open up.

Blazing GUNFIRE chews gravel in their footsteps.

They dive for cover behind an air conditioning unit.

BULLETS ricochet off the metal.

They pull their own guns. Lock and load.

JUSTICE

Don't you think the gun was a
little much?

RITA

They thought you were a cop.
That's why they moved the
meeting up.

JUSTICE

Well, now they know for sure.

With that, Justice and Rita both swing above the air duct.
Fire lead. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!
They're new partners. And still getting used to it.

Duke and PJ take off across the roof.

RITA

Cover me.

Rita chases after them.

JUSTICE

Rita! Wait!

But she's gone.

JUSTICE

Not again.

Duke and PJ run full throttle. Blaze across a plank
spanning the alleyway to an ADJACENT ROOFTOP. Duke turns.
Quickly kicks the plank downward. No more bridge.

But Rita doesn't stop. Takes a running jump off the
building... spans the... well, she's not going to make it.
Come to think of it, she's not even close. SHE DROPS.

One, two, three stories...

BAM!! Crashes through the roof of a convertible Cadillac
parked below. Blowing the windows out in all directions.

UP ABOVE Justice reaches the ledge, filled with concern.

JUSTICE

Rita!

He peers down. Falls back dizzily. That heights thing.

IN THE ALLEY

Rita lies lifelessly in the caved-in Caddy. The car is
dead. As for Rita... slowly she moves. Opens her eyes.

AN OLD GEEZER lopez over quickly. Scans with disbelief.
Rita rises, spots the concern etched on his face.

RITA

It's alright. I'm okay.

OLD GEEZER

You? Fuck you. Look what you
did to my car! I just had the
motherfucker detailed.

Rita shimmies upright. Brushes off the glass. Looks up to
the roof. Crosses herself. Kisses the cross about her
neck. Opens the car door. It falls off with a CLANG.

Now the car alarm goes off.

RITA

Don't worry, the city'll cover
it. I'm a cop.

OLD MAN

The city? My dog got more
money than the city. And how I
explain this shit to them?
Cops fallin' from the sky like
God damn raindrops.

As he rants and raves, Justice spins around the corner.
Surprised and relieved to see Rita on her feet.
He glances up to the roof. Seems like a long way down.

JUSTICE

You alright? You dead?

RITA

I'm fine. Caddy broke my fall.

He regards the smashed car. His eyes darken with anger.

JUSTICE

Look. If we're gonna be
partners, you gotta stop
pullin' this Wonder Woman shit.
People think you're crazy
enough already.

That hits a nerve with Rita.

RITA

Don't call me crazy.

JUSTICE

(re: roof)

Well, what the hell would you
call that?

RITA

Hey, I was trying to catch 'em.

OFFICER (OS)

Good collar, Justice! Just
like your old man.

Justice nods to uniformed officers ushering a handcuffed
Duke and PJ into a squad car down the street. A confused
look crosses Rita's face.

JUSTICE

They had a little trouble
gettin' their car started.

He tosses up Duke's alternator cap. She catches it.

JUSTICE

I tried to tell ya.

RITA

But how did you know...

JUSTICE

They moved the meeting up.
C'mon, you can buy me a burger.

Justice and Rita turn toward his Dodge Charger. Sleek
black. 455. Dual cams. It looks cool. It goes fast.

And has a parking ticket on the windshield. Justice yanks
it off in stride, crumples it up, tosses it in the back
seat. With about twenty other crumpled up tickets.

RITA

How 'bout a salad or something,
huh? Something green for a
change.

JUSTICE

I don't do change.

RITA

Well, that's gonna catch up
with ya.

One of the uniformed officers steps from his cruiser.

OFFICER

Hey, Justice!
(Justice and Rita turn)
Captain's on the horn for you.
He's down at the docks. Wants
you guys down there pronto.

JUSTICE

What's up?

OFFICER

What am I, your fuckin'
secretary? You're the
detective. You figure it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED HOOK STREET - NIGHT

Downtown ghetto. Decrepit tenements. Graffiti walls.
Hoods and hookers hang on stoops. If you're looking for
trouble, you've come to the right place.

BOOM! A tenement door crashes open.

A wiry little dude, JULIUS JONES, is tossed out, tumbling
down the steps to the sidewalk. Wearing only his BVDs. The
tosser appears in the doorway. She's big. She's pissed.

EVA

And don't even think about
bringin' your sad black ass
back here!

She whips his clothes at him. His Air Jordans hit hard.

JULIUS

C'mon, baby! What I do?

EVA

You was snorin'!

JULIUS

Hell, everybody snores.

EVA

Not while they're fuckin'!

SLAM! Goes the door. The audience of hoods laugh.

JULIUS

She'll be beggin' for my ass
back tomorrow!

He tugs on his clothes, wedges on his sneaks. Suddenly a
gold CAMARO slides up behind him.

JULIUS

Uh oh, pizza man.

Julius takes off. The Camaro REVS after him. The little
guy's pretty quick. Loses him, turning a corner into...

A DARK ALLEY

CRACK! He's nailed with a right hook. Goes down hard. Cranes up, wiping his bloody lip. ANTHONY stands over him. A big Italian jamoke. Gold chain city. He's been waiting.

The Camaro skids to a stop. TONY gets out. He's bigger than Anthony. Uglier too.

Only an old RED NEON LIGHT illuminates them. DINE AT HAL'S.

ANTHONY

You're late, Julius.

JULIUS

Tony? Shit, man, you didn't have to hit me.

Julius climbs to his feet.

ANTHONY

Whatta ya, mental? How many times I gotta tell ya? I'm Anthony. He's Tony.

Tony steps up beside him.

JULIUS

Hell, you know ya'll look alike.

Anthony smacks Julius in the head. He tumbles to Tony. Tony smacks him back into the brick wall.

TONY

You got da money?

JULIUS

Money? Sure, I got the money. Think I'd try and dis' you guys?

ANTHONY & TONY

Yeah.

The little man feigns shock.

JULIUS

Oh... I don't believe this shit. After all we been through. You, me. C'mon. I been workin' for you guys, what, two, three weeks now? I thought we had a trust thing goin' on. Huh, huh?

ANTHONY

Mr. Caprisi don't trust nobody.

TONY

And don't like to be kept
waitin'.

JULIUS

Nor should he have to. So tell
ya what, I'll run, get the
money, meet you guys at the
cafe. Say... twenty minutes?

Julius waits one beat. Then bolts. Tony trips him. He's
back on the pavement. Anthony shakes his head. Pulls a gun
from his gaudy plaid jacket. An eerie FOG rolls in.

ANTHONY

I never liked you.

Strangely, that neon light above begins to flicker.
Basking them in red, then dark. Red, then dark.

JULIUS

Waitamminute, man. You can't do
this. What about my wife and
kids? Please, man! My kids,
they need me!

ANTHONY

You ain't got no kids, Julius.

TONY

You ain't got no wife neither.

Anthony sticks his gun in Julius's face.
No more cons. On his knees. Time to beg.

JULIUS

Alright, alright! Don't kill
me, man! Please! Please!
I'll do anything! Anything!

Julius eyes Tony's crotch. Right in front of him.

JULIUS

Except I can't do no homo shit.

Anthony COCKS the gun.

ANTHONY

I told ya... you cross me once,
you won't cross me twice.

Suddenly ROARING WINDS invade the alley like a hurricane.

And before Anthony can react... his giant body is flung mysteriously through the air. CRASHING into the brick wall. Sliding to the ground with a sickening THUMP. Dead.

TONY
ANTHONY!?

Tony spins with his gun. Looking to fire. But where? Just darkness. Fog. Flickering red light.

TONY
What the hell? Who's there?!

WHISSH! A FLASH OF BLACK moves through the shadows. Tony spins. FIRES.

WHISSH! Again.
Tony spins. Finding familiar blood RED EYES next to him as the creature rushes with the speed of a cobra. Driving the big man into the Camaro. And the Camaro into the SHADOWS.

A HORRIFYING GROWL roars from the darkness.

Poor Julius slides back along the cement. Terrified. In the flickering neon light, he sees flashes of claws. Teeth. Limbs. Hears horrible screams and growls.

And then silence. Awful silence.
Julius sits frozen in terror. Trembling. Breathless.

And from the shadows and the mist steps...
Something we didn't expect.

A dashing handsome young man. Muscular and mysterious. Dark eyes that possess you. Dark threads you can't afford. This is MAXIMILLIAN. He's a vampire. Do not fuck with him.

MAX
Good evening.

Julius's eyes just about pop out of his head.

MAX
(re: bodies)
Don't suppose you have a broom handy.

JULIUS
Look, man, I don't know what, where, who, but... me, I didn't see shit. Nothing. Got like cataracts and contacts and tic-tacs and shit.

MAX

Don't try and bullshit me,
Julius.

JULIUS

Hhhhhhow'd you know my name?

MAX

I know all about you. I can
read your mind. Sort of a...
hobby of mine.

Julius covers his forehead with his hand.

JULIUS

Yo man, there ain't nothin' to
see up there.

MAX

I know. And I know you're a
thief, a cheat and a liar, and
never worked an honest day in
your life.

A stray, rabid MUTT slinks from the shadows.
BARK-BARK-BARKS menacingly at Max.

JULIUS

Those are lies! Lies!

MAX

Too bad. That's what I liked
about you.

BARK-BARK-BARK.

JULIUS

On the other hand, I'd steal
the shirt off my mama's back.

MAX

Now that's the spirit.

BARK-BARK...

MAX

(glares to dog)
Play dead.

Arf. Thump. The dog drops dead.

MAX

Good boy.

JULIUS

Look, bro... I don't know who you are or what your deal is, but I ain't got no money.

MAX

I am Maximillian and you have a dollar seventy-two in your pocket. But that's not what I want.

JULIUS

What the hell do you want?

MAX

A woman.

JULIUS

Well, why didn't you say so? There's a whole pack of ho's right around the corner.

MAX

Not exactly what I had in mind. I've come to find a special woman. A certain woman. A one of a kind.

JULIUS

In Brooklyn?

MAX

Yes, in Brooklyn. And soon she'll be drawn to me, like a moth to the flame.

Max snaps his finger, igniting his hand in flickering FLAME. As he blows it out, the flame explodes like a blow torch.

Julius reacts with disbelief. Takes off running. SMACKS into Max standing casually behind him. Max's that quick.

JULIUS

Shit, man! Whatta you want with me?

Max smiles. Long razor sharp FANGS descend from his gums.

MAX

Your cooperation.

Julius backs away. Crosses his boney fingers before him.

JULIUS

Ho-ho-holy... shit! You... you
a God damn vampire! Yo man,
you ain't gotta pull that Count
Chocula shit with me. There's
a KFC like two blocks down.

Max brings a finger to his fang. Pricks himself.
A drop of black blood beads on the tip.

MAX

I need your eyes in the day,
your services at night. I need
a servant, a slave... a right
hand man.

He waves his hand at Julius. The little man draws toward
him TELEPATHICALLY. Max drops the blood bead on his tongue.

Julius blinks. Something funky's going on.

Suddenly his eyes roll back in his head. He breaks into
convulsions. Flailing like James Brown on speed. His teeth
chatter. His skin fades a shade lighter. His clothes
smoke. His hair shoots out in a static seventies fro.

And then just as quickly, he seems to relax. Lose his fear.

MAX

You said you'd do anything to
stay alive, well now you'll
have to... as my servant.

JULIUS

Servant? Do I look like
motherfuckin' Benson to you?
You got the wrong brother,
brother.

Julius starts off in the opposite direction.

MAX

Just don't be surprised if your
skin rots, bones break, and
eyes melt. Sort of a... side
effect of disloyalty.

JULIUS

(spins back)
So... start with a shoe shine?

MAX

Start here. Clean this up.
Always clean up. Because if
you leave a trace of them, no
one'll find a trace of you.

JULIUS

You mean... they ain't gonna be
suckin' necks too?

MAX

(shakes his head)
We're not a club, Julius.
We're a race.
(eyes Julius)
A much more evolved race.

The little man gives Max a second glance.

JULIUS

You know, you don't seem like
no vampire.

MAX

What were you expecting?

JULIUS

I don't know. Someone less...
hip. You know, more... white.

MAX

(smirks)
I've been partying and
pillaging for 500 years.
Danced with queens and dined on
kings. And every time I take a
bite, I... shall we say, take a
piece of them with me.

In a flash, Max almost looks and sounds like Tony.

MAX

(Tony's voice)
You cross me once, you won't
cross me twice.

And just as quickly he's back to Max. Julius's speechless.

MAX

Now get to work, little man.
The sun'll be rising soon and
we need to get my coffin.

Suddenly Max whirls away in a BLACK TORNADO, leaving an awestruck Julius alone under the flickering glow of that neon sign that used to read..... DINE AT HAL'S

Now we see it's lost a few letters. D E AT H

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CHARGER - DRIVING SHOT - NIGHT

The Charger cruises casually through red lights. Justice at the wheel. Rita in a newspaper. A Kool hangs from his lip. A Yankees cap on her head. Otis Redding on the stereo.

RITA

Oh, it's a good one this week.
Listen to this.

Justice rolls his eyes.

JUSTICE

Why you read that trash?

The lighter pops out. Justice fires up his cig. Rita cracks her window.

RITA

Least I read. C'mon, can't you open your mind... just a little bit?

JUSTICE

Not that far. Some fool who doesn't know you from jack looks up at the stars and they tell him what your future is. Bullshit. Plain and simple.

She smiles with a realization.

RITA

It just scares you... cause you don't understand it.

JUSTICE

No, what scares me is that you think you do.

RITA

At least I believe in something.

JUSTICE

No, you believe in everything.

They whiz past a sign: BROOKLYN PORT AUTHORITY
As they rumble toward the water, Rita reads...

RITA

You will face a test. Your
faith will be pushed to the
outer limits. Believe in
yourself and you may find the
one you seek. Be wary of
strangers who may hurt you for
their own cause. And when in
doubt look to your soul for the
answers.

Justice laughs.

JUSTICE

Damn, wouldn't want to be you
this week.

They skid to a stop at the pier.

RITA

That was your horoscope,
sucker.

She smiles victoriously. Hops out. Shuts the door.
Justice gazes after her with a smile.

JUSTICE

(mimicking)

That was your horoscope,
sucker.

Walking away, she never looks back.

RITA

I heard that.

His mouth drops. "How did she hear that?"

EXT. HARBOR - SAME

Giant klieg lamps light up the foggy wharf like Yankee
Stadium. Police cars and fire trucks litter the scene.
Homeless crowd about the wharf like starstruck tourists.

Now that the storm's subsided we can see the intricate
scaffolding of the Brooklyn Bridge looming in the b.g.

The tortured freighter protrudes from the water. Half sunk.
Half mangled into the dock. Waves lick at the pier.

A construction crane reels in cable from the dark bay.
Pulls out a DEAD BODY strapped in a harness. Bloated.
Pasty white. Scuba divers pop up beside it.

The crane swings, lowering the corpse on port beside...
Seven other bodies. Coroners tag, bag and gag.

A reporter takes a snapshot. The FLASH goes off in the face
of CAPTAIN DEWEY. A tall man with a rather polite demeanor
for his position. He has a cold. All the time.

DEWEY

Excuse me, are you press?

REPORTER

Yes sir, New York Post.

Dewey calls to a nearby cop.

DEWEY

Lieutenant, would you shoot
this man?

The Lieutenant converges on the reporter. Confiscates his
Canon. Dewey sneezes. Wipes his nose with a handkerchief.

Justice and Rita stride up beside him.

JUSTICE

What up, Cap?

DEWEY

Well, nice of you to join us.
The Love Boat here came in a
few hours ago. As of now there
are eight we know of. D.O.A.

Rita eyes the dead bodies.

JUSTICE

Any records?

DEWEY

Ship log was damaged in the
wreck. What we could make
out's written in some strange
native tongue. We sent it down
to NYU to see what they could
make of it.

RITA

What's with those?

She points to a series of eerie CIRCLE AND STAR SYMBOLS
etched along the cabin just above the water line.

DEWEY

Nobody knows. But... I'm sure
you two'll figure it out.

(motions to dock)

The old man over there's the
harbor master. Name's Avery
Green. He found the ship.
Well, the ship found him. I'll
let him tell you what he saw,
but be warned, he's about ten
sheets to the wind.

Justice exhausts a breath. Takes it all in.

JUSTICE

Seen a lot of crazy shit, but
nothing like this.

DEWEY

(coughs)

It gets better. Wait till you
see what they're bringing up
next.

IN THE BLACK WATER

The crane hoists a large object from the sea. Water gushes
off the sides revealing... A MAJESTIC COFFIN. Rita moves
toward it, nearly entranced. Justice is not.

JUSTICE

What the hell is that?

DEWEY

Evidence.

The crane swings to port. The harness is pulled free.
Rita runs her hand across the incredibly ornate coffin.
Fine black mahogany. Rare jewels line its walls.

A chill runs through her. The ocean breeze picks up,
funneling through her hair. Slowly she wrenches the heavy
lid open with a CREAK.

Her eyes shoot wide. A dead girl rests inside.
Suddenly the girl's eyes pop open. It's Rita.

A voice calls out in the wind. Rita...
She stumbles back, a crane light FLASHES in her eyes.

JUSTICE

Rita...

She snaps out of it. Looks again. The body's gone.
Just a plush black satin lining. Just her imagination.
Justice steps to her. Regards her bewildered gaze.

JUSTICE

Hello? Anyone home?
(she shakes it off)
You ain't gettin' freaky on me,
are ya? I mean no more than
usual?

RITA

I'm cool. I just got this
feeling that...

Justice gazes into her eyes.

RITA

Ah... it's nothing.

JUSTICE

Nothing. A nothing feeling.
Sure. Comes with the job. I
get it all the time.

RITA

Well, guess I'm just not as
used to feeling nothing as you.

Rita turns toward the water, letting that sting Justice.

JUSTICE

(to himself)
Ya never get used to it.

He looks after her for a beat, then calls out to a nearby
cop, SHEFFIELD. Handsome in a cheesy, disco kind of way.
He combs his hairspray in the reflection of a car window.

JUSTICE

Hey Sheffield!

Mr. Disco fumbles his comb into a puddle.

SHEFFIELD

Can't you see I'm busy here?

JUSTICE

Tell Blaustein I want a report
on anything that goes down
within five miles of here
tonight. And I mean anything.

Sheffield waves okay, pulls out a reserve comb and grooms
on. Captain Dewey pulls up beside Justice. Sneezes.

DEWEY

How's your new partner holding up?

Justice steals a glance over Dewey's shoulder.
Rita's alone, staring longingly out over the water.

JUSTICE

She's cool. She just needs a little time.

DEWEY

It's been three months. And believe me, if my mother just died in a nuthouse, I'd need a whole damn lifetime, but unfortunately she's got a job to do. And mine's to make sure she's fit to do it.

JUSTICE

Don't worry. She'll surprise you.

DEWEY

That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. NEARBY TENEMENT ROOFTOP - SAME

Max and Julius overlook the activity from above. Julius ain't looking so hot. His skin's taken on an ashy tone. His eyes, a bit sunken. He scratches.

Max takes a deep breath, inhaling the night air.

MAX

She's near. I can smell the scent of her blood.

Julius takes a whiff. Winces.

JULIUS

Nah, that's the sewer, bro.

SMACK. Max dope slaps Julius. Julius massages his jaw.

JULIUS

Damn! Why you gotta hook with this one chick, Gee?
Brooklyn's got all kind of ho's.

Julius spots a centipede creeping along the ledge.

MAX

But not like her. She's different. She doesn't know it yet... but she's like me.

JULIUS

Like you? Mean she's a vampire too?

MAX

Only half. The good half. The other's rot with human blood. But I'll take that from her. And together we'll reinhabit the earth with our kind.

JULIUS

You mean you're just after this bitch to make vampire babies?

MAX

It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.

Julius suddenly snatches up the bug. Pops it in his mouth. Swallows. Then realizes what he's done. Grimaces.

JULIUS

I just ate a motherfuckin' bug.

Max takes it in stride. He's been through this before.

MAX

How was it?

Julius stops. Licks his chops. Picks his teeth.

JULIUS

I can't lie, man. Shit was good. It was a good bug.

MAX

Get used to it.

They spot the coffin being lifted into a police CARGO VAN.

JULIUS

Hey, they're takin' your bed. But it's cool, I got a cousin, sells furniture. Well, he steals it actually, but then he sells it. He could hook you...

BAM! Max drives Julius's face smashing into the roof ledge. A handful of fro comes off in his hand. Julius pulls back dizzily. A dent in his forehead. He fingers it curiously.

Max wraps a menacing arm around the little man. Squeezes casually. Bones crack.

MAX

(menacingly)

Now work with me, Julius. See, the sun's rising shortly. And it doesn't exactly... agree with me. I don't need a bed. I need my fucking coffin!

DOWN AT THE DOCK

Justice and Rita finish questioning Avery. It's not going so well. The old man's tired. Just wants to go home.

JUSTICE

It was a what?

AVERY

A woof, God damnit. Big, black ass woof.

Rita and Justice exchange a glance.

AVERY

(pointing)

Motherfucker ran down thataway and when it got right about there, son-bitch changed into a man. Just like that. Flip, flop.

Up ahead the police cargo van pulls away. Only, the police driver isn't in it. He waddles by Rita. Coffee in hand.

DRIVER

Hey, that's my van!

Rita and Justice exchange a quick glance.

RITA

The coffin.

They bolt for the Charger. Cops bolt for cruisers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENT LATER

The cargo van SCREAMS around a corner. Five police cruisers after it. Blaring SIRENS. Flashing LIGHTS.

The Charger right behind them.

The high speed caravan takes us on a quick tour of a few Brooklyn highlights as we lose some police cars in...

PROSPECT PARK

Splashing into the lake where the poor take morning baths.

BROWNSVILLE PROJECTS

Smashing into one of the Porsches parked out front.

RIVER ESPLANADE

Spinning off the boardwalk into the river.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY

Weaving through tombstones, crashing into a giant mausoleum.

Now only Justice and Rita are left in pursuit.
And Justice never was known for his patience.

He SIDESWIPEs the van. Metal screams. Sparks fly.
The van veers off, CRASHING through the double doors of...

THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

The Charger shrieks to a stop in the stone courtyard.
Justice and Rita spring from the doors. Guns poised.
No words are said. None are needed.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY

Slowly they approach either side of the van. Check the cab.
Nobody home.

Then slide to the back. Swing open the cargo doors.
Just the coffin.

RITA

Must've gone to the gift shop.

JUSTICE

Probably be back in a minute.

They scan the dark, eerie surroundings.
Rita turns away. Justice looks after her.

JUSTICE

Hey... you cool?

RITA

Don't worry about me. I'll get
Gothic, you take Victorian.

IN THE GOTHIC ART EXHIBIT

Rita winds through the shadows of a dark, vast room littered
with grotesque statues of medieval gargoyles. The hideous
beasts stare down at her with angry eyes and snarled fangs.

RITA

(nervously to herself)
Oh Lord, hope you're watching
over me now.

She tenses. Feels a presence. The sound of her own
HEARTBEAT fills her ears. Louder and louder.

Something moves. She spies a SHADOW. Spins.
Nothing, but her own silhouette against the wall.

But perched like a spider on the wall ABOVE HER is Max.
Only his evil RED EYES shine from the dark shadows.

Rita steps slowly toward the exit as... a winged SHADOW
descends upon her. She wheels. Nothing. He's gone.

But as she scans the room, we see Max emerge from the
shadows behind her. Eyes aglow, poised to strike.
But something stops him. His dark gaze softens.

MAX

(whisper)
It's you.

She spins. But in a WHIRLING FLASH, he's gone.
The force tumbling her to the floor.
She swings up terrified, gun ready.

Something grabs her from behind.
She wheels, leveling her pistol on... Justice.

JUSTICE

Whoa whoa whoa! Chill, chill,
chill. It's me. Just me.

RITA

SHIT! Did you see him?!

There's no sign of anyone anywhere.

JUSTICE

There's only one way outta
here, Rita, and I came in it.

She nods, takes a deep breath.

RITA

But he was here! I saw him.
It. Something. I don't know.

A SOUND echoes from the lobby. They dash out.

IN THE MUSEUM LOBBY

They scurry to the van, spin their guns on the cargo area.
No one is there. And the coffin is gone.

They exchange disbelieving glances.

RITA

Thing must weigh a ton.

JUSTICE

Where the hell'd it go?

CUT TO:

EXT. BED-STUY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A typical brownstone-lined street about to wake to a new day. Faint sunlight struggles upward from the horizon. The peaceful silence is broken by... KA-THUMP. KA-THUMP.

INT. JULIUS'S BROWNSTONE - STAIRWELL - SAME

KA-THUMP. Julius lugs the coffin up the last few steps to the third floor. Max eyes a stray cat in the window sill. The feline arches back at him with an evil HISS.

JULIUS

If she's the one, why didn't
you just grab her ass?

Max casually pushes the cat plummeting out the window.

MAX

You don't have much luck with
women, do you, Julius? I can't
just grab her. She's part
vampire. She has to give
herself to me. But that...
I'll trick her into doing.

(re: coffin)

Unless, of course, I die first
waiting for you.

JULIUS

Shit's heavy, man.

Fed up, he drops the end of the coffin. On his foot. OW! Max shakes his head with frustration. Flicks a finger. Julius smacks into the wall. Tumbles down a few stairs.

MAX

Nine million people in this town and I pick you.

Max latches onto the coffin with one hand. Effortlessly pulls it up. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. Julius gawks with dismay. Suddenly an angry VOICE hollers up from a flight below.

MAZOLA (OS)

JULIUS!? That you? What the fuck's goin' on up there?

Max and Julius peer down to, MAZOLA, and his pal, SILAS. Two curious old geezers with too much time on their hands.

JULIUS

(rubs his toe)

I'm just bringing up a... a new frig. Whirlpool. Frost free.

SILAS

At this motherfuckin' hour?

JULIUS

They had a sale. Midnight special. Go back to bed.

MAZOLA

Who that with ya?

JULIUS

He's uh, my cousin. From... Transyl... Pennsylvania.

Max rolls his eyes. Good one.

MAX

I'm Maximillian. I'm here on... business.

SILAS

Congratu-fuckin-lations. I'm Silas, this is Mazola. We're the landlords. You wanna quiet the hell down? Folks is tryin' to sleep.

Max grabs Julius by the collar.

MAX

He's sorry for waking you
gentlemen.

With that, Max drags Julius away.

MAZOLA

Gentlemen. Something about
that guy. I like him. He got
class.

The old men shuffle back into their apartment bickering
every step.

SILAS

Class? What you know about
class?

MAZOLA

Plenty. I got class comin' out
my ass.

SILAS

Ya old fool, you couldn't find
class in a God damn school.

INT. JULIUS'S ATTIC LOFT - SAME

Paint chipped walls. Cobwebbed rafters. Dusty hardwood.
Eight different slide and bolt and snap locks on the door.
With the right touch the dump could have potential.

Max scans pilfered boxes of eight-tracks and turntables.

JULIUS

Picked those up last week.
Gonna make a killing.

MAX

Yeah, you're real cutting edge.

Julius LIMPS in with the coffin. He'll limp everywhere from
now on. He dumps the crate. Collapses atop it, exhausted.

JULIUS

Brother, I'm over the edge.

Max waves the coffin lid open, flipping Julius to the floor.

MAX

You sleep, shit, shave when I
say. Find the girl, and where
she'll be tonight.

JULIUS

Damn, honey, first I'm chowin'
bugs, then I'm luggin' your
shit, now I can't even get no
shut eye?

Max gazes to a meat cleaver in the kitchen. The knife
WHIZZES through the air straight for a wide-eyed Julius.
THWACK! Sticks into the wall a hair below his crotch.

MAX

You were saying?

Julius grabs a coat.

JULIUS

Need anything else while I'm
out?

CUT TO:

EXT. RITA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - BREAK OF DAWN

BUS DOORS open with a hydraulic WHOOSH. Rita steps off,
bidding the driver goodbye. The bus rumbles away.

The foggy streets are barren. She walks home alone. Angles
down a side street. Pauses. Feels the weight of watching
eyes. Moaning winds seem to call to her. Rita... Rita...

She spins around, Magnum unveiled.
A flock of PIGEONS take flight. She pockets the gun.

RITA

Maybe I am losing it.

She dumps a breath. Picks up her step. Just wants to get
home. But that's when the sound of a second set of
FOOTSTEPS joins her own.

She doesn't look back. Just eyes her apartment door ahead.
The footsteps grow louder.

She grips her rabbit foot key chain. Slides the key in the
lock. Looks back, but can't see anything through the
curtain of mist. WINDS swirl about her. RITA... RITA...

She flings open the door. INSIDE. Slam. Lock. Safe.
She sighs. Just my imagination.

BAM! Someone smashes against the door.
She stumbles back. Reaches for her gun. But it's gone.

RITA

What the fuck!?

BAM! Again.
She spins for the elevator. Frantically pushes the button.
C'mon! C'mon!
BAM! The door splinters.
She screams.
The elevator LANDS with a mechanical crescendo.
BAM! Wood sprays.
The elevator doors slide open.

INSIDE lies a dead girl on a black floor. Thick red blood drips from a savage gash on her neck. It's Rita.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. RITA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

She jolts up from her sleep. Bathed in cold sweat.
Face molded in horror. She struggles to calm herself.
Looks to a large cross before her bed. Crosses herself.

RITA
Not again.

She climbs from bed in an oversized Rangers hockey jersey.
Something atop her bureau stops her. A New York Times article, featuring an old photo of a beautiful woman.
"Pioneer of supernatural studies dies in Brooklyn Asylum."

RITA
Tell me I'm not crazy too.

She shifts her gaze past the incense and the crystals to a stack of TAROT CARDS. Hesitates. Flips one over. It's the one of the woman awoken in terror, holding her head in pain.

Rita sighs, flips it back over. Pads to the door. Her walls are lined with PAINTINGS of dark, surreal images like the one we just saw in her nightmare. She's got talent.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Rita rubs the sleep from her eyes. Opens them to find SOMEONE in her home. She scoops up a leaning baseball bat, flips on the LIGHTS.

RITA
Alright, motherffff...

It's her roommate, NIKKI. Sexy, sassy, single. Flanking her is the newest victim in her stable of studs.

NIKKI
What are you doin', Rita?

Rita lowers the Slugger.

RITA

Sorry. Didn't expect you up so early.

NIKKI

You mind? I'm sayin' bye to Reggie.

RANDY

Ah, that's Randy, baby.

NIKKI

Randy, that's what I said.

A stupid look crosses Randy's face. It could be permanent. Rita points to the only thing Nikki has on. An open blouse.

RITA

Nikki, is that my new shirt?

NIKKI

Oh, yeah. Looks good, huh?

RITA

Yeah. Maybe I can borrow it back some time.

Rita trudges past her painting easel into the kitchen. A drop cloth lies covered in colors and stacked paint cans.

And on the easel sits a work in mid-progress. The beginning strokes of what appears to be a spider web.

In the kitchen, the sink is covered in a colorful variety of dried paint and drying brushes. Rita opens the frig.

NIKKI (OS)

I used the last of your milk.
I'll get some more later.

She shuts the frig.

RITA

No problem.

Nikki rolls her eyes back to Randy.

NIKKI

She came with the apartment.
She's... eccentric.

RANDY

That's in Europe, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The 77th precinct. And it's a war zone down here.
Shattered windows. Graffiti walls. Barbed wire fences.

A group of children shoot hoop into a cut-out milk crate
nailed to the side of the station house.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

The station buzzes with frenetic activity. An eclectic mass
of cops and criminals bitch and bark here and there.

On a wall hangs a sign.

"BE ONE OF NEW YORK'S FINEST - START AT \$28,700"

Next to it hangs another sign.

"SUICIDE PREVENTION THERAPY NOW AVAILABLE - FREE OF CHARGE"

AT THE BOOKING DESK

Stands a dread-locked, nose-ringed, leather-clad MONSTER.
And he's the cop. Coping with some clean-cut, K-MART suited
character with a bloody knife wound in his palm.

K-MART

(demonstrating)

And then I pulled me a Bruce
Lee, blocked the shit!

MONSTER COP

So you wanna press charges?

K-Mart scrunches his features.

K-MART

Hell, no! It was fiancée. I
love the bitch.

STAY WITH Rita and Justice as they pass by into the madness.

RITA

There's just somethin', I don't
know, different about it.
That's all I'm sayin'.

Justice grips her arm. Spins her around.

JUSTICE

Hold up, hold up. You didn't by chance have a heart to heart with Dionne Warwick last night, did you?

RITA

Look, I just got a feelin' on this one.

JUSTICE

A feeling. Like the one on the Betts case? Huh? We found a strand of jeri curl and what'd you say? The killer had to be a Leo. Or last week when you got looped on Rum? You swore up and down the Heights murderer was Puerto Rican.

RITA

It's different this time.

JUSTICE

Rita... what do I always say?

She exhasts a breath.

RITA

Well, maybe this one ain't just "plain and simple".

Someone SNEEZES. They turn. Find Captain Dewey beside them. A tiny uniformed cop, BLAUSTEIN, under his arm with a clipboard. Dewey speaks a little too politely.

DEWEY

Pardon me. I'm sorry to interrupt. You know Lieutenant Blaustein.

The little officer waves. "Hi". He drops the clipboard. Bends to pick it up. Hits his head on a desk.

DEWEY

Lieutenant Blaustein has some information for you. Now it doesn't involve any prophecies or oracles, just ordinary ol' everyday clues, but hey, who knows, they may prove useful nonetheless.

Having made his point, the tall man turns away. Justice drops back into his chair. His desk is a wreck. Hostess wrappers, paperwork, broken lamp. Rita plops on his desk.

Blaustein hands Justice a page off the clipboard. He has a bit of a speech impediment.

BLAUSTEIN

Here's the list you wanted.
Everything that went down
bbbb-by the docks last night.

(beat)

The linguist guy we used on the
bbbb-ship log couldn't explain
squat, but he referred somebody
else. A Doctor Zabo. He's
already got the log. Here's
his adddd-where he's at.

He hands it to Rita. Justice runs down the call sheet.

JUSTICE

Shooting, shooting, robbery,
shooting... what a town.
What's with this... Camaro off
Bates Street?

BLAUSTEIN

Nothing. Abbbbb-bandoned car.

But Rita knows just what her partner's thinking.

RITA

Bates Street. That's two
blocks from the docks.

Justice continues scanning the paper.

JUSTICE

And gunfire was reported in the
same area... about ten minutes
after the Titanic came in. You
run the plates?

BLAUSTEIN

Yeah, it was stolen, bbb-but...

JUSTICE

Dust it for prints. I wanna
know who it belongs to, like
yesterday.

Blaustein nods, heads off, bumps into a desk.

RITA
What's next?

Justice hops up, takes the address from Rita.

JUSTICE
Let's go see the good Doctor.

The janitor spins. Pulls his fake grey beard down. We see it's actually Julius in disguise. He's looking even worse. Skin flaking. Black eyes. Losing hair.

He eyes a spider striding along a desk. Checks around. No one's watching. He scoops and snacks. Strides away. Until bumping into Blaustein.

BLAUSTEIN
Hey! You ~~mmm~~-missed a spot.

Little Blaustein strides proudly off. Julius looks down. Picks up a tiny chunk which, strangely enough, is a pinkie finger. He checks his hand. Sure enough, his is gone.

He grimaces with horror. Then gets a worse thought. Checks down his pants. Sighs with relief. It's still there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN SKYLINE - SUNSET

The glowing sun sinks into the city. The howl of sirens whine in the distance. Night is falling.

EXT. JULIUS'S BROWNSTONE - SAME

Mazola and Silas sit at a cardtable at the foot of the steps playing Scrabble. A sign hangs overhead "No Dogs Allowed".

SILAS
...T-I-E-S. Titties. And
that's a triple word score.

MAZOLA
You out your mind? That ain't
a word!

SILAS
Just cuz you never grabbed on
none don't mean it ain't a
word.

Before Mazola can respond, a shiny BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINE screeches to a stop before them on the cobblestone street. An "I LOVE NEW YORK" sticker adorns the bumper.

Julius pops out the driver's door.

SILAS

Who died?

JULIUS

No one... yet.

MAZOLA

Then where'd you swipe it from?

JULIUS

I didn't swipe nothin'. I just borrowed it. From a prom date.

SILAS

What the fuck you need a limo for?

MAX (OS)

I'm going to meet a lady.

The old men jump. Max stands behind them. They didn't hear him come out.

SILAS

Gonna tear it up, huh?

MAX

You might say that.

SILAS

I got a good mind to saddle up with ya. Show you boys how it's done.

MAZOLA

Nigger, please. You the biggest no pussiest gettimest motherfucker in all Brooklyn.

SILAS

Oh now you buggin'. Just cause I don't kiss and tell...

Max moves to the limo.

MAX

Sorry to interrupt your game.

(re: board)

By the way, poontang's spelled with two O's.

Mazola cranes to the old man.

MAZOLA

I told you! I told you!

The limo PEELS AWAY into the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAR ROCKAWAY - STREET - NIGHT

Jamaicans, Haitians and a wild assortment of other island natives crowd the lively street. Dreads and tams. Dance and drink. Mandela posters. Marley shirts.

Barefoot children play soccer in the dusty street.

And a red hot, REGGAE rendition of Stevie's "Superstition" booms thru the night. Justice and Rita wind through the maze. She bends to pick up a penny. Tosses it to Justice.

JUSTICE

What's this for?

RITA

Good luck, stupid.

He regards it with a crooked smile. Pockets it.

JUSTICE

Let me ask you somethin'.

(she eyes him)

How come... you never talked about your mother? Paper said she was an incredible woman.

RITA

I talked plenty. Some cop shrink got paid to listen.

JUSTICE

Yeah, I know, but... I mean, to me.

Rita regards Justice for a moment. He's sincere.

RITA

(shrugs)

Ain't much to tell. And not something you exactly brag about. I don't know. I never really knew her. After I was born, I guess she sorta wiggled out. They stuck her in an institution, and me in an orphanage. That's it.

JUSTICE

You never talked to her?

RITA

She hasn't spoken since I was born. Not a lot to talk about.

Justice takes it in.

JUSTICE

How 'bout your father?

RITA

Never knew him. He died right after I'ze born. They say losing him's what made her crazy. Wish I could of known him... or at least about him.

A local RASTA SALESMAN interrupts them.

RASTA

You lookin' for ganja, mon?
You ask for Tweety, mon.

Tweety opens his coat revealing the sides lined with hundreds of rolled joints.

JUSTICE

Love to, Holmes, but I'm broke.
All I got's this.

Justice flips out his wallet revealing his badge.

RASTA

Maybe I go now, mon.

Justice winks. Rasta slides into the shadows.

RITA

Nice neighborhood.

JUSTICE

What kind of doctor is this guy?

They reach a lonely stairwell. Justice checks the address.

JUSTICE

This is it, mon.

They wheel down a flight of steps. Down a narrow alley to a door. A black door. No sign. No light. Just a door.

Justice knocks. A moment later an eye-hole SLIDES open.

JUSTICE

Police officers. We're looking
for a Doctor Zabo.

MAN

Fuck off, mon.

SLAM goes the hole. Justice looks to Rita. She laughs.
"Why don't I try?" He backs away. Be my guest.
She smiles. Steps over. Knocks politely. A woman's touch.

The hole scrapes open. She rams her Magnum in the opening.

RITA

Smith and Wesson to see Doctor
Zabo.

The thick door CREAKS open.
Rita winks to Justice. And they step inside.

Turns out this is the hottest UNDERGROUND CLUB in Brooklyn.
Maybe the northern hemisphere. A warehouse of a room.
Dark. Mysterious. Packed with wall to wall natives.

An exotic BAND jams on stage. They're the source of that
booming REGGAE. "If you believe in things, you don't
understand... you suffer... SUPERSTITION."

The gargantuan, dreadlocked DOORMAN rubs his eye.

JUSTICE

Doctor Zabo?

The doorman points to a crag-faced bartender. Rita and
Justice weave through the swarm of swaying patrons. Notice
the eerie, Caribbean decor.

AT THE BAR

The old CRAGGY bartender tokes a fat spliff.

RITA

Are you Zabo?

The pock-marked man twists his features into a demented
smile. Shakes his head. Exhales his smoke. Lays down two
coconut shell glasses filled with a strange, black liquid.

CRAGGY

Zabo only talk to the mon who
drink. Zabo no trust the mon
who no drink.

JUSTICE

This is business.

Craggy

Zabo like to mix business with
pleasure.

AT A CORNER BOOTH

Max is already here. Reclined majestically at a giant table. Every passing woman glances his way, but his eyes remain glued on Rita. She's even more beautiful than he had hoped. But Julius hits on all the passing girls.

JULIUS

Yo baby, wanna take a walk on
the wild side?

She gets one look at Julius's decaying face. Hurries away.

JULIUS

Once you go Julius, you never
go back!

(to Max)

Yo, man, you gotta hook with
this one chick? Every bittie
in here's beamin' on you.

MAX

(nods)

She's the only one that can
bare life of the dead. And
these others, they may be
appetizing, but they're not...
challenging.

JULIUS

Challenge? Shit, brother, you
in Brooklyn now. These bitches
will chew your ass up.

Max smirks. Turns his gaze to a drop dead, knockout named VANEESA. Summons her with his dark eyes. She immediately steps his way. Julius watches incredulously.

VANEESA

This is a little awkward for
me. And I know it sounds like
such a line, but I feel like
I've met you before.

MAX

If we had, I'd surely remember.
Un bijou entre mille tresors.

She nervously pads her long locks.

JULIUS

Dag, you good.

VANEESA

It's strange. I've never been comfortable introducing myself to... you just seem different.

MAX

You have no idea.

Max clasps her hand. Her heart jumps. He eyes the veins pulsing under her tender skin. We see his fangs glisten. But he only kisses her hand gently, his eyes meeting hers.

MAX

Perhaps later.

AT THE BAR

Justice drains his drink. Slams the cup down.

JUSTICE

Where the hell is this quack?

ZABO (OS)

Closer than you think.

DOCTOR ZABO steps from the shadows. Half his face weathered with experience. The other, horribly burn-scarred. One soulful eye. One lifeless orb. Yet still a priceless, wry smile. A thick, slithering SNAKE is wrapped about his neck.

Justice shies back.

JUSTICE

Doctor Zabo, I'm...

ZABO

I know who you are. And why you've come.

Zabo doesn't even look at Justice. Just Rita. He kisses her hand. She smiles. Intrigued.

He lays down the severely damaged ship log. Etched on the cover are the same circle and star markings from the boat.

JUSTICE

So... were you able to understand any of the log? We need to know where the ship came from.

ZABO

Only a small passage was saved.
I'm afraid it could be from any
of a hundred islands in the
swells of the southern straits,
in an area you call the Bermuda
Triangle.

Rita falls in deeper. Justice does not.

JUSTICE

Here we go.

RITA

What did the log say?

ZABO

It speaks of a voyage filled
with sickness, nightmares.
They believed an evil was
aboard.

RITA

What kind of evil?

JUSTICE

Yeah, was it sort of a Casper
the Ghost thing, or more a
Freddy Krueger kind of deal?

Rita shoots him a look. The serpent flicks its tongue.

ZABO

I cannot tell.

Rita motions to the log.

RITA

How about these markings. Do
you know what they mean?

ZABO

They mean very brave men were
very afraid. Those are the
symbols of their faith. A
faith they believe in strongly.
And now they're dead. Perhaps
you should be afraid as well.

Justice has had enough. Tosses crinkled bills on the bar.

JUSTICE

Thanks for your help, Doc.
Give my best to the Easter
Bunny.

Justice turns away. Zabo shoots him a long steady look.

ZABO

Deaf ears are the clear sign of
a closed mind, Detective
Justice. Rest assured whatever
evil you're facing... it is
something far more deadly than
anything you've ever known.

The snake HISSES. Justice replies with a cloud of smoke.

JUSTICE

I'll make a note of that.
(to Rita)
I'm gonna call in. Check on
the prints.

ZABO

It was a pleasure, Rita. Keep
your faith. You'll need it.

With that, Zabo kisses her hand and turns away, revealing...

Max sitting on the stool beside her. His eyes reach out to
her. But she only rubs her temples with a headache.

But someone else picks up the vibe. A hulking BODY BUILDER
behind her. He steps to Max with a lustful look in his eye.

BODY BUILDER

This is a little awkward for
me. And I know it sounds like
such a line, but I feel like
I've met you before.

MAX

No, I think you're confused.
You must have me mistaken for
him.

Max points at Justice on the phone. Mr. Olympia trots over.
Max slides toward Rita. She downs her drink. Tries to
stave off her dizzy feeling.

MAX

Are you alright?

She only half turns. Not interested in conversation now.

RITA

Yeah, thanks. Strong drinks in this place.

MAX

The magic potions of the islands. Have you ever been?

RITA

Just Coney Island.

Max smiles. Angles closer.

MAX

Well, I understand it's lovely there this time of year.

She laughs, gives him a second look. Something about him both scares and excites her. But she lets it go.

RITA

Look, nothing personal, but I'm probably not very good company right now. It's been a pretty shitty day. Sorry.

She spins away in her stool. Finds Julius on the other side. He tries to lay down a bunt for his boss.

JULIUS

Yo, baby, lemme give you the 411. See, this is my honey, Max. Max-a-millian. Ladies man. Seen it myself. He got a pussy surplus. Too much pussy. So, show some respect, huh?
(to Max)
Go ahead, take it back, boss.

Rita rises. Angles to Max apologetically.

RITA

I'm sorry, I had no idea you were... so popular.

She seductively runs her fingers across his cheek.

RITA

It's a good thing... cuz I wouldn't fuck you if you were the last man on earth.

Max regards her with surprise and newfound respect. Justice strides up dumbfounded.

JUSTICE

You wouldn't believe the shit
that just hit on me.

Rita shoots Max a look.

RITA

Yeah, I would. Let's get outta
here.

As she strides off, Justice and Max exchange a hard look.

MAX

She's one of a kind.

Justice doesn't flinch.

JUSTICE

Yeah. She is.

Justice follows her out. Leaving Max eyeing Julius.

JULIUS

What? What?

Max waves his finger. Julius knows what's coming.

JULIUS

Oh shit.

BAM. His head slams down on the bar. Shatters a coconut.
Julius rises dazed. His nose is crooked.

JULIUS

I hate it when you do that.

Julius reaches up, snaps his nose back with a CRACK.

MAX

You know, it was a simple plan.
Ride in, pick up, ride out.

JULIUS

Why don't you just bite the
bitch and get it over with?

Julius realizes what he's said. Covers his head for the
blow. Instead, Max has Julius SMACK himself in the face.

MAX

Because she's got vampire blood
running through her. Meaning,
my powers... won't do shit.
(heaves a sigh)
Still, I could use a snack.

With that, he spots Vaneesa in a reflection of the mirror. She looks his way, but he has no reflection. Max grins.

CUT TO:

INT. RITA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open spilling warm light into the dark room. Rita and Justice stride in bickering. Tempers flaring. Those island potions taking their toll.

JUSTICE

Gimme a break. You can't honestly think there was some stowaway, evil spirit on board.

She heads for the kitchen. Grabs a couple coffee mugs.

RITA

Maybe there was. Maybe there's things in this world that just can't be explained. You want cream?

JUSTICE

No. Rita, you know if Dewey heard you say that shit, he'd wrap you in a straight jacket.

Suddenly a deafening ROAR envelops the whole apartment. Everything shakes, rattles and rolls like an earthquake.

Eyes smoldering, Rita just keeps talking, ignoring...

The EL TRAIN roaring past outside the window, screaming by in a flash of moving, graffiti covered, silver scenery. She speaks loudly to compete with the RUMBLING of the train.

RITA

Look Justice, sometimes I feel things. Things I can't understand. Things that can't be reasoned away by some scientific equation or "supercop" theoretical bullshit. Well, I hate to break it to you, but despite your divine philosophy, not everything's always "plain and fuckin' simple"!

With that, the El is gone. Silence. Justice doesn't say a word. Just waves to someone behind Rita. She turns. Nikki has stepped out of her room.

NIKKI

You finally get a man back to the apartment and you gonna kick his ass. Interesting approach.

RITA

(burning)

Justice, this is Nikki. Nikki, this is my partner, Justice.

NIKKI

From the way ya'll was arguin' I'd swear you was in love.

They both answer a little too quick.

RITA & JUSTICE

NO.

Nikki gives Justice the once over.

NIKKI

Good.

JUSTICE

(sighs)-

Look, it's late. I should probably just be goin'.

RITA

What about the coffee?

JUSTICE

Don't sweat it. You can buy me some tomorrow.

RITA

Deal. I'm too damn tired to make it anyway. Good-night.

Rita lays down the mugs, moves for her bedroom. Nikki moves for Justice, scoops up the mugs.

NIKKI

I'm not. Want some sugar?

Rita stops at her bedroom door, cranes back. Nikki makes small talk. Justice chuckles. Rita's a little jealous. She clears her throat.

RITA

Good-night.

Nikki cranes back. Waves.

NIKKI

Yeah, sweet dreams, girl.

She's back to Justice. More chuckling. Rita hesitates. Finally heads in shutting the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - CONDO - NIGHT

From the sky, we zoom in across the river toward a fifth floor balcony. The patio double doors blow open before us.

INT. CONDO - SAME

An expensive penthouse. A cottony fog sweeps inside. Beautiful Vaneesa steps over, shutting the doors. Turns. Jumps. Max's in the house.

VANEESA

Oh my God.

MAX

Not exactly.

His dark eyes call to her. She finds herself drawn to him.

VANEESA

How did you get in?

MAX

Does it matter?

TIME CUT TO:

VARIOUS ITEMS OF CLOTHING STREWN ABOUT THE ROOM

Max and Vaneesa make torrid, animalistic love in the shadows. Clutching arms. Reaching fingers. Amazing.

VANEESA

Fuck me! Oh! This is insane.
It's never been like this. Oh,
yeah, oh yeah. I can't even
feel the bed. I feel... I feel
like I'm floating!

Max holds her tightly. Smirks. They are floating.

Then together they begin to spin. She on top, then Max, then her. They twirl faster and faster. A BLUR of bodies. WINDS thrash her belongings about her room like a tornado.

VANEESA

Oh God! Oh God! Oh fuck!
I'M COME... COME... COMING!!!

Now we see Max from Vaneesa's disorientated POV. With each whirl, his face grows more horrific. Teeth grow. Eyes glisten. He hisses a guttural GROWL.

VANEESA

OH MY GOD!!!

EXT. CONDO - SAME

A shrilling SCREAM of the most kick-ass orgasm anyone could imagine echoes through the night. Then silence.

Just hold on the balcony. And the silence.

CRASH! A plate glass window EXPLODES in a hail of shards as a huge, ferocious black BAT streaks past us.

CUT TO:

INT. RITA'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Morning sunlight streams through the curtains. Rita trudges from her bedroom. Pauses with surprise.

Justice is still there. Laughing with Nikki on the couch. Watching cartoons, eating cereal.

RITA

Good morning.

Justice looks up. Looks to Nikki, lost in the Smurfs, wearing just a long shirt. Awkward moment.

JUSTICE

Uh... morning. Nikki and me, we ended up talkin' late. So I just crashed here. On the couch. Hope you don't mind.

Rita tries to mask her disappointment. Heads for the kitchen.

RITA

No problem.

He motions to a painting on the wall. A slain girl in a sea of black. Just like her nightmare we saw earlier.

JUSTICE
I didn't know you painted.

RITA
They're... my dreams.

JUSTICE
They're... interesting.

RITA
Yeah.

He regards the half finished web painting on the easel.

JUSTICE
What's that one gonna be?

She doesn't answer. Just continues into...
THE KITCHEN. Opens a cabinet. Nikki calls out.

NIKKI (OS)
We finished off your cereal.
I'll get some more later.

Rita slams the cabinet. No problem. Grabs a big knife.
Slams it through a grapefruit. Blood pours out the side.
Startled, Rita drops the knife clanging to the floor.

She looks back. No blood. Just fruit juice.
Justice steps in as she scoops up the knife.

JUSTICE
You okay?

She turns, knife in hand.

RITA
Did you fuck her?

Suddenly the El train ROARS by outside. Dishes dance.
They speak louder to be heard over the rumble.

JUSTICE
Excuse me?

RITA
Nikki. Did you fuck her?

JUSTICE
Rita. I slept on the couch.
Alone.

She regards him for a moment. What's the truth?

RITA

She borrows everything else of mine.

JUSTICE

Yours?

With that, the train is gone. Quiet once again. Rita flushes with embarrassment, tries to cover.

RITA

That... came out wrong. Forget it. Doesn't matter. You got your own rules.

JUSTICE

Look, Rita, you and me, we see things different. There's no gettin' around that. But that doesn't have to be a bad thing. Just means we have a lot to... learn from each other.

She nods. They hold each other's gaze. A little too long.

JUSTICE

I'm gonna head down to the house. See how the techies are makin' out on the Camaro.

RITA

I might be a little late. I'm gonna stop by church. Get a little... direction.

JUSTICE

Put in a good word for me.

RITA

Why don't you tell him yourself?

JUSTICE

I... don't do church.

RITA

Don't like the hours?

He smiles, shakes his head.

JUSTICE

No, nothing like that.

(beat)

You know, my old man was a cop.

RITA

Some big hero, right?

JUSTICE

Matter of opinion, I guess.
One night he tried to take a
gunner down himself. It got
him killed. Guess I lost a
little faith that night.
Haven't really looked for it
since.

His words weigh heavily on Rita.

RITA

Everybody's gotta believe in
something though, don't they?

He thinks for a moment. Nods.

JUSTICE

Well, guess I just believe in
keeping alive.

TIME CUT TO:

BLOOD RED PAINT splatting against canvas.

Rita stands alone in the shadowy room, covered head to toe
in an assortment of colors, brushing her fingers through her
web-like painting feverishly.

Pounding, grooving, ethereal MUSIC blasts from speakers.

She moves in rhythm. Almost in a sensual dance.
Entranced. Sweating. Tears sliding down her cheek.

At one with her work. Stroking faster and faster.
With more and more fury. SCRATCHING her long fingernails
across the canvas. Breathing harder and harder.

Until simply overcome with emotion, she bellows, tossing the
contents of a black can of paint right at us. SMACK!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DUSK

Waning remnants of daylight disappear beyond brownstones.
Rita pads along the sidewalk, hops through a churning jump-
rope where a group of girls skip and sing. She's great.

We see the limo inch out of an alley behind her. Slowly
idle along in her wake. The electric windows hum open.

INT. LIMO - SAME

JULIUS

Well, there she is. What you gonna do now?

MAX

Seduce. Another hobby of mine. The quickest way to a woman's heart is through the rib cage, but... that might be a little messy. So I think it best to find out what makes her lonely heart beat.

JULIUS

So like figure out what she's into, then act like you dig it, and then fuck her up with it.

MAX

You're catching on slow.

Julius's features twist with confusion.

JULIUS

But how you gonna find this shit out? She ain't gonna talk to your ass after last night.

Max smirks with confidence.

MAX

She'll talk.

As Julius pulls to a light, someone SPITS on his windshield. A CHUBBY fast-talking, Puerto Rican fills the frame. Chubby squee-gees the saliva down the windshield.

JULIUS

Get the fuck out the way, Taco!

CHUBBY

No habla ingles.

JULIUS

Habla foot up your ass?

EXT. LIMO - SAME

Chubby spits again. Glances back to the rear tires. Two of his buddies work feverishly prying the hubcaps off the limo. They're almost done when they sense... Max stands over them.

MAX

Chicos... tu madres no podian
decirle no jugar de la calle?

Max grins with dark eyes and long teeth.

The boys freak. Bolt. Max smirks. A fire hydrant
EXPLODES. Water gushes out, sending the boys tumbling.
Happy kids come from everywhere to play in the shower.

EXT. HOLY TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH - EVENING MASS

The church bell RINGS in a towering white steeple.
Stout women and thin men garbed in choir gowns welcome
arriving church members outside the Gothic doorway.

The limo pulls up behind Rita as she heads up the steps.
A disheartening look passes over Max's face.

MAX

Church. She had to go to
church.

JULIUS

You ain't big on church, huh?

MAX

Actually, it's not big on me.

JULIUS

Well, what you gonna do?

A beat up old VOLKSWAGEN BUS rumbling into the lot. "Jesus
is Lord" painted on the side. The church's leader, PREACHER
PAULEY, drives. Waves to Rita. Max smiles.

MAX

Improvise.

IN THE PARKING LOT

The bus rumbles to a stop. Preacher Pauley SCRAPES open the
side door. A big man with a bigger fro. He finds a new
disciple before him.

MAX

Excuse me... Preacher Pauley?

PREACHER PAULEY

That's me, brother. If you
been misbehavin', Preacher
Pauley's here for savin'.

The preacher's grin falters as...
Max's eyes flare red and he SPRINGS FORWARD.

IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH

Rita wanders into the gravel parking lot. Weaves through the cars toward the preacher's bus in the back.

AT THE VOLKSWAGEN BUS

Max climbs out. Wipes his mouth with disdain.

MAX

Preachers.

Max closes his eyes to concentrate. Before our eyes we see his face MORPH into that of PREACHER PAULEY. Then his body and clothes. Just as the last of him transforms...

RITA

Preacher Pauley?

Rita walks up. PREACHER/MAX snaps up with surprise. Shuts the door behind him. And slides into character.

(Of course, Max will play this role, simply disguised in special effects make-up).

PREACHER/MAX

In the flesh. If you been misbehavin', Preacher Pauley's here for savin'.

She notices something on his chin.

RITA

(looking closer)

Is that blood?

He quickly wipes it away.

PREACHER/MAX

Uh, nicked myself shavin'. Now what can I do for you, Rita?

RITA

I need to talk to you for a minute. I need to talk to someone... I can trust.

A smiling Preacher/Max leads Rita away from the bus.

PREACHER/MAX

Well, you come to the right man.

TIME CUT TO:

PREACHER/MAX AND RITA strolling beside the church. He tries to hide his lust for the pulsing veins in her supple neck.

RITA

It's just all these strange feelings. I don't know, maybe I am crazy.

PREACHER/MAX

No, no, just confused is all. And that's life. You just have to ask yourself what you want, what makes you happy.

RITA

What do you mean?

PREACHER/MAX

You see, when you know what you want out of life, you have direction, and things ain't so confusing. So tell me, what do you want?

She still seems confused.

RITA

I don't know. I'd like to travel, I guess. Be nice to see some place outside of Brooklyn.

He makes a mental note.

PREACHER/MAX

That's good. Travel. Excellent. What else?

RITA

Preacher Pauley, I don't understand what this has to do with these feelings I've been having.

PREACHER/MAX

Well, you know uh...
(points upward)
The big guy, he works in mysterious ways.

She regards him curiously. Suddenly a fat CHOIR LEADER grabs him by the arm, urging him up the steps to church.

CHOIR LEADER
Preacher Pauley! C'mon!
Everybody's waiting!

Preacher/Max eyes the holy doorway. The tables have turned.

PREACHER/MAX
Well, uh, I don't know. Now's
really not a good time.

CHOIR LEADER
The Lord waits for no man! Now
get your butt in here.

He can't bail now. Rita's right here. Preacher/Max steps
reluctantly to the holy doors. Gets halfway in before his
fro begins to SMOKE. Bad idea. He jumps back.

PREACHER/MAX
GOD DAMN!

EVERY HEAD in every pew swings to the back of the church.
Stares. Preacher/Max just stares back. Then gets an idea.

PREACHER/MAX
GOD... DAMNS the man who does
not take glory in his work!
The shining stars! The smiling
moon! Everybody outside! It's
a glorious night! Let's do the
sermon on the lawn. C'mon!

The confused congregation begins to rise, file out.

TIME CUT TO:

THE CHURCH FRONT LAWN

Preacher/Max paces atop the steps before the congregation.
Takes advantage of the opportunity to enlighten Rita on his
way of thinking. The CHOIR HUMS a melody behind him.

Preacher/Max drops into a strong, soulful, sing-song sermon.

PREACHER/MAX
Brothers and sisters, we come
here time after time and talk
about the same ole same ole.
Jesus this and Jesus that.
Jesus, I wanna talk about
something else!

A few parishioners exchange curious glances around Rita.

PREACHER/MAX

And as the good... man teaches
us, there are two sides to
every story. Give it to me!

The choir accentuates his point with a high NOTE.

PREACHER/MAX

Now we've all heard the words
"necessary evil". Well, I'm
here to tell ya, no truer words
have ever been sung. Cuz you
don't have no light without the
dark. No good without the bad.
If every day's a sunny day,
then what's a sunny day!? Hit
me!

The choir hits their CUE.

PREACHER/MAX

Bottom line, brothers and
sisters... evil is good.
That's right. Evil is good.
Say it with me. Evil is good!

A few wary churchgoers begin to echo his words. Rita looks
on warily. Preacher/Max points out a sour looking man.

PREACHER/MAX

Now George Brown, you know what
I'm talking 'bout! Why just
last night you was with a two
dollar ho down on main street.
Can I get it!

CHOIR! George might as well have guilt written on his
forehead. His wife shoots up. Smacks him with her purse.

WIFE

You lyin' cheatin' dog! You
said you was workin' late!!!

Preacher/Max pushes to a teenager with his dour father.

PREACHER/MAX

And little Stevie. Nobody
stole your daddy's radio, did
they? You hocked it for Janet
Jackson tickets! Why? Cuz you
evil! Enjoy it. Evil is good!
One more time!

CHOIR! The entire congregation stands at odds.

On the nearby street, a car SKIDS to a stop. It's Justice.
He waves Rita over. Almost happy to leave the hell sermon.

JUSTICE

We got a line on the Camaro.
Get this. Belonged to a guy
who works for Sal Caprisi.

RITA

The mob boss?

Preacher/Max watches her hop in the car with a sly smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. BENSONHURST - CAPRISI'S SICILIAN CAFE - NIGHT

A little slice of Italy. A lot of Italians. Men booze on
corners. Women hang laundry. Children play stick-ball.

Crack! A hit. Smash! A window. An irate butcher rushes
out waving a big knife, cursing in ITALIAN. The boys bolt.

The Charger pulls up by the cafe. Justice and Rita hop out.
He hands a dollar to a nearby blind BEGGAR.

JUSTICE

(re: Charger)

Keep an eye on it, huh?

BEGGAR

No problem.

Justice and Rita pass an alley on their way to the cafe.

VOICE (OS)

Psst. Hey chisel chest!

Some two-bit, Italian hood named GUIDO steps from the
shadows, wielding a tiny gun.

GUIDO

Gimme your money!

Keeping stride, Justice flips his big gun in Guido's face.

JUSTICE

Get a job.

They keep walking. Guido shies off.

INT. CAPRISI'S SICILIAN CAFE - SAME

A dimly lit tribute to the mother country. A real "family" establishment, if you will. That tinny, ear-grating, Italian fiddle shit whines from an old record player.

And a stately MR. CAPRISI sits in the back booth surrounded by his closest companions.

Justice and Rita "chime" through the door. Everybody rises, but Caprisi. A BEAR of a man drops an arm before them.

BEAR

You lost or somethin'?

JUSTICE

I'm Lost. She's Somethin'.
And we're here to see Caprisi.

BEAR

Nobody sees Mr. Caprisi.

Justice peers to the back booth.

JUSTICE

I see him. He's right there.
I see you. You see me. I see
your gun. You see my badge.
(flashing it)
See how it works?

RITA

(to Caprisi)

All's we want is some info.
We're looking for somebody who
works for you. Anthony
Terrezio.

Caprisi regards her for a moment. Motions them forward.

CAPRISI

You and I both.

(beat)

Care for an espresso?

EXT. CAPRISI'S SICILIAN CAFE - SAME

Julius's limo pulls to a stop. Max gets out.

VOICE (OS)

Psst. Hey chisel chest!

Max turns.

GUIDO
Gimme your money.

Max just looks at us and smiles.

INT. CAPRISI'S SICILIAN CAFE - SAME

Caprisi sips his espresso.

CAPRISI
They was makin' a pickup on,
let's say... some small loans.

RITA
Picking up from who?

CAPRISI
I don't know, some moulie,
pardon my French. Lizzy?

Caprisi's right-hand man, LIZZY, chimes in.

LIZZY
Just a punk runner. Tony found
him. They was bangin' the same
chick down on Cort. Eva
somethin'. Butt ugly. Ass
like a rhino...

BAM! Suddenly The front door bursts open.

Guido enters wielding his little gun. The only robber in
Brooklyn stupid enough to hold up a mob cafe.

We, however, know this is really Max in morphed disguise.
And he knows exactly what he's doing. (And again, Max will
play this role, simply disguised in make-up).

GUIDO/MAX
Nobody fuckin' move. Everybody
do what I says, nobody gets
dead.

Suddenly every jamoke in the place brandishes a gun.
Oops. Little Guido weighs the odds.

GUIDO/MAX
Ya know, there's a lot of love
in this room.

Guido/Max grabs Rita. The hoods back down. She keeps cool.

GUIDO/MAX

Let's try this again. One
wrong move, doll baby buys it.
Empty the reg. C'mon! I got
places to go, people to rob.

The bartender doesn't move.

GUIDO/MAX

What the hell you waitin' on!?

BARTENDER

You said not to move.

GUIDO/MAX

Not you, fruit cake! You move!
Get the God damn money. Nobody
else move!

The bartender pops the register with a "ding". Rests the
drawer on the bar. Guido/Max checks it.

GUIDO/MAX

That's it? Eight dollars and
forty-four fuckin' cents? What
kind of place is this?

BARTENDER

(shrugs)

It's a mob front.

GUIDO/MAX

(awkward beat)

I knew that. I knew that.

He hesitates. Thinks on his feet.

GUIDO/MAX

Pasta! Gimme some pasta.

BARTENDER

Some what?

GUIDO/MAX

You heard me! Pasta, God damn
it!

(to Rita)

What's your favorite, sugar
lips?

RITA

What?

GUIDO/MAX
Whatta you, deaf? Your
favorite! What's your
favorite!?

That Italian fiddle keeps on needling.

RITA
Ahh, fusilli.

GUIDO/MAX
Fusilli! Get me some fusilli!
And some meat sauce, with them
little mushrooms. You like
mushrooms, right?

She nods.

GUIDO/MAX
Right! And hold the God damn
garlic! And wine! I want some
wine!

He just looks to Rita.

RITA
Chianti?

GUIDO/MAX
Chianti! Eighty-five! And be
quick about it!

BAM! Guido/Max fires. Blows the record player to pieces.

GUIDO/MAX
And turn off that God damn
music!

The bartender starts handing goods to Guido/Max. But he's
running out of arms, so he appeals to his hostage.

GUIDO/MAX
Here, hold this.

He hands her the wine. Keeps the gun to her head. She eyes
Justice. He motions her to keep cool. Don't try anything.

But that was never her style.

She spins. SMASHES the bottle against Guido/Max's hand.
The gun goes flying. She flips him crashing thru a table.

Justice quickly cuffs him. The goons go back to dinner.

JUSTICE

(shakes his head)

You always got to be the hero,
don't you?

RITA

Hey, I was just in the right
place at the right time.

With that, Guido/Max pops open an eye. Smiles.
Everything's going as planned.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Chaos as usual. The booking desk is packed with lowlifes.
And criminals too.

A couple of uniformed cops, JAY AND CHEDDY, roust some six
foot beanpole named STRETCH. JAY pulls a bag of weed from
the pocket of Stretch's leather Knick's jacket.

JAY

Whatta we got here, Stretch?
Little Thai stick?

STRETCH

Oh that? No, that's just tea.
Medicinal purposes. My ma,
she's sick.

Cheddy pulls a bag of coke from the other pocket.

CHEDDY

And I suppose this is sugar.

STRETCH

Yeah, yeah, she like it sweet.

STAY WITH Rita and Justice escorting handcuffed Guido/Max
past the desk, through the station. He walks between them,
watching them bicker back n' forth like a ping-pong match.

JUSTICE

Trust me, alright? I been in
these situations and you gotta
be smart, that's all. I mean
Dickhead had a .38 in your face
for chrissake.

GUIDO/MAX

Hey, I resent that. It was a
.45.

Justice shoves Guido/Max in a seat beside Rita's desk. He thumbs through her things. Mozart CD. Ripley's Believe It Or Not. One of those fortune telling eight balls.

She smacks his hands away, continues with Justice.

RITA

(to Justice)

Hey, I brought him down, didn't I? Why can't you give me that?

GUIDO/MAX

Cuz he's an asshole.

JUSTICE

Shut up!

We know he really cares about her, but all he says is...

JUSTICE

You were outta line. You know damn well you should have waited for me.

GUIDO/MAX

She don't need you. Tell 'em, sweet cheeks.

RITA

Shut up!

(to Justice)

Look, I saw an openin' and I took it. And I'd do it again.

Some woman enters crying loudly. Someone yells "Shut up!"

JUSTICE

Rita, this ain't a game, alright? You keep pullin' this shit, you're gonna get whacked.

RITA

Would you stop ridin' me? I can look out for myself!

JUSTICE

Jesus, you just don't get it. We're fuckin' partners. We're supposed to look out for each other. But you're just too God damn proud to see that. Or maybe I'm wrong... and you are just fuckin' crazy!

WHACK! She slaps him. Silence fills the station. Staring eyes. Until someone SNEEZES. Dewey wipes his nose.

DEWEY

Sorry to interrupt. But do you two have a minute?

GUIDO/MAX

You's in trouble now.

JUSTICE AND RITA

SHUT UP!!

They hand Guido/Max off to little Blaustein. Stride for Dewey's office. Blaustein turns Guido/Max away.

BLAUSTEIN

Move it, ~~mmm~~-punk! Let's go!

GUIDO/MAX

Easy, Oompa.

Guido/Max eyes the Coke machine. Suddenly it begins to gurgle. Smoke. BOOM! Coke cans spit out. Soda sprays.

Distracting everyone. Namely Blaustein. He turns back.

BLAUSTEIN

You see that...

Guido's gone. Just ol' Maximillian stands in his place.

MAX

(points)

He went that way.

Blaustein sprints off in sheer panic. Runs into a desk. Max strolls casually away in the other direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. RITA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

BUS DOORS open with a hydraulic WHOOSH. Rita steps off, bidding the driver goodbye. The bus rumbles away.

The avenue is barren. She angles down a narrow side street. Pauses. Feels the weight of watching eyes. Moaning winds seem to call her. Rita... Rita...

Not again.

She wheels around. Tired of this shit. No one's there. She turns back. Blinding headlights rocket straight for her. No time to move.

Suddenly someone flies from the shadows, taking her into a pile of boxes, clear of the speeding car's path. As the car whizzes away, we see it's... a black limousine.

VOICE
Are you alright?

And Rita's in the rescuing arms of... Max.

RITA
I'm fine, thanks. Fuckin'
Sunday drivers.

He stands. Her eyes narrow with recognition.

RITA
Hey, you're...

MAX
(shrugs)
Mr. Popular.

He offers his hand.

MAX
Was walking by. Thought you
could use a hand.

She regards him momentarily. Takes his hand.
Something about him both scares and excites her.

RITA
Thanks. There aren't enough
heroes in the world.

MAX
(humbly)
Well, I just happened to be in
the right place at the right
time.

She smiles. They lock eyes. Awkward moment.

MAX
Well, you seem fine. And I
should probably be going. Nice
to see you again.

Max turns away from her, right at us. Mouths "One...two..."

RITA
Wait. What's your name?

Bingo. We see Max smile. He spins.

MAX

Max. Maximillian.

RITA

I'm...

MAX

Rita. I remember.

He's on a roll.

RITA

Look, about the bar thing. I wish there was some way I could make it up to ya.

MAX

If you insist.

(thinks)

How about... dinner?

RITA

Afraid I'm not much of a cook.

MAX

Afraid I am. You like Italian?
I make a great fusilli.

Putty. Her lips crown to a slow smile.

RITA

Yeah. It's... my favorite actually.

MAX

How about ten o'clock?

RITA

Tonight?

MAX

If you already have plans...

RITA

Well, no, actually I've just been... asked to take a little time off.

(beat)

Let me warn ya though, I'm a cop. You try any funny shit, I'll shoot you.

Max grins.

MAX

Don't worry... I don't bite.

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER - MINUTE LATER

A colorful butterfly flutters to a landing atop a parking meter. A dozen enthralled HASIDIC CHILDREN yammer about it excitedly in YIDDISH to their parents. The whole family's adorned in matching black clothes, yarmulkes and payess.

Suddenly the pretty butterfly is scooped up. Gulp. Julius swallows it whole. The kids WAIL. Scarred for life. The little man burps happily. Papa hurries them away.

A deafening SCREECH draws Julius's attention. A tow truck skids in behind the limo. Planks down, ready to tug.

JULIUS

No-no-no! I'm right here,
right here!

Julius hurriedly limps for the limo. Tow man makes a dash to hook up the stretch. Julius fumbles the keys.

TOW MAN

Snooze, ya lose, pal.

The crane GRINDS to life. Tow man hooks up the limo with a gloating grin. Julius fumes.

TOW MAN

Don't sweat it. You can pick
it up at impound tomorrow.
Only run a buck fifty.
(checks around)
Or 'spose I could dump ya for a
couple Andy Jacksons right now.

BOOM! Suddenly one of the tow trucks tires explodes.
BOOM! Another. And another. Max comes striding up.
Points at the fourth. Shoots a finger. BOOM!

MAX

Looks like you could use a
lift.

TOW MAN

What the fuck you do to my
truck?

MAX

Snooze you lose.

Max casually DROPS the stretch to the street. Julius chides the Tow Man.

JULIUS

That's right, fat boy! Don't
you fuck with my homeslice. My
man, Max and me, we're like...

BAM! Julius's head smashes sideways against the limo roof.
An ear dangles off his head. Then drops. He gazes to Max.

MAX

You cut it a little close in
the alley.

Julius can't hear him.

JULIUS

Huh?

Max spins him around. Speaks in the good ear.

MAX

Let's go. You've got work to
do. I'm having a guest for
dinner.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIUS'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Mazola and Silas sit parked on the stoop telling lies.

SILAS

And that time at the Apollo
when I hooked up with Lena
Horne.

MAZOLA

You a damn lie.

SILAS

Straight up. We went back to
her hotel and I was bumpin'
like a dog with two dicks. I
said Lena sing for me, baby.
She starts doing that
"Oooooaaaaaahhh..."

Silas doesn't see Rita walk up. She looks stunning.
She pauses, so not to interrupt. Mazola elbows him.

RITA

Hi, I'm looking for
Maximillian.

The old men put on their best behavior.

SILAS

Max, oh, he's a good man. Good man. Up on the top floor.

MAZOLA

He got class. Not like this old fool.

SILAS

Who you callin' fool, fool?

RITA

Ah, thanks.

As she strides up the steps, they bend to check her out.

MAZOLA

Praise Be! I'd like to butter that biscuit!

SILAS

You? I'd risk a double fuckin' by-pass for a piece of that!

CUT TO:

INT. JULIUS'S BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - SAME

Rita knocks on the door. It opens by itself. The tinkling sound of CLASSICAL PIANO rides into the air. She steps in.

INT. JULIUS'S LOFT - SAME

The old loft has undergone an amazing transformation.

Clean and classy. Priceless art and antiques. Hundreds of tall candles illuminate the room in soft, dancing light.

Mahogany bookshelves stand packed with a library of metaphysics. Atlantis to Zodiac. An ornate table set for two beckons with a bottle of Chianti.

And in the corner... Max plays Mozart on a baby grand.

This guy is good.

RITA

Whoa. This is... incredible.

Max hits the last note right on cue. Rises to greet her. Makes note of her breathtaking beauty.

MAX

You are incredible.

RITA
(laughs)
Don't get to dress up that
often.

MAX
Well, that needs to change.
Would you care for some wine?

RITA
Sure, I could use a shot.

She scans the room, admiring the exquisite decor.
Max grabs the bottle. The nail on his finger grows.
He slides the claw in the cork. POP.

RITA
Never seen a place quite like
this, especially not in Bed-
Stuy. It's beautiful.

He pours into crystal glasses. Raises his in toast.

MAX
To the beauty... of the night.

She smiles. CLINK.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVE YARD - NIGHT

A bright full moon shines down on a thousand tombstones.
Howling winds whip dead leaves through the maze of granite.

CRANE DOWN on one headstone in particular.

JEROME JACKSON JEFFERSON
Made a living pimpin'
Til he got popped for skimpin'

Suddenly a shovelful of dirt flies out. Smacks atop a
heaping pile. Then the shovel flies out. Then Julius.

The little man mumbles to himself.

JULIUS
Do this, do that. Get my car,
wipe my ass. Motherfucker want
a coffin for his bitch, he can
get it his own damn self.

Julius angrily flings open the car door. His hand breaks
off of his arm. But remains clutched to the handle.

He eyes his crusty stump with shock. SCREAMS. Tries in vain to rip his dismembered hand free. Gazes helplessly to the heavens.

JULIUS

Shit! I'ze just snappin', Gee!
No hard feelings!

Julius starts the limo. RAP music blares on. As the stretch rolls forward, a rope from the bumper pulls the coffin from the ground.

Julius hops out. Limpes around and unhooks the crate.

JULIUS

I'ma get the coffin, I'ma get
the coffin.

Julius tugs the rope free. The coffin spills onto its side, the lid CREAKS open... and ol' Jerome tumbles out.

A decrepit, mildewed old PIMP. Adorned in a purple velvet suit. Thick gold chains. Smile still on his face. And five hundred bucks clutched in his hand.

Julius's sunken eyes bulge out.

JULIUS

Damn, pay dirt!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JULIUS'S LOFT - SAME

AN EMPTY WINE BOTTLE on an abandoned dinner table.
The meal is done. Empty plates. Burnt candles.

Rita and Max stand before open French windows admiring the stars of the night. Winds billow through the curtains. She's a little drunk. But that was part of the plan.

RITA

You've lived quite an
interesting life, Max.

MAX

I've lived a few.

RITA

All the places you've been...
so different from anywhere I've
ever gone.

He eyes her supple neck. Fights to hold back.

MAX

It doesn't have to be that way.
There's no place you can't go.

RITA

No place the subway doesn't
run.

MAX

But you've had dreams, haven't
you? Of a different life? A
different world?

She takes a breath. Studies him. Speaks thoughtfully.

RITA

Everyone has dreams like that.

MAX

But you're different, Rita.

RITA

So I been told.

MAX

You're better.

RITA

Now that's a new one.

Gently, he takes her hand. A sensation rushes through her.

MAX

You deserve everything your
heart desires, your soul needs.

RITA

God only knows what I need.

MAX

I think I know.

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTICE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - SAME

TIGHT ON Justice. Exactly what she needs. He downs the
last of a Busch. Crumples the can.

JUSTICE

I just fucked up. Plain and
simple.

He shoots for the trash. Misses. He's missed a few.

Welcome to bachelor hell. Pizza boxes. Beer cans.
Kickbag. A big kid who still doesn't clean his room.

A little TV plays a "Hawaii Five-O" rerun.
Sirens and gunshots.

And next door we hear his neighbor getting rocked.
Bed squeaking. Headboard slamming. Heavy moaning.
And some guy yelling...

NEIGHBOR (OS)
Ya baby! Ya baby! Do it like
daddy likes!

Justice is used to it. Just pads over and takes a rattling
picture frame off the wall. He as a kid and his father as a
cop. Arm in arm. He exhasts a sigh.

JUSTICE
Guess I never could be the cop
you were, but this time I think
I really...

TYSON
Fucked up.

Meet Justice's roommate. A bright colored, smart ass
PARROT. His name is Tyson. Justice tosses him a Frito.

JUSTICE
Thanks for the support.

He pops another beer. Eyes the phone.

JUSTICE
Whatta you think she's doing
right now?

On the tube, Dan-o shoots some perp.

JUSTICE
Maybe we should find out.

Justice flips a sports magazine at the TV, turning it off.
But the sirens and gunshots continue outside his building.

He scoops up the phone. Starts to dial.
On second thought, hangs up.

JUSTICE
And then again... maybe not.
Let her call us. Not that I
care. Cause I don't.

Next door they're still rocking. She wails and he, well...

NEIGHBOR (OS)

That's it, baby! That's it!
Bring it home now! Bring it
home!

Justice eyes the phone again. Notices the newspaper nearby.
Horoscopes in particular. He looks around. Picks it up.

JUSTICE

Taurus the bull. That's me.
"Money coming your way."
Bullshit. "Promotion coming
your way." Bullshit. "You may
find yourself drawn to someone
you already know." Hey, huh?
"Do not rush the relationship.
That person may already be
thinking of you."

(to Tyson)

Already thinking of me. What
do you think about that?

Tyson just shakes his head.

TYSON

Bullshit.

JUSTICE

Maybe not. Maybe there's
something to this horoscope
shit after all. Maybe she's
thinking of me right now.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JULIUS'S LOFT - SAME

Rita spins into Max's arms. Laughing with drunken joy.
Dancing elegantly to soulful, glorious, heartfelt MUSIC.

RITA

I haven't felt like this
since... God! I've never felt
like this!

MAX

How would you like to feel like
this everyday?

He spins her close. So very close. Their eyes connect.

RITA

That a trick question?

MAX

And every night?

RITA

Who wouldn't?

Slowly he begins to spin her. Lost in his hypnotic spell, the sound of her HEARTBEAT joins the music, fills the air.

MAX

Go the places you've never been?

RITA

Yes.

He spins faster and faster. The surroundings BLUR. All that's in focus is Max and Rita. Max and Rita.

MAX

Drink the wines your tongue's not tasted?

RITA

Yes.

MAX

I can give it all to you, Rita. A new life... a better life... just say...

RITA

Yesssss.

Max smirks. That's all the cue he needs. He slides down her tender neck. His fangs elongate before us. Glisten in the light. And sink gently into her skin.

She shudders. Moans in ecstasy. The music swells. Her heart beats. And here's where things begin to get pretty funky from...

RITA'S POV

The blurring room distorts into odd dimensions. Lights flicker with blinding brilliance. The open window races forward, enveloping her. She falls spinning toward the ground. The earth opens up into a mist filled tunnel. She whirls into the hole faster than light speed. Weaving through razor sharp stalactites. Streaking past bolts of lightning. Racing toward a beam of white light in the distance.

Faster and faster...

Until shrieking to a dead stop at a raging funeral pyre.
A young woman burns at the stake. Suddenly she looks up at
us, opening her blood red eyes. It's Rita.

Her mouth rips open with a HISS. Long fangs dripping blood.

The beating heart crescendos into a deafening POUNDING.
And the pyre explodes into... A WHITE HOT BALL OF FLAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RED HOOK - NEXT DAY

A WHITE HOT BALL OF FLAME burns in the sky over the hood.
And the sound of POUNDING continues.

INT. RED HOOK TENEMENT - HALLWAY - SAME

Justice pounds his fist on a graffiti covered door.

JUSTICE

Police officer, ma'm. Just
wanna ask you a few questions.

Down the hall, we see other doors peak open. Curious eyes
peek out. We hear harsh whispers of "Shit. Five-O".
Nonetheless, a couple teen THIEVES sneak a TV out the door.

Justice knocks again. Bam-Bam. The door wrenches opens.
It's Eva. Julius's ex. Attitude in her eyes. Shotgun in
her hand. She speaks at a blistering rate.

EVA

What the hell you tryin' to do,
break my damn door down, let me
see a badge, not that it means
shit.

Justice flips out his wallet.

JUSTICE

Sorry to bother you. Just want
to ask you about a friend of
yours. Skinny guy. Understand
he worked as a runner for Sal
Caprisi...

She smiles with delight, lowers the shotgun.
Next, the teens take stereo speakers.

EVA

Julius, you mean Julius, he's
in trouble, huh?

JUSTICE

Just need to talk to him's all.

She rubs her hands together. So happy she could sing.

EVA

Mmmhmmmm, revenge is mine, I am
woman hear me tell on his ass,
cuz he's a low down, no good
son of a bitch and hell hath no
fury like a woman scorned so
what do you wanna know,
darling, ask, ask away.

Justice smiles. Had no idea this was going to be so easy.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED HOOK TENEMENT - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The two teens slide in a microwave, lock up the van.
Justice shuffles out the tenement door. Steps toward the
van, looks around on the ground like he's lost a contact.

The pimply faced thieves eye him strangely.

JUSTICE

Hey fellas... you see any
bullets lyin' around here?

They flash each other a curious glance. Shake "no".
Justice casually pulls his pistol.

JUSTICE

Shit. I only got one bullet
left. And well, there's two of
you, so I'm not sure who to
cap.

The kids exchange frightened glances.

JUSTICE

Tell ya what, why don't we play
it like this. Whoever's back
first from returnin' the shit
upstairs don't get clipped.

The kids frantically rush the goods back inside as...
The Charger radio calls out.

CHARGER RADIO (VO)

Seven Charlie, come in, over.
C'mon, Justice, where you at?

Justice trots over, pulls another ticket off his windshield.
Crumples. Trashes. Scoops up the radio mic.

JUSTICE
Seven Charlie.

CHARGER RADIO (VO)
We got a D.O.A. on the corner
of Lincoln and Franklin.
Female. Late twenties. O.I.C.
requests you at site.

CUT TO:

EXT. BED-STUY - CORNER OF LINCOLN AND FRANKLIN - DAY

Heart of the ghetto. Five black and whites cut off traffic.
Hoards of onlookers gawk. The Charger screeches up.

Slick cop, Sheffield, flirts with a couple of cute TEENY
BOPPERS. One gives him the once over.

BOPPER ONE
You ever fire that gun?

SHEFFIELD
Uh, sure, plenty of times.

Her friend gives him a coy smirk.

BOPPER TWO
You a quick draw?

SHEFFIELD
No, baby... I take my time.

The girls smile. Justice tugs Mr. Hairspray away by the
collar, drags him through the crowd.

JUSTICE
Pardon me, Romeo? There a dead
body around here anywhere?

SHEFFIELD
Shit, Justice. I'ze gonna get
her number.

JUSTICE
Yeah, you's gonna get arrested.
What's the deal?

Sheffield leads him through the crowd.

SHEFFIELD

Bed-Stuy, do or die. Some
young babe. Big tits. Nice
ass. No face. Guess she's
tore up pretty good.

He leads Justice to an open sewer hole. A long way down.
And as you may recall, he's not big on heights. Staggers.

INT. SEWER TUNNELS - MINUTES LATER

Justice and Sheffield stride down a dark, dank tunnel.
Flashlights beam on a trail of blood droplets. Fat,
shrieking rats scurry out of the light into the shadows.

Justice examines a distinct footprint in the muddy ground.
Air Jordans. You know the ones... of Michael dunking.
He measures it against his own shoe. Much smaller.

SHEFFIELD

Couple of sewer crewers found
her an hour ago.

JUSTICE

How'd she buy it?

Sheffield steps delicately through the muck so not to trash
his shiny loafers. Then splash. His foot sinks.

SHEFFIELD

Shit. Just swiped these
fuckers from impound.

JUSTICE

Shef. How'd she die?

SHEFFIELD

Well, that's the thing. She's
done up same as the crew on the
ship.

Justice angles through a crowd of inspecting officers.

A photographer's FLASH goes off, illuminating her. A young
woman wrapped in a bloodied sheet. Her face is turned away.
A large angry gash on her neck draws buzzing flies.

Justice's eyes shoot wide, he draws a breath.
The photographer cranes up curiously.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You know this chick?

He doesn't answer. Just angles forward to see what's left
of her face. Slowly, he finds... it's not Rita.

It's Vanessa. He closes his eyes in relief. Turns away.
On second thought, gets an idea. Spins back.

JUSTICE
Everybody back up.

The officers crane to him curiously. What?

JUSTICE
BACK UP!

Slowly they spread apart allowing Justice to clearly see...
A slain girl in a sea of black. The exact scene in...

JUSTICE
The painting.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RITA'S APARTMENT - DAY

THE PAINTING on the wall. Slain girl, sea of black.
Justice bursts through the door. Rips the frame down.
Bounds into Rita's room finding...

Pitch black. Shades pulled. Her in bed. Arms folded.

JUSTICE
Rita? Rita, wake up!

Nothing. He shakes her.

JUSTICE
Rita! Get up!

Slowly her eyes unfurl. Justice blurs in and out of focus..
She sits upright. Glances about. "How did I get here?"

RITA
Justice?

JUSTICE
You alright? Jesus, it's
almost sundown. You been
sleeping all day?

She stretches, yawns. Looking fresh, vibrant, beautiful.

RITA
Guess so. God, the best sleep
I've had in years. I feel...
incredible.

He SNAPS the shade up. Bright sunlight sprays in the dark room. Rita quickly covers her eyes.

RITA

Damn, Justice. It's bright out there. What's going on? What are you doin' here?

We notice her necklace is gone. Only a burn mark in the shape of a cross remains in its place.

JUSTICE

Look, I wanted to tell you... I'm sorry about yesterday. I was mad, confused, I was a lot of things.

She looks to him with surprise.

RITA

Thanks... that means a lot. Coming from you. You feelin' okay?

She hops from bed.

RITA

God, I'm hungry. You hungry?

Rita twirls her back to him.

JUSTICE

Rita, this painting. It's real. I just saw the body. She was killed the exact same way as the crew on the boat.

Rita stares at the grisly painting. Shakes her head.

RITA

You been drinking?
(he shakes his head)
It's just a dream, Justice.

JUSTICE

It's real. I don't know what's goin' on, but somehow you're connected to all this. And I need your help to find the answers.

Coming from him, she knows it's true. A thousand emotions surface at once. She loses her breath.

RITA

Exactly like that, you saw her?

JUSTICE

Yeah.

She shudders. Slinks slowly into his arms.

RITA

You mean I'm not crazy?

JUSTICE

No crazier than the rest of us.

Slowly he embraces her. Her soft hair caressing his face.

RITA

But why me? Why's this
happenin' to me, Justice?

He eyes a horse shoe hanging above her door.

JUSTICE

Just lucky I guess.

A TEAR streaks down her cheek. And trickles onto his neck.
Her eyes follow its path along the contour of his muscles,
his veins. Her lips part. And she kisses his neck.

He reacts with surprise. It's what he's always wanted.
Still, something holds him back. But not Rita.
Adrenaline rushing through her, she puts her lips to his.

JUSTICE

Rita... you know what you're
doing?

RITA

Does it matter?

JUSTICE

Look, it's not that I don't
want to, cause... believe me I
do, but...

She moves down his neck, his chest.

JUSTICE

Oh God.

Slowly she begins to unbutton her shirt. Justice regards
her like a Goddess. Indeed, she is beautiful.

JUSTICE

What about the job?

She rips his shirt open, buttons spraying.

RITA
Screw the job.

She tosses him off the bed.

TIME CUT TO:

JESUS CHRIST staring down at the floor, a tear in his eye.

RITA AND JUSTICE make passionate love.
Embracing. Sweating. Clawing.

JUSTICE
Oh Rita... oh shit... it's...
it's never been like this.

The El ROARS by outside. The whole world shakes.
They move as one. Arching in raw rhythm.

She digs her nails into his back. A bead of BLOOD trickles
from his skin. She tries to turn her eyes away, but can't.
She quivers. Her eyes roll back. She MOANS with ecstasy.

Then her eyes spin back. Now burning with a fiery red glow.
Her features begin to twist and contort. The bones in her
face shift out of proportion. Her TEETH slowly grow.

She drags her long tongue toward his neck. Catches her
FADED REFLECTION in a mirror. A grossly misshapen creature.

RITA
Nooooo!

She tears herself away. Justice spins. Unaware. Confused.

JUSTICE
Rita!

He bounds into the living room. The apartment door stands
wide open. The El is gone. And so is she. He's alone.
Left regarding all the dark paintings that surround him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MINUTE LATER

Rita stumbles dizzily through the manic streets.
We see and hear the disorienting world from her POV.

Every sight and sound surrealistically magnified.
People yelling. Horns shrieking. Lights flashing.
Everything building into an overwhelming cacophony.

Total sensory overload.

She shades her eyes from the light, her ears from the sound.
Spins reeling into an intersection as...

A taxi cab SCREECHES TO A STOP an inch before her.
The cabbie lays on his HORN. Leans out the window.

CABBIE

Get da fuck out da way!

She eyes him with a low, menacing growl of death.
He swallows nervously. Drops the cab in reverse.
SMASHES into a cop car behind him. Looks back. She's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIUS'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

The door EXPLODES open. Rita stands panting in heavy gasps.
Fury burning in her eyes. Sweat glistening on her body.

Amid the burnt out candles lies Max's COFFIN. She cringes
in disbelief, but there's no denying the truth.

She strides toward it, until cut off by the human protector.
Now decked out proudly in a familiar purple velvet suit and
thick gold chains.

JULIUS

Whoa, whoa baby! Ain't you
ever heard of a knock?

BAM! She gives him a knock. Her newfound strength sends
him soaring across the room, smashing into an antique
bureau. His ashen skin puffs about him in a cloud of smoke.
And a couple of his front teeth fall out, giving him a LISP.

JULIUS

Holy thit... a vampire bisch!

She stares at her hands in awe of her strength.
Then heaves open the coffin lid. Max's eyes jolt wide.

Suddenly all the shades in the room drop shut, blocking the
waning remnants of daylight. He rises calmly.

MAX

We need the darkness. But you
have so much to learn.

She backs away from him as if he were a hideous beast.

RITA

What the fuck you do to me?!

MAX

Only what you asked for.

RITA

I didn't ask for this!

She pulls back her hair revealing two bite marks.

MAX

But you did. All your dreams
and desires. They'll all be
yours. And by tomorrow night,
your days will be over forever.

She fights back the tears with anger.

RITA

Why? Why me?

MAX

It's in your blood. You and I
are the last of our kind, Rita.

RITA

We don't have shit in common.

MAX

But we do. The father you
never knew was a vampire. He
gave you the gift. I just...
unwrapped it for you.

RITA

The gift?

MAX

Of eternal life.

She shakes her head, backs away.

RITA

This ain't happening!

Slowly he walks to her.

MAX

You've nothing to be afraid of.
Not ever again.

RITA

Fuck you. Stay away from me.

MAX

Don't fight it. You have no
choice. The night is calling.

RITA

Not to me, it's not.

She spins from the apartment with amazing speed.
He makes no effort to follow. Just looks after her
admirably. Is he starting to really care for her?

MAX

(beat)

Julius, find us a ship. We'll
be leaving soon.

JULIUS

Leafin'? Where the thuck we
goin'?

MAX

Home.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Justice sits at Rita's desk. Going through Rita's things.
Talking on Rita's phone. Haggard and tired and smoking.

JUSTICE

Yeah, just call me if you hear
from her. Thanks, man.

He finds a photo of he and Rita. Arm and arm. Smiling ear
to ear. Partners. Justice smiles. Puts out his cig.
Then picks up that magic EIGHT BALL. Checks around.

JUSTICE

(whispers)

Okay, Mr. Eight Ball... where
the fuck is Rita?

JUSTICE (CONT)

(he shakes it)

And should I tell her how I
feel about her...

He peeks. The eight ball reads: SOURCES SAY YES

Just then precinct doors SMASH open. BIG COPS strong arm
some feisty, PUERTO RICAN into the station, CUSSING his head
off in Spanish. Justice grabs a passing Blaustein.

JUSTICE

Parking violation?

BLAUSTEIN

The Heights mur-mur-killer.
Caught 'em in some dive down in
Bay Ridge. Juan Carlos Pepe
Somethin'. Guess Rita was
rrrr-right after all. Guy is
Puerto Rican.

An astonished look coats Justice's face. As he bolts for
the door, HOLD ON the eight ball on the desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

A busy street. Rita descends into the subway entrance.
Pushing through the crowd. Punks yell at her to chill out.

One ten year old HUSTLER wheels and deals three card monty.
Flipping cards faster than lightning. He calls out to Rita.

HUSTLER

Yo baby! Step up! Pick the
red card, pick the red.
Five'll get ya ten, ten'll get
ya twenty.

Rita just blows past him. The breeze flipping all the cards
face up. They're all black.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - SAME

People funnel into a waiting train. The doors SLAM shut
before Rita can board. It rumbles away into the darkness.

A YOUNG MOTHER calls out to her missing son. Searches
frantically through the crowd.

YOUNG MOTHER

Billie! Billie! Has anyone
seen a little boy!?

Suddenly passing people begin to drag as if in SLOW MOTION.
As the mother moves on, calling out in panic, Rita sees...

ON THE OPPOSITE PLATFORM

Max stands holding the little boy by his side.
Then she sees...

An oncoming TRAIN rumbling surrealistically around the bend.

She shakes her head in disbelief.

The trains ECHOES closer. LOUDER. DEAFENING.

And Max throws the boy... out over the tracks.

The train rushes ahead.

The boy flails in midair.

The train. The boy. Train. Boy.

Rita reaches out hopelessly and...

WHISSH! Disappears in a blurring FLASH as...

ZOOM! We're back in real time. The train ROARS past...

Revealing Rita, on the opposite platform, standing beside Max, holding the sobbing little boy in her arms. Trembling, breathless, shocked by what she's done.

BILLIE

What happened?

Rita's speechless. Just gazes at Max. He smiles devilishly.

MAX

I had to show you your powers.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rita and Max walk along the roof ledge scanning the upperclass neighborhood five stories below. Whipping WINDS tear at their clothing. Bluffs of FOG filter past.

MAX

All your life you've wondered why you were different... why you never had a cold or a broken bone, why you felt and dreamt things no one else did. Now you know.

She peers to him with doubtful eyes.

RITA

This is a dream, right? Just another fuckin' dream. Couple minutes I'm gonna wake up...

MAX

(shakes his head)

I know how overwhelming it can be. Once I was just like you. Only a half vampire. Then someone found me. She showed me the powers, the passion, the thrill of the night.

RITA

What'd you do to her?

MAX

She was killed. And I was left alone... with nothing but mortals to bide my time. But not anymore. I don't ever want to be alone again, Rita.

RITA

Sorry, pal. You got the wrong girl.

MAX

You're the only girl.

RITA

Don't try and sell your Love Connection bullshit to me. I ain't buyin'.

MAX

We're the last of our kind, Rita. We're meant to be together. Your father told me one day I'd find you.

Rita reacts with stunned disbelief.

RITA

You... you knew my father?

MAX

He was a great man. Taught me many things.

RITA

Tell me, how... how did he die?

He draws a thoughtful breath.

MAX

One night, on the island, the villagers rose against the last of us. There was a riot, a fire. He sacrificed himself so your mother could escape... with you. But no one knew where. Not until I read of your mother's death was I able to find you. I've been searching for you ever since.

MAX (CONT)

But... I found much more than I expected. And now it's my turn to show you what the night holds.

RITA

I can't believe this is happenin'.

MAX

Open your mind, Rita. Explore it. Embrace it. You'll see the world in the brightest of colors, hear the sounds of the night in the sweetest of symphonies. You can't imagine the possibilities.

Suddenly Max leaps off the roof. In a flash, he's across the street on the opposite building. She gasps.

RITA

Holy shit. It is real.

And now it's her turn.

MAX

Let go, Rita. It's what you are, what you've always been. Tell me, what could be more natural than that?

She thinks a beat. Then closes her eyes. Wavers. Last time she tried this she wound up face down in a Cadillac.

MAX

You can do it.

A breath. She hesitates. We see in his eyes, he really wants her to join him. Maybe really wants her.

MAX

DO IT!

Fuck it. She leaps. We see her POV as she soars toward Max. And lands safely. He catches her in his arms. She explodes in laughter, exhilarated by the newfound power.

RITA

Oh my God... it's AMAZING!

MAX

It's just beginning.

He holds her in his arms. Gently pulls her to the edge.
Peers down to passing pedestrians.

MAX
Concentrate. Listen. You can
hear their thoughts.

She smiles devilishly. Closes her eyes. Max smiles.
Knows he's starting to win her over. She shakes her head.

RITA
I don't hear anything.

MAX
It'll come. Here.

He points out a young couple walking down the street.

MAX
It's a first date. He's
digging in his pocket, hoping
she doesn't notice his dick's
hard.

Sure enough, the young man delves into his Levi's.
Rita can't help but laugh. Max points to a chubby woman.

MAX
And she's thinking about her
diet. Feels guilty cause she
just swiped a couple Ring-
Dings.

The woman pulls the treat from her coat, drops it in a trash
can. Next Max regards a seedy looking man in a rain coat.

MAX
And him... you don't wanna
know.
(yells down)
You are a sick man! A very
sick, sick man!

The man twists around wondering where the voice came from.
Scurries hurriedly down the street.

Laughter lights up Rita's face. Wind funnels through her
hair. She looks beautiful, wild, free. He notices.

RITA
You can hear all that?

MAX
And so will you. There's so
much for you to learn. Come.

He offers his hand. And she takes it.
Together they leap over the side of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR ZABO'S - NIGHT

The underground club is closed. Empty. Dark. Only a thick, smokey fog remains from the night's patrons.

Zabo sits alone in the back, feeding cheese to pet mice in a maze. Suddenly he notices a FIGURE moving in the shadows.

ZABO
We're closed.

No answer. The figure moves closer.

ZABO
I said we're closed.

Slowly, the figure steps into the light. It's Justice.

JUSTICE
I need your help.

Justice strides toward the scar-faced old man.

ZABO
Detective Justice. I offered
it to you once, but you didn't
want it.

JUSTICE
Things have changed.

ZABO
Ah, but have you?

Justice eyes the old man playing with the mice.

ZABO
Presents... for my guards.

With that, Zabo flings a little mouse through the air. Suddenly his SNAKE strikes out from the shadows of the floor, swallowing it hole. It's running loose in the club.

JUSTICE
HOLY SHIT!

The snake slithers into the shadows. As does Zabo.

ZABO

I have no time for those with
no faith. Goodnight,
Detective.

Justice warily eyes the shadows, appeals to Zabo.

JUSTICE

It's Rita.

Zabo stops. Slowly wheels back into the light.

JUSTICE

She's been seeing things... in
her dreams. And now she's
missing. I've been all over
Brooklyn trying to find her. I
don't know where else to turn.

That weighs in the old man's knowing eyes.

ZABO

What kind of dreams?

JUSTICE

Nightmares, really. She paints
them. There was a murder. And
it was all there, every detail.

ZABO

This painting, what was it of?

JUSTICE

A... dead woman. Bloody.

ZABO

How? Tell me.

JUSTICE

I don't know, there was a gash.

ZABO

Where?

JUSTICE

On her neck.

Bingo. The horrific truth blankets Zabo's weathered face.

ZABO

I thought they were all gone.
But it all makes sense. The
ledger. The markings. The
premonitions. She could have
them only if she was the one...
if she was the child.

JUSTICE

The what?

ZABO

There are rumors of a woman, a
professor who'd come to the
islands to study them. They
say she fell in love with one,
bared his child.

JUSTICE

Whatta you talkin' about?
Who's them?

ZABO

The vampires.

JUSTICE

Excuse me?

ZABO

They were thought to be
extinct. Only once in a
thousand years, by a freak of
nature, are they able to cross
breed with humans.

JUSTICE

Hold up, Doc. You're saying,
Rita, she's this vampire baby?

ZABO

Yes.

JUSTICE

Look, she's a little strange,
but she's ain't a God damn
vampire.

ZABO

No. She's half vampire. But
he's come to make her whole, to
make her his own.

JUSTICE

Come from where? The islands?

Zabo nods, refers to the island decor around them.

ZABO

The Triangle.

JUSTICE

Tri? Like, as in Bermuda?
Wait. Just... time out. Don't
play that shit with me, Doc.

Zabo shoots him a look with his one soulful eye.

ZABO

Tell me, Detective, how would
you account for the thousands
who've disappeared in that
region?

Zabo steps away from the maze, pushes through the club. A
twitching mouse plays on his shoulders. Justice catches up.

JUSTICE

Well, look, whatever the hell
he is, where ever he's from, if
he's got Rita, I'm gonna get
her back.

ZABO

There's only way you can save
her now. You must kill him
before she feeds herself.

JUSTICE

How the hell do I find him?

Zabo shoots Justice a puzzling look.

ZABO

You're the detective.

He shakes his head.

JUSTICE

Well, nobody's reported any
bloodsucking vampire.

ZABO

Anyone who learned he was a
vampire would never live to
tell you.

(beat)

Except his servant.

JUSTICE

His what?

ZABO

He needs someone to serve him.
To do his bidding by day.

JUSTICE

Like who? Who would he get?

ZABO

A common man. One who would
not be missed. Someone
familiar to the area.
Comfortable with deceit.
Someone...

JUSTICE

To hide the victims?

ZABO

Yes.

Justice pauses in thought. Wheels are turning.

JUSTICE

There's one man. A runner... a
street hood. I found a
footprint by the last body. It
matches the description his
girlfriend gave me. It's worth
a shot.

Justice turns abruptly. Zabo grabs his arm.

ZABO

Daylight is your strongest
ally. The night belongs to
him.

JUSTICE

How do you know so much about
this?

The old man takes an ornate wooden walking stick off a
nearby wall. A magnificent cross adorns the top.

ZABO

My grandfather lived on the
island. One night he went for
a walk in the hills.

The old man pulls the cross off the top of the rod,
revealing its tip shaved into a lethal point.

ZABO

This is all I have to remember
him by. Come, we must prepare.

With that, Zabo tosses the last mouse. A giant cobra lashes
out with its two long fangs. It's feeding time.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACA ART THEATER - NIGHT

Closing time at the Gothic art house. A glorious stone
structure adorned with Greek statues and poetic engravings,
nestled in the midst of a tree-filled park.

Philosophy majors and armchair poets spill into the street.
Everybody in black. Lighting cloves. Sipping Perrier.

Street peasants try to sell stolen watches. Stolen flowers.
The art lovers fight for taxis. Deactivate nearby car
alarms in a choir of BEEP-BEEPS.

HOLD ON two NYU film students, VINCENT AND LIZA, debating
the relevance of what they just saw. Or at least trying.

LIZA

What did that film mean? What
was it trying to say?

VINCENT

It was saying... this is a
waste of time. A waste of
money. A waste of the medium
for sheer commercial gain.

LIZA

Where is the art? The social
conscience?

VINCENT

Not in Brooklyn, that's for
sure.

As Vincent and Liza cross the street toward the park, we
OVERHEAR Max and Rita, but do not see them.

RITA (OS)

Max, don't. Please.

MAX (OS)

We have to. Every night. And
besides, they deserve to die.

As the students head into the park, we see Max and Rita step
from the nearby shadows.

RITA

Maybe they're a little
confused, but that doesn't mean
they deserve to die.

MAX

We must feed Rita... or we die.

Liza stops at the fork in the path. She's gonna take the
road less traveled by. And you can bet your ass that'll
make all the difference.

LIZA

I'm gonna take the shortcut
through the park.

Vincent glances around nervously.

VINCENT

You shouldn't go through there
alone.

LIZA

(smiles)

You want to walk me?

VINCENT

Uh, not really, no.

Her smile fades. She pats her purse with confidence.

LIZA

It's okay. I've got
protection.

They do a little fakey kiss good-bye. And part ways.

MAX

Dinner is served.

Rita grasps his arm.

RITA

Don't do this.

MAX

I'm not going to. You are.

ON THE FOOTPATH

Liza walks briskly, humming a happy show tune to comfort
herself. Winds pick up. Trees sway. She hurries her walk.
Pulls MACE from her purse. Spins. Nothing.

LIZA

Just the wind.

She turns back. Max stands before her.
She wields her mace with a trembling hand.

LIZA

I have mace. I swear I'll use
it. But I want you to know...
I understand your people, how
you're chained down by the
oppression of the bourgeois.

MAX

Then you'll understand this.

In a flash, he morphs into vampire form.
ROARS like a lion. Strikes like a cobra.

FROM A DISTANCE, Rita looks on helplessly.

RITA

No...

She spins, running off through the park.

Max suddenly DROPS before her. Eyes, teeth, ears, evilly
distorted. The dazed girl in his arms. Blood running from
a slice in her neck.

MAX

Your turn, Rita.

We see the glimmer in Rita's eye, the insatiable hunger.
But her will is strong.

RITA

No! I won't do it.

MAX

You have to. You've already
begun. There's no turning
back.

RITA

Well, I'm not goin' forward.

Rita backs away, then turns and races into the busy street.
Still she hears Max's VOICE ECHOING through the night.

MAX (OS)

You can't run from the hunger,
Rita. There's no place you can
hide!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLY TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH - ALMOST DAWN

THRASHING WINDS whip dead leaves through the air. A dazed Rita passes under the merciful gaze of a statued Saint.

She strains toward the double doors of the church. But the closer she gets, the stronger the winds rage against her.

RITA

Our father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name, thy
kingdom come, thine will be
done, on earth as it is in
heaven.

With that, the church doors BLAST OPEN. Deafening winds tornado out amid a spray of WHITE HOT LIGHT. She raises her hand, shielding her tearful eyes from the blinding rays.

RITA

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY
BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR
TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE
WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.

The light and wind rage unbearably. But her will is strong.

RITA

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION
BUT DELIVER US... FROM EVIL!!!

With that, the winds blast her backward, tumbling across the church lawn into the cemetery. With the rest of the dead.

She tumbles to a stop at the foot of a large cross. Slowly scrapes to her knees, eyes filled with rage and calls out to the heavens.

RITA

HELP MEEEEEEEE!!!

TILT UP TO - THE BRILLIANT MOON

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BRILLIANT SUN - TILT DOWN ON

EXT. JULIUS'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Mazola and Silas smile politely to pretty young girls passing by. A skinny kid follows blaring RAP on a boom box.

MAZOLA

Yo junior, ya wanna turn that
shit down? How many times I
gotta tell ya!?

KID

Fuck off, old man.

Silas jumps up, gives him a swift kick in the ass. Radio
boy scurries on, glad to get a rise out of old Silas.

SILAS

C'mon back, grasshopper... I'll
Kwia Chang your little ass.

Silas takes on a karate stance. Goes through the motions.
Mazola just laughs. Justice and Zabo stride up.

SILAS

You see me boot that boy?
HWWA! I kicked his
motherfuckin' ass.

Justice holds up his badge. Silas straightens.

SILAS

Well, it was more of a tap
really. Just a graze.

JUSTICE

We're looking for Julius Jones.

The old men point upward in unison.

SILAS AND MAZOLA

Top floor.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIUS'S LOFT - SAME

Dark and musty. Julius sits alone at a dining table. Pours
sugar on a fat, twitching roach. Pops it in his mouth as...

BOOM! The door kicks open. Justice strides in, gun poised.

JUSTICE

Don't fucking breathe!

Gulp. Julius swallows the big bug.

JUSTICE

You Julius?

JULIUS
(points)
He justh leff.

Justice peers down to the little man's AIR JORDANS.
Zabo spies the coffin in the corner.

ZABO
There! We must hurry. We
don't have much time.

They stride to the coffin. Julius limps before them.

JULIUS
Believe me. You don't wanna
pith him off.

Justice pushes him back. He trips, tumbling into the piano.
Hitting his head with a dissident chord. One of his
eyeballs bounces out to the floor.

JULIUS
Thit! My eyeball! Watch your
thep, motherfucker! Watch your
thep!

The little guy scurries about looking for his eye.

Zabo pries the cross off the walking stick.
Hands the pointed shaft to Justice.

ZABO
Do not hesitate. Straight
through his black heart.

JUSTICE
Don't worry. I'm not gonna
lose Rita.

Justice and Zabo lock eyes. Ready. Justice rears back.
One, two... three! Zabo flips open the coffin. It's empty.

MAX (OS)
Looking for me?

Slowly they crane up.
Max stands above them on the chandelier.

MAX
You've already lost Rita. She
belongs to me now.

Justice recognizes him from the club.

JUSTICE

It's you.

MAX

It's Maximillian.

Zabo lifts the cross toward Max. He tears back, lashing out at the chandelier stem. The glass monstrosity rockets down. CRASHING on top of Zabo as...

Max lands before Justice. Eyes the stake in his hands. Suddenly it soars from his grip, stabbing into the wall.

MAX

Care to dance?

JUSTICE

Not on the first date.

Justice FIRES his gun, emptying it into Max's chest. The vampire blows back into the wall. Brick crumbles.

Then slowly, Max shakes it off. Strides toward Justice, spitting the bullets out one by one to the floor.

MAX

Over the centuries there've been many fools like you. And now they're dead. Yet I'm still here. Does that tell you anything?

Max strikes out, slashing Justice across the chest, sending him across the room SMASHING into the kitchen table.

Meanwhile, Julius's eye rolls about on the floor amid the commotion, just missing pounding feet. He can't get to it.

Zabo peers to the walking stick protruding from the wall, struggles to free himself from beneath the chandelier.

ZABO

Justice! Watch out!

Justice pulls another pistol from his leg holster. Points it at Max across the room.

In a blur, Max is right in front of him. The cop's throat in his claws. The cop's gun in his face. A stand off. Inches apart. Mano y mano. Of sorts.

MAX

Your bullets are useless.

JUSTICE

I know.

Justice pulls the trigger. It's a SQUIRT gun.

JUSTICE

But holy water's not.

The spraying liquid BURNS the beast like boiling acid.
The vampire reels back ROARING into...

The walking stick. Zabo PLUNGES the long stake through Max.
He bellows in pain. Looks down. It's in his stomach.
Max looks up with an evil glare.

MAX

You missed.

Max yanks the stick free. Spins it like Bruce Lee.
About to kill Zabo when...

BOOM! The attic door busts open. Mazola and Silas.

MAZOLA

Thought I said no damn dogs up
here!

They get a load of horrific Max.

MAZOLA AND SILAS

AAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Max peers their way. The door SLAMS in their faces.
When Max cranes back... Zabo's not there.

He's heaving a chair CRASHING through the window. The blind
shoots up, spraying Max in a wash of SUNLIGHT.

The vampire cringes with pain. Flails out, knocking Zabo to
the floor. And wheels away into the shadows.

Justice lifts the old man to his feet.

JUSTICE

You okay?

ZABO

Yes, but we must go. Now,
while we still can.

The waning sunlight leads a path through the room to the
door. Julius's eyeball in the path. He dives for it.

JULIUS

NO!

SPLAT. But Zabo accidentally steps on it on his way out.
Julius bows his head in defeat.

EXT./INT. THE CHARGER - DRIVING SHOT - MINUTES LATER

Justice and Zabo speed down a crowded avenue. Running stops
signs and red lights. Justice regards the auburn sky.

JUSTICE
It's almost sunset.

ZABO
You know, he'll go for Rita.
He needs her.

JUSTICE
Yeah... but so do I.

CUT TO:

INT. RITA'S APARTMENT - SUNDOWN

TIGHT ON - A LETTER ON A TABLE

Rays of the setting sun spill through the window, descending
down the white page as we read...

Dear Justice,

I know you can't understand
what or who I am. I don't
understand it myself. The only
thing I do understand is that
you mean more to me than you'll
ever know.

A TREMBLING HAND signs it...

Always, Rita

Rita wipes the tears from her tired eyes. She looks a bit
bedraggled, a bit possessed. She scoops up her gun.

Stares down the barrel.
Presses it to her forehead.
Cocks the trigger.

BAM! Someone bangs on the door. BAM-BAM!

JUSTICE (OS)
Rita! Open up!

She doesn't answer. Just grips the pistol tighter.
He bangs again.

JUSTICE (OS)
Rita, I know everything.
Please, let me help you.

RITA
Go away!

JUSTICE (OS)
Rita, please, let me in!

RITA
I'll hurt you Justice! Just
leave me alone!

He answers by KICKING in the door. She backpedals.
Justice looks to her tenderly. Zabo steps in behind him.

JUSTICE
I'm not leavin' you alone. I
told you... we're supposed to
look out for each other.

She points the gun at Justice.

RITA
Not anymore. There's nothing
you can do.

He reaches out his hand.

JUSTICE
Not without you. Please. I
won't let him take you.

She shudders with confusion.

JUSTICE
Rita... I need you.

With that, her eyes soften. And slowly, she lowers the gun,
reaches out as... Nikki strides out of her bedroom.

NIKKI
Her too?

JUSTICE
Nikki?

NIKKI
Girl, what's he selling you?

JUSTICE
Not now Nikki.

Rita tenses, regrips the gun, weighs the odds.

NIKKI

You gonna tell her, or am I?

JUSTICE

Tell her what?

NIKKI

Shall I refresh your memory?
Couple nights ago? You, me,
four hours of fuckin', two
bowls of Cocoa Puffs? And I
don't know which was sweeter.

JUSTICE

Rita, she's lying.

NIKKI

Nigger please. Why would I lie
about that?

Zabo notices beneath Nikki's door...
A thick puddle of BLOOD oozing out under the seam.

ZABO

Look!

Everyone turns. Except Nikki. She just shrugs.
And immediately MORPHS into Max.

(Alright, so this role won't be played by Max. We'll just
do the morph dissolve from whatever actress plays Nikki.)

And the El is back. ROARING as loud as ever.

Max wraps Rita in his arms. She struggles to break free.

RITA

JUSTICE!

MAX

I'll see myself out.

With that, he EXPLODES backwards out the window with Rita in
his arms. WINDS WHIRL through the open hole. The train
echoes LOUDER.

JUSTICE

RITA!!!!

Justice and Zabo dash to the sill.

DOWN BELOW the limo screeches off. We see Julius used the pimp's cash to overhaul his ride. Fuzzy dice. Tinted windows. Curb feelers. And a BOOMING stereo.

Justice stumbles back dizzily with that heights problem. Spins for the door. Zabo clutches him by the arm.

ZABO

You're no match for him!

JUSTICE

I have to try!

ZABO

You don't know where to start!

Justice notices the wind ruffling the cloth over her easel. He rips free the tarp, uncovering the nearly finished image.

JUSTICE

I think I do.

HOLD ON the surreal painting of...

A man holding a woman in his arms. Trapped in a web.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

The same harbor at which we began.
Cleaned up. Back in business.

The steel cables of the Brooklyn Bridge stretch like a spider's web in the background. Max steps before us with Rita in his arms. The exact image as in her painting.

Julius slams the trunk of the nearby limo. Jogs around with his little Samsonite. Limpes past them excitedly onto...

THE DOCK

A majestic old YACHT waits in a port berth. Max's coffin is already loaded onto the stern. The pimp's coffin beside it.

JULIUS

One of my cousin's workth's for
the owner. Guy's out of town
for...

MAX

Julius. Start the ship.

JULIUS

Yeah, boss.

Julius tosses his suitcase on board, hops on after it.

Max gently lays Rita down on the pier. The life force nearly drained from her. Her eyes flutter open.

MAX

You must feed... or you'll die.

RITA

I want to die.

He brushes the hair from her angelic face. We see a softness fill his dark eyes.

MAX

I won't let you.

Max looks up for potential victims.

AT THE NEXT DOCK OVER

Workers unload a shipment of crates off a freighter onto an eighteen wheeler. A gas boat floats along side filling the freighter's tank. But someone else comes along sooner.

VOICE (OS)

What the hell's goin' on over here?

Max smiles. It's our old friend, Avery.

AVERY

Girl sick?

Avery gets a closer view.

AVERY

Hey... I know you, you're that cop.

Avery cranes to Max. Finds his eyes lit with a fiery RED GLOW. And he sure as shit remembers those.

AVERY

Holy shit! It's you. The God damn woof-man!

Avery spins away until...

Max waves. The old man slides back into Max's grasp.

MAX

Not staying for dinner?

Max holds up his elongated fingernail. Cuts a thin slice in Avery's neck. Beads of blood stream down.

Rita tastes the air. Suddenly her eyes explode open. Glowing a dull red. She tries to fight the urge, but can't resist. Her lips tremble with hunger. Long fangs descend.

The old man's eyes widen in horror. He wriggles in vain, unable to speak.

MAX

It rides on the air like the
scent of a new born rose.
There's no taste sweeter than
life blood.

Rita rises, drawn by an irresistible force. Grips the old man. Eyes the veins in his neck. Moves in for the kill.

AVERY

Don't do it, baby! Don't do
it! You know me! We talked
right here!

A flicker of recognition. She stops as her fangs graze his skin. Her crazed eyes waver.

MAX

You must feed! Take him, Rita!
Now! Take him or I will!

Suddenly the spray of HEADLIGHTS washes over them.
The Charger rockets through the hazy fog.
Straight for them. Straight for the water.

INT. CHARGER - SAME

Justice grips the wheel. Zabo digs his nails in the dash.

ZABO

I don't suppose you're
stopping.

JUSTICE

Never been very good at that.

Startled, Rita tackles Avery out of the path as...

The Charger SLAMS into Max full speed!
But he latches onto the hood. Digs his claws into the
metal. Stares through the windshield with red feral hate.

JUSTICE

You're a dead man!

MAX

I'm used to it.

Max rears back with a claw. As he SMASHES through the windshield...

Justice and Zabo pop their doors and tumble out of the car. The Charger surges off the dock. Catapults through the air and... CRASHES atop the gas boat.

Kaboom.

Explodes in a white hot mushroom cloud of flames. Turning night into day. The fiery boat drifts out into the river.

ON THE PIER

The flames bathe Rita's stunned face in an eerie auburn glow. Justice rushes to her side, lifts her to her feet.

JUSTICE

Are you alright?

Avery scrapes up off the ground.

AVERY

Hell, no she ain't alright!
She got big ass monster fangs
and her eyes all wacky!

Zabo scampers up beside them. Walking stick in hand.

ZABO

We must hurry.

Justice lifts Rita to her feet. Zabo opens the limo door.

RITA

Where we goin'?

JUSTICE

I'm gettin' you the hell out of
Brooklyn.

Suddenly something catches Zabo's eye.

ZABO

Heaven help us.

ON THE FLAMING BOAT

Max rises to his feet. Engulfed in flame.

He dives into the river.

Burrows through the water toward us like a missile.

Then under the dock, planks rolling like dominoes.

Then through the earth, tunneling like a gopher.

And explodes through the pavement like a jack-in-the-box.

Burnt. Wet. Muddy. And thoroughly pissed off to find...
The limo is gone. Just a billowing cloud of smoke.
Max exhausts a deafening, animalistic ROAR of...

MAX
RITAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The limo rockets across the bridge. Doing 110 in a 35.
Swerving in and out of traffic.

Suddenly black boots crash onto the hood. Max peels the
roof off like a sardine can. Surprised to find...

Zabo's driving. And no one else in the car.

MAX
Where is she!?

Zabo's still got it floored. Calls out over the engine.

ZABO
Let the girl live!

MAX
Think I'd worry about you.

As Max lashes out at the old man, Zabo cranks the wheel.
The limo swerves. Nails the rail. Pops the curb and...

As it ROLLS UPSIDE DOWN, Max leaps onto the road, watching
it spin to a smokey stop. But senses that...

MAX
She's near.

Suddenly BRIGHT LIGHTS shine on ol' Maximillian.

THE EIGHTEEN WHEELER rockets straight for him. The same one
from the docks. Justice at the wheel. Rita beside him.
The walking stick between them.

Max leaps straight up over the truck...

Justice eyes the overturned limo before them.
Cranks the wheel. Just missing the car, but...
The eighteen wheeler jackknifes.
Flips on its side in a spray of SPARKS.
Slides fifty feet along the rail before meeting...

THE FAMED STONE ARCHWAY. Crunch.

The massive trailer spins. Crashes through the railing. Snaps steel cables. And finally slides to a stop.

Hanging halfway out over the bridge.

The front cab dangles out at the end looking face down. The dangling bridge cables sway in the thrashing winds.

INT. TRUCK CAB - SAME

Justice and Rita are mashed against the cracked windshield. Looking straight down. A half mile. Not the best place for someone afraid of heights.

JUSTICE
Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.

Rita's wrought with fatigue, but still coherent.

RITA
Hang on. We're gonna get outta here. I'm just gonna reach for the door.

Slowly she moves. WHOMP! The cab jolts forward. Rita shatters through the windshield. Clings to a wiper.

She hangs. Legs dangling.

RITA
Justice!!!!

Ever so slowly, he inches forward. Gets a glimpse of the drop. Scrunches back terrified.

JUSTICE
Oh God. I'm sorry, man. I'm sorry for ever doubtin' ya. Please. Just get us outta this shit, I promise I'll go to church every Sunday!

The wiper WRENCHES. Rita's hand slips.

RITA
JUSTICE!

JUSTICE
Alright. I'm coming. Shit.

Deep breath. Slowly, he cranes over the dash. Reaches down to help her. Only problem is... she's a fucking vampire.

The eyes, the ears, the teeth all distorted more horribly than before by the flood of emotions surging through her.

JUSTICE

Holy shit! Look at you!

Her hand slides. Tears streak down her cheeks.

RITA

Justice, please. Help me.

Their eyes connect. Slowly he reaches out as...

She falls.

He catches her hand. Palm to palm.

Hoists her back into the cab, into his arms.

No words are said. None are needed.

For a brief moment time stands still between them.

Until the truck MOANS forward.

They quickly punch out the back window. Justice pushes Rita up. Reaches back for the walking stick. Unsheathes the pointed stake. Climbs up...

ON TOP OF THE OVERTURNED TRAILER

Finding Max. Rita drops to her knees between them with exhaustion. Justice wields the ancient walking stick.

MAX

I can give her the world,
Justice. Riches. Powers.
Eternal life. Provide her with
a thousand gifts you never
could. Why would you deny her
that?

JUSTICE

Because... I love her.

That takes Max aback. A glimmer shines in Rita's red eyes.

MAX

And what makes you think I
don't?

And that takes Justice back.

JUSTICE

She doesn't belong in your
world. She's not a killer.

MAX

But she is. It's in her blood.

JUSTICE

But not in her heart.

The trailer teeters. Totters. Justice tenses.

JUSTICE

You'd give her a life filled
with death.

MAX

On the contrary, I'll give her
a death filled with life.

JUSTICE

Not if I can help it.

Justice lunges with the long stake.
Max spins clear.
Justice crashes to the truck.
And that's all it takes. The truck moans. Squeaks.
And gives.

The behemoth tips over the side of the bridge.

Rita spills off the side onto the pavement.
But Max and Justice go along for the ride until...
They each catch onto swinging steel cables.

BENEATH THE BRIDGE

Justice watches in horror as the truck spirals downward.
PLUNGING into the churning river. And disappears.

He looks up to find...
Max swinging at him on the steel cable.

Justice thinks fast. Hoists the stake above his head.

JUSTICE

DIE MOTHERFUCKER!

And as Max swings, before our eyes, he MORPHS into the
biggest, most horrific, grotesque beast you can possibly
imagine. Far beyond any form we saw him in earlier...

Twice his old size. Hugely muscular. Black scaly skin.
Long snarling fangs. Razor tip claws. Flowing black mane.

Utterly terrified, Justice lunges with all his courage...

But the monster catches the stick.

Now they hang together. Inches apart.
Saliva dripping from the beast's gruesome jaws.
Breath fogging into Justice's terrified face.

BEAST/MAX

Quite a view.

Max rips the stake from Justice's grasp.
Gravity swings them apart.

BEAST/MAX

Looks like you've lost your
stick.

But momentum brings them back.

JUSTICE

But not my faith.

With that, Justice reaches into his jacket. Pulls out the
removable top of the walking stick... the cross. The end
has been shaved into a lethal point.

The beast recoils, throwing his hands over his face.

BEAST/MAX

NOOOOOOOOO!!!

And Justice STABS the stake through the vampire's heart.

There's a blinding EXPLOSION OF LIGHT.
Fiery white sparks spray like fireworks through the night.

And the vampire is gone.

Justice looks down with shock as Max's empty black clothing
drops billowing into the mist below.

Relieved, he pockets the cross and climbs up the cable.
A HAND reaches down for him above, lifting him...

ONTO THE BRIDGE

It's Rita. Tears in her eyes. And beautiful once again.

RITA

Justice!

They embrace. Hold each other tight.

RITA

Don't let go of me.

JUSTICE

Don't worry. I'm never lettin'
go of you. Not ever again.

She pulls back, half smiles.

RITA

What about the job?

JUSTICE

Screw the job.

Zabo strides up beside them. Worse for the wear, but alive.
He takes one look at Rita and knows...

ZABO

He's gone. So the vampire in
her's gone too.

Justice moves to kiss Rita. Pauses. Turns to Zabo.

JUSTICE

You sure about that?

Zabo smiles.

ZABO

Cross my heart, hope to die.

As Justice and Rita kiss... PULL BACK from the bridge
revealing the peaceful, twinkling lights of Brooklyn.

RITA

You always got to be the hero,
don't you?

JUSTICE

Hey... I was just in the right
place at the right time.

And as Justice, Rita and Zabo stride off across the bridge,
we now see silhouetted in the glow of the full moon...

A certain yacht sailing out to sea.

FADE OUT