

The CROW

by

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based on a screenplay by

John Shirley

Based on the comic book

created, drawn, and written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - LATE
AFTERNOON

BOOM! A crack of lightning illuminates the silhouette of a
perched crow large in the f.g.

TIGHT ANGLE - FRESH GRAVE

As a spade
smooths the walls of a new double-decker plot.

DIMITRI (O.S.)
We're
losing the light; let's pack

it in.

ANGLE - DIMITRI AND ALEXI

TWO

GRAVEDIGGERS. Scoop digger parked f.g. towering gothic-style church
b.g. Rolls of astro turf. They look up toward the sky.

ALEXI

Snow,
maybe?

DIMITRI

What, you gonna ski on this?

He indicates the mound
of fresh dirt. Spits into the grave.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

Come on, let's
bag this. It's
beer time.

Alexi nods and unfurls the tarp over the dirt.

LOW ANGLE TRACKING SHOT - FLOWERS ON GRAVES

As we MOVE alongside
a pair of canvas-sided combat boots, as the
wearer collects the most
lively flowers from each grave in
sequence.

TIGHT ANGLE - THE CROW

Cemetery DEFOCUSED b.g. Large, glossy-black, the bird follows
the arc of
movement in the previous shot. Ruffles its feathers
as it begins to
sprinkle rain.

ANGLE - ELLY - RESUMING HER MOTION

A dirty-blondish
tenement KID of eleven, clad in a blend of cast-
offs and hand-me-downs;
her version of street punk chic. She
totes a skateboard under one arm
(itself a berserk Jackson
Pollock chaos of band stickers, silver marker
and graffiti, with
day-glo wheels), and transfers her impromptu bouquet
so she may
unzip a flap and hike up a ragged hood against the rain. She
stops to watch the grave diggers pack up and EXIT b.g.

ELLY

Guess the
picnic got rained out.

She looks down o.s. at --

ANGLE - SHELLY
WEBSTER'S GRAVE

as Elly places the gathered flowers down. Almost
reverent.

RESUME CROW ANGLE - ELLY B.G.

as Elly takes a single white
rose and places it atop the grave
near Shelly Webster's.

ANGLE ON GRAVE
- AS ELLY LEAVES

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

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - CROW'S EYE

It
blinks in its alien way.

WITH THE CROW

as it takes wing from it's
unseen perch. Lands atop Eric's
headstone. It pecks tentatively at the
top of the monument.

ANGLE - ELLY NEAR ERIC'S GRAVE

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

ELLY
Oh, scary.

The bird blinks
at her from the headstone.

ELLY
What are you, like, the night

watchman?

Another blink from El Birdo.

CAMERA WITH ELLY - BOOMING BACK
HIGH

as she exits the iron gates of the cemetery without looking
back.

Brutal building facades, like dead eyes, and bad
alleyways, like hungry
mouths, are gradually revealed as we
continue PULLING BACK to unveil that
the cemetery is smack in
the middle of the city.

EXT. MAXI-DOGS -
TWILIGHT - RAIN CONTINUES

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

MICKEY (O.S.)

What this place needs is a good
natural
catastrophe. Earthquake,
tornado...

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AND MICKEY

ALBRECHT is a black beat cop, 35, in a rain slicker.

MICKEY is the
grease-aproned entrepreneur of MAXI DOGS, a steamy
open-front fast
foodery.

ALBRECHT

You gotta put the mustard
underneath first.

MICKEY

Maybe a flood, like in the Bible.

ALBRECHT

Here, let me do
it.

He grabs the dog from Mickey. Mickey puffs his cigar while he
cooks. Albrecht methodically spreads a napkin and performs
surgery on
the hot dog, coating the bun with mustard, rolling
the dog in the bun.
Flashes Mickey a "gimme" look.

ALBRECHT

Come on... onion. Don't
cheap
out on me. Lotta onions.

MOVING ANGLE - AS ELLY SKATEBOARDS
TOWARDS MAXI DOGS

MICKEY

Heyyy -- it's the Elly monster.

ALBRECHT

How do you ride that thing on a
wet street?

ELLY

Talent. Hi.

ALBRECHT

Care for a hot dog?

ELLY

You buying?

ALBRECHT

I'm
buying.

Elly grabs the stool next to Albrecht. They've done this routine before.

ELLY

No onions though, okay?

ALBRECHT

(horror)

No onions?

ELLY

They make you fart.

Mickey laughs. Spots
Elly a Coke.

MICKEY

What's goin' on, Elly?

ELLY

I went to see a
friend of mine.

MICKEY

Well, how's your friend?

ELLY

She's still
dead.

Albrecht and Mickey exchange a look re: Elly's matter-of-factness.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT (RAIN)

Thunder KABOOMS o.s. The crow pecks the top of the stone again and a chip of granite flies off, bang!

EXTREME CLOSE - THE HEADSTONE

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

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

A dot of blood on its ebony beak.

LOW ANGLE - HEADSTONE

A thin, watery trickle of blood wanders from the top of the stone towards the earth. Rain does not interfere. Lightning plays in the rolling cloud cover, b.g.

RESUME THE CROW

as it takes off
from the gravestone, into the rain.

CLOSE-UP - THE BLOOD

It slowly
fills the name Eric Draven into the rock.

CLOSE-UP - FOOT TAPPER

A LOW
ANGLE like the SHOT introducing Elly's boot. This time
we see cowboy
boots, leather chaps. The foot taps. Waiting.

MEDIUM ANGLE - THE FOOT
TAPPER

as lightning strikes. Just enough for us to see a figure in a
long duster and a cowboy hat.

RESUME ERIC'S HEADSTONE

DRAVEN fills with
blood. Blood continues groundward.

NEW ANGLE - THE FOOT TAPPER

Turning
to meet FRAME as the crow alights on his outstretched
arm. This is the
SKULL COWBOY. We glimpse the death's head,
beneath the brim of the cowboy
hat.

RESUME ERIC'S GRAVE

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

TIGHT ANGLE - THE CROW

shaking off rain. Watching intently.

CLOSE-UP - THE SKULL COWBOY'S FREE HAND

Black gloved. It walks a flat
silver throwing knife across it's
knuckles, like a quarter somersaulting.

RESUME ERIC'S GRAVE

The turf stirs beneath the white rose. Magically, a
slim white
parts the earth to grasp the rose.

SKULL COWBOY POV - ERIC'S
GRAVE

as the figure of Eric Draven stands up from behind his own
headstone.

LOW ANGLE (FROM GRAVE) - ERIC

Pale. Clad in cerements:
cheap black burial suit, slit open in
back. White shirt. A nothing
tie. No shoes. Rain sluices mud
from his upturned face. He looks to
the sky. Lightning.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FOLLOW ERIC

as he weaves to lean
against a nearby tree. Looks o.s.

ERIC's POV - THE SKULL COWBOY

water-blurred, through the rain, standing with the crow perched
on his
arm like a hunting falcon. He releases it and it flies
to the tree.

ANGLE - ERIC

Watching this. Wipes mud from his eyes, tries to clear
vision.
The crow lights in the tree and they meet eye-to-eye. Eric
looks
back o.s. and we RACK to include the Skull Cowboy.

ERIC

What the hell
are you?

SKULL COWBOY

Interested? Follow the crow.

NB. The Skull
Cowboy speaks in nicely distorted, buzzlike
charnal house whisper.
Unsettling and hackle-raising.

Eric turns back to the bird, which takes
wing in the rain, His
eyes follow it. He looks back, disoriented,
doubtful, but the
Skull Cowboy is gone.

LOW DEEP ANGLE - THE CROW

Taking wing in the rain, showing the way.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ERIC

alone in
the cemetery. After a moments hesitation, he lurches
off, following the
crow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARCADE GAMES SUPPLY OFFICE - NIGHT - TO
ESTABLISH:

A candy-flaked muscle T-bird is parked at the curb.

INT.

ARCADE GAMES SUPPLY OFFICE - NIGHT

A MOVING SHOT during o.s. lines.
Past dead video and pinball
devices. Pasta desk with an open briefcase,
coffee cup,
ashtray -- someone was just there. Then past a WOMAN,
trussed
with duct tape to her office chair, gagged, hot fear in her
darting eyes.

COMPLETE CAMERA MOVE to include SKANK, a blade-thin speed
freak
with pattern baldness, always loud, jittery, a manic dust puppy.

And T-BIRD, an arrogant Arayan, brush-cut iron pumper, who is
prepping an
incendiary. He exhibits a small squeeze bottle of
arson cocktail to
Skank.

T-BIRD

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

to the bottom.

INSERT A CLOSE-UP of the bomb in his hands as he works.
Silver
canisters, an LED timer, wires.

T-BIRD (CONT'D)

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

He CLICKS a switch. PEEP. LED countdown blurs.

T-BIRD (CONT'D)

We're ready to rock.

Skank notices the captive woman's
handbag on the floor. Picks
it up. Looks through it for valuables.

SKANK

What about working girl?

INTERCUT the woman's increasingly
horrified reactions.

T-BIRD

What about her?

SKANK

I say we leave
her here to fry,
man.

T-Bird looks casually at the woman. Smiles
hideously.

T-BIRD

No. Let's take her with us.

ANGLE - THE WOMAN

Her eyes bug in a terrified NO!

EXT. STREET - MOVING - NIGHT

As the
T-Bird fishtails wildly around the corner and eats street.

INT. T-BIRD

- TRAVELLING - NIGHT

TB drives. One eye on his digital watch (doing an
equally
fast countdown). Skank wrestles their captive, the woman, in
the
back seat.

TB

(pissed off)

Skank, shut her the fuck up!

SKank

punches her and she sags. Then he looks forward.

SKANK

Whoaaa --

T-Bird, red light, red
light!

EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR MAXI-DOGS -
NIGHT

As the T-Bird slews wide, cutting sidewalk, scattering
nightwalkers, immediately attracting everybody's attention.

ANGLE -

ALBRECHT - AT MAXI-DOGS

Reacting, with a mouthful.

ALBRECHT

Goddammit.

Mickey grabs the counter phone instantly.

MICKEY

Call it
in?

Albrecht is off and running for the corner already.

ALBRECHT

Yeah, do it!

(to Elly)
Stay right there!

HOLD ON MICKEY. He
points at Albrecht's hot dog. Yecch.

MICKEY
(yelling after)

You want I should save this for
you?

EXT. MOUTH OF ALLEY ACROSS FROM
CEMETERY - NIGHT

The car slides to a nose-down panic stop.

SKANK

(O.S.)

Dump her, man, dump her!

The woman comes tumbling from the car,
which blasts off with a
war hoop from the guys inside.

ANGLE - CORNER -
ON ALBRECHT

Gun out, hauling ass on wet pavement. Aims at the departing
car. Gives it up. Still too far away. Pedestrians in the way.

ANGLE -
THE WOMAN

hurting, cut, bleeding, tottering toward the dumpster. Duct
tape
stuck to her face but cut away around her mouth. With her as
she
falls into the alley darkness... straight into the arms of

CLOSE

TWO-SHOT - ERIC AND THE WOMAN

Their eyes lock. Eric stiffens with his
first FLASH.

NB: Eric's flashes of past memory are conditioned by the
nature
of things with which he makes physical contact. Hints and

fragments in fierce, super-saturated COLOR. Puzzle pieces he
must
assemble. Each flash keyed by a BLOWBACK NOISE and
accompanied by a
degree of pain. It hurts to remember.

FLASH: INT. T-BIRD - WOMAN'S

STRUGGLE

The faces of Skank and T-Bird are murky, ephemeral, their voices hideous, distorted echoes. A knife snaps open. We see the blade. Blood. Skank hits her, pow! and --

FLASH ENDS.

ANOTHER ANGLE
- ERIC AND WOMAN

An airborne crow POV spiralling up and away from them.

MATCH WITH:

ANGLE - THE CROW

perched on a fire escape, high above, watching and waiting.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC AND WOMAN

She fades. He lets her drop away, horrified. And staggers back into the cover of the alley. Her blood is on his hands.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT RUNNING

Skidding in, spotting the woman. Kneeling to her.

ALBRECHT

Here now! You're gonna be okay!
Can you understand me? I'm a police officer...

The woman is no longer in pain. Deathly calm now.

WOMAN

He touched me and it stopped. The pain.

ALBRECHT

What did you say?

WOMAN

I saw a ghost...

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

ALBRECHT

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

HIGH ANGLE CROW POV - THE ALLEY

BOOMING BACK from Albrecht, the woman,
onlookers, as police
units screech up to assist.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND
ARCADES GAMES SUPPLY HOUSE - ON ERIC - NIGHT

Eric in lurching flight,
panting. Stops and steadies against
the wall across from the backside of
Arcade Games.

ANGLE - THE CROW (FLYING)

Circling, then lighting on the
fire escape above Eric.

BACK WINDOWS OF ARCADE GAMES - ("CROWVISION")

"CROWVISION" is what the crow "gives" Eric to see. Visually
distinct
and immediately identifiable.

ERIC'S POV - BACK WINDOWS OF ARCADE GAMES

Which he's already seen through the crow's eyes.

ANGLE - ERIC

looking
up at the crow. Disoriented. Doesn't understand.
Suddenly he cottons,
and covers his eyes just in time to shield
from:

ANGLE - BACK OF ARCADE
GAMES

The rear windows EXPLODING outward in a spray of fire and
debris.

ANGLE - WITH ERIC

he reels back, crashes into a dumpster. Falls.

ANGLE
- THE CROW

landing on the dumpsters edge near a pair of discarded combat
boots in the trash. Flames.

LOW ANGLE - ERIC

The blood from his hands
mars his burial shirt. He tears the
shirt away, leaving his tie absurdly
intact. Wipes his face
with his shirt. Discards it. Stops, held by his
discovery --

PUSH IN ON ERIC

as his fingers explore the five puckered
bullet punctures in his
chest. Almost a circle. Comically, he feels his
back foe exit
wounds. Then hauls himself upright, coming level with the
crow.
His glance at the bird is almost accusatory.

ANGLE - THE CROW

Inscrutable. We should get the idea that some silent
communication is
taking place.

ANGLE - ERIC'S FEET

bare, muddied, frozen. TILT to
Eric. His gaze moves from the
crow to the boots in the trash. He grabs
them, pushes them onto
his bare feet. His eyes catch the firelight.
Distant o.s.
SIRENS

ERIC
Fire. In the rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT.
CLUB TRASH - NIGHT

We are now within the neon techno-depths of Club
Trash. The BG
music is hard, savage, primal: a doom-laden Radio
Werewolf band
rules. Cabaret Blitzkrieg, packed with Death-to-Yup

trendazoids. We'll see more of this circus later. Right now
the BG
SOUND is our biggest clue to the flavor of this
establishment since we
are --

TIGHT CLOSE-UP A FRAMED 8X10

Thinly filmed in dust, mounted
among dozens of other band shots.
Visible among the posed members of a
group called Diabolique is
Eric, wielding guitar on the club stage. ND
BLUR as people
CROSS FRAME.

GRANGE, 45-50, powerful, a seasoned
assassin, cruel but loyal.
His facade remains stony as he leads three
other men briskly
down the corridor.: NGO NWA, 50ish, clad Chinese
gangster style
- white topcoat, white scarf, tinted shades - and two body
guards
supplying a power perimeter around him, lean, dark-haired Asian

killers who would gladly die for Ngo Nwa, which they will in just a minute.

They have just passed the Diabolique 8X10. Ngo Nwa's gloved fingers, in passing, leave little skid tracks in the dust that clear the eyes of Eric in the photo.

As the foursome reaches the DOOR, Grange turns doubtfully -- suspiciously -- to Nwa.

NGO NWA

He will see me... unannounced.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE DOOR

As Grange keys in the enter code the door hisses open. Without a word, Nwa passes inside and the door is pulled shut in Grange's face by the Bodyguards, who post themselves to either side.

INT. LAO'S NIGHTCLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

The door CLOSES and the BG NOISE is GONE. Through a large window (mirrored on the club side) all sorts of activity is visible through automatic mini-blinds. A fly-vision bank of 12 TV monitors is hot with surveillance.

LAO, a painfully clean-cut, Armani-clad Asian, impeccable, almost dashing, but the dynamic here is crystal clear: Nwa is the King: Lao, the dark prince in this hierarchy.

At the desk, Lao is startled from his contemplation of a tiny, perfect rat skeleton by Ngo Nwa's unheralded entry. The desktop is bare except for and Arcane Vietnamese fighting knife, half a meter long with an ideogrammed blade, dramatically positioned beneath an Artemide lamp. Lao rises and feigns servility.

NB: The following exchange will play FAST, and entirely in VIETNAMESE.

LAO

(formal greeting)

NWA

(dismissiveness, contempt, then

chastizing anger as:)

Nwa INDICATES the blade with some ridicule.

LAO

(phony assuagement)

NWA

(knows it's bullshit)

Lao turns, staring out
the blinds, fighting for control. Deep
breath. He turns back to his
"master." Nwa gestures broadly at
the opulent office, indicating that
Lao should be grateful, but
is somehow errant

NWA

(respect is
required)

LAO

(begrudging agreement)

Lao sees the blade. An idea.
He lifts it reverently, bears it
the Nwa hilt-first in both hands, as if
bestowing a thing of
immeasurable worth.

NGO NWA

(why give me this?)

Nonetheless, Nwa accepts the blade. It gleams. Hypnotic. Even
Nwa has
to admire it. Turns it so the blade is pointed at his
sternum. His
attitude indicates Lao is too far away to do
anything untoward.

LAO

(sinister punchline)

Lao spins through the air and HEEL-KICKS the blade
THROUGH Nwa's
chest, pinning him to the door. It's over so fast the gasp
of
astonishment never escapes Nwa. Lao is much more than merely
treacherous, he is extremely capable.

LAO

(in perfect English)

When I spoke of an offering, I
didn't mean an offering to you.

INT.

CORRIDOR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Grange, standing out of arm's reach in the corridor, kills both Bodyguards with a double headshot as they turn in greeting as the door OPENS.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CORRIDOR - LAO, GRANGE, AND CORPSES

Lao exchanges a look with his right arm; Grange nods affirmatively.

GRANGE

You gonna smoke his bones now, or however it is you do it?

Lao smiles indulgently. He wipes the blood from the blade on the jacket of his ex-lord. Lao now bows to no one.

EXT. FIRE

ESCAPE - ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT

Eric, wearing the combat boots, climbs as the crow leads him. Up. He jams his hand on a rusty wedge of metal. Ouch.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S PALM

Blood flows from the gash. He vises his fist shut.

ANGLE - ERIC ON FIRE ESCAPE

Eye-to-eye with the crow. Opens his hand.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S PALM

The blood flows back into the wound, which closes itself, leaving another scar.

ANGLE - ERIC

Vising the rail. Speaks to the night. Almost a mantra.

ERIC

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

(to crow)

Am I alive? Am I dead? Something else? Something in between?

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

Inscrutable. No answer here.

RESUME ERIC

Almost bemused. Steadier. A hint of friendliness.

ERIC

Thanks for
sharing that.

ETC. GIDEON`S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

As the T-Bird grumbles
tp park curbside. Menacing.

INT. GIDEON'S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

A
junkyard of loot and dusty discards. Junkie thievings and
other people's
stereos. Behind a wire-meshed security counter
GIDEON reads a racing
form, chain-smoking throughout the scene. He
is pear-shaped, stubbled,
unkempt. Food on his shirt. JINGLE
of doorbells. Gideon lowers his
paper to reveal Skank and
T-Bird on approach.

GIDEON

Ahhh, Jesus,
the creatures of the
night, here they come. Tweedledum
and
Tweedledummer.

Skank riles

SKANK

Hey, blow me, fat boy!

Just as
quick, Gideon cocks and levels a Magnum at Skank.

GIDEON

Blow
yourself, bigmouth.

T-BIRD

(interposing)

Whoa, hey, whoa.

(hands up)

Business.

He lifts a small carton onto the counter.

GIDEON

Whatcha got?

NEW ANGLE - COUNTER

Transaction time. T-Bird
passes items through the screen slot
and Gideon gives each one cursory,
doubtful inspection.

T-BIRD
Coupla more rings... 24k.

GIDEON
18k.
Crap.

T-BIRD
...necklace... pearls...

GIDEON
Nineteen bucks at
Sears. Fake,

T-BIRD
Leather purse...

He hands though the bag rested
from the woman.

GIDEON
What's this -- a little, ah,
bloodstain,
right?

(doesn't matter)
Fifty bucks for the box, and I'm
doin'
you a --

T-BIRD
Yeah, I know, fatso. Do us all a
favor. Make Top
Dollar smile.

SKANK
You wouldn't want Top Dollar not
to smile.

Mention of Top Dollar clams Gideon efficiently up. He hands
over the
cash to T-Bird with a grimace.

EXT. ROOFTOP - ON ERIC - NIGHT

Eric
stares upward at the crow as it drops like a bomber from
the night sky,
flying past him, skimming the roof, leading him
on. Eric exhales,
shrugs, feeling mocked by the bird.

ERIC
All right.

And he takes off
on a run. Only to stumble and fall. But the
falls turns into a TUMBLING

ROLL that lands Eric back on his feet still moving. He looks back as if to ask: "Did I do that?" and runs out of the frame.

ANOTHER ANGLE -
PICKING UP ERIC ON THE RUN.

as he squints towards the crow and does his best to keep up.
TRACK WITH HIM to the edge of the roof, heavily misted in rain.

He jumps a negligible gap to the next lower roof. The next roof-top is a one-story jump down. Eric clears the jump with a WOOF of air. Keeping his eyes on the flying crow; gaining strength. His next leap is more like a broad-jump. Athletic.

FAST MOVING ANGLE - THE CROW
keeping airborne, keeping ahead.

MOVING ANGLE - ERIC
Eyes confidently on the sky as he arches out into space...

UP ANGLE FROM STREET -
BUILDINGS

As Eric is seen to jump across the gap at least three stories up where there is no connecting building.

CLOSE ANGLE - TARGET BUILDING
LEDGE

as Eric smashes into it, just missing, hinging at the waist, grabbing for purchase, suddenly panicked, gravity pulling him downward.

ANGLE - AT ERIC FROM PHONE CABLE BRACKET

Eric falls but manages to grab the bracket one-handed. He hangs for another deadly moment, then slowly, to his own astonishment, executes a one-handed pull-up that will save his ass.

ERIC
Gotcha.

He completes the pull-up, bringing his chin level with the ledge. As he reaches for it with his other hand the bracket rips from the wall and Eric plummets, with a howl of defeat.

UP ANGLE
FROM STREET - ERIC'S DOWNFALL

It's a looooooong way down.

ANGLE -
ALLEYWAY

as Eric lands and splits a trash can in two. A beat as we wonder if any bones are left unpulped. PUSH IN as Eric rolls from facedown to his back.

TIGHT SHOT - ERIC'S FACE

as he completes the roll, gasping, amazed he's still in one piece.

ANGLE - TRASHCAN - ON
THE CROW

It flies easily down to inspect Eric as he slowly sits up, examining his hands. Frustrated and pissed off.

ERIC
Thanks.

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

Not "your welcome", but other-worldly patience. It waits.

RESUME ERIC

ERIC (CONT'D)
Where're we going next -- the

sewer?

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Still, dark silence until Eric lands from ABOVE FRAME, feline. The crow lands simultaneously b.g., perched near a roof access door with a shaded, dim-yellow bulb.

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

It just blinks at him.

INT. ABANDONED STAIRWELL - NIGHT

as Eric yanks open the rusty rooftop door from the outside and sweeps down the steps in a swirl of night mist

ANGLE - FOOT OF STAIRS

Trash and detritus all around, clogging the arteries of the

building, which is old, unoccupied,
forsaken. The crow lights
on a scarred banister knob. Eric's footsteps
come down into frame.

ANGLE ON LOFT DOOR - INCLUDE ERIC

A year ago this
door was sealed with police barricade tape...
which now sags, faded.

A
sticker across the jam notifies potential trespassers that
this is -- was
-- a crime scene. Eric slows, stops, his hand
on the banister.

ANGLE -
THE CROW

as is wafts ahead of Eric, arriving at the door first.

ANGLE
ON ERIC, THE DOOR, THE CROW

Eric has had enough.

ERIC
Are we
finished yet?

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S HAND ON BANISTER

sliding along, as he
speaks, until it hits a cigarette burn.

PUSH IN ON ERIC - TIGHT

stiffening as he suffers his second --

FLASH: IMAGES and DIALOG are not
linked. A rapidfire MONTAGE set
in the loft, a year earlier (it is
decorated for Halloween).
The broken door. The stairwell is filled with
cops and cop
noise; lab guys bustle. Albrecht is there, making notes as
a
DETECTIVE steps over to him.

ALBRECHT
Victim's name is Shelly
Webster.
The guy who got tossed is, uh ...--
(checks his notebook)

Albrecht grinds out his smoke on the banister.

FLASH ENDS.

RESUME
ERIC ON THE STAIRS.

He sits down hard, hurting from the flash. His eyes

seek the
crow. He completes Albrecht's line:

ERIC
"Draven, Eric."

EXT. THE PIT - NIGHT

LOW DOLLY of Elly's little combat boots moving
toward the
entryway of the pit. MUSIC gradually UP LOUDER O.s. as she
nears.

ANGLE - ELLY IN DOORWAY

Luridly-lit. A grown-up's place. A
burly BOUNCER appraises
her, his tone jokey. He knows Elly.

BOUNCER

Hey! You got any ID?

ELLY
Very funny. Ha. Ha. Oh my,
sides.

The
Bouncer jerks a thumb. Go on in.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

A grungy
sawdust-floored shot-and-beer joint packed tight
with urban BURNOUTS
rushing to drink their lives away. Hammering
MUSIC and rude whorehouse
lighting. Each predator straining to
be badder than the next.

TRACK

THROUGH this maze at Elly's eye level until we reach
DARLA, waitressing
her heart out, the drug mileage on her
obvious.

ELLY
Mom --?

DARLA

I told you you're not supposed
to come in here.

ELLY
(a
quick lie)
I lost my key.

Disgustedly -- goddamn kids -- Darla fishes
up a key and slaps
it into Elly's hand.

FUNBOY (O.S.)

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

DARLA
(to Elly)

Out. Now. I gotta work.

RACK PAST Darla and MOVE IN CLOSE on a corner
table -- where sit
Funboy, Skank, T-Bird and a black, vested muscle
gypsy, TIN-TIN.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

As Eric shoves the door open from
the outside. The lock, popped
from the frame, spins on the wooden floor.
The barrier tape
whisps and dust roils. Dark, chilly, damp. A rat's
nest of
disuse.

PULL BACK THROUGH THE BROKEN PICTURE WINDOW

as Eric
enters. Glass blown out. Shards poking. Jagged.

NEW ANGLE - AS ERIC
WALKS IN

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

ERIC'S POV - FLOOR NEAR WINDOW

A white, long-haired cat walks into a
pool of night light.

ANGLE - ERIC AND THE CAT

He kneels. Extends his
hand. The cat nears; likes Eric.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S HAND.

as the cat
makes contact. Sudden white jolt - a FLASH.

FLASH: we HEAR Eric
strumming his Strat o.s. We see what he
saw: Shelly, holding the cat.

FLASH ENDS.

UP ANGLE - ERIC

Wincing. Recovering from the flash. He
purposefully gathers
the cat into his arms and braces for more, harder,
stronger...

FLASH: A MAN and a WOMAN make love on a big bed amidst a hundred points of candlelight. Shelly and Eric, once upon a time.

FLASH ENDS.

REVERSE ANGLE FROM BEDROOM DOOR - ON ERIC

as the cat,
dropped, hits the floor and scrambles out of the way.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC

vising his head, teary-eyed, his nose bleeding.

ERIC

No! Don't look!

No! No!

He whirls unexpectedly and punches his fist completely through
the masonry wall.

FLASH: Eric and Shelly in a mock waltz. He spins her
and they
collapse on the bed.

FLASH ENDS.

ANGLE - ERIC

slowly
pulling his arm out of the wall.

ERIC

(whispering)

Stop it.

His eyes roll up and he slumps the length of the door frame like
a
drowning man.

ANGLE - GABRIEL

watching Eric. He hits with an o.s.
THUD.

INT. THE PIT - ON FUNBOY'S TABLE - NIGHT

As a gloved hand sets
up four bullets next to four shots.

FUNBOY (O.S.)

Let's have some
fun.

Funboy pops the bullet, like a contact capsule and washes it down.

T-Bird turns to Tin-Tin, the new guy.

T-BIRD

You first.

TIN-TIN

You're outta your fuckin' mind.

Into it, almost jazzed, Tin-Tin downs
his bullet and shot, and
T-Bird does likewise. Points to Skank.

T-BIRD

No. I'm not the lunatic. He is.

Skank riles, pulls a huge Auto
Mag and sticks it in T-Bird's
face, cocking.

SKANK

Fuck you, T-Bird.

Just as lightning fast, T-Bird has his own gun out and jammed
right under
Skank's jawbone. He makes a kissy face.

T-BIRD

I love you too, you
madman.

They all crack up laughing like ax murderers. Skank drinks,

Tin-Tin spot checks the satchell from Top Dollar's. Darla
delivers more
shots and funboy feels her ass.

FUNBOY

Hey, pussycat.

INT. LOFT -

DOWN ANGLE (CROW POV) - ERIC ON FLOOR

He's awake. Pushes himself up.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE CROW

Is perched in a dead light fixture, monitoring
Eric.

ANGLE - ERIC ON FLOOR

He's awake. Pushes himself up. Realizes
he is in the center of a
faint chalk outline on the hardwood floor. He
reaches to touch
the dark stain of old blood.

FLASH: Shelly spills into
frame, mouth bloodied. T-Bird
instantly on top of her, rough.

FLASH

ENDS.

ANGLE - WITH ERIC

as he abandons the outline and staggers to the
window... where

he cuts open his hand on jags of glass.

FLASH: Eric
held firm in the grasp of T-Bird and Funboy, one
arm each. Five bloody
bullet holes in Eric's chest.

The thugs 1-2-3 and hurl Eric backwards
through the window,
which shatters.

FLASH ENDS.

ANGLE - ERIC AT THE
WINDOW

Reeling backward, same trajectory as in the Flash, but toward
the
floor, in SLO-MO. Overloaded. Blacking out.

AS ERIC FALLS - INTERCUT
MONTAGE

A jumble of good/bad images from the loft: Tin-Tin embedding a
page of paper in the loft wall with a throwing knife...
Shelly's face as
she lights a candle... a POPPING champagne
cork... the echoing CANNONADE
of the shots that killed Eric...
Skank backhanding Shelly... Shelly
blowing bubbles from a
clawfoot tub full of suds... Eric catching
Funboy's first slug
high in the chest... NEW ANGLE of the glass in the
window
blowing out as T-Bird and Funboy through Eric through...

ANGLE -
ERIC'S REAL TIME FALL

He plummets to BLACK OUT FRAME. THUMP. Out cold.

INT. PIT - RESUMING FUNBOY'S TABLE - NIGHT

Funboy contemplates his drink
as the previous scene reverbs.

FUNBOY
More fun than a torture
chamber.

Tin-Tin's pocket pager goes BEEP and startles them all. Skank
nearly shoots it, jumpy. Tin-Tin pulls back on a black leather
trenchcoat after clicking off the pager.

TIN-TIN
I hate this goddamn
thing...

ANGLE - DARLA watching them from a distance as Tin exits.

INT. LOFT - FLOOR LEVEL - NIGHT

An enormous cockroach trundles past,
large in FRAME. RACK to
show Eric lying on floor b.g. as his eyes pop
open. A flurry of
dark motion as the crow flies past frame.

ANGLE --

THE CROW -- Having snatched the bug in it's beak. Eats
it.

ANGLE - ERIC

rising from the floor. Careful. Stealthy. Watches his fireplace.

ERIC

We have company.

ANGLE ON FIREPLACE

Huge. Marble. COLD. Eric's
paper mache masks of Comedy and
Tragedy still hang there. The Skull
Cowboy steps out of the
dark and into the vague blue light. Shadowy as
ever.

SKULL COWBOY

Having fun yet? No?

(beat)

I'll give you a
hint. Remember
whatshername?

ERIC

Shelly?

SKULL COWBOY

Miss
her?

ERIC

Yes.

SKULL COWBOY

Kill the men who killed you both,

and the Day of the Dead will be
your reunion.

The Skull Cowboy
prestidigitates a flat throwing knife (like Tin-
Tin's). Eric's gaze
follow it closely.

SKULL COWBOY (CONT'D)

You must use your eyes.

He

points to the crow.

ANGLE - THE COMING KNIFE - ("CROWVISION")

Weirdly
distorted, a shared vision between Eric and the crow.

TIGHT ON ERIC

As
he DUCKS out of the path of the knife he sees through the
bird's eyes.
He rolls.

ON THE CROW

It hops out of the way as the knife embeds in the
wall. Eric's
ROLL finishes him up nearby.

ERIC
Goddammit.

He grabs
for the knife as if to use it on the Skull Cowboy, but
the knife causes
an unexpected painful FLASH.

FLASH: Eric bouncing off the bedroom
doorframe, Tin-Tin's knife
stuck in his shoulder.

FLASH ENDS.

RESUME
ERIC

vising his head with his hands, in pain. Too much pain.

SKULL
COWBOY
Get it?

ERIC
Leave me alone -- !

He looks up, the Skull
Cowboy is still there.

SKULL COWBOY
(contempt)
Do something
about it.
ANOTHER ANGLE - ERIC AND THE SKULL COWBOY.

A horrible beat
between them. The Eric runs full tilt across
the room, bounding to the
open window and then leaping.

ANGLE - SKULL COWBOY

as close to surprise
as he gets. Steps out to watch as --

ANGLE ON WINDOW - ERIC

FLIES feet
first out into space.

CLOSE-UP - BRICKWORK ABOVE WINDOWFRAME

Eric's
fingers smash into grip the tiny mortared gaps!

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - UP
ANGLE FROM STREET - NIGHT

High above, Eric's feet shoot out the window,
knocking loose
stray shards that fall toward frame. He swings into an
upside-
down pose, impossibly holding himself rigid against the
building's side, face down. by his quarter-inch finger grip.

CLOSE-UP -
ERIC

Every muscle rigid, quivering with tension. Hold. Then he
relaxes, and swings back inside.

INT. LOFT - AT WINDOW, PICKING UP ERIC
- NIGHT

He arches, flips, to land on his feet. The Skull Cowboy is
gone. No knife either. The crow watches. O.S. "meow".

ANGLE - WITH
ERIC AS HE TURNS TO SEE THE CAT

ERIC
I guess I'm not ready to
leave...
just yet.

He picks up the cat -- wary of flashes, which don't
come this
time -- and returns to the window. Feeling safer.

ERIC
(CONT'D)
The last time we saw each other,
I didn't do so well.

(holds cat up)
Huh, Gabriel?

He moves to the fireplace. With his free
hand, lifts the
Tragedy mask off its hook. Puzzles it, fact-to-mask.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I bet you need some cat food...
right?

EXT. STREET -
NIGHT -ESTABLISHING:

Eric walking, the Tragedy mask hanging from his hip. An occasional PEDESTRIAN passes without comment, brutalized by the city. Eric, more confident, smells the night's bouquet.

EXT. ALLEY -
NIGHT ("CROWVISION")

Two men around a trashcan fire. We should recognize Tin-Tin by his black leather trench coat. A wonderfully rude Rap tune, "Got a White WOMan Tied Up In My Closet, Gonna Jab Her With A Stick,"
RAZZLES b.g.

EXT. STREET - RESUMING ERIC - NIGHT

As Eric reacts to what the crow has just seen. Slows. Stops. And directs his attention toward the mouth of the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - TIGHT ON TIN-TIN
- NIGHT

He pulls the nickel plated revolver from the satchel. FOLLOW as he hands it across to RATSO, who removes the suitcase-sized boom box (the source of the music) from his shoulder to accept. Ratso is a feral skull-head; street trash.

TIN-TIN
Three hundred and your a
gunslinger.

HIGH ANGLE - TIN-TIN and RATSO

As the crow is still watching, yet perched. A brief shove-and-standoff. The gun deal has gone bad.

RATSO
Please, TIn-Tin, you know I'm good
for the money,
man, I promise,
Leslie put me up to it, please,
man, don't --

(choking scream)

Tin-Tin has just up-rammed a throwing knife into Ratso.

TIN-TIN
Ratty -- shut the fuck up.

Tin-Tin lifts Ratso on the knife,

gutting him. Ratso goes
slack, deader'n hell. Tin-Tin reaches around to
click OFF
the boom box... then let's Ratso's corpse fall.

ERIC (O.S.)

Another satisfied customer?

TIGHT ANGLE - TIN-TIN

galvanized by the
surprise voice. He automatically draw a
fresh knife from the bandolero
of knives across his chest inside
the coat. Can't yet track the source
of the voice.

TIN-TIN

Who the hell is that?
(beat, venomous)

Come on out man, I won't hurt
you.

ANGLE - ERIC IN ALLEY

He steps out
from behind another flaming trashcan. Wearing a
long black scarf and
the Tragedy mask.

ERIC

Hello, Tin-Tin.

ANGLE ON TIN-TIN - AS HE
RISES (FROM RATSO)

trying to process what he sees. And cover. And buy
time.

TIN-TIN

Little early from trick-or-treat,
homie.

(re:

Ratso)

This dick trying to bushwack me.

ERIC

Murderer.

Tin-Tin

blows out a breath. No bluff. Time to kill again.

TIN-TIN

Guess you
got that goddamn right.

He shrugs. The shrug becomes the launch of a
knife.

TIGHT SHOT - MOVING - ERIC

His black-gloved hand slaps away the

incoming knife and inch from his nose. It CLATTERS. Eric continues striding toward Tin-Tin.

ERIC
Try harder. Try again.

SHIFTING
ANGLE - ERIC NEARS TIN-TIN

as Tin-Tin throws another knife. Eric closing in. He claps hand together, immobilizing the next knife. Opens his hands, almost an "oops" gesture. Keeps on coming.

ANGLE - ERIC AND
TIN-TIN

As they meet. Tin-Tin attempts a roundhouse. Eric blocks it and smashes Tin-Tin into the alley wall.

ERIC
A year ago. Halloween.
A man
and a woman. In a loft. You
helped to murder them.

TIN-TIN
Last Halloween, eh? Yeah...
(beat)
Yeah, I remember. I fucked
her
too, I think.

ERIC
You cut her. You raped her.
(rage)
You watched!

TIN-TIN
Hey, I got my rocks off, so
fuck you in the
ass, man.

They're face-to-face now, sweaty and tense. Eric peels off the Tragedy mask.

ERIC
I want you to tell me a story, Tin-Tin.

TIN-TIN
I don't know you...

But, as Eric bears down on Tin-Tin, Tin begins to recognize him. Fear. Sweat.

For the first time, Tin-Tin

starts to loose control.

TIN-TIN (CONT'D)

Holy shit... you're dead,
man...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - ERIC

ERIC

Victims. Aren't we all.

INT.

LOFT - NIGHT

TIGHT ANGLE - TABLETOP

as Eric's hands place Ratso's boom
box on the table and click on
suitable weird b.g. MUSIC.

ANGLE - FLOOR

LEVEL

Eric's boots pass frame. An open can of cat food CLANKS down
big
in f.g. as Eric walks b.g. obviously wearing Tin-Tin's
trenchcoat.
Gabriel noses into to frame to eat from the can.

INT. LOFT, BEDROOM -
NIGHT (LATER)

Shelly's vanity. Dusty, disused. The mirror spiderwebbed
with
cracks but still hanging precariously in its frame. Eric is

seated, his image crazily split into many. He pulls on a long-
sleeved,
tight-knit, black shirt.

WIDEN ANGLE to reveal the loft now lit with
dozens of candle
stubs. Placed all around. Ceremonial and weird.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC

ERIC

Halloween is coming. The Day of the Dead...

In
the mirror, multi Eric's. He touches the glass, tightening up
as he
realizes he's in for another --

FLASH: Shelly, sleeping on her divan, a
year ago, wakes as Eric
(O.S.) says "Boo". She cracks an eye open.

SHELLY

Your scary quotient needs work.

FLASH ENDS.

ANOTHER ANGLE -
ERIC AT VANITY

Considering old cosmetics. Everything he touches will hurt him.
But he's ready to eat this pain. He grabs a lipstick.

FLASH:
Shelly at the vanity in happier times

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

FLASH ENDS.

RESUME ERIC

wincing. He drops the lipstick on the floor. Grabs a hairbrush.

FLASH: Eric smashes into the street after his death-fall, trailing broken glass.

FLASH ENDS.

NEW ANGLE -
ERIC AT VANITY

Later. He's wearing white pancake makeup on his cheeks. Shaky.

FLASH: Eric sucks up Funboy's gunshots in the chest. 1-2-3-4.

FLASH ENDS.

RESUMING ERIC AT VANITY

his face a crazy warpaint maze of white streaks, not blended yet. He looks at his own reflection. In one cracked, triangular facet of the mirror is not a multiple of his face, but the Skull Cowboy. Just one.

SKULL COWBOY
Glad to see you're finally with the program.

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

SKULL COWBOY
You work for the dead. Forget that, and you can forget it all.

The Cowboy tips his hat and isn't there.
Eric sees the crow
perched on the edge of the mirror now.

ERIC

Forget
this.

He smears the streaks until his face is uniformly grave-wave
white.

ANGLE - GABRIEL THE CAT

coming in to sniff around the clutter at
the foot of the vanity.
Eric looks down towards him... and toward the
lipstick he dropped.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S HAND

as it glides down to pick
up the lipstick. CONTACT, and --

FLASH: Eric, smashed on the street,
T-Bird's car b.g., upside down
in Eric's POV as he rolls over and blood
courses from both
corners of his mouth, a definite foreshadow of the
"Crow" face.

FLASH ENDS.

RESUMING ERIC AT VANITY - TIGHT

ERIC

She
always red red was her color.

EXTREME CLOSE - THE MIRROR

We see only a
reflected corner of Eric's mouth as he duplicates
the blood trail in red
lipstick, making one one half of a crow
harlequin smile.

EXT. LOFT
BUILDING - LATER - NIGHT

A MEDIUM SHOT as lightning strikes; a storm
brews.

EXT. LOFT - LATER - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S BOOTS

crossing
the floor. Tin-Tin's knife slotted to the bucklework.

CLOSE-UP - VANITY

Eric's hands discard a hairbrush there. He moves off.

CLOSE-UP -

GABRIEL

looking up o.s., watching his master stalk around with purpose.

Thunder rumbles long o.s.

ANGLE - AT ERIC IN WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE

The
storm boils. Eric framed in broken window.

CLOSER ANGLE - ERIC IN
WINDOW

Eric all in black, Firm-wrapped. Tight-wired. The trenchcoat
flutters, cloak-like. His shadowy face framed by the upturned
collar,
his hair punkish and spiky.

SIDE ANGLE - ERIC

as he moves forward in
the light. The crow lights on his shoulder.

ERIC
All right, bad
guys...

FRONT VIEW - ERIC

Full crow regalia. Face makeup streamlined.
Eric's eyes flash.

ERIC
(in drawn out yell)
Here I comme -- !

PULL BACK swiftly, vertiginously, as Eric swan dives from the
window, his
voice a howl.

UP ANGLE FROM STREET - ERIC'S FALL

Coat, wing-like.
MATCH his dive yell with o.s. crow SCREECH.
SLOW MOTION as Eric fills the
frame and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Cop lights bounce, competing with the trash fires. Albrecht and
several other UNIFORMS assess the double-death scene. A
detective,
TORRES tries to appear in charge.

TORRES
Couldn't have happened to a
nicer
couple.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AND TORRES OVER DEAD TIN-TIN

Tin-Tin
frozen in deathshock, all of his knives sticking out of
him. Dead
Ratso, b.g., where he fell.

ALBRECHT

Sure it coulda. Funboy's not

here, neither is T-Bird -- none
of Top Dollar's number ones.

TORRES

You know, you sure got a hard-on for
a guy that's guilty of zip on
paper. Top Dollar runs Showtime;
what's the matter, don't you like
adult entertainment?

ALBRECHT

This sack of shit is called Tin-
Tin.

TORRES

Don't any of your little pals have
real, grown up names?

ALBRECHT

He was a runner for Top Dollar.
Just muscle.

TORRES

Was.

ALBRECHT

(sigh)

This isn't Top Dollar's style
anyway. This was
somebody else.
Somebody new.

Albrecht lights a fresh smoke. Torres
waves the smoke away.

TORRES

And you're gonna tell me who.

ALBRECHT

Who ever made that.

Albrecht points. CAMERA FOLLOWS to wall
behind Tin-Tin. A crow
silhouette has been daubed in blood there, now
dry.

TORRES

What in the hell... do you
call that?

ALBRECHT

I
call it blood, Detective. If
you want, you can call it graffiti.

INT.

GIDEON'S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP of Gideon's thick fingers shuffling
grimy currency.
Some scratchy 1920's TUNE plays throughout b.g., like a
broadcast
from another time and place.

TIGHTER ANGLE - GIDEON

looking
up at a metallic SOUND, o.s. Irritated.

GIDEON

Piss off, we're
closed.

As the outside security gate rattles, Gideon draws his magnum
and approaches the front door.

GIDEON

Fucking creatures of the night;

they never goddamn learn.

Sudden surprise as he sees the silhouette of
the gate SCREE back
against the frosted glass of the front door.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

HEY!!

And he hustles to close up the distance between
himself and the
door, gun up. Before he can touch the door, the crowbar
comes
rocketing through the glass, pegging Gideon in the forehead and

knocking him flat on his ass. He loses the pistol.
Eric walks through
the door, causing the fractured glass to
disintegrate around him. He
disclaims, thespian.

ERIC

"Suddenly I heard a tapping, as of
someone
gently rapping, rapping at
my chamber door."

(pause)

You heard me
rapping, right?

LOW ANGLE - GIDEON ON THE FLOOR

reacting to Eric's
weird appearance and looking for his gun.

GIDEON

Oh, bullshit!
You're trespassing
asshole, you're breakin'
and enterin' and you just
bought me a
fucking door!

During Gideon's rant, Eric brushes glass
cubes from his
shoulders, nonplussed. Now he flings Gideon across the
room.

Gideon crashes into the counter cage. As Eric advances on him:

ERIC

I'm looking for something in an
engagement ring. Gold.

As Eric
comes up behind him, Gideon reaches through the open
cage door and pulls
a big combat knife from beneath the counter.

GIDEON

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

And he tries to nail Eric with the
knife.

NEW ANGLE - BEHIND GIDEON - AS GIDEON SWINGS

No Eric behind him.
TILT to reveal Eric hanging off the cage
above Gideon. Eric slams the
cage door against Gideon's head.
Drops down like a spider and collects
the knife.

ERIC

I repeat: a gold engagement ring.
It was pawned
here, a year ago, by
another gentleman whose name, I
believe was...
"T-Bird"?

IN TIGHT ON ERIC AND GIDEON

Eric twists Gideon's sail-like
shirt and Gideon turns bright red.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Cute nickname, don't
you think?

GIDEON
(gasping)
I ain't got no fuckin' ring.

ERIC
Wrong answer.

Eric nails Gideon's hand to the counter top. Gideon howls!

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

Eric
jumps through the cage door. Gideon's eyes bug as he sees
his own
pierced hand, immobilized.

ANGLE - ON ERIC BEHIND THE COUNTER

scans the
shelves. Rows of boxed ammo. Kerosene tins. A shotgun.
Knives and
assorted knuckle duster curios. And the ring box.

CLOSE-UP - THE RING
BOX IN ERIC'S HAND.

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

TIGHTER ON ERIC

He brings each ring to his face. INTERCUT with
Gideon's feeble
struggles and invective, o.s.

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

He tosses each rejected ring over his shoulder. Until:

CLOSE-UP
- THE RING IN ERIC'S HAND

Obliterated by a stab of brilliant white light
--

FLASH: Shelly's face. A perfect vision...

FLASH ENDS.

RESUMING
ERIC

He closes his fist tightly around the ring. A moment of
decision.
Then he draws the shotgun from beneath the counter.
Uses the butt to
knock the knife free of Gideon's hand. It goes
spinning across the

countertop. Eric shucks the shotgun and rams it into Gideon's nose as the big man slumps to the floor.

ERIC

Tin-Tin confided in me, before he ran out of breath. You have one chance to live.

GIDEON

No fucking way. He'll kill me.

ERIC

Who would waste time killing you...

besides me?

Gideon sweats, pants, contemplates the hole in his hand.

GIDEON

(cowed)

Top Dollar.

ERIC

Another jolly nickname?

GIDEON

You want those assholes, you want Top Dollar.

ERIC

T-Bird?

GIDEON

Like the car. He hangs out with Skank. that little ass-hair, and they hang at the Pit -- hell, Funboy lives there. Ask Top Dollar.

ERIC

A whole club of pirates, with pirate names...

Eric seems to go berserk, SMASHING and PUNCTURING cans of flammables and powder while Gideon flinches, nursing his holed hand. Blows just miss Gideon's head. Soon he's cowering.

LOW ANGLE - ERIC

Looking down at Gideon in revulsion.

ERIC

You feed off the living.

SMASH! as another tin
ceases to exist next to Gideon. Then
Eric is gone, past him without
further word, ignoring him
entirely. As he exits, shotgun shouldered, he
pauses to admire
a white Fender Strat hanging among the pawnables. He
reaches
for it.

ON GIDEON

As he summons some last minute budget
bravery.

GIDEON
You walk outta here Top Dollar
will erase your ass!
Top Dollar
owns the fucking street here and
you can't dick with me, you
son of
a bitch!

RESUME ERIC - FRAMED IN DOORWAY

The guitar now
bowslung across his back, the shotgun levelled at
Gideon's position.

ERIC

One chance to live. Take it.

MOVE IN TIGHT ON GIDEON

as he
realizes what Eric means. Hauls ass and bangs through the
rear door with
a bleat of terror.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC IN DOOR

as he cuts loose
with the shotgun.

EXT. GIDEON'S PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

as seen from across
the street. Eric silhouetted, unmoving as
the whole store front blows
hellaciously out around him, raining
glass and debris. Stirring his
hair. Eric is the black eye of
the fireball.

LOW ANGLE - FRONT OF PAWN
SHOP - EMPHASIZE ERIC

lit by flames and residual explosions. He hurls
the shotgun
into the inferno. Casually brushes flaming/smoking detritus

from his own clothes.

ALBRECHT (O.S.)

Don't move! I said don't move.

NEW ANGLE - ERIC

as he turns slowly, to see Albrecht, out of reach, gun drawn.

Eric's attitude lightens; Albrecht is not the threat here.

ERIC

I thought the police always said
"freeze:."

Albrecht divides his attention, jumpy, between the odd sight of Eric (guitar on his back), and the raging instant inferno of Gideon's.

ALBRECHT

I'm the police and
I say don't
move, Snow White. You're under
arrest; I don't care what
else is
wrong with you! You move and
you're dead.

Eric has begun to
pace towards Albrecht. Palms up. A gesture of
submission. Albrecht's
battle calm begins to waiver.

ERIC

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

ALBRECHT

No further. I'm serious.

Eric bows, bringing his forehead in
line with the gun's muzzle.

ERIC

Then shoot, if you will.

TIGHT

ANGLE - ALBRECHT

He gives it up. Can't shoot. This is too weird for
him.

ALBRECHT

Are you nuts, walking into a gun?

NEW ANGLE - LESS

THREATENING - ERIC AND ALBRECHT

ERIC

You must listen carefully: the

Fire Department will be here soon.
There is an injured man in the

alley who needs assistance.

(meaningfully)

As Shelly Webster once
needed your
assistance, and as you are shortly
going to need my
assistance.

Albrecht gestures casually, almost comically, with his
pointed
gun. B.g., the crow lands on a fire escape to monitor them.

ALBRECHT

You wanna run that back for me one
time?

SIRENS near, o.s.

Eric listens to them, to the night.

ERIC

Listen: Top Dollar. He
"owns the
street here." He will "erase
my ass."

ALBRECHT

You don't
say.

ERIC

I know Top Dollar has turned your
streets into his hell.

ALBRECHT

Fucking A, my friend.

ERIC

The others are called Skank, T-

Bird. Street names. Funboy.

(beat)

Watch me, office Albrecht.

Eric lifts a chunk of glass from the sidewalk. Slow and easy.

Albrecht

doesn't completely trust him. Up comes the gun.

ALBRECHT

Watch it...

Eric slices open his palm. Blood flows. To his fingertips.

NEW ANGLE -

ERIC AND ALBRECHT

as Eric quickly daubs a crow silhouette in blood on
the wall...
then exhibits the gashed hand to Albrecht.

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S
HAND

as the blood retreats and the wound seals itself up.

TIGHT ON
ALBRECHT

and the silhouette. Mouth hangs.

ALBRECHT
You're the one
who did Tin-Tin...

PULL BACK FAST to reveal Eric is gone from the frame.
Albrecht does
a quick 180. No Eric. Flashbars from incoming units begin
to bounce red and blue off his face.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)
Great. Good
night. Guy shows up
looking like a mime from hell.
(beat)
Least
he didn't do that "walking
against the wind" shit; I hate
that.

EXT.
SHOWTIME - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH.

A night-owl pornucopia. T-Bird enters
beneath a garish theater
marquee. The 2-bill: RUMP ROMP with
BUTTBUSTERS II.

INT. SHOWTIME LOBBY - NIGHT

T-Bird approaches the snack
bar. Wet, breathy mating NOISES
from the auditorium throughout, o.s.
Looking supremely bored,
the counterman, DICKEY BIRD, thumbs a porn
tabloid. So what.

DICKEY BIRD
T-Bird. Thrill me.

T-BIRD

Business.

T-bird heads left through a steal door that Dickie buzzes
open
for him.

INT. SHOWTIME AUDITORIUM (BACKSTAGE) - NIGHT

T-Bird walks
past dust-covered boxy black speakers as we glimpse
Lance and Angelique
making history in reverse, on the back of the

movie screen: oratoria as
good as porn films can make it.

PORN QUEEN (O.S.)

I don't know how to
describe how
I feel, Lance -- so restless --

PORN KING (O.S.)

You're
my Moon Queen, Angelique.

PORN QUEEN (O.S.)

Oooh -- I want you're
rocket right
now in my Sea of Tranquility --
Lance --

ANGLE - CATWALK
STAIRS

As T-Bird approaches, the movie sounds dwindle o.s. He ascends
the skinny metal stairway two steps at a time.

ANGLE - STEEL FACED DOOR
AT TOP OF STAIRS.

As T-Bird nears it, a viewplate SNAPS open to asses
him. By
the time he reaches the top, the door unbolts to admit him.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S LAIR - NIGHT

As T-Bird enters. The room is organized
around a long meeting
table and flavored with a taste of everything
illegal: drug
paraphernalia, weapons.

Across the table are a couple of
Sentries like the one that
admits T-Bird to the room. TRACK PAST them to
a lank-haired
silhouette as he turns away from a windowshade, backlit by
Showtime's exterior neon.

This is TOP DOLLAR. Who looks like a Johnny
Winter acid
casualty but is deadly cold, definitely the man in charge.

TOP DOLLAR

Wild fucking night. I hear our
pal Tin-Tin got himself very
dead.

T-BIRD

And Gideon's just burned all the
down to the
foundation.

Top's eyebrows go up. Oh really?

T-BIRD (CONT'D)

I
didn't have nothin to do with
that.

TOP DOLLAR

Bet that pisses you
off, right?

T-BIRD

Top, what the fuck is going on
tonight?

TOP

DOLLAR

Stay normal, T. Cops'll be all
hotwired and aggressive. No

combat moves until I check this
out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT -
(~CROWVISION") HIGH ANGLE

Taking in the street, the Pit, and a little
girl seated on an
abandoned car.

ANGLE - STREET LEVEL - ON ELLY.

Seated
on the looted wheelless car, playing with a small doll.

CLOSER ANGLE -
ON ELLY

She doesn't notice someone is watching her yet.

TIGHT ON DOLL,
THEN ELLY

She looks up o.s. at Eric, who is still out of the frame.

ELLY

What are you supposed to be? A clown?

CLOSE-UP - ERIC

He smiles
for what seems to be the first time. Warm, even past
his crow makeup.

ERIC

Sometimes.

He glances back and logs the location of the Pit for
later, not
in a big hurry just now. Turns back to Elly.

WIDE ANGLE -
ERIC AND ELLY

ELLY

You look like a rock star without a job.

ERIC

I dabble. May I?

He indicates the car hood, a "seat" next to Elly from which he may observe the Pit.

ELLY

If you're not some kinda child

molester.

Eric looks behind himself. Who, me? Genuinely amused. He shakes his head no and sits down next to Elly.

INT. CLUB TRASH - NIGHT

The music POUNDS and smoke is everywhere, like incense. INTERCUTS of the clientele, retro, robotic, clove cigarettes and rubber clothing; fetish casual wear.

ANGLE - TOP DOLLAR

right in the center of the noise, looking downscale and dirty in this milieu.

ANGLE - ANOTHER CUSTOMER

Passing Top, appraising him, finding him as boring as life itself. Undertaker chic, she stares at Top.

TOP DOLLAR

I thought Halloween was tomorrow night.

An Oriental bodyguard passes him in f.g., motioning to follow.

INT. LAO'S NIGHTCLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

Lao watches club activity on his flybank of TVs. When Top Dollar shows up at the office door two Sentries try to bar his passage. He shoves through.

TOP

DOLLAR

Get outta my way, you mooks.

Lao's demeanor indicates that they should not kill Top.

LAO

An unexpected pleasure.

TOP DOLLAR

Bad

news. A lot of action on the streets tonight, and nobody bothered to clear it with me. Tin-Tin got himself whacked.

LAO

Who got himself what?

TOP DOLLAR

One of mine. And it wasn't a standard hit.

LAO

I had heard something like this.

(beat)

Describe it for me. The "hit".

TOP DOLLAR

I was wondering if you could tell me anything... about a wildcat operative.

LAO

I know of no one.

(beat)

But

even if there is, I am sure it is nothing outside your capacity to deal with?

TOP DOLLAR

Anybody violates my turf -- our turf -- I'll rip out their heart and show it to 'em.

LAO

To be sure. Now tell how your friend died.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

ANNABELLA, a comfortable large, spider-in-the-web deskworker, sits typing at a terminal. Miked headphone in one ear, police scanner chatter o.s. She blows and pops a pink bubble of gum.

ALBRECHT (O.S.)

Annie?

ANGLE -

ANNABELLA AND ALBRECHT

Albrecht enters frame from across her countertop.

ANNABELLA

Whatever it is, the answer's no,
Eddie. I'm too busy
tonight.

ALBRECHT

Annie, I need a file.

There is a desperate edge to
Albrecht's voice.

ANNABELLA

Speak up.
(beat; her guard up)

Clear it with the Captain if you
need a file.

ALBRECHT

This is
special, darlin'. Please?

Annabella eyes Albrecht doubtfully.
Fatalistic sigh.

ANNABELLA

Just don't tell me you "owe me
one."
What file?

ALBRECHT

Double homicide. A year ago.
Las Halloween.

EXT. STREET NEAR THE PIT - ERIC AND ELLY - NIGHT

Still hanging by the
car, a bit more familiar with each other
now. A low-slung
mirror-windowed LIMOUSINE hisses past them and
curbs across the street
from the Pit.

ELLY

My mom works over there. I'm
waiting for her,
but she's
probably with him, right now.

ERIC

Who?

ELLY

Mister
Funboy.

ERIC

Mister Funboy lives there?

TWO SHOT - ELLY AND ERIC -
(PIT B.G.)

ELLY

He has a room, upstairs. I don't
like him very
much.

Elly is not happy about this. B.G. we see Grange get out of the
car, heading to the Pit, and notice in passing a guy with the
white face
talking to the little girl down on the block.

ELLY (CONT'D)

Can you
play that thing or do you
just carry it around everywhere?

Elly
indicates the guitar strapped to Eric' back.

ERIC

I can pick out a
tune now
and again.

ELLY

Can you play "Teddy Bears' Picnic?"

(re: doll)

It used to be her favorite.

ERIC

Does she have a name?

ELLY

No name. You sure ask a lot of
questions.

Elly HANDS the doll to
Eric and he experiences a wholly
unexpected flash.

FLASH: Elly and
SHelly sitting at SHelly's vanity, goofing with
makeup, test-driving
lipstick, the doll visible on the vanity.

FLASH ENDS.

RESUME ERIC -
AS THE DOLL DROPS FROM HIS HAND

Pain is trying to fight it's way out of
Eric in surges.

ELLY (OS)

(smart alec)

Hel-lo? Earth to
anybody...?

Eric snaps out of it. Elly retrieves the doll.

ELLY

(CONT'D)

Do you feel okay.

ERIC

No.

ELLY

You gotta go now, I bet.

ERIC

I have to go.

Half-zomboid, half-determined, he exits.

INT. PIT - NIGHT - WITH GRANGE

As he circulates to the bar, unimpressed.
To the bouncer:

GRANGE

Top Dollar?

BOUNCE

Never heard of him.

GRANGE

Funboy?

BOUNCER

Oh, prob'ly upstairs bangin'
Darla. Pay for
your own beer and
they'll prob'ly be down before you
can drink it.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP of an 8x10 of the loft
slaughter in Albrecht's hands.
Subject: a document pinned to the wall
with a knife.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AT DESK.

flipping through the file.
Smoking.

ANGLE - THE 8X10 IN ALBRECHT'S HAND

Subject: Eric, dead in the
street in front of the loft
building. The blood on his face reminiscent
of his crow face.

As Albrecht's hand moves the photo we can see in the
file
several band shots of Eric as a member of Diabolique...
including

the shot on Lao's wall gallery of past performers at Club Trash.

A

DOUGHUT on a paper plate suddenly touches down in the middle of all this research, startling Albrecht.

ANGLE - ANNABELLA BEHIND HIM

ANNABELLA

Don't thank me. Your ass is already in enough trouble for this shit.

ALBRECHT

I knew that.

Albrecht holds a typewritten page closer to the light.

CLOSE-UP DOCUMENT, torn by the knife hole made by Tin-Tin.

It reads: We, the Undersigned tenants of 1929 Calderone Court Apartments...

ALBRECHT

Another nice white girl with a cause. Like a big KICK ME sign.

Albrecht takes up and 8x10 of Eric's face.

ALBRECHT

(CONT'D)

Shelly Webster. And her nice white boyfriend, Eric Draven.

With a felt-tip pen he superimposes the crow smile, like the make-up, like the blood.

ANNABELLA

Your last little wild goose chase got you busted back to the Beat Patrol, just like in a bad detective story, Eddie. Are we doing the wildgoose thing again?

UNDER THIS Albrecht sketches in Eric's spiky Crow hairdo.

ALBRECHT

Could be.

ANNABELLA

You gonna wind up working at a school crosswalk. that doughnut's

chocolate you, know.

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

PUSH IN on Albrecht.

ALBRECHT
Well, hello
there...chocolate,

ANNABELLA
Don't thank me.

ALBRECHT
Thanks,
babe.

INT. THE PIT (REAR) - ERIC ON FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Climbing. The
crow perched on his shoulder. Not in a hurry.

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

TIGHT CLOSE-UP - ERIC

Impish.
Clown killer.

ERIC (CONT'D)
... yet.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Grange
at a table. SMoking and waiting. No beer. His back
protected, he is
stationed near the fire stair door and has a
good overview of the room.

INT. FUNBOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP of a base pipe being lit and hit
hard.

EXT. THE PIT (REAR) - FIRE ESCAPE - RESUMING ERIC - NIGHT

Eric's
gloved hand slides sinuously up rusted railing.

INT. FUNBOY'S ROOM -
NIGHT

A hypodermic needle rises into frame. A nicotined fingernail
flicks bubbles in the syringe. FOLLOW needle down and BROADEN
ANGLE:

Funboy taps up a vein in Darla's arm and shoots her up.
Both are naked in
a shabby bed. Bare lightbulb above.

DARLA

Ooh, baby -- gimme all of
it.

CLOSE-UP - THE NEEDLE

As the plunger depresses.

ANGLE - ON THE
WINDOW

As the crow quite unexpectedly arrives and perches on the sill,
scaring the shit out of our two dopey friends. Funboy pulls a
giant auto
pistol; mock aims, calms down, doesn't fire.

DARLA

It's a big fucking
bird...

She falls back against her pillow, eyes dreamily defocusing.

Funboy giggles. Relaxes the gun, which half-disappears into the
sheets
at his side.

FUNBOY

It's a squab. Here bird, Here,
birdie...

NEW

ANGLE - DARLA AND FUNBOY

Except that Eric now stands near their bed,
across from the
bird's position, the guitar bowslung.

ERIC

Here
Funboy.

Contained panic as Funboy and Darla both startle. The needle
flies and lands at Eric's feet. Empty. Funboy struggles to
maintain
against his high.

FUNBOY

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

DARLA

Fun -- look at that
guy...

FUNBOY

It's just the dope, don't worry

DARLA

Fun, he's not
going away; he's
scaring the piss outta me!

FUNBOY

Not me.

Funboy
draws the gun from underneath the sheers. Suddenly he seems
totally
focused.

FUNBOY (CONT'D)

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

Eric rips open his shirtfront to reveal a circlet of bullet
punctures. This gives Funboy pause.

ERIC

Take your shot funboy. You
got
me, dead bang.

Funboy tilts the gun off target. Grins as Eric
flat handedly
past his chest, indicating where to shoot.

FUNBOY

You
are seriously fucked up, man.
Just look at yourself.

In a blur, he
sighs, and shoots Eric through the heart.

FUNBOY (CONT'D)

BANG! He
shoots, he scores!

Then his expression drags a little bit.

ANGLE - ERIC

Looking down and daubing his hand in the bullet wound on his chest.

ERIC

Bull's eye. Good shot.

ANGLE - DARLA

who starts scrambling to
get out. Grabbing clothes on the floor
around herself. she runs right
into Eric's outstretched hands.

ERIC

Stay.

Eric twists her arm.

CLOSE-UP - DARLA'S FOREARM.

where we may clearly see the needle tracks.

UP ANGLE - ERIC

ERIC
Morphine is bad for you.

He holds her arm captive. Tight, and we PUSH IN CLOSER to see the dope evacuating from the punctures, a reverse of Eric's, Blood trail. The dope drips from Darla's arm to the floor. Darla's eyes roll up into the unconscious. She slumps.

ANGLE - ON FUNBOY - GAWPING

FUNBOY
How the hell did you do that?

ERIC
Magic.

Funboy regards Eric's battlescars and guitar.

FUNBOY
Either die or do a solo.

Eric looks briefly to his chest wound, wincing. He can't seem to make it tie off fast enough. He turns his attention back to Funboy. But his strength is mysteriously ebbing.

ERIC
Neither.

FUNBOY
Yeah, I got a more fun idea myself.

Funboy lashes out and broadsides Eric across the temple with the gun. Eric falls, rolls back to a stance, but Funboy is right on top of him, howling like a lunatic and pistol-whipping Eric relentlessly.

FUNBOY
I hate trespassers!
(whack!)
I hate prowlers!
(whack!)
I hate peeping toms!
(whack!)

And right now I hate you!

ANGLE - WALL
NEAR BATHROOM

as Eric, caught off-guard by Funboy's hyper high and weakened by his wound, comes slamming into the wall, losing his footing.

Here comes Funboy, and we TILT UP from Eric's position as he looms, cocking the pistol, which now has Eric's blood on it.

FUNBOY

Ahh, the hell with it, I still got five shots left.

In a blur, Eric grabs Funboy's gun hand. Twists to the crunching of bones. Funboy's skewed-around gun hand blows a hole in his own thigh. Funboy fall back across the bed.

FUNBOY

Owwwaaaa -- fuck me! Look what you did to my sheets, you lame piece'a shit! AAAAaa! Goddd!

ERIC

Does it hurt?

FUNBOY

Does it hurt?! You dead-ass, clown-faced fuck, of course it

fucking hurts! What the shit are you gonna do about this?!

Eric sits on the bed next to Funboy; inspects the ampule of morphine on the nightstand, the needle of the syringe already inserted.

ERIC

I have some pain killer right here.

And he fills the syringe all the way.

ANGLE ON FUNBOY

as he begins to see the light. He can't get away. Growing terror.

FUNBOY

No, wait, no WAIT, that's too much, man, that's like overkill,

nobody can take that much, you're
wasting it -- !

ERIC

Your pain ends now.

And Eric rams the needle into Funboy's heart,
driving home
the full dose. Funboy begins to convulse.

Eric falls back
on the bed, his force spent. Darla COMES TO in
the corner,
shock-traumatized. On O.S. COUGH, and Eric opens
his eyes.

The Skull

Cowboy, standing in the room, tips his hat.

SKULL COWBOY

Howdy

(beat)

You look a mess. Like an ole
cooter dog.

TIGHT SHOT - ERIC'S
FACE

streaked with -- mostly -- his own blood.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE
SKULL COWBOY AND ERIC

SKULL COWBOY

Getting a little ambitious and

extracurricular, aren't we?

ERIC

Go away.

SKULL COWBOY

You need
to learn to mind your own
business or you'll never get where
you think
you're going.

ERIC

Shut up.

SKULL COWBOY

Maybe I was wrong about
you.

The Skull Cowboy seems saddened or disappointed. All we get is
a
little shake of his skull-head.

Darla makes a SOUND and Eric turns
toward her. She's really
confused. She's looking to Eric for some kind

of answer.

ERIC

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

She's stunned, utterly speechless. All she can do is look in
Eric's eyes, try to ponder the phantoms there.

ERIC

Go. Now.

Darla
shoves helter-skelter past Eric and out the door without
a glance back
at Funboy.

Eric, recovering, follows slowly, staring at the open door,
stooping to lift the guitar dropped during the fight with
Funboy. The
Skull Cowboy has vanished. PUSH IN. Grimly, Eric
takes a syringe and
begins to draw blood from the late Funboy.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

As a
hastily dressed Darla BANGS out through the fire stair door
behind Grange
and FLEES the Pit.

BOUNCER

Hey, g'night, Darla.
(to Grange)

That there is Darla.

GRANGE

Funboy?

Bartender indicates UP with his
thumb. Grange moves to the fire
stairs door.

INT. FUNBOY'S ROOM -
NIGHT

Grange has seen the door ajar and now ENTERS gun-first. Freezes
when he sees:

GRANGE POV - FUNBOY

Half-sheeted, bloody, a hypo hanging
out of his heart.

RESUME GRANGE

Eyes darting, drawn to --

GRANGE'S POV

- THE WALL NEAR FUNBOY

A crow silhouette spray-painted with a syringe of Funboy's blood. A thin outline, drippy.

RESUME GRANGE

whirling with his gun to bring it to bear on --

ANGLE - GRANGE SEES THE WINDOW

The crow is no longer in the room. Eric is perched on the sill, guitar and all, looking right at Grange as if waiting from him. He winks, holds a finger to his lips -- sshh --and jumps out into the night.

ANOTHER ANGLE

- GRANGE

He almost fires, but doesn't. We see instead the priceless expression on his face as we --

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT FOYER - NIGHT

Albrecht lights another smoke, quitting for the night. Waves to the late-working Annabella en route.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

Albrecht hasn't gone three steps before Eric appears behind him, cat silent, matching pace.

NB: Eric has got a new black rock-n-roll shirt on... and a shell casing from Funboy's gun tied in his hair.

ERIC

Freeze.

Albrecht startles; drops his file. Nearly draws his gun.

ALBRECHT

Jeezus! Don't ever do that, man!

Albrecht pants, hysterical but calming down. Eric waits.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

I told you cops don't say

"freeze".

He retrieves Eric's doctored photo from the spill of papers.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

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

ERIC

I saw it, too.

Albrecht gathers up the file. Eric
stands there. We realize he
is hesitant about touching the file.

ERIC

(CONT'D)

Walk with me.

As Albrecht comes up with the file as they walk.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ERIC AND ALBRECHT ON THE STREET

ALBRECHT

You died,
man. I can't believe it
but here you are. Last year,
you and your
girlfriend --

ERIC

I need you to tell me what you
remember. What
happened to us?

ALBRECHT

You went out the window. She was
beaten
and raped. She died in the
hospital.

They stop. Eric didn't know
this. Fixes Albrecht with a look.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

Hey, you asked,
man.

(beat)

She held on for thirty hours in
intensive care.

Hemorrhage,

trauma. He body just finally
gave it up.

(beat;

regret)

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

Eric has grown
increasingly distraught over Albrecht's lines.
Now he turns to Albrecht
and, holding Albrecht's temples with
his fingers, puts his thumbs over
Albrecht's eyes.

TIGHT ON ERIC - ALBRECHT AGAINST WALL

We see Eric
react to a brutal Flash... but we don't see the
Flash.

NEW ANGLE -
ERIC AND ALBRECHT

And Eric tears from Albrecht; staggers back, now
holding his own
head. His crow face slacked in realized horror.

ALBRECHT
You okay, man? I mean, what just
happened.

ERIC
The venom
of bad memories. You
were there; you saw her. I saw
you seeing her.

Understandable nervous, Albrecht lights up a cigarette.

ALBRECHT
You
gotta understand -- I was
hoping she'd talk, give me a lead,
a clue,
something to work with.
But she only said one thing to me
before she
died.

Eric lowers his head, penitent.

ERIC
My name.

ALBRECHT

(fizzles)
I'm sorry as hell, man.

ERIC
Thirty hours. A day of life,
plus
change...

TIGHT TWO-SHOT - ALBRECHT AND ERIC

Eric plucks the
cigarette from Albrecht's lips, taking a single
contemplative puff from
it.

ERIC
Halloween is coming, soon. You
will have Top Dollar if you
watch
for me at the Showtime, tomorrow night.

ALBRECHT

I should be
trying to stop you.

Eric nods, keeping his eyes on the cigarette.

ERIC

Thank you. For giving a damn.

ALBRECHT

My pleasure.

ERIC

Don't smoke these.

As a bus grumbles past on the street, Eric pitches
the butt and
simultaneously ducks out of frame.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT TURNS

to see a blank building wall. Fire escape. Darkness. No Eric.
He does
a full 360 degree turn. Eric is gone again.

ALBRECHT

Damn, I wish he
wouldn't do that.

MOVING ANGLE - FROM BUS ROOF

Coat flapping, Eric is
standing on the bus roof as the bus moves
away from Albrecht's position.

INT. LAO NIGHTCLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

Lao has the partially disassembled rat
skeleton in front of him,
as well as a mortar and pestle with some bits
of crushed bone, and
is smoking powdered rat bone in a pipe and Grange
reports to
him.

GRANGE

The son of a bitch winked at me.
The he
jumped. Three stories.

Lao seems strangely unaffected by the bizarre
nature of Grange's
tale.

LAO

Did you see an animal of any kind?
Did
you see a bird?

GRANGE

(puzzled)

No. I saw a guitar.

(beat; irritated)
This isn't some rock-n-roller
you forgot to pay, is
it?

(beat)
There was a drawing on the wall
that looked like a
bird. In
blood.

Lao's expression is one of sublime content.

LAO

Good.

Grange
It could've been a chicken...

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT
- ("CROWVISION")

A LONG SHOT of the T-Bird parked across the street from
the
store as two figures -- T-Bird and Skank -- approach on the
store
side.

SKANK
I wish to hell I had torched
Gideon's, that fat fuck.

T-BIRD
I wish to hell I knew who it was
that made Tin-Tin into a voodoo

doll last night.

ANGLE - CLOSER ON T-BIRD AND SKANK - STREET LEVEL

They
stop walking. Look at each other and sanctimoniously cross
themselves.
Tin-Tin's big R.I.P. moment. T-Bird indicates the
liquor store.

T-BIRD
We need some smokes and some road
beers.

SKANK
Got it.

Skank hustles toward the store. T-Bird crosses to the car.

ANGLE -
T-BIRD - THROUGH CAR WINDOWS

WIDEN ANGLE to include the car as he nears
it. Behind him, two
12-year-old KIDS, AXEL and CHOPPER, enter the store

after Skank,
one wearing a long duster.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

as
the KIDS enter and split between the counter and magazine
rack. East
Indian CLERK. Two boys fight video game wars in the
corner. Skank
browses, grabbing odds and ends.

EXT. STREET / INT. CAR - LOWER ANGLE -
NIGHT

as T-Bird climbs in, digs the last cigarette from his pack,
snaps
his Zippo and in the sudden orange light, sees:

INSERT - REARVIEW
MIRROR

Eric's purloined Strat in the back seat reflecting the light.

ANGLE - T-BIRD

He tries to spin and draw his gun but Eric is upon him,
nestling
one of Tin-Tin's throwing knives right inside T-Bird's ear.

T-BIRD

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

INSERTS: Eric
liberates T-Bird's automatic from the shoulder
holster; Eric's hand
closes T-Bird's door for him.

ERIC
I'm your passenger. You drive.

And stop talking.

TIGHT ANGLE - T-BIRD'S HANDS

on ignition key and
gearshift, making ready. As ordered.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - ON SKANK AT
COUNTER - NIGHT

He looks outside and sees Eric as the car fires up,
pipes and
glasspacks grumbling. Skank moves, BRISTLING.

SKANK
What's
all this happy horseshit?

And the car peels out maniacally! Skank tries
to pursue -- but
the two KIDS draw weapons and freeze everyone in the

store.

AXEL

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

Chopper hustles up to the counter and relieves
Skank of a
gigantic Auto Mag.

CHOPPER

Whooooa, cowboy! Cool gun.

Off Skank's look of total outfoxed disgust.--

INT. T-BIRD - TRAVELING

FAST - NIGHT

Vertiginous windshield POV of onrushing street, highspeed.

ERIC (O.S.)

Faster, T-Bird. Faster. You're
a hell of a wheelman; you
know you
can drive faster.

ANGLE - ERIC AND T-BIRD

Eric now holds
T-Bird's own gun on him. Eyes locked on T-Bird.
T-Bird's jump between
Eric's nightmare visage and the roadway.

T-BIRD

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

Clearly T-Bird
would relish bisecting Eric with a meat cleaver
as he says this. He's
nervous and needs to hold the road.

ERIC

That's good. We're going
someplace you've never been
before.

EXT. STREET - HIGH ANGLE ON T-BIRD

- NIGHT

as the car burns up the obstacle course of pavement, kicking
wake of litter. PEDESTRIANS scurry to clear the way.

INT. POLICE

CRUISER - NIGHT

Parked in an alley, facing the street. Two cops work on

large
styro cups of steaming coffee. MJ (driver) and SPEEG.

MJ

Smells like rain.

SPEEG

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

MJ

In the bag.

Speeg rummages inside the takeout bag.

SPEEG

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

They snap to as the T-Bird blazes past, doing ninety.

MJ

What in the crap?

MJ floors the pedal, drenching Speeg in coffee on
takeoff.

SPEEG

Ow! Owowoowowoowo, goddammit!

EXT. STREET - ON ALLEY
- NIGHT

as the cruiser roars out to give chase.

INT. T-BIRD -
TRAVELLING FAST - NIGHT

Eric lends the chase car a backward look.

ERIC

You caught one. Drive faster.

T-BIRD

Man, you gonna get us
killed dead
and I don't even know what you
want!

Eric cocks T_Bird's
pistol and levels it at his face.

ERIC

I want you to stop talking.
And
drive. Drive faster.

Eric rifles the glove box, tossing items out

the window: clips
for the gun. Sunglasses. A giant dildo (brief
eyebrows-up to
T-Bird). Then: a roll of (previously established)
gaffer's
tape. What Eric needs.

ANGLE - T-BIRD AND REARVIEW MIRROR

as
he sees a second cop car join the high speed pursuit,

ERIC (CONT'D)

You're very popular. Thought
you could handle this thing.

T-Bird macho
calcifies. He's going to win.

T-BIRD
To hell with you.

ERIC

(wry)
Naturally.

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

Climbing swiftly toward the 100
mark.

EXT. CITY STREETS - VARIOUS ANGLES - THE CHASE - NIGHT

A 3-way
pursuit until the T-Bird reaches the outskirts of the
city.

EXT.
DOCKSIDE STREET - NIGHT

All quiet... until the T-Bird ZOOMS past frame.
The lead cop
tries to duplicate the T-Bird's corner-cut and starts
spinning.
It clips a light pole. Rebounds into the path of MJ's unit.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - ON SPEEG AND MJ - TRAVELING - NIGHT

as MJ stands
on the brakes. Collision imminent. They howl.

EXT. DOCKSIDE STREET -
NIGHT

as MJ's unit broadsides the first cop car.

EXT. DETROIT RIVER
SHIPYARD - NIGHT

The T-bird careens through dockside silence, alone,
then
fishtails, SCREECHING, to a lung-compressing halt.

INT. T-BIRD -
ON ERIC AND T-BIRD - NIGHT

T-bird respirating like a jackhammer. Eric holds stoic.

T-BIRD
So what -- you gonna rape me now?

ERIC
Time
for your reward, T. Payback
with interest earned.

Eric rips a long
strip of tape from the roll.

EXT. DETROIT RIVER SHIPYARD - NIGHT

A
HIGH ANGLE of the car as Eric opens the trunk.

ERIC'S POV - The Trunk.

loaded with plastique, canisters, timers, arson paraphernalia.

INT.
T-BIRD - FAVOR T-BIRD - NIGHT

SLOW TILT starting with T-Bird's foot,
firmly taped to the
pedal. Mummified into his seat. Hands taped to the
wheel.
Throat taped hard against the headrest.

The car is now in gear,
idling.

ANGLE - ON ERIC FROM WINDOW

He drops an incendiary right into
T-Bird's lap. T-Bird squirms.
No go. Eric reaches in with a bungee
cord.

ERIC
A little restrictive? Good.
(chilling)
You held
her down and raped her.
You were the first. She burned
while you were
inside of her.
(re: bomb)
What's the lag on this? About
twenty
seconds, would you say?

T-bird thrashes, but he's immobilized. Can't
even budge the
wheel.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I've comrades in hell, T-bird.

Give them my best.

Eric activates the timer. Yanks up hard on the bungee cord.

INSERT: T-BIRD FOOTWELL

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

ANGLE - ON CAR, FROM DOCKSIDE

Eric steps back, plucks the guitar out as the car starts to move. The car roars for the edge of the dock, about a distance of a football field. Eric examines T-bird's auto pistol and pops the clip.

INTERCUTS: as the car speeds for the water's edge, Eric thumbs bullets from the clip, one by one.

INT. T-BIRD - TRAVELING FAST - NIGHT

T-bird's eyes bug in horror and he goes MMMMMMMMHHH!

CLOSE-UP - THE CLIP IN ERIC'S HAND

thumbing out the final bullet.

EXT. DETROIT RIVER SHIPYARD - RESUMING
ERIC - NIGHT

ERIC
All gone.

ANGLE - T-BIRD REACHES DOCKSIDE

Lifting off and blowing all to hell, a billion smithereens of phosphorescent firs pattering into the dark water. It hits. Sinks. Weird flare glow as the car quickly submerges.

ANGLE - ERIC

heaving the gun into the distant water. Plosh. He produces T-Bird's accelerator. Squirts it into the ground. He prestidigitates and T-Bird's Zippo appears in his hand. He flicks it and drops it into the flammable puddle.

HIGH LONG SHOT - ERIC

walking slowly out of the scene as the firepool coalesces into a burning crow shape.

INT. DARLA'S APARTMENT - DAWN

CLOSE-UP of a frying pan busy burning some pretty firebombed looking eggs. Kind gross.

ANGLE -
DARLA AT THE STOVE.

NOT THRILLED WITH HER OWN PROGRESS.

DARLA

I
never was too good at this
domestic shit.

ANGLE - ELLY AT LIVING ROOM
WINDOW

staring outside at nothing in particular. Yet.

ELLY

Don't
say "shit".

(beat)

That's okay. Corn Flakes are
okay. Anything.

She pauses as she hears a lilting, faraway GUITAR STRAIN. Across the street she can make out the figure of Eric on his roof playing the guitar.

EXT. ROOF OF LOFT BUILDING DAWN

EXTREME CLOSE of a Pignose Amp. More soft GUITAR strokes as CAMERA FOLLOWS a patchwork a taped-together, jerry-rigged cables to:

ANGLE - ERIC ON ROOF --
shirtless, crosslegged, his Crow make-up streaked by the night's work. His fingering is unsure and he tries the tune again.

INSERT - We see Shelly's engagement ring on a leather thong around Eric's neck. Like an amulet.

ANGLE - ERIC PLAYING

He's got it right this time. Strong, sure CHORDS. Passionate. We can almost imagine him conjuring Shelly via musical sorcery. He holds a stroke, letting it ring. Sun rises behind

him.

IRATE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, shut the fuck up!

Eric's eyes, closed
with the moment, dart left. Funny.

EXT. MAXI-DOGS - DAY

Later. Elly
is seated on a stool.. Mickey gives her a chili
dog.

MICKEY
Chili
dog for breakfast... it's
original.

ELLY
Mom tried to cook.

MICKEY
Oh.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Hey, Mickey, I need a special
with
everything. No sawdust.

MICKEY
(to Elly)
Everyone's a
comedian. Enjoy.

Mickey EXITS FRAME.

GRANGE (O.S.)
You're Elly,
right? I know your
mom.

Elly turns. Grange sits next to her. Lao's
mirrored-windowed car
is parked across the street, b.g.

ELLY
A lot of
people "know" my mom.

Grange points o.s., indicating he wants coffee
from Mickey.

GRANGE
I know your friend, too -- the one
that looks
like a rock star.

ELLY
I don't know you.

GRANGE
(easily)

I'd like to get in touch with him.

Elly sizes Grange up.

ELLY

You're
not a cop, either. What do
you want him for?

GRANGE

I'm looking for
a good guitar man.

ELLY

Right.

Grange withdraws a \$10 bill from his
wallet and slides it across
the countertop to Mickey.

ELLY (CONT'D)

You buying?

(cuts him some slack)

He kinda wanders around. You'll
see him if you pay attention.

GRANGE

I need to find him kind of soon,

Elly.

INT. LOFT - ON ERIC - DAY

No shirt, the ring on the thong around
his neck -- workout mode.

He twirls and performs odd Crow moves of
increasing complexity
in the big open living room. On purpose, he
stretches hard
against the bedroom doorframe.

FLASH: Shelly stands in
the blue moonlight near the picture window
wearing a rococo Victorian
gown. PUSH IN TIGHT as she is
embraced by a nude Eric. He undoes the
last few remaining ties
that hold the gown in place. FOLLOW THE GOWN as
it crumples
down the length of Shelly's (also otherwise nude) body to the
floor...

FLASH ENDS.

LOW ANGEL - FROM INSIDE THE BEDROOM - ON ERIC

hanging there, inviting the pain the FLASHES bring. Breathing
as though
he is pumping iron, pumping up.

ANGLE - LATER - ERIC IN BEDROOM

embracing a ragged full-length dress that used to be Shelly's.

FLASH:

Eric and Shelly (wearing the same dress), exchange an extremely passionate and intimate KISS in the moonlight.

FLASH ENDS.

ANGLE -
RESUMING ERIC

as he drops the dress. Absorbing the pain and memories.

ANGLE - LATER - ERIC IN LIVING ROOM

executing a complex roll that winds him up at the windowsill. He grasps it with both hands.

FLASH: A series of CLOSE SHOTS of Eric and Shelly's HANDS, each moving along the other's body. Curves and dips and contours. But Eric's gaze never leaves Shelly's eyes.

FLASH ENDS.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC AT WINDOW

His GAZE similarly FIXED. Bringing his hands away and clapping them together, deep breath, fingertips pressed to his face, like Kung Fu prep. When he opens his eyes, the crow is there before him on the sill.

ERIC

That's better.

He wipes his torso down with a towel.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's almost time.

He holds his hand in front of his face and he flexes it. We can HEAR tendons CRACKLE like a harness. Closes it into a powerful fist.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S LAIR - NIGHT

TIGHT on Skank as he slams his fist down on the table. He has a black eye and facial scuffs from his liquor store encounter.

SKANK

Top, I made the sumbitch! Face
all
painted white like some kinda
fuckin' kabuki homo!

WIDE ANGLE to
include all present: Lao, Grange, Lao Guards #1
and #2, Top Dollar, and
a Sentry. Top dusts up a line and
rinses his nostrils with brandy.

LAO

Sounds like our "Crow" is
out-maneuvering you.

TOP DOLLAR

"Our"
Crow...?

LAO

Come now. You've seen the
graffiti -- all over the
city in
the few hors it has taken your
men to drop like plague victims.

What about your turf, Top?
(mockingly)

You don't seem to have
ripped out
anyone's heart yet.

TOP DOLLAR

(pissed off)

The
night is young.

SKANK

(hot)

The found T-bird flash-fried to
what was left of his fucking car!

Top is angry too, but won't show it to
Lao. He rises and goes
to the window. Neon glow. Top sees something
outside, below,
that really torques him off.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE

SHOWTIME - NIGHT (TOP'S POV)

A phantom GRAFFITI ARTIST is spray-painting
a crow shape on the
condemned building right across the street.

INT.

TOP DOLLAR'S LAIR - NIGHT

Top whip-drawing an auto pistol and shooting
below.

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

His gun smoking. Momentary empowerment.

TOP DOLLAR (CONT'D)
I don't
give a shit what kinda
bird this guy is.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

As Top
turns from the window, PULL BACK to incorporate the
chunky shadows where
the lights don't fall. Eric is there,
perched on the narrow exterior
ledge...but we don't know it
until he opens his eyes, two dots of white
in the blackness.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S LAIR - NIGHT

LAO AT TABLE --
angered by this macho horseshit, annoyed at his
time being frittered.

LAO
I am sitting over here.

He SLAMS a palm on the table and the room
goes silent. Top
looks sheepish.

LAO (CONT'D)
Do you think this
childish
machismo impresses me?
(regains composure)
When I was a
boy in Saigon I
watched my country change one
block at a time, one
building at
a time. Whole lives erased. A
way of life, polluted.
Today, no
one forces me to move. I use my
powers to change your
country, one
block at a time, one building at
a time.

TOP DOLLAR
Nice speech. What's it supposed
to mean?

LAO
Your comprehension is
not

required. Your cooperation and,
indeed, your ability are the

issues on the table.

Top rallies to this.

TOP DOLLAR

Whatever you
say, I can do.

Skank looks around, nervous and jumpy, a contradiction to
Top's
guarantee.

LAO

That's reassuring.

CLOSE-UP - TOP'S SHELL
CASING IN ERIC'S HAND

from the ledge. Endstamp is for a .45 caliber.

ANGLE - ERIC ON LEDGE

He sniffs the cartridge. We can see Funboy's
cartridge in his
hair. He fists the shell casing tightly.

ANGLE -

DOWN-TABLE, AT SKANK

Jittery, grabbing a clip for his own automatic.

SKANK

What was that -- !?

It wasn't anything. Skank loads, stands and
jacks the action on
his gun. Lao looks questioningly to Top Dollar.

TOP DOLLAR

Too many poppers, Skank. Relax. Heel.

ANGLE - WINDOW

BEHIND TOP DOLLAR

A black blur as Eric arches through, spilling Top.

ANGLE - MEN SEATED AT TABLE

Eric back flips the length of the table and
kicks the gun from
Skank's hand. All react. Weapons out.

CLOSE-UP -

SKANK'S GUN

spinning mid-air to land in Eric's open hand!

GENERAL ANGLE

- BIG MOBY SHOOTOUT - (VARIOUS)

Death cleans house. Standing on the table, Eric fires rearward under his own arm to clip Lao Guard #1. He pivots, shooting, and takes out Lao Guard #2 -- who slams backward into the steel door as it being opened by the Sentry outside. Crash! The door is shut again.

ANGLE - GRANGE AND LAO

Grange sprays the room with a Calico 950 Auto, shoving Lao beneath the table for cover.

ANGLE - ERIC

Bullets hit him and demolish everything behind him. Skank hits the deck again. Eric fires and Lao Guard #1 sucks three hits across the chest, firing convulsively against the ceiling, blowing the lights.

ANGLE - TOP
DOLLAR

springing up from behind table. But Eric is gone from the field of fire and one shot strikes Skank, rising at the far end.

ANGLE - LAO
AND GRANGE

making for the door, Grange as shield. Lao draws a pistol. The door opens and Lao shoots a Sentry to clear him out of the way.

ANGLE - TIGHTER ON LAO

A last look back toward Eric and Grange hustle Lao out.

Door SLAM o.s. Top is out of ammo as Eric lands from above frame right in front of him and slaps the gun from his hand.

TOP
DOLLAR
(awed but maintained)
You want my attention, man you got it.

ANGLE - SKANK UNDER TABLE

Wounded but clawing toward Eric just the same.

SKANK
It's him, Top! He dusted T-Bird!

ANGLE - ERIC AND TOP
DOLLAR, FACE-TO-FACE

ERIC
You have to be Skank.
(to Top Dollar)

One moment.

As he speaks, WIDEN FRAME as he turns and grabs the incoming
Skank by the hair.

ERIC
Thank of a snappy comeback for me
on your
way down.

Without a beat he pitches Skank right out the window! Skank
howls
all the way down.

EXT. STREET - ON POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Damaged
from the wreck, limping home, piloted by our pals Speeg
and MJ. Skank
smashes down into the roof, imploding the
flashbar and windshield. MJ
drenches his lap in fresh coffee.

MJ
OwwwAAHHH son of a BITCH!

ANGLE
- SIDEWALK ACROSS THE STREET - ON ALBRECHT

who watches with slow marvel
from the shadows

ALBRECHT
Jesus Christ...

He runs to assist the
demolished cruiser.

INT. TOP DOLLAR'S LAIR - RESUMING - NIGHT

Just
Top, Eric, corpses, and lazily drifting gunsmoke.

ERIC
Top Dollar,
you're the only one
here still wasting good air...

TOP DOLLAR
Five
large, in the drawer right
over there. I never saw you.

ERIC
Do
you know what you destroyed?

TOP DOLLAR
Take the dope, too.

Eric
backhands Top into the wall. Gets in his face, seething.

ERIC
A year
ago. A very nice lady
circulated a petition. She died.
Last
Halloween. Answer yes or no.

TOP DOLLAR
That's ancient history.

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

Top Dollar yells
right back at Eric's anger.

TOP DOLLAR
Who gives a fuck! I'm a
businessman. You gonna do me,
then do me and shut you're face!

ERIC
You don't even remember...

TOP DOLLAR
I never forget anything,
dickhead.
That building was a sweep-and-
clear; the bitch was a
nuisance
with her goddamned petition. It
got a little rowdy... end of
story.

ERIC
Rowdy. Let me fill in some gaps
for you.

And he grabs
Top's head the way he grabbed Albrecht's earlier,
slams Top into the
wall. Nose-to-nose.

FLASH: Shelly backing away from oncoming Funboy in
the loft,
trying to retreat, nowhere to run, her home invaded, scared.

FLASH ENDS.

ANGLE - TOP DOLLAR AND ERIC

Top is quivering, almost
helpless in Eric's hypnotic grasp.
Eric winces, hard, and --

FLASH:
Shelly cut, bleeding, struggling against T-Bird. Wild.

FLASH ENDS.

ANGLE - RESUMING TOP DOLLAR AND ERIC

Viciously close, more intimate and
lethal than anything.

ERIC

You're a detail man, Top -- you
need to
see more.

This time Top tries to twist from Eric's grasp but it's no
good.

FLASH: Shelly, comatose in ICU, eyes fixed and staring,
hoses
darting in and out, cold blue refrigerator light.

Bloody, bruised and
broken (from Albrecht;s memory)

FLASH ENDS.

CLOSE-UP - TOP DOLLAR

arching, stiffening in pain.

CLOSE-UP - TOP DOLLAR AND ERIC

ERIC

All
of her pain, Top. Thirty
hours. All at once...

Eric bears down on Top
Dollar again. Top screams. Blood begins
to leak from his eyes, nose,
ears.

ERIC (CONT'D)

...all for you.

FLASH: Rapidfire CLOSE-UPS. A
jagged compound fracture,
jutting, Shelly's eye, blood-red sclera,
purpled and sunken.

Her scraped-raw hand clawing at air. Icebox
lighting. A TIGHT
SHOT of her monitor going flatline: eeeeeeeeeeeeeee...

TWO-SHOT - RESUMING ERIC AND TOP DOLLAR.

as Top sags in Eric's grasp,
terror fixing his wide-staring dead
eyes. Eric lets him drop like a

laundry sack.

ERIC

I didn't think you could handle it
either.

O.S.

BANG of impact, heavy against the steel door. Eric turns.

ANGLE - STEEL
DOOR

as it is battered down by a squad of police using a power-ram.
All
weapons snap up to bear on Eric.

LEAD SWAT

That's all she wrote,
Bozo! You
stand down now, and that's an
order!

ANGLE - ERIC AS HE
MOVES

using his foot to shove the massive conference table at the
incoming SWATs while launching himself into the air, flipping
toward the
window and arching through cleanly as the cops open
fire on command.
Bullets tear the room to pieces.

LEAD SWAT

The fire escape's covered.

EXT. SHOWTIME - FRONT FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Picking up Eric on his dive
through the window, bullets chasing
him. Immediate police fire from
below sparks off the ironwork.
Eric ducks slugs balletically and scampers
to the roof.

ANGLE - SHOWTIME ROOFTOP EDGE

Eric somersaults over.
Bullets chip brick in his wake.

STREET LEVEL - UP ANGLE TOWARD ROOF.

Showtime girded police cars and MARKSMEN, Eric a distant
shadow figure
above. Here comes a TEAM LEADER with a bullhorn.

TEAM LEADER

(FILTERED)

On the roof! Keep firing! Keep
firing!

A fury of law
enforcement ordnance cuts loose all around him.

RESUMING ERIC ON
SHOWTIME ROOF EDGE

A forearm up against the fusillade. Below him --

ANGLE - PIT FRONT FIRE ESCAPE

Here come Lead SWAT and his Merry MEN.

MOVING ANGLE - WITH ERIC - ADJACENT ROOFTOP

Eric runs for it. Half a
story higher. He hits the wall and
skitters up, gripping tiny cracks in
the brickwork.

ANGLE - RESUMING MEN ON FRONT SHOWTIME FIRE ESCAPE.

Lead
SWAT hesitates -- because of what he sees.

LEAD SWAT
Holy shit, it's
spiderman.

He tries to pull a bead and fires too late.

LEAD SWAT
(CONT'D)
What're you boy scouts staring at!
Let's Go! Let's go! Let's
go!

MOVING ANGLE - PICKING UP ERIC ON NEXT ROOF

He sprints to the far
edge and dives to the next lower rooftop.
As he lands he is nailed by a
helicopter spotlight, boring in
from behind and above the row of
buildings.

MOVING ANGLE - THE STREET BELOW

COPS below, COPS in the
chopper, everyone rushing parallel to
Eric, trying to keep up.

ERIC'S
POV - THE STREET, THE HELICOPTER

PAN QUICK to the next ledge. COPS
right behind him on the roof
as well.

WITH ERIC - AS HE RUNS TO THE
EDGE.

and finds a void waiting there. No connecting building.

ANOTHER
MOVING ANGLE - ERIC

staying ahead of the search light. A fantastic

series of artful
moves that wind him up at the rear edge of the roof.

ANGLE - SWAT MEN ON NEXT ROOF

sighting Eric as the light picks him out.
Eric glances at
them... then jumps.

CHOPPER PILOT (O.S./FILTERED)

He's off the roof. We can't see
him.

CLOSE-UP - LEAD SWAT

pulling his
weapon off target, because there is not target.

LEAD SWAT

Dammit to
hell!

(beat; to men)
Come on.

ANGLE - ALLEY - STREET LEVEL

Eric
lands like a falling safe, scattering garbage. But he's
okay, up and
running.

ANGLE - ERIC'S RUNNING POV - END OF ALLEY

as his escape is cut
off by a police car that screeches to a
stop, blocking the exit.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ERIC

as he backpedals, scanning for an alternate escape.

ALBRECHT

(from car)
Come on!

CLOSER ANGLE - POLICE CAR

We can
see Albrecht. Eric dives inside and the car burns rubber.

INT.

ALBRECHT'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Albrecht harried and frantic, but in
control.

ALBRECHT

Keep your head down!

He twists and turns the car,
glancing rearward for pursuit.

Gradually he calms down.

ALBRECHT

(CONT'D)

I figured you might need a ride
home.

Eric looks up at him
from his half-concealed crouch.

ERIC

It's done.

ALBRECHT

I figured
as much. Did you cap
off Funboy.

ERIC

Funboy had to leave this
mortal
coil.

ALBRECHT

Yeah, among others.

(sees Eric's
condition)

Hey, man -- you're hit.

ERIC

It's only a flesh wound.

ALBRECHT

It's only fourteen or fifteen
flesh wounds.

Eric sits up as
the car gains distance. Grabs the cigarette out
of Albrecht's mouth.
Takes his single puff.

ERIC

You shouldn't smoke these.

He pitches
the smoke out the open car window.

ALBRECHT

Great. Litterbug of the
Living
Dead.

Eric turns back to Albrecht.

ERIC

I'm finished.

Eric
shoots him a doubtful look.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I mean, I've done what I
came to
do. It shouldn't hurt this much.

But it will pass...

ALBRECHT

(not buying it)

Right.

(beat)

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - ON
ALBRECHT'S CAR

It hangs a turn and their escape is made.

ERIC (O.S.)

They couldn't do anything for me.

ALBRECHT (O.S.)

How 'bout the
morgue?

ERIC (O.S.)

No. I have one more thing to do.

EXT. STREET -
ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY - NIGHT

Lonelier, less traffic, more deserted.

ANGLE - ON ALBRECHT AND ERIC THROUGH WINDSHIELD - TRAVELLING

ALBRECHT

You're gonna kill somebody else.

(beat; no response)

We're gonna
stop and get a shit-load
of Band-Aids?

Eric is obviously fighting to
stay centered, stay conscious.
His last fight has caused him a great deal
of damage, taken a
lot out of him. He needs to recharge.

ERIC

I have
to prepare for an
anniversary. This coming night.

HOLD on their two
kinds of determination. as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

High blue sky. It might even be pretty if it wasn't Detroit.

INT.

LAO'S CLUB OFFICE - DAY

The TV flybank pulses with videotaped images of Club Trash's of various performers -- including Diabolique. On several screens, one-by-one, various images of a guitar-playing Eric Draven

FREEZE-FRAME as we PULL BACK to the desk. Lao has the 8x10 from the corridor gallery. He places it within eyeshot and resumes work on the desk BELOW FRAME; we can't see it yet, among other scattered research and inconcubula.

ANGLE - GRANGE

Entering and crossing to the desk. As he comes up to the desk, he DRAWS BACK.

GRANGE
What... the hell is that?

LAO
(calmly)
This is a cobra, Mr. Grange. Yes, it is real.

NEW ANGLE - LAO AND GRANGE

Revealing Lao with a sealed cage, holding a large, live cobra in his hands. The killing blade is nearby.

GRANGE
That thing is poisonous.

LAO
Extremely so.
(beat)
You and I are the recipients of unwanted good fortune, in the form of a man everyone is calling The Crow.

Grange makes a face. Can't keep his eyes off the cobra.

GRANGE
Give me a break. That guy's a wacko...

LAO
I intend no slight to you, but I cannot find the English to adequately express just what he is. I suppose Western mythology would

describe him as a Fury.

GRANGE

Not a Plymouth Fury, I bet.

Lao

chuckles indulgently.

LAO

Do you know of spirit assassins?

You do

know the dead can rise?

Properly motivated, of course.

GRANGE

Like

some sort of zombie on a

revenge trip.

LAO

Mmm. But tonight I can

take what

is his.

GRANGE

Only thing you'll get from that

clown is a

faster way to die.

LAO

To the contrary...

ZZLIP! Lao smoothly
BEHEADS the snake with the Blade against
the stone surface of the desk
and discards the writhing body.
He squeezes behind one of the eyes and a
VENOM SAC protrudes
like a dark pimento.

LAO pulls it free of the milky,
clinging tissue and EATS IT.
Off Grange's stunned expression.

LAO

(CONT'D)

...all the dying tonight will be

done by the former Eric

Draven.

Lao exhibits the blade to Grange as though it explains all.

LAO (CONT'D)

Who is only invulnerable so long

as he cares about the

dead. When

he begins to care about the living,

you'll find his heart

can bleed...

and I want it to bleed for me.

GRANGE

Kill a dead guy?

Lao POPS the second venom sac; swallows it. Pleased.

LAO
Truly kill
him. So I may crush
his skull and smoke it.

Lao SHRUGS. Grange can
handle it.

LAO (CONT'D)
Let it suffice that I need him...
and to get
to him, we'll need his
little friend.

Finally, an assignment Grange
can comfortable understand.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Eric, barechested,
emotionally tapped, clean of makeup and blood
but exhausted, his
movements retarded and slack. Staring
fixedly into the fireplace, where
he burns everything he could
find of his past: the junk from the makeup
table, the masques,
photos of himself and Shelly.

INT. LOFT - STAIRWELL
- DAY

Moving with Elly as she nears the open loft door. She PEEKS
cautiously inside.

RESUME ERIC

Without looking toward the door, he
speaks.

ELLY
What's going on...?

ERIC
A remembrance.
(beat)

A closure.

And Eric consigns to the fire the DRESS we saw earlier.

Holds a photograph in a broken frame. Cracked glass. Subject:
Eric and
Shelly, goofing for the camera.

He chucks it into the fire. Draws a
deep breath.

ERIC
Better now. I feel good. How are
you, Elly, my

friend?

Elly is clearly uncomfortable, groping for an excuse just to see

Eric. Eric is staring at her, intently.

ERIC

What is it?

ELLY

I

knew. I knew I knew you. Even
with the makeup and stuff you
wore.

(beat)

You really loved her, didn't you?

CLOSE-UP - FIREPLACE

The
photo burns and blackens in the grate.

ERIC

You brought flowers. As
long as
you don't forget her, Elly, she
lives.

ELLY

(upset)

She's dead. She's gone. And now
you're just gonna go away and
never
come back, too. I hate this
place; it isn't fair.

ERIC

Elly...

He
draws her close. Wipes away an errant tear with his thumb.

ERIC

(CONT'D)

Sometimes the people we care about
are gone, for no reason.

Sometimes

that's really tough. I cry. But if
the people we love are
gone, we keep them --

He taps Elly's temple, then his won.

ERIC

(CONT'D)

-- right here. It's a big
responsibility. And that makes it

okay to mourn.

(beat)

I know that if you weren't here,
I'd be
very sad.

Elly gives Eric a hug.

ELLY

You look funny without your
white
face on. Like it's your day off
or something.

He quizzical
expression amuses him.

ERIC

Somebody here wants to meet you. Gabriel?

Gabriel the cat has wandered near the fireplace to join them.
Elly is
immediately smitten. Happy.

ELLY

I remember him! Here, Gabriel...

here kitty... Gabriel... Is he
still yours?

ERIC

I think he's yours,
now.

The cat seems to like that idea. Elly wraps him hugely up in
her
arms, talking to him: "How're you, Gabriel, whatcha doin'"

ANOTHER ANGLE

- TIGHTER ON ERIC

While Elly is preoccupied with the cat, Eric gives up
his last
bit of Shelly to the fire - a portrait photo of her, small and
creased. He puts it in the fire, watches it burn for a beat,
then turns
to Elly.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I have something else for you.

BACK FOCUS as

Eric lifts off his neck Shelly's ring for Elly's
inspection. The ring
twirls large in f.g.

ELLY

Nobody ever gave me something like
that
before. Ever.

Eric places it around her neck. Elly BEAMS.

ERIC

Shelly would've wanted you to have
it. This way, you'll think of her

every time you see it...

ELLY

And she'll be alive. Up here.

Elly

TAPS her own temple with a smile, keeping one hand on the ring.

CUT

TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Blowing wind. TRICK-OR-TREATERS wisp past.
Ghosts, witches,
demons out for Halloween.

ANGLE - CEMETERY FENCE

walking home with Gabriel zipped up inside her coat is Elly. A
fire
engine wails past in the opposite direction.

ANGLE - ELLY ON BROWNSTONE
STEPS

Strictly downscale building. Elly to Gabriel"

ELLY

You're
gonna like it here.

A car curbs across the street as she enters the
building.

ANGLE - PUSH IN ON CAR

as the window cranks down to reveal
Grange at the wheel.

INT. DARLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Darla nervously
smoking, doing her best to stay clean, but
jittery. Elly enters the
shabby living room with Gabriel in her
arms.

DARLA

I was wonderin'
where you'd
gotten to --
(she sees Gabriel)
Oh, Elly, honey, a
cat. Here?

ELLY

He was a present. Besides, we're
moving anyway.
You said.

DARLA

We'll discuss this later.

Obviously. You left the door open.

DARLA points. As Elly goes to close the door it opens.

NEW

ANGLE - FAVOR THE DOOR

Grange enters accompanied by two Asian martial arts STRONGARMS (Lao Guards #3 & #4). Grange looks around, bemused, his manner avuncular.

GRANGE

Hi, Elly. Remember me?

Elly's surprise is evident. Darla is just plain pissed off.

DARLA

I don't remember you.

And I don't remember inviting...

GRANGE

(to his MEN)

If she opens her face again, shoot her in the head.

ANGLE - DARLA

Mouth

stalling in the ON position as Lao Guard #3 pulls a gigantic gun, draws and cocks.

ELLY

(panicked)

Mom -- !

ANGLE - GUARD #4 AND ELLY

as he scoops her up, captive.

ANGLE - GRANGE AND GABRIEL

He strolls the circuit of the room, stopping near the window.

GRANGE

You should listen to your mother. She said no cats.

Grange pitches Gabriel right out the window.

ELLY

Gabriel!

Grange pulls out a compact Polaroid camera.

GRANGE

Now that's the expression I want.

ANGLE - ELLY AND
GUARD #4

As she struggle mightily, to no avail, as Grange moves in to
snap his shot.

GRANGE (CONT'D)

Say cheese.

He snaps. On the SX-70
WHIRR and flash white-out, we --

EXT. LOFT BUILDING ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Dark clouds have gathered to highlight the sunset. Eric plays
the guitar
- LOUD, the SHelly theme in a major key. Where
before it was wandering,
uncertain, now it's bold and
heartbreaking. Definitive. Pain replaced
by strength and a
sense of homecoming.

As Eric gets to the end of it,
the notes are flying out... At
the climax, rips the guitar up over his
head and brings it
down -- SMASH -- on the Pignose. He's finished here.

ROOF EDGE - FROM STREET

as the broken guitar SAILS OUT over the building
edge.

INT. LOFT BUILDING STAIRWELL - DUSK

As Eric comes down the
stairs. Notices the open door.

INT. LOFT - DUSK

He enters,
cautiously, to find an envelope laying in the middle
of the floor. He
opens it.

INSERT - THE POLAROID OF ELLY

with a note.

UP ANGLE AT ERIC
READING THE NOTE - FROM FLOOR

The crow flies past behind him as his
expression hardens.

NEW ANGLE - A MOMENT LATER - FAST AND HARD

Eric

brutally crisscrosses his arms with black vinyl tape.

ANGLE - ERIC
DRESSING

Pulling on black night-fighting clothes, skintight.

ANGLE -
THE VANITY

as Eric (seen in mirror) jabs his fingers into the white
makeup and smears it on.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR CEMETERY -
NIGHT

Eric marches along in plain view since everyone around him seems
to be in costume. The wind whips his coat. KIDS bustle around
him with
trick-or-treat bags. The crow perched on his shoulder.

ERIC'S POV -
CITY SKYLINE

Somewhere, a few blocks over, a building is burning.

ANGLE
- ERIC WALKING

A fire engine races past on the street. He steps out in
its
wake and crosses over to --

MEDIUM MOVING SHOT - THE CEMETERY

waiting for him as he crosses to the fence. Beyond the fence,
in the
distance, the church looms.

ANGLE - ERIC

He pauses. A KID in a
Creature from the Black Lagoon mask
comes, passes Eric, then comes back
for a touch.

CREATURE KID
Trick or treat!

Eric smiles. Not tonight.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Eric is standing over the grave of Shelly Webster,
looking down.
He holds for a moment then moves on.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Eric ascends toward giant oak doors, tres Gothique. The crow

flaps past,
leading him.

NEW ANGLE - TOP OF STEPS -- where waits the Skull Cowboy.

As
Eric approaches, the Skull Cowboy interposes himself between
Eric and
the huge double doors.

Eric glares up, defiant. Moves up the steps.
The Skull Cowboy
extends a skeletal hand. STOP.

SKULL COWBOY

Stop
screwing around.

TIGHT ON ERIC

Angry, ready to battle: You talking to
me?

SKULL COWBOY (CONT'D)

Your job is done. You interfere
with the
living again.

ERIC

Tell me I'll get hurt. That I
might die.

(beat)

I've already done that. I don't
need anyone's help. Yours

included.

STAIR ANGLE - ERIC AND SKULL COWBOY

Eric lower, Skull Cowboy
superior, the storm wild around them.

SKULL COWBOY

Do this thing and
you will be
vulnerable. The blood will not
return.

(beat)

No
powers. No reunion. Nothing.

ERIC

Fine with me.

He ADVANCES a step
up; the Skull Cowboy Hold fast.

SKULL COWBOY

You'll be alone.

ERIC

I'm already alone.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

Through a castle keep-like slit, Grange monitors Eric's arrival. He speaks into a headset.

GRANGE

We've got company.

LAO (O.S./FILTERED)

Is he inside?

GRANGE'S POV - ERIC

Eric Talking to dead air. Almost arguing with it. Eerie.

RESUME GRANGE

As he talks into his mike he hefts a nightscoped, laser-sighted sniper's rifle.

GRANGE

He's just out front talking to

himself. You tell me.

EXT. CHURCH - RESUMING ERIC ON STEPS - NIGHT

Eric, eyes steely, stares down the Skull Cowboy.

ERIC

Don't waste my time.

SKULL COWBOY

Very well, it's your ass.

And the wind kicks up around them both, powerfully.

ANGLE - SKULL COWBOY (EFFECT)

As the force of the storm dust-devils around him and begins to disassemble him.

The fire in his eye sockets goes out. His hat flies off and is pulverized by the wind. The garments begin to disintegrate and blow around, rotten cerements falling apart in mid-air.

ANGLE - ERIC ON STEPS -- transfixed by this unexpected development. A shard of the Skull Cowboy blows past Eric's face and transmutes to dust!

RESUME SKULL COWBOY AT TOP OF STEPS (EFFECT)

Transparent, ancient bones, crumbling and blowing away.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ERIC ON STEPS

As Eric lunges for what's left of his
mysterious, smart-ass
mentor

CLOSE-UP - ERIC'S LUNGING HAND

Meeting

only a swirl of vaporous dust where the Skull Cowboy's
heart would have
been.

TIGHT ANGLE - ERIC ON STEPS

He has time to register the dust in
his palm before it, too,
renders down to nothingness, leaving a vague
green glow that
dies. And as he looks to the sky --

UP ANGLE - THE CROW

flapping down to land on Eric's shoulder. Eric is astonished.

ERIC

But why are you still here?

CLOSE-UP - THE CROW

No answer in the crow's
eyes.

RESUME AND FOLLOW ERIC

That's good enough for Eric. He marches
to the double doors and
shoves them back.

INT. CHURCH - AS ERIC COMES
THROUGH THE DOORS - NIGHT

The high breeze blows in with him, disturbing
dust in the
disused Gothic dark. Hollow cathedral ECHOES to sounds. A
giant 27" TV positioned on the alter, broadcasting static.

LONG SHOT -
ERIC AS HE APPROACHES THE ALTER - ("CROWVISION")

Leery of potential
danger from a thousand dark places.

ANGLE - THE TV - AS ERIC ENTERS
FRAME

Onscreen: Elly, gagged with duct tape and handcuffed to an iron
ring bolted to a flagstone wall. Could be anywhere inside the
church.

LAO (O.S./FILTERED)

I believe our friend Elly call
you Mister Crow.

(beat)

Please acknowledge; the mike
will pick you up.

ERIC

I can
see her.

LAO

Of course you can.

ANGLE - GRANGE IN THE GALLERY -- in
darkness. The running
lights on his night-scoped, laser-sighted sniper's
rifle which
THROWS vague sprays of eerie red and green light.

LAO

(CONT'D; O.S./FILTERED)

Don't permit your rage to cloud
the issue. I
believe in barter.
I propose a simple trade.

Grange sights his weapon.

CROSSHAIR POV - ERIC AT THE ALTER

Blurring as Grange resights. Eric is
not the target. Blur
FINDS the crow at the far end of the nave, perched
in front of
a giant stained glass window.

NEW ANGLE - GRANGE --
squeezing off two quick, SILENCED shots.

ANGLE - STAINED GLASS WINDOW --
the first shot blows a hole in
some pastoral religious presentation.
TINKLE of glass.

ANGLE - ERIC -- Spinning at the quiet !pfut! sound, to
witness.

ANGLE - INCOMING DART - ("CROWVISION")

SPinning and hissing
venomously.

ANGLE - ERIC DUCKS

As before, but the crow is not as fast.

TIGHT ANGLE - THE CROW

As it catches the dart and goes down in a flurry
of feathers.

LOW ANGLE - ERIC AT ALTER - INCLUDE TV

His knees buckle.
Sympathetic PAIN from the hit.

LAO (O.S./FILTERED)
You intended to
finish this
evening in the cemetery. I am
here to help you on your
way.

ANGLE - RESUMING GRANGE IN GALLERY

Swapping his tranquilizer gun
for a more lethal rifle, similarly
scoped. He sights the fallen Eric in
a spray of green light.

HIGH ANGLE - HAND HELD - ERIC AT ALTER

Groping
for support to drag himself back to standing.

GRANGE (O.S.)
I've got
him if you want him.

LAO (O.S./FILTERED)
No shooting.

GRANGE

(into headset)
Move in, guys.

HIGH ANGLE - THE SANCTUARY -- as Lao
Guards #3 and #4 move
into light, closing on Eric's position in the
center of isle.
Both wield calico's and one bears a sword.

CLOSE ANGLE -
ALTER -- Lao makes his entrance from shadow
wearing a brisk pugilist
get-up, a practical fighting outfit.
Makes a show of drawing the killing
blade.

LAO
I wish to possess what you have now.

ERIC
I want the
girl. Unharmd. Now.

LAO
I know. That is why I will
prevail. Mr.
Grange... ?

Eric CRAMPS UP, CLUTCHING his throat in obvious pain.

ANGLE
- GRANGE AT STAINED GLASS WINDOW

Holding the crow by the neck, TIGHTLY.

He plucks the tranq dart
from the its body.

ANGLE - RESUMING ERIC AS
LAO MOVES IN CLOSER

Crashing to one knee, invisibly bludgeoned,
struggling to
breathe. Lao has no fear, walking around the stricken
Eric.

LAO

Sooner or later, my action were
destined to bring me a
genuine
Fury. And it turned out to be you.
At last. I appreciate your

abilities as few mortals can.
That's why I desire them.

ERIC

You're
too late. There was a guy
outside - on the stairs - you
really need to
talk to. But he
turned to dust and blew away.
(beat, gasping)
I
don't have any power for you to take.

LAO

I don't believe that.
Lao
motions to Grange with the killing blade. Grange RELAXES
his deathgrip
on the crow. MOVE IN CLOSE on Eric so we may
perceive a palpable degree
of relief.

LAO (CONT'D)

Time for you to die for me.
(beat)

Funny, how the dead can still
bleed. How they need air.

Eric

IMMOBILIZED as Lao DRAWS BACK the Blade. To Grange:

LAO (CONT'D)

Break its neck.

ANGLE - RESUMING GRANGE AT WINDOW as he prepares to do
dirty on
the bird.

Over his shoulder, we PUSH in to the BULLETHOLE from
the first
dart until we're in TIGHT CLOSE-UP of an eye watching through

the hole.

EXT. CHURCH - OBVERSE OF WINDOW - NIGHT

Albrecht digs through
a sling bag of weaponry, trying to
simultaneously monitor the peephole,
muttering sotto to
himself.

ALBRECHT

Had to go get yourself hip-deep
in
shit, didn't you, my friend.

It begins to rain. Albrecht glances
resentfully toward the
sky.

ALBRECHT (CONT'D)

Give it a rest, huh?

A hefts a machinegun, clipped over and under. CUTS LOOSE on
full auto
into the Madonna on the window.

INT. CHURCH NAVE - NIGHT

As the
window EXPLODES toward Grange and he sucks big hits from
behind, DROPPING
the crow. The bird hits the ground, flapping
weakly.

LAO GUARDS #3 & #4
exchange a look and whip up their Calicos,
RETURNING FIRE.

EXT. CHURCH
- NIGHT

Albrecht takes cover as a lot of religious stuff is noisily
destroyed all around his position. Chunks of the window
continue to
disintegrate.

INT. CHURCH ALTER (NIGHT)

Eric tuck-and-rolls out of
the way as we go CLOSE on Lao,
screaming.

LAO

I said no shooting!

Then he's ducking bullets himself as Albrecht STEPS IN through
the blown
out window, the machine gun stuttering on slugs.

The sanctuary comes
apart around Lao. He RETREATS to the alter
and EXITS whence he came.

TIGHT ON PEW -- ERIC DIVES just as Guard #4 comes after him with the sword, which chomps into the wood and gets stuck there. Guard #4 releases it and cross draws his Calico as ERIC springs back into the frame -- STRAIGHT UP.

TIGHT ON GUARD #4 as Eric's lancing foot propels him backward before he can fire.

INTERCUTS -- ALBRECHT AND GUARD #3 scrambling to reload. Guard changes magazine; Albrecht swaps clips.

ANGLE - DOWN LENGTH OF PEW -- Guard #4 slides. Sits up with his gun as Eric, down-pew, grabs the sword.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AT WINDOW firing now with a gun in each hand.

RESUME ERIC AND GUARD #4, who eats it from Albrecht's gunfire, but not before he puts a round through Eric.

Eric staggers back from the impact but keeps his feet.

RESUME ALBRECHT as he tosses away the dry pistol. His machine gun jams, he fights to get the clip.

ANGLE - GUARD #3 -- reloaded and rising, having caught Albrecht dead-bang in the open by the window.

MOVING ANGLE - WITH ERIC -- A complex leap with the sword flashing. He lands near Guard #3 and SLASHES UPWARDS, blade up.

CLOSE-UP - GUARD #3 -- screaming in pain, gaping DOWN O.S.

TIGHT ON ALBRECHT - looking UP, following the trajectory of something AIRBORNE toward him.

CLOSE-UP - GUARD #3'S Calico spinning mid-air with Guard #3s HANDS still attached, severed mid-forearm by Eric's devastating strike.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT drops Guard #3 -- to REVEAL Eric in the background. Eric salutes Albrecht with the tip of the sword.

WITH ALBRECHT as he moves into the nave, which has

been torn
apart by gunfire. Hazy smoke. Two dead guys. And Eric.

ALBRECHT

You sorta looked like you might
need my help.

ERIC

This
isn't your place. This isn't
your fight. And I don't need
your help.

ALBRECHT

You're welcome.

ERIC

Leave here. Don't do this. I
don't
want you here.

ALBRECHT

The hell you say. This isn't just
about
you any more.

Eric stares dead-on at Albrecht, acidly, then BREAKS the
Guard's
sword, dropping the pieces and turning his back on Albrecht, who
pursues Eric to:

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - TO BELL TOWER - NIGHT

The
crow FLAPS UPWARD through the void. Eric grabs the thick
bellrope,
testing it. A final look to Albrecht.

ERIC

Don't interfere.

ALBRECHT

You're bleeding, man. You can't
make it.

Eric shinnies up
the bellrope, ignoring Albrecht.

ON ALBRECHT

Watching as Eric
dissappears from view, fast.. Grumbles.

ALBRECHT

You won't mind if I
just take the
stairs, then, smartass...

He hefts his arsenal bag of
hardware and begins to plod up the

steps.

ANGLE - MOVING WITH ERIC ON
THE ROPE -- A weird perspective of
speed climb. Zip! All the way to the
top.

EXT - CHURCH ROOF - NIGHT

Slanted, shingled, slippery, dark.
Lightning deep in the turbid
clouds. The crow circles as Eric RISES INTO
FRAME.

ERIC

Here I am.

DOWNFRAME lightning STRIKES the ornate
LIGHTNING ROD (large,
Victorian, lance-like) at the far end of the roof
from the bell
tower.

SILHOUETTING Lao and Elly standing in front of it.
Elly
flinches at the strike.

LAO

Can you fly, Crow man?

INT.

BELLTOWER SPIRAL STAIRS - RESUMING ALBRECHT

He stops his ascent to light
a cigarette.

ALBRECHT

I ain't cut out for this superhero
shit.

EXT. CHURCH ROOF - RESUMING LAO - NIGHT

Lao SNAPS Elly's free handcuff
to the dimly glowing lightning
rod and advances, one foot on either side
of the peak of the
roof, his blade brandished.

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - ERIC

-- Hands up to grapple, but
weaponless. He spiders to meet Lao, suddenly
PICKING UP SPEED
and RUNNING along the precarious peak.

Lao sees him
coming, braces to strike, but Eric executes a BROAD
FLYING LEAP right
over Lao's head.

ERIC LANDS, SLIPS, sprawls sideways, clinging to the
peak of the
roof. Lao hurries in to slash with the blade, as Eric
averts.

The steel RINGS. Eric converts his dodge into a low spin kick

that DUMPS Lao.

Eric SPREAD-EAGLES to keep from falling. Distantly, Lao similarly saves himself.

NEW ANGLE -- THE FIGHT -- Here comes Lao, crabbing back toward the peak. Eric ROLLS to Elly's position, GRABS the lightning rod and tries to wrest it loose.

SIZZLE OF FLESH as Eric's hands are scorched: the metal is still blue-hot.

MOVING WITH LAO as Eric battles to free the lightning rod. Lao closes up distance, gives a warcry and prepares to swing as -

Eric WRENCHES the rod loose and turns to deflect Lao's blow. The weapons spark as they meet... and there goes Elly, her handcuff freed, SLIDING DOWN THE ROOF SLOPE.

ANGLE -- ROOF SLOPE -- WITH ERIC as he dodges Lao by using the lightning rod to vault down to where Elly is about to slip off the roof.

With the rod embedded in the roof, Eric hangs on, and Elly hangs on to Eric.

UP ANGLE -- LAO, a dark figure against the night sky, raising the sword.

LAO
Face me!

Eric guides Elly to the top of one of the flying buttresses. When he looks up, Lao is gone.

ANGLE - BELL TOWER -- Albrecht's head pokes up at last. Looks around, finally spots Eric below and to the left. YELLS, serio-comic.

ALBRECHT
Is he dead yet?

INSERT - ALBRECHT'S HOLSTER as Lao's hand draws Albrecht's gun quickly.

ANGLE - ALBRECHT AND LAO --Lao has blindsided Albrecht.

LAO
No. You are.

He jams the gun into the
base of Albrecht's neck and fires three times.

CLOSE ANGLE - ERIC - He's
too far away to matter. Shock.

INSERT - ALBRECHT'S CIGARETTE as it
rolls down the slope,
trailing sparks, snuffing out.

ANGLE - ERIC
holding onto the lightning rod as lightning CUTS the
night above him.

ANGLE -- LAO AT BELL TOWER, triumphant and a bit wild, SHOUTING.
LAO

You've caused another death,
Mister Draven! The girl will die
as well
-- because of you!

ANGLE - ELLY ON FLYING BUTTRESS

The base of a
triangle - Lao, Eric, Elly.

ELLY
You go to hell, you pervert!

RESUME
ERIC

Rage over the loss of Albrecht. He RISES, hurting but mad as
hell.
GLARES UP toward Lao.

ERIC
And how many lives have you destroyed?

LAO
I took yours from you. Your
little girlfriend? I took hers,
too.
Your meaningless, petty
life? I took it so that tonight
your existence
might gain a
purpose. You're no avenger.
You're mine.

PUSH IN TIGHT
ON ERIC.

Eyes alight with hatred for Lao.

ERIC
(to himself)

You're right, I'm not an avenger.

Not any more.

As lightning strikes,
Eric Fires his gaze TOWARD THE SKY.

HIGH ANGLE - LAO ON ROOFTOP -
("CROWVISION")

SEEING the crash dive toward Lao through the row's eyes.

ANGLE - LAO ON ROOFTOP

As the crow wings down INTO FRAME and lights on
Lao's head, CLAWING!

CLOSE-UP -- THE CROW ON LAO'S HEAD slashing with
its claws.
Pecking out Lao's eyes.

WITH ERIC -- on the roofslope as he
totters but maintains his
climb, the crow/Lao UPFRAME B.G.

RESUME LAO --
as the crow abandons him. Lao STAGGERS AND FALLS
down the roof - toward
Eric.
SLANTED ANGLE -- ERIC AND LAO -- Eric ARRESTS Lao's fall,
fisting
lapels and bringing him nose to nose. Fury.

ERIC
Time for a
sacrifice.

Lao's face is a hideous bloody mask with black holes where
the
eyes used to be. He smiles gruesomely.

LAO
I don't need eyes to
take what I
want from you.

He EMBRACES Eric and RAMS the killing blade
deep into Eric's
back!

ON ERIC as he looks down to see the blade
protruding from his
sternum. Tight grimace. A lot of pain.

ERIC
Can
you fly?

He pulls Lao into a BACKWARD ROLL down the roof, HOLDING HIM
TIGHT.

MOVING ANGLE -- INTERCUTS -- ERIC AND LAO FALL

Eric lands on his
back, forcing the blade THROUGH himself and

INTO Lao. Eric completes the roll and KICKS Lao off INTO SPACE, the killing blade still embedded in him!

WITH LAO as crashes, sliding, sprawling down PAST Elly's position. Gets to his knees atop the flying buttress. Sees the blade in his own chest.

CLOSE-UP - ELLY - she sees it all happen.

RESUME LAO - a regretful look toward Eric. He PLUMMETS off the roof edge.

ANGLE - ERIC SLIDES DOWN ROOF -- He slows, stopping when Elly is in frame. He clutches his own chest. Regards his own shaking hand, drenched in his won blood. Glazed.

ON ELLY, as she finally gets the duct tape off her mouth, trying to get to Eric. She flails and cries out.

ELLY

Don't let me fall!

CLOSE-UP -- their hands finally meet and GRASP TIGHT.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT (LATER) (RAIN)

A low angle TRACKING SHOT (as when we first met Elly).

Eric's and Elly's feet pass graves. Eric's pace is slow, crippled, limping. They STOP at a grave where elly BENDS INTO FRAME to steal the flowers there.

Eric is bloody and out of it. She helps him walk.

ELLY

Now do you get to see her? Shelly, I mean.

ERIC

In a better place. I hope.

ELLY

You're not gonna come back, are you?

Eric's response is halting and uncertain. But he tries to give her hope. He reaches for Shelly's ring around her neck, holds it up to her.

ERIC

I don't know if I can. But you
have this... and you know
where to come.

ELLY

You mean you'll, like' dig your way
out of the
grave? Ewww.

Eric is amused by this in spite of his grievous injuries.

He grasps Elly's face in his hands and bends, painfully, to kiss
her on
the forehead.

ERIC

For you, I'll try. Promise.

MOVE WITH ERIC

Spent, empty, he holds the rose determinedly, but he's never
going to
make it the few yards back to his own grave. So close.

His legs finally
go and he collapses onto the humus. One
groping hand tries to drag him
further.

ERIC

Leave me now.

ANGLE - ELLY

Tears on her face. She
can't watch this. She TURNS and drops
the flowers on Shelly's grave.

ERIC'S POV - HIS OWN GRAVE

Still too far away to matter.

RESUME ERIC ON
GROUND

He gives it up, his face sinking into the wet grass for a beat
before SHELLY'S HAND intrudes INTO FRAME to GRASP his hand.

No ethereal
glow, no heavenly choir... just a near-dead Eric's
blank-faced
astonishment, and he moves forward.

ANGLE - ELLY - SHELLY'S GRAVE BG

She struggles to get her hood up against the rain and roughly
wipes the
moisture from her face with her sleeve. She turns
toward Eric's grave.
Then, surprised, she looks close.

ANGLE - ERIC'S GRAVE

Eric is gone.
The white rose lies neatly on the top of the
undisturbed earth there.

HIGH ANGLE - CEMETERY

Emphasizing that Elly is now ALONE in the
graveyard.

LOW ANGLE on Elly, ROSE in the foreground --

She walks OFF.
HOLD the rose.

CUT TO:

INT. DARLA'S APARTMENT - DAY (OVERCAST)

A
grey day but no rain. Elly stands wistfully by the window,
her doll on
standby. The apartment is in order and perhaps we
notice a few new
items. Gabriel the cat, miraculously ALIVE, is
sprawled on a chair,
licking himself. Darla BUSTLES INTO FRAME
B.G. Her wardrobe more
upscale, her hair done. Her manner is
hectic but natural.

DARLA

Worktime, kiddo. First day, new
job, gotta go.

This does not get the
expected smile from Elly.

DARLA (CONT'D)

You sure you're gonna be
okay?

Elly turns from the window and NODS silently.

ELLY'S POV -
OUTSIDE

The aforementioned grey day in the city.

ANGLE - DARLA AND ELLY
AT THE WINDOW.

Darla comes up. Arm around Elly. Cheer up; he attitude
much
more connected and loving. PUSH IN ON ELLY so we know she is
clutching SHelly's ring tightly in her hand. Darla looks past
Elly, out
the window.

DARLA

At least it finally stopped

raining.

ELLY

It
can't rain all the time.

Darla kisses Elly on the temple and it out the
door. Elly OPENS
her hand to consider the ring. She looks back out the
window --

ANGLE - THE CROW ON THE LEDGE

Elly is looking right at it.
Same crow. We're positive. So is
Elly. It TAKES WING and flies away.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

An UP ANGLE from Eric's grave toward the tree as the
crow FLIES
INTO FRAME and perches there, shucking water. PUSH IN on the
crow. Watching. Waiting.

SLOW FADE TO DEAD BLACK.

THE END