

The Crow : SALVATION

By

Chip Johannessen

OVER BLACKNESS.

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

INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DIMNESS

X-CLOSE. A SCALPEL returned to its place in a neat array of TAXIDERMY TOOLS. Long surgical TWEEZERS taken. A steady HAND grasps a CLAY BIRD FORM. Then sets the second eye. Unhurried. Meticulous.

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

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

SLOW FADE OUT.

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - WITNESS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

The group shifts amoeba like as... A LARGE MERCEDES approaches, slowly works its way into the edge of the crowd.

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

ERIN

Why are there so many?

RANDALL

Just hold on to me.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD--a Protestor's poster visible. "Remember the Victim." With a picture of LAUREN RANDALL, the deceased, who bears a striking resemblance to surviving

sister Erin. And another sign--"Happy Birthday Alex."

2.

ERIN

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

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

WITH THE RANDALLS as they make their way through the throng toward a special entrance marked "WITNESSES," nearly within reach when WHOMP.

Erin shields her face as a BRIGHT LIGHT comes on. OVER TV REPORTER BARBARA GONZALEZ Action Newsteam addressing the Nathans. Speaking into a mic.

GONZALEZ

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

Nathan pushes past Gonzalez, taking Erin's hand.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

Erin. Your sister...

RANDALL

Leave us alone!

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

GONZALEZ

A difficult time for everyone involved.

(then)

Interesting fact. It will take about twenty-one cents of electricity to execute Alex Corvis tonight on this, his twenty-first birthday.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATHROW - NIGHT

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

INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

CLANG. The barred door opens and the cake swoops in, landing

on a small table next to a CHESS GAME in progress and an untouched last meal. ADJUST to find...

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

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

3.

WALSH

He didn't order that.

MERCER

We found the man with the scar.

Despite himself, Alex looks up. Mercer gestures at... THE CAKE in the middle of the candles, an arm made of frosting with a large ZIGZAG marking on the forearm, also frosting.

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

MERCER (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Make a wish.

WALSH

(intense whisper)

Get it out of here.

Alex focusses on the chess board. Tries to anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - NIGHT

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

OLD WOMAN

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

GONZALEZ'S VOICE

And Corvis still maintaining his innocence.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, they all say that.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - WITNESS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

TOMMY

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

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

4.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I didn't lie.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE. A Chess piece, a CASTLE, shoved at CAMERA. ADJUST to INCLUDE ALEX.

He breathes deliberately, trying to hold it together. His hand shakes as he removes it from the piece.

WALSH

You ok?

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

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

RESUME Alex staring at the photo, taped to the wall.

ALEX

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

WALSH

Tell her... we'll get him.

ALEX

We won't.

WALSH

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

CUT TO:

EXT GARRISON PRISON - WITNESS ENTRANCE - NIGHT

FLASH. Four UNIFORMED COPS--DUTTON, ERLICH, LARKIN and
TOOMEY--in the harsh news light.

Erlich holds a CANE in one hand. Larkin and Toomey are
twosie monkeys, smoking cigarettes with eerie simultaneity.

ERLICH

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

5.

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

ERLICH (CONT'D)

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

GONZALEZ

Some people here seem to.

DUTTON

People here are protesting the
execution of a kid just turning
twenty-one. A kid who had a tough
life. No parents, no dough. Always
had to fight for everything. It's
a tragedy, it really is. But I
don't see a single sign telling me
Alex Corvis is innocent.

Look around. He's right.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

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

MERCER

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

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

WALSH

Your move.

MERCER

No. It's time.

It really is. Other prison personnel arrive outside the cell in various uniforms:

A MINISTER with clerical collar, the WARDEN, two GUARDS. Waiting. Walsh crosses, very emotional how. Gives Alex a huge hug.

ALEX

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

The two friends exchange a long last look.

MERCER

Ok. C'mon now...

6.

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

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

INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATHROW

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

HANDS extend from the other cells as Alex passes. Unable to touch, but he reaches for them, a gesture of solidarity. Mercer catches up with the group, flanking Alex cell-side. Alex drops his hand, cut off even from that.

INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATHROW #2 - NIGHT

The parade continues down another hallway.

INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER - NIGHT

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

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

MINISTER

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

THE MINISTER CONTINUES as...

CLOSE. Handstraps tightened. WHOP. WHOP. Alex squirms despite his resolve. Through an act of will, calms himself. Looks up at...

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

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

CLOSE. Chest strap tightened. Yanked again for good measure. ALEX gasps. It's hard to breathe now with the strap tight across his chest.

CLOSE. Copper mesh. Pieces of sponge jerry-sewn onto it, the irregular stitching giving it an unsettling natural appearance.

ADJUST to REVEAL this is the electrode in the odd leather HELMET tightened now on Alex's head.

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

7.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

(concluding)

... and I will dwell in the house
of the Lord. Forever.

SLAP. The Minister shuts his bible. WIDER. Some weird sin. Alex strapped into the chair, unable to move.

The guards exit, jobs done. The Warden nods and...

ALEX'S POV - THROUGH PLEXI - THE OBSERVATION ROOM REVEALED
as the CURTAINS OPEN.

Two dozen observers crammed into a space the width of a singlewide trailer. Erin. Her father. The Cops. Tommy Leonard. Gonzalez and other media types. Prison personnel. Every seat occupied. Sweaty and surreal. All looking at him. IN THE DEATH CHAMBER The Warden steps forward.

WARDEN

Alexander Frederick Corvis. Do you have any last words?

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

ALEX

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

Erin shakes her head, disgusted. Looks away.

ALEX'S POV - THE LAST SECONDS OF HIS LIFE SLOWING in his inner perception, movement ramping down as Alex scans the disbelieving faces.

The Phone. Silent. No reprise. The Observation Room witness door opens. A Guard in the back row deferentially offers his seat to the NEW ARRIVAL, a man in dark clothes, his face obscured by REFLECTIONS in the plexiglass. As he UNBUTTONS his shirt cuff...

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

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

The Executioner throws the switch. ON ALEX SHAKING violently as he fights to stay alive, time extremely subjective now as he chokes out...

ALEX (CONT'D)

(indistinct, filtered)
Murderer!

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

THE HELMET starts to smoke. Then a burst of FLAME at Alex's head.

A BOTCHED EXECUTION made worse by Alex's struggle to see, to stay alive.

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

IN THE DEATH CHAMBER Alex in electro-spasm, smoke filling the room, the warden in real time now as he runs to pull the curtain closed.

It JAMS partway across. ALEX expires in the char, grotesquely burned, EYES OPEN as the Warden finally yanks the curtain closed.

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

MERCER

Cruel, who's to say, but it sure was unusual.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

GUARD ONE

Look at this. Goddamn helmet melted down.

MERCER

That, my friend, is a deterrent.

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

INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE - NIGHT

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

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

MERCER

Whoops.

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

GUARD ONE

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

FROM INSIDE THE LOCKER. The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE on the PICTURE of Alex and Lauren.

ADJUST to include Walsh, looking at it. Pained. Still trying
to understand. He secures it to the lid of the case already
containing the neatly packed chess set. Closes it. Bows
his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - NIGHT

The protestors are gone, as is the Newsteam, but the four
Cops are still there, Larkin and Toomey synchro-smoking.

They look up as the Randalls emerge shaken from the Witness
entrance.

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

RANDALL

(to Erin)

I'll meet you at the car, honey.

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

DUTTON

We all wish this had ended better.
Sir.

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

INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DIMNESS

CLOSE. A face slides into frame in PROFILE, too tight to
be recognizable.

Just an eye, peering...

EYE'S POV - THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS A coarse ZIGZAG stitch shaped like the Scar runs the length of the Crow's underbelly. The end stitch now tied with a tiny knot.

Tightened just so. THE MYSTERY MAN features obscured still, grabs a bent surgical SCISSORS, snips the excess thread. Smooths black feathers into place, hiding the stitching on...

10.

THE CROW Finished. The Man gets up, leaves.

CAMERA PUSHING on the Bird's head as we HEAR a door shut, still PUSHING on the glass eye that BLINKS now.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BASHED STAINLESS DOOR the word "MORGUE," painted on the wall behind Alex, brought into focus at the center of the concavity. ALEX thrashes, trying to avoid his reflection, but the dim mirrors have him surrounded.

THE CROW flaps down, crazed too, as if in empathy. CAWING loudly, finally getting Alex's attention. ALEX settles, hazards another look at his reflection in stainless steel.

His body looks less misshapen now. He looks at his arms, hands, no longer burned. Pulls himself up on the gurney

again, cautiously.

OVER ALEX as he slowly rises above the gurney a second time, looks in the mirror. His body miraculously HEALED, covered by shredded clothing.

His face obscured by the meltdown helmet. He slowly approaches the mirror on unsteady feet.

ALEX

(to his own
reflection)

What happened?

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

11.

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

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

OVER ALEX, IN THE MIRROR It's Alex, and yet not. His face marked with the Crow MASK, jagged WARPAIN where the melted helmet ran down his face. An indelible reminder of the botched execution. he stares at himself for a couple of deep breaths. Then WHAM! Shatters the mirror with a martial punch.

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

CUT TO:

INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

ALEX

Follow the leader.

The Crow flies off and Alex follows, to... A DOOR marked "No Unauthorized Entry." As they pass through...

INT. GARRISON PRISON - SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

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

RADIO GUARD

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

INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

MERCER

(into radio)
Mercer. I'm on it.

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

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

Empty. Bars at the far end spell seriously secure territory.
Mercer moves cautiously up the empty hallway, stops as...
The Crow hops out from a side hallway. Drawing him on.

12.

MERCER

(into radio)
Found our intruder. It's got a
beak and a death wish.

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

INT. GARRISON PRISON - ALEX'S CELL - NIGHT

Alex looks around his now empty cell. On the wall is a
rectangle, clearer than the wall around it, where the
photograph of Alex and Lauren had been before Walsh removed
it. Alex goes up to the wall and touches the spot.

FLASH! ALEX'S INTERNAL POV FLASH of LAUREN, laughing as
she beckons to someone, Alex, who joins her in frame as we
hear the whir of the camera auto-timer. A click, as the
picture is taken. Alex and Lauren are frozen in the pose
of Alex's photograph.

RESUME The picture is gone. Alex, perplexed, stands looking
at the blank spot on the wall for a moment. He turns and
exits the cell...

INT. GARRISON PRISON - DEATHROW - NIGHT

Mercer is peering through the double-barred gate at the

end of the row as Alex emerges from his former cell.

MERCER

(still into radio)

Get me some backup. We got one
loose on the row.

(through the bars

to Alex)

Now who the fuck are you?

Alex looks up, sees Mercer and FLASH...

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV A pop of Mercer bringing the birthday
cake. A wash of flame, twenty one candles. A blip of Walsh.
Of a White King.

RESUME Alex perplexed, looking at the cake still littering
the floor of his ex-cell, candles melted down. Mercer works
his way through the double-barred doors onto the row.

MERCER (CONT'D)

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

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

ALEX

It's my birthday.

13.

MERCER

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

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

A RED PANIC BUTTON hanging off his guard belt. Mercer slams
it. FAVORING ALEX lets go of the stick, looks at his own
hand, surprised.

WHAM! Mercer broadsides Alex's head with the stick. Alex
goes down shocked, not from pain, from the fact that someone
would attack him.

WHAM WHAM WHAM. Mercer brutalizes Alex, collapsed at his
feet as... TWO GUARDS enter the far end of the Row, race
toward Alex's cell, one holding a TASER. Its LASER SIGHT
finds Alex, crumpled in front of Mercer.

MERCER (CONT'D)

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

Looks like it's over. The guards relax. ALEX suddenly looks up at Mercer. Zero damage from the blows.

ALEX

Go ahead. Make a wish.

MERCER

Taser!

Alex wheels around as Guard One squeezes the trigger. CROWVISION The Taser Darts speed toward Camera.

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

A CHEER goes up from the men in their cells, who become progressively rowdier as the guards BOLT and Alex follows, strength in his stride, nightstick in hand.

Pieces of FLAMING TOILETPAPER flung now from the cells of Deathrow.

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

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

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

ALEX

(pats pockets, then)

Keys?

14.

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

INT. GARRISON PRISON - SECURITY BOOTH - NIGHT

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

RADIO GUARD

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

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

RADIO GUARD (CONT'D)

Escape in progress. Heading for the roof.

INT. GARRISON PRISON - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

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

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

ALEX

I hear the pitter patter of little feet.

He opens the door. The ALARM is LOUD.

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

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

BULLHORN VOICE

Do not proceed. Back slowly away from the fence.

As if in defiance, the Crow hops toward the fence, old chain link topped with razorwire along the perimeter of the roof.

BULLHORN VOICE CONTINUES as Alex follows... ALEX'S POV through the fence, down fifty feet to the pavement.

ALEX

Damn.

Alex turns, sees... A HALF DOZEN GUARDS emerge from the stairwell to the top of the roof, level weapons at Alex.

15.

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

ALEX'S HANDS The jagged bloodlines disappear, miraculously

heal.

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

They respond by raising their weapons and BAM BAM BAM.

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

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - BASE OF THE WALLS - NIGHT

AT THE BASE OF "THE WALLS" Alex hits, flushing PIGEONS, that fill frame with manic wings.

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

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

ON THE ROOFTOP Mercer and the others stand there dumbstruck, looking down as the SPOTLIGHT finds nothing.

A RADIO CRACKLES. Mercer keys it a beat later.

RADIO GUARD VOICE

Physical head count shows all inmates present.

Mercer moves the radio away from his head.

MERCER

Then who was the fucking Houdini?

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - BASE OF THE WALLS - NIGHT

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

ALEX

Happy birthday.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - AIRBORNE - NIGHT

The CROW flies past tall buildings downtown.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The crow flies past letters P-O-L-I-C-E on the side of an older building taking us to...

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

SMASH. A hand punches through a sash window, right through the imbedded security wires, roughly rips off the latch inside. Retracts, bleeding. The window opens.

It's Alex, on the fire escape, checking out his arm as the **BLEEDING STOPS.**

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

ALEX

(checking out desk)

Police? Evidence?

(then, to Crow)

Look. I like what we've got going here. But I can think of lots better to do with it than fighting crime. Know what I mean?

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

WHOP. Alex drives his hand onto the SPIKE. Looks up, delighted. CAW.

The Crow gives Alex an admonishing look. Alex pulls the spike from his hand. Instant healing.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ok, ok... what?

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

Nothing under "Crow."

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

IN THE FILE - ALEX'S MUG SHOT And rap sheet. X-CLOSE. We see "Murder 1st degree," "Penalty Phase: Find for Execution."

ALEX (CONT'D)

Execution?

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

17.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(remembering)

Lauren...

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

A SPLAY OF PHOTOGRAPHS encased in plastic -- the prosecutions' background presentation on Alex and Lauren. The first photo shows LAUREN Posing jauntily, her arm around a Snowman. She and the Snowman wear matching Boston Red Sox caps.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV On Alex, anticipating...WHAP! A snowball nails him square in the face.

WIDE to reveal LAUREN running for cover as Young Alex scoops up snow for ammo. He lobs a snowball at Lauren, just as she slips to the ground. she doesn't get up right away.

Alex is just a shade concerned as he runs over to her. He reaches the spot to find LAUREN in the snow, waving her arms and legs to make a snow angel. She looks up at him and beckons him to lie on top of her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What are you, an Angel?

LAUREN

I'm your Angel. Come here.

RESUME Alex's pained smile at the memory, until he finds: THE MURDER WEAPON A rough looking hunting knife bagged and tagged as "AC-005: Murder Weapon."

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

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

EXT. THE OLD GROWTH GROVE

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV Brief glimpses of Lauren with Alex in the Grove, happy, like the still photo Alex kept in his cell.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

RESUME Alex full-blown tortured now, throwing things.

ALEX

No! I didn't...!

Alex SMASHES his own head against the metal file cabinets, wounding himself on the handles, droplets of blood flying now, spattering the evidence on the floor.

18.

He reaches for the KNIFE, the murder weapon, to end the pain and FLASH...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

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

TOMMY

His knife. Corvis.

ALEX'S VOICE

You lie!

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

RESUME Alex shakes his head "no." Incredulous, horrified. The fury abating with a growing sense of mission.

ALEX

You lie, you lie, you lie...

Alex fishing through the detritus around him, finding... "THE LIST" A list of witnesses by category with contact numbers, addresses. Alex's finger finds Eyewitness Thomas Leonard.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Thomas Leonard.

THE DOOR TO THE EVIDENCE ROOM opens.

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

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

DUTTON

What the hell was that?
(then seeing mess)
Shit.

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

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

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

ALEX

I thought I'd be with you now.

He's kneeling in front of a HEADSTONE. "Lauren Randall
1982-2000. Always With Us."

19.

The Crow perched nearby. Camera circles Alex who looks up as the headstone WIPES through frame and...

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

LAUREN

("Chinese" pseudo
dub)

Your Shaolin style is no match for
my kung fu.

As Alex wipes by...

RESUME Camera continues to circle Alex at the grave.

ALEX

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

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV More goof kung fu, the circle closing. Lauren laughing more, searching for words.

LAUREN

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

RESUME Resolve strengthening.

ALEX

I can't be alive. Not without you.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV Lauren's starting to crack up, trying to think of what comes next.

LAUREN

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

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

RESUME

ALEX

I want to be with you forever.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV Lauren in his arms as the kiss ends, and she answers a question we never heard.

LAUREN

Only forever?

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

ALEX

What happened to us?

20.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES - TRAVELLING - NIGHT - RAIN

A GIRL'S HAND clutches a HEART SHAPED LOCKET.

TILT UP, it's Erin, wearing an identical LOCKET around her neck. School uniform, pleated skirt and school books. The splash splash of the wipers the only sound until...

ERIN

Dad...

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

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

RANDALL

Honey. I just can't.

ERIN

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

RANDALL

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

ERIN

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

Off her dad...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - RAIN

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

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

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

ALEX

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

21.

ERIN

Don't come near me!

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

ALEX

I was a friend of your sister's.

ERIN

I know her friends.

ALEX

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

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

ERIN

Yeah, no kidding.

ALEX

Your father gave them to both of you.

ERIN

And he's right over there by the way.

(then)

What did you do to your face?

ALEX

Someone else did it.

ERIN

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

ALEX

He didn't kill her.

ERIN

How do you know?

ALEX

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

ERIN

(loud now)

Stay away from me! Dad! Dad!

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

RANDALL

Erin!

ERIN

Watch out!

22.

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

RANDALL

What were you yelling about?

ERIN

This guy said he was a friend of

Lauren's. He had like paint all over his face.

RANDALL

Are you ok?

ERIN

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - RAIN - NIGHT

A street LIGHT flickers on. Maybe because night has fallen or maybe its just a rainy day.

Thomas Leonard hikes up his collar, trying to stay dry, as he pauses a clutch of hookers huddled in a doorway...

HOOKER

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

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

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

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. TENEMENT - TOMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

TOMMY

(sees Alex, then)
March?!

ALEX

Sssshhh. She's resting.

TOMMY

Where the fuck did you come from?

ALEX

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

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

You lied at my trial.

TOMMY

I don't know you, man.

ALEX

Capital case nine nine dash C one one five. Alex Corvis.

(flashes knife)

Exhibit A.

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

TOMMY

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

ALEX

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

TOMMY

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

Alex HEAVES Tommy crashing into the window, smashing the glass and cheap aluminum frame.

Tommy hanging halfway in, halfway out. Four floors above the alley. Alex rips Tommy's shirt where the knife already cut it. JACKS the sleeve down. No scar there.

ALEX

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

TOMMY

There's no scar. Corvis made it
up.

24.

ALEX

Wrong. Answer.

TOMMY

Who are you?

TOMMY'S WIFE

Tommy!

TOMMY'S WIFE enters from the bedroom, SCREAMING.

Heavy eye makeup, looking like she just woke up. OS, a
TODDLER CRIES as she throws herself on Alex and they spill
back inside.

TOMMY'S WIFE (CONT'D)

Let him go! Let him go!

TOMMY

Honey. Take the baby. Get out of
here now!

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

TOMMY'S WIFE

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

Her MASCARA runs down her cheeks, a facsimile of Alex's
mask. They share a long look, connected by pain.

The Crow cawing a warning, hopping in the window as...

ALEX

Your baby is crying. Go.

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

What did they give you?

TOMMY

They showed me pictures, what he
did to her. Evidence. Said all I

had to do was stand up there and
not my head "yes."

ALEX

(repeats, insistent)
What did they give you?

TOMMY

A job. Construction. Twelve an
hour.

25.

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

ALEX

Write down their names. All of
them.

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

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

TOMMY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DIMNESS

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

CLOSE. A lineup of short (2") rods. One selected with a
pair of surgical forceps,

INSERTED through a hole in human flesh, raising a
considerable welt. Some bleeding.

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

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

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

A ZIGZAG PATTERN of raised welts on the underside of his forearm, in high relief under the Draftsman's lamp.

The "Scar." A drop of blood zigzags, running downward. SLOW FADE OUT. OVER BLACK, the CRACKLE of a Police Radio. We're...

EXT. CITY STREET #1 - NIGHT

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

26.

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

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

TRACY

Oh no...

She jostles her friend JANNIE, passed out in the front passenger seat, trying to rouse her. No luck. DUTTON motions and Tracy buzzes down the window.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Anything wrong?

DUTTON

Let's hope not. License and registration please.

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

DUTTON (CONT'D)

What's with your friend there?

TRACY

She's... sick.

(off Dutton)

Actually she never had Mai Tais before.

DUTTON

But you, you've had them.

TRACY

Not tonight. Honest.

Tracy paws through her purse some more. Vamping.

DUTTON

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

TRACY

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

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

TRACY (CONT'D)

(whisper to Jannie)

Get up, get up...!

27.

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

DUTTON

Why don't you get out.

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

RESUME Dutton closes in. She's getting very nervous.

TRACY

You want me to walk a straight line?

DUTTON

I want you... to bend over.

TRACY

Look, can I just call a cab?

DUTTON

What did I say?

Tracy bends over the car trunk. Dutton eases her feet apart

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

DUTTON (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll ask your friend.

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

OVER DUTTON - ALEX sits in the passenger seat now. Jannie shunted inward.

ALEX

(mimicking Dutton)

I want you... to bend over. Officer Dutton.

Dutton pulls his 9MM BARETTA on Alex.

DUTTON

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

With insolent slowness, Alex finishes writing...

"THE LIST" a red line drawn through Dutton's name.

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

DUTTON (CONT'D)

Hands on the car.

28.

ALEX

Question. These hands?

Alex advances on Dutton.

DUTTON

You're dead, ditch weed.

CLOSE. Dutton's finger squeezes the trigger.

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

TRACY

Omigod, omigod...

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

JANNIE'S POV Alex right in her face, nice and dead. Dutton lowers his gun BG. Tracy in a panic. Suddenly, Alex opens his eyes, smiles.

Face distorted against the glass. She screams again.

ALEX

You're up.

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ladies. Drive carefully.

Tracy rushes to the driver side.

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

Tracy SCREECHES off leaving Dutton in shock.

DUTTON

That was a fucking hollow point!

ALEX

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

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

Think maybe knives do?

DUTTON

Keep that thing away from me.

ALEX

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

29.

DUTTON

You're the skel broke into the evidence room.

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

DUTTON (CONT'D)

Fuck! What do you want?

ALEX

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

DUTTON

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

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

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

ALEX

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

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

FLASH! ALEX'S INTERNAL POV Dutton's Nightstick lifts
Lauren's skirt.

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

RESUME Alex thrown by this. Relaxes his grip on Dutton.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You were there. All four of you.

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

You killed her. I saw it.

DUTTON

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

(then)

So you're right, spooky. Happy?

BAM! Alex barely slowed by the shot, advancing, Dutton
starting to panic. BAM!

Alex keeps coming, right up to the gun. Pointed right at

his face, then...

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

ALEX

I'm working on it.

BAM! We HEAR the blast as we... CUT TO:

INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

BAM BAM continues, but these are TOY GUNS, fired in synch with POUNDING MUSIC.

In the hands of TWO STRIPPERS. Topless, leather G's and chokers, black stockings, POLICE HATS on their heads, law enforcement stars for earrings.

The CAPACITY CROWD responds as they pout, wield their weapons.

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

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

INT. "THE HOLE" - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

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

INT. "THE HOLE" - INTERNET PORN FACILITY

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

OVER A MONITOR - THE DUNGEON SET UPDATES every six seconds, the slowly changing low-rez version of the action on the set--a woman tied to a chair with bright surgical tubing.

The picture refreshes and BG, the woman sneaks an expertly timed sip of Diet Coke, puts the can away before the picture updates again.

A COUNTER shows 132,768 hits and climbing. Madden gives a look, like people are really fucked up, continues past a curtain with a "No Admittance" sign into...

INT. "THE HOLE" - BACK HALL - NIGHT

A BACK HALL dark, the furthest recesses of the building. Madden continues cautiously toward... A DOOR

INT. THE HOLE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The door is cracked open. Madden moving very quietly now, scowling as he peers through the slight opening.

Three guys and whirring machines counting stacks of money. Guns on the tabletops, in holsters, out of reach.

The door flies open.

MADDEN

Police!

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

ERLICH

You fuck. Don't do that.

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

MADDEN

How's the month end?

ERLICH

Oh yes. Never been better.

MADDEN

Where's Dutton?

ERLICH

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

MADDEN

Anyone at all curious why?

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

A STACK OF TWENTIES tossed violently at the ceiling.

Larkin and Toomey scramble as the bills flutter down like leaves, picking them up.

MADDEN (CONT'D)

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

TOOMEY

No one saw anything, Mad.

32.

MADDEN

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

The Three exchange looks.

MADDEN (CONT'D)

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

TOOMEY

Since when?

MADDEN

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

LARKIN

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

ERLICH

Don't look at me, asshole.

LARKIN

Hey, I didn't kill anybody.

ERLICH

Back off. I mean it.

MADDEN

Shut up! Erlich and Larkin settle down.

MADDEN (CONT'D)

Crime scene's a goddamn clusterfuck. Every reporter in town's trying to get a look at Dutton's body. I suggest we get a line on this before

someone else does.

LARKIN

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

ERLICH

I can think of one.

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

33.

EXT. CITY STREET #1 - NIGHT

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

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

INT. RANDALL HOUSE - ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a TV. Gonzalez audible now.

GONZALEZ

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

Gonzalez CONTINUES UNDER as...

ERIN

Dad! Come in here!

The SOUND of footsteps racing down the hall.

RANDALL

What is it?

ERIN

The cop who found the knife in Corvis's car.

Randall riveted by the TV now.

GONZALEZ

They're moving him now, body covered. It would appear that thirty seven year old Phillip Dutton is

dead in the line of duty...

ON THE TV the Newsteam and Gonzalez SHOVED back by COPS running defense for the stretcher. Gonzalez grabs for the sheet covering the body and...

NEWSCAM TIGHT on Dutton, as the sheet pulls down, partially uncovering...

DUTTON'S HEAD: Comb-over hanging to the side. Blood dripping from crude letters carved in his bald pate--the word "DAISY." Quickly covered by a COP who yells at Gonzalez...

COP

Out of here! Now!

... but through a digital miracle the "Daisy" frame has been grabbed, and appears as a still now behind Gonzalez.

RESUME - FAVORING ERIN struck dumb by this.

34.

GONZALEZ

Shocking even for these mean streets, the word "Daisy" apparently cut into his head by the perpetrator, still at large. A name. Perhaps a message...

Gonzalez FADES UNDER as Erin backs away from the TV.

RANDALL

What? What is it?

ERIN

Lauren called me that when we were little. Daisy. No one knew but us.

RANDALL

Honey. It's doesn't mean anything. It's not a message.

ERIN

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

RANDALL

It still doesn't mean...

ERIN

He said he'd prove it.

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

EXT. CITY STREET #1 - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. CITY - AIRBORNE - NIGHT

The Crow soaring through this lousy part of town.

EXT. LOW-RENT OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

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

Camera DRIFTS DOWN the side of the building finding a light, someone burning the midnight oil.

FINDING a CHESS SET mid-game near the open window as...

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

35.

WALSH

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

ERLICH

Well someone isn't. They killed Dutton.

WALSH

It wasn't me.

ERLICH

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

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

ERLICH (CONT'D)

Not a lot of calls. Business slow?

He tosses the phone log out the window.

EXT. LOW-RENT OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE. Watching the phone log fluttering down.

INCLUDE ALEX, sitting where the Crow was perched, wearing Dutton's badge on his evolving costume.

Alex winces at the voices faint but audible from below.

ERLICH'S VOICE

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

WALSH'S VOICE

Lauren Randall did.

ERLICH'S VOICE

Hey. Bitches are crazy. Richer they are, crazier they get.

"THE LIST" The name "Erlich, Vincent" crossed off now by Alex.

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

WALSH

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

ERLICH

Who is it?

36.

WALSH

How about the real killer. You think of that?

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

ERLICH

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

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

ALEX'S CHESS BOARD set up identically to the game in Alex's cell, a piece of FOLDED PAPER protruding from under the board. Walsh pulls it out.

It says "Q-->B5" WALSH makes the move, Queen to Bishop Five. Smiles. Looks at...

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

THE PICTURE OF ALEX AND LAUREN arms around each other in the woods, smiling.

WALSH sensing something, a presence.

WALSH

Alex?

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

EXT. LOW-RENT OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

CROWVISION: Starting on Walsh, popping his head out the window two stories down, INCLUDING Erlich as he exits the building, gets in a SILVER PORSCHE.

Picture bending wildly as the Porsche takes off and the Crow takes flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #2 - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

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

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

ERLICH

No, no...

37.

ERLICH'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD A BUM starts to "clean" the windshield with an OILY rag, leaving opaque smears on the once clean glass.

THUD. A handful of gravelly MUD lands on the windshield, starts to get smeared around. ERLICH pounding the window from inside.

ERLICH (CONT'D)

No! Shit!

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

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

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

ALEX

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

LOW ANGLE ON THE PORSCHE wheels spinning as it peels out.

INT. CORVETTE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

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

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

ALEX

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

ERLICH

You're the guy killed Dutton.

ALEX

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

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

ERLICH

Stop the car.

Alex FLOORS it and... BAM.

Erlich blows a hole through Alex's LEFT ARM, a yawning aperture through which Erlich watches the passing scenery a few improbably seconds.

ALEX

Ow.

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

ERLICH

Fuck. Me.

ALEX

What happened to your leg there
Officer? Hunting accident?

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

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

EXT. CITY STREET #2 - NIGHT

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

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

INT. CORVETTE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

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

ALEX

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

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

ERLICH

Not my arm! What you fucking want?

ALEX

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

ERLICH

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

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

ALEX

The scar. Which of you has it?

ERLICH

Nobody.

Alex poises the knife for another descent.

ERLICH (CONT'D)

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

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

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR Cop cars, lights flashing.

EXT. CITY STREET #4 - NIGHT

The Corvette slides around a corner, screams into a final
straightaway that dead ends into the sloping concrete side
of an overpass.

The cops not far behind. The Porsche bottoming out on a
bump now ant...

INT. CORVETTE - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

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

ON THE BACK OF THE VISOR The CAR REGISTRATION. Alex takes
it out of the holder. RESUME Alex suddenly calm. He reaches
down for...

THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER pushed in. The volume on the Elvis
song pumped up. ALEX relaxes back in his seat as they scream
toward the abutment.

ERLICH

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

ALEX

How can you die if you're already
dead?

ERLICH

You're him. Corvis.

ALEX

I was talking about you.

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

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

40.

ELVIS

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

EXT. OVERPASS / ABUTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER arcs down onto the ex-Corvette. WIDER - BOOM! Cops shield themselves as the Crash scene explodes in a huge FIREBALL that engulfs a cruiser stopped too close by.

IN THE TOO-CLOSE COP CAR the DRIVER rams the car into REVERSE. Tires squeal as the fireball hits and...

THE TOO-CLOSE CRUISER Engine compartment ignites, a second fireball racing backward into another Cruiser. BOOM!

Total chaos now. LARKIN focussed on Alex, seen vaguely through the flames. Moving toward him.

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

ERLICH'S BODY two hundred broken boned bagged by bruises. Larkin pulls something out of Erlich's shattered fist. It's...

"THE LIST" Dutton and Erlich crossed off. Larkin and Toomey

yet to go, but the first letters of their names are all contained in a VERTICAL OVAL, "DELT" circled in red.

LARKIN, AS TOOMEY JOINS HIM They give each other an oh-shit look. Then Larkin checks his fingertips, smeared red from...

"THE LIST" - FLIP SIDE the CROW CIPHER, rendered thick in coagulating blood. Illuminated by the flickering light of the fire below.

CUT TO:

41.

INT. RANDALL HOUSE - ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

ERIN'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW - THE CRASH SCENE far away, the flashing lights and sirens of fire trucks arriving to bring the fire under control.

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

ON THE FRONT LAWAY Alex. He looks down now, at the front door where...

EXT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

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

Erin, like her sister, a child of privilege. She approaches Alex.

ERIN

Daisy. How did you know?

ALEX

I told you, I knew your sister.

ERIN

You killed that cop Dutton.

ALEX

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

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

ERIN

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

ALEX

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

ERIN

You killed Lauren! You killed her!

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

42.

ALEX

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

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

ERIN

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

ALEX

No. Listen to me. Lauren found out something they didn't want her to know.
(then)
This.

He holds up a Card, the Registration from the Corvette.

ALEX (CONT'D)

From the bonfire over there. Look at it.

ERIN

No! Why are you haunting me?

ALEX

Because you need to understand.
And you need... to be careful.

He tries to give it to her one more time, then flips the card through the air. She turns, watching its flight all the way to the landing by the front door...

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Your father wasn't right.

She turns back and...

He's gone. Erin walks to the door. Despite herself reaches for the Card on the landing. It's...

THE CORVETTE REGISTRATION which we see clearly for the first time. Owned by a company called DELT. The address is 4201 Forestview Drive.

ERIN spins around horrified, holds up the Registration.

43.

THE ADDRESS ON THE REGISTRATION - 4201 FORESTVIEW matches the numbers two feet away from her--the address plaque on her own house.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - ROLL CALL BULLPEN - DAY

The buzz of nervous COP WALLA settles out as a stocky SERGEANT #2, clueless but honest, raises his voice, trying to command attention.

SERGEANT#2

Listen up! Yo! We got a cop killer out there.

Walla responds "no shit"--and CAMERA BOOMS UP, moving to the back of the room over a nervous sea of blue uniforms.

SERGEANT#2 (CONT'D)

Til we get an I.D. treat everyone like a suspect. Patrol assignments are posted by the door. Read them. No singles, it's the buddy system til we catch this asshole.

Sergeant #2 CONTINUES UNDER as CAMERA FINDS...

FAVORING LARKIN, TOOMEY AND MADDEN huddling together at

the back. Urgent whispers. Larkin and Toomey try to contain their panic.

LARKIN

He knows. I saw him. Fucking zombie mask.

MADDEN

Calm down.

LARKIN

You calm down.

Larkin takes out "The List" from the crash site.

LARKIN (CONT'D)

Whose name's fucking next? Not yours.

TOOMEY

You didn't testify. You're not on the list.

MADDEN

(flips it over)

Scary guy. Not only survives that crash, but takes time out for art.

He pockets "The List." Then looks up as...

44.

SERGEANT#2

Madden! Hey!

The entire room looking back at the three renegades.

SERGEANT#2 (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

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

HER POV - THROUGH THE EYELASH CURLER Madden approaches.

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

SECRETARY

Glad I'm not you.

MADDEN

Right back at ya.

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

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

CAPTAIN

Sit down.

Madden sits.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

MADDEN

Yeah, we do.

CAPTAIN

Shut up.

Madden does. The Captain begins and intense slow burn.

45.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Erlich gimping around in his goddamn
hot rod is not discreet. I've got
reporters asking me how much he
made. I've got the entire force
looking at this case now.

MADDEN

I know.

CAPTAIN

You know.

MADDEN

I know the guy leaves a sign.

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

CAPTAIN

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

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

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What else do you know? Do you know this?

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

MADDEN

(reads cover)

Tommy Leonard. The eyewitness in the Corvis case.

CAPTAIN

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

MADDEN

Guy dressed for Halloween?

CAPTAIN

Good for you. You do know something.

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

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

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

46.

BY AN AWARDS CASE holding glass bowls and trophies presented to the Captain over the years for Civic Service.

The Secretary wraps her arms around him from behind as he looks at his loot.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Idiots.

SECRETARY

Sssshhhh.

CAPTAIN

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

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

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

EXT. RANDALL HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. RANDALL HOUSE - NATHAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

A DESK DRAWER full of files. She flips through, finds a
manila file marked--DELT. Takes it out. ERIN lays the file
open on the desktop.

EMPTY. She checks...

A SMALL PAPER SHREDDER under the desk. Judging from the
paper spaghetti in the basket underneath, recently used.
ERIN scoops up the shreds of paper. No way to reassemble
this.

RANDALL

(trying to be casual)
What are you doing there?

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

ERIN

I think I dropped an earring.

RANDALL

Looks like you have them both on.

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

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

No response.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You're in with them.

RANDALL

It's not what you think.

ERIN

You killed her!

RANDALL

No.

ERIN

Stay away from me! Stay away!

RANDALL

Erin. It wasn't supposed to happen.

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

INT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

Nathan catches up with her as she frantically grabs CAR KEYS out of a dish by the front door.

He grabs hold of her arm, she struggles, CLAWS at his face to get loose. Squeaks out the door onto...

EXT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

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

RANDALL

They killed her because she found out.

ERIN

About you.

RANDALL

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

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

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Sweetheart...

ERIN

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

48.

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

RANDALL

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

ERIN

I don't believe you.

RANDALL

Please. Come inside.

ERIN

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

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

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

She gets in the car. Starts it. ERRRKKKK! She peels out backward down the driveway.

SLAMS the car into Drive and tears off down the street. The Neighbor shakes her head at Nathan, goes back inside.

INT. TENEMENT - THOMAS LEONARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

TOMMY'S WIFE

Please! Leave him alone!

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

TOMMY

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

LARKIN

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

TOMMY

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

49.

LARKIN

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

Tommy nods.

LARKIN (CONT'D)

Turn down that fucking baby!

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

LARKIN (CONT'D)

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

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

LARKIN (CONT'D)

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

Larkin hauls Tommy back upright. Dazed.

LARKIN (CONT'D)

So who is the guy, Tommy?

TOMMY

Corvis. It's...

LARKIN

(cutting him off)

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

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

TOMMY

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

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

EXT. TENEMENT - ALLEY - NIGHT

Madden stands by a plainwrap ,calmly SMOKING.

A SCREAM above. He looks up to see CRASH!

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

INT. TENEMENT - THOMAS LEONARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

50.

TOMMY'S WIFE

No, please...

Her voice stops mid-sentence as BAM.

The baby still crying as Toomey takes aim again, then lowers his weapon, starts to leave the room with Larkin. At the door, Toomey turns and BAM!

The crying stops.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

WALSH

Alex?

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

WALSH (CONT'D)

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

Walsh goes back to the board, makes a move.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Check and mate.

ALEX

Dream on.

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

WALSH

My God. It's really you under there.

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

WALSH (CONT'D)

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

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

ALEX

Two down. Two to go.

WALSH

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

ALEX

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

(MORE)

51.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(off Walsh)

You think I'm crazy.

WALSH

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

Walsh sits down. Disturbed.

ALEX

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

WALSH

What do they do that they had to kill her?

ALEX

I was hoping you'd find out.

WALSH

Yeah. I sure will.

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

WALSH (CONT'D)

(at the bird)

Boo!

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

WALSH (CONT'D)

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

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

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - FOREST - NIGHT

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

The Crow soars into frame, watching.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD GROWTH GROVE - NIGHT

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

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

52.

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

CAW! Erin looks up, finds the Crow fluttering in to perch high overhead. Alex emerges from behind a tree, near the cross.

ALEX

This is where it happened. Right over here.

ERIN

Yeah, I know.

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

ALEX

Are you ok?

ERIN

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

(breaking down)

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

ALEX

No...

ERIN

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

She's crying softly. He draws nearer.

ALEX

Erin. It's not your fault.

ERIN

(losing it now)

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

ALEX

No. You don't.

ERIN

Yes I do, I really do.

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

ALEX

There were four of them.

53.

ERIN

No...

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

ALEX/ERIN'S INTERNAL POV Jolting FLASHES.

A Plainwrap stops where the Mercedes is now.

A hand slams the car into Park. Doors open. Four men get out, seen dimly, but they're Dutton, Erlich, Larkin, Toomey.

Erlich reaches back in to drag Lauren out of the back seat, her hands cuffed in front of her.

Dutton flips up her skirt with his nightstick.

ALEX'S VOICE

Four large men. And still...

Lauren stumbles into Erlich, grabs and BAM! FLASH!

He takes a shot in the leg from his own, still holstered weapon.

ALEX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

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

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

ERIN

I don't want to know.

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

ALEX

She ran. Them breathing down her neck...

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

ALEX/ERIN'S INTERNAL POV Lauren stumbling, her cuffed hands hindering, tree limbs hitting her face.

Her own panting subsumed in the panting of the cops on her heels.

ALEX'S VOICE

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

RESUME - PRESENT Erin still trying not to see. Alex forcing her.

ALEX

This tree. Here's where it happened.

ERIN

I don't want to see!

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

ALEX/ERIN'S INTERNAL POV Lauren an adrenaline crazed fighter destined to lose. Her movements UNDERCRANKED, strobed. Discontinuous and jarring.

ALEX'S VOICE

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

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

RESUME Erin drops to the forest floor, convulsed in sobs.

ALEX

She fought for her life because life is worth living.

Alex panting. Fierce.

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

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

INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

CAPTAIN

Why wasn't the incident reported?

MERCER

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

CAPTAIN

So you pretended nothing happened.

55.

MERCER

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

CAPTAIN

No. I wouldn't expect you to.

They all enter...

INT. GARRISON PRISON - MORGUE - NIGHT

Mercer goes to the locker where he left Alex.

MERCER

Be forewarned. Nature takes its toll.

(opens locker)

Bon appetit.

The all look inside. The locker is empty. Mercer's the only one shocked. He noisily opens and shuts the other lockers looking for Alex.

CAPTAIN

You lost him! Now lay off the fucking doors!

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

MADDEN

They botched the execution.

CAPTAIN

Could say that.

MADDEN

Christ. It was Corvis. Tommy Leonard was right.

SECRETARY

Maybe you were a little harsh on him.

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

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Babe?

She's looking at... T

HE FRACTURED MIRROR. Shards of glass selectively removed forming, we see now, a CROW.

MADDEN

Fucking crow.

CAPTAIN

Sign of the dead come back to life.

Madden turns, not comfortable with the concept.

56.

MADDEN

How about sign of a big black bird?

CAPTAIN

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

SECRETARY

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

MADDEN

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

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

MADDEN (CONT'D)

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

CAPTAIN

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

(then)

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

SECRETARY

The man...

ALEX

... with the scar...

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD GROWTH GROVE - NIGHT

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

ALEX

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

ERIN

So you're going to kill him?

ALEX

Have to find him first.

He closes his eyes. Pained at a memory.

57.

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

ERIN

My father.

ALEX

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

ERIN

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

She fights back tears. Gains strength.

ERIN (CONT'D)

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

ALEX

It's what Lauren would do.

Erin nods, takes the Locket off her neck.

ERIN

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

everything.

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

(re: Locket)

Keep it. Because it connects you to Lauren. And it connects you to me.

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

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

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

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

58.

Erin's face blasted WHITE by HEADLIGHTS.

She closes her eyes as Alex begins the first bold lines around her eyes and for a moment in the gauzy white light, she could be...

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

WIDER. Alex paints Erin's face in the Benz headlights, the two of them kneeling in the forest-cathedral.

Camera creeps BACKWARD, leaving the two of them connected by ritual. And touch. And a promise to each other.

CUT TO:

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

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

CAPTAIN

You know it doesn't work this way.

Nathan gets up. Tries to subtly herd the Captain off.

NATHAN

I'm out of this.

CAPTAIN

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

NATHAN

Our friendship ended when Lauren
died.

The Captain circles to the desk now, past Nathan.

CAPTAIN

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

RANDALL

You mean Alex.

CAPTAIN

I mean Lauren.

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

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

RANDALL

You killed my daughter.

59.

CAPTAIN

An accident, Nathan.

RANDALL

(exploding now)

She was eighteen years old! There
were four of them. They stabbed
her fifty three times! Where's the
fucking accident?! Huh?! Where is
it?!

Nathan furious. The Captain keeps a preternatural calm.

CAPTAIN

I watched her grow up. Just like
you. I know how her mind worked.

She kept snooping around because she was worried about you. What you'd gotten yourself into. So stop blaming me. And blame yourself.

RANDALL

(beat, quietly)
I do. Every day.

CAPTAIN

Erin knows, doesn't she?

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

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

The Captain flips through the papers on the desk again.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS approach from down the street. The Big Benz pulls into the empty driveway.

Erin alone in the car, her mood tough to judge in the Crow mask.

INT. RANDALL HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - NIGHT

Erin enters, steels herself. Then she calls out...

ERIN

Dad?! You home?

CUT TO:

60.

INT. RANDALL HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

CAMERA INCHING forward...

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

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP...

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

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

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

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

WALSH

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

Alex picks up the BLACK KING.

ALEX

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

WALSH

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

ALEX

The strip joint?

WALSH

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

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

WALSH (CONT'D)

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

(then)

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

(meaningfully)

... this is the front office."

BAM BAM BAM.

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

ERIN

Alex!

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

They killed my dad.

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

ALEX

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

ERIN

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

ALEX

Erin. Who?

ERIN

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

Alex immobilized by this. He turns to Walsh.

ALEX

Where is it? This place?

WALSH

I think we should get some support?

ALEX

What? Call the police?

ERIN

What is this? Where are you going?

Alex waiting for an address. Finally...

62.

WALSH

1315 Berkeley Street.

ERIN

Don't leave me. Please.

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

ALEX

It will be over soon.

(then)

Watch out for each other.

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

CUT TO:

INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

More debauched than our previous visit. Darker, more crowded.

Patrons propositioned in front of our eyes by girls barely eighteen. The room writhing.

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

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

ALEX

Toomey and Larkin. They're expecting me.

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

BOUNCER

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

The Other Bouncer grabs Alex as he pushes past. Alex heaves him into the line of WAITING PATRONS.

As they go down like dominoes... the First Bouncer pulls a **GUN**.

ALEX

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

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

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

63.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

WALSH

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

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

ERIN

You followed me here.

CAPTAIN

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

She stares at him expressionless.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

(beat, then)

He killed himself.

She talks with great difficulty.

ERIN

How?

CAPTAIN

How did he kill himself?

She nods.

64.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

With a gun. Is that what you mean?

ERIN

No. I mean... how did he kill himself How do you figure he killed himself--with a gun, right--when it wasn't anywhere near where you found him?

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

You killed him.

WALSH

Erin. Don't.

ERIN

Back the fuck off! Now!

The Captain stops, gently tosses the sheaf of papers toward her, onto Walsh's desk.

The papers Nathan was preparing. Walsh looks at them while...

CAPTAIN

He left this. Names, addresses, a note to you. These people he was involved with killed Lauren. He

couldn't bear it anymore.

WALSH

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

ERIN

The note. Show it to me.

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

(to Captain)

Not you!

(to Walsh)

Show it to me.

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

CAPTAIN

It's right there, under that paper.

(grabs a note)

Here. Look.

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

65.

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

THE CAPTAIN grabs Erin's wrist and BAM!

A chunk of the ceiling falls as the weapon discharges. The Captain throws her in a chokehold, her finger still on the trigger.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You were always the stupid one.

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

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

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

MADDEN

You need help?

He nods toward Walsh, who is moving, barely.

CAPTAIN

Hurry. We don't have much time.

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

THE PICTURE OF ALEX AND LAUREN pulled off the lid of the Chess box, one of the pieces of tape left behind. The Captain exits.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

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

WITH ALEX as he steps over the Two Bouncers, expired on the floor.

A soft WHIMPERING marks the silence. The girl cuffed onstage. Alex goes up to the terrified girl.

Close up, she looks way underage. He gathers her clothes, spots a key on the floor.

ALEX

How old are you?

She listens as he unlocks the cuffs.

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

66.

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

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

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

INT. "THE HOLE" - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

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

INT. "THE HOLE" - INTERNET PORN FACILITY

Nobody home. Empty images refreshed every six seconds. Number of hits static now. Alex drawn now by the "No Admittance" Curtain which he approaches slowly, touching it and FLASH!

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV - LAUREN looking over her shoulder, pulling back the "No Admittance" Curtain, going where she shouldn't go.

ALEX

Lauren? You were here?

Lauren makes her stealthy way into....

INT. "THE HOLE" - BACK HALL - NIGHT

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

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV - LAUREN down the hall, peering inside the partially open Back Room door, then turning back startled TOWARD CAMERA as if suddenly overtaken.

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

INT. "THE HOLE" - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

BAM BAM BAM BAM.

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

LARKIN

(after the fact)

Don't move.

67.

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

LARKIN (CONT'D)

Drinks are on me.

Larkin flips on the low-watt BARE BULBS hanging down past industrial pipes and conduit, casting a dim light on the cinderblock space.

NO ALEX.

ALEX

Cheers.

They look up and... BAM! Alex DROPS LARKIN with a shot to the forehead. BAM!

He MISSES TOOMEY as bullets from below EXPLODE all around him. Alex scampers across framing as...

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

THREE COPS pump rounds into Alex. BAM!

Alex takes the middle Cop out, a TOONEY-LIKE GUY who falls onto Toomey, behind him. ALEX turns, forced to defend himself as FULL AUTO FIRE breaks open, the other flank, more advancing cops. While...

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

A FINAL EXPLOSIVE FUSILLADE leaves only Alex standing. As the echoes dissolve...

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

THE NAMEPLATE - "TOOMEY" But the pin isn't fastened properly.

The badge askew. RESUME - ALEX rolls the body over, finds another nameplate underneath. "Hauser." Heads off in search of...

ALEX (CONT'D)

Toomey!

INT - "THE HOLE" - INTERNET PORN FACILITY - NIGHT

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

ALEX

You dripped something!

Toomey panics as he approaches...

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

BEHIND THE SHOWER FANTASY SET Toomey takes refuge out of sight, next to a GAS HOT WATER HEATER, quiet as a mouse. ALEX tears the "No Admittance" curtain completely off its rod, arriving at the fantasy sets just in time to see...

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

WITH ALEX moving to the rear of the "dungeon," on Toomey's heels. WAM. Toomey hits him full force with A PIPE, sending Alex sprawling backward, COLLAPSING the flimsy Shower set.

WAM. Toomey swings again, misses Alex, but connects with...

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

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

CLICK. Toomey cocks the gun.

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

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

TOOMEY

What Scar? What fucking scar?

ALEX

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

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

TOOMEY

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

ALEX

Good thing in a situation like
this.

We pick up...

69.

INT. "THE HOLE" - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. "THE HOLE" - INTERNET PORN FACILITY - NIGHT

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

TOOMEY

Fucking Zombie.

ALEX

The scar.

TOOMEY

There is no scar. I'm telling you.

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

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

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

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

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

CROWVISION a speeding bullet passes narrowly by and...

ANGLE - GROUND ZERO as the bullet hits the monitor in a

shower of sparks, followed by...

BOOM! A ROILING FIREBALL Seems to vaporize Alex before flying down the hallway right at CAMERA.

Madden manages a couple steps in retreat before it blows him into the back room with a deafening roar.

EXT. "THE HOLE" - INFERNO - NIGHT

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

70.

EXT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

Interior/exterior being less meaningful than seconds ago. Walls crumbled, roof blown off.

BRIGHT FIRE consumes the frame, consumes the bodies of downed cops, consumes every last bit of oxygen and life. Distant SIRENS draw closer.

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

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

THE ARM WITH THE ZIGZAG SCARIFICATION sticking out of the rubble, murky through the flames, growing clearer as camera PUSHES, flames licking at it...

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

THE ARM WITH THE ZIGZAG SCARIFICATION skeletal now, baked down to bones. A dozen short metal rods on the ground under it. He picks a few up. THE CAPTAIN drawn now to...

UNDER THE RUBBLE - WHERE ALEX WAS water dripping off the concrete, collecting in the place where Alex hid. But he's long gone. The Captain drops the rods. Satisfied it's over.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #5 - NIGHT

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

A GIRL in her twenties exits a building down a flight of stairs, waits at the bottom for her BOYFRIEND, who's locking

the door. She sees Alex, gives him an empathetic look.
Alex walks slowly closer.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV Lauren appearing to him, playing their
game. But the words are wrong, distorted.

LAUREN

Your witness list is no match for
my kung fu.

Her Bruce Lee "Oooo" a siren call. RESUME Alex moving slowly
forward on the street, drawn toward the girl who watches
with horrified fascination.

ALEX

I'm losing you.

71.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV

LAUREN

Your zigzag love scar is no match
for...

Lauren and Alex drawing very close now when... RESUME WAM.
A FIST clocks Alex in the face, dropping him hard onto the
pavement.

GIRL

Did you have to do that?

BOYFRIEND

How about "thank you."

GIRL

He's bleeding.

ALEX

I don't bleed.

BOYFRIEND

And delirious. Better steer clear.

ALEX'S POV

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

ALEX takes off, ducking into an alley. Confused.

CAMERA CREEPS BACKWARD as he gathers his thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

ALEX

Erin!

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

Alex registers that the rules have changed. He finds a necktie of Walsh's, uses it to bind the wound, staunch the flow. He scans the room again looking for...

Something. But everything seems ok. He passes...

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

72.

OVER THE CHESS BOARD - ALEX the missing pic lost on him, drawn to the chess board where Walsh collapsed. Something wrong with the game. He finds...

THE BLACK KING Off the board. On top of a stack of news clippings lying on the floor.

Alex picks it up, LEAVING a RING OF BLOOD under.

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

ALEX (CONT'D)

The King.

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

EXT. CITY - AIRBORNE - NIGHT

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

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

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

into...

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

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

CAPTAIN

I hate that picture.

ALEX

Where are they?

CAPTAIN

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

ALEX

Where are they? Last chance.

CAPTAIN

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

The Captain rises.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You know crime was actually down until you showed up, or stuck
(MORE)

73.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

around, or whatever the hell you're doing here.

(then)

What are you doing here?

ALEX

I'm looking for my friends.

CAPTAIN

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

Alex tenses as the Captain starts toward him.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You are like the guest who would not leave, you know that? And judging from your condition, maybe

you've overstayed your welcome.
That's not a criticism. Just an
observation.

Alex draws the knife from his clothes.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

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

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You come in here al lfull of
righteous indignation, but what
have you got to be righteous about?

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

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

How many innocent people did you
leave dead back there?

ALEX

You sent them. I had no choice.

CAPTAIN

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

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

74.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

FLASH

EXT. OLD GROWTH GROVE - DAY

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV Lauren in tears in Alex's car.

LAUREN

I can't say.

ALEX

He grabs for her. She pulls violently away.

LAUREN

Don't touch me!

RESUME

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CAPTAIN

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

ALEX

You're wrong.

CAPTAIN

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

FLASH ALEX'S INTERNAL POV Alex back at the inferno, cowering from flames.

RESUME The Captain full of righteous conviction.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

The Captain bent over Alex, stabbing him.

ALEX'S INTERNAL POV (INTERCUT WITH PREVIOUS)

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

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

Take a look!

Strippers writhe at "The Hole."

75.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

That's who you are!

The Porsche explodes.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You sick fuck! Look at it!

Alex blasts Dutton. BAM!

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Every loser name anyone ever called
you was true!

Alex escapes the taser. Mercer drops.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Are you looking? Answer me!

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

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

ALEX

I loved Lauren. I never meant to
hurt her.

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

RESUME - THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE The Captain shaking Alex,
holding something in front of Alex's face.

CAPTAIN

You see it? Huh? Did you see it?

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

THE PHOTO - LAUREN AND ALEX IN THE WOODS arms around each
other. Familiar, but on second take, it's like the crime
scene photos...

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

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Yeah. I think you fucking saw it.

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

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

CLAP CLAP CLAP.

MADDEN

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

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

CAPTAIN

Just don't believe everything you see.

MADDEN

Doubt is a motherfucker.

CAPTAIN

Give me a hand with this sack of shit.

INT. MYSTERY ROOM - NIGHT

NEW ANGLE - THROUGH A WINDOW DARKLY Madden and the Captain grab Alex, one at each end.

SECRETARY

He's cute. Was cute.

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

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

Erin stands in PROFILE in the middle of the room, strangely silent, hands tied overhead by a rope that runs to the ceiling.

The Secretary brushing polish on Erin's toes.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

But the face, well, makeup can work for you or against you. Right?

The Secretary applies a last flourish of polish, then stands, kisses Erin gently.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

All done. Very nice.
(then)
You're a good listener.

The Secretary moves off REVEALING...

ERIN'S FACE MOUTH SEWN shut in a rough zigzag stitch, like the scar. Her eyes dart as...

THE DOOR opens. The Captain and Madden carry Alex in. Madden sweeps the TAXIDERMY SPECIMENS back with his hand, clearing a space for Alex on the table. Among them...

77.

THE CROW on its Corvus Brachyrhynchos stand takes a small hop backward, this sign of life unnoticed as...

RESUME WHUMP. Alex heaved onto the table.

MADDEN

So was he dead? Or alive?

The Secretary puts her ear to Alex's lifeless lips.

CAPTAIN

I've seen birds stuffed and mounted
so lifelike you'd swear you saw
them breathing.

This reminds him... he looks at the Crow on the stand. Lifeless, stuffed. As it should be.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

MADDEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stab wounds everywhere.

SECRETARY

Fifty three?

CAPTAIN

In all the excitement I kind of
lost count.

(then)

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

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

78.

THE CROW - OVERCRANKED moves on the table. Takes flight.

THE TRIO turn toward the commotion.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Grab it!

THE LOCKET - OVERCRANKED Snatched in midair by the Crow
from Erin's praying hands.

FLASH! ALEX/CROW'S INTERNAL POV HIGH ANGLE CROWVISION.

Dim memories from the woods. Anamorphic and dark.

Two figures--Alex and Erin--kneeling. RESUME - THE LOCKET
released from the Crow's beak, passing through the TRIO'S
HANDS uncaught, bouncing off Alex onto the table, in front
of his open eyes.

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

ALEX

... it connects you to me...

FLASH.

ERIN

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

FLASH. Alex painting her face.

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

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

ALEX

All lies. Everything you ever showed me.

MADDEN pulls a gun, points it at Erin. ALEX jumps up, flying INTO the gun as it goes off.

CRASH! They tumble THROUGH THE WINDOW into the Captain's office while...

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

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

THE CAPTAIN drags Erin off. The Secretary flails at the Crow with a metal ROD, while...

IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE Madden has the gun on Alex now. BAM! No effect. BAM!

79.

Madden sweating it now, continuing to shoot with no effect as...

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

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

SECRETARY (O.S.)

It's the bird! Kill it!

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

The SECRETARY dives for cover as bullets explode around her. The Crow dancing, sprayed with debris.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CLOSE. Floor lights sequence above the door, heading for underground parking.

"5 - 4 - 3..." The Captain watches the lights. Erin is slumped face first against the side of the elevator opposite him.

CAPTAIN

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

ON ERIN face pressed against the elevator wall, intent.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

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

Erin winces, looks down...

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

THE CAPTAIN grabs her off the floor and she RAMS the blade into his abdomen with the force of the entire body. Twists it. The elevator doors open.

ERIN pulls out the blade, claws her way out the door, the Captain hanging on to her, finally getting free as she swipes at him again, drawing fresh blood. Running now, into...

INT. POLICE STATION - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Erin stumbles between cars in the dark underground garage, cutting the cord off her hands, leaving it behind as...

80.

Behind her, the Captain unsteady on his feet, a wounded animal. He pulls out a GLOCK 9MM and KA-CHUNK. Cycles it. Erin dives between cars, scrambling on hands and knees. Looks around.

HER POV - SCANNING a small garage with a few police cruisers by a SERVICE AREA and no people. A barred GATE over the exit. No way out.

ERIN winces. Then stifles a cry as she cuts the stitches off her mouth with the knife. Drops the threads on the floor and moves off...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alex runs past the glass AWARDS CASE, takes a flying leap behind the desk, seeking cover as Madden empties a clip at him.

The slide ratchets back. Madden SLAMS another clip in, advances on Alex, hidden behind the shredded desk as...

THE SECRETARY clears stuffed birds off the table trying to expose the wounded crow cowering back against the wall.

SECRETARY

Here pretty bird. Here birdy.

WHOP! She grabs it, the Crow flapping desperately as...

IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE Madden creeps up on the desk, peers over it. Nothing. Out of nowhere...

WAM! Alex rushes Madden, bulldozing him across the room with a pained cry of brute force toward...

THE AWARDS CASE CRASH! Glass shatters as Alex hurls Madden, who swivels around in time to get off a last shot BAM!

That collapses Alex to the floor.

IN THE MYSTERY ROOM The Crow squeezes out of the Secretary's grasp, leaving her holding a couple feathers.

AT THE AWARD'S CASE Alex hauls himself off the floor as the Crow joins him. Seeing...

MADDEN'S HEAD has taken its place among glass bowls and trophies, half decapitated by the glass shelf it now rests on. Down the shelf from the stuffed bird. ALEX rushes through the blown out window into...

Seeing for the first time that Erin is gone, the rope hanging from the ceiling, finding...

THE SECRETARY



SECRETARY (CONT'D)

sitting on the floor, painting her own toenails BLUE, leaning up against the wall.

ALEX

Where'd they go?

Alex eases the Secretary to her feet with a hand around her neck, her back to the wall. She looks UP, smiling at...

WALSH - RIGHT ARM MISSING hangs high overhead from some kind of hook. His arm has been crudely removed.

Underneath him, on the table, a BOX of 2" surgical stainless steel rods sits by a pool of blood. ALEX yells, reeling, as...

The door flies open. A half dozen cops in, all targeting Alex as...

THE SECRETARY plunges the Lauren KNIFE in Alex's back. He spins violently THROWING her HARD against the wall. WAM!

Surprise!-she sticks. REVEAL, she's impaled on ANTELOPE ANTLERS, hanging off the wall. Her head drops, looking down as a stream of blood flows down her legs, drips off her toes...

SECRETARY

(dying words)

My nails.

BAM BAM BAM. The new arrivals open fire. Alex reaches over his shoulder, yanks out the knife with an odd slurping sound as...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - PARKING GARAGE

The sound of GUNFIRE filters down from above as the Captain hunts his hidden prey. He stops, studies...

ERIN'S POV - LOW ANGLE LOOKING UNDER A CAR The Captain's feet, joined by his hand as he picks up the thread she left on the ground.

INCLUDE ERIN

SECRETARY

reproving herself as she turns toward camera. She looks back under the car, but...

The Captain's feet have moved off. Where? She listens, hears nothing. Slips off...

NEW ANGLE - ERIN takes refuge in the service area, crouching behind stacks of TIRES. Knife at the ready.

82.

The Captain's FOOTSTEPS audible.

HER OBSTRUCTED POV between stacks of tires, the Captain, Glock at ready, PASSES BY, moving out of sight. Footsteps RECEDING. Then silent.

ERIN Listening, neurons firing. Cranes her neck to see. Nothing. WIDER the Captain appears BEHIND ERIN, over the stacks of tires. She's oblivious, then...

Erin wheels, slashes across his wrist. The Glock falls, Erin grabs it, levels it at the Captain. Her finger tense on the trigger.

CAPTAIN

(re: gun)

I know you too well. You won't do it.

ERIN

You don't know me at all.

BAM! She pulls the trigger, simultaneously wrenching the gun, aiming just enough off that...

THE CAPTAIN yells in pain, rushes his hand to his ear, a bloody mess. He starts advancing again toward her and Erin pulls...

THE TRIGGER again, again, again. No click, no blast.
NOTHING.

RESUME the Captain takes the gun from her. Shows her the CLIP he's carrying in his hand. Slams it into the gun.

CAPTAIN

One in the chamber. That's all you get.

Erin SCREAMS as he drags her off now and...

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERY ROOM - NIGHT

THE CROW flies UP toward the small entry window. Alex follows, bullets exploding around him as he hauls himself up toward the windowledge.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOFTOP

ERRRKKK. The SOUND of a car in a hurry audible as Alex hauls himself out the small window. Runs to the edge, spotting...

FAR BELOW a dark sedan leaving in a rush, wrapping around the corner of the police station now.

INT. DARK SEDAN - TRAVELLING FAST - NIGHT

The Captain nervous at the wheel. He looks over his shoulder...

Erin's in the back seat, cuffed to the door handle.

INT. POLICE STATION - MYSTERY ROOM

The Sergeant and crew utterly speechless taking in the carnage.

SERGEANT

(crossing himself)
Holy mother of God. The devil
himself.

He looks up, where Alex vanished. Starts to climb.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Alex dashes over the articulated roof, trying to keep in sight...

HIS MOVING POV partially obstructed, of the sedan below. Speeding around another corner now...

ALEX alters course to cut the sedan off, jumping up onto a PARAPET where he totters over the vertical face as the sedan turning onto the street below.

THE SERGEANT AND CREW emerge on the roof. Acquire target Alex Corvis.

SERGEANT

Stop or...! Don't jump!

WITH ALEX as he takes a flying dive off the building, intercepting...

EXT. POLICE STATION - STREET #

The Dark Sedan careening up the street leaving the city.
WAM!

INT. DARK SEDAN - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

WAM! ERRRK! The Captain nearly jumps out of his skin, barely keeping control.

CAPTAIN

What the fuck?

Erin perks up in the back seat. Battered. Ever hopeful.

EXT. CITY STREETS #6 - DARK SEDAN

WIDE. As the speeding car passes under a streetlight, we see a HUMAN FIGURE standing on top of it, legs spread, arms upstretched.

84.

PUNCH IN... CLOSE. The Figure, Alex, strikes downward, right THROUGH the glass moonroof.

CRASH! IN THE SEDAN the Captain horrified as Alex's hand yanks his own right off the wheel and up, through the moonroof...

ON THE ROOF OF THE SEDAN Alex kneels now, holding the Captain's arm up as he jacks the sleeve down exposing...

THE ZIGZAG PATTERN, THE MORTIFIED FLESH held in Alex's hand like the trophy it is.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GARRISON'S PRISON - EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Alex's voice appears. Calm. Unhurried.

ALEX'S VOICE

The Jolt, eight amps at two to three thousand volts. It lasts a few seconds. The current surges and is turned off.

FIND ALEX'S FACE in the darkness. Moving as he performs some unseen task. Intent, focussed.

ALEX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

They wait for the body to cool, then check to see if the heart is still beating.

FIND ERIN, in the darkness, listening to Alex's voice.

She touches her mouth, little drops of dried blood where the wounds are already healing.

ALEX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

If it is... ba-boom, ba-boom... another jolt is applied.

SLOW FADE IN as our eyes adjust to the dim light.

ALEX'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Experts say unconsciousness occurs before pain has time to register.

They agree electrocution does not "hurt," could not hurt. But it does. Unimaginably. Believe me.

We're in the death chamber. Dark. Claustrophobic.

The only light a few panel indicators and spill from the door open from the adjacent observation room to the outside. Alex looks at the phone on the wall. Silent.

85.

ALEX

I don't expect a call from the Governor. Any last words? Captain, my Captain?

REVEAL the Captain in the chair. A private execution. Erin slumped along a side wall. Totally inscrutable. Intense.

CAPTAIN

Yeah. Fuck you.

A long beat of silence.

ALEX

Was that it? Well, ok.

CAPTAIN

I'm not dying for your goddamn illusions. You got that? You think you and your girlfriend had some rosy future ahead of you? Bullshit. She was already bored, why do you think she was looking around? You're nothing, Corvis! Less than nothing.

A Figure wipes through frame moving toward the switch. The Captain's voice rising as he senses time running out.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You can't do this to me you little fucks! I'll come back, just like you, a big fucking shit spewing bird and three guesses what little bitch I'm taking out first...

CLOSE. The switch thrown. ZZZZZTTT. PAN UP off the switch to...

ERIN

You are so dead.

She glances at the Captain, fibrillating in the chair,

starts to move off. Then stops, near Alex, looking with him at...

THEIR POV - THE ZIGZAG SCAR fibrillating, as we PUSH into seething detail.

Writhing bodies, human suffering, a hellish miasma that draws us in until we turn our heads away, released.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARRISON PRISON - WITNESS ENTRANCE - DAWN

Alex and Erin exit the visitor's entrance, met by the Crow and the first rays of morning light.

He puts his arm around her and she places her hand over his.

86.

ERIN

You want to get some breakfast?

(then)

What I mean is... I don't know how this works, but...

He stops, face to face now.

ERIN (CONT'D)

In the woods you said you had nothing. But you wouldn't, and I wouldn't if there's some way you don't have to go. Please. At least not right away.

ALEX

Erin. I'll always be with you.

For a split second, she's...

LAUREN Smiling. Sublime. She kisses him. As the break off, it's...

ERIN AGAIN She hangs on a long moment before letting go. Then she spots something...

ON THE GROUND - A SIGN carried by one of the protestors. "Remember the Victim." With a picture of Lauren. Someone has written a bold "s" after it. "Remember the Victims." ERIN picks up the sign.

ERIN

Alex. Look at this.

She turns to Alex. But he's gone. She tries to keep it together as...

CAMERA BOOMS up leaving her alone outside the prison walls, with her memories, and her conscience, and her hopes, which is alot.

As a DUSTDEVIL whips up in the parking lot, she drops the sign, and starts to CRY.

ERIN'S VOICE

In that moment when Alex went... wherever he went... when he made that choice, I knew I was making a choice too. To be alive. In the world. And it made me cry.

CUT TO:

INT. MYSTERY ROOM - DAWN

CAMERA FINDS Walsh, laid out on the table now, missing arm mercifully away from us. The CROW alights nearby, something in its beak.

87.

ERIN'S VOICE

Maybe the world is a bad place but the Captain gone has to be some improvement. And that hope, that tomorrow will be better, is enough to keep me going.

The Crow flaps off, REVEALING the WHITE KING, laid by Walsh's head. CAMERA keeps MOVING, FINDING..

The Crow, on the stand marked Corvis Brachyrhynchos, stuffed and mute.

Its eyes blink a last time, then are motionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - LAUREN AND ALEX'S GRAVES

X-CLOSE. JOURNAL. A not-too-loopy feminine hand, writing the words we are hearing.

ERIN'S VOICE

When I think of Lauren fighting and dying, it tears me apart, but it also reassures me. That Lauren

and Alex were meant for each other.

REVEAL... Erin is writing the journal, but she's a radically transformed wild child.

A shock of vividly colored dreadlocks, some of the holes that stitched her mouth shut kept permanently open by studs.

ERIN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

That they're together now. Fighters.
United by love. And anger. That
they've given also to me.

She's leaning up against a new headstone.

"Alex Corvis 1981-1999 Always With Us."

ERIN

I love Alex. As my sister always
hoped I would. And I love Lauren.
And I know, because of this, that
love does not die. I'm alive.
Thinking of them. Hoping that,
sometimes, they're thinking of me.

Erin stops writing, closes the journal, stands. She takes the Locket off her neck, drapes it over Alex's headstone, like the one already over Lauren's.

She stares at the two a moment, then puts her index finger to her lips, transfers kisses to the two stones. And leaves.

THE END