The Crow

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[Black Screen]

TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK

The scene opens with hazard lights ticking on and off on an empty road.

TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK

The ticking is like a heartbeat, or a pulsing clock counting down fleeting seconds and turning them into fleeting moments. The ticking is hypnotic.

[Voice Over- Eric]
A year ago....on a cold October night...

Laying on the road is the arm of a dying man. He appears to be lifeless in a pool of dark blood. Beyond the dying man is a white 1967 Ford Mustang with its hood open.

[Voice Over- Eric]
"A broken down car on a dirt road."

His eyes open. His gaze is lifeless yet seeing beyond the sky. Beyond reality. Blood stretching across his cheek like a gruesome kiss from death.

[Voice Over- Eric]
"A man...A girl...Madness....Pain…"

He can hear the sounds of screaming and laughter. Is it in his head? The echoes are loud and within distance. He can feel the violence around him. He can sense the horror of a woman's

shrill. The screams begin to turn into the cawing of crows. A murder of them flying overhead as he lays dying.

[Voice Over- Eric]
And the shadows...my god...the shadows.

[Black Screen]

*The title **The Crow** fades into the screen engulfed by another black screen. Big white letters.*

INERTIA

[Ext. Darken Alley/The Slums]
The camera pans up showing a dark alley, crawling his way out of a window is the thief/drug addict Mr. Jones. Cradled in his arms are his spoils of crime. A vintage 13.5 1990 sylvanian tv set. Grinning and walking down a darkened alley, Mr. Jones is proud of his prize as he makes his way toward Gideon's pawn shop.

Mr. Jones
I in the rock tonight, man! Gideon pays Mr Jones. Hundred? Nah, maybe fifty. But Gideon pays Mr Jones tonight. Yessir yessir I be in the rock BIG time!!

From out of the shadows, at the end of the alley and just a distance away from the only thread of light, rolls a child's tricycle. Wheels creaking and slowly moving in Mr. Jones' way.

Mr.Jones
What...in the hell?

Mr. Jones moves closer to the tricycle looking from side to side. As Mr. Jones gets nearer, he is suddenly startled by the loud cawing of a crow behind him. His fear causes him to drop the tv set on the ground. The tv shatters at his feet. The crow caws and caws, as if laughing at Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones
You think that's funny?!

The crow flies over Mr. Jones' head.

Mr. Jones
HEY!!

As Mr. Jones' eyes follow the black ominous bird to the end of the alley, he is met with a dark towering figure standing in front of him.

Mr.Jones
JESUS!!!

The crow lands on the figure's shoulder, flapping its wings and staring at Mr. Jones. The figure does not move. Mr. Jones is speechless, but then his fear shifts into anger, and Mr. Jones straightens his spine toward the specter in front of him.

Mr. Jones
Jesus Christ, man, you scared the crap outta Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones aint expecting no halloween man.

The specter does not move. He just stares.

Mr.Jones
That your bird Halloween man?

No answer. Mr. Jones looks down at the shattered tv on the ground.

Mr. Jones
You cost Mr. Jones a hundred! Seeing as how you scared Mr Jones outta his keep, best you pay up. Or Mr. Jones is gonna get real nasty!

Mr. Jones pulls out a knife. The eyes of the specter shift down then back up at Mr. Jones.

The Crow
T-Bird...Tom Tom...

Anger paints Mr. Jones' face.

Mr. Jones
MONEY, MAN! MONEY NOW!!

The Crow
Top Dollar...Funboy...Tin Tin...

Mr. Jones anger boils to rage

Mr.Jones
That's it HOLLOWEEN MAN!! You dead!!

Mr. Jones stabs the figure in the gut but the figure does not move. There are no sounds of pain, or fear. Mr. Jones steps back, leaving the knife impaled in the specter.

The Crow
Do I have your attention now, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones in shock or in terror slowly steps back into the alley, stepping back into the shadows.

Mr.Jones
...Mr. Jones don't understand...you must be dusted to not feel that...

The Crow
Feel?....Pain? [pulling the knife out of his gut] I know pain at the molecular level. Maybe you will too. [licking the knife of its blood]

Mr. Jones's eyes widen in horror as the figure extends his arm offering Mr. Jones his knife back.

The Crow
Try again?

Mr. Jones does not move. The Crow pockets the knife instead.

The Crow

T-Bird and the others...where are they? [moving closer into the alley] Giant said you would know.

Mr.Jones
[nervous and horrified] Giant...? Giant wouldn’t roll on Mr. Jones like that...Giant...

The Crow
Oh, he talked, Mr. Jones. [fishing out a pair of gardening shears and two fingers. The specter showing Mr Jones the fingers] I was going to take all five. But he talked at two. [dropping the fingers on the ground]

Mr. Jones
[dropping to his knees] No NO NO….oh man oh man...T-Bird would kill Mr. Jones if Mr Jones said a word!

The Crow
[Opening the gardening shears, sing-song-like] Fingers or toes Mr. Jones?

Mr. JOnes
[fear stuck in his throat] NO NO NO NO OK!! Ok!! Mr Jones not seen T-Bird or Tom Tom in weeks but Mr. Jones seen TinTin. He be at Gratiot and Tenth! Mr. Jones knows Top has a place at the Hotel Reno on Schaefer!! And that good for nothing Funboy...he in the County till...till the 27th...please don't kill Mr. Jones!!

Mr. Jones breaks down in tears, crying like an infant.

The Crow looks down at the crying criminal. The shadows dissolve from his face showing a pale white face with red blood flowing from his eyes and mouth. A mask of sorrow.

He looks up, seeing a full moon in the sky.

The Crow
Look. A full moon.

Mr. Jones looks up. All he sees above The Crow is the street light.

Mr. Jones
That?...That's a street light, ghost man!

The Crow's gaze narrows. The full moon morphs into the street light. Then back to a full moon.

The Crow
Oh, I see. It was a full moon that night, too.

The Crow stares down at Mr.Jones who is seized in complete fear.

The Crow
[The Crow turns and begins walking from Mr. Jones. The Crow looks back over his shoulder] Tell them I'm coming for them. All of them.

The big black bird flies into the shadows of the street. Cawing and cawing as if calling for his fellow traveler to follow.

Mr. Jones is now a shell of his former self.

The scene ends with The Crow walking into the darkness. Mr. Jones left alone in a thread of fading light.

Part One: Pain
[Dream Sequence]

Eric sits behind the wheel of a white 1967 Ford Mustang. A smile painted on his face as he revs the engine and shifts it to a higher gear. The open lands racing past his windows.
He is free.
He is happy.
And most of all, he is alive.

Behind him in the distance, Eric can see a white horse galloping closer and closer to him in his rear window. The majestic animal manages to match Eric's speed. The beauty of the animal mystifies Eric as he watches it power its way alongside him.

Eric and the stallion meet eyes only for an instant. Frozen in time they are together in this one snapshot of life. The moment is quickly changed from peace to fear as Eric looks ahead and sees that the white stallion is racing toward a barbed wire fence!
Eric knows in his heart and soul that there is no stopping this. There will be no intervention from a higher power. There is only the here and now, and fate wrestling life toward death.
Eric slams on his brakes as the stallion rips through the barbed wire. The sounds of the animal falling and tearing and ripping itself on to the ground horrifies Eric. The stallion is forced to the ground, screaming and shrieking almost human in its pain. Its white beautiful complexion now darkened by the red oiled blood.
As if in a dream or a nightmare, Eric is out of his car and staring directly at the dying steed. Their eyes share the same moment from before but now instead of life, they are sharing it in death. The only sound that Eric can hear is his breathing. Life begins to leave the body of the horse. Eric feels an overwhelming sadness in his chest. The moment is interrupted by a low dark spirit-like voice. Eric's eyes raise and standing in front of them both, is a tall Skull Cowboy with a crow on his shoulder.

Skull Cowboy
Shouldn't have looked, boy.

[Ext. Grey City/ A broken down tenement building]
In the city, in the ghetto on a dead end street, in a forgotten tenement, the shape of a man sits alone upstairs. He is lifeless and sick, and slumping in despair. The echoes of those words "shouldn't have looked, boy" are like blazing sirens in his mind. He hears gunshots...A ghastly dying plea from a girl...the hopeless desperation from a dying man...begging and sobbing...He could not help her...

The Skull Cowboy appears before him. His bony fingers bring a lit cigarette to his teeth. As he exhales, he speaks the list of names. Smoke coming out of each one.

Skull Cowboy

Tin Tin...

Sitting in pain, the man can hear men's voices shouting in evil. Their names are tattooed like nerve pain in his skull.

Skull Cowboy
Top Dollar. Tom Tom. Fun Boy. T-Bird.

The man remembers them. He can hear their devil laughs, their demonic grins.

Skull Cowboy
You remember their names.

The man reaches for pain deep inside his chest. The sensation is like burning fire and frozen ice. The Skull Cowboy's abyss-like eyes begin to drip black blood. The man's face pale and dead begins to pool blood around the eyes as well. Blood slowly falling to his cheeks like tears. His mouth swimming in crimson blood.

Skull Cowboy
[as if to say "get off your ass"] You want to remember hers? Do what you came back to do.

Wearing his mask of sorrow, the man looks into the camera and stares out as The Crow.

[Ext. Grey City Streets]

Down on the dirty street, three maniacs appear roaming the corner. Ratso, the dealer, Tug the connection, and Tin Tin the murderer.

Tug
TinTin! We here! Just like I said and wait till you see what Ratso's got!

TinTin

[Unimpressed] What you got Ratso? More of them dirty pictures?

Ratso
Nah, Tin…[reaching into his pocket and showing TinTin a handgun] .38...Not traceable. It’s hot from the east side..

Ratso hands the piece to TinTin. Shuffling the gun from hand to hand, TinTin looks amused.

TinTin
S'nice...

Tug
It's real nice huh, Tin?

TinTin
How much you want for it, Ratso?

Ratso
How bout Hunnert bucks? You get me that and I'm gone.

TinTin
[Taking aim at Tug] Let’s see how it works [TinTin shoots Tug in the gut]

Tug falls in pain, grabbing his stomach. Ratso is shocked and in disbelief.

Ratso
What the fuck is wrong with you!! [TinTin points the piece at Ratso] Whoa...Tin...don’t lose your head.

TinTin
'Member Top telling you to stop rolling in his district?

Ratso
[horrified] Whoa whoa Tin!

TinTin
Yous out Ratso!!

TinTin fires a bullet into Ratso's head leaving him headless and a bleeding mess. Ratso's lifeless body falls next to Tug's bled out corpse. TinTin looks at both bodies and smiles as he slips into an alley. A faint sound of sirens can be heard in the distance. Walking deeper into the alley, TinTin is startled by a crow flying over him and landing on the shoulder of a tall towering man surrounded in shadow.

The Crow
Hello, TinTin...

Heat and fear flow through TinTin's body as he points the gun at the darkened figure.

Part Two: New Dawn Fades

TinTin holds the handgun up, pointing it at the man shrouded in shadow. For some reason unknown to even himself, TinTin does not shoot. TinTin is a murdering psychopath, but even he can't seem to pull the trigger at this exact moment.

The Crow
Remember me?

TinTin
[anger and fear in his throat] No...No, I don't! Why are you all painted up for, man?

The Crow
A funeral march...

TinTin
Your own, motherfucka!

Before TinTin can get a clear shot, the perched crow flies toward TinTin making him shoot away from the shadowed figure. TinTin regroups himself and takes aim for a second shot, but the specter is faster, slicing TinTin's forearm with the knife he got from Mr. Jones.

TinTin screams. He drops the gun, leaving him defenseless and unarmed. The Crow then picks up TinTin's gun, aiming it at him.

The Crow
Rejoice TinTin, for the glory that is about to be yours. [putting the gun right up to TinTin's head] Give thanks to the lord God who has called upon YOU to his kingdom.

TinTin
[in fear] Who are you?

The Crow
I am the boiling man. Come to break the bones of your sins, meat puppet. [The Crow moves his face closer to light...showing his full face]

TinTin
[Eyes widening]...You!!...No! It can't....T-Bird said you were dead!!

The Crow
[Leaning closer to TinTin and whispering] Am..I..not?

TinTin
[pleading] It was T-Bird! I swear man, I was just the driver that night!

The Crow stares up and into the light. A flash of white and the sounds of the ocean waves crashing along the shore floods the memory of The Crow. Standing alone on the shore, is a woman. Her feet are sinking into the golden sand as she watches the deep green water crash the shore.

The Crow
[looking down at TinTin]...The girl...

TinTin
[eyes crazed] ...yea the girl. She was dead, man...I'm sure she was dead bout the time I got to her!

The memory of Eric and Shelly come flooding back. Eric senses Shelly as they embrace each other in front of a green sea. A sonogram of their unborn child in Eric's hand. Shelly smiles at

Eric. Eric's happiness of being a father displayed on his face. Holding her in his arms, he can remember her. He can remember this was the moment. Their moment of burning eternal love. This was their overwhelming sense of peace and happiness. Her deep brown eyes and golden skin burning like captured embers in his mind. He can feel her. He can remember her.

The Crow
[Distant] My...child...We were going to have a child...

TinTin
What man?? I don't know nothing bout that!! I was high!

The Crow
[Anger like a stoking fire raises inside of him] Your soul..rots...Tin...Tin.

TinTin
We was all high, it jus' happened!

The Crow
But fear not.

TinTin
You hearin' me, man?!

The Crow
I have medicine!

TinTin
It wasn't m…

BOOM!!!

It only takes 4 pounds of pressure to fire a gun. 4 pounds of pressure to a thunderous end for TinTin as his blood splatters and casts all over the alley. The Crow hovers over TinTin's collapsed body.

The Crow
May god grant you the mercy that I cannot..

Echoing in the dark alley is the cawing of a crow. Like a death bell for the victim, it announces the upcoming soul to the dead. The Crow follows his guide back into the shadows. Nothing left in the alley except the body of TinTin, and the Skull Cowboy leaning against a brick wall, smoking a cigarette.

[Ext. Rainy dirty grey streets]
Thunder begins to roll in and rain desperately tries to rid the dirty city of the grime and filth caked on every corner. All that is good slinks away like a beaten wounded dog, and the black shadows are alive with the dead. The Crow walks through the dropping rain smiling a voodoo smile, and death just a trigger finger away.

[Voice Over- Skull Cowboy]
There is a man...playing a violin...and the strings...are the nerves in his own arm....

The Crow stops in front of the Reno Hotel and looks up. Panning upward the camera reaches up and into the second story bedroom facing the street. Inside the room is a den of criminals, counting their loot and dividing their drugs. At the head of the table sits Top Dollar. The head of the current drug outfit. Alongside him are his three capos. Sanchez, MadJack, and Doogin. Holding their attention is the thieving drug addict Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones
Mr. Jones told you Top! Mr. Jones says that Ghostman be coming for you and your boys!

Top Dollar
You've been taking too much of that shit, Mr. Jones. Coming in here an' telling tall tales of some ghost.

Mr. Jones
Mr. Jones telling you Top! Ghostman is coming! He told Mr. Jones!

The entire room echoes in laughter except Top Dollar.

Top Dollar
Shut Up! All of you! [Pumping a shotgun and pointing it at Mr. Jones] You're lucky I dont blow your head off right now, you tweeking fuck! This is my neighborhood! My dope! My word is law! And for you to come in here talking about some ghost is...

Before Top Dollar can finish his thought, a crow lands on the window sill of the room and caws! Mr. Jones loses his mind in fear!

Mr. Jones
He's here!!

Top Dollar
Big fuckin bird...

Mr. Jones runs to the corner of the room and throws himself on the floor. Doogin walks toward the window sill.

Doogin
Yo, something is moving out there!

Perched outside next to the window is The Crow! Doogin sticks his head outside the window to get a better look but is met with the cold steel barrel of a gun. Before Doogin could think, The Crow fires, fragmenting Doogin's skull all over the place. The Crow quickly dives into the hotel room dispatching Sanchez with a knife to the throat.

Sanchez gurgles before his now-lifeless body falls back, hitting the hanging light, which flies and hits Top Dollar in the head, causing him to fall back into his chair. His shotgun lands and spins on the floor.

MadJack, terrified and aimless, shoots wildly into the room with a rain of bullets. The room is filled with smoke and blood. MadJack takes a minute to slow himself down. The hanging light of the room continues whipping from side to side, casting

horrific shadows as The Crow kicks the side of MadJack's knee, breaking his leg. Madjack falls to the floor in pain.

Top Dollar and The Crow lock eyes as The Crow walks closer and closer to Top Dollar.

Top Dollar
[Leaning back into this chair] Look pal, I don't know what this is all about...but if I done yah wrong...I'll make it square.

The Crow fires at MadJack, hitting him in the forehead without breaking stride. Shivering in fear is Mr. Jones who is weeping but alive in the corner of the room. Still holding the gun, The Crow jumps on the table, faces Top Dollar, who points at the pile of money on the table in front of him.

Top Dollar
There's five grand sitting nice and neat next to yah...Go ahead, take it, and we can forget this ever happened. Hell, I'll even throw in that dope right over there. [Poking at a pile of drugs] It's yours..that's half a kee...easily worth 10k.

The Crow
Is that all your life is worth? Some paper and some chemicals?

Top Dollar
[amused] Don't be an idiot, man...I'm giving you the chance to walk away.

The Crow
And the girl?...Did you give her a chance?

Top Dollar
What girl!??

The Crow
The girl in the white 67 Mustang.

Top Dollar's eyes slowly widen. As the Crow stares at him...

Images of Eric and Shelly painting a room together. She playfully paints his face, making him laugh.

Back to present, The Crow smiles at the memory, his eyes distant.

Top Dollar
[Top Dollar reaches slowly into his pants and pulls out his car keys. He shows The Crow the keys, shaking them] The Mustang?...Here...You can have it back...Take the money, the drugs, and your car and we can call this square.

The Crow
Her name...

Back to Eric and Shelly painting and laughing. Eric then presents Shelly with a ring. She looks shocked, then immediately grabs him, hugging him tight. They accidentally fall back, spilling the rest of the paint.

The Crow
Her name was Shelly.

The Crow snaps back to the present, eyes back on Top Dollar, chilling him, causing him to drop the keys to the floor.

The Crow
Do you remember now?

Keeping his eyes on The Crow, Top Dollar bends to pick them up.

The Crow
I do.

From under the table, Top Dollar grabs his fallen shotgun.

Top Dollar
Yeah...Yeah, I remember now! A lousy whore and a worthless punk!

CHA CHUNK. Pumping the shotgun, Top Dollar takes aim.

BOOM!!!

A beat. Top Dollar gapes. The Crow simply remains standing, smoke billowing out of the hole in his chest.

The Crow smiles, then drops his own gun. He walks towards Top Dollar, who looks defeated. Realizing the truth of what The Crow is. A phantom of vengeance. Here for him.

Top Dollar
Jones...Jones was right...You ARE a ghost...

The Crow
I've made allies in Heaven.

The Crow pries the shotgun out of the shocked Top Dollar's hands.

The Crow
And I've made comrades in Hell. [flips the shotgun, pumps it, then takes aim at the man's forehead.] Say hello for me.

BOOM!!!

[Black Screen]

Weeping in the corner, Mr. Jones opens his eyes to see The Crow standing in front of him.

Mr. Jones
Mr. Jones told him, Ghostman! Mr. Jones told him like you said!

The Crow
I know. You have two choices now...Life? [The Crow looks at the open door of the room] Or death? [The Crow looks at the shredded remains of the dope still sitting on the table.] Choose well, Mr. Jones.

The laughing caw of the crow echoes the room as the perched bird flies out into the city, cawing into the darkness. The Crow grabs a spent shell from the floor and ties it into his hair. A memoriam for the dead.

Walking to the streets below, The Crow stands in front of a white 67 Ford Mustang. At his feet, a white cat purrs and curls alongside his ankle. The Crow smiles and picks it up. The white Mustang roars to life as The Crow shifts its gears to peel off into the city. The streets are slick and oiled by the pouring rain. The Crow shifts again as the memories of Shelly flash inside his brain. She once sat next to him on that empty seat. She was sitting there the night it happened. The night that led him here. On this night, the anniversary of their devoted love, he remembers her.
And so will they.
They will all remember.
And they will all pay.
The city races by him in a blur of streaked colored lights. Police sirens wailing out into the distance as police detectives busy themselves with crime scenes. The night is young...and the shadows are still thirsty for souls.

[Black Screen]
Big white letters.

Eulogy

[Int. A slightly empty room]
Alone in a darkened room sits the man formerly known as Eric. He is draped in shadows and in front of him are lit candles losing their battle to light the room. Nailed to the wall is a crying and smiling theater mask. Eric sits on the floor petting a purring white cat. Across from him lay roses.

Eric
I've got a present for you, Shelly

Eric smiles to himself.

Eric
His name is Gabriel...you said you always wanted a cat....

Tears start to fall from Eric's face. Real tears from a deadman. The cat purrs and meows at Eric.

Eric
Happy anniversary, Shelly…

Holding between his fingers is the sonogram of their unborn child. It was still here he thought to himself. In this empty room full of forgotten memories. In the corner of the room sits half dried paint cans, and an unused crib with a static mobile. This room once promised life and love, now sits half empty being eaten by shadows. Slumped in despair, Eric sits in those shadows as the light in the room slowly begins to fade.

End of Book One.