

RAVEN

"City That Never Sleeps, Pt. 1"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANHATTAN ISLAND - NIGHT 1

Aerial view of the Manhattan skyline, a majestic sweep of the various skyscrapers, the lights in the windows shining like stars in the sky.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT 2

This particular part of Manhattan seems to be in various stages of decay and neglect. A series of quick establishing shots showcase a homeless shelter, a strip club, an obscure fast food joint, a dark alleyway with a couple of homeless bums gathered around a roaring fire coming out of a disused steel barrel.

A black '69 Oldsmobile 442 rolls into view, looking halfway in pristine condition, showcasing that there is a history to the car.

3 INT. OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT 3

In the passenger seat is Detective ANGELA MOORE, an attractive African American woman in her early thirties. She gazes out the window, as the car passes by a row of prostitutes.

ANGELA

You know, there are times when I
really hate this city.

She turns to her partner in the driver's seat, a dirty blonde-haired young man in his mid twenties, SCOTT JACOBS.

SCOTT

Yeah, still it's not without its
own charm.

Scott glances across at Angela, but she's too busy staring out through the window to notice. He turns his eyes back to the road and drives on.

4 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 4

The Oldsmobile slows down and comes to a stop in front of a seedy looking nightclub, a large fluorescent blue & green neon sign at the top of the building reading THE SHARK TANK, its light flickering every other second.

CUT TO:

5 INT. OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

5

Angela and Scott look out at the crowd of people still waiting outside.

ANGELA

This is the place.

SCOTT

Can't believe people actually wait in line to get into a shithole like that.

Scott turns the wheel and drives the car to the opposite side of the street, where he subsequently parks it.

Angela and Scott get out of the vehicle and walk across the street to the club.

6 INT. THE SHARK TANK - NIGHT

6

Inside, loud TECHNO MUSIC plays as various patrons writhe and grind their bodies to the music.

Scott and Angela are about to head into the main floor when the doorman stops them. They flash their badges, confirming they are NYPD detectives. The doorman lets them past as they weave their way through the sea of dancing bodies.

At the bar of the club stands a strikingly handsome and sharply dressed man. This is ROBERT DUKE. He's talking to a rather attractive redheaded woman at the bar who looks at him with hungry eyes.

ANGELA

(to Scott)

There he is!

They approach the bar, coming up right behind Duke. Scott taps him on the shoulder, and subsequently turns around to see both detectives standing behind him.

SCOTT (O.S)

Robert Duke?!

Duke nods and then his eyes widen as they both flash their badges at him.

ANGELA

Robert Duke, you are under arrest for...

She doesn't get to finish as Duke tosses his drink into Angela's eyes and takes off, pushing his way through the crowd, heading for the stairs at the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angela quickly wipes the drink from her eyes with one arm as she whips out her gun and heads through the crowd after him, with Scott following close behind.

7 INT. CLUB - STAIRS

7

Duke is halfway up the stairs to the roof with Angela a few feet behind him, Scott a little further back.

ANGELA
Freeze! NYPD!

Duke draws out his gun and FIRES it at Angela as she comes up behind him.

The first two bullets miss but the third catches her in the leg. She yells in pain and falls.

She's on the ground holding her leg when Scott reaches her, checking to see if she is alright.

ANGELA (cont'd)
I'll be okay, just get after him!

Scott hesitates for a moment then runs up the stairs.

Scott hesitates only for a moment, not wanting to abandon his partner, then reluctantly runs up the stairs.

8 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

8

Duke emerges onto the roof, gun in hand. He looks around nervously for a moment, looking for a way out.

WHAP! Someone KICKS him from behind, knocking the gun from his hand. A second KICK knocks him to his knees. He looks up, his eyes go wide and his mouths hangs open.

Standing there is a tall woman, beautiful and deadly, dressed completely in black wearing a long leather duster. This is JESSIE WALLACE (26).

DUKE
(awe-struck)
Oh shit, it's you. The Raven.

JESSIE
(angrily)
Don't call me that!

DUKE
(terrified)
Listen, you don't have to do this.
We could make a deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
Not interested in deals.

These words strike him as he visibly GULPS.

Scott emerges onto the roof, and immediately spies Jessie standing over Duke. He can tell even from where he stands that Duke is scared out of his wits.

SCOTT
(to himself)
What the hell?

He looks on as Jessie reaches for the katana sword strapped to her back and slowly begins to unsheathe it.

Scott's eyes widen, realizing just what is about to happen and pulls out his gun.

SCOTT (cont'd)
HEY!

Jessie looks over at Scott, and Duke takes advantage of the distraction to deliver a kick to Jessie's stomach. She reels from his blow, staggering toward the edge of the roof while Duke leaps to his feet.

SCOTT (O.S) (cont'd)
Freeze!

Duke whirls around and sees that Scott has his gun pointed right at him. Jessie takes advantage of Duke's lapse, grabs him by the shoulders and THROWS him from the roof and onto the street below.

SCOTT (O.S.) (cont'd)
Don't move!

Jessie turns to face Scott. It is a tense moment as Jessie looks at Scott, and then at the gun he has pointed at her.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Alright lady, just put your hands
up.

She willingly does so. The wind blows her long dark hair from her face, revealing her delicate features along with her cold blue eyes.

Scott hesitates for a moment, almost transfixed by something deeply mysterious within her eyes.

Jessie is completely calm and impassive as she slowly backs away towards the edge of the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT (cont'd)

Stop!

He points his gun right at her, showcasing that he's serious, even though she looks very much unafraid.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I said hold it right there!

But she continues until she drops right off the roof and vanishes from sight.

SCOTT (cont'd)

No!

He rushes to the edge and looks over, finding only the broken body of Robert Duke.

Scott stares at the ground, and from his confused expression, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9 INT. NYPD (MANHATTAN SOUTH) - NIGHT

9

Scott sits at his desk, and we see various items adorning his desk in neat little sections.

Among the items are: picture of himself with his mother on the day of his graduation from the Police Academy, an inbox tray filled with paperwork, a few 'Sin City' graphic novels, and a few autopsy photos.

He's deep in thought as he files his report. He looks up for a moment just as an older, somewhat burly man walks past. This is CAPTAIN JACK HOLLIDAY, Scott and Angela's boss and the general man in charge of the precinct.

SCOTT

Hey, Captain.

(beat)

Is Angie okay?

JACK

Yeah, she'll be fine. Doctor's patched her up and already sent her home.

Scott nods, breathing a sigh of relief.

SCOTT

You know, it's just typical of her to find any excuse to leave me with the paperwork.

Both men grin.

JACK

Look, Scott, you should go home and rest. The report can wait till tomorrow.

SCOTT

Nah, I should be here. You know, in case...

JACK

(firmly)

Go home. That's an order.

Scott nods and tosses his pen onto the desk, gets up from his desk, grabbing his jacket in the process.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

I'm gonna head down to the morgue first. There's something about this case that doesn't feel right.

JACK

(chuckles)

That's like saying a little battery acid in your coffee doesn't taste right.

(beat)

This is New York, remember? Strange shit happens all the time.

SCOTT

(nods)

Yeah, I know. But still, can't ignore what my gut's telling me.

(beat; smiles)

You taught me that.

JACK

(slyly)

Say hi to your girlfriend for me.

Scott shoots him a look and strolls out.

10 INT. JESSIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

10

We pan across a darkened loft apartment somewhere in Lower Manhattan. One wall is covered with photographs but it's too dark to see the images. The only sound that can be heard is a large grandfather clock next to the wall of photos. Everything is neat, tidy, and immaculately kept.

As we pan past the reading material on the nearby bookshelf, atop of which we see a medium-sized ornately-designed wooden box.

On the bookshelf itself we see it has a common theme - "Dracula" by Bram Stoker, Anne Rice's "Vampire Chronicles", a copy of "Polidori's Vampyre", both "The Satanic Bible" and "Satanic Rituals" by Anton LeVay, and a rare 5th edition of "The Malleus Maleficarum".

We pan across to see a DOG, a big black German Sheperd, sleeping on the floor. Eventually we stop on a framed picture sitting on a coffee table. The headlights from a passing car illuminate the picture, showcasing a smiling woman with long dark hair with a small, young raven-haired girl in her arms.

The rickety racket of the service elevator rising up the metal shaft causes the dog to awaken, his tail wagging in eager anticipation as the elevator comes to a complete stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The security gate lifts open, revealing Jessie. The german shepherd jumps up and runs over to greet Jessie as she enters. This is LENNON, Jessie's pet that she's had for a few years.

JESSIE

Hey boy, how ya doing?

Lennon wags his tail wildly, as if he hadn't seen Jessie for years. Jessie crouches to pet him, running her fingers through his hair, and giving a kiss to the top of his head.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Gimme a sec to get settled, okay
Lennon?

She flicks on the light, illuminating the entire loft and pulls her duster off. Lennon circles round her, tail still wagging. She moves over to a cupboard and hangs her duster inside. She takes the katana sword from her back and hangs it next a lethal looking axe on the back of the cupboard door.

She walks over to the bookcase and brings down the box atop of it, opening it up and revealing a stack of photos.

She moves over towards an old beat up black leather armchair, with photos in hand. The flashing red light on the answerphone catches her attention as she presses the play button to check her messages.

She slumps into the armchair, kicking her boots off with Lennon lying at her feet and begins flipping through her stack of photos.

ANSWERPHONE

(filtered)

You have two new messages.

(beat)

First message received at 3:34 PM.

Jessie sighs as she massages the aches from her neck. The machine beeps as it plays the recorded messages. The first is from a well spoken man.

JESSIE'S AGENT

(from answerphone)

Hey Jessica, it's me. Listen, I just heard back from the director of that play you auditioned for last week. He said he really liked you but decided to go in a different direction for the role.

Jessie shakes her head, almost as though she knows what is coming next and mockingly mouths what he is about to say verbatim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSIE'S AGENT
 (from answerphone)
 Sorry kiddo.
 (beat)
 I gotta go, but I'll try to look
 into setting something up for ya
 next week, okay? I'll call ya.

The answerphone beeps and plays the second message. It's a woman's voice.

ANSWERPHONE
 Second message received at 5:21 PM.

The answerphone beeps and plays the second message, this time it's a woman's voice.

CHRISTIE
 Hey Jess, it's me Christie. Look, I
 need to see you right away, its
 important. I know you're probably
 busy, as usual, but come and see me
 when you get the chance, 'kay?

ANSWERPHONE
 End of messages.

11 EXT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT 11

Establishing shot.

12 INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT 12

The city morgue is a crowded, brightly-lit, tiled place with corpses parked left and right.

Aside from the corpses, no one else is around. As we pan across we reach the young medical examiner sitting at her desk lying face first. And although her long dark brown hair is covering her features, this is JENNIFER ELLIS (25).

It is only the sound of a loud BANG from OFFSCREEN that causes the girl to sit up suddenly to sit upright in seat, looking around in confusion as to the source of that noise.

SCOTT (O.S.)
 Bad night?

She looks over to sees Scott standing in the doorway. She rolls her eyes, shakes her head and pushes her hair from out of her face.

JENNIFER
 (annoyed)
 What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

(shrugs)

Oh nothing much, maybe offer ya' a
subscription to 'Corpse
Illustrated'?

She wipes her eyes, not quite woken up yet.

JENNIFER

(yawns)

Can't you ever be serious?

SCOTT

Hey, I was serious once... about
us. You were the one that called it
off.

Jennifer rolls her eyes again, it's clear these two have
history and that this is an old argument that is never going
to get resolved.

JENNIFER

I had my reasons, as I've told you.

(beat)

Now, just tell me what you're doing
here so we can make this quick and
painless.

SCOTT

Unlike our break-up?

Jennifer glares at him as though to say 'knock it off'.

Scott holds up his hands in mock surrender as he becomes a
bit more serious.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Where's the body that came in
tonight?

JENNIFER

Which one?

She indicates five sheet-covered bodies.

SCOTT

(duh)

Robert Duke, of course.

(beat)

But what I really need is his
autopsy report.

JENNIFER

Just a sec.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She leans over to her computer on the desktop, and with a few keystrokes and clicks on her mouse she brings up the file.

SCOTT
Jen... you ever think about us?

JENNIFER
(annoyed)
Not now, Scott.

SCOTT
Look, I just wondered...

JENNIFER
(uncertain)
This isn't right.

SCOTT
(curious)
What?

JENNIFER
(points to monitor)
These autopsy results.

Scott leans forward for a closer look at the monitor, but he's completely lost in the medical jargon.

SCOTT
What am I looking at?

JENNIFER
Well, that's the thing, according to this report his red blood cells are biconvex, which is theoretically impossible.
(beat)
They're hypochromic, there's virtually no hemoglobin in them whatsoever.

SCOTT
Okay, let's just pretend for a second that not all of us graduated from med school.
(beat)
Care to translate?

JENNIFER
In laymans terms? It's just plain freaky.

SCOTT
Gotta be some sort of joke.
Someone's been messing with your computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNIFER

(unsure)

Maybe.

(beat)

Besides, it's just a blood sample.
We'll know more when we start on
his internal organs.

Scott nods, then looks at his watch.

SCOTT

I'm gonna get going. If you find
out anything else, call me.

JENNIFER

Okay.

He leaves a completely bewildered Jennifer staring at the
monitor.

13 INT. JESSIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

13

Jessie is laying back in her armchair, her stack of photos
laying in her lap. Her eyes are closed in what appears to be
something half way between sleep and meditation.

Everything is still and quiet, apart from the clicking of the
grandfather clock. A car alarm goes off, shrill and clear,
yet Jessie is still sound asleep.

We push in on Jessie's face, her closed lids displaying some
classic REMs. Suddenly, the phone RINGS off screen, causing
Jessie's eyes to snap open.

Sitting up in her armchair, Jessie reaches over without
looking, and picks up the phone.

JESSIE

Hello?

We don't hear the voice on the other end, but from the way
her face becomes even more focused, its clear that its
someone important to Jessie.

JESSIE (cont'd)

You sure?

(beat)

Okay, hold on a sec.

Jessie turns on the lamp beside the phone, then opens a
drawer from the nearby table and pulls out a pen and a
notepad.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After flipping over a few pages, she scribbles down some info that is being conveyed to her from the unknown caller. Once she is finished she tears off the paper, folds it neatly and puts it in her pocket.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Thanks.

She hangs up the phone and flips back to the first page of her notepad.

On that first page we see several names written on it. Close up on the bottom name. Written in red, it says "Duke, Robert". A black pen comes into frame and draws a line through the name.

After a moment Jessie flips over to the next page, which is blank, and writes one thing in the middle of the page - "Cop?" She circles this and taps the pen on the page, lost in thought.

She holds both pen and pad in one hand while she gathers up the photos with the other, and places them all on the table next to her. She then gets up from the armchair, careful not to trip over Lennon. She kneels down next to her beloved pet.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Sorry Lennon, but I've got some loose ends to tie up.

She scratches him behind his ear as we CUT TO:

14

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

14

Scott stands in front of an apartment door, looking a bit nervous.

He is about to knock it but his cellphone goes off, with the TV theme to *Dark Angel* as his ringtone. He quickly answers it.

SCOTT

(into phone)

Jacobs.

(listens; surprised)

You're kidding!

(beat)

You're telling me this chick gets up on the roof, throws a fully grown man off and doesn't leave a single piece of evidence?

Suddenly the door opens. A tall, ruggedly handsome African American male stands there, this is SEAN (35), Angela's husband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 I gotta go.

He closes the cellphone, ending the call.

SCOTT (cont'd)
 Hi, Sean.

ANGELA (O.S.)
 (from inside the
 apartment)
 Who is it?

SEAN
 Oh nobody important, just your
 partner, honey.

Scott smirks as Sean smiles and stands aside to allow Scott in.

15 INT. MOORE FAMILY APARTMENT - NEXT

15

Angela is lying on the couch, her leg bandaged, watching '*V For Vendetta*'. She pauses the films as Scott enters the room and takes a seat opposite her. Sean heads into the kitchen.

SEAN
 I'm gonna make some coffee, anyone
 want a cup?

ANGELA
 No thanks.

SCOTT
 I'll take some.
 (to Angela)
 So... how ya been?

She smirks at the question.

ANGELA
 I'm laid up in my house with a hole
 in my leg.
 (beat)
 How do you think I'm doing?

SCOTT
 (shrugs)
 Well, all things considered, you
 seem to be taking it rather well.

ANGELA
 I still got shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

It could've been worse.

(beat)

He could've been aiming for that
big ol' head of yours.

Angela stares at him, wanting to respond, but just cracks a smile and starts laughing just as Sean re-enters the room, handing Scott a cup of coffee.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Thanks.

He takes a sip from the mug.

SEAN

I'll go check on Bobby.

Angela nods. Sean exits.

There is a pause as Angela looks at Scott sipping his coffee.

ANGELA

So... what brings you to my neck of
the woods?

SCOTT

Isn't visiting my poor, injured
partner reason enough?

She gives Scott a look that says 'don't bullshit me'.

SCOTT (cont'd)

(drops head)

Is is that obvious?

He places the cup on the table in front of him.

ANGELA

Why are you going back to the
alley?

SCOTT

Cuz there's something there.

ANGELA

It can wait.

SCOTT

Angie, you didn't see what
happened. You didn't see her. It
was weird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGELA

Weirder than her tossing Duke's
sorry ass off the side of a
building and then disappearing into
thin air?

SCOTT

(shakes his head)

I don't know. Its just a feeling.

There is a long moment where neither of them speak.

ANGELA

Mind if I give you some advice,
from one friend to another?

SCOTT

Sure.

ANGELA

Let it go. Duke's dead, case
closed.

SCOTT

(sighs)

I can't do that Angie, you know
that.

ANGELA

Why is this so important to you?

SCOTT

Well, don't you think its kinda odd
that we spend months building a
case against Duke, and on the night
we're about to arrest him someone
from outta nowhere just up and
bumps him off?

ANGELA

Not really.

(beat)

Scott, we both know that a guy like
Duke had enemies. Looks like they
finally caught up with him.

SCOTT

You're acting like she did us a
favour.

ANGELA

Well, maybe she did.

(beat)

Scott, you saw the photos, you know
what he did to those girls.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELA(cont'd)

Even if we had caught him, he
wouldn't have been in jail for
long, not with his army of lawyers.
(beat)

The guy was a piece of shit crime
boss, he deserved what happened to
him.

SCOTT

Doesn't make it right.

Scott takes another sip of his coffee, and there is a moment
of silence that passes between them.

ANGELA

Scott, you think that maybe the
real reason you can't let this go
is because someone outside the
department beat us to the punch?

Scott looks as though he wants to deny it, but can't bring
himself to do so.

SCOTT

I don't know. Maybe.

He downs the rest of his coffee in one final gulp and puts it
back on the table.

SCOTT (cont'd)

(standing)

Thanks for the coffee.

He heads for the door.

ANGELA

Look Scott, if you're gonna pursue
this... just be careful.

SCOTT

Oh, I'm fairly certain I can keep
all my extremities reasonably
bullet free.

ANGELA

I'm serious.

(beat)

I've seen good cops throw their
careers away because of stupid shit
like this.

SCOTT

I appreciate the concern, but I can
take care of myself.

He leaves, and her husband re-enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGELA

That's what I'm afraid of.

Sean registers Angela's dark look, casting a glance back to the departing Scott as we CUT TO:

16 EXT. MANHATTEN STREET - NIGHT

16

Scott exits the apartment building. He pulls jacket tight and hunches against the cold air.

JESSIE (O.S)

You looking for me?

Scott walks down the street.

JESSIE (O.S) (cont'd)

Better pray you don't find me.

(beat)

Of all the things in this city...

We pan back to show Jessie is on a rooftop watching him.

JESSIE (cont'd)

... I'm the worst.

Jessie watches him for another beat, then turns and stalks off screen, her duster sweeping round behind her with a flourish, and we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. BAR - NIGHT

17

"Eat The Rich" by Motorhead is playing on the jukebox. A variety of shady clientele occupy the tables and booths, definitely giving off the impression of it being a rather seedy establishment.

Scott enters the bar and as he heads over to the bar, he receives a number of looks from the various clientele. He just ignores them as he takes a seat at the end of the bar.

The bartender, a rather slimy guy by the name of SYRUS, comes over to him.

SYRUS

Hey Scott, how ya' been? You on duty?

Scott shakes his head. It's obvious that he knows Syrus but can't stand the man.

SYRUS (cont'd)

So, what can I get ya'?

SCOTT

Gimme a beer.

Syrus gets a bottle of beer and snaps the top off. He puts it on the bar in front of Scott.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I need some information.

SYRUS

Look, if it leads back to me...

SCOTT

I'm looking for a woman.

SYRUS

(smugly)

Well, you certainly came to the right place.

SCOTT

(slightly annoyed)

A certain woman. About my height. Dark hair. Dressed all in black.

Syrus hesitates for a moment. Pan over to show that Jessie is watching from a dark alcove.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYRUS
(nervously)
Sometimes she comes in here.

SCOTT
Name?

SYRUS
Huh?

SCOTT
What's her name?

SYRUS
(nervously)
I dunno. Keeps to herself most of
the time.

SCOTT
(seriously)
Don't gimme that shit, Syrus, I
know you know something so just cut
the crap already.

Jessie looks on curiously. She notices two suspicious looking
MEN at a table talking to each other, but usually keeping
their gaze on Scott. After a moment they get up from the
table, walk past Jessie and out the door.

Jessie looks on curiously, then directs her attention back on
Scott and Syrus, still deep in conversation.

SYRUS
Look, all I know is that this chick
is bad news.

SCOTT
She work for anyone?

SYRUS
Not that I know of. From what I've
heard she's pretty much a free
agent.
(beat)
Why you interested in her for?

SCOTT
You heard about what happened to
Robert Duke?

Syrus nods, and then realizes the reasoning behind Scott's
question.

SYRUS
You mean it was...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT

Yup. And I was there when it happened.

After a moment or so, Scott finishes off his beer in one final swig.

SCOTT (cont'd)

If you see her around, let me know.

SYRUS

Hey, if you're looking for her, take my advice... don't. She's nothing but trouble.

Scott just glares at Syrus as he reaches into his wallet, pulls out two \$1 dollar bills and tosses them onto the bar.

SCOTT

You wanna stay in business, take my advice.

(heads for the exit)

Quit serving your customers that 'piss in a bottle' you call beer.

He shoves the door open and exits. Jessie takes this as her cue to approach the bar, just as Syrus has finished putting the two dollar tip into the cash register.

He turns around and sees Jessie.

SYRUS

Hey, you want the usual?

Jessie nods as she takes a seat at the bar. Syrus pours something potent into a shot glass and sets it in front of her. Jessie downs it in a single smooth motion then SLAMS the glass down on the bar. There is a deliberate pause before she speaks.

JESSIE

That cop that was just here, what'd he want?

SYRUS

He asked about you, but I swear I didn't tell him anything.

JESSIE

(disbelieving)

Yeah right.

SYRUS

Is it true what that cop said, about you pushing Duke off the roof of his club?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSIE

Yeah, so?

Syrus hesitates for a moment, uncertain whether to say anything.

SYRUS

Well, not to put a finer point on things, but that wasn't exactly a smart move.

JESSIE

Yeah well, my general stupidity is pretty well known around these parts.

(beat)

Pour me another.

Syrus does so.

SYRUS

One more thing, you better keep an eye on that cop.

(beat)

He's poking his nose in things that ought not to be poked.

JESSIE

Tell me something I don't know.

She picks up the shot glass and again downs it in one gulp, slamming the glass on the counter so hard it shatters.

There is a pause as Syrus shakes his head and takes out a dustpan and wipes the shattered pieces into it with a towel.

Jessie turns around in her stool and sees the other patrons of the bar staring at her.

JESSIE (cont'd)

What the hell are you staring at?

The other patrons go back to their own little worlds as Jessie hops off the stool and exits the bar.

18

EXT. THE SHARK TANK - ALLEY - NIGHT

18

Scott walks down the alley near the Shark Tank, the same one Duke died in earlier. He ducks under the line of yellow police tape and approaches the chalk outline on the concrete, and crouches beside it.

He reaches out with one hand finger, and slowly traces down the center of where the head and neck would be. He looks at his finger for a moment, pauses, then wipes it off on his pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks up at the rooftop five stories above, the place where Jessie and Duke were fighting.

He turns at a sudden sound. Beyond the police line Scott spies a pair of HOBOS rummaging in a trash can. He sighs in annoyance and looks back at the chalk outline.

HOBO (O.S.)
Hey, buddy...

Scott reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of coins.

SCOTT
Looks, here's all the change I got.

He tosses the coins on the ground in front of the hobo without turning round.

HOBO
I don't think you understand.

SCOTT
(not turning round)
Well, I don't have any booze on me.
(beat)
So there's nothing else I can think of to give you.

HOBO
(deadly serious)
Oh, I wouldn't say that.

He slowly takes off his hood, revealing an ugly, distorted demonic face beneath.

SCOTT
(irritated)
Look, pal, I've already...

Scott turns around and his eyes widen in shock as he sees the hobo's face. Scott stands there, frozen with fear and confusion. The DEMON walks straight through the police tape, ripping it down as he goes.

SCOTT (cont'd)
(trying to keep his cool)
T-T-this is a crime scene.

The demon just swats him aside. Scott goes flying, smashes heavily against the brick wall and falls face first to the ground. He slowly rolls onto his back and sits up, groggily.

JESSIE (O.S.)
Hey shitface!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The demon wheels around as Jessie's fist PUNCHES him dead in the face. It's companion standing beside the trash can jumps into the fray, taking a swipe at Jessie, PUNCHING her in the face, knocking her back against the wall.

It makes another attempt, but she catches it's arm, TWISTS it around its back, CRACKING some bones in the process.

She pushes the creature forward as the first demon rushes her. She does a standing BACKFLIP, her foot catching the demon under the chin with her foot, sending it stumbling backwards.

Jessie's legs land onto the other demon's shoulders, and tighten into a scissor lock, twists her body around, and flings the demon's body through the air right into its partner, knocking them both to the ground.

Jessie gets back to her feet and whips out a pair of daggers from inside her coat.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Game over.

But she's taken by surprise as a third demon she hadn't even noticed PLOWS into her from behind, slamming her into the wall.

He grabs her, turns her around and slams her against the wall again. One hand has her around the throat and CHOKES the air out of her, while another hand holds down her left arm, and yet another arm holds down the right arm.

Jessie coughs violently, desperately fighting for air. She quickly KNEES him in the groin, elbows him in the face, stabs the creature in both arms, sliding the blades downward and slicing them open.

She quickly pockets her blades, reaches behind her for her katana blade, and with one quick swipe, slices the demon's head clean off his body.

The head tumbles and rolls over to Scott, who is suitably freaked out by everything he's just witnessed. His face contorts into a look of disgust as he sees the demon's head slowly start to melt and dissolve into a gooey mass of liquid.

One of the remaining demons realizes its out-matched and scrambles up the nearby fire-escape. Jessie is about to follow when she notices the other demon hovering over a somewhat terrified Scott, who is sitting upright with his back to the wall.

As it slowly descends over Scott's face, it opens it's mouth and a spiked protuberance SNAPS out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Scott manages to roll out of the way as the spike smashes into the wall next to him.

Scott whips out his gun, places it point blank against the side of the demon's head, pulls the trigger and the side of its head explodes, splattering gooey yellow chunks all over him as it keels over.

As Scott desperately wipes the fragments of demon brains off his face and hair, he sees Jessie standing above him with a look of concern. She reaches down to him, extending her hand.

JESSIE (cont'd)

You okay?

Seeing the proffered hand, Scott takes it as Jessie helps him up. Scott is still trying to find his voice as he gets the last bits off his body. He breathes heavily and eventually says something.

SCOTT

Yeah, I think so.

(beat)

What's going on? Who... what are they?

JESSIE

They're Duke's boys.

SCOTT

Now, wait a minute...

There is a weird sizzling sound. Scott turns to see the demon's remains DISSOLVING into another puddle of gooey greenish yellow liquid.

SCOTT (cont'd)

What the hell?

When he turns back Jessie is gone. Scott looks up to see her already halfway up the fire-escape.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Not again...

He follows her up the ladder, awkwardly trailing Jessie's graceful climb.

19

EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT

19

We're back on the same rooftop from before, except now it's been all cleaned and examined for evidence. Scott reaches the roof to witness the demon and Jessie already in combat.

SCOTT

Round two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He checks his weapon, cocks it and readies it, although he is clearly confused about what to do. He doesn't even know whom to shoot at.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Hold it! Both of you!

The demon charges Jessie and SLAMS her to the ground. It rises to it's full height and roars, a bone chilling battle cry.

JESSIE
(to Scott; angrily)
Beat it! You're making me lose focus.

Scott moves in closer, trying to get a clear shot.

SCOTT
Freeze!

Suddenly the demon turns and smashes him in the face. The gun slips from his hand and slides across the ground, coming to a stop next to Jessie as the demon grabs Scott round the neck and lifts him off the ground.

The demon closes it's hand around Scott's throat, pulls him close to its face as it snarls and roars in Scott's face.

Suddenly a SHOT rings out. The demon drops Scott to the floor as two more shots ring out in succession. The demon ROARS and drops to its knees, wounds gushing greenish yellow blood. The demon falls face first to the ground, quite dead.

Jessie stands just beyond, smoking gun in hand. Like it's partners it begins to dissolve away. Scott just stares as he slowly gets to his feet.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Whoa.

JESSIE
(noticing his look)
They tend to do that.

SCOTT
So I've noticed.
(regains composure)
I'll take that back now.

He reaches out to take the gun from Jessie. She flips the gun around so that she is hold the barrel of the gun, making it a bit easier for Scott.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He quickly takes the gun and places it back in his holster, just as a drop of water falls onto his forehead. He looks up to the sky as the downpour begins.

He sees that Jessie has turned her back on him. With her face turned upwards to face the rain and her eyes closed as the water runs over her face, she spreads her arms outwards to welcome the deluge of rain.

Scott looks on, unsure of what to say, especially in light of recent events.

With the raindrops running down her cheeks like tears, Jessie laughs but there's nothing mirthful about the sound.

SCOTT (cont'd)
(awe-struck)
Who are you?

JESSIE
(beat)
I'm no one.

She flips over the edge of the roof. Scott runs up to see her sliding down a drainpipe on the otherside.

SCOTT
Hey, wait a sec!

He clumsily follows, scrabbling down the pipe after Jessie. He gets halfway down before he loses his grip and FALLS the rest of the way, luckily into a loaded dumpster.

Jessie straddles her bike, an impressively powerful jet black Harley Davidson, and fires it up. With a final look over to the dumpster she roars off into the night.

Scott peers over the edge in time to see Jessie disappear into the distance. He picks a banana peel out of his hair.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Great, looks like I'm 0 for 2.

Scott grimaces as he picks away more bits of trash, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY 20

A high aerial shot of the island features the Statue of Liberty prominently in the foreground then travels across the harbour, over Battery Park and Lower Manhattan. The rising sun reflects off a hundred windows in orange fire.

21 INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - DAY 21

Scott's place is a typical bachelor pad, in other words it's a mess. Aside from a couple of empty fast food containers here and there, the tiny kitchen area is a lot tidier than the lounge. Papers and reports lie scattered around the living room along with the odd criminology book. Much of the clutter is on the coffee table, usually consisting of a few comic books and magazines.

Scott is lying on a black pleather couch, fast asleep. On his lap rests the casefile he's been studying all night.

The sound of the DOORBELL disturbs his slumber. He stretches, yawns, and begins to rise. The doorbell sounds again.

SCOTT
(calling toward the door)
Yeah, yeah, I'm comin', I'm comin'.

The doorbell rings a third time.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Keep your panties on!

He pulls the door open to find Jennifer standing on his doorstep with her arms crossed. Although she is casually dressed, it is still a stark contrast to Scott's disheveled appearance.

Both take a moment to look each other over.

JENNIFER
Why didn't you answer the phone last night?

SCOTT
(confused)
What?

JENNIFER
I called your cell and your house number about ten times last night, no response!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT
Who are you, my mother?

Jennifer just looks at Scott for a moment.

JENNIFER
No, just her messenger.
(beat; sighs)
Mind if I come in?

Scott steps aside to allow her in without a word.

Jennifer steps inside and looks around, taking in the apartment, and sees the phone on his wall is unplugged. She then turns to see the mess in his living room.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Still living like a slob I see.

SCOTT
Yeah well, the maid's been sick,
you know how it is.

Scott moves into the kitchen as Jennifer takes a seat on the couch, putting her purse down on the floor, and moving some files onto the coffee table.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Coffee?

JENNIFER
Sure. Cream, two sugars.

Scott begins to prepare two mugs of instant coffee, turning on the coffee maker as he casually glances at the clock. He closes his eyes and sighs heavily when he realizes that it's nearly midday.

SCOTT
So Mom called you last night?

JENNIFER
Yeah, she tried calling you last
night several times, then called me
up all in hysterics.
(beat)
Took me nearly twenty minutes to
calm her down.

SCOTT
(mock grandiose)
Well, I certainly appreciate the
pains you've taken on my behalf.

Scott returns with two cups of coffee, handing one to Jennifer before taking a seat next to her on the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT (cont'd)
And here is a cup of java juice for
your trouble, madam.

JENNIFER
(annoyed)
Oh, shut up!

Scott just smirks as he takes a sip from his cup. Jennifer takes a sip from her own cup as she takes notice of the file sitting on the armrest next to Scott.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Still taking your work home with
you?
(beat)
You ever think you might be working
too hard?

SCOTT
Maybe.
(takes sip)
Is that what Mom was worried about?

JENNIFER
Yeah, and it's partly why I'm here.
She wanted me to check in on you.

SCOTT
(sarcastic)
How thoughtful, and here I assumed
you actually cared.

JENNIFER
(serious)
Stop it.
(beat)
You didn't answer my question, why
didn't you answer your phones last
night?

SCOTT
I had a rough night, didn't feel
like talking to anybody.

Takes another sip from the mug, then looks down thoughtfully.

SCOTT (cont'd)
(without looking up)
Jen, can I tell you something
without you thinking I'm crazy?

Jennifer sees that he's serious and gives him her full attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SCOTT (cont'd)
You remember that girl I told you
about, the one I saw at the Shark
Tank that tossed Duke off the roof?

She nods.

SCOTT (cont'd)
I saw her again last night.

Jen puts down her mug, clearly interested.

JENNIFER
What happened?

SCOTT
Well... I went back to the alley
where Duke was killed, to see if I
could find... something.
(beat)
I was attacked by a couple of
thugs, but... they weren't human.

JENNIFER
(confused)
What?

SCOTT
(beat)
They were... I don't know what they
were. She said they worked for
Duke.

Scott looks as though he isn't sure how to continue.

JENNIFER
Go on.

SCOTT
Well, they attacked us, then... we
killed them.

Jennifer is a little taken aback by this, but gives her pause
for thought.

JENNIFER
All of them? Then where are the
bodies?

SCOTT
(hesitantly)
They, um... melted.

JENNIFER
(disbelief)
'Melted'?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JENNIFER(cont'd)

(beat)

Like the Wicked Witch of the West
melted?

SCOTT

Dammit, I know what I saw!

JENNIFER

(holds up hands)

Alright, I'm sorry!

SCOTT

I mean, obviously I can't put that
in my report without the captain
and half the department thinking
I'm nuts.

JENNIFER

I already think you're nuts... but
I believe you.

Scott looks at Jennifer in disbelief.

SCOTT

Really?

She nods.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Why?

She looks down for a moment, taking a moment to compose her
words carefully.

JENNIFER

Mind if I tell you something
without you thinking I'm crazy?

Scott raises an eyebrow in curiosity, and gives Jennifer his
undivided attention.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Duke's body is gone.

SCOTT

What?

JENNIFER

Duke's body, it disappeared.

Jennifer picks up the coffee mug.

SCOTT

Did someone steal it?

Jennifer shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JENNIFER

Last night, I was getting ready to perform the autopsy when...

She seems pretty much to be groping for the right words, while at the same time struggling to come to grips with what she is trying to say.

Scott sees this, and places a comforting hand on her hand.

SCOTT

It's okay.

Jennifer nods, takes a breath, shrugs off Scott's hand and continues.

JENNIFER

I was just about to make the first incision when... he grabbed me.

(beat)

He looked right at me and then... I don't know, I must've blacked out cuz the next thing I know I'm waking up on the floor and his body was gone.

Scott sits back, trying to digest all that Jennifer has revealed.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Scott, what does it mean?

(beat)

He was dead, I mean he couldn't have just walked out, could he?

Scott sighs, annoyed.

SCOTT

I don't know.

(beat)

But it is pretty damn obvious *that* girl, whoever she is, knows more than we do.

JENNIFER

I hope so.

(beat)

Speaking of which...

She reaches for her purse and pulls out a file folder.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

... I brought this for ya. Looks like your hunch checked out. The guys from the lab lifted the prints from your gun.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JENNIFER(cont'd)

Turns out our mystery girl has a record.

(hands over the file)

Her name is...

SCOTT

(opening file)

Jessica Wallace.

(beat)

Charming.

Inside the folder is a report on Jessie. Attached by a paperclip is a photo of Jessie, much younger, a teenager. Though she looks much older, as though stresses and torments have aged her.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I'll have an APB put out on her.

Now we got a name, tracking her down shouldn't be a problem.

JENNIFER

I dunno, Scott. Something tells me this girl's got more tricks up her sleeve than Criss Angel.

Scott looks up at her, then back down at the photograph, and as we push in on that we MATCH CUT to:

22 EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY 22

Jessie walks down the busy streets of Manhattan, passing people as she goes, not giving any of them a second glance. She's dressed casually, wearing jeans, trainers, and a hooded top with the hood pulled down over her head.

23 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY 23

Jessie strolls through the alley, looking ill at ease in the sunlight. She looks more comfortable when she gets into the shadow.

At the end of the alley is a door with a slot in the centre. Jessie approaches the door and knocks three times. The slot slides back and a pair of eyes look out at her.

DOORMAN (O.S.)

What do you want?

JESSIE

I need to see Vladimir.

DOORMAN (O.S.)

No one sees Vladimir.

Jessie examines the door, sizing up her options.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOORMAN (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Look, lady, it's the middle of the
 day, so piss off!

JESSIE
 (impatiently)
 I don't have time for this.

Quick as a flash, Jessie takes out a small spray bottle and SQUIRTS it in the doorman's eyes like a pepper spray. He yells in pain and disappears from the slot. Jessie leans back and KICKS the door in.

24 INT. CLUB RADU - ENTRANCE WAY - CONTINUOUS 24

The wooden door smashes inward from the impact. The doorman kneels holding his eyes. Another doorman stands nearby, in shock at the events.

DOORMAN #2
 What is that shit!?

JESSIE
 (casually)
 Holy water.

She grabs a broken piece of the door. The first doorman looks up and growls at her. He's got his VAMP FACE on, but he's badly burned and still smoking. He jumps up and charges her. Jessie dodges around him.

He stops with a look of shock on his face. He looks down at his chest, seeing the piece of broken door protruding from his chest. He goes to DUST, revealing Jessie standing there calmly.

JESSIE (cont'd)
Now can I see Vladimir?

DOORMAN #2
 (beat)
 Sure. Go right ahead.

She smiles politely.

JESSIE
 Thank you.

Jessie turns and enters the club. She walks into:

25 INT. CLUB RADU - MAIN ROOM 25

We're looking down on the main dance floor of a packed goth night club, as the music pounds out of the extensive speaker system either side of the main stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are two mezzanine floors, and the main floor is absolutely rammed with dancing clubbers.

We pan up to the upper floor, where we see people are being pierced, tattooed, ritually scarred. Silver trays piled high with razor blades are passed through the writhing crowd.

We're back on Jessie pushing through the packed dance floor.

VLADIMIR (O.S)
(Eastern European accent)
Raven!

Jessie looks up. Standing on the stairs above her is an immaculately handsome man of Eastern European descent, dressed in the finest Asian wear. This is VLADIMIR, owner of the club.

Next to him is an elegantly dressed woman with a cigarette holder in one hand. She possesses a beauty that is aged to perfection, and as she takes a slow drag from her cigarette, letting the smoke out through her nostrils, its clear there is something far more devilish lurking behind her smile. This is MINA, Vladimir's girlfriend.

JESSIE
We need to talk.

Vladimir smiles.

VLADIMIR
Step into my office.

Mina takes Vladimir's hand as they head up the steps, with Jessie just behind them.

26

INT. CLUB RADU - VLADIMIR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

26

Vladimir's office has tinted glass window overlooking the dancefloor. It's a rather minimalist office - lots of wall scrolls with I Ching symbols, a bonsai tree, a refrigerated drinks cabinet, a glass desk, and a few tidy shelves with large, dusty books on them.

The door opens admitting Vladimir, followed by Jessie and Mina. Vladimir heads over to the drinks cabinet, selects a bottle with a touch of frost on it and pours himself a glass of a dark red liquid. He takes a sip from it and relishes the taste as he moves over to his desk.

JESSIE
Before we start, lemme just remind you for about the umpteenth time not to call me 'Raven.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINA
(from behind)
But isn't that what you are?

Jessie gives her a look.

JESSIE
Not really in the mood tonight
Mina, so back off.

MINA
Oooh, fiesty.
(beat; seductively)
And if I don't back off, will you
punish me?

Jessie locks eyes with Mina as she begins to circle around her, watching her as she takes another drag from her cigarette and gently exhales the smoke into Jessie's face.

VLADIMIR
(firmly)
Mina.

Mina glances over at Vladimir for a moment.

MINA
Sorry darling.

Mina moves away from Jessie heads over to the window to observe the show of pain and torture taking place on the upper level.

Jessie looks on with a mixture of confusion and curiosity.

JESSIE
What is it with you people and
pain?

MINA
We need it.

She walks up behind her.

MINA (cont'd)
All sensations are addictive and
pain cuts the deepest.

Vladimir smirks and takes a seat on a nearby couch. Mina leans intimately close Jessie.

MINA (cont'd)
Tattoos, piercings, tribal scarring
-- none of it is permanent.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MINA(cont'd)

We have to take it to the next level. Reminds us we're alive.

She leans closer, vamps out.

MINA (cont'd)

Some of us forget that.

Jessie tears away from her as Mina's face returns to normal.

JESSIE

I'm not like you.

Mina bursts out laughing.

VLADIMIR

You can deny it as much as you'd like my dear child, but your soul is tainted.

JESSIE

Look, I didn't come here to discuss my mortal soul. I came here to talk about Duke.

Vladimir looks at Mina. She takes her place at Vladimir's side while Jessie takes a seat opposite Vladimir.

JESSIE (cont'd)

And why you didn't tell me Duke was wanted by the NYPD.

VLADMIR

(shrugs)

What can I say? He was a bad man.

JESSIE

He wasn't a man.

MINA

Of course not.

(beat)

But neither are you.

JESSIE

Not the last time I checked.

VLADIMIR

Human, I mean.

JESSIE

I *know* what you meant!

Vladimir stands and moves to the window.

VLADIMIR

So, what else do you want to know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSIE

That cop that's been following me,
who is he?

Mina grabs a file folder from Vladimir's desk and hands it to
Jessie.

She opens the file and sees a picture of Scott's face.

VLADIMIR

His name is Scott Jacobs.

Jessie scans through it briefly.

JESSIE

Charming.

She closes the file and sets it down.

VLADIMIR

Anything else?

JESSIE

Are there any more out there like
Duke?

Vladimir turns around and shakes his head sadly.

VLADIMIR

I don't know. I'm sorry.

JESSIE

Trust the vampire to give you what
you need, but never what you want.

(beat)

I'll find it myself.

She gets up to leave.

MINA

Don't you find it ironic that you
work so hard to fight against the
darkness, and yet you chose to ask
us for help.

A beat. Jessie looks down for a moment before replying.

JESSIE

Someone once taught me that when
you've been in the darkness long
enough, once you turn on the light
you find some things are a lot
darker than others.

Mina and Vladimir both grin broadly as Jessie walks out.

27 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY 27

Scott is sitting on a bench in a shady spot of the park. Joggers pass him by. Children running around, playing with their dogs. A basketball game is in progress on the court in the background.

Scott's attention is on the file in front of him, its Jessie's file. The picture he's looking at is of a mugshot of Jessie, taken during her early twenties.

Scott runs his finger down the list of crimes: Attempted Murder, Assault, Assault with a Deadly Weapon... the list goes on. Scott takes a sip from a styrofoam cup of coffee and continues to read the page.

His finger stops at Jessie's last known address: St. Dymphna's Institute, New York.

A drop of water splashes onto Jessie's photo. Scott looks up at the darkening clouds in the sky. He sees the people in the park running for cover to escape the inevitable downpour.

28 EXT. ST. DYMPHNA'S INSTITUTE GROUNDS - DAY 28

The hospital is a 1940's era brick building, surrounded by a topiary garden. This somewhat cheery image is offset by the whole complex being surrounded by a twenty foot high chain fence.

The rain is now coming down in sheets and it bounces off Scott's car approaches the guard shack. Scott leans out and shows the bored security guard his badge. He raises the barricade and nods at Scott as he passes.

Scott pulls in next to the other vehicles. He walks toward the main entrance.

29 INT. ST. DYMPHNA'S INSTITUTE - NEXT 29

Scott approaches the reception. A nurse types at the desk. She looks up at the sound of footsteps.

SCOTT

Hi, I'm Detective Scott Jacobs,
NYPD.

(flashes his badge)

I need to take a look at the file
of one of your former patients.

NURSE

I'd like to help you, detective,
but our patient records...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (subtle French accent)
 Perhaps I can help you, Detective?

Scott turns to see DR. CHARLES ROUSSEAU, a silver-haired middle-aged man. His unconventional good looks give the kind of unspoken authority that doesn't need to be flaunted.

ROUSSEAU
 I have to say, I've been expecting you.

Scott frowns, confused.

ROUSSEAU (cont'd)
 It's about Jessie, isn't it?

SCOTT
 Yeah, Jessica Wallace. I heard she was a patient here.

ROUSSEAU
 I'm Dr. Charles Rousseau. I was assigned to her case.

He offers his hand but Scott doesn't shake it. Something about the man makes him ill at ease.

ROUSSEAU (cont'd)
 (shrugging it off)
 If you'll follow me to my office, we can talk in private.

He leads Scott down a corridor as pleasant redheaded nurse, CHRISTINE "CHRISTIE" MICHAELS approaches. She's dressed in sweats and seems to be on her way out.

CHRISTIE
 If it's okay, Dr. Rousseau, I'll be leaving for the day.

ROUSSEAU
 Sure, that's fine Christine.

She goes to leave.

SCOTT
 Make sure you got an umbrella, it's coming down pretty hard out there.

CHRISTIE
 Thanks.

Scott offers his hand, she shakes it with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT

I'm Scott.

CHRISTIE

I'm Christie.

ROUSSEAU (O.S.)

Ahem. Detective?

Rousseau is standing at the door to his office, waiting.

SCOTT

Sorry, I gotta go. It was nice meeting you.

CHRISTIE

Same here.

She leaves and Scott watches her go, then turns and heads towards Rousseau, passing the Rec Room.

30 INT. REC ROOM - NEXT 30

DRIFTING PAST the female patients at their usual activities. Some watch TV, play dominoes, some pretend to read, some stare out blankly. The rain outside drums on the window.

31 INT. CORRIDOR - NEXT 31

Scott's on the outside looking in. After a moment he continues into the office, Rousseau closing the door behind him.

32 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 32

The bathroom at Club Radu is dirty, grimy and grubby. One can only imagine what goes on in a place like this.

The camera PANS over the stalls. Vampires inside snort powdered blood like cocaine. Others inject strange substances directly into their veins.

We reach the last cubicle where Jessie is sitting on the toilet with the lid down, her knees drawn up to her chin.

She pops the top off a pill bottle, tips it into her hand and nothing falls out.

JESSIE

Damn it!

She throws the empty bottle away in anger. It bounces off the cubicle wall with a hollow plastic KLINK.

The door of the cubicle bursts open and a female vampire enters, looking quite out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VAMPIRE

I'm sorry, didn't know anyone was
in here.

She holds up a blood pack.

VAMPIRE

Hey, you wanna split some plasma?

Close in on Jessie's eyes as she begins trembling with rage.

JESSIE

(still tight on her eyes)
I am *not* like you!

Jessie lashes out, effortlessly lifting her up and SMASHING
her face right into the toilet.

As Jessie steps out of the cubicle, she is attacked by
another vampire. He catches her by surprise, pinning her to
the wall and wrapping his hands tightly around her throat.

Jessie takes a hold of his hands, and with incredible
strength, pries his hands from her throat.

Striking like a viper the vampire drives a vicious HEAD BUTT
into Jessie's face.

Jessie, unfazed, with blood oozing from her nose, simply
smiles, and laughs. The vampire is taken aback by this, which
is all the distraction Jessie needs as she returns the vamp's
head butt with three of her own in pneumatic succession. The
vampire staggering backwards in pain.

Jessie extends her arm and a weapon emerges, a collapsible
blade. Without a second's thought, she beheads the vampire
with a quick slice, his body turning to ash in seconds.

Then she goes into the cubicle and approaches the first
vampire, who is struggling to get up. Jessie pulls her head
back, exposing his throat.

CLOSE UP on Jessie's face as she brings the blade down. It's
a mixture of emotions: anger, happiness, hatred and pleasure
all at the same time. The irises of her eyes have changed
from the usual piercing blue to jet black.

ROUSSEAU (V.O.)

I haven't heard from Jessie for
nearly ten years now.

SMASH from Jessie's face to:

33 INT. ROUSSEAU'S OFFICE - DAY

33

Scott takes a seat across the desk from Rousseau, eyeing the picture frames on his desk, the diplomas on the wall, the books by noted fathers of neurology (works by Hughlings Jenniferson, Kurt Goldstein, Henry Head, A.R. Luria). A framed quote reads:

"If You Do Know That Here Is One Hand, We'll Grant You All The Rest." -- Wittgenstein

ROUSSEAU

I first saw her after her mother...

He trails off. Takes off his glasses and cleans them. Clears his throat and decides to change tracks.

ROUSSEAU (cont'd)

When I first treated Jessie, she was only eleven years old.

(beat)

Even then, I could tell she was a very troubled girl.

SCOTT

How so?

ROUSSEAU

(sighs)

Schizophrenia, delusions, violent outbursts, suicide attempts. She's attempted escape numerous times, assaulted several members of staff...

SCOTT

All this when she was still a kid?

Rousseau nods as he gets to his feet and moves to the window. He doesn't seem particularly interested in what he sees.

ROUSSEAU

Jessie spent most of her teenage life in and out of places like this institute.

(beat)

On her seventeenth birthday, she left the city and just disappeared.

(beat)

But then a couple of years ago I heard she was back in New York. I've been expecting this day ever since.

He turns back to Scott.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROUSSEAU (cont'd)

Jessie is a dangerous woman. She's capable of being quite sadistic, flying into uncontrollable fits of rage and irrational acts of violence.

SCOTT

If she's such a danger to the public, why haven't you done anything about this before?

ROUSSEAU

I could ask the same about the police.

(beat)

The fact is we've attempted to track her down, but somehow she manages to keep herself hidden.

He crosses to a cabinet.

ROUSSEAU (cont'd)

I've always believed the old adage that the eyes are the windows to the soul.

(beat)

Jessie is different. When you look into her eyes, it's like staring into a murky pond. All you can see is your own reflection, and there's no telling what lies beneath.

(beat)

You've seen her, you've looked into her eyes... haven't you?

SCOTT

(nods)

Yeah.

ROUSSEAU

Then you know what I'm talking about.

He opens the cabinet. There are at least two dozen videotapes there.

ROUSSEAU (cont'd)

I believe the answers you seek are here.

SCOTT

Which of those are Jessie's?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROUSSEAU

(beat)

All of them.

Scott double takes, and we cut to:

34

INT. CHRISTIE'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

34

It's growing dark by the time Christie enters her apartment. The unforgiving rain still lashes against the window. Christie sighs, collapses the umbrella in her hand and shakes off the excess water. She puts it down for a moment as she takes off her dripping wet coat.

As she goes to hang both coat and umbrella on the wall a sudden noise startles her.

She holds still, listening tentatively. Someone COUGHS off screen. Christie moves through the entrance of her apartment and flicks on the light.

Jessie is sitting on her couch, smoking a cinnamon clove cigarette. She's discarded her hooded sweatshirt and is wearing a sleeveless top. A tattoo of Chinese characters can be made out on her right arm.

CHRISTIE

(relieved)

Oh, it's you.

JESSIE

(weary)

Hey, Christie.

CHRISTIE

Are you drunk?

She shakes her head in denial, even though she looks inebriated given her generally disheveled manner.

JESSIE

It's worse than that. I need my meds.

CHRISTIE

Have you hurt yourself?

JESSIE

No.

CHRISTIE

(emphatically)

Jessie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
(raising her voice
slightly)
I said no!

CHRISTIE
Did you hurt anyone else?

Christie moves into another room.

JESSIE
(shrugs)
Just a couple of vamps.

Christie returns, places a bottle of pills and a glass of water on the table as she resumes her place next to Jessie.

Jessie takes a drag from her cigarette and leaves it between her lips as she reaches for the bottle.

Christie snatches it up before Jessie can get to it. Jessie flashes her a look.

JESSIE (cont'd)
(annoyed)
What are you doing? You know what I'm like without those pills.

CHRISTIE
Yeah, last time I had to tie you down for a day and a half, just so you wouldn't hurt yourself and then you, well --
("how to put this?")
You were pretty much a vegetable.

JESSIE
(impatient)
Then gimme my meds!

CHRISTIE
(sighs)
D'you know how much trouble I can get into if Dr. Rousseau finds out...

JESSIE
He won't find out.
(beat)
You're too good at what you do.

CHRISTIE
I was talking about what might happen if he finds out where you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSIE

(weary)

Don't tell me he's still obsessed
with making me his little pet
project?

Christie nods, looks away for a moment, then stands.

CHRISTIE

(beat)

Look, you can crash here tonight if
you want. I'll give you the pills
in the morning.

Jessie looks up at Christie with impatience.

JESSIE

Quit holding out on me Christie.

She attempts to stand, but staggers in the process, having to
use the wall to keep her balance.

JESSIE (cont'd)

I'm telling you, I'm fine.

CHRISTIE

No you're not. You can barely
stand!

Christie supports her, Jessie attempts to push her away, and
when she does Jessie flops back down onto the couch.

CHRISTIE (cont'd)

(resigned)

Alright, here.

Christie opens the bottle for Jessie, then hands it to her.
Jessie eagerly pops a couple of pills into her mouth, then
grabs the glass of water and drinks it down.

JESSIE

Thanks. What would I do without
you?

She leans closer to Christie, gently caressing her cheek.
Jessie moves in to kiss her, but Christie backs away
uncomfortably.

CHRISTIE

Just get some sleep.

Jessie backs away from her, looking away in shame.

JESSIE

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRISTIE
 (shakes head)
 Forget it.

Christie gets up off the couch and leaves the room. Jessie takes one final drag from her cigarette, then stubs it out on the back of her hand, wincing as she does so.

35 INT. ROUSSEAU'S OFFICE - DAY

35

Scott stares silent, impassive. We don't see what he's watching at first.

The camera ARCS around behind them to show that they are watching a TV screen. On it, we see Jessie in her early teens right in the midst of a pre-recorded session.

YOUNG JESSIE
 (on screen)
 I don't know... it feels like...
 like being hypnotized.
 (beat)
 I can see what I'm doing, but I
 can't control myself.
 (beat)
 It's like something inside me
 just... takes over.

All the while, Jessie is holding something in her hand, nervously fingering it every few seconds. This seems to catch Scott's attention.

SCOTT
 (pointing to the screen)
 What's she holding there?

Rousseau crosses to his desk, opens a drawer and takes out black ROSARY BEADS. He moves back and hands them to Scott, who looks them over puzzlingly.

SCOTT (cont'd)
 You said Jessie attempted suicide?

ROUSSEAU
 Yes, a few times.

Scott unconsciously crosses himself.

SCOTT
 God help her.

Loud SCREAMING brings his attention back to the screen, to see young Jessie thrashing about as two burly men attempt to hold her down. It's a strange sight to see two guys, each over 250 lbs, struggling to contain the deranged 14-year-old as a slightly younger Rousseau enters the frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROUSSEAU
 (on screen)
 Jessie, please calm down!

But Jessie is completely inconsolable and irrational as she continues to thrash about violently. Rousseau whips open a drawer and pulls out a syringe, which he quickly JABS into her arm. After a moment, she is asleep and falls limp in the arms of the orderlies.

ROUSSEAU (cont'd)
 See what I mean? She can turn at
 the drop of a hat.

On the screen, the orderlies drag Jessie out of the room.

36 INT. CHRISTIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

36

Jessie is tossing and turning on the couch, it is obvious she is in the grips of a terrible nightmare.

We hear the faintly echoed terrified screams of a woman being viciously attacked. We also hear the same woman crying out Jessie's name.

JESSIE
 (wakes; yells)
 MOM!!

She wakes in a cold sweat, sobbing hysterically. Christie rushes into the living room, goes to Jessie's side and places her arms around her in a consoling embrace.

CHRISTIE
 Shhhh, it's okay.

Jessie continues to sob for another moment or so, before pulling herself together, takes a couple of deep breaths and wipes the tears from her eyes.

CHRISTIE (cont'd)
 Bad dreams again?

JESSIE
 (nods)
 Yeah. Same one as always.

Suddenly, she tilts her head as if she's hearing or smelling something, maybe both. Christie notices her change in mannerism.

CHRISTIE
 (suspiciously)
 What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jessie doesn't answer as she cocks her head from side to side, looking around as though trying to pinpoint whatever it is she thinks she's hearing.

JESSIE
(urgently)
I have to go.

Jessie starts to rise.

CHRISTIE
(insistent)
Hold it! You are not going anywhere
in your condition.

But Jessie is already grabbing her stuff.

JESSIE
I'm putting your life at risk by
staying.
(beat)
I'll see if I can lead them away.

Jessie moves to the window and opens it, with the intention of going down the fire escape.

JESSIE (cont'd)
I'll call you in an hour.

Christie joins her at the window.

CHRISTIE
Where are you gonna go?

JESSIE
I dunno.

Christie looks out the window for a moment, then steps in front of the window, essentially blocking Jessie's means of escape.

JESSIE (cont'd)
Get outta my way, Christie.

CHRISTIE
I'm sorry, but I can't do that.

JESSIE
(confused)
What?

CHRISTIE
Forgive me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Christie produces a syringe and jabs it into Jessie's arm. She looks at her arm in shock, then looks at Christie with hurtful look of anger and betrayal on her face.

JESSIE

You bitch!

Jessie passes out. The last thing she sees is Christie's look of sorrow and guilt.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

37 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT

37

Jessie's eyes flutter open, and finds herself strapped down to a gurney. She struggles against her restraints, and looks around at the barely lit room. Even though the room is dark, Jessie can make out the shapes of ominous machines.

Jessie is confused but she doesn't say a word. She knows yelling isn't gonna get her anywhere. The lights come on, causing her eyes to squint to prevent the glaring illumination from blinding her. When her vision clears, she finds Rousseau is standing there.

JESSIE

Doc?

ROUSSEAU

Just relax, Jessie, we've found this treatment very helpful with problems like yours.

JESSIE

(in disbelief)

What?

(beat)

What the hell's going on?

A pair of orderlies begin taping electrodes to her head. She looks up, sees that Christie is one of them. She averts her gaze from Jessie as she works.

She looks over at the other and it's Scott, who smiles down at her and winks. They step back, their work finished.

ROUSSEAU

We're going to be trying ECT...
electro-convulsive therapy--

A look of horror crosses Jessie face as this sinks in.

JESSIE

No, wait!

A nurse sets the dials on the machine. Jessie starts to thrash now, becoming irrational. She starts shrieking at everyone in the room.

JESSIE (cont'd)

You sonofabitch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She screams incoherently as they jam the rubber biscuit down between her teeth so she won't bite through her tongue when the voltage jump-starts her brain. Rousseau is smooth and cheerful as he turns to the interns.

ROUSSEAU

Now, for those of you not too familiar with this procedure, I'll endeavor to explain.

(beat)

ECT has recently been coming back into favor in the medical community, and we are fortunate enough to be among the first to bring this treatment back into regular use.

(beat)

Now, it may seem a bit cruel, but it actually looks worse than it is.

(beat)

Think of it like hitting the restart button on a computer when a program crashes.

He nods to the nurse and the current blasts through Jessie's brain, locking every muscle in her body into painful contortions. It triggers an epilepsy-like seizure and she bucks and flops on the gurney.

TIGHT ON JESSIE'S FACE, contorted in pain, jerking spasmodically as we:

CUT TO:

38 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

38

Jessie awakens with a start, looking relieved that it was just another nightmare. Until a mocking laughter from off screen echoes around her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Rise and shine, Wallace.

Jessie looks around, but her vision is blurry and unfocused. As it begins to clear, she's shocked to see the voice belonging to Robert Duke, looking very much alive and grinning wickedly at Jessie.

JESSIE

I thought I killed you.

DUKE

So did I.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUKE(cont'd)

I mean hearing every bone in your body simultaneously break as you hit the ground isn't something you forget overnight.

Duke paces around the room, obviously revelling over his captive.

DUKE (cont'd)

You know, people have tried their best to kill me. I've been shot, stabbed, hanged, electrocuted, poisoned... I was even hit by a truck once.

(beat)

Each time I'd just laugh it off, then rip off the bastard's face.

(beat)

As for you... you seem to be the first one that really made me fear for my life.

(beat)

Not so much for the way you tried to kill me, but for what happened afterwards.

Duke stops, his back turned to Jessie.

DUKE (cont'd)

I don't know where I was, but I was in torment, I felt things, I was still aware of what was happening.

(beat)

They tell me I was gone for maybe twelve hours. Felt like an eternity.

JESSIE

Oh please. I can recite better soliloquies in my sleep.

(beat)

You murdered six women, you ate their damn organs while they were still alive. So don't play the sympathy card with me.

Duke turns around to face her with a devilish grin.

DUKE

Do you vilify the lion that kills the gazelle? Or the wolf that kills the fox? That's all I was doing. Is it any different than ordering a hamburger?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSIE

I doubt very much the average
hamburger is a mother of a three.

(beat)

Besides, unlike the animals who
kill for food, you kill for
pleasure.

All the while Jessie struggles with her bonds but she's still
not at full strength. Duke grabs the arms of the chair and
leans in close to Jessie's face.

DUKE

You may be only half right, not
like that's going to help you much
right now.

(beat)

Cuz by the time I'm finished with
you, you'll be begging me to kill
you.

JESSIE

(smirks)

Me begging? Like you on that
rooftop, pleading for your life
like a little bitch?

Duke hauls off and punches Jessie in the face. He gives her
another shot to the body. Duke backhands her and Jessie's
head snaps back.

She brings her head slowly forward, her lip is now split with
blood leaking out of her nose.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Thank you, sir, may I have another?

Duke says nothing, instead he signals to one of his lackeys,
who flips a switch. Jessie screams out in pain as electricity
flows through the wires that bind her wrists and ankles to
the chair. Duke motions and the current is switched off.
Jessie's slumps in her seat, breathing heavily.

JESSIE (cont'd)

Is that the best you can do?

DUKE

For now. I don't want you dying on
me yet.

A pair of Duke's goons untie Jessie and lift her to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUKE (cont'd)

You know, I once kept a girl alive
in pretty much constant pain for
six days. Let's hope with you, I
can break that record.

The two thugs drag Jessie off screen, as she's unable to
stand under her own power.

39

INT. MEAT LOCKER - NIGHT

39

Jessie is thrown face first into a cold room filled with a
few hanging meat carcasses. The door behind her slams shut
behind her, the sound of it being locked following soon
after. Jessie stirs, putting one hand up to her forehead as
she tries to clear the cobwebs from her head.

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

Are you alright?

Jessie pushes herself into a sitting position, and looks over
to find Christie in the corner, knees pulled up to her chest.

Jessie rushes over and grabs her by the throat and slams her
onto the ground, her eyes indicating only one thing on her
mind... vengeance.

JESSIE

You sold me out, you little bitch!

CHRISTIE

(strained)

I'm sorry!

JESSIE

You were supposed to be my friend!
I trusted you, and you turned on
me!

CHRISTIE

It wasn't supposed to be like this!

JESSIE

You've got ten seconds to tell me
why you betrayed me, and it better
be a goddamn good reason!

CHRISTIE

I didn't have a choice!

The tears that begin to stream down her cheeks, Christie
starts to sob profusely.

CHRISTIE (cont'd)

I used to be one of Duke's...
seekers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE

What?!

CHRISTIE

(wails)

I helped him pick out his victims!

Jessie removes her hand from Christie's throat, sits on the floor with shock and confusion on her face.

Christie slowly sits up, massaging her throat through her sobs.

JESSIE

Why didn't you tell me?

(beat)

I could've done something.

CHRISTIE

I got scared!

(beat)

I was going to tell you but then they came, said I still owed him.

JESSIE

(distantly)

That's what the message you left on my machine was about.

Christie nods, looking down in shame.

CHRISTIE

He chose me because I had 'a face that people could trust.'

She wipes the tears from her eyes. Jessie refuses to look at Christie.

JESSIE

(angrily)

He's not wrong there.

CHRISTIE

(pleadingly)

Look, they threw me in here too.

JESSIE

Yeah, well, I guess that's karma for ya.

A beat. Jessie still refuses to look at Christie, and Christie pulls her knees up to her chest and buries her face in her knees.

JESSIE (cont'd)

You don't happen to have a smoke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTIE
(slightly brightens)
I got something better.

From her pocket Christie produces a small bottle and tosses it to Jessie, which she catches one-handedly.

CHRISTIE (cont'd)
That'll make you feel better.

Jessie pops the cap and swallows a couple of pills.

JESSIE
Thanks.
(beat)
Where the hell are we?

CHRISTIE
I think we're somewhere on the Hudson.

Jessie takes a look around, her hands feeling along the walls, as though searching for something.

CHRISTIE (cont'd)
Look, I'm sorry, I...

JESSIE
Save it till we get out of here.

Jessie comes upon the locked door and gives it a hard swift front kick. It leaves a bit of a dent, but doesn't budge. She kicks the door again, and it buckles a bit this time.

She pauses a moment, and gives the door one final kick, which sends the door flying open.

Jessie peers out and finds to her surprise that there are no guards.

JESSIE (cont'd)
(to Christie)
Stay out of sight. See if you can find a way out. When you're far enough away from here, call the cops.

CHRISTIE
The police?

JESSIE
Trust me.

Christie gets up off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRISTIE
What are you gonna do?

JESSIE
(beat)
Finish what I started.

Jessie creeps out of the room and down the corridor.

40 INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 40

Jessie walks silently down the corridor, moonlight casting strange shadows. She presently finds a door which appears to be an exit.

JESSIE
Chris, I found a way out.

There's no response. Jessie leans close to the door. Low voices can be heard on the other side. Jessie thinks it over for a second, then takes a step back and kicks the door open.

41 EXT. WAREHOUSE YARD - NIGHT 41

In the floodlit yard of the riverside warehouse, Duke is flanked by his henchmen.

DUKE
Well, well, well, if it isn't the little Raven that came a-gently rapping and a-tapping on my chamber door.

JESSIE
Cut the comedy Duke, this ain't the Apollo.

Jessie circles around them, with her back to the river.

JESSIE (cont'd)
Now, we can do this the easy way or the hard way.
(beat)
And please, do choose the hard way, cuz it makes it much more easier for me.

DUKE
(raises eyebrow)
Really?

Jessie takes a step back towards the water.

DUKE (cont'd)
You think you have the aces here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He signals to the demon on his right, who whips out a silencer aimed directly at Jessie.

JESSIE
(disbelief)
You're just gonna shoot me? What happened to keeping me alive in 'constant pain'?

As she talks, Jessie takes another step backwards.

DUKE
Well, you know what they say,
'there's more than one way to skin a cat.'

Duke snaps his fingers and one of the demons steps forward, holding Christie. Seeing this, Jessie's calm facade fades.

JESSIE
(quietly)
No.
(beat)
Let her go. This is between you and me, this don't concern her!

DUKE
You see, that's where you're wrong.
(beat)
The fact is, she knows that I'm alive, as do you. The way I see it, that makes you both liabilities.

Duke pulls out a lethal dagger.

DUKE (cont'd)
I believe this is yours.

Jessie takes a step forward. The demon with the gun raises it again menacingly and Jessie grits her teeth as she steps back.

CHRISTIE
Wait a minute, you said I was free to go. You said you wouldn't hurt either of us.

DUKE
(beat)
I did say that, didn't I?

Duke pulls Christie in front of him, takes the dagger and slits her throat. She grabs her throat as the blood seeps out through her fingers, in a futile attempt to seal the wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Duke picks up Christie and throws her to the ground as Jessie looks on in shock. She goes to move forward and help Christie but the gunman SHOTS her in the shoulder.

Jessie staggers back, falls over the edge of the dock and into the river with a resounding SPLASH.

Duke's henchmen rush over to side of the dock, each one pull out their guns and aim at the area of water Jessie fell into.

DUKE (cont'd)

Forget her. She's of no consequence now.

(beat)

Besides, the cops are on their way.

As Duke and his boys prepare to leave, we CLOSE UP on Christie's face and watch as her life slowly ebbs away.

42 EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

42

Jessie floats in the water, lifeless, blood seeping from her shoulder. From this we:

BLACK OUT:

TITLE OVER: To Be Continued...

END OF SHOW