

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 14-26. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

EXT. BLACKSTONE AVE. - 2000 - NIGHT

Dark night. Most street lights shot out. Just one or two of the eerie vapor lights left on the block.

A MIDDLE-AGED AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN carries his single bag of groceries. The man listens and watches carefully, as he negotiates the darkness between the few pools of light on the street.

We won't see his face until he reaches the next pool of light, but he walks with shoulders hunched in fear.

Moving down the block, all shops abandoned. Broken windows. Rats. The man almost trips over a vague shadow passed out and crumpled in an abandoned doorway. It's the crackhead we saw mumbling himself into the nod-off zone. He's still faintly singing a part of the bones song as the man passes. He stops in the light.

And we see it's SHOTGUN: 20 years of fear and loathing etched on his face. He freezes, listening for a second to the crackheads wheezing mumbles - no - it's something else he's listening for -- and hearing.

From behind him a low wheezy sound, like some huge panting dog. He stops. And it stops. He walks on and it follows:

As he hurries to the next pool of light and safety, his ears strain for the nearly silent padding and wheezing steadily following.

Suddenly, he hears that panting closer and closer until it's nearly right behind him. He starts running, though he hasn't yet seen anything. Only heard the mongrel hot on his heels.

FOLLOW WITH SHOTGUN

As he stumbles, careens, and wheezes through the streets and alleys, terrified. Winded, he eventually stops, his hand trembling into his shopping bag, seeking a weapon.

And we see the building he's paused beside: Bones' place. Pockmarked by age. Like the face of some furious old man.

Now he can almost feel the dog's breath on the back of his neck...Shotgun spins, whipping a bottle of milk out of the bag and hurling it into the darkness behind him.

The bottle smashes against the wall of Bones' building. For a second, silhouetted against the now whited wall, the tall, too tall, shape of the skinny black dog.

Without waiting to see what he hit, Shotgun takes off running

to reach his building across the street. The sound of the dog's nails skittering across the street right behind him --

-- and he just makes it --

INT. SHOTGUN'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Inside, safe, panting for breath. Then starts running up the stairs...

EXT. SHOTGUN'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

From outside his third floor window, we see Shotgun run into his apartment, slam down his groceries on the counter, grab an old rifle from under his bed and hurry to his open window.

INT. SHOTGUN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He scan/aims out his window across the street to the now desolate building where Bones once lived. Finger on the trigger, eyes scanning the shadows for the dog. Mumbling quotations from the Bible about canines, some of which are handwritten and taped up on his walls and mirrors:

SHOTGUN

"Thou shalt not bring a dog into the house of the Lord thy God, for they are an abomination." Deuteronomy.

Suddenly, something moving on the empty street catches his eye.

HIS ANGLE ON

The Black Dog emerging from the shadows in the street. Our first good look at the beast. Long clawed paws, all teeth and tongue and a curved bony rib cage like it hasn't eaten in 20 years.

It's long black head seems almost to be throbbing, moving from within, almost subliminally we see a weirder, demonic, more skeletal dog face just beneath the black fur... Or is it just the buzzing light from the vapor lamps?

SHOTGUN (CONT'D)

(as he aims his rifle)

"They return at evening: snarling like dogs and prowling the city..." Psalms 59, vs. 6...

The dog stands in the pool of light, offering a perfect shot. Shotgun smiles, aims, and then fires, making --

EXT. BONES BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-- a direct hit! But the dog doesn't move. Unfazed. The bullet must have missed. Or else gone right through him.

The long-faced dog just looks up at Shotgun like it was laughing at the fool. And has been for years.

Shotgun reaches for the spilled groceries on the counter. Shoving aside bread and canned goods and other edible necessitates, and finds a half-dozen boxes of rifle rounds.

He calmly reloads the rifle. And the sound of another shot echoes in the night over...

EXT. AROUND THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Two frat boys, JASON and PALMER, driving a too nice car in a too bad part of town. Palmer at the wheel while Jason makes a call on the cellular.

PALMER

Great. Gun shots.

JASON

Just a backfire.

PALMER

Like you'd know. Face it. We're lost.

JASON

Take a left, no, I mean a right. Okay, stop for a second.

They stop in the middle of a block. Jason on the phone.

JASON (CONT'D)

We're here. Where the hell are you?

STANK

(on phone)

Back here. At the end of the block.

He turns around and sees behind them, TWO GUYS standing on the far corner. One's on the phone.

STANK (CONT'D)

(on phone)

You got the cash?

JASON

You got the shit?

STANK

(on the phone)

Yeah, but you got to come the rest of the way on foot. Leave your car and walk over here.

EXT. STREET - SAME

They exit the car, looking all around them with more than a touch of paranoia.

As they walk nervously down the block, they join the two on the corner. It's STANK and WEAZE, both 17.

JASON

Let me see it.

STANK

Let me see it.

JASON

(hands him the money)
Where is it?

STANK

I can't carry it in my pocket, man. And I can't go get it for you cause you might be a cop. You gonna have to pick it up yourself.

Jason and Palmer aren't sure about this. By the sphincteral look on his face, Palmer would rather forget about it.

STANK (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It's just round the corner. Halfway down that block, you can't miss it. Top step of the front stairs, there's a loose stone. Go on, I ain't shitting you.

JASON

Fuck it. Alright.

EXT. BLACKSTONE AVE. - CONTINUOUS

They walk around the corner and enter a bleak block with at least half the lots burnt out.

PALMER

Is it too late for me to officially register my growing certainty that this is an extremely bad idea?

Farther down, in the center of one side of the street, stands a particularly ominous abandoned building. Bones' building.

Jason ignites a Zippo, and they see one loose brick. Jason pulls it out and behind it sees a glint of baggy.

JASON

Easy as pie. And twice as tasty.

He opens the bag. It's filled with rock cocaine.

ANGLE - ACROSS THE STREET

On the third floor, Shotgun sits in his straight-backed chair in front of the open center window drinking coffee, cradling his rifle on his lap. Sees the frat boys picking up their shit. Then he looks out at Bone's 'tomb':

Dark blank windows staring back at him; the building's front door covered with broken vertical boards with jagged pieces missing, looking almost like a jack-o-lantern's grin.

Shotgun then looks back down at the boys below. From behind them they hear their car alarm go off.

PALMER

Someone's screwing with the car!

But from the other way come cops, in a plain wrap car, a hand reaching out and putting the spinning blue light on the roof. No place to run. No place to hide for the boys. They reach for the door of the shuttered building -- and it opens!

SHOTGUN

Yo. You two, get the hell away from there!

But they ignore him and disappear into the darkness inside the gaping maw of Bones' building.

Shotgun shakes his head sitting back down, cradling his rifle.

SHOTGUN (CONT'D)

Fools.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the boys huddle in the darkness behind the door, waiting for the cops to pass.

The boys look around the decayed Gothic interior lit only by the eerie glow of the sodium vapor lights outside.

What we last saw as the ornate 70's luxury lobby in Bones' day, is now a horror show.

Walls torn and stained. Mold grows in patches on the wall and ceiling. Huge cobwebs hang. The furniture's all broken.

A gnawing tearing sound makes Palmer spin: a rat sticks its head up through the rotted cushions of the couch.

PALMER

Let's get the hell outta here.

Jason shushes him as the room is filled with the flashing blue light of the cop car trawling slowly down the street.

From inside they hear the sounds of a car door slamming and cop shoes walking.

JASON

Oh fuck, c'mon...

He gropes his way in the darkness to a staircase. Palmer is right behind him as they slip upstairs, deeper into the gaping darkness of the abandoned building.

While below them the door opens and cop lights and cop voices penetrate the gloom.

OLDER COP

...not going in there. Waste o' time.

YOUNGER COP

I saw 'em go in.

And from the boys' high vantage point up the stairs we see the first cop walk in with flashlight drawn.

WHILE INSIDE THE COP CAR - CLOSE ANGLE

All we see are two meaty hands unwrapping a wax-paper covered pork chop sandwich. The cop, face in shadow, brings the dripping sandwich up over his huge belly towards his face.

INSIDE BONES' BUILDING

The frat boys hold their breath while rats run across their feet. Jason slamming his hand over Palmer's mouth to keep him from screaming.

DOWN BELOW

The young plainclothes cop steps deeper into the room, and shines his flashlight at the stairwell.

UPSTAIRS

Jason pulls the reluctant Palmer further up the stairs, to the third floor as below them they hear the cop coming up.

Jason pulls Palmer through the nearest door and into:

INT. JIMMY BONES' OLD PAD - CONTINUOUS

The rotted remains of what was once Jimmy Bones' master bedroom. The room he was betrayed and slaughtered in.

DOWNSTAIRS

The cop begins to head up the stairs. Visible behind him, down through the open front door, is the plain wrap car. The older cop inside, mouth fulla sammich, loudly says:

FAT OLDER COP

Forget it! No way they're in there.
Trust me. I've been working down here
twenty years. No one goes in there.

FROM THE FAT OLDER COP'S POV

We watch as the younger cop returns to the car, giving up.
And when he climbs in, we reverse and reveal who the older
cop is: LUPOVICH, the cop who helped kill Bones.

But he's decayed and expanded into a Hank Quinlan-like
mountain of corrupt cop flesh. Too many pork chop
sandwiches.

LUPOVICH

Let's get the hell outta here.

INT. JIMMY'S OLD PAD - SAME

From upstairs, the boys see the blue light of the cop car
recede as the car pulls away down below.

Palmer reaches for the door. He wants out. But in the
darkness, he can't find the door.

PALMER

Gimme some light.

Behind Jason we see a shape, a shadow, a tall silhouette, a
man-shaped deeper darkness forming within the darkness.

Jason lights his lighter. And in the flickering we see
behind him that this room now contains a portion of hell:

It's not just the chipped paint and peeled rotted wall paper,
or the cracks and gaps in the broken old ceiling mirror.

All surfaces seem to be a swirling, shifting pattern in which
we can dimly and subliminally make out faces as if people
were trapped on the surface of things. Exactly like the
glimpse we had beneath the world when Jimmy died...

The floor, the walls, the furniture, everything in it -- made
out of the wracked and twisted devouring and devoured forms
of dead souls. Their faces, hollow pleading eyes and howling
mouths visible like flowing grain in wood.

And in the center of it all stands the dark silhouette of
Bones, impossibly tall and thin, stretching malevolently out
across the room like a living shadow.

But the boys don't see this as they're finding the door. We
see Bones shadow arching towards them while they fumble.

Palmer finally opens the door to the sound of a deep rumbling
growl from the darkness on the other side. And in the open

door stands the black dog.

They boys jump back. But breathes easy.

PALMER (CONT'D)

Just a dog...

And the black dog leaps up at them -- teeth flying right for the boys' throats. And in the flickering ghastly light we see its demon face breaking through.

The dog sinks his long teeth into Jason's arm. He flails and drops his lighter, still lit, on the floor.

As soon as he does, the dog releases Jason, and disappears as fast as it appeared, back into the darkness.

The two kids panic, Jason shaking and bleeding, looking around, waiting for the dog or something else to attack, seeing back through the doorway into the room from hell.

Behind them we see that tall man-shaped shadow. The Bones shadow is oblivious to the two frantic boys, intent only on the small flickering flame of the lighter still burning where it fell against the lower wood paneling of the wall.

A thin trail of black smoke as the flame barely begins to catch on the chipped lead-filled flammable paint.

THE BOYS RUN

And stumble down the hall away from the horror, while back in the room the Bones-shadow watches as the lighter flickers and dies out. Other than a slightly blackened spot, the wall is unburned.

The black shadow shudders in rage, arches back and hooooowls in frustration, its mouth abnormally large. The shadowy head snaps in the direction of the boys -- ready to vent it's wrath, and for a subliminal second we see in the head, the hellish face of Jimmy Bones.

The boys round the second floor landing and fly down the last flight of stairs.

Jason's foot breaks through a rotted floorboard and for a second, it appears as though rotten hands are just below the stairs, grabbing at his foot and leg.

He yelps in terror, pulling his foot back as they continue towards the front door, the Bones-thing's woofer-busting howl roaring down from the third floor.

THE SHEER INFINITE ADRENALINE RUSH

Of pure horror and the desperation to survive drags the boys off the stairs as they tear across the floor and hurl themselves out the front door into the night air... Jason

falling and lying on the stoop.

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Across the street, Shotgun sees the boys in the doorway. Then, as a nearly dead vapor light suddenly flickers and comes to life, the shadows created on Bones' building make it look almost like a demonic face.

Gulping for air, laughing hysterically at their survival, the frat boys pause. Jason sits back on his butt, checking his wound. The doorway behind them just a black hole in space.

PALMER

(bumping fists together)
Damn, bro. That was close!

THEN SUDDENLY

Something - it happens so fast we're not sure just what grabs sucks-pulls Palmer back into the black doorway hole.

Jason, still prone, tries to crawl away but whatever got his friend now sucks him in too. His fingernails scraping along the stoop in frenzied desperation.

WITH SHOTGUN

When he hears the boys pitiful screams and whimpers from across the street, he leaps to his feet and tries to see into the dark of the doorway across the street. But he can only hear what is happening to the unlucky frat fellas:

Moans and the sound of flesh torn, and swallowed, and their last dying screams.

UP AND DOWN THE BLOCK

The screaming reverberates. Faces appear in some windows. While in others, shades are drawn and the lights go out...

BACK WITH SHOTGUN

Mumbling to himself:

SHOTGUN

"For outside are dogs and sorcerers..."
Revelation 22, vs. 15.

Tears welling in his eyes that he angrily flicks away.

LOOKING AT THE BUILDING

It still has the shadowy look/shape of Jimmy Bones, now shifting again as the vapor light on the street sputters out again, plunging the street into near darkness. The body of Palmer no longer visible below.

When he looks back, the building seems just an old building again. Then there's movement in an upper window, catching his eye. Shotgun sees the tall, shadowy silhouette.

The figure is elongated, can't tell if it is a man, or the distorted shadow of a man. It beckons to Shotgun.

SHOTGUN

Just tightens his grip on his rifle and speaks as if the shadowy thing across the street could hear him.

SHOTGUN (CONT'D)

You still mad? Still want me? Come on and get me.

THE SHADOW

Shakes its head. As if it can hear him. And again mutely beckons to him.

ON SHOTGUN

SHOTGUN (CONT'D)

Oh, right. You can't. You're trapped there. Well ain't that too bad. Ain't that just too damn bad.

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 1-2. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN - 1979 - DAY

In the ghetto. A thriving street. Shops and apartments. Storefronts, newsstands. Life in the hood.

A sleek black Buick Electra 'deuce and a quarter' floats down the avenue, Curtis Mayfield-style...

INT. BUICK ELECTRA - DAY

Behind the fur-covered steering wheel: SHOTGUN, a broke-nosed bodyguard for the man in the back seat:

JIMMY BONES - 28. His street. His world. Cool, handsome, respected. Dressed very fly, but not excessive. Long black coat, black silk shirt, and matching wide-brimmed hat.

His left hand sports a big diamond ring while his right hand toys with a long silver razor, polished and oiled to perfection so that the long glinting blade can swing back and forth, or lock into position.

EXT. BLACKSTONE AVE. - DAY

Bones steps out from the car on to his street like a benevolent feudal lord or a popular Mafia Don.

QUICK CUTS OF JIMMY:

-- greeting and soul shaking every man, woman and child on the block: they display a mixture of fear/love and respect.

-- coolly taking down numbers in a notebook: soothing to the losers, encouraging to the wary, tough with the welchers.

-- and handing out a rare win to an astonished old man standing in his pajamas in the doorway of an old tenement.:

BONES

Don't spend it all in one place. Spread it around. And shop local.

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 13-14. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

We see Pearl standing at the sink, scrubbing the blood stains on her, washing her hands, washing and washing them...

CREDITS ROLL OVER:

Her hands, washing becomes time passing. Years, decades, the building and the surroundings decay... And still the dark, skinny dog prowls the shadows. Just one more reason we no longer see anyone walk the street at night.

The 90's end --

And Bones' building stands worn and naked with burnt-out lots on either side. And the street feels like a ghost town.

In the evil colored light of the gaseous street lights, Bones' own shadow stretches and distorts across all three stories. His shadow face filling a window. As in and around the building and out in the ruins on either side, the black dog still walks.

AND FINALLY RETURN TO WEATHERED HANDS STILL WASHING THEMSELVES IN HOT WATER --

To the PRESENT.

Pull out and reveal Pearl, skin drawn, eyes heavy, now 20 years older, washing her hands. And then drying them.

CREDITS END

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 26-31. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film. This portion of the screenplay contains scenes that do not

appear or occur elsewhere in the final movie. In order to maintain the integrity of the screenplay, it has not been edited.

CLOSE ON:

INT. KRUSHED KLUB - NIGHT

Two raging black screaming skulls engulfed in eye-scorching fluorescent green fire:

The decals on the front panel of a Gemini Executioner, a hi tech mixer. Four hands at the controls. Throbbing, shifting twisted beats. We're in a Northside dance club:

Pull out to reveal BILL, 20, and MAURICE, aka Space Cowboy and Intergalactic Gangster of Love, 20. The two boys DJ-ing. They're accompanied by the crooning voice and dancing body of Bill's step-sister TIA, 29. Bill's black. Tia's white. And Maurice is not of this earth.

Bill's turntablizing: his hands dance between two competition style direct drive turntables tilted side by side, playing them like an instrument.

While Maurice plays in and around and out of Bill's rhythm, with his 6 top-loaded computerized CD players, the boys hand the beat back and forth and up and down, building outrageously, till Maurice tips it over the top.

MAURICE

Goodness gracious grande bolas del fuego!

The floor is jammed with underground dance scenesters, college students and spaced-out shoegazers tripping on Ketamine, dancing with their invisible friends.

The bar's surrounded by a sea of hands waving money, demanding drinks. Our boys are popular. And the club is making a lot of green tonight.

See someone checking out all the money, counting heads: PATRICK, 23, Bill's older brother. The money man.

EXT. BACK ON THE SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Stank and Weaze are cruising around in the frat boys BMW, laughing their asses off.

INT. THE KRUSHED KLUB - PRE-DAWN

Live show's over. And a chill mix tape plays while the boys pack their gear. Across the club, Patrick's arguing with the club owner, MOE. Just now handing Patrick a couple bills. Patrick's not happy.

EXT. KRUSHED KLUB - CONTINUOUS

The guys and Tia stumble out with all their equipment,

loading it and themselves into Patrick's over-sized SUV. Patrick right behind them. They gather around to split their fee.

PATRICK

Well, the bad news is we only made 25 bucks each.

TIA

How could that be? The box was packed!

PATRICK

Moe's terms.

MAURICE

We practically paying him for the privilege of playing his club.

BILL

So what the hell's the good news?

PATRICK

I just accelerated my top secret long term plan for our world domination.

MAURICE

Sqwweep. We innerup this programme to bring you this special news bulletin -- (human teletype sounds) "Aliens from Reticula 3 have hijacked Patrick Peet and injected moly headcheese into his skull filling his entire brain cavity with cosmic slop..."

PATRICK

I was planning on waiting until I got the place cleaned out, but -- like the man says, carpe diem.

Patrick hands Bill and Tia each a flyer:

The Restaurant Brothers

Ill Bill and DJ Maurice -- a.k.a. The Space Cowboy

Playing at Illibent. Fridays.

TIA

Illibent? Who's club is that?

PATRICK

Ours!

BILL

What're ya talkin' about, OURS?

Patrick beckons them into the car.

EXT. BLACKSTONE - DAY

Patrick pulls up to the abandoned lot next to Bones' building. In broad daylight the building looks even stranger. The lines don't matchup. Weeds and broken glass, rusted autoparts, and empty abandoned shopping carts in tangled heaps like ruins in the lot beside the building.

BILL

Looks like a damn graveyard round here.

PATRICK

I'm telling you, this neighborhood is coming back.

MAURICE

Yeah. But just where the hell has it been?

They step up to the front of the building.

BILL

Damn. That is the ugliest building I have ever seen.

PATRICK

Naw. I think it's... I dunno. Something about it just buzzes me.

MAURICE

That would be the after effects of that Reticular inseminoid encounter you had.

Patrick opens the door and steps inside.

PATRICK

Welcome to the Ill Zone.

INT. THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The darkness broken only by sunlight streaming through grimy windows reveals the decaying interior of the building.

We can see now nothing's been moved since the late '70's. Old furniture, carpets, pictures - late '70's Gothic.

TIA

Damn it's cold in here!

BILL

It's eighty degrees outside. And it's gotta be barely fifty in here.

MAURICE

And damp, too. Let's not forget damp.

PATRICK

Whattaya think? Can you picture it?
Over there the bar, and in here -- the
dance floor.

BILL

Possible...maybe...could be.

Patrick leads them to the stairwell going up and down around
the old elevator cage/shaft.

PATRICK

I got a great deal on it. They couldn't
give this place away. Just dead meat
stanking up their books for twenty years.

They come to the elevator shaft, no elevator in sight.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The last owner on the lease before the
bank was back in '79. Some dude named
Jimmy Bones. Empty ever since.

Maurice looks down the elevator shaft and gets immediately
dizzy, almost plunging to his doom - pulled back by Bill.

MAURICE

Jimmy Bones?

PATRICK

Yeah, you heard of him?

MAURICE

You haven't?

PATRICK

Not that I remember.

MAURICE

He was a local legend back in the '70's.
There was a song, Stagolee kinda deal:
"This is the ballad of Jimmy Bones/Black
as night and hard as stone..."

PATRICK

I was born near here. My dad's from
here. He never mentioned it.

BILL

Bones! How baddass is zat? This is the
place for us. Patrick, you get platinum
props, man. Platinum.

MAURICE

Yeah, in the land of the blind the one
eye'd are king.

BILL

What's your problem with Crippled Dick?

MAURICE

Look around, this place is a dump! Naw, it'd have to work to be a dump.

PATRICK

You gotta use your imagination.

MAURICE

"This is Patrick..."

(makes the sound of egg
cracking, the sizzling as it
lands in the skillet)

"...And this is Patrick on crack."

Imagination, my butt. Even the space
cowboy can't...

PATRICK

(interrupting)

Why don't y'all check out the rest? I'm
going downstairs and see if I can get the
furnace fired up. Warm this place up,
you'll see. It has serious potential.

MAURICE

Potential toxic dump site.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Mia, Bill and Maurice all climb the stairs as Maurice lights
a joint with a little box of stick matches.

BILL

Are you nuts?

MAURICE

The man said just to use my imagination.

(takes a huge hit)

Let's see...yeah, I get it. Potential.

I can see it now. The first major urban
theme park. Village Ghetto land.

Kinda like Legoland, but made entirely
from broken glass, hypodermic needles and
crack vials. Totally E-ticket.

BILL

Keep smokin', fool.

Tia checks out the second floor while Bill and Maurice
continue up the stairs to the third floor. Bones' old crib.

WITH BILL AND MAURICE

Behind them, barely subliminal glimpse - a manshaped darker
shadow within a shadow. Bill feels a cold wind from nowhere.

And hears a whispery sound seemingly carried in the breeze.

HOLLOW ECHOES

It ain't eh money. It's the big fat floating what if...

BILL

What did you say?

MAURICE

I didn't say nothing.

HOLLOW ECHOES

Take him down to the storm clear. Bury him.

BILL

You didn't hear that? "Take him... " Something. "Bury him" or...

MAURICE

Take who where? What you smokin'?

BELOW ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Tia's checking out a bedroom. Hears a light tinkling in a closet. She opens it: empty except a row of rusty metal hangers, holding the moldy remains of Bones old suits.

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE BASEMENT - PATRICK

Is there a flashlight, poking around. Trying to find the metal knob to turn on the gas. Eerie as hell down there.

Out of the corner of our eyes we see a shadow moving, looming. A scurrying sound and Patrick turns his flashlight in the other direction: we glimpse a bloated rat.

Behind him, the shadow we glimpsed grows, elongates. Patrick notes another door. This one padlocked. Sensing someone or something behind him, Patrick turns with the flashlight.

Nothing there. But the Bones-shadow is behind him again. Again he feels something and again he turns the flashlight around: nothing.

Except the Bones-shadow is again...behind him.

Shaking it off, Patrick heads for the old heater, pulling out matches to light the pilot as Bones-shadow stays behind him.

BONES POV

Bones watches as Patrick reaches around the gas heater. When Patrick strikes a match head, the Bones-shadow moves even closer to him as Patrick reaches in and lights the pilot.

When Patrick steps back, Bones-shadow grows and stretches, spreading like an ink stain, reaching across to where the pilot flame flickers.

In profile, the shadow-mouth blows...but no breath comes out. The flame doesn't even flicker.

Bones tilts his head back and lets loose an eerie bellow of frustration in a subliminal flash we see a howling mouth, bigger than any human mouth, howling within the shadow-face.

The sound echoes all through the basement rooms as Patrick walks back upstairs. He slaps a nearby plumbing pipe.

PATRICK

Go on old pipes, groan all you like.
Just please don't burst. That I can't
afford.

FOLLOW WITH BONES POV

As disappointed in whatever he hoped blowing out the furnace pilot would do, he steps into the rusted remains of the old elevator and the POV begins to levitate.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bones' POV rises straight up as if still in a working elevator. It rises and we follow up from the basement to the empty first floor, past the second floor to:

THE THIRD FLOOR

Where we're still inside, floating in the elevator cage. Then the POV moves through the metal bars and floats towards Bill, who's approaching the door of the room where Jimmy died.

As Bill reaches to open it, Bones' POV floats closer - and closer - right up on Bill's back now. Bill feeling the hairs on his neck suddenly rising. Then he hears:

HOLLOW ECHOES

Go on. It won't kill you.

Bill turns around to check with Maurice.

BILL

You had to hear tha...

But Maurice is gone. And he doesn't see the shadow there behind him. Bill leans in to the door, listening...

HOLLOW ECHOES

I ain't gonna be the only one with this
nigger's blood on my hands...

BILL

What the f--?

A hand jolts him from behind. He spins -- it's just Maurice.

MAURICE

'S up?

BILL

Nothing. Contact paranoia. Must be buggin' from hanging with you.

They turn to walk back down. Maurice stops to re-light his joint when the Bones-shadow reaches out to grab his wrist.

But it's no good. The shadow hand passes right through, Maurice pauses for an instant as if he felt something.

Maurice lights his roach, and the match burns closer and closer to his fingertips. Then singes them and he drops the match. Maurice then heads downstairs after Bill.

The shadow remains behind, staring at the still burning match on the wooden floor. He bends down, staring intently as if willing it to burn, his hands urging it on, the flame suddenly rising. But then the match sputters harmlessly out. The shadow turns back towards the boys downstairs.

WHILE ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Tia explores the rest of the floor. Hears a sound, like a whimpering, from behind another door.

She slowly eases open the door then jumps back -- Inside, the dog. It growls low and mean, the black fur on the back of it's neck rising. It's eyes burning too red and bright.

Tia freezes.

The dog growls deeply at her. And as he does we see the Bones shadow rising behind her. It seems to lean in and over her, and the dog stops growling.

Tia cautiously holds her hand outstretched with the burger for the dog to smell.

Bones' shadow from lingers behind her, perhaps simply enjoying the first sight in hellish eons of a beautiful girl.

TIA

How'd you get locked in here? And for how long? Poor baby...

The dog leaps up - but not to rip her throat out. Instead it snatches the burger and wolfs it down in one gulp.

TIA (CONT'D)

Poor boy. You must be starving.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bill looks skeptical, Maurice outraged. Patrick firm.

BILL

You want us to move in here?

PATRICK

That's the only way we'll get the place fixed up in time.

MAURICE

Yeah right, and which ever of us is still alive at the end of the week inherits all Vincent Price's cash.

PATRICK

Look, you guys want to play college radio, high school reunions, and some fool's club once a week for the rest of your lives, that's cool. But I think we can do better.

BILL

You soundin' like the old man now.

PATRICK

I believe in you guys. You are the real shit. And you know it. Now I'm putting everything I got into this cuz I think we can make it happen, but you gotta put a little in too. Now all I'm asking is that everybody do their part. We'll move some shit in, and take shifts, or all crash together here --

BILL

Pat's right. It'll be fun.

MAURICE

Yeah, fine. But Mars Needs Women. If I gotta sleep in a spookhouse, surround me with chicks who are more scared than me. Speaking of which...

Tia's coming down the stairs. Maurice watching her legs appreciatively as she descends.

BILL

(rips Maurice's skull)
Tia ain't a chick. She's family. And don't forget it.

PATRICK

Let's get going. Go home, pick up what

we need, then crash here.

TIA

Look who I found.

She comes in with the dog padding silently behind her.

MAURICE

Damn, that's the nastiest dog I ever seen. Nothin' but skin and bones.

TIA

Yeah, call his skinny ass "Bones."

"Bones" grins, all teeth with its tongue hanging out. They walk out the front door, the dog slipping out with them.

EXT. BLACKSTONE - ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Shotgun watches from the window as the group exits the building with the dog. Seeing the cur he instinctively reaches for his gun. But the dog's surrounded by kids.

SHOTGUN

Hey, watcha doing with that dog?

BILL

He yours, sir?

SHOTGUN

Hell no!

BILL

Then what do you care?

SHOTGUN

Take my advice. And shoot that dog. Or let me.

BILL

Alright. Yes sir. Anything you say.

Tia, Bill and Bones the dog pile into the van as Pearl and her daughter CINNABAR, 21, walk by.

The daughter's as fine now as her mother was then. Pearl sees the dog in the van and her head snaps to the gang.

PEARL

Don't feed that dog.

BILL

You people really don't like dogs.

PEARL

Some holes can't be filled. Some hungers can't be satisfied.

MAURICE

(way under his breath)
And some people need their medication
tweaked.

PEARL

I'm not joking boy. Don't feed it.
It'll only make it hungrier.

Pearl walks a little faster, trying to draw Cinnabar away from the kids and the dog. But Cinnabar lingers a few paces behind her mother and catches Patrick's eye. He's stunned, and before he can speak, Maurice speaks for him.

MAURICE

Need any help with those bags, Ma'am?

PEARL

No thanks.

PATRICK

no really, let us help. We're new in the neighborhood, gonna be neighbors.

CINNABAR

You moved into this block?

MAURICE

Not really to live, just to play.

PEARL

That building?

MAURICE

Gonna be le hot shit.
(to Pearl)
Pardon my Francais. Dance club. The Resurrection Brothers play there. Heard of them?

PEARL

Should I?

CINNABAR

Are they on the radio?

PATRICK

Naw. But they will be. They're the best.

CINNABAR

How do you know?

PATRICK

I manage them.

PEARL

And you bought the building?

Pearl studies their faces, especially Patrick's.

PEARL (CONT'D)

You look mighty familiar to me. You sure you're not from around here?

PATRICK

I was born near here. But after my mother died, my dad moved. I grew up out in Rossmore Park.

PEARL

You're pretty black to be growing up in Rossmore Park.

EXT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - DAY

They stop in front of a storefront - same old palm reading sign. But the name is different. Now it's "SISTER PEARL - READER AND ADVISOR." Pearl enters the building while a lingering Cinnabar catches a look on Patrick's face.

CINNABAR

Guess it's not Rossmore Park. Thanks for the help.

PATRICK

Anytime. Be seeing you.

Patrick is still checking her out. And we can see from a window, Pearl is still checking him out. While Maurice is checking out the wacky window design.

MAURICE

Yeah, well if she got psychic powers, how come she's working here on Desolation Row?

EXT. BLACK CAT POOL CLUB - DAY

A run-down storefront, fronted by a crude faux-Parisian Black Cat Facade. A "private club", the local boss' HQ.

INT. BLACK CAT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the lights are dim and clouds of cigarettes and cigar smoke float over worn out old pool tables.

Most of the tables are empty. An older man wearing sunglasses lines up a careful shot on a corner table. It's Eddie Mack. 20 years after doing Bones, he rules the hood. What's left of it, anyway.

Before he can shoot, Stank and Weaze breeze in, Stank holding some car keys up in his hand.

STANK

Say Eddie.

Distracted, Eddie hits the eightball and scratches. He snaps the pool cue over his knee.

MACK

Goddamnit! How many times I told you --

STANK

We got a gift for you, Eddie. Fresh new **BMW**.

MACK

That you stole off those white boys was down here last night? Are you crazy? Everybody from hell to breakfast heard that screamin' on Blackstone last night!

STANK

But --

MACK

How many times I told you, no psycho shit. There gonna be psycho shit, I'm the one that does it.

WEAZE

We didn't do nothing, Eddie.

MACK

You gon tell me you didn't ginsu those punks and steal their ride?

WEAZE

That's all we did, steal their ride.

MACK

Get that car the hell away from here, now! I spend a lot of money to keep the cops cool. But this is the kinda shit that pisses everybody off.

STANK

We just thought...

MACK

No more thoughts from your asses. Or I will burn your asses and snort the ashes. Hear me?

EXT. ROSSMORE PARK - EVENING

The guarded entrance to the gated community. Bill and the

others roll up to the gate in their van.

Barney Fife pokes his head in the window and stares at 'em suspiciously. They all "smile" back.

GUARD

Okay, go on ahead.

BILL

I been living here my whole life, and that hillbilly still has to check me out each time.

MAURICE

Hey, it's his job. Keeping undesirables outta the hood.

EXT. THE PEET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They pull into the huge multi-car driveway in front of their house. Not quite a mansion, but damn close.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kids are all sitting around the kitchen, watching Tia fix some meaty concoction to feed the dog. The dog stares at her expectantly. Jaws dripping in anticipation.

An older, distinguished looking black man walks in.

PATRICK

Hey, Dad.

And we see their father is... Jeremiah. Though now a prosperous banker, twenty years ago he was the man who set Bones up. He enters with NANCY, his white second wife, Tia's mother.

JEREMIAH

Not only do I have to feed the three mouths I got, and that bottomless pit they call Maurice, I gotta feed this stray, too?

At the sound of Jeremiah's voice, the dog looks up right at him and unleashes a low, rumbling growl.

TIA

Shhh, Bones. It's not nice to bite the hand that feeds you.

JEREMIAH

What did you call that dog?

NANCY

(moving on)

Just what are you feeding him? I didn't

know we had dog food.

TIA

We don't. I used that meat you had in the bowl.

NANCY

Tia, that was the prime rib I was marinating for dinner.

They look at the dog eating enough beef to feed six people.

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 1-4. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE BLOCK - TIME CUT

Bones is back in the car. Shotgun rolling on down the street and round the corner.

Bones sees a young black man leaning into the window of a police car. It's JEREMIAH PEET, Bones' right-hand man, trying to do business. And make sure his three year old son keeps from running into the street. The cop in the car eating a sloppy sauce-drippin' pork chop sandwich, watches.

BONES

Hold up S-G. Give him a toot.

Jeremiah speaking low and rapid to the cop who says nothing, just wipes his greasy lips on a handkerchief.

Then Shotgun hits the car horn, which plays a James Brown style trumpet riff. Jeremiah steps over to Jimmy's car. Jeremiah's son cautiously following.

JEREMIAH

'Sup Jimmy B. Shotgun.
(to his son)
Get back on the curb! Now!

BONES

Go easy on Jay Bird. I can remember when we was his age...

The boy makes eye contact with Bones, who motions he's got a dollar for him. The boy nervously takes it from Bones and then runs back to the curb under his father's harsh eye.

JEREMIAH

It's all arranged for tonight. Eddie Mack's gonna be there. And Offisa Korruptsky, too.

BONES

They get about twelve and a half minutes. Tops.

JEREMIAH

Trust me, Jimmy, there's big money behind this. Not just big. BIG. Like big business big. Big corporation big. Big government big. Our little acre alone'll net hundreds a thousands. Nothing but net.

BONES

Nothing but net? Could be a swish. Or a muthafucking air ball.

JEREMIAH

One simple word, three little letters. Yes. That's all it's gonna take and we could move out of this dump, get the real deal. Big houses, legit business...

BONES

That's your dream, Homes. Not mine. I don't want to leave this street. Ever. The status quo is totally cool with me.

PEARL

Maybe I oughtta get there a little early. For good luck.

BONES

Don't need luck tonight. I'm just letting 'em have their say before I say no.

PEARL

(worried)
Let me see your hand.

BONES

All that shinin' and "reader and adviser" mess. That was your mama's bag. I don't know about the readin' but you both can sure 'nuff advise.

PEARL

(swats his hand)
My mama's bag and my granma's bag, and a long line of mamas before her.

BONES

Sounds like mama needs a brand new bag.

She takes his hand in hers.

PEARL

Such fine hands. You shoulda been a musician. You got the fingers.

She strokes his hands.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Left hand's the past. Your right's the present. And the future. But it's not written in stone. It's written in flesh and blood. And flesh and blood will change. See? There's something here, a new line, right across your life line.

BONES

Must be my clothes line. No? How bout my phone line?

PEARL

No baby. I'm serious. Cancel that meeting. I got more fruit that needs checking. Come home with me now.

BONES

Don't you worry about a thing. This hand's gonna be stroking the back of your neck tonight.

The car pulls away, the little boy waves good-bye...

JEREMIAH

(under his breath)

'Cause you got all the status. And I got nothing but quo...

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 48-49. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

EXT. BLACK CAT POOL CLUB - NIGHT

A cop car pulls up. Out the passenger side come two skinny legs, followed by a bowling ball gut. Lupovich...

LUPOVICH

(to the cop in the car)

Wait here. And don't touch my fucking sandwich.

INT. BLACK CAT POOL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Lupovich makes his entrance and bellies across the club towards Mack.

LUPOVICH

Not your style. Is it Eddie? Killing off your customers?

MACK

I ain't killed nobody.
(gives a menacing glance to
Stank and Weaze)

Shall I rack 'em? Play a game, Lupe?

LUPOVICH

No time for eightball. I got your tip.

He tosses a bag of crack rocks on the pool table.

LUPOVICH (CONT'D)

Confiscated their whole stash.

Mack hands him a wad of cash.

LUPOVICH (CONT'D)

Fair enough for the shit. But I think a little bonus is due for knocking out the competition.

MACK

You was just doing your job.

LUPOVICH

Last thing you need's for me to start doing my fucking job.

Mack hands him another wad of Bills.

LUPOVICH (CONT'D)

That's more like it. Cost of doing business. Maybe you can deduct it on your taxes.

INT. JEREMIAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick talking to the others, Jeremiah asleep by now.

PATRICK

When we got a line of hundred paying guests and another couple hundred inside dancing, that's when I'll tell him. And I can't wait to see the look on his face.

INT. THE PEET DINING ROOM - LATER

Around the table, Chinese food containers. Tia's still sneaking meat to the dog under the table. The TV on in the corner.

Jeremiah's topping off his dinner with XANTAC -- high blood pressure medicine. His normal dyspeptic mood not improved by the conversation the kids are having.

PATRICK

And how do you think crack got into the ghetto? By magic? Who flew it in? Like the man said "we don't own that many planes."

Jeremiah increasingly uncomfortable with the subject matter.

JEREMIAH

Don't poison your mind with that ghetto paranoia. That's all just ways of people justifying their own failure.

BILL

Dad, the man has been lying to us for a hundred years. I mean, where is my forty acres and a mule?

JEREMIAH

You wouldn't know a mule if it bit you in the ass.
And personally, I don't need a mule. I got a Lexus. And nobody gave it to me --

TV ANCHOR

(on TV)

There's a lead tonight in the strange disappearance of those two State College fraternity brothers. Their car, a 1999 BMW, was found abandoned this afternoon in an inner-city neighborhood.

ON TV

We see flashes on the news of various streets of the hood, including a shot of Bones block and building.

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 61-64. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

INT. SOUTH SIDE SAVINGS AND LOAN - DAY

Jeremiah swears a painted smile on his face as he shakes the just entered Lupovich's hand. They seem, for all the world, like old friends as he leads him back to his office.

INT. JEREMIAH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

But the minute they are in his office, Jeremiah's friendly demeanor drops like a mask.

JEREMIAH

What the hell do you want?

LUPOVICH

Just a visit with my old pal, Jay-bird.

JEREMIAH

Don't call me that.

Lupovich looks around the expansive office and paws the photos and knickknacks on Jeremiah's desk.

LUPOVICH

You certainly traded up.
(picks up a wedding picture
nearby)
...the trophy wife. Nice lookin'.

JEREMIAH

Keep your hands to yourself, willya?

LUPOVICH

I been watching you. You done good.
Invested wisely. Respectable businessman
now. Just like you always wanted.

JEREMIAH

And you? Still a pig. Just a much
fatter one.

LUPOVICH

No reason to get nasty. Yeah, I've
stayed in the organization. But then
again I never got the percentage you did.

JEREMIAH

Or you didn't know what to do with it.

LUPOVICH

Maybe so. Maybe so. But that ain't why
I came to see you. You sold the
building.

JEREMIAH

What building?

LUPOVICH

Don't shit a shitter. Our building.
What did you call it? His 'tomb'? We
had an agreement. You were supposed to
sit on it. Not sell it --

JEREMIAH

I didn't sell it.

LUPOVICH

Well, somebody bought it. That's what I
heard.

Jeremiah buzzes.

JEREMIAH

Claire? Could you come in here.

An assistant manager, CLAIRES, enters.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Did we sell any properties on...
Blackstone recently?

CLA

Matter of fact, we did. 5606.

JEREMIAH

To who?

CLA

I only met with the broker. The structure was listed almost worthless and had never even had a bid, I thought you'd be pleased to see it sold to someone who wants to improve the neighborhood. Anything wrong?

JEREMIAH

No, of course not. Good work. Thanks a lot.

She leaves. Lupovich is still holding the picture of Jeremiah's wife.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You're right. One of my associates sold the building last month.

LUPOVICH

That's a Bozo no-no. Jay-bird.

JEREMIAH

Look, even if anyone found anything there, it's twenty years ago. They could never connect it to us.

LUPOVICH

You better hope not. Cause it's like they say, four can keep a secret, if three are dead.

He puts down the photo with a wink.

LUPOVICH (CONT'D)

Nice rack. How old is --

JEREMIAH

That's it. Get out. Now!

Jeremiah advancing on Lupovich, who chuckles and walks out.

BILL

Hey, that's...

He's stopped by a kick under the table from Patrick.

JEREMIAH

That's what?

BILL

That's some terrible shit.

JEREMIAH

Clean your mouth, or I will. Those boys had no business messing down there. Go places you're not meant to be -- that's what you get.

BILL

But that's your old hood, Pops.

JEREMIAH

Yeah, and it took some doing to get out of there. Just be glad I did and you can start life from here instead of down there.

PATRICK

But maybe we're the ones who should be down there. Doing something. Making it better.

JEREMIAH

Can't be done. That place already died and gone to hell.

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 52-54. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

SERIES OF ANGLES - A MONTAGE

Quick cuts of the moon, the sun, Bones neighborhood, Patrick and the gang cleaning up the building. And finally, at dusk...

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - MORNING

Patrick's on a ladder replacing glass in the upper windows. From down the block, we see Cinnabar heading out of her mother's house, holding her portfolio. The corners of papers sticking out, splashes of color visible.

Patrick sees Cinnabar about to walk beneath his ladder.

PATRICK

Careful. That's bad luck.

CINNABAR

That place is already bad luck.

PATRICK

Why?

CINNABAR

No. It goes way back. Or so my Momma

says.

PATRICK

What else does she say?

CINNABAR

Nothing. You'd think she was crazy. And she is a lot of things, not all of them nice, but crazy Momma's not.

PATRICK

Way I figure, everything our parents tell us is part true and part total B.S. And our whole job is figuring out for ourselves which is which.

CINNABAR

My momma says every house is two houses. Every street, two streets. There's a whole city, a whole world, kinda beside, on top, just below this one. The city of the dead.

PATRICK

Like right now, there's actually like hordes of dead people shambling around us? Fingers rotting off?

CINNABAR

Maybe. But there's an invisible wall, a fabric that kinda keeps things separate.

PATRICK

Lucky thing.

CINNABAR

Yeah. But when something bad happens, something really bad -- the wall breaks. The fabric tears.

PATRICK

The dead get out?

CINNABAR

Or the living fall in. Who knows.

PATRICK

And you believe her?

CINNABAR

If I did, I wouldn't come within fifty yards of your door.

She sees her bus pulling up at the corner and runs for it, leaving only her smile with Patrick.

She passes Maurice and Bill, pulling up. Bill has to pull

Maurice's dog like attention away from the way Cinnabar's bottom moves as she walks down the street to focus at the matter at hand: unloading their shitload of equipment.

This portion of the screenplay contains scenes that do not appear or occur elsewhere in the final movie. In order to maintain the integrity of the screenplay, it has not been edited.

EXT. BLACKSTONE - LATER

Maurice and Bill carrying speakers and racks and lights and turntables while Shotgun, in his lawn chair across the street, glares at them.

After the last equipment is loaded, they lock the car. Shotgun still watching. Bill pulls out a six pack of beer. He offers one to Shotgun who, after a beat, accepts it.

Maurice surreptitiously turns on his small hi-7 camera. Holding it under his arm, but it's on.

MAURICE

You ever hear of Jimmy Bones, sir?

SHOTGUN

What business is it of yours?

MAURICE

Just wondered. We heard he used to live in our building.

Shotgun says nothing.

BILL

Is it true?

SHOTGUN

Yeah. He lived there. And died there, too.

BILL

Died there? How?

SHOTGUN

How the hell should I know?

MAURICE

What was he like?

SHOTGUN

Bones? He was something. He could be cold as ice or warm as blood. But he never turned his back for a brother.

His eyes drift up to the building.

SHOTGUN (CONT'D)

Always there.

Maurice goes in. Bill lingers behind.

SHOTGUN (CONT'D)

Hey, kid.

BILL

Yeah?

SHOTGUN

Take my advice. Get the hell out of there. It's a bad place. Always has been.

EXT. BLACKSTONE AVE. - DAY

Bill and Maurice walk around interviewing folks about Bones. Bill with the DAT recorder, Maurice with the vidcam.

We see this through Maurice's shaky video camera:

grainy VIDEO SHOTS:

An OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

...and every Tuesday, he'd roll by in his car and drive me with all my laundry to the laundromat so I wouldn't have to carry the clothes.

-- a dude in a wheel chair. Drinking outta paperbagged bottle with a wino hanging on the corner.

WHEELCHAIR MAN

Jimmy Bones? Yeah, I knew that motherfucker. People make out like he was some kinda damn Robin Hood. Bullshit. I saw him cut some muhfucker's tongue once with that razor of his...dropped it right into that jar of dill pickles they used to have on the counter in the bar.

WINO

When I was a kid he used to slip twenties into my pocket so I could buy toys and shit.

(now to Maurice/at camera)
Bones was awrright. He was solid. And then one day, he just wasn't around no more. Don't pay to ask too many questions 'round here.

INT. THE BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

Upstairs, inside what was once Bones' bedroom. Beneath the cracked ceiling mirror, Bill lies on the airmattress. He's listening with headphones to a minidisk player.

Eyes closed, head nodding to the beat. Around him, we see something strange. The room shifts.

It's the same room. But changed. It looks like it did when the frat boys were trapped in here. Or in the instant after Jimmy's death: all surfaces seem to be a swirling, shifting pattern in which we can dimly make out faces, as if people were trapped on the surface of things.

Then the faces and bodies begin to step out of their surfaces and into the room.

So as Bill, eyes still closed, rocks to the hypnotic beats in his headphones, we see the room around him begin to fill with figures.

-- all twisted dead human forms emerging out of the surfaces of floor and walls. We hear a low murmur of ghost voices, different languages.

And as the track ends, the sound cuts through Bill's headphones and his eyes snap open.

But the room is empty. And completely normal. Bill pulls off his headphones. Ears strain to listen.

BILL

Tia? Patrick? That you?

The sounds return, fainter, and form above. Bill looks up, and for a fraction of a second in the mirror, Bill sees the crowded eerie hell of the other version of the room.

Bill jolts out of bed and to the door, whips it open, and someone dark looms right there. But it's just Patrick.

BILL (CONT'D)

Shit.

PATRICK

Spooked?

Bill looks back into the room, normal now. Glances up at the mirror, just a cracked reflection of the empty room.

BILL

No. Well, yeah. Maybe just a little.

PATRICK

Yeah, there is a strange vibe here.

He stops. Both brothers look at each other, waiting for the other to admit he's seen or felt something's here.

BILL

Where's the others?

PATRICK

Maurice left. Tia's taking a bath.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom is entirely wood lined, like some '70's hot tub paradise. The room dominated by a large two person tub.

Tia lights four small scented candles on the counter. The wind through the open window blows the curtains. She shuts the window and then steps gingerly into the steaming bathtub.

She lies down in the bath, with her back to the door. The four candles throwing varying shadows of her.

Then one of the shadows becomes...the shadow of Bones. All it's attention is focused on one lit candle. The one closest to the curtain.

Slowly the Bones' shadow's fingers start to caress the curtain to make it move, ever so slowly, closer and closer to the candle. The drapery reaches out, straining, straining towards the candle flame.

Tia soaks with her eyes closed, enjoying the moist heat.

Bones' shadow fingers more and more urgently drawing the flame towards the curtain, the curtain towards the flame. And soon the corner of the drape just reaches the little flickering flame. And in an instant the drape is on fire.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Bill still talking in front of the bedroom, down the hall from the bathroom.

PATRICK

...we just been in the damn suburbs too long.

Their conversation interrupted by screams from down the hall... from the bathroom!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The drapes are fully ablaze now, flames lick at the wooden walls. Tia leaps out of the tub, screaming, trying to throw bathwater at the burning drapes.

Patrick and Bill crash through the door. Patrick rips the drapes from the wall and throws them into the bathtub.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Tia shivers in her bathrobe. Bill and Patrick with her.

TIA

There wasn't any draft. That window was closed.

PATRICK

We're all tired. Everybody makes mistakes. Tomorrow in the daylight, everything's gonna look different.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Ladders, drop-cloths and the beginnings of new paint on the old torn walls. They're all eating take out burgers.

PATRICK

I thought you were bringing the Colonel?

MAURICE

The Gangster of Love don't eat no fried chicken.

PATRICK

Why not? He eats everything else.

MAURICE

Just what army do you think the Colonel was in?

(whistles Dixie)

Everybody knows the whole chicken distribution network is owned by the Klan. "Special recipe". I'm telling you. There's something in the batter. Say it makes a black man sterile.

BILL AND TIA

Bull. Shit.

MAURICE

Word. I saw it on Sixty Minutes.

PATRICK

Maurice, even if it was true, what are you worried about? Last time I checked, you weren't black. I'm not sure what the hell you are. But I know you aren't a black man.

MAURICE

I am the future. I am all colors. All races. All creeds. I am the melting pot. I am the tossed salad. I am post racial.

PATRICK

Post-toasted's more like it.

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 44-46. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, angle on Bones' building down the block.

CLOSER

To the building - we can hear sounds coming from inside the house. Like dim drums, some kind of rhythm.

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where the dog eats and eats...

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Even CLOSER. The sound is a little louder, a little more disturbing.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where the dog eats and eats.

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Standing now right in front of it we hear a rhythmic cacophony from inside, growing louder as the dog eats and we:

INT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The sound is deafening. It's the sound of every door in the empty house swinging maniacally on its hinges. Beating the air like wings. Opening and slamming shut again and again.

Every door except ONE DOOR. The padlocked door to the sub basement.

EXT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Some older folks, one very old man with a cane, two old black women, arms linked. A middle-aged husband and wife. All enter.

INT. PEARL'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Dim light. Cloth covered table. Everything set for a seance.

PEARL

Welcome, brother. Welcome, sisters.
Make yourselves comfortable around the
circle. We'll begin in a minute.

She walks upstairs to Cinnabar's room.

INT. CINNABAR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters the room where Cinnabar is drawing a still-life assignment by a window overlooking the fire-escape.

PEARL

Aren't you going to join us?

CINNABAR

I have to finish this for class.

PEARL

You got a vision, girl. Just like I got. Just like my momma had. And the good Lord didn't give you that vision just for painting pretty pictures. That's just wasted time.

CINNABAR

You mean as opposed to your life?

She regrets it halfway out her mouth. And a thousand-fold more when she sees the look on her mother's face.

CINNABAR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Momma. Maybe next time.

PEARL

I don't want you meeting around that house. You stay away from those kids. And away from that dog.

CINNABAR

They seemed alright. Bring a little life to that old building.

PEARL

Nothing but a wide world o' pain locked in there.

CINNABAR

Have you ever been inside?

PEARL

Maybe once upon a time. But that was long ago. Back before... before it became what it is.

CINNABAR

And what's that?

PEARL

Just a bad place. And the doorway to worse.

Cinnabar, as far too often, not understanding much of what her mother says to her.

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INT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Pearl reaches into an old bureau drawer and pulls out an old photo: Jimmy Bones with his arm around her. She sits down at her table with a drink and just looks at the picture of herself and her lover when the world was innocent and young. She downs her glass and wipes her tears away.

OUTSIDE - DOWN THE BLOCK

In the upper window of the Bones Building we see his silhouette, staring down the block towards Pearl.

INT. JEREMIAH'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bones the dog slinks into the kitchen. Sniffing the air. Still hungry. Always hungry.

His big black paw actually opens the refrigerator. With his long nose he digs into the meat drawer. Inside he finds plastic wrapped raw hamburger meat.

He pulls it out and drops it on the floor. Tears it open and gorges himself on the raw meat.

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The house looms malevolently in the moonlight.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bones' POV again in his rusted elevator cage. The POV floats down through the house into the basement.

BASEMENT

Bones' POV looks at the padlocked door. Then passes right through it.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

In the deeper darkness of the dirt cellar we see the Bones shadow hovering over a slight mound in the dirt.

INT. JEREMIAH'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The black dog wolfs down the last of the hamburger meat.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

And as he does, the ground seems almost to breathe, or glow. Bones plunges his long shadow-hands right into the earth as if he could touch what was beneath and raise it up.

He remains like that, shadow hands buried in the dirt, head tilting back and howling.

EXT. OUT ON THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Shotgun up in his window, still, holding his gun. Hears the howling. He looks around, expecting to see his nemesis, the black dog. But only darkness.

EXT. JEREMIAH'S GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Jeremiah's mansion stands in the moonlight. Its faux Georgian splendor in stark contrast to Bones' building in the old neighborhood.

INT. PEET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is dark and quiet. All are asleep. The dog moves silently through the house sniffing at doors.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The dog silently noses the door open and stealthily enters and pads softly over to Jeremiah's side of the bed.

Where it stares intently at the sleeping Jeremiah, who begins to toss and turn. He settles again on his back. His head tilted back, his soft, vulnerable throat exposed.

The dog steps closer to the bed. We can almost feel the dog's hot fetid breath inches away from his throat.

The dog stares at Jeremiah. And for just a second the long doggy face wavers and changes: in shifting shades of black, a ragged red demonic face ripples beneath the black fur -- and looks for an instant as if it were about to lunge and rip out Jeremiah's throat!

But at the last second it freezes. Head cocks and ear lifts as if hearing something in the wind. Its master's voice, perhaps. And then the dog reverts to normal and pads out of the room as silently as it entered.

This portion of the screenplay is originally pages 60-62. It is presented out of order to reflect the final film. This portion of the screenplay contains scenes that do not appear or occur elsewhere in the final movie. In order to maintain the integrity of the screenplay, it has not been edited.

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cinnabar stops outside the building. She's about to knock when she instinctively freezes. We can almost see the hairs

standing up on her neck one by one.

She looks around -- what is it? A sound, like a moan. Is it her name? Or just the wind.

Suddenly, with a creak, the door swings open.

She takes a hesitant step into the building. Suddenly she jumps, as a door to her left flies open.

It's just Patrick. She laughs in relief.

CINNABAR

Just thought I'd see if you needed any help.

Patrick too surprised and tongue-tied to respond, so Tia helps him out.

TIA

Good. We do need help. First you can help us eat lunch.

Cinnabar follows Patrick into the room, with a last tense look over her shoulder -- still the feeling something's there.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Tia's feeding the insatiable dog. Handing quarter-pounders to it, the thing scarfing 'em as fast as she can unwrap them. Then, for a second, it stops. And looks up. And just stares at something it knows is there -- but we humans can't see.

TIA

Watcha looking at, poochie?

Cinnabar follows the dog's glance. She sees nothing...or is there something for a second there in the corner?

REVERSE - BONES-VISION POV

Is staring back at her, and at the dog. Cinnabar pulls her sweater around her shoulders.

CINNABAR

I hate it when dogs do that. Like they're looking right out of the world.

The dog continues scarfing down burgers, having him his way. Cinnabar looks warily at the beast. Who stares right back at her while wolfing down the burgers.

BONES-VISION/POV

Steps through the rusted metal into the old elevator shaft and we follow it as it floats down.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As the dog above eats we again see Bones' shadow form looming over the seeing dirt, the dirt moving ever so subtly, and for a subliminal second the dirt seems to be glowing.

INT. THE BUILDING - LATER

They're all painting. Maurice spins some tunes to accompany them. It's a funky Tom Sawyer paint party. The kids defer to Cinnabar, who's got a wild palette, and a wild brush. The place is coming alive with color.

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INT. BONES' BUILDING - LATER THAT DAY

In Bones' old room, Patrick rolls over the faded stained old shag carpet with a huge carpet cleaner.

ANGLE ON

The transparent tubes of the cleaner fill with disgusting red fluid and carpet fibers.

TIME CUT TO:

Patrick stands back and surveys his work. The carpet looks perfect. Old, a little faded, but clean. No stains.

With a smile of satisfaction he rolls the cleaner out of the room and closes the door behind him. We remain in the room.

ANGLE ON

The now clean carpet. Suddenly we see glutinous red liquid seeping back up through the shag, until the stain is right where it was. Wet and fresh. Then we see it spread and move, in the shape of a body and the path by which it was dragged out of the room.

The door opens again, and Patrick steps in to show off the freshly painted room clean rug to Cinnabar and the others. He's brought up short by the sight of the stain.

PATRICK

Must be something seeping through. From the floor.

They roll the carpet back, thinking there must be something on the floor. The floor beneath the carpet is wet too, but can't tell if it's from the rug or vice-versa.

He puts his hand down on the wood. A low rhythmic rumbling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do you feel that?

The others place their hands on the floor.

TIA

Yeah. It's. Throbbing.

BILL

Like a heartbeat.

MAURICE

"Like a heartbeat/Like a love beat."
Listen to the Di Franco twins there.
Just the plumbing or something, fool.

PATRICK

Maybe there's a pipe underneath the
floor. It leaked and stained.

They just look at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You got a better explanation

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Patrick and the others in the basement listening to some very
strange sounds: groans, thumps, throbs.

MAURICE

Sounds like we got the Invisible Scratch
Piklz hiding in our pipes.

Patrick traces the piping with the wrench, he comes to a
triple corner, where three small pipes all come together.

PATRICK

I think these bring the water down from
the bathroom. Into this...

A larger pipe that goes down the wall and disappears beneath
the floor. The thumping sounds emanate from here. He puts
his finger along the seam of the joint. He pulls it away,
red.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Check it out. The same shit that was in
the carpet. Told you it was from the
plumbing.

He lifts the wrench to tighten the seal. The metal groans.
Then snaps. Sending a thick spray of foul smelling red
sludge shooting out of the seam, right into Patrick's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Damn, I knew these pipes were wacked.

He turns the wrench the other way, re-tightening. The sound seems to move now through the piping. Then the red sludge sprays out of the next three joints, smearing the others.

The pounding, throbbing sounds begin to bounce around the room, as if something were actually moving through the pipes until it returns to the central large pipe and moves down, disappearing beneath their feet.

Then a rasping bark calls their attention. Bones the dog sits by the padlocked door, panting. Grinning.

Patrick smashes the old lock with the large wrench and opens the door to reveal another set of stairs leading down into a deeper storm cellar where the sound disappeared.

INT. STORM CELLAR STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

As they go, the temperature drops. A cold, damp sheen appears on their skin. Then comes a thick glutinous buzzing sound.

TIA

What is that?

Flies. The stairway walls are thick with furry black flies.

MAURICE

(stopping)

Ugh. Muchos moscos, man. This is too much.

BILL

Just some flies.

MAURICE

Some flies? I think this qualifies as way more than "some."

CINNABAR

What a smell.

MAURICE

Hey, what you expect? Where there's smoke there's fire. And where there's flies, there's shit.

The stairs end in a dark, damp dirt cellar and the remnants of the terminus of the old elevator shaft.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I guess this would be that space that was so perfect for a recording

studio.

BILL

Maurice, man, shut the fuck up.

PATRICK

Yeah, well, Maurice is right. It's gonna take more work than I thought. But we can still do it. We'll lay a real floor in here. Put damping on the walls. Totally controlled sound. Be perfect. No one could hear shit up on the street.

Behind them the dog is digging in the dirt. Furiously.

MAURICE

Yeah, perfect. Really excellent. We can make our first record where no one can hear us scream. Be afraid.

They're not paying any attention to the dog's incessant digging. Only Cinnabar is. She's staring at it.

CINNABAR

Oh god...

And she sees, in the deepening muddy hole at the dog's paws, at first glimpses and then the full view, a rotted human corpse. Really just a skeleton. With something sticking out of its chest. Cinnabar shrieks, while the guys try very hard to act real cool.

BILL

Hello. Who're you?

Maurice bends and pulls out the now blood rusted razor.

MAURICE

Boys and girls, Moms and Dads. Children of all ages, I'd like you to meet... Jimmy Bones.

BILL

What the hell you talking about?

MAURICE

(singing)

"This is the story of Jimmy Bones/Black as night and hard as stones/Gold plated deuce, like the King of Siam/Got his switchblade loose, and a diamond on his hand..." There's the switchblade and there's the diamond. Don't know where the deuce is parked.

He points to one of the bony hands. The left one. On the third finger is Jimmy's big diamond ring.

BILL

You think that's really him?

MAURICE

Damn. It's so...fresh.

And he's right. Oddly for an old skeleton, there are strands and bands of wet, raw flesh. Maurice lifts the hand wearing the ring. He starts to pull it loose from the finger.

TIA

Boy, put that thing down. You can't take that. Might be evidence.

PATRICK

Evidence of what?

TIA

Somehow I don't think he stabbed himself in the chest, then buried himself too.

Cinnabar sees something. Bright color beneath the body. Bends down to a piece of cloth poking out from beneath the bones.

The dog growls viciously as she reaches down to the scrap of color poking up. Tia restrains the hound the best she can.

PATRICK

Get your damn dog, girl!

The cloth is the corner of a dress...the dog suddenly lunges for Cinnabar's hands, ripping at them. She pulls back.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Shit! Damn dog. We gonna have to do something about you.

TIA

What we have to do is call the police.

MAURICE

Right. Call the police. We'll have no problem getting our permits then.

TIA

We can't just leave it here.

PATRICK

Yeah, we can. Least till after this weekend. He ain't going nowhere. We'll deal with it then.

BILL

Whatever, let's just get the hell out of here.

They all start to leave except Maurice and Cinnabar. He's loitering by the body, eyeing the ring. She's staring into the dark corner of the sub-basement.

HER POV IN THE DIM LIGHT

She sees something wavering, a shadow-mirage, Bones.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Cinn?

CINNABAR

What? Oh yeah. Coming.

She follows the others upstairs. Bones watches her form as she climbs the steps, and --

-- for a second from BONES POV we see her mother, when she was young.

Bones looks now at Maurice. Who checks to see if the others are gone. Then Maurice hurriedly bends down, and while holding his face back away from the stench attempts to pull Bones' ring off his finger. But it's stuck.

He tugs again, harder, and rips the corpse's finger off.

MAURICE

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck is right. Bones' shadow rears as it sees this desecration. Maurice slips the ring off the finger stump.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

(to the corpse)

Sorry, but you wont' be needing this.

He places the finger back by the hand. And pockets the ring.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Or this.

INT. BUILDING KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tia fills a bowl with dry dog food. But Bones the dog turns his head away and just whimpers.

TIA

Picky mutt.

She pulls out a package of raw hamburger, dumps it into the bowl, then leaves. Behind her, the dog tucks into his chow.

INT. THE STORM CELLAR GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

The lock broken, the door stands ajar. And as the dog gorges

upstairs, something very strange is happening down here.

Flesh is growing on the bones. Bit by bit, red, wet strips of muscle and flesh appear and spread over the corpse.

The shadow looks down at his semi-reconstituted corpse. It almost looks like him, minus the skin. But it still has a long ways to go. Still, mere strips of muscle and flesh on the skeleton.

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EXT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Her usual small crowd arrives for her seance, all hoping this will be the night they reach their loved ones' spirits. From outside, through the window, we see Pearl greet and seat each of them around the table. She starts lighting candles.

INT. BONES' PAD - NIGHT

Patrick and Cinnabar sipping a little Remy in his room. Alone at last. Awkward. Intimate. He refills her glass.

CINNABAR

She doesn't want me here. With you. In this house.

PATRICK

Believe me, my old man'd rupture his spleen if he knew we was down here. All he talks about is the medal he deserves for building us a life as far from this 'hood as possible.

CINNABAR

He probably thinks he's saving you from something. I'm sure that's what my mother thinks.

PATRICK

I'm sure I can make your mother like me. But then do I gotta worry 'bout your father?

Suddenly their banter is dead. Her face looks stung, like he'd slapped her.

CINNABAR

I don't know anything about my father. I never met him. Momma won't talk about him, either.

He puts his arms around her, and she melts into him.

INT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Pearl and the others seated in the dim room around a circular table. They are holding hands. Only candle light.

PEARL

We should begin with a hymn.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - NIGHT - UPSTAIRS

In Bones' old room, the temperature between Cinn and Patrick goes from PG to R.

The two kiss passionately, deeply -- Cinnabar loses herself for a long beat -- then as if swimming up from the bottom of a deep pool, she pulls herself back.

CINNABAR

I can't. Not yet.

PATRICK

It's alright. If you want to go home...

CINNABAR

No, I want to stay with you guys. But I can't. I mean I'm not ready.

PATRICK

Don't worry about it. I'll stay with the boys.

EXT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - NIGHT

From outside, through the open window, we can hear the strains of singing coming from her window.

INT. PEARL'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

We float around the members of Pearl's circle. See objects on the table flickering in the candlelight.

PEARL

The spirit world is all around us right this minute. And the departed are pressing in around us.

Still singing, they all glance about them in darkness as if they can make out the spirits around them.

Over the low bass of their hymn-singing, her voice cuts in. Uncoiling and rising like smoke in the air: it's a beautiful voice and it does seem to open a window in the air.

INT. BONES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cinnabar gets into bed and turns off the light. Pitch dark in there, can't see a thing.

As she's drifting off to dreamland, she hears what sounds like the door quietly opening and someone slipping into the darkness of the room, we just stay on her face.

It's cold in the place. And spooky. So she doesn't mind when she feels what she assumes is Patrick slip in bed beside her. Though we see only a shape sliding under the covers.

CINNABAR

(half-asleep)

It's okay, just don't get funny on me.
It's warmer this way.

INT. PEARL'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, the curtains fly open. And Pearl's voice suddenly stops... and the flame on the candle shoots up, scorching the ceiling before returning to normal.

PEARL

Someone's with us. Who's joined the circle?

OLD MAN

Lordy...what's that smell?

OLD WOMAN

Look. The flowers.

The flowers whither. They retch from some smell.

PEARL

Knock once for yes. And twice for no.
Is there someone who wishes to send a message?

Table rocks once.

PEARL (CONT'D)

A message for one of us in the circle?

Table rocks once.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Is it for miss Lillian?

Table rocks twice -- "no."

PEARL (CONT'D)

Is it a message for Mr. Abernathy?

Table rocks twice -- "No" again. She goes around the room, inquiring for each of them. Each time the table says "No." Until there is only her left. An eerie pause.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Is the message for me?

The table starts bucking wildly. And suddenly Pearl's neck SNAPS back like it's been caught in a whip.

Her mouth opens and a low moan escapes. But sounds nothing like her voice. A deep wind through an organ tube with swarming bees and squealing hogs mixed in.

Everyone around the table just stares at her in alarm.

As her eyes widen. Go super close on her eyes and we see a reflection in her pupil, not of the room she is in, but the Jimmy's building twenty years ago.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - PAST/PRESENT

INTERCUT with her face back in the seance staring wide mouthed in her trance.

The sound of her heart pounds like the deepest dub track.

Total dislocation for her as she sees Jimmy's old room, as it was -- but also sees it as it is now, and with her daughter, Cinnabar, lying underneath the covers of the big, round bed.

And lying close beside her, another figure beneath the covers.

Whoever is there snuggles closer to Cinnabar. She responds as he presses against her, then wakes up.

CINNABAR

(laughing low)
Cut it out.

But he doesn't. The movement beside her is undulant. Strong, erotic, she almost gives into it. And still laughs as she says:

CINNABAR (CONT'D)

No, no Patrick. Stop.

The figure in the bed presses urgently against her, in a rocking movement which catches her up in it. She can't help it, she begins to respond to the urging behind her.

Pearl's eyes widen as the whole room shifts and becomes one fetid Necropoliptic texture. The bed retains its shape but liquefies, seems to become one with the floor and the walls, all made of a kind of thick, bloody-mud in which the trapped faces and distorted limbs of the dead twist and moan.

Meanwhile, on that strange bed, the figure behind Cinnabar seems to wrap soft limbs around her, locking her in embrace.

CINNABAR (CONT'D)

Cut it out.

But it doesn't cut out. It builds. Strong. Erotic. Insistent. She almost gives in to it.

CINNABAR (CONT'D)

No, no Patrick. Stop.

But the movement is more insistent. And rougher. She starts to protest louder when she feels a hand, or something, steal across her mouth to muffle her objections.

Pearl tires to reach across her vision to grab her daughter and help her, but she can't.

INT. PEARL'S PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Back at the seance, Pearl's back is arched like a bass fiddle string bowed, and then drops. Released. Back in her chair.

The instant she's returned to herself she's out of her chair and out the door.

INT. BONES' PAD - CONTINUOUS

Cinnabar struggles with something in the bed, the covers pulled tight against her face, she can't scream. She twists and wrenches herself about, finally striking behind her with a flailing fist, twists her face free and screams:

CINNABAR

Patrick! Stop!!

Across the room the door suddenly opens -- it's Patrick.

PATRICK

What's wrong?

ANGLE - AT PATRICK'S FEET

The black silhouette of the DOG slips out the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Cinnabar looks wildly around the room -- she's alone in the big bed. No one attacking her. And she sees Patrick in the doorway. But then who - or what - was in the bed?

Suddenly, her mother yells from below.

PEARL (O.S.)

Cinnabar!!!

Cinnabar lurches out of the bed over to the window. Down below, her mother's going nuts at the entrance, pounding on the door and practically running over Bill who's opening the

door.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Outta my way, boy. Cinnabar? I'm coming!

BILL

Why don't you hang on and I'll see if she's here.

PEARL

I know damn well she's there.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Cinnabar races down the stairs with Patrick, bewildered at her heels.

Cinnabar runs out the door and straight into her mother's arms, burying her face in the protective bosom of her mom.

Pearl wraps her frightened daughter in her arms and turns her to home. Pearl looks up at the boys standing stunned in the doorway.

PEARL

You might as well just dig down six feet of muddy earth and sleep in your own grave than stay another night in that house.

She turns back towards her place, still holding the sobbing Cinnabar. Bill and Patrick stand stunned in the doorway.

BILL

You sure got a way with women, bro. What happened up there?

PATRICK

Damned if I know.

EXT. BLACKSTONE - DAY

Up on a ladder, the boys put on the finishing touches and then HANG a new NEON SIGN over the door. Looks pretty cool.

TIA

Yes! We're in business.

INT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Heading south on Lake Shore Drive, a tensely smiling Patrick in the front seat with Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

Where are we going? You know I hate surprises.

PATRICK

A little business move I made. On my own. I think you're gonna approve.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Heading off the main road into the ghetto. But as they head further and further south, Jeremiah's getting uneasy.

JEREMIAH

What are we doing down here?

PATRICK

Like you always said, Pop, look for the undervalued.

Now they are on the old street. As they drive down the street, Jeremiah's getting more and more agitated.

EXT. BLACKSTONE - CONTINUOUS

They park and get out. He looks up and down the street, oddly frightened.

PATRICK

I bet you didn't even know your bank owned the place. I did it through a broker so you wouldn't know it was me. I couldn't wait to see your face when I fixed it up.

It's the building. Freshly painted, with the neon sign. But Jeremiah's face shows nothing like what Patrick expected. Nothing but a horrified, angry disgust.

JEREMIAH

Is this some kind of sick joke?

Jeremiah's so angry he almost smacks Patrick.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Listen to me, boy. I didn't work all my life to get out of this neighborhood for you to move right back in!

PATRICK

I thought you'd be psyched. Just trying to do what you did. Take nothing and make something out of it.

JEREMIAH

No one'll ever come here. Shut it down. Don't worry, the bank'll buy it back. I'll take care of it.

PATRICK

You'll take care of it? Not this time.
No way. I bought it fair and square.
And we open tonight.

JEREMIAH

Bullshit! Bullshit!! You're selling it
back! That's an order!

Jeremiah is furious out of all proportions. Some of the others on the block have stuck their noses out to see what the fuss is. Then Jeremiah comes eye to eye with Pearl, standing across the street, watching, worried out of her mind.

Feeling Then he looks up and sees Shotgun in the window.
trapped, humiliated. He wants out of this street. Out of those glances.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You all are coming back to the house,
now!

Nobody moves. Jeremiah walks back to his car and pulls away. Patrick, frozen, turned to stone by rage and hurt and shame.

Another car pulls up. Several young people inside. They look around a little dubiously.

CLUBBER

Man, I think we're lost. You guys know
where Illibent is?

They all look at each other. Silent. Until Maurice answers by flipping a switch igniting the neon sign for the first time.

Illibent shines in brilliant blue gas letters.

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DOWN THE BLOCK - LATER

The deuce and a quarter stops in front of a storefront. A young Nefertiti in platforms and dashiki picks fresh fruit and vegetables from the small grocery. PEARL VAUGHN.

BONES

Pull over. I'll walk the rest.

Pearl's picking ripe fruit. Jimmy steps in, catches her hands, and the melon in them, in his hands.

BONES (CONT'D)

Naw, all wrong. First, start at the

belly button.

He strokes his thumb over the end of the cantaloupe, leaning in to her.

BONES (CONT'D)

Gotta be an in-ey and gotta be smooth.
If it's ragged, it was picked too soon.
Won't ever be ripe. Second, it's got to
have just a little give, here.

(his hands on her hips)

At the edges. And last, but not very far
from least...

(now only a breath apart)

You gotta get your nose in it and give it
a goooooood, loooooong sniff.

PEARL

I don't know whether to chill you and
serve with cottage cheese, or rip you
open and eat you right here.

She chooses the latter, they kiss.

EXT. STREET - TIME CUT

Jimmy's walking Pearl home; an apartment above the storefront
of her mother's fortune telling business.

BONES

Listen, Baby, I gotta TCB this evening.
So come over 'bout eight. We should be
finished by then.

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - LATER

Jimmy arrives home to be greeted on the steps of his building
by soul shakes and black hand fives from the corner boys
hanging out front.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Follow Bones into the lobby with people waiting to see him
for favors, etc. Rooms on either side, doors open allowing
us to glimpse his crew, taking orders over the phones.

An old fashioned metal cage elevator, with an equally old
fashioned operator waits to take Mr. Jimmy up to his pad. We
ride up with him, the king in his castle.

INT. BONES' PAD - CONTINUOUS

The elevator lets him out in his main room. A '70's love
pit. Mirrored ceiling, circular bed. Thick shag carpeting.

Jimmy nods at Shotgun, who lowers the needle into classic
vinyl groove of some prime Funkadelic ("Nappy Dug-out").

Jimmy splashes cologne on his face and looks contentedly out the window at all his people, at his kingdom below...

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - LATER - DAY

The cop we saw with Jeremiah, LUPOVICH, and the wannabe player EDDIE MACK (wearing an old Superfly suit, and sleek black driving gloves) pull up in front of the old stone building.

INT. BONES' PAD - CONTINUOUS

Shotgun mixes drinks at the bar and hands them to the just arrived guests, Jeremiah, Officer Lupovich - looking stiff in plain clothes - and Eddie Mack in his purple suit.

JEREMIAH

Hey Jimmy, you know Eddie Mack, don't you?

BONES

We met.

MACK

Yeah, we used to do the after-school ball at Kenwood. What it is?

BONES

What it will be.

JEREMIAH

And Officer Lupovich.

Bones says nothing. Just nods at the cop.

MACK

You got a nice crib here.

BONES

I do alright. Everybody's happy.

MACK

But things change. You gotta think ahead.

LUPOVICH

They got lotteries all over now, Bonesy. Coming here too, maybe next year.

Bones' look sez: Bitch, don't call me that again.

JEREMIAH

Half our old customers are gonna be getting their people to cross state lines to pick up lotto tickets.

MACK

Besides, there's more money to be made in the gin than the juice. What do anybody want with numbers anyway?

BONES

What else? Money.

MACK

It ain't the money - it's the high. The big fat floating 'what if?' And it's way more profitable. Nobody ever wins. So you never have to pay out.

BONES

But a two dollar bet is cheaper than a twenty-dollar bag.

MACK

Yeah, but I ain't talking horse. I'm talking about a five-dollar kick in the head that's a quick ticket to heaven. And the fools keep coming back for more.

BONES

Those 'fools' are my people.

MACK

Ain't no big thang. It's just a po' man's free base. Here, check it out.

Eddie pulls a little rock of crack out. Jimmy takes it in his hand and sniffs it. Then shrugs and hands it back.

BONES

I ain't interested. And if you gonna sell it, don't sell it round here.

MACK

Just try it.

BONES

I said, no thanks.

MACK

Go on. It won't kill you.

SHOTGUN

Back off, Huggybear...

MACK

It's like this, Jimmy. There's a wave coming. A big ass Krakatoa, East of Java wave. And either you gonna be on top of the wave up there in chocolate heaven, or you gonna be buried 'neath the muddy undertow.

BONES

That's cool. Totally wide-screen sci-fi. Forward thinking. I respect that. But that ain't my life. I'm here and now. Comfortable as a bed bug on a cold night in a warm nappy dugout. I'm maintaining. That's what it's about for me. And your twelve and a half-minutes is up.

Jimmy just walks away from him. Meeting over. Eddie and Lupovich and Jeremiah all look at each other, frustrated.

MACK

Fine. Let's go, Loopy-Lou. Jimmy ain't into it. Gonna skip the money train and take the bus. His loss.

Lupovich turns but then spins back around with a .45 in his hand and it's pointed at Jimmy's forehead. Jeremiah didn't expect this - or did he?

JEREMIAH

Everybody just be cool. Jimmy, man, I think you oughtta hear the deal.

BONES

I don't need to hear the deal. I don't need any partners. I don't need new product. And I sure as hell don't need this motherfucker's 'mattie in my face.

MACK

Just try it, Jimmy. That's all...

He hands him the rock. And a little pipe.

LUPOVICH

You heard the man. Try it.

Bones keeps his eye on him as he lights the lighter and takes a deep puff. Then lets out a deep cloud of smoke.

His eyes go a bit glazed. And from his POV we see the room start to tilt on its axis as everything goes wobbly.

Just then, the door opens and Pearl steps in, distracting Lupovich for an instant.

In one eternal crack fueled fast-and-slo-mo second: Jimmy sees his chance, he pulls his razor, but too slow --

Lupovich turns, the razor no more than lightly slices his arm, and he pulls the trigger on Jimmy Bones...

Pumping three shots into Jimmy's abdomen, knocking him to the ground. Shotgun grabs his gun, but too late. He's covered.

MACK

Ain't worth it, Blood. Just drop it.
And kick it here.

Pearl in screaming shock. Her lover bleeding on the carpet.

LUPOVICH

Tell her to stop screaming.

Bones is bleeding, and still tripping bad.

LUPOVICH (CONT'D)

I said stop that bitch screaming or I'll
spread her like butter.

Shotgun gently puts his hand on Pearl's mouth to quiet her.

BACK IN BONES' FUCKED-UP POV:

Looking down he sees his own blood pouring out, a thick
divine river of many colors. Looking up, they all stand
wavering above him, hungry demons, their voices distorting.

LUPOVICH (CONT'D)

Get his razor. I ain't gonna be the only
one with this nigger's blood on my hands.

Mack plucks Bone's silver razor right out of his hands.

LUPOVICH (CONT'D)

Take the gloves off. Everybody leaves a
print. We hang out together. Or we hang
separately. Cut him. And cut him good.

Eddie pulls his glove off and enjoys himself as he shoves the
razor into Jimmy.

MACK

What it is? What it will be, muthafucka.

LUPOVICH

Now you.

JEREMIAH

No way man...

LUPOVICH

You cut him, or I shoot you. Make your
choice.

Jeremiah gets down near Bones. Bones stares right into his
eyes, as his life blood pours freely, weakly lifts his arm to
his best friend's face.

BONES

Jay bird...help me...like brothers.

Jeremiah feels Lupovich's gun behind his head. Hears it cocked.

JEREMIAH

Sorry, my brother.

BONES

Since we was just grasshoppers...

JEREMIAH

You always told me, it's a dog eat dog world.

And he thrusts Bones' razor right between the ribs. Bones' eyes tighten, but never lose their lock on Jeremiah's eyes. His mouth moves as if he's trying to speak. Instead, he spits a bog of blood right into Jeremiah's face.

A shaken Jeremiah hands the bloody razor to Shotgun.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Just do it. He won't even feel it.

Bones' eyes bore into Shotgun's. Shotgun hesitates. Eyeing his gun on the floor, feeling the one on the back of his neck -- calculating his chances.

Then Shotgun slices him. Bones flinches, he definitely still feels it. Shotgun hands the razor back to Eddie.

LUPOVICH

Now you, girlie.

PEARL

I won't.

LUPOVICH

Same deal all around. Or die with him.

She takes the razor and slowly kneels beside her dying lover. Her hands trembling. There's no way she can do it. Lupovich brings the gun to the back of her head.

PEARL

I can't. I won't. Go ahead. Shoot me. I'll be better off.

Bones reaches one hand round the back of her neck, weakly storking her there... And with his other hand, Bones takes her wrists and pulls her hand towards him, burying his razor in his heart. His eyes roll back and his hand falls away and he's gone.

She drops her hand from the razor which remains sticking out of his chest, a river of blood pouring from around it.

BONES POV

As his spirit rises and rises, up to the ceiling, looking down on them as they stand watching his body bleed to death.

Pearl just stands there completely covered in his blood. Then in a frantic daze tears her dress off. Jeremiah gently takes her bloody dress.

From above, Bones can hear them speaking below, but it's as if they were speaking far away.

JEREMIAH

Too risky to take him outside. Take him down to the storm cellar and bury him. And get rid of this too.
(tosses Pearl's bloody dress)
Let this whole damn building be his tomb.

Shotgun and Lupovich drag Bones' body out of the room, leaving behind a deep wet blood stain in the shag carpet.

BONES POV

As he stares down in horror at all this. Above him, it seems he can see right through the ceiling to the night sky, and a swirling light opening above his head.

NOW HIS POV

Is floating upward towards the light, but then he looks

BACK DOWN

Staring down at the sight of his body in a deep puddle of blood, and his murderers removing his woman's dress covered with his blood. As he sees this, his (and ours) POV changes, becomes darker, yet clearer; too sharp, razor sharp as some softness, perhaps life itself, drains out of it. Bones sees his best friend Jeremiah and Lupovich together dragging his body out the door, leaving a thick wet stain behind him.

We can hear Jimmy's last wail of rage twist and distorts in the air, becoming another deeper voice within the voice... And then he (and we) plunge back down to the ground, right to the dark, wet stain in the carpet...

Hit it and go down through an instant's glimpse into the black sea beneath the foundation of the world:

Necropolis. Where space itself seems to be made of pale bloated, gnawing, writhing things. Bodies perpetually devouring themselves and each other.

We see through this dog-eat-dog nightmare, back out through the blood stain as through a key hole slowly closing.

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EXT. CLUB - LATER

A line out front.

PATRICK

Be cool. Everybody's gonna get in.

Patrick alternates between tending the crowd and throwing anxious glances down the block towards Cinnabar's home.

Torn between exhilaration at seeing his dream come true and disappointment that Cinnabar's not there to share it.

People chomping to get in. Across the street Shotgun watches with dismay.

Patrick hears voices down the street. Looks up to see Cinnabar walking towards the club. His smile freezes when he sees Pearl right behind her. Trying to stop Cinn.

PEARL

...I've seen things. In there. Last night. You did too. Don't tell me you didn't. You were crying like a baby.

CINNABAR

You said the vision, the images. They're just that. Just pictures. They can't hurt you. That's what you always said.

PEARL

I lied.

CINNABAR

All the more reason I should be here.

PEARL

Please. It's for your own good.

CINNABAR

You said bad things hurt places. So maybe good things heal them. Good things are happening here. Maybe for the first time ever. And maybe that's all it takes.

Pearl sees she can't stop Cinn. Any more than her mother could have stopped Pearl when she was her age.

PEARL

I hope so, child. I really hope so.

She can only watch as Cinnabar gives Patrick a big hug and

follows him and the rest of the crowd into the club.

INT. THE BUILDING/CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The place is unfinished. But all the cooler for it. The bar is crude. Cheap beer and jug wine. But the crowd don't mind. The place is alive. The boys are on fire.

A packed floor of dancers move as sound and image break beat, and Maurice's voice erupts in deep dub reverb.

MAURICE

The gangsta of love is in the house.

Hits the reverb and it echoes.

ECHO (O.S.)

In the house...house...house...

ON SCREENS

Throughout the house, the video interviews the guys did and mixed like audio samples with old blaxploitation clips and other video oddities the boys came up with.

MAURICE

Ill Bill is in the house...house...house
... house.

And over Maurice's Gothic drum and bass, Bill starts turntabling some seriously dark funk.

INTERCUT WITH THE BLACK DOG

coming ominously down the third floor stairs.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Jimmy Bones is in the house...house...
house...

This is the story of Jimmy Bones. Black
as night and hard as stones.

The dog now on the second floor stairs.

BILL

...Bones ol' Bones so mean and bad,
whupped his mamma, shot his dad.

MAURICE

Saw Bones ol' Bones on top of the hill.
Rolling fat jays outta hundred dollar
bills.

TIA

...Lord he never worked a day and he
never will...

Bill builds, lets the record spin, then pops the kill button. The tune fades in a distorted way as he start/stops/start/stops it, forcing the sound backwards and forwards...

...as Maurice twiddles dials and distorts it all further -- it's spooky, but way funky.

NEW ANGLE - THE BLACK DOG

Is now in the house too. Walking through the throbbing crowd, making a path right through them, most of the dancers paying it no mind, it's just another part of the trippy scene. Or do they even see it? We can't tell.

CLOSER ANGLE - ON THE DOG

And it's single-minded concentration. Staring straight ahead as it moves through the crowd towards Maurice, who for a second, notices the dog coming but making nothing of it.

REVERSE - THE DOG'S POV

What it's staring at. Bones' old ring on Maurice's finger.

NEW ANGLE - MAURICE'S POV

When he looks back, he sees not a dog, but a beautiful black woman, a Dark Lady, who only has eyes for him.

Dancing seductively, drawing a crowd as she moves, she stares straight ahead at Maurice.

Maurice's joint droops from the corner of his mouth as he realizes "YES!", this world-class beauty is most definitely flirting with him.

The Dark Lady's still throwing him deep looks as she dances off the floor and then disappears up the stairs, making Maurice lean into Bill.

MAURICE

Can you take a little extended solo right about now, funk soul brotha?

BILL

Go for it.

Maurice heads upstairs, sure that his short DJ career is already paying off big time.

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Maurice slips into the darkness of the room and closes the door behind him.

MAURICE

Hey, baby. Time for a little meat beat

manifesto.

In the darkness he can't see where she is. Just hear a deep breathing, almost panting.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Ahhh, tantric breathing. I'm in love.

He can't see her. Or anything in the dark room. Finally his eyes adapt to the dark and he sees a dark shape by the bed.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

That's it, honey. Don't need to speak.
Jesuis le Gangsta de l'amour. El Gaucho
della Cosmos. We will speak zee
international language of love...

He pulls out a lighter to light his joint (and see where she is) but when he does it's not her beautiful dark features he sees, but:

For the blink of an eye, it's totally blank face, except for a HUGE MOUTH with liver lips, pink gums and wolfen teeth. When it exhales, out comes a noxious cloud of tiny insects. And then in the blink it's the raging black dog leaping open jawed at his face.

Maurice screams and drops his light in fright. He starts crawling towards the door and the overhead light switch. While trying to fend himself from the wailing teeth and claws of the canine creature...

INT. THE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Maurice's screams are inaudible. Just another faint part of the complicated mix. Maurice's voice, a sample loop, is part of the boys' mix.

MAURICE (O.S.)

(voice in music mix)
"Jimmy Bones is in the house...house...
house."

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Furious flashes and glimpses of savage teeth and claws ripping Maurice.

INT. THE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Bill's extended turntablism rocks the house. Tia replaces Patrick behind the bar while Cinnabar drags him on to the dance floor.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bones-vision moves/floats all the way down to the basement.

He squats over his own corpse.

Before our eyes (INTERCUT with flashes of the demon-dog feasting on Maurice upstairs), more and more flesh grows on the bones of Bones.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bill signals Patrick, calling him over.

BILL

Where's the gangsta of love?

PATRICK

Probably stoned out of his gourd in some corner.

BILL

Well, go find his lazy ass. I scratch any more tonight I'm gonna have carpal tunnel syndrome.

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INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Patrick walks upstairs - we fear he will be next.

PATRICK

Yo. Maurice. Where are you?

He tries a door. Nothing. Then he hears noises from the third floor.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick opens the remaining bedroom door on a nightmare tableaux. Maurice lies in a pool of blood. His body shakes and shudders spasmodically as the dog feasts on his liver.

Patrick starts for Maurice but the dog growls to keep him back away from its precious food. Patrick backs up a step. Almost out of his mind with terror. He really loses it when the dog, in SLO-MO, looks up and directly at him. It seems to be wearing Maurice's face and speaks with a twisted version of his (Maurice's) voice:

DOG/MAURICE

The gangsta of love don't eat no fried chicken...

And before Patrick can even freak, the dog has returned to it's normal dog face, and it lunges at Patrick, taking a sizeable bite out of his arm.

Patrick leaps back out the door, with only a fast glance back at the thing in the room --

The dog is not following him. It's standing. Over Maurice's remains. Growling low, it begins to shudder uncontrollably to bulge and ooze.

The gore covered dog quivers and swells and bulges and finally explodes into a shower of pulsating maggots, flying all over the room and all over Patrick's eyes and in his mouth.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The body is now done. It looks whole again. Even strong and young. If still gray and cold until Bones lies down, curls up into the body filling the rejuvenated corpse with the vital life force of his vengeful rage.

Bones/The Body opens his eyes, stands up not tottering as before but filled with strength. He looks as good as new, except for the tattered clothes.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The dancers can't hear Patrick screaming or running down the stairs. They're just groovin' along to Ill Bill and the funk.

Until the maggots start oozing and pouring through the ceiling onto their hair and faces and clothes, into their drinks at the bar and onto their pizza slices.

Then Patrick comes into the room screaming and all hell breaks loose as the sight of him, plus the maggots, sends everyone tearing for the exits.

Seeing his brother in terror, Bill slams the tone arm screeching the needle across the record, leaving only the psycho drum and bass playing on the other channels of the mix.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, down below, the freshly embodied Bones studies the gas furnace. This time when he bends down to blow out the light -- woosh, he blows it out. He reaches under the tank and the gas hisses out.

Then he eyes his old razor on the floor. With a confident, strong grip, he picks it up and now, finally --

BONES IS BACK IN BUSINESS.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Hell-maggots still falling onto people, maggots on the floor

making people slip and fall as they jam the exits. Screaming chaos, people trying to break windows to get out faster...

Patrick looks across the chaotic room and sees Cinnabar and Tia cringing under a table. Trapped there. Bill in the doorway trying to get people out.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

At the top of the stairs, leading up out of the sub basement, Bones smashes the bulb of the hanging light. Then flips the light switch -- the spark ignites the gas behind him. It causes a fiery explosion in the lower basement.

The fire's light seems the very glow of hellfire behind Bones as he marches up the stairs, razor in his hand.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, trying to stay low, crawls his way to where his sister and Cinnabar are trapped.

Fire begins to burn through from the kitchen and up through the floor. The room is filling with smoke.

Bill's helping those trampled in the rush to get out. Bill himself bleeds badly from his neck.

Patrick runs with Cinnabar and Tia toward the door. And as the smoke fills the room, through the haze we see:

Bones step into the room. His arm raised with the razor. And he flings it out, like a boomerang, the razor flies around the room.

It swoops down through the smoke at the remaining kids, hacking at them through the smoke, like some savage bird, though it doesn't seem intent on slaughtering them, but rather herding them out. Bill and Patrick pull Cinnabar and Tia out the door -- they're the last in the room.

Suddenly the razor stops, freezes in mid-air and zips back into Bones' waiting fist - just like a boomerang.

Razor held high, Bones advances on them, steadily, cool as ice amidst the now fully burning house.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Shotgun, Pearl and a few others have run out into the street to watch the fire. In the distance, sirens already wail. Pearl holds her breath until she sees Cinnabar safe.

Looking for an instant, they all see Bones as the room is engulfed in flames. See him raise his fists in a rage. Or is it in triumph? Before his figure is obscured by falling debris.

Sirens wail as fire trucks pull up and the men start unrolling a hose. But freeze at the cocking of the shotgun.

SHOTGUN

Unh-unh. Let it burn.

The rising flames illuminate the faces of spectators. Especially shotgun and Pearl, who for the first time in 20 years, look each other straight in the eyes.

SHOTGUN (CONT'D)

We shoulda done this a long time ago.

PEARL

I don't know.

Her flame-reflecting eyes telling us her fear: this may be a huge mistake.

INT. BONES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the burning room, we see Bones, oblivious to the flames, climbing the stairs.

INTO HIS HOLD ROOM WHERE

He comes to what's left of Maurice. Finds his hand bloodied and barely attached to the wrist, and on it -- Bones' ring.

BONES

You won't be needing this.

Bones slips it onto his stump of a finger.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and the others sit ashen-faced under questioning by cops and arson investigators.

INVESTIGATOR

Flying razor, big black man, spontaneous explosion. I got just one question: what the hell narcotic were you all on?

PATRICK

We never did that. Only...Maurice was into it.

COP

That's the one you left behind?

BILL

Yeah. My man Maurice. The Space Cowboy. The Gangsta of Love.

He breaks down. Just then, Jeremiah walks in with a lawyer.

JEREMIAH

None of you say another word.

INT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Cinnabar is crying, Pearl holding her.

PEARL

It's alright, baby.

CINNABAR

Who was he, Momma? He tried to kill us.

PEARL

If he was trying to kill you, you'd be dead.

CINNABAR

Who? Who is he? What is he?

PEARL

Your father. He was your father.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jeremiah drives his still shocked and silent brood back to safety behind the gates of Rossmore Park.

JEREMIAH

I don't want any of you ever back down there again. You hear me? And this time you'll listen to me. Or I'll let them throw your asses in jail. I mean it.

INT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Cinnabar, listening to her mother, is told what happened.

PEARL

You got his hands. Beautiful hands. I didn't even know. That night. When they - we - killed him, that you were already alive inside me. Life's like that. Grows right out of death.

CINNABAR

But if it's him. If he's really come back, won't he know us? Love us?

PEARL

Sure, if it was really him. But it isn't that simple. Jimmy's body died a long time ago. And his soul is long gone, and all that's left is that ravening, hungry spirit in the blood that soaked into the house itself, I suppose.

CINNABAR

But how do you know? Maybe he just wanted to see us? And now he's gone again. And you've all killed my father for the second time.

Cinnabar runs crying out of the room.

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EXT. BACK ON THE STREET - PRE-DAWN

The building is finished, just a blackened shell. Remnants of the staircase lead up to fragments of the upper floors. Smoke still billowing from the empty center of the ruin.

Silhouetted in the smoke and the low light of the rising sun: a tall, dark figure, not of then, nor quite of now.

It is Bones. Taller, thinner, darker and more menacing than ever. But unmistakably Bones. He steps out of the rubble. And looks across the street, up at Shotgun's lit window.

INT. SHOTGUN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shotgun's hand shakes as he pours another shot. Then downs it. He turns to the window and freezes at what he sees.

Bones face is just outside the window. The second story window. Smiling in at him. Shotgun is petrified. But then he picks up his gun and shoots at the face in the window.

BONES (O.S.)

Free at last, free at last.

Shotgun whirls and there stands Bones behind him now.

SHOTGUN

It wasn't my fault. I didn't know what they'd planned.

BONES

Shush. It don't matter now.

SHOTGUN

No. Really, Jimmy. Remember, man. It's me. I was on your side. Don't you remember?

He just walks towards the terrified Shotgun, closer and closer, leaning right over his shotgun, his face coming just inches from Shotgun's face.

BONES

Take a look at what I remember,
brother...

His big brown eyes fill Shotgun's vision, and in what now seem to be the gigantic pupils in Bones' eyes, Shotgun sees the old apartment, and there it all is again and again.

Shotgun sees himself hesitating, almost risking it all and instead giving in, stabbing Bones -- he can't look away. Then Bones closes his eyes. Shotgun sobbing now.

SHOTGUN

I had no choice, Jimmy. What else could I do?

BONES

You coulda died with me. Died trying.

Shotgun is cradling his weapon, hands shaking. He points it at Bones and pulls the trigger. Bones doesn't even flinch as the pellets rip through him.

BONES (CONT'D)

Feel better?

Bones' impossibly long fingers hold his long rusty razor. He waves the razor in front of Shotgun, the rusty blade swinging free back and forth, hypnotically, with a rasping sound.

BONES (CONT'D)

You gonna be free and clear, Shotgun.
All debts paid...

And then in one swift motion, on the back stroke, Bones' hand and razor slash across Shotgun's throat.

Shotgun doesn't even have time to scream, we just hear his breath and blood escaping from the new opening across his neck.

Bones bends down and cradling his old friend, whispers gently into his ear. Singing, perhaps. We can't quite hear.

BONES (CONT'D)

See you on the other side, brother.

Bones gets up and moves around the room, standing before the window and looking down at the neighborhood he used to own.

For a second he sees the old neighborhood, everybody hanging out. Then he blinks back to reality. He looks down the block and sees Pearl's reader and advisor sign.

INT. JEREMIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill in a kind of shock can only lie in his bedroom, staring at the ceiling.

Tia's out in the living room, sitting on the couch weeping in her mother's arms.

Patrick's in the bathroom tending the bloody scratches on his back and arms. He's frightened. And angry. He storms out of the bathroom, down the hall to his father's office.

INT. JEREMIAH'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

As Patrick slams the door behind him, Jeremiah hides a stack of papers and photos beneath a pile on his desk.

PATRICK

Did you do it?

JEREMIAH

Sure, son. I went down there and torched the place myself.

PATRICK

You could have had it done. You didn't want us there.

JEREMIAH

I wouldn't have risked killing you to get you out. I was trying to protect you.

PATRICK

From what?

Jeremiah can't answer. But Patrick's not leaving it alone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Why? Why did you give a shit about the building? Why did you care that we were there of all places?

JEREMIAH

It's...it's a bad neighborhood. As you can see now.

PATRICK

Bullshit, Dad. Don't front me. For once. Just tell me the truth. I came from there, too.

JEREMIAH

You were just a kid.

PATRICK

I saw your face. You knew that place. You knew those people.

JEREMIAH

That's the past. It's dead.

PATRICK

Dead? I don't think your past is dead.
(points to the bandages)
It's alive. And it bites.

EXT. BLACKSTONE STREET - NIGHT

That night we see a walking shadow. The long tall black clad Bones. Heading down his old block. Alone.

As he moves, his face changes, at times demonic and intent. But periodically that shifts as if a mask slipping off to reveal a similar but different face below. More human, lost, pained, confused, and we see why:

FROM BONES' FUCKED UP UNDEAD POV:

The dark and desolate street he walks down keeps flashing for brief instants into the street of twenty years ago.

One moment, people nodding to him, waving, blowing kisses. And then suddenly, it's the empty burnt block it is now.

Bones' face shifts, cracking, one second the hungry ghost. The next, he's the old Bones who once ruled this 'hood.

He sees, down the block, the old palmistry sign. It's Pearl's place. For a second, the face of the real Jimmy Bones triumphs and he smiles. Then hears voices behind him.

Stank and Weaze. They see a tall, thin figure in some very fine looking, long duster.

STANK

Looking to score?

BONES

Unh-unh, little brother. I got a natural high. A supernatural high.

STANK

Hey, Eddie Mack don't like no wackos on his street. Go be Rain Man on some other bitch's block.

BONES

(sorta singing)
Big Bad Eddie Mack? Got shit for brains and that's a fack. Hey-heh...

WEAZE

Yeah. But he got a baaaad coat. Whataya say, bro? I check out your coat?

BONES

Sure. Here it is.

Suddenly, out from the depths of his shadow, flies the edge of Bones' razor and the blade slashes Stank in the face. Cutting a sideways, smart aleck smile in his cheek.

Weaze pulls a gun and shoots Bones. Bones jolts a little as the bullet imbeds itself in his stomach. But he takes it like a punch and looks up.

BONES (CONT'D)

Cut that shit out.

He grabs one of the boys in each long hand and hoists them up to his height and pins them against the wall.

BONES (CONT'D)

You tell my old friend Mackie, I'll be seeing him. Soon. Real soon.

STANK

Wh-wh-whooo?

BONES

Bones.

This portion of the screenplay contains scenes that do not appear or occur elsewhere in the final movie. In order to maintain the integrity of the screenplay, it has not been edited.

INT. PEARL'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Pearl sits alone, drinking. Maybe crying a little. Her hands shuffle large tarot cards. She lays her own spread. First card face down. Second card face up.

THE LOVERS.

And across it the third is laid: the crumbling Tower.

Then she slips the first card, the down-turned card out and flips it face up. Death. Suddenly a long black shadow falls over the table.

PEARL

(without looking up)
Welcome back, lover.

She finally looks up at him.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Not so bad. You're not quite him. But you're not the shaggy demon I expected, neither.

His face quivers and we see from his POV:

Pearl - then and now. Again, then and now.

PEARL (CONT'D)

You look confused. The dead often are.
'Course, so are the living. Take me. I
been confused a long time. Least twenty
years. Maybe if I hadn'ta walked in at
that moment. Or maybe if I hadn'ta let
you go at all. I figure one way or the
other, I killed you. So it's only fair:
kill me, lover. I don't mind. I'll even
help you. The way you helped me.

She grabs his hand, tries to stab herself with his razor.
But he resists. Pulls his arm free.

PEARL (CONT'D)

No? That mean there's something more
left of you than just that hungry spirit?
What are you going to do now? Kill us?
Kill us all?

BONES

No. Not...not you. You I forgive.

She hurls herself at him. Slapping him. Slamming her fists
against his shadowy chest.

PEARL

Forgive me? The hell with you, Jimmy.
Cause I don't forgive you, I don't
forgive you for dying. And for being so
goddamn stubborn. Or for haunting my
dreams. And I don't forgive you for
anything you're about to do.

He looks down at her. His face wavering between the true
face of Jimmy Bones and the angry Bones ready to kill her.

Then he wraps his arms around her and they kiss. She faints,
the cards in her fist fluttering to the floor.

He lays her gently down. When suddenly Cinnabar throws the
door open.

She and Bones make eye contact. She sets eyes for the first
time on the father she's never known. And in the blink of
her eye, he's gone. She runs to where her mom lies on the
floor.

EXT. BLACK CAT POOL CLUB - NIGHT

Stank and Weaze with Eddie Mack, who's getting a manicure
from a coke whore.

MACK

You boys been hitting the pipe?

WEAZE

No, Eddie. It's just that, I dunno. He was tall, and thin, and like a shadow, his face was just a blur. All I remember is the voice. It was smooth and low and it didn't seem to be comin' out of his mouth.

MACK

Then how'd you hear it, fool?

WEAZE

It was just like in my head.

MACK

Maybe I oughta open a couple holes in that head and let all them voices out. You'll feel better, I promise.

STANK

No, Eddie, man. Wait.

But he's not about to shoot him. He leans over and snorts a line of white powder off the mirrored tray.

MACK

I told you not to lie to me. Now what the hell happened?

COKE WHORE

(needs a hit)

What about me, baby?

MACK

Shutup, bitch. Now what, he just said to tell you what? He was back? Who was back?

STANK

Bones.

At the very sound of the name, Mack freezes. Then with sudden coke-fueled ferocity, he whips around and starts smacking the shit out of Stank, breaking his nose. The coke whore cheering Eddie on. Wanting to see more action.

MACK

Bones? What the fuck is that supposed to mean? Get the fuck out of here. Both of you, 'fore you hear my voice up in yo' head.

INT. PEARL'S STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Cinnabar pours some bourbon into a coke for her mother. But Pearl just grabs the bottle and takes a straight hit.

PEARL

He'll kill them. He'll kill every last one of them.

CINNABAR

Who?

PEARL

Eddie Mack, that cop. And Jeremiah. And even when he's done, who knows. He won't be satisfied. Just like that demon dog. Feed it, and it just grows hungrier. Feed his hunger for revenge - he just wants more. Who knows where it'll stop. That kind of hunger ain't never satisfied.

CINNABAR

Aren't you gonna do something about it?

PEARL

Like what? I got a little power, sure. A touch of the shining, a little of the sight. But no more than you do. We're not witches. I can't wiggle my nose or say a magic word and make him go away. Besides, maybe they deserve it. Maybe we all do.

CINNABAR

I don't. Patrick doesn't. And his brother and sister don't. And they're in the house with him.

PEARL

(long beat)

Fine. Maybe I got nothing to lose.
'Cept you.

INT. BLACK CAT POOL CLUB - NIGHT

The lights are low and only the glow of the jukebox and the sounds of Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes as Mack and his manicurist get down on the pooltable, beside an ornate mirror laden with two gold '45s and an ounce of cocaine. Which they are both doing to excess.

Mack's wearing nothing but a black hat and black satin briefs (not a pretty sight). Working now on her blouse.

MACK

Bones, my ass.

(sings while unbuttoning the manicurist's blouse)

"...if you don't believe he's laid to rest/You count the holes in his motherfucking chest..."

She laughs and gets up.

COKE WHORE

That tickles. I want to hear that again.

He watches her sashay to the other room where the juke box is. Then bends over the mirror to do a new line.

From the other room, the song changes. A deep menacing rolling funk number.

MACK

That's it, baby. Gimme the rolling bass and I'll tickle your tweeter all night long...

INT. CLUBROOM - CONTINUOUS

"Baby's" standing wide-eyed next to the jukebox, staring at Bones, his razor pressed against her quivering lips.

INT. BLACK CAT POOL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Mack's wondering where she is.

MACK

C'mon, baby!

He walks doing a little funky Rufus Thomas shuffle to the music. He steps into the club room. It's dark, lit only by the jukebox. But it's empty.

MACK (CONT'D)

Bitch. Nobody walks out on Eddie Mack.

Then he sees something. Her legs on the floor, sticking out behind the jukebox. He walks towards her, slowly...

Then sees the deepening pool of blood pouring across the floor right towards him. Whatever happened to her, she's beyond his help now.

MACK (CONT'D)

Muthafucka!

He whips around but can't see anyone. He strides defiantly back into the pool room.

MACK (CONT'D)

C'mon. I take you all on.

Mack picks up the two gold plated revolvers off the mirror with coke on it. Suddenly all the coke moves on its own. The many grams piled there, all merge into one pile.

MACK (CONT'D)

What the...?

He bends down to check it out. And the coke actually flies straight up off the mirror with the force of a punch and shoots like a fire hose straight up his nose.

He reels back, choking. Coughing. After having probably an ounce fly straight up his snot-locker. Blood pouring out his nose. Wobbly now.

He hears a low echoing laughter through the club, and the sound of the cue ball breaking and sending pool balls spinning 'round the table.

MACK (CONT'D)

Who's there?

Bones stands by the pool table, under the overhanging light. He pulls out his razor and with one savage slice, splinters the pool cue in two.

MACK (CONT'D)

Bones? Jimmy Bones? That you? You're dead. I killed you and I stuck your dead ass in a hole in the ground wrapped in nothing but your bitch's bloody rags. Now I'll count the holes in your muthafuckin' chest. And I'll add a few more.

He fires both guns at Bones, while backing away. Bones don't feel a thing. He just picks up the mirror and holds it up facing Mack.

BONES

This it? Your big-ass tidal wave.

Mack sees his own terrified face staring back from the mirror, belling hanging over his briefs, coke and blood clotted on his face.

BONES (CONT'D)

Look like the wave's long gone and nothing but oil scum, dead fish, and yo' ugly ass left on the beach.

Mack shoots wildly at Bones. At the mirror - blasting it into shards.

But Bones stands unscathed. And the shards of broken mirror do not fall to the ground. They remain in the air, forming a living room swarm of razor sharp glass.

Mack turns and runs, waaaaay too fucking late, as the swarm of glass shards fly like angry wasps right at him

Eddie's thrown forward by the sheer force of them, and is skewered throughout his body by all the glass fragments.

Pinned -- face mashed against the wall.

BONES (CONT'D)

(Mack's voice)

"I'm taking a five dollar kick in the head that's a quick ticket to heaven."

Mack pinned to the wall. Bleeding from everywhere. Snot blood-coke mess drips out his nose. Bones pulls Mack's head back by his hair and slides his razor into the half inch between his Adam's apple and the wall.

As the juke box changes song, we hear a liquid slice and a scream slip into a gurgle.

Bones' long hands drip blood as he ties something to his belt. We don't quite see what it is, not until we catch the sight of Eddie Mack's headless remains pinned to the wall.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lupovich is at his desk, finishing off a huge Polish sausage. Talking on the phone. A cop named SAL is nearby, tidying up.

LUPOVICH

I know it. The old slaughterhouse.

(hangs up)

Hey, Sal. That little weasel we popped today? He's got something for us. I knew he would once he thought about it.

SAL

Shit, that was fast.

LUPOVICH

12-year olds. They scare easy. Anyway, he's gonna tip their stash. Come with me.

SAL

I'm on my way home. Can you handle it yourself?

LUPOVICH

Oh, no. Please don't make me go by myself. I'm scaaaaaaaaaaaared.

SAL

Fuckin' comedian. See you tomorrow.

EXT. ALLWAY - NIGHT

Bones walks the night with a slicing stride. His legs stretching too far and somehow covering long distance in an instant. And in slo-motion, like a nightmare, marionette, a walking shadow, or some great black grasshopper.

MACK'S SEVERED HEAD (O.S.)

(as if swinging back and forth)
Bones! Bones, you muthafuckah! What the hell you done to me?

Bones stops for a moment and looks down at his waist and we see Mack's severed head tied to Bones' belt. Severed, yet seemingly alive.

BONES

Not half what I'm planning on...

MACK'S SEVERED HEAD

This some sick fucked up shit. What you want with my head?

BONES

Just using it to carry your soul.

MACK'S SEVERED HEAD

My soul? Fuck you. Look, I killed you. You killed me. Fine. Now...

Bones got no time to argue. He bends and picks up a handful of fetid city garbage.

MACK'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)

...we're even. No need to get all meta fucking-phys-i-gack...

And shoves it into the still talking mouth of Mack.

EXT. SOUTHWEST SIDE - NIGHT

Bright, loud summer night. Blues coming from inside a blues bar, the guy playing "Killin' Floor".

Lupovich heads toward the Armor building. From a distance, he sees a young runner emerge from a passage on the farside of the building then set off to meet his mark. Lupovich heads for the passage, the music following him.

Lupovich looks around to make sure no one is watching. Then slips into a passageway leading to the old slaughterhouse.

A scary walk through inky darkness, scattered with broken glass and scurrying rats and lit only by the eerie red light spilling like blood out of the open door into the old slaughterhouse at the end of the way.

Lupovich reaches the back, right next to the old loading dock where the still-livestock were unloaded. He enters the door, disappearing into the red darkness.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The room, large and open, soaked in the sodium vapor that

streams through the tall windows from the streetlights.

There are a few blood rusted meat hooks still there, backlit, hanging from the ceiling. Graffiti covers the walls with arcane tags and symbols. The floors are caked with a sticky grime turned black in the orange haze.

In the far corner burn three red votive candles. Behind the candles lies a crumpled brown paper bag. The stash.

Lupovich starts over to the corner, twitching at the gross sound of his shoes sticking to the layers of old coagulated blood on the killing floor.

Behind him, framed for an instant in the doorway - a tall, sharp shadow, a walking razor - Bones!

The walk is tense. Somehow the music has followed him here and is echoing and wailing in the walls around him. He gets to the corner, and reaching over the candles, opens the top of the paper bag. Jackpot. Five ziplocks of the rocks.

He hears a noise. Lupovich fumbles for his gun and at the same time reaches to snatch the stash bag. His wrist touches the candles flame and it burns.

LUPOVICH

Shit! Fuck!

He hears another noise, a blade scraping on concrete, right behind him. Now the music blends with the echoing squeals of the hogs once butchered on the cutting line.

Lupovich hears another noise, a blade scraping on concrete, right behind him. Now the music blends with the echoing squeals of the hogs once butchered on the cutting line.

Lupovich turns and there, towering over him, stands Bones. And just as startling, there's Mack's laughing severed head swinging from his belt.

Lupovich can only choke on his terror, and while his mouth is open, Bones shoves a glass pipe into it.

Brandishing his razor, Bones packs a rock into the bowl and torches it. He holds the razor to Lupovich's throat.

BONES

(in Mack's voice)

"Just try it...go ahead...it won't kill you."

Lupovich, trembling, takes a massive hit of the crack deep into his lungs. The music and the sounds of the dying pigs attack him as the coke fills his lungs and then his blood and then his brain, his eyes starting to bug.

Bones then knocks the pipe from his lips and seals his hand over Lupovich's mouth and nose. He can't exhale. The sounds get louder, the grafted walls come alive.

Bones removes his hand revealing Lupovich's nose is fused shut, and his mouth is simply gone, the skin flat where the mouth used to be.

Lupovich's gotta lung full of crack, and no way to exhale. Severed Mack laughs insanely as he sees Lupovich's eyes bulge as his lungs start to strain under the agony.

His frenzied suffocation is nothing but pure torture. While he is still kicking with the fear and the drug rush, Bones drags Lupovich to the middle of the room.

With one arm, Bones lifts the fat cop up and hooks him to one of the meat hooks above.

BONES (CONT'D)

(in Lupovich's voice)

"I ain't gonna be the only one with this nigger's blood on my hands..."

As Lupovich squirms, Bones takes his blade, and shoves it in just below Lupovich's sternum. And a spray of blood paints Bones and Mack's hanging head.

Thick crack smoke emerges from the wound and floats, foglike, out of the chest cavity. Bones then yanks the blade southward and slices the cop's belly wide open.

We hear Lupovich's guts spill out on the floor.

MACK'S SEVERED HEAD

Was that really necessary? Can you wipe my fucking face? I can't see a goddamned thing.

The dope smoke wafts in the room four feet off the floor. The song immolates itself. Blood drips. And Bones adds another weight to his belt.

EXT. ROSSMORE PARK - NIGHT

Just round the corner from the entrance to the gated suburb. Cinnabar and Pearl. On foot.

PEARL

We'll have to sneak in.

CINNABAR

No we won't, Momma. I'll just have them call and tell Patrick it's us.

PEARL

Girl, they build gates like that to keep

people like us out.

Cinnabar walks up to the guard at the gate. He picks up the phone to check.

INT. PEET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Phone rings. Patrick grabs it. But his father's already on the other end.

GUARD

(on phone)
A young lady to see you. A Miss Vaughn...

JEREMIAH

No. Sorry. Send her away.

EXT. ROSSMORE GATE - CONTINUOUS

The rent-a-cop hangs up the phone and shakes his head.

GUARD

Sorry Miss.

CINNABAR

Can't I call? And talk to them.

GUARD

Sure. But not from here. Nearest public phone would be back a few miles. Outside the mall.

Cinnabar sees it's useless to argue and walks away. Shocked and hurt. Back to where her mother stands in the shadows outside the gates.

PEARL

Told you so. Alright. We tried. Let's go home.

CINNABAR

Mother! No.

Hear a voice from the other side of the gate.

PATRICK

Cinnabar? Walk around the north side. There's an opening there.

EXT. MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

As they sneak around the other side, a dark figure steps right up to the main gates.

The rent-a-cop wakes up fast when he sees Bones standing in front of him.

After all, how often does he come face to face with everything he is there to keep out? He hitches his belt in best John Wayne style.

GUARD

Can I help y--

...but then he notices the two-severed heads swinging from Bones' belt. All three of them smile.

MACK'S SEVERED HEAD

Can Jeremiah come out and play?

EXT. NORTH WOODED SIDE - CONTINUOUS

The other outer edge of the sub-development. Patrick leads them in through some bushes and behind some of the pipe and power systems of the subdivision.

CINNABAR

Why couldn't you just tell him to let us in?

PATRICK

My old man calls the shots. He built that gate and these damn walls.

PEARL

(to Cinnabar)

You sure we oughta save him? Why not just let see how safe his gates and walls keep him when his past comes calling?

PATRICK

Save him? What are you talking about?

INT. JEREMIAH'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah locks the door to his study. Then he pulls out the stack he hid on his desk. A dusty manila envelope. Inside photos: the old days. His first wife. His first life. Back in the old neighborhood. Him and his best friend Jimmy Bones as children, teenagers and as adults.

BONES (O.S.)

Hey, brotha! What it is?

And Bones stands right behind him. Severed heads hanging from his belt.

BONES (CONT'D)

What it will be.

JEREMIAH

How did you get in here?

BONES

Time like this, is that what you really want to know? How I got the fuck in here?

EXT. MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

A car drives up to the gate. But no guard comes out to check it out. The driver of the car honks. But no response.

Just the aimless squawk of the radio in the booth. Can't really see into the booth. The windows are splattered and obscured by deep red stains.

INT. PEET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick runs in with Cinnabar and pearl, past a startled Nancy.

PATRICK

Where's Dad?

NANCY

His study. Who're your friends?

But they run right past. Though Pearl gives a kind of half wave 'hi-hello.'

Patrick runs down the hall to his father's study. The door's locked. From the inside, he pounds on it.

PATRICK

Dad? Open up. Dad??

Bill and Tia stick their heads out to see what all the racket is.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

C'mon. We got to get in there.

Bill and Patrick slam against the door. Finally it gives way and they both tumble through the broken door into the room.

INT. JEREMIAH'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

But it's empty. Jeremiah's not there.

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - NIGHT

A strange, greenish fog up and down the street emanating from the burnt out shell of the building.

INT. BONES' BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

High in the center, where the master bedroom once was, we see a kind of mirage forming. Another image of the room still there, vaguely, luminescent in the night.

INT. PEET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They're in shock.

BILL

We can't go back there. Are you crazy?
You saw --

PEARL

It's the only way. It's possible your
father may not be dead yet.

They look around at the mess in the room. Over turned chair.
Signs of struggle. Spatters of blood.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Your father was his best friend. He
loved Jeremiah. So he must hate him the
most of all now. He'll take his time.
But even if it is too late. If your
father is dead. It's not over. The door
has to be closed.

BILL

Well, close the fucking door by all
means. But don't expect me to go down
there and do it.

PEARL

I don't.

She gets up to go. Cinnabar stands too.

PATRICK

You ain't going down there. Not alone.
I'll go.

BILL

Fine. But I'm bringing a couple of
friends.

He steps out of the room and comes back with a gun and a
knife in a sheath on his belt.

PEARL

They won't do you no good.

Bill with a defiant "well, it can't hurt" look. Nancy
appears in the doorway as they hurry out, seeing Bill with
the gun in his hand.

NANCY

What are you doing? I've just called the
police and 911.

PATRICK

Then we need to get out of here. We

can't try to explain this to them. We'll be back. Hopefully with Dad.

Nancy clings to Tia as the rest of them hurry down the hall.

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INT. BONES' BUILDING/NECROPOLIS VERSION - ETERNAL NIGHT

It is Bones' old bedroom. The Necropolois version. The floor, the walls, the furniture, everything in it -- formed out of the wracked and twisted shapes of dead souls.

This is that same version of the room we've glimpsed before. And it remains, even when the real room has burnt away.

INT. BONES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bones there in the flesh, with Jeremiah on his knees. Bones untying the heads from his belt.

BONES

You two bitches were just meat, never had any idea smarter than getting yourself a little more. But my brother Jaybird, here. He was smart. He didn't just want more. He wanted more with compound interest.

Bones shoves the screaming severed heads through the undead wall of the Necropolis.

SEVERED HEADS POV

For only a flashback moment, we see the heads see coming at them - reaching for them. Laughing at them. The undead.

BONES (CONT'D)

Time for him to collect his interest. Jeremiah's gonna have the unique experience of seeing his reward, tasting it while he's still alive.

Bones wraps his long arm around Jeremiah's neck in a brotherly choke hold. Jeremiah terrified.

EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE - NIGHT

Pearl, Cinnabar, Bill and Patrick speed south by car.

PEARL

... see there ain't just two parts to a person. There's three. Body-Soul and Spirit. The spirit lives in the blood. It's the wanting that holds body and soul

together, and sometimes, the wanting lives on. Jimmy's blood must still be in the house.

PATRICK

But the place burned to the ground.

PEARL

The blood is still there. We just gotta figure out where.

CINNABAR

In his grave there was a cloth or a dress or something. Covered with blood.

PEARL

My God. My dress. We have to find it. And burn it. And shut the door.

Bill and Patrick look at Pearl like she might be crazy. Then they see Cinnabar next to her, glaring back at them.

INT. BONES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bones has Jeremiah on his feet now, leading him towards the wall of the undead.

Suddenly, hands shoot out of the wall, only inches away from Jeremiah's face! He twists and turns to stay away from them, but the long nails on one of the hands claw at his cheek. While hungry mouths open from the palms of hands.

BONES

(keeping Jeremiah out from hands' reach)

I don't understand it. You were my Man. Since we was grasshoppas. I always looked after you. You had a piece of everything I had.

JEREMIAH

I didn't want a piece of yours, I wanted my own.

BONES

And the hell everybody else, right?

Bones pushing Jeremiah's face towards the grasping hands.

JEREMIAH

Wait, Jimmy. Think about it. You woulda done the same thing if you was me.

BONES

No brother. I wouldn'ta. I never done a man - any man. Let alone a brother like that. Course, as you can see, no good

deed goes unfucked. Now the question is,
if the good get fucked, what we got saved
up for the bad? You about to find out.

Bones rams Jeremiah's head (his eyes closed in fear) through
the Necropolis wall.

INT. NECROPOLIS WALL - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah's head inside now. Eyes still closed, head bobbing
in the jelly-like base that holds what he sees when he dares
to open his eyes.

Hideous malformed faces, genetic anomalies, the kinds of
faces that wound up in side-shows in less enlightened times.
All laughing and leering and glaring at Jeremiah.

FULL C.U. - LUPOVICH'S FACE AND HEAD

The skin peeling away like congealed jelly. Lupovich tries
to talk to Jeremiah or to scream but nothing comes out.
Except for a hideous wobbling bubble.

For a subliminal moment, Jeremiah sees a figure trapped
inside the bubble. His own figure, silently screaming to get
out.

NEW ANGLE

Suddenly, Jeremiah is screaming for real as Bones has just
yanked his head back out of the wall.

BONES

It's a trip, ain't it?

Bones sounding almost sympathetic to Jeremiah. Almost.

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appear or occur elsewhere in the final movie. In order to maintain the
integrity of the screenplay, it has not been edited.

EXT. BONES NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Suddenly, as they round a corner onto Blackstone, they see
tendrils of an eerie greenish fog. It seems to be emanating
from the still smoking remains of Bones' house. Or perhaps
it is just the smoke, tinged only by the gaseous street
lights.

PEARL

We've got to hurry. We've got to shut
the door. They're getting out.

Then there's a shape and a thump! The real terror of
thinking your car just hit a human being.

Then a face appears in the car window. Just a homeless guy

shaking an angry fist at them. Quickly, he's gone in the fog.

Straining to see, Patrick stops, grabbing a flashlight from his glove box. They all get out. Making their way through the fog, glimpsing in darkened doorways, eerie shapes, perhaps more of the dead out of Necropolis.

EXT. BEHIND THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the back side of the ruined building.

PATRICK

There was a storm door, to the cellar.

They search frantically in the dark amongst the tall weeds abandoned junk and burnt rubble.

INT. BONES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremiah still with Bones, looking for a way out.

JEREMIAH

What will it take? What do you want?
Just tell me, Jimmy!

BONES

Aw that's easy. I want my life back.
Can you swing that, my brother?

JEREMIAH

You know I can't.

BONES

Then fuck it!!!

In a righteous fury, Bones headlocks Jeremiah again and rams his head through the Necropolis wall.

OVER JEREMIAH'S SHOULDER - HIS POV

As he's back inside face to face with living dead mutations, with Lupovich's head coming at him, it's mouth suddenly opening to ten times its normal size, swallowing Jeremiah whole.

BACK WITH BONES

Watching with some pity as the rest of Jeremiah, his legs and feet are pulled into the wall and gone. Accompanied by the disappearing screams of the last of Jeremiah.

BONES (CONT'D)

(sadly)

Dog eat dog, brother. Dog eat dog.

EXT. BEHIND THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They search for the cellar door. The night air is shattered by a scream, at once very close and infinitely far. Finally:

BILL

Here!

He's found a chipped gray storm door. Patrick easily kicks in the rotten wood revealing a dark tunnel of stairs leading down beneath the ruins of the building into the sub-basement.

PATRICK

It's not safe down there. The fire started down there. The whole thing could collapse.

PEARL

Then your father's a dead man and Jimmy Bones is gonna be around a long time.

Patrick steps down into the darkness of the cellar, his flashlight on.

INT. STORM CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The group stoops low as they descend the stairs. Beneath wood supports, the dirt is reclaiming it, already a constant trickle of dirty falling from between the boards.

In the dim, Patrick leads them, walking through a mass of spider infested webs and, just ahead, is the sub-basement where they originally found the body.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Throwing debris aside, they come next through a small door at the bottom of the stairs and enter the sub-basement. Nearby is the elevator shaft, a gaping hole in the ruins - but recognizable as such. The ceiling above them is nearly collapsed, and over most of the room, the accumulated debris and ruin from above has simply fallen through.

And what remains of the ceiling is still shifting, groaning, coming apart.

Patrick shines his flashlight down to the ground, until:

PATRICK

Here.

He's found the hole that was Bones' hastily dug grave, but there's nothing in it now but swarming white maggots.

PEARL

Is it there?

She gets down on her hands and knees as Patrick shines the

light, but after a few frantic moments of digging, it's clear:

PEARL (CONT'D)

It's gone. He got it.

Just then the sound of tremendous strain and creaking of wood. And the ceiling starts to give way. They all scramble for shelter, and then it gives way completely -- completely blocking their way out. They're trapped.

BILL

NO!!!!!!

They all look in every direction for some glimpse of hope - of a way out. There is none. Then they hear behind them: a resonant "DING!"

TURNING - THEIR POV

Where moments before there was a gaping, ruined elevator shaft, there is now a fully functioning elevator just as it was in 1979, the doors opening to them in eerie slo-mo.

Pearl starts towards the open car. The others trying to hold her back.

PEARL

It's alright. Let me.

She walks closer, peering into the dark recesses of the elevator. Maybe again a flash of visible movement inside.

Closer ever closer, until Pearl, almost entranced, steps in. And once inside, there's no one, or no thing, there. Pearl is about to tell them "It's okay..." when suddenly the doors of the elevator slide-slam shut.

CINNABAR

Mama!!!!!!

Then they hear the elevator chain start to move and the elevator starts to rise. Cinnabar screaming louder.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Pearl stands there, summoning all her courage for what she knows she's going to have to face. Watching the elevator arrow as it climbs to the number three.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Bill beat on the door and try to pry it open. Then they try jamming jagged boards into the opening, but still to no avail.

PEARL'S POV

As a moment later, the car stops and the doors open onto:

INT. BONES' PAD - CONTINUOUS

Down to the last detail, exactly as it was 22 years ago, the night Bones died. Music playing (the Delfonics "Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time...") The only new detail are the dozens of candles romantically burning everywhere.

BONES (O.S.)

Hey, baby.

Pearl feels a soft touch on the back of her neck and spins, finds Jimmy right behind, almost nuzzling her. His face hidden, though, in darkness. Holding something in his hand, behind his back.

PEARL

(still with her back to him)
Jimmy, you've got --

BONES

I've got what I want. Turn around baby, look at me. Look at your man.

She turns slowly, and we don't know what to expect. Something horrible or something beautiful.

Finally, she's face to face, and it's Jimmy just as he was, 22 years ago. All traces of the demonic are gone. Pearl melts as the Delfonics swell, Jimmy holding her close.

BONES (CONT'D)

I want you to do something for me, baby.

PEARL

What?

We see what he's holding: the dress. Rotted and blood clotted and ruined.

BONES

I always loved you in this dress.

He holds it up for Pearl to see and from:

HER POV

The dress is brand new and beautiful. She's finally entranced.

INT. THE SUB-BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, Bill and Cinnabar have managed now to pry open the elevators outer doors. They step inside on the soft ashen ground and look up:

THEIR POV

The shaft goes all the way into eternity. But along the tacked walls, they see hand and footholds put there for workers.

PATRICK

We can climb out.

BILL

Climb out to where?

PATRICK

Anywhere but here.

One by one they start to climb, Bill first. As they climb, they become aware of light on the first floor level just ahead.

BACK IN BONES' CRIB

Pearl steps into the frame to look at herself in a floor length mirror on Bones' closest door.

PEARL'S POV - IN THE MIRROR

Not only the dress, but she too looks exactly as she was 22 years ago, skin smooth as cocoa butter, eyes free from worry and pain.

Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly" as Jimmy takes her in his arms and starts to slow dance her in the midst of all those candles.

PEARL

Where are we, baby?

BONES

Where we'll always be...

PEARL

But.

BONES

Hush, baby.

Pulls her closer, closer, until her last misgivings are gone. Whatever purpose she came with lost in the power of having the impossible.

INT. THE ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The three still climbing handhold by handhold, knocking loose dirt in each others' eyes. Bill is just now reaching the first floor level, trying to force open the outer doors.

Suddenly, an ominous sound: the chain/mechanism of the elevator as they see it starting to descend towards them. Panicking, Bill tries with all his might.

As the elevator inches closer and closer --

Until Bill finally manages to get the doors open. They all scramble to safety just as the elevator slides by them.

NEW ANGLE

After they catch their breath, they look up and around to find themselves --

INT. THE NECROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

A distorted M.C. Escher-like feel to the place. Where up seems to be down, down up, and left is right. Not helped by behind only lit by the eerie flickering gaseous lamps outside, and the moonlight falling through the skylight.

Then, slowly through the gloom, they begin to perceive that the walls are clotted and congealed, teratonic masses of distorted flesh; faces, limbs, eyes, mouths, all trapped - all contorted in agony. At first they seem to be frozen in the walls, like the ruins of Herculaneum. But then we see --

They are slowly writhing, moving. Hands grasping, teeth and rotted jaws widening, and worst of all, the eyes staring out.

PATRICK

Is this Hell?

BILL

(gripping the gun)
Or just Hell-adjacent...

CINNABAR

Ain't no Heaven. Ain't no Hell. There's just the world of the dead, my momma always talked about. Like she said, the door is open, and we're seeing right through our world into this one. We just have to remember what was really here. And follow it. Those stairs should take us to the second floor.

As they approach the stairs they can hear faintly above the drone/moan of the dead, the soft music playing in Bones' crib.

ANGLE AS

They start up the stairs into the darkness. Patrick first, Cinnabar in between him and Bill. Patrick still holding his flashlight, but it's starting to flicker a little.

More of the same horror along the stairway walls, eyes looking at them, hands caress Cinnabar's hair, another hand shooting up from the stair floor and grabbing Bill's thigh. Bill stabs the hand with the knife on his belt. And the hands shoot back down.

BACK IN BONES' CRIB

The Munch-like dance of death goes on, Bones stroking the back of her neck.

BONES

Just like I told you this morning, I'd be stroking your neck tonight.

Pearl absolutely lost.

BACK ON THE STAIRS

The three still ascending when Patrick's flashlight suddenly cuts out. Total darkness.

PATRICK

Shit.

A faint sound: Patrick shaking the flashlight. Nothing but the sound of breathing, both human and non-human.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Thing worked fine a minute ago.
Batteries were brand new --

Then as suddenly as it went out, the flashlight comes back on, illuminating a horrible sight: Maurice. Standing right there, a few feet in front of them.

BILL

Maurice!

Maurice puts a finger to his lips and beckons them to follow. The boys want it to be Maurice. But Cinnabar knows better.

CINNABAR

That's not Maurice --

But with the beam of the flickering flashlight, they follow the shadowy figure up the steps.

Then Maurice gets a bit too far ahead, and they can't see him for a beat.

PATRICK

Maurice. Hold up, man.

Then after a silent beat, just Maurice's hand appears back out of the darkness, beckoning them onward. Then the flashlight cuts out again. They're back in the darkness.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(as he shakes the flashlight)

Okay, we're on the second floor. I feel it. No more steps.

The sound of Patrick cursing and shaking the batteries around in the torch. Eventually it comes on again.

Up ahead, they still barely see Maurice, his back to them, face in one quarter profile, leading them towards the next flight of stairs at the end of the hall.

They follow. Closer and closer to the stairs, Maurice going eerily in and out of their vision. The flashlight dies again.

Darkness. Patrick shakes it and it comes back quickly. Then just as quickly dies again! A shake and it's lit again -- just as Bill is stepping into the corner where Maurice disappeared.

FLICKERING HORROR

As the dog leaps at them from the corner, all teeth and slavering jaws! Everyone scrambles for their lives, and the flashlight falls to the floor.

LOW ANGLE FROM THE FLOOR - JUST BEHIND THE FLASHLIGHT

We see the skewed horror: as the dog tears at Bill, as his gun skitters across the floor; as Patrick grabs the gun and fires, and we get a bit more illumination from the exploding gunpowder. But it does no good.

Bill screams in terror as he's torn to pieces, and then the flashlight goes out and again, we're in Stygian darkness. The sound of Bill dying and a long silence.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Bill?! Cinnabar? Cinnabar?!

No answer. At first. Finally in husky voice:

CINNABAR

I'm here.

PATRICK

Bill! Bill?!

CINNABAR

Patrick, he's...

PATRICK

Okay, okay. Listen:

From somewhere comes the sound of the music from Bones' crib.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Here, find my hand. The stairs are right near here. I saw them. Let's just walk up there.

CINNABAR

I can't find you.

PATRICK

Here!

Silence. As we expect the worse, expect something else to take her hand. But then:

CINNABAR

Is that you?

Pause -- the music from Bones' crib still beckons to them.

PATRICK

Yeah. Come on. Don't let go.

We're in near total darkness as they climb the stairs, maybe a bit of moonlight now coming in from the roofless third floor they're approaching. All we can hear is their footsteps and their breathing as they walk the rest of the way up the stairs and emerge into:

BONES' CRIB - THEIR POV

Both amazed to see Pearl as young and beautiful as Cinnabar is, clinging to the dashing Jimmy dancing to the spectral sounds of some soul classic from back in the day. Cinnabar entranced by the vision.

ANGLE AS

Pearl opens her dreaming eyes and sees them, smiling and beckoning Cinnabar to come join her. Cinnabar begins to.

Patrick watches her until he hears something O.S. calling to him. It sounds a million miles away and yet right in his ear. And it sounds like Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

Paaatricks...

This portion of the screenplay contains scenes that do not appear or occur elsewhere in the final movie. In order to maintain the integrity of the screenplay, it has not been edited.

PATRICK'S POV

He turns and looks at the wall -- subtly surging from beneath the surface of the wall he sees flashes of faces and hands, mouths twisted in torment. He moves to the wall, drawn by

the strange sight and the recurring sound...

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

(as if a million miles away)
Patrick. Help me.

It's coming from within the wall.

INTERCUTTING

Now, while Cinnabar is advancing towards her mother and father across the room --

Patrick, at the wall, tries to place his ear near it in order to hear where the voice is coming from.

While Cinnabar is now within Bones' reach. Pearl steps back to allow Jimmy to embrace Cinnabar. They're reunited.

BONES

Welcome home, baby girl.

Pearl watches as Bones caresses his daughter's cheek. Patrick now close to the wall -- trying to hear the faint voice calling to him.

JEREMIAH

Please...help me...

PATRICK

Dad?

Suddenly something enormous presses out from the wall. Patrick stumbles back as his father's head and torso press out from the wall, stretched in straining effort.

JEREMIAH

Help me. I'm so sorry. But please, help me...

PATRICK

Daddy?

Jeremiah, or what he's become embedded into the wall, his face stretched, mouth huge and hollow eyes dripping bloody tears.

JEREMIAH

Please. Help me. I'm scared.

Patrick in anguish.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

It hurts. I don't want to spend forever like this.

Jeremiah's arm reaches out from the wall, grasping towards

Patrick, who reaches out to his father --

When suddenly with frightening speed Jeremiah grabs it, and wrenches Patrick to him, pulling Patrick flush up against the wall, even starting to suck him in to the wall.

PATRICK

No!!!

As Patrick struggles and writhes and twists to get free from his father's grasp, he can see back across the room to the others. He sees the room as it really is - he can see what's really happening.

Pearl, not in a new dress, but in a horrible tattered, blood encrusted old dress, standing next to a rotting cadaver that's stroking Cinnabar's cheek and holding her close...

Jeremiah pulling Patrick into the wall, into the Necropolis itself. Patrick, though, just as concerned with Cinnabar as with himself, yelling at her across the crib.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Cinnabar! Stop!

But Cinnabar doesn't even turn her head. She just steps into her father's embrace. But Pearl does seem to hear something.

She looks back at Patrick, beneath the illusion of the room she sees him being pulled into the awful wall, and can hear him more clearly now.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

No! Cinnabar, no!!!!

Slowly, Pearl turns and looks into the mirror and she gets a full-length view of herself: a woman in ruined tatters of her old, rotted dress.

Then, coming into her view in the mirror is her only daughter -- dancing with a decayed corpse.

PEARL

Noooooo!

Pearl whirls and rips Cinnabar away from Bones, who at first sort of chuckles to himself. But he stops laughing when Pearl grabs the nearest candle and presses the flame to her breast. In a terrible whoosh, the dried old dress and Pearl are engulfed in flames.

BONES

NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Bones runs to Pearl and throws his arms around her, trying to smother the flames any way he can.

PEARL

(to Patrick and Cinnabar)
Get out!!! Go!!!

Cinnabar in a shattered daze on the floor, sees her mother in flames.

Patrick desperately tries to escape his father's death grip. Finally, with horrible sound, Patrick wrestles free from the wall, and from his father.

He lurches free from them and makes it over to Cinnabar and drags her out the door just as the room dissolves around them. As the flames destroy the dress and the last vestiges of Bones' blood on it, the room begins to turn to ash.

An eerie wind from nowhere begins to howl, blowing the ash and smoke from the dress and from the dissolving walls.

Cinnabar taking one last glance at the funeral pyre that was her mother and Bones now, too, sees them almost lost in a shroud of flame and ash.

ANGLE AS

Patrick and Cinnabar run down the corridor and back down the stairs, the moon overhead and the flames from Bones crib giving everything a flickering hellish cast.

Everything behind and above them crumbling to dust. The floor and then the stairs and all the howling bodies trapped inside.

ON THE FIRST FLOOR

They reach the open elevator shaft.

PATRICK

We gotta jump!

CINNABAR

I can't!

Everything around them rumbling and crumbling.

PATRICK

We have to!

Patrick jumps and lands in the muddy ashes, dazed but unhurt.

LOOKING UP

He sees Cinnabar peering over the edge in fear. Then, behind her, he can hear a low rumbling growl. He sees Cinnabar turn and scream --

Ashes and falling debris then temporarily blind her as he wipes

his eyes and looks up, Cinnabar is gone from view.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Cinnabar! Where are you!?

He immediately climbs back up the shaft when he sees Cinnabar standing at the edge of the shaft above him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Cinn! Jump!!

And she jumps, landing right next to Patrick, who quickly gets her to her feet.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Let's go!!!

They run out of the shaft and into the sub-basement just as the elevator and shaft dissolve into ash.

A hurricane wind blowing down and out of the shaft now. Mixed with the sound of all the screaming, moaning souls in the Necropolis.

Patrick in a fury to live tears away the boards and debris blocking the exit.

He pulls Cinnabar out with him and they walk up the cellar stairs, step into the dawn, weary, beaten down but not dead.

EXT. BONES' BUILDING - DAY

They've made it out of the Inferno. Like Dante said "Thus we emerged again to see the stars." No stars here, just the glorious dawn.

Patrick stops, feels the new sun on his face. Breathes clean air again for the first time.

PATRICK

We made it...

Then from behind or above or somewhere we can hear what might be a low, low chuckle. Jimmy Bones' chuckle.

BONES (O.S.)

Dog eat dog, boy. Dog eat dog...

Patrick turns and spins in mounting horror. There, behind him, right where Cinnabar was standing...

The black dog. It leaps right at the camera, filling the frame with huge teeth and bloody red tongue. WE FREEZE.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS

[back](#)