

Eva

Scene 1

Her bedroom. An open window, satin white drapes billow in its frame. Moonlight drifts in from the window, bathing an eerie glow on EVA, who is sprawled on her bed and partially covered in twisted bedsheets. There is an innocent expression on her face; her eyes are closed, as are her full lips. Her eyes suddenly open, and her expression darkens.

EVA

1:20 AM. I wake up to the moonlight shining on my face, its cool rays caressing my open skin. The air's filled with this dreamy feeling: I have no idea where I am or who I am. This vulnerable innocence echoes, and for a moment, it feels divine. And then it hits me.

Pan into the rest of her room, a large luxury skyscraper studio. Frightening shadows loll about in the dim light of her room. An array of ancient relic statues of monstrous forms.. A piano in the distance, background long drapes billowing from an open balcony window. A series of weapons, filling the area of an entire wall. A library the span of another wall. Then, the sudden zooming in of the alarm clock when it rings (i.e., starts playing Eine Kleine).

EVA

Eine Kleine Nachmusik. My alarm clock starts ringing, and it all starts flooding back into my head. I remember that I had something I had to do tonight, so I rise.

She stands up, showing off some magnificent nudity, as she saunters over to her walk-in closet. Inside, there is a giant spiderweb, a deadly-looking black widow in the center of the maze. She lets the female black widow spider crawl on her hand, up her arm, and to her neck. She walks over to the balcony.

EVA

I get up and feed Nellie, letting her elegant legs tickle my skin, as I fall into the swoon that comes from her rush of venom.

Her eyes look vacant and dazed for a moment, as the spider locks its jaws to her neck. She looks out into the city below her.

EVA

Up here, it's like a vantage point from heaven. The details are blurred, the grime and imperfection too petty or shrouded by Vanilla-white clouds. If deities really do peer down from way up here, I'd bet they have no idea what's going on below. Anyhow, you'd probably want to take a drink before you go down there into the city.

EVA

Since vodka doesn't even work for me anymore, Nellie's the only one who gives me my daily shot to stomach Sin City.

Nellie finishes, and crawls back down to Eva's hand.

EVA

Good old Nellie. My beloved immortal pet spider. Perhaps my only faithful ally in this whole entire world...

She gazes out at the city for a long moment, then saunters over to her open closet. Moonlight projects the web on her skin.

EVA

And then I let her back onto her web. I dress, and then I head out to work.

She pulls on a trench coat with nothing beneath and exits.

Scene 2

The city outside is cold. The homeless shiver around their metal-barrels of rag-cloth and refuse fireplaces. They don't talk. A black cat crosses an alley, and a dog follows it. The cat makes the motion of screeching, its body stiffening, its fur standing upright, but no sound comes out.

EVA

1:42 AM. This time of night, it's either dead quiet or filled with noise you wouldn't want to hear. In the upper part of town where I grew up in, not a creature would stir, not even a mouse.

Memory which is faded: a street filled with upper middle class suburban houses, with vintage streetlight creating a nighttime daylight. The street is dead still.

EVA

Here, however, you get the dregs slouching around drunk as hell, the snail bait of the night.

EVA arrives at a part of town where drunkards are being kicked out of nightbars. The bouncer looks like an eternal fisherman, and the men shrivel like worms as they land on the pavement.

She walks unseen amongst them, lurking in-between the shadows. A man follows her, though. She leads him to an alleyway.

EVA

Or you might overhear those who’d rather do their business at night.

She eats breakfast by gorging on a stalker-potential-raper who follows her into an alley; the man screams and grows silent as his remaining blood drips dry.

EVA

It usually ain’t pretty, and I can’t say it gives the night the reputation it deserves.

She looks out at the sky, the wispy clouds a work of divine art.

Scene 3

EVA looks incredibly small as she stands in front of the entrance of the house of death—the city morgue.

EVA

So I arrive at work at 2 AM. Nightshift, to take the place of the intern before me.

She walks into the morgue.

She enters a workroom, one wall lined with a bunch of drawers. A burst of ice fog dissipates as FRANK opens a drawer, but instead of papers, it’s filled with a corpse.

EVA

And Frank’s there, as usual, milling about in his corner as he starts categorizing the night’s new corpses. He says to me without looking up from his work:

FRANK

There’s a man waiting out in the reception room. He wants to see you.

Blackout.

Scene 4

EVA

And I walk out knowing that the bastard’s finally here, waiting to get me to do his dirtywork.

EVA stands center. Giant white columns surround her, as she enters the morgue’s lavish anteroom.

HOWARD, a trench-coated man with a look of power in his eyes, starts trembling and looking uncertain as he sees her.

HOWARD

Eva.

EVA

I look at him with a coolness that makes him shudder. His apt paranoia has his mind filled with all sorts of petty inane thoughts.

Howard's thoughts: he imagines EVA ravaging him, his body twitching helplessly... or EVA pulling out a crossbow and shooting him, then coming over to suck his blood.

EVA

He sees in my eyes that I know his thoughts, and he gets straight to business, wanting to leave as soon as possible.

HOWARD

You remember our agreement.

EVA

He smiles, and he stops trembling for a moment, a look of certainty in his eyes. He's waiting for a response from me. I'm silent, giving him everything he deserves: no reaction, no recognition of any sort.

Memory, which is faded: EVA asleep in her studio bedroom. The heavy drapes are shut. No weapons on the wall, yet. But, the grand piano and antique statues are still there.

EVA

He got lucky, once when he was young, and I naïve. He found my lair in the daytime, when my blood was leaden, my body as if dead.

Memory, which is faded: Pan into her living room, a couch near the bookcases lining her entire left wall. The white couch is drenched with blood. A man, bathed in blood, lies sprawled in an awkward position on top of it. Another, on the floor in a pool of blood. Rats are strewn all about, as if balled-up kleenex. Young HOWARD, dressed as a rookie police, vomits, as he makes his way across the studio.

EVA

There were two dead men and a dozen rats, drained of blood, lying around in my living room. The neighbors must have complained of the smell. I was too young and confused to care about cleaning up my mess.

Memory, which is faded: Pans back into young Eva's bed. Young HOWARD stands at its foot, his height looming over an innocent and helpless-looking young Eva. Young HOWARD aims his gun at her. Slowly, he pulls out a metal crucifix from beneath his coat.

EVA

When I woke up, he was next to me, his useless gun aimed at me, his hands shaking as he held out a metal cross as if his new badge. The scent of wholesome blood from a living beating heart came full blast at me. The hunger rushed at me, and for a moment, all I wanted to do was to gorge on him.

Memory, which is faded: Young EVA sits up lazily from bed. Her fangs are exposed, and she begins crawling with the sleekness of a predator towards young HOWARD. Young HOWARD bares the crucifix at young EVA, his hands trembling.

EVA

But, I was still too human at the time. I saw a glint of pride in his eyes behind all that fear and trembling, the sheer humanity. The revulsion of killing a human being kept my hunger barely at check.

Memory, which is faded: Young EVA is inches away from sinking her teeth into young HOWARD, when she pulls back. She vomits, her head bent down over the side of her bed. Young HOWARD's gun is inches away from her head.

EVA

I dove into his mind to avoid the hunger. His memories rush at me, and I realized that his was a case of talent lost. He needed to find the one case that would secure him the position he sought, one that wouldn't allow his talent to drain. And, I asked him, "why haven't you killed me yet?" He was quiet for a long time, and then he said, his voice trembling:

Pan back to the present, in the anteroom of the morgue. A line of armed policemen stand behind HOWARD.

HOWARD

(With innocence and an unsaid threat.) I... I don't want you to die... yet.

Fade back into memory:

EVA

For a moment, it could all be sweet. Him being just a man who would rather not shoot a dame, even one like me. Me, death in the guise of an innocent little girl forever sixteen, holding back my instinctual urge to terminally ravage him. Then, his back straightens, his knees stop trembling, his eyes glows as he says:

HOWARD

I can protect you during the daytime. I can make sure no one gets into your lair—civilian or officer. In return, I’d like your help with some odd jobs—things you’re naturally good at, nothing that will inconvenience you.

EVA

And just like that, I took up the bait. And now, four years later, he’s here, right back at me getting his end of the deal.

The clarity contrasts with the faded memories from before, emphasizing the reality of the present. There’s a line of armed and shielded policemen standing behind HOWARD. HOWARD waves a hand, and they wheel in a gurney.

HOWARD

Here’s the job. The man’s fresh off the chair, and we want him cut up. We want each piece of him in a bag of its own. Each bag put away from the other. He’s dead, and we want him to remain dead. Then, we want you to file a complete report of his death—mention how his body’s plagued with substance abuse, make stuff up about how messed up he is. And when you’re done, put another whole-bodied corpse in his grave. Call us, we’d come for the rest of him.

EVA

He smiles and asks, “Will you do it?” The dead man’s already lying on his deathbed on wheels in front of me. I shrug and take the bait. He leaves, his legion of policemen draining out of the morgue, like the front door is some kind of sieve.

EVA walks over to the corpse. It looks like MARV from Sin City.

EVA

I look at the corpse Howard’s delivered. The man’s a monster incarnate. His massive body’s filled with cuts and fresh wounds.

Despite the stagnation of the body, obviously fried, the man looks like he’s alive. All of a sudden, his heart starts beating, and the silence of the anteroom is filled with a haunting thudding.

EVA

But, I look at the man, and I can’t stand the thought of cutting him up. There’s something in him. Something there that tells me I shouldn’t dissemble him. He’s one of the few people you see out there whom you know deserve to live. No matter what. The man didn’t belong dead.

EVA slits her right wrist, opens MARV’s mouth. She drips blood on him, then lowers her wrist to his mouth. MARV’s arm twitches, his lips close around her wrist.

EVA

And, just like that, I slit my right wrist. And, I let my blood drip into him. The guardian angel of the night.

MARV's eyes pop open suddenly. They're haunted, and there's the trace of revenge-lust in them.

EVA

He looks up at me, and his eyes are filled with vendetta. He's a man with a lust for life. Death really wasn't his color.

*MARV's eyes close suddenly, and EVA pulls her wrist away.
MARV lies deadly still.*

EVA

Tomorrow night, he'd be up and about. I start cutting up another body, so that Howard wouldn't be too pissed... I'm thinking about which corpse to replace the poor bastard with, but I can't stop thinking about what that dead bastard'll do to Howard when he wakes up.