

RED HOOK

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

A concrete path cuts through the middle of the park then continues out onto a small pier over the Hudson River.

Waves LAP against the shore as a light rain PATTERS through the trees. The Statue of Liberty shines in the distance.

Industrial buildings line the street across from the park.

Three boys dressed in black gather at the end of the pier. Their faces lit only by the small black lantern before them.

VIKTOR HOCH, 17, sickly pale with unkempt scruff on his face, sits on the ground across from MARTY YEOMAN, 17, stocky with vacant eyes and a chip on his shoulder.

NEVIN HOCH, 15, sad eyes, morose, stands to the side.

NEVIN

You don't actually think this is gonna work, Viktor. Do you?

VIKTOR

Fuck off, Nevin. Why you even here?

MARTY

Your brother always an asshole?

VIKTOR

Just on days that end in "Y".

NEVIN

Com'on Viktor. You go back to Juvie and I gotta go back to that hell hole of a home again. Please don't do anything stupid.

VIKTOR

(condescendingly)  
My little brother doesn't want me to do anything stupid.

Marty chuckles as he pulls a dead black cat from a plastic grocery bag. Nevin sees the cat.

NEVIN

What the hell's that?

Viktor looks at Marty.

VIKTOR

Let's do this.

Viktor pulls a knife from his boot, holds it to his lips, closes his eyes and whisper a prayer.

He opens his eyes, then stabs the dead cat and cuts its leg off.

He picks up the leg, pulls the skin and muscle back to reveal the bone, then breaks it off.

Viktor hands the knife to Marty who does the same thing with another leg.

MARTY  
Invisibility, right?

Viktor nods.

Nevin watches in disgust as Marty and Viktor put the bloody bones in their mouths.

CLACK

The three boys look toward the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Yellow streetlights shine down on MORIC KETLEN, 66, a trench coat and short brimmed bowler hat stave off the rain as he meanders around small puddles down the cobblestone street.

The CLACK of his cane echoes off the nearby buildings.

EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

VIKTOR  
Let's get paid.

Viktor and Marty stand and share a devilish grin.

NEVIN  
Let's get outta here.

Marty buries his fist into Nevin's gut, knocking the wind out of him. Nevin drops to the ground. Marty and Viktor run into the darkness toward Moric.

Nevin pulls himself up by the pier railing, regains his breath and rushes down the pier toward Viktor and Marty.

He stops at the end of the pier and looks for them. They're gone.

CLACK

Nevin looks toward the old man and spots Viktor and Marty lying in ambush behind a parked van, waiting for Moric.

His eyes go wide. He sprints toward them.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Moric walks past the van where Viktor and Marty wait.

Viktor nods to Marty.

They sneak up behind Moric. Viktor raises the knife over his head.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Nevin sees his brother raise the knife.

NEVIN

No!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Viktor begins to swing the knife down.

CLACK

Moric slams the tip of his cane down in a puddle. The water splashes up then freezes in place as though time has stopped.

Moric takes two more steps, pushing through rain drops suspended in mid air, then turns around.

Viktor and Marty remain frozen in place.

A dome of undulating red and black energy covers them.

Nevin, unable to stop from a full sprint, runs into the dome and passes through it, his body slowly comes to a halt, frozen in place.

Moric brings himself face to face with Viktor and unsheathes a dagger from his cane. Intricate runes adorn the serrated blade.

He leans in and smells Viktor.

MORIC  
(Hungarian accent)  
You reek of fear.

Viktor's eyes scream as Moric eases the dagger into his gut.

Moric retracts the dagger. Blood pools in the runes on the blade. He holds it up to the light, reads them, then licks the blood from the blade.

MORIC (CONT'D)  
You taste of sin.

Moric sheathes the dagger and looks at Nevin, frozen.

MORIC (CONT'D)  
Tonight perhaps.

Moric raises his cane over his head and begins to convulse. The dome turns white and crackles. He slams his cane down.

The dome collapses in on all of them and they vanish.

INT. DUNGEON - LATER

Nevin comes to and sees water dripping up to a ceiling covered with puddles. Dim torches line the walls, their flames burning downward.

He realizes that the water isn't dripping up, but that he's hanging upside down. He looks at his hands and feet which are securely lashed to a wooden cross that slowly rotates.

He looks around the room. Dozens of upside down crosses hang from the ceiling.

He hears sounds behind him. Flesh ripping. Bones breaking.

As he rotates he sees Moric standing in front of one of the crosses, blocking the view of the person strapped to it.

Something flies over Moric's shoulder and lands at Nevin's head. It looks like a large red and white insect at first.

Nevin dry heaves when he realizes it's a human sternum with jagged ribs attached.

Moric hears Nevin and glares at him with black eyes. He tilts his head with curiosity then resumes his work.

Moric limps away from the cross and bumps into Nevin's cross as he shuffles toward the exit at the far end of the room.

Nevin's cross slowly spins the other way, unable to see what Moric was doing.

As he rotates the other way, he see's Viktor on a cross.

NEVIN  
Viktor. Viktor!

Nevin continues to rotate. He see's Marty on a cross with his chest ripped open and his organs are missing.

Nevin screams.

Moric's silhouette appears in the doorway.

As Nevin continues to rotate he catches glimpses of Viktor, Marty's disemboweled body, and Moric slowly approaching.

Moric gets closer with each revolution until he's right next to Nevin.

Moric stops Nevin from spinning and looks into his eyes.

He analyzes Nevin. Pulls the dagger from his cane, contemplates stabbing Nevin, then suddenly turns and buries the dagger into Viktor's gut and saw's upward.

Viktor gargles a scream from his mouth.

Blood and fecal matter ooze from the gash and flow down the front of Viktor.

NEVIN (CONT'D)  
Piece of shit! No! Leave him alone!

Nevin cries and thrashes in frustration.

Viktor's screams go silent.

Moric rips open the gash, analyzes Viktor's organs, and throws them to the floor.

He grabs Nevin's cross and rotates him face to face.

NEVIN (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
Why? Why'd you do that?

MORIC  
Evil was in this man's heart. His suffering was inevitable. I mercifully gifted him his life's worth of pain in minutes. A gift I shall shortly bestow unto you.

NEVIN  
He wasn't evil.  
(beat)  
You're evil!

Moric lunges at Nevin.

MORIC  
You know nothing of evil!  
(beat)  
Have you bore witness to centuries  
of man slaughtering man? Brother  
betray brother? All for what? The  
gold in his purse? The God in his  
heart? The soil of his home?

NEVIN  
What the hell are you?

MORIC  
Now you shall know evil.

Moric raises the dagger to Nevin's gut and thrusts forward.

Nevin flinches but he doesn't scream.

He looks up. The blade won't penetrate.

An unseen force holds the blade at bay as it glows white.

MORIC (CONT'D)  
Not possible.

Nevin hyperventilates.

MORIC (CONT'D)  
Your sins. Tell them to me.

NEVIN  
What?

MORIC  
Tell me your sins!

NEVIN  
I don't know! I don't know my  
sins. I...I...I don't sin.

MORIC  
Lies!

NEVIN

Bad shit always happens to me, so  
why am I gonna wanna sin or hurt  
anyone? Please just let me go.

Moric tries to stab Nevin again, yet again the blade glows  
white and won't penetrate.

Moric steps back and stares in awe and fear of Nevin.

MORIC

You are him.

Moric waves his hand and the cross floats into the air and  
rights itself.

Moric's demeanor completely changes.

MORIC (CONT'D)

Please. Forgive me. I beg of you.

A look of fright and confusion beams from Nevin.

MORIC (CONT'D)

For a thousand years I have  
searched for you. An innocent man.

NEVIN

What are you talkin' about. Please  
just let me go. Please.

MORIC

Please listen.

(pause)

For a thousand years I have been  
cursed to walk the Earth.  
Punishment for my pagan ways.  
Punishment for my sins.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Moric stands before a MONK lashed to a two wheeled cart.

MORIC

(In Hungarian)

Where is your God now, Sagredo?

Moric stabs the monk with the same runed dagger, then sends  
the cart tumbling down the hill.



INT. DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

Moric kneels before Nevin.

MORIC

But God was there that day, to  
curse me into my pagan ways, until  
an innocent man should forgive me.

Nevin looks down on Moric, almost with a look of pity. Then he snaps back to reality.

NEVIN

And you think I'm the innocent man?  
You think I'm going to forgive you?  
You just butchered my brother! You  
can rot in hell for all I care!

Nevin spits on Moric.

Moric doesn't move. He doesn't wipe the spit off. He just stares at Nevin. Begging to be set free.

MORIC

Perhaps that is where I will go.  
That is where I deserve to go.  
(pause)  
The blade will not cut you. It  
cannot. It will not harm the pure.

Moric waves his hand again. The lashes on the cross snap and free Nevin.

Nevin drops to the ground.

MORIC (CONT'D)

Please. I beg of you. Forgive me.  
Set me free.

Moric removes his hat and lowers his head. He hands Nevin the dagger.

Nevin towers over Moric with dagger at the ready.

He looks over at the remains of Marty.

He looks at the hanging piece of flesh that was once his brother. Tears well up.

Nevin gently places his hand on Moric's head. He looks up.

NEVIN

I hope you rot for eternity you  
piece of shit.

Nevin lifts the dagger to his throat and slits it open.  
Blood sprays across Moric's back.

MORIC

No! No! No.

Moric's screams echo off the dank walls.

FADE OUT.