

Omegaville

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN CORAZON CITY-STATE - NIGHT

From across the gleaming bay bridge, we see a sparkling cityscape shrouded in early morning fog.

JACK SMITH (V.O.)

The year is 2043. After the collapse of the Global Commonwealth, planet Earth, now called Omegaville, devolved into hundreds of city-states, each a unique world unto itself.

VARIOUS ESTABLISHING SHOTS - SAN CORAZON - NIGHT

As A LATE MODEL SEDAN cruises the foggy, deserted streets.

JACK SMITH (V.O.)

I'm entering the city-state of San Corazon, a place they used to call *San Francisco*. I like entrances. You know what else I like? Steak frites. Bordeaux wine. The way PJ Harvey says "Lick my legs, I'm on fire." I'm Jack Smith.

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INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN - NIGHT

JACK SMITH, late twenties/early thirties. Although very handsome, Jack is tired-looking -- even for his young age, this is clearly a guy who's been around. JACK wears a finely tailored suit, white shirt (open at the collar), tie -- the whole ensemble is a bit crumpled as if he's slept in it for a few days. As he drives, CITY LIGHTS pass over his face.

JACK SMITH (V.O.)

Senior operative for Executive Solutions, the world's largest private security force. Hey, it's a job. Money's decent, benefits good, accommodations usually five star.

EXT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - NIGHT

JACK'S LATE MODEL SEDAN pulls up. JACK gets out, walks in:

(CONTINUED)

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JACK SMITH (V.O.)

Each week, I'm on assignment in another city-state...so maybe, *somewhere*, someday, I'll find her...maybe someday I'll hear a voice, turn my head and she'll be right there...maybe someday I'll wet my parched lips in her sweat again.

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INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

JACK SMITH walks up to a HOTEL CLERK.

HOTEL CLERK

Checking in?

JACK scrutinizes the HOTEL CLERK through narrowed eyes.

JACK SMITH

The incidence of pilonidal cysts in Kashmir is exceptionally high this time of year.

A BEAT, then, the hotel clerk leans forward conspiratorily, arching an eyebrow.

HOTEL CLERK

According to *Consumer Reports*, big, semiliterate, uncircumcized men make the best lovers.

JACK SMITH

Apparently, everything is in order.

HOTEL CLERK

(handing over a card key)

Your key, Mr. Smith. Executive Solutions has guaranteed your suite for the next seventy two hours.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator doors open, JACK emerges and walks down the hallway.

INT. HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK SMITH enters, looks around -- it's apparent that someone is in the suite. JACK moves cautiously past room service remnants, strewn clothes, etc. He reaches the bedroom door -- it's ajar. Carefully, quietly, JACK pushes the door open.

INT. HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOMEONE is seated in a club chair; we see a pair of STYLISH BOOTS and a PLUME OF CIGARETTE SMOKE. As JACK enters the room the club chair slowly swivels around, revealing:

NOBI JONES, a cool-looking Asian, mid to late twenties (think James Iha of Smashing Pumpkins). He wears tiny sunglasses and smokes a hand-rolled cigarette. The ID CODE:

JACK SMITH

We see from your advertisement in the latest edition of "Industrie des Loisirs" that you are offering a range of outdoor sports equipment.

NOBI JONES

I'm a 28-year-old commercial artist from a leper colony in Westport, Connecticut, Bob. I've got a lovely wife, three wonderful children, and I'm currently working on a marzipan diorama depicting the life of Joel Silver.

DANI FIELDS emerges from the bathroom wearing a towel and drying her hair. She's a young, voluptuous, generously tattooed and heavily pierced young woman in her mid twenties.

DANI FIELDS

As for seaside towns, I'm very fond of Brighton.

Their CODE complete, they relax.

JACK SMITH

Mr. Jones, Ms. Fields, remind me to speak with the encryption department about these codes. "...I'm very fond of Brighton..?" Ridiculous.

As DANI FIELDS speaks, she unpacks a suitcase containing: Glock 9mm semi-automatic pistol, Heckler & Koch submachine gun, F1 anti-personnel fragmentation grenades, Tampax Mutli-Pack and one pearl-gray DKNY sports bra.

DANI FIELDS

I am so not into being in this city again. Remember what happened here last time?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

DANI FIELDS(cont'd)

They have these little *friggin' munchkin* things here...and I was fighting, like a whole tag team of 'em in front of this crowd of like, twenty thousand cranked-up, blood-thirsty manic-depressives...and it was all thanks to my brainiac brother over here.

*

NOBI JONES

Not entirely accurate.

DANI FIELDS

Not entirely accurate? Cause of your big mouth, I was, like three seconds from execution -- one of these homunculus things had me in his "grip of death" - like this...

DANI FIELDS grabs NOBI JONES from behind and tickles him frenetically. NOBI JONES remains completely impassive.

DANI FIELDS (cont'd)

Hello, Nob, don't you have, like, tickle nerves? You're such a cold-blooded little freak.

She knocks him to the ground and tickles him with even more fervor.

JACK SMITH

Now, now *guys*. Executive Solutions doesn't pay us to torture our genetically engineered siblings - that's something we have to do on our own time - weekends and holidays.

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CS ELIOT (OS)

Ding Dong . . . is anyone home? It's the Avon Lady - I've had a terrible accident and I need to use your phone. I say, is the man of the house in?

JACK SMITH, NOBI JONES and DANI FIELDS proceed towards the bathroom to investigate.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

JACK, gun drawn, slowly opens the shower door revealing CASE SUPERVISOR ELIOT (hereafter known as CS ELIOT): CS is a computer-generated, holographic, trans-gendered virtual being with a playful sense of humor. Right now, CS is arrayed in the lavish costume and porcelain-white make-up of a KABUKI ONNAGATA.

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CONTINUED:

DANI FIELDS

Case Supervisor Eliot...excellent kimono.

CS ELIOT

Thank you, Ms. Fields. In approximately seventy two hours, Premier Wendell Crane, the duly elected leader of this fine city-state, will give a major address on security and economic policy.

He illustrates his speech with HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES, which he frames in the air with his hands and fingers.

CS ELIOT (cont'd)

Executive Solutions has reason to believe that Premier Crane is the target of a campaign of psychological manipulation by his advisor, TV/Radio psychologist Doctor Gertrude Wolff. The Premier is particularly susceptible to her. She's become a kind of imperial therapist. Doctor Wolff's campaign of psychological subversion will culminate in the Premier's suicide on television. The Vice Premier, an unctuous scum-bucket named Trey Falcone, will then assume power.

JACK SMITH

What do we know about this Premier Crane? Married? Kids?

CS ELIOT

Indeed. And he's been having an affair with a young aide by the name of Chantal Horowitz. Poor thing just had a terrible car accident. You're familiar with the culture, yes?

JACK SMITH

Two generations ago, scientists here put an anti-crime vaccine into the milk kids drink at school. But it had a drastic side effect - it made it impossible for most people in San Corazon to control their emotions.

CS ELIOT

The people are hysterically emotional. They share. They care. They feed on each other's feelings. Should this psychological coup d'etat take place--

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CONTINUED: (2)

JACK SMITH

Mass copy-cat suicides and general mayhem will ensue. But, even worse, Executive Solutions will lose a major client.

CS ELIOT

Precisely. Needless to say, your job is to prevent the assassination. Oh, and by the way, Mr. Smith, your old nemesis Rem Vanderhorst is in town.

JACK SMITH

Vanderhorst again?

CS ELIOT

Just don't let him screw up the assignment.

CS vanishes. JACK SMITH turns to NOBI JONES and DANI FIELDS.

JACK SMITH

I've got the Premier. Mr. Jones, you take Vanderhorst. Ms. Fields -- I know you're not gonna like this -- we've set you up at Doctor Wolff's hangout: the Homunculus Hunt and Fish Club.

DANI FIELDS

Gross. I hate that place.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - ESTABLISHING

An exclusive, fastidiously manicured country club.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - OBSTACLE COURSE - DAY

VIRGINIA STEIN, a stunning amazon (and leader of the Hunt Club Security Force) stands next to a huge MOTORCYCLE, lecturing FOUR YOUNG RECRUITS, who stand at attention. One of them is DANI FIELDS.

VIRGINIA STEIN

Ladies, you are the final candidates for employment in the Humunculus Hunt And Fish Club Auxiliary, our elite security unit. If you succeed in completing this course, you will join the ranks of the toughest bitches in Omegaville. Good luck.

SECURITY GUARD #1 counts off:

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CONTINUED:

GUARD #1

On your mark, get set, go!

The RECRUITS take off RUNNING; STEIN follows on motorcycle.

THE OBSTACLE COURSE

The first obstacle is a MINI TRAMPOLINE OVER ELECTRIFIED RAZOR FENCE. RECRUIT #4 IS IMPALED with a SCREAM.

The RECRUITS now RUN through an ARTIFICIAL RAIN and WIND STORM.

Next up is a HAND-OVER-HAND ROPE CRAWL over WATER. RECRUIT #3 falls into the water. She begins to swim for the shore, but is suddenly jerked downward; she comes up for air, choking and SCREAMING, and is jerked downward again and again as the CHURNING WATER TURNS BLOOD RED. Something horrifically predatory and ravenous is down there.

The TWO REMAINING RECRUITS run to a SPIKED CLIMBING WALL. MS. FIELDS reaches the top first, and JUMPS OVER A TRAP OF SAND. Unfortunately, RECRUIT #2 doesn't make it; she falls into the sand, stands up, struggles to walk, but immediately begins to SINK -- QUICKSAND!

RECRUIT #2

Help me!

DANI FIELDS looks around and springs into action. She rips a BRANCH off a nearby tree and extends it out over the quicksand.

DANI FIELDS

Grab it!

RECRUIT #2 reaches out for the BRANCH, which suddenly SHATTERS. REVEAL GUARD #1 holding a smoking GUN. She and ANOTHER GUARD grab ahold of DANI FIELDS. The SINKING RECRUIT #2 continues to SCREAM for help. VIRGINIA STEIN gets off her bike and walks over to the quicksand.

VIRGINIA STEIN

(to sinking RECRUIT #2)

Don't be a baby.

VIRGINIA STEIN places her BOOT on RECRUIT #2's head and pushes #2 under the quicksand surface with a FINAL GURGLE; now, STEIN turns to DANI FIELDS.

VIRGINIA STEIN (cont'd)

Congratulations, honey.

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EXT. SAN CORAZON GOVERNMENT BUILDING - NIGHT CHANGES TO DAY

An official looking government building.

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK SMITH sits with PREMIER CRANE (an earnest looking young man), VICE PREMIER FALCONE (egregiously handsome), and DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF (gorgeous, charismatic and elegantly accoutered).

JACK SMITH

Mr. Premier, I'm in San Corazon because you have security concerns.

PREMIER CRANE

Yes. In three days, I plan to announce an extensive probe into criminal elements which I suspect are reaching into the upper echelons of our government.

DR. WOLFF and the VICE PREMIER shoot one another a look. The PREMIER turns and gazes out the window, then returns his attention to JACK.

JACK SMITH

Mr. Premier. Executive Solutions will continue providing the finest possible security services. We're well aware of the unique emotional sensitivities of your population.

The PREMIER looks at JACK soulfully, then walks over to him. Thinking the Premier wants to congratulate him, JACK stands and extends his hand -- the Premier, however, embraces him in an emotional hug. DR. WOLFF shoots another look to VICE PREMIER FALCONE. The PREMIER doesn't seem to want to let go.

JACK SMITH (cont'd)

Are you alright, Mr. Premier?

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The PREMIER breaks the embrace and looks at JACK meaningfully, with misty eyes.

PREMIER CRANE

I'm going through a difficult time...

The PREMIER sits back down behind his desk. JACK sits too.

PREMIER CRANE (cont'd)

It hasn't been easy for my wife and children...

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CONTINUED:

The PREMIER looks off thoughtfully, past A GLASS FIGURINE OF DR. WOLFF situated next to A PHOTOGRAPH of his wife, son and daughter. A beat, and then:

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

So, Mr. Smith, your reputation precedes you.

JACK SMITH

There's only one thing worse than a reputation, Dr. Wolff...no reputation. I take pride in my work.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

I wasn't referring to your work, although...

(then, flirtatiously)

You look perfectly capable of handling anything...or anyone.

The VICE PREMIER bristles at this flagrant flirtation.

VICE PREMIER FALCONE

Mr. Smith, I think the good doctor was referring to your rather unusual medical condition.

The PREMIER leans forward, looking stricken.

PREMIER CRANE

(with great empathy)

You're not ill, are you?

The PREMIER settles back, lost in thought.

PREMIER CRANE (cont'd)

As you know, Chantal Horowitz, a close friend of mine, had a serious car accident. She's in a coma. *

JACK SMITH

I'm sorry, Mr. Premier. If only we had the power to safeguard those we love. *

This statement seems immediately consoling to the PREMIER. DR. WOLFF notes JACK'S ability to communicate with the Premier. WOLFF attempts to defend her turf:

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(sanctimoniously)

Mr. Premier, we may not have the power to ultimately protect those we love, but we do have responsibilities to them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF(cont'd)

I don't believe in moral relativism, Mr. Premier. We *do* bear guilt.

The PREMIER, crestfallen, slumps back down into his chair.
DR. WOLFF turns to JACK SMITH.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF (cont'd)

You know, there are several "unofficial" Jack Smith web-sites. I'm curious. Is it true that you were exposed to a drug that renders you incapable of love? You suffer strange *seizures*? How tragic - to never experience intimacy with another human being.

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VICE PREMIER FALCONE

(smarmily disingenuous)

But Doctor Wolff...I read somewhere that Mr. Smith was once *married*...to an exquisite young woman who disappeared... under mysterious circumstances?

JACK SMITH

Apparently, I'm fond of mysterious circumstances.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Peculiar though, isn't it, that a man in the protection business couldn't protect his own wife...or find her. How long has it been...Jack?

JACK SMITH

She's been missing for twelve years.

PREMIER CRANE

We're creatures of impulse, Mr. Smith... and we forget how easy it is to lose those we cherish most--in an instant. This is my family...very good, very *loyal* people.

PREMIER CRANE hands a FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH to JACK SMITH.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

I know husbands, Mr. Premier - it's part of my job. And I just bet that Jack has a photograph of his lovely truant wife that *he'd* be happy to share with you.

JACK glares at her, loath to display a photo.

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JACK SMITH
I'd rather not.

PREMIER CRANE
(with painful sincerity)
Doctor Wolff has taught me that it's
necessary to accept one's loss. It may
actually ease your pain to have a look,
Mr. Smith.

Slowly, JACK removes THE PHOTOGRAPH from his left breast
pocket. Taking care to hold the photographic side away from
his line of vision, he extends THE PHOTO at arm's length.
WOLFF, the VP and the Premier look at the photogaph.

THE PHOTO OF LAURA: a lovely brown-haired young woman.

BACK TO SCENE as they look at JACK who has broken out in a
cold sweat. He's trembling.

DR.GERTRUDE WOLFF
(well aware that something is
wrong)
Mr. Smith, is something wrong?

With some effort, JACK SMITH looks up at her.

JACK SMITH
I'm an incurable romantic...incurable.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

NOBI JONES sits down, takes a wallet-sized metallic rectangle
from his pocket, and begins to unfold it as one would unfold
a map, until it assumes a curved, windsail-like shape.

NOBI JONES
Computer on.

Suddenly, the large metallic grid self-illuminates, coming to
life as a three dimensional computer screen. WE HEAR THE
COMPUTER SPEAK IN THE VOICE OF A SEXY JAPANESE ANDROID WOMAN:

COMPUTER
Voice verification complete. Good
morning, Mr. Jones. Command please.

NOBI JONES
Access dossier: Rem Vanderhorst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The three dimensional screen begins a search: WE SEE DOZENS OF OVERLAPPING IMAGES, finally settling on A DIGITAL PHOTO OF REM VANDERHORST: slick, well-built, athletic-looking Aryan Eurotrash.

NOBI JONES (CONT'D) (cont'd) *
Request source.

COMPUTER
Print, audio archive or broadcast media?

NOBI JONES
Access broadcast media.

COMPUTER
Reporter preference?

NOBI JONES
The Usual.

TWYLA CORBUSIER, a super-model-gorgeous reporter (e.g. Tyra Banks; Famke Janssen), hovers in three dimensions. DURING TWYLA'S REPORT WE SEE AND HEAR documentary film footage, filmed re-enactments, still photos, maps, graphs, sound bites, etc., ALL ILLUSTRATING HER REPORTAGE.

TWYLA CORBUSIER
This is Twyla Corbusier in Los Lindos - formerly called "Los Angeles" -- now world-renowned for its ruthless enforcement of good health. Here, exercise and low-fat diets are mandatory. The penalty for unhealthy behaviour is death. *

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS and FILM FOOTAGE illustrate the following (including old photos of REM VANDERHORST {Aryan type}):

TWYLA CORBUSIER (cont'd) *
Five years ago, Rem Vanderhorst arrived in Los Lindos and established a contraband food cartel specializing in the illegal trafficking of Foie Gras. His pushers and the disgustingly obese addicts they supplied, gathered furtively in squalid "foie gras dens," indulging in their helpless gluttony. *

BLACK & WHITE DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE of REM'S BUST:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TWYLA CORBUSIER (cont'd)

Senior operative Jack Smith spearheaded a daring operation to apprehend Vanderhorst. In prison, Vanderhorst confided to cellmates he'd seek revenge. Released from prison three days ago and last seen in San Corazon, Vanderhorst is know to frequent Sushi Bars, body waxing salons and high-colonic clinics.

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EXT. SAN CORAZON CITY STREET - NIGHT

Start CLOSE on a SIGN which says: HIGH COLON CLINIC: CLEAN LIVING BEGINS WITH A CLEAN COLON! CAMERA swings down into a CLOSE UP of REM VANDERHORST, as he exits. REVEAL NOBI JONES, following. JONES follows VAHNDERHORST past A RAVE BOOTH.

INT. PREMIER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The PREMIER walks with JACK SMITH, followed by TWO EXECUTIVE SOLUTIONS OPERATIVES (they wear ear pieces and suits with the ES logo emblazoned on the breast pocket).

PREMIER CRANE

I met Chantal at a bar and told her it was over between us. She became hysterical. I never should have let her get in that car. It's my fault...This is all my fault--

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The PREMIER is interrupted by a BEEP from JACK SMITH's cell phone.

JACK SMITH

Excuse me, Mr. Premier.

They stop walking and JACK answers his phone.

JACK SMITH (cont'd)

(into cell phone)

Jack Smith. Who is this..?

(long beat; then)

Market and Third...Hello? Hello?

*

JACK folds up the phone and looks at the PREMIER.

JACK SMITH (cont'd)

Mr. Premier, something's come up.

*

PREMIER CRANE

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK SMITH

Nothing serious. These operatives will stay with you. We'll speak tomorrow.

And JACK exits, leaving the PREMIER with the two OPERATIVES.

EXT./INT. RAVE BOOTH - NIGHT

CAMERA cranes down from a street sign (MARKET & THIRD) to a booth containing opposing love seats and a state-of-the-art sound system. A COUPLE is putting drops in each others eyes from a DEEP BLUE EYE DROPPER. They gaze feverishly at each other and writhe to the MUSIC which is so loud as to be audible on the street. Pick up JACK SMITH as he passes and follow him to:

EXT. MAGAZINE STAND - NIGHT

JACK SMITH picks up a NEWSPAPER and looks at it. The HEADLINE READS: "PREMIER'S MISTRESS REMAINS IN COMA AFTER CAR CRASH."

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JACK puts the paper down and picks up a HEART-SHAPED SNOWGLOBE of SAN CORAZON. A bewildered look comes over his face. Through the globe, WE SEE WHAT HE SEES: LAURA is standing about twenty feet away, buying a fashion magazine (we recognize her from THE PHOTOGRAPH). JACK lowers the globe. Is it really her? He begins to follow her.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

JACK SMITH follows LAURA, slowly, as if in a dream...

EXT. LAURA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

He follows her in.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

She gets into an old fashioned elevator -- FLOOR 3 lights up. JACK takes the stairs.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

JACK emerges from the stairwell to see LAURA enter a room at the end of the hall. He follows to the room. THE DOOR IS AJAR. He pushes it open and goes in.

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK moves through the living room, passing various PHOTOGRAPHS of HIMSELF AND LAURA. He proceeds slowly into:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

And there SHE is, SILHOUETTED in FRONT OF A BAY WINDOW, the city spread out below. LAURA steps into the moonlight:

LAURA

Is it you..?

LAURA slowly approaches JACK and places her hands on his face, tracing it's contours as a blind person would.

LAURA (cont'd)

Is it you...Is it really you..?

JACK SMITH

Laura...my God...where have you been, Laura? Twelve years...what happened to you? What have you been doing? Where've you been living? Here? All this time? Have you been here? You have no idea what it's been like...without you.

They fall into one another's arms -- a long passionate kiss. They fall to the bed. Suddenly, he pulls away.

LAURA

What is it...what's wrong?

JACK, now in a cold-sweat, trembles and begins to shake as his eyes roll back and he is hit with:

JACK'S FIRST SEIZURE

We are inside the PHARMAGENICS R&D FACILITY. JACK wanders through a complex, dreamlike set of corridors. As the walls melt away, Jack is approached and seduced by RUBENESQUE WOMEN from mailroom and word-processing departments. He is stripped, bound and BLINDFOLDED. PULL BACK FROM THE BLINDFOLD to reveal the RUBENESQUE WOMEN, now seated and painting him, as if this were some sort of art class. A BELL RINGS, class over - the RUBENESQUE WOMEN file out.

A LAST RUBENESQUE WOMAN puts a CIGARETTE in JACK'S mouth and exits. JACK takes off his blindfold and looks around to find himself on a balcony which overlooks an atrium filled with banner-waving, chanting TEENAGE GIRLS. JACK (still half-naked with rope at wrists) SINGS emotion-drenched ballad in Spanish - TEENS SING along, tears streaming down their cheeks. This becomes:

A huge PAINTING OF JACK (as above) SINGING. REVEAL that WE ARE INSIDE JACK'S FATHER'S OFFICE -- the painting is behind his desk. JACK'S FATHER wears a white lab coat.

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"Where've you been?" he asks us. "Come, I want to show you the progress we're making on Project **Anaphrodite**." *

INSIDE A LAB, JACK'S FATHER removes a cover from a small cage. "JACK" and "LAURA" (lab rat size) are in the cage which includes a exercise wheel, metal bowl of pellets and metal water tube. JACK and LAURA are kissing wildly, tearing at each other's clothes. The father's gloved hand reaches into the cage, plucks "JACK" out, JACK SCREAMS "NO, FATHER! NOT NOW!" as FATHER injects him with a glowing, experimental solution, and returns him to the cage. "JACK" and "LAURA" embrace fervently and begin kissing again. Suddenly, JACK begins to shake, and has a massive seizure near the dripping water tube. MATCH DISSOLVE SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER TO:

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

From DRIPPING FAUCET CAMERA FINDS JACK, lying in the bathtub. LAURA kneels next to him, dabbing his forehead with a moist towel. JACK smiles up at LAURA.

JACK SMITH

(wryly)

Don't worry Darling, you'll be alright.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN: SAGA SELL OF ACT ONE

We see KEY IMAGES (first sight of LAURA; in LAURA'S apartment; the SEIZURE; etc.) from previous act COLOR TREATED and in EXTREME SLOW MOTION. SUPERIMPOSE AT BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN: "EXEC-SOL SURVEILLANCE ENTRY # ***** (CODE ENCRYPTED)".

JACK SMITH (V.O.)

You know what they can do now? They can take a boy, inject him with a synthetic virus, so at peak moments of romantic fervor and sexual arousal, he experiences complete motor dysfunction and severe hallucinations.

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INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT - DAY

LAURA and JACK SMITH, in the same clothes as previous scene, have been up all night talking. JACK watches as LAURA makes coffee.

JACK SMITH

And for the rest of my life, whenever I'm about to be intimate with someone, I experience a massive seizure. How do I know so much about this? I'm not just the President of The Sex-Induced, Incapacitating, Hallucinatory Seizure Club, I'm it's *only* member.

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LAURA

Are missing wives entitled to any club privileges?

JACK reaches out and caresses LAURA's cheek and lips with the back of his hand.

JACK SMITH

I never thought I'd touch this beautiful face again.

LAURA caresses JACK'S face.

LAURA

Sometimes I wanted you so much that I felt as if I could conjure you out of the air...

JACK studies LAURA as she pours him a cup of coffee.

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CONTINUED:

JACK SMITH

You haven't changed. It's as if no time
has passed. Do you still love thunder
and lightning?

(they kiss)

Do you still love cold macaroni-and-
cheese in the middle of the night?

(they kiss)

And the movies, Laura...My god, all those
matinees...all those afternoons emerging
from the pitch darkness of the theater
into that blinding sunlight...Do you
still love that, my sweetheart?

LAURA

Yes...and I still love you.

She embraces JACK and kisses him softly. A strange feeling
comes over JACK (as if he is about to experience another
seizure). The coffee cup in his hand begins to tremble. He
has to sit down.

LAURA (cont'd)

Are you alright?

JACK smiles ruefully.

JACK SMITH

Great, for someone infected and colonized
with man-made inner demons.

LAURA places her head in his lap and looks up at JACK with
great tenderness.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - VARIOUS ESTABLISHING - DAY

The well-kept country club.

JACK SMITH (VO)

Here, in sunny San Corazon, they breed
their inner demons to live on the
outside.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - HUNT COURSE - DAY

CAMERA FINDS JACK;

JACK SMITH (VO)

They call them *Homunculi* - disgusting
little trolls, with a perverse instinct
for the truth. The Homunculus Hunt, is
the official recreation of San Corazon's
wealthy elite.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

JACK SMITH(cont'd)

In this city of uncontrollable feeling,
 those who rule, like the good Doctor
 Wolff, do so by keeping their emotions
 tightly in check. The homunculi are
 their emotional enemas. Here, along
 these emerald fairways, they can
 finally...purge.

*

REVEAL A SCREAMING, FOAMING-AT-MOUTH, HOMUNCULUS.

The HOMUNCULOUS, imprisoned in a PLEXIGLASS CAGE, is a
 monkey-size, genetically engineered Jerry Springer/Jenny
 Jones guest-like creature -- a vile, loathsome, immoral,
 aggressive, belligerent, nasty, tacky, violent, arm-pit
 reeking deadbeat.

HOMUNCULOUS #1

(belching)

You're a doctor? You don't look like a
 doctor. You look like a slut, y'know
 that? You look like you fuck a lot of
 doctors - but you don't look like a
 doctor.

At eye level with the rabid HOMUNCULOUS is DR. GERTRUDE
 WOLFF. She is seated on ALL TERRAIN SPEED VEHICLE; on each
 arm she wears A MINIATURE AUTO-LOAD CROSS BOW -- DR. WOLFF is
 GUNNING THE ENGINE of her all terrain vehicle.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF is being monitored for biological
 indicators of anger (blood pressure; pulse; Epinephrine
 production levels; etc.). As the HOMUNCULOUS continues to
 vent, all monitor numbers are rising.

HOMUNCULOUS #1 (cont'd)

(hawks up phlegm)

You're too old to dress like that, baby.
 (spits)

If I was your husband I wouldn't let you
 outta the house. I had a wife once - I
 threw her the hell out after she had the
 kid though - her tits got all saggy and
 shit. I mean, what's up with that?

OFF TO THE SIDE OF THE STARTING POINT

VICE PREMIER FALCONE stands next to his wife, MRS. VICE
 PREMIER, an attractive, demure looking woman. DANI FIELDS,
 in revealing security uniform, approaches them.

DANI FIELDS

Would you like to play next, Mrs. Vice
 Premier?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. VICE PREMIER

Thank you, but I think I'll pass. *

DANI FIELDS walks off past MR. SMITH, who continues to watch

DR. WOLFF & HOMUNCULUS #1

Face off against one another. As the HOMUNCULUS verbally accosts DR. WOLFF, The LEVELS on DR. WOLFF'S BIOLOGICAL ANGER INDICATORS continue to rise into the RED ZONES.

HOMUNCULUS #1

(grabbing his crotch)

I like a woman with a rack who can cook, man. I bet you can't cook, but your rack ain't bad. Your ass is real fat, though. You need to prescribe yourself some fat ass phen-fen, lady, 'cause you got one BIG FAT ASS! *

Suddenly, the levels on WOLFF'S BIOLOGICAL ANGER INDICATORS hit maximum threshold, A CLAXON SOUNDS, and:

THE REPUGNANT HOMUNCULUS IS RELEASED FROM HIS CAGE.

Giving DR. WOLFF THE FINGER, The HOMUNCULOUS tears off down the course (on all fours and sometimes hinds), and DR. WOLFF SCREECHES off in pursuit.

As the CROWD watches from the starting point, DR. WOLFF pursues the HOMUNCULOUS down the course, through WATER HAZARDS and over SAND TRAPS, firing ARROWS from her dual side AUTO-LOADING CROSS BOWS.

Finally, DR. WOLFF corners the angry HOMUNCULUS at THE EDGE OF THE CHURNING WATER HAZARD. The HOMUNCULUS takes one look at the churning water and knows he's done for.

HOMUNCULUS #1 (cont'd)

Oh, shit.

He spins to confront DR. WOLFF. She aims the ARROW, almost point blank, on her right-hand CROSS BOW down at his heart.

HOMUNCULUS #1 (cont'd)

Go ahead, pull the trigger, you skanky tampon. You fat-assed nymphomaniac. Pull the fuckin' trigger!

(he farts loudly)

You're bogus, baby. BOGUS. Quack quack quack. Where'd you get your degree - The Guadalajara Osteopathic Institute?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That's more than she can bear. DR. WOLFF fires an ARROW directly into his heart. In pain, the HOMUNCULUS holds the arrow at it's entry point.

HOMUNCULUS #1 (cont'd)
 (theatrical; defiant)
 This is it...send in the friggin' clowns.
 I'm flat-lining... You know what? I don't
 give a flying fuck. Life sucks anyway...
 Here comes the Grim Reaper...what da ya
 know? He's got a big fat ass too.

And with that, THE HOMUNCULOUS DIES. He falls backwards into the churning water, which immediately GOES BLOOD RED.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 A kill in nine shots! Two under Par!

BACK AT THE STARTING POINT

As the ONLOOKERS APPLAUD DR. WOLFF'S kill, the VICE PREMIER, mounted on a vehicle and hooked up to the MONITORING DEVICES, REVS his ENGINE as HOMUNCULUS #2, A SLOVENLY WHITE-TRASH HAUSFRAU, rises up in plexi cage to face off against him.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - WOMEN'S DESIGNER CLOTHES - DAY

LAURA tries on a RED two piece Chanel suit in front of TWO MIRRORS. Off to the side, REVEAL REM VANDERHORST behind a rack of clothes. The two of them make eye contact, REM shakes his head "no."

LAURA
 Sir..?

REVEAL NOBI JONES, disguised as department store employee.

LAURA (cont'd)
 Can I see it in Blue?

MR. JONES
 Certainly, Miss. This way, please...

LAURA follows NOBI JONES, disappearing into the dressing room area.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. HUNT CLUB WOMEN'S STEAM ROOM - DAY

DR. WOLFF is lying down, naked, eyes closed, alone in a thickly fogged steam room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now, the door quietly opens and an unidentifiable FIGURE enters and moves slowly, menacingly toward WOLFF. WOLFF doesn't hear a thing as suddenly, A HAND smothers WOLFF'S MOUTH. WOLFF'S EYES snap open in terror.

Hand still over WOLFF's mouth, the UNIDENTIFIABLE FIGURE lifts up WOLFF'S NAKED TORSO and brings her to him, embracing her and kissing her violently. The kiss ends. WOLFF gazes up at her mysterious inamorato.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
With spouse on premises? How
uncharacteristically daring...

REVEAL VICE Premier FALCONE, also naked.

VICE PREMIER FALCONE
You give me courage, doctor.

They embrace and kiss ravenously. Then:

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
I'm glad. You'll need it. If Smith gets
in the way you'll have to kill him.

With "kill him," WOLFF kisses VICE PREMIER FALCONE deeply.

VICE PREMIER FALCONE
(nervously)
Kill him..?

She grabs him by the hair.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
I won't change my plan.

She kisses him again with dominating ardor. Then:

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF (cont'd)
Crane must commit suicide...
(with a smirk)
Murder's illegal.

*

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - WOMEN'S DESIGNER CLOTHES - DAY

REM VANDERHORST sits there a moment, then impatiently looks at his watch. He looks around, then gets up and walks back into:

INT. WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT DRESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

As REM comes in and looks around -- the area is empty. REM looks confused. He exits.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - WOMEN'S DESIGNER CLOTHES - DAY

REM approaches a SALESGIRL.

REM VANDERHORST

Excuse me. Have you seen the woman who was just here?

SALESGIRL

(gasps, covering her mouth with her hand)

Oh my god. You lost your girlfriend? Poor man...poor lonely man.

The SALESGIRL bites her lip, her eyes misting. REM, WHO HAS A SEVERE AVERSION TO OVERT DISPLAYS OF EMOTION, is visibly distressed by this show of emotion. *

SALESGIRL (cont'd)

I am so sorry.

She grasps him by the shoulders and stares deeply into his eyes.

SALESGIRL (cont'd) *

I am so very very sorry. I fear that anything I say now might trivialize your loss. But if you'd allow me to convey my deepest--

REM VANDERHORST

(interrupts; cold)

--Never mind.

And he wanders off into the store, searching for Laura.

INT. DR. WOLFF'S RADIO/TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Premier CRANE and JACK SMITH sit in the studio and listen to DR. WOLFF conduct her radio show.

CALLER #1

(crying)

Anyway, my baby died, his damaged little heart just couldn't hold up...

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Get to the point, we don't have all day here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLER #1

Well, I, um...I dis-invited my sister to
Christmas Dinner because I just couldn't
bear being around her children.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLER #1(cont'd)

(she weeps more deeply)
 And...and now I feel really guilty
 because I think I hurt her feelings.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
 You *should* feel guilty. You know why,
 Michelle? Because you acted like a
 selfish little primadonna. Michele's
 little baby went away and poor, pathetic,
 self-pitying little Michele is angry. So
 she's taking it out on her sister, who's
 only crime is having *living* children.

*

CALLER #1
 (now hysterical)
 I never...I never called her a...a
criminal...

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
 You're not listening to me, Michelle! I
 said: Grow up! You know what maturation
 is all about?

Here, DR. WOLFF looks directly at Premier CRANE.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF (cont'd)
 Accepting the fact that when you do
 something wrong - YOU ARE GUILTY. And
 you must pay the consequences for your
 acts.

The Premier reacts to this statment; JACK notices.

CALLER #1
 (utterly pathetic)
 I need to learn to listen. Thank you.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
 You're very welcome. We're going to take
 a quick commercial break, and we'll be
 right back.

DR. WOLFF removes her headset.

JACK SMITH
 With all due respect, *Doctor* Wolff, guilt
 is a self-destructive emotion.

PREMIER CRANE
 It can cripple a person. I agree - I
 just can't see the value in that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

With all due respect, *Mister* Smith, we're dealing with profoundly disturbed people here. People in almost unendurable pain. You're way out of your league. Stick to looking for missing wives.

(then, putting on headset)

We're back on the air with Doctor Gertrude Wolff.

*

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

We are CLOSE ON A TELEVISION MONITOR where we see DR. WOLFF doing her show. CAMERA PANS DOWN to find a MALE CLERK and a FEMALE CLERK folding t-shirts.

MALE CLERK

I fold these shirts so carefully, so meticulously, but does anyone ever notice? No. It's always been that way. They never notice.

FEMALE CLERK

"They?" Who are "they?"

MALE CLERK

"They?" My parents, silly. Whatever my brother does is just so wonderful. So perfect. Everything he says is just so brilliantly witty. But me? Forget it.

FEMALE CLERK

You should tell him. You should tell your brother how you feel.

MALE CLERK

I can't.

FEMALE CLERK

Yes you can. Just do it. Pretend he's here. You can do it. Pretend you're brother's here right now...

(then, a command)

YOU GRAB HIM! YOU TELL HIM HOW YOU FEEL!

YOU GRAB HIM AND TELL HIM HOW YOU FEEL

RIGHT NOW!

MALE CLERK turns and grabs...REM, who happens to be wandering by at exactly the wrong time, in exactly the wrong place. The MALE CLERK has REM by his lapels, and gets right in his face, screaming, spittle flying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE CLERK

(screaming)

I hate it that you were always praised
for everything you did!

FEMALE CLERK

Vent!

MALE CLERK

I hate it that mom cared about everything
you said!

FEMALE CLERK

Let it out!

MALE CLERK

And I hate it that she never had time to
listen to *me*!

Sweat-drenched REM is reeling, his eyes rolling back in his
head. MALE CLERK releases him.

MALE CLERK (cont'd)

(oblivious to Rem)

You know what? It worked. I *do* feel
better. Much better.

FEMALE CLERK

(equally oblivious)

I told you.

Now, for the first time, the TWO CLERKS notice the stricken
REM, who is a total wreck. FEMALE CLERK steps toward him.

FEMALE CLERK (cont'd)

You seem to have some major issues with
emotion.

INT. DR. WOLFF'S RADIO/TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

As DR. WOLFF speaks, she looks directly at Premier CRANE, as
if she were directing her brusque homilies at him.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(laden with sarcasm)

Look, your life is so bad, apparently
circumstances have just spun so out of
control for you. I say, kill yourself.
Put yourself out of your misery.

CALLER #3

But Dr. Wolff, it's only *snoring*--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(interrupting)

--You are *not* listening. You're talking and you're not listening. If your life has become so intolerable that you can't bear to face another day - I say end it. Have the courage to do at least that.

JACK leans over and whispers something in the Premier'S ear. The Premier nods and the two men rise and exit the room into the engineering booth next door. DR. WOLFF can see them through the glass partition.

CALLER #3

Thank you, Dr. Wolff.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Caller, you're on the air with Doctor Gertrude Wolff.

As Caller #4 speaks, DR. WOLFF watches JACK and THE Premier through the glass partition; THE Premier slumps down against the wall, JACK grabs him by the shoulders and bolsters him up. As JACK speaks to THE Premier, JACK intent and quite animated, gesticulating energetically with his hands. But DR. WOLFF can't hear what JACK is saying and it's driving her nuts.

CALLER #4

Dr. Wolff, my boyfriend just got out of prison - he was in for six-and-a-half years for methamphetamine trafficking--

Completely distracted, she interrupts the caller with a totally inappropriate rote response.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(rudely interrupting)

--You need to tell your six-year-old daughter that your household is *not* a democracy. You decide what's appropriate for her to watch on television.

CALLER #4

But, I wasn't . . . I don't have a six-year-old--

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(cutting her off again)

--You talk and you don't listen. That's *your* problem. I'm sorry, that's all the time we have right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF(cont'd)

You're listening to "Living Virtues" with Doctor Gertrude Wolf. A quick word from our sponsor and we'll be right back.

DR. WOLFF takes off her headset and stares through the window at JACK SMITH speaking with Premier CRANE. The Premier is now smiling, laughing, happy. DR. WOLFF is not pleased. She picks up the PHONE and punches SPEED DIAL.

DR. WOLFF

(into phone)

We underestimated Mister Smith. Do something about him.

(then, emphatic)

Now.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JACK SMITH, DANI FIELDS and NOBI JONES are getting dressed.

JACK SMITH

Ms. Fields, no matter what happens tonight, you *must* prove your loyalty to Stein.

DANI FIELDS

I'm there. *

JACK SMITH

Good. Hey, nice tummy. You could grate cheese on that thing. *

DANI FIELDS

It's all in that final rep. Can you do this?

DANI does a particularly difficult inverted ab-crunch.

NOBI JONES

Can you do this?

NOBI does a weird little rave dance.

JACK SMITH

Very impressive. But can you do this?

JACK pours a shot of whiskey into a glass, cracks a raw egg into it, adds an unspeakable amount of hot sauce, and downs it in one gulp.

DANI FIELDS

To the mirror, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOBI JONES

Not now Dani...c'mon, we gotta get outta here.

DANI FIELDS

We do it in every friggin' city-state, Nobi, on every friggin' assignment. It's *tradition*.

The three gather in front of the mirror, arms draped over each other's shoulders.

NOBI JONES

Softboiled!

They all smile inanely.

NOBI JONES (cont'd)

Hardboiled!

They all glare, with tough, intense expressions.

NOBI JONES (cont'd)

Scrambled!

They all assume various expressions of lunacy.

DANI FIELDS

(screaming into NOBI's face)
Why does it rain, geek?

NOBI JONES

(like a child)
Sir, so the fwowers can dwink, sir!

JACK SMITH

Who watches out for my ass?

DANI AND NOBI

I do!

DANI FIELDS

Who watches out for *my* ass?

JACK AND NOBI

I do!

NOBI JONES

And who watches out for *my* ass?

DANI AND NOBI

I do!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALL
Who wants gum?!

ALL (cont'd)
(fanatically)
I DO!!!!

*

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

JACK SMITH meets LAURA in front of a MOVIE THEATRE; they buy tickets and go in.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

JACK and LAURA move down a row past NUMEROUS AUDIENCE MEMBERS. JACK and LAURA find their seats, sit down and look up at THE MOVIE: in a living room, A birthday celebration is taking place. MOM, DAD, LITTLE BOY (eating Banana), and GUESTS (a DOCTOR and NURSE) sit around a BIRTHDAY CAKE. DAD tries to blow out the candles -- they don't go out.

*

LITTLE BOY
Blow harder, daddy!

DAD blows harder. MUCH harder. The candles go out. The FAMILY laughs and applauds. So does the MOVIE AUDIENCE.

*

Suddenly, DAD clutches his chest and falls heavily to the floor. THE HAPPY MUSIC STOPS. THE AUDIENCE is completely silent, their attention riveted to the tragedy unfolding before them. IN THE MOVIE: The DOCTOR examines DAD with stethoscope. DRAMATIC MUSIC CUE.

DOCTOR
THIS MAN'S HAD A MASSIVE CORONARY!
NURSE, THE DEFIBRILLATOR!

MOM and LITTLE BOY begin to cry. THE AUDIENCE is also beginning to cry.

LITTLE BOY
(hands clasped in prayer)
Please god, don't let daddy die.

DOCTOR
CLEAR!

The HUSBAND is ZAPPED three times -- his body lurches upward.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
CLEAR! CLEAR! CLEAR!

The DOCTOR listens for a heartbeat. Turns to MOM.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR (cont'd)
I'm very sorry. He's gone.

SAD MUSIC CUE comes up. MOM and LITTLE BOY and NURSE and DOCTOR all begin to weep. A wave of hysterical weeping sweeps over THE AUDIENCE. Suddenly, A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR SILENCES EVERYONE, AUDIENCE and ACTORS. IN THE MOVIE:

MOM
Who is it?

A STONER PIE GUY enters.

STONER PIE GUY
(carrying two cream pies)
Dudes, did somebody order pie?

DAD suddenly SITS UPRIGHT and says:

DAD
I did!

IN THE AUDIENCE everyone LAUGHS. IN THE MOVIE as the STONER PIE GUY approaches DAD--

NURSE
Watch out for that--

But too late, PIE GUY slips on LITTLE BOY's DISCARDED BANANA PEEL. The PIES GO FLYING. MOM and DAD get hit in the face.

THE AUDIENCE laughs again. IN THE MOVIE a WILD, SLAPSTICK PIE FIGHT ensues. THE AUDIENCE is convulsed in helpless LAUGHTER.

JACK seems to be the only one NOT laughing. THE MOVIE suddenly switches emotional gears again. THE FRONT DOOR EXPLODES OPEN. TERRORISTS wearing SKI MASKS and SCREAMING in an unintelligible language storm the room, mowing everyone down in a FLAMING BARRAGE of Uzi sub-machine gun fire.

THE AUDIENCE is now SCREAMING with horror, many of them literally on the edge of their seats. JACK notes the audience reaction with clinical interest.

IN THE MOVIE the TERRORISTS, having killed all, exit. We HEAR CRYING. The LITTLE BOY crawls out from under the bed, clutching a small stuffed animal. THE AUDIENCE is silent with apprehension.

IN THE MOVIE the LITTLE BOY whimpers as he surveys the bloody carnage around him. Now, he hears something. DISTANT CLAPPING. He cocks his head; THE CLAPPING GETS LOUDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The LITTLE BOY STARTS CLAPPING, BEGINS STOMPING HIS FOOT and **BREAKS INTO SONG:**

LITTLE BOY

(sings over clapping)

Well life on the farm is kinda laid
back/Ain't much an old country boy like
me can't hack/It's early to rise, early
in the sack/Thank God I'm a country boy

THE AUDIENCE is now CLAPPING and FOOT STOMPING along with the
ACTOR IN THE MOVIE: DAD suddenly jumps up and joins in
SINGING with his LITTLE BOY: *

DAD & LITTLE BOY

(singing)

Well a simple kinda life never did me no
harm/A raisin' me a family and workin' on
a farm/My days are all filled with an
easy country charm/

DAD & LITTLE BOY & AUDIENCE

THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY!

As they break into THE CHORUS, the DOCTOR jumps up (now
holding a GUITAR), the NURSE jumps up (now holding a FIDDLE),
and MOM comes alive and dances wildly around the room.

THE AUDIENCE is on its feet, STOMPING, CLAPPING, Square-
dancing in the aisles, SINGING ALONG in unbridled unison.
JACK looks around (even LAURA is CLAPPING and SINGING),
shrugs, and begins to SING ALONG, too.

SUDDENLY, A BULLET SHOT RINGS OUT next to JACK SMITH As the
AUDIENCE continues to **SING & DANCE**, JACK, sensing danger,
pushes LAURA to the floor-- *

JACK SMITH

Get down!

JACK looks up and sees:

JACK'S POV - FLAMING GUN FIRE from the projection booth.

JACK looks back at:

JACK'S POV - FLAMING GUN FIRE from behind the movie screen.

A HYSTERICAL AUDIENCE MEMBER is mowed down. OTHER AUDIENCE
MEMBERS are running up the aisles toward the exits. Some are
MOWED DOWN by the GUNFIRE.

JACK AND LAURA crawl along the floor behind seats which are
being ravaged by GUNFIRE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

INSIDE THE PROJECTION BOOTH an ASSASSIN shoots.

BEHIND THE PROJECTION an ASSASSIN shoots.

JACK looks up at:

THE SMALL HOLE in the projection booth through which a GUN BARREL is pointed.

Now JACK sees:

JACK'S POV - An AIR CONDITIONING PIPE mounted to the ceiling.

JACK FIRES THREE SHOTS at The AC PIPE, which, hit, spews FREON GAS and falls toward the projection room hole--

INSIDE THE PROJECTION BOOTH the ASSASSIN is sprayed in the eyes with FREON GAS (through the projection hole).

JACK now aims and SHOOTS at THE PROJECTION BULB, which is hit and begins to flicker.

ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN, the FILM IMAGE begins to flicker on and off -- when off, we see THE SILHOUETTE OF THE ASSASSIN.

JACK spins toward the SCREEN, SHOOTS, EMPTIES HIS CLIP at:

THE ASSASSIN, who comes crashing through the flickering projection screen.

Now, the theatre is empty except for JACK, LAURA, and scores of dead bodies. WE HEAR POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

JACK SMITH

Go!

JACK and LAURA begins to move up an aisle toward the exit. Suddenly, VIRGINIA STEIN steps into the exit door, GUN in hand, blocking their way. JACK shoots, but HIS GUN CLICKS - OUT OF BULLETS (clip is empty).

They turn, and DANI FIELDS is behind them, at the far end of the aisle, also holding a GUN on them. THE SIRENS are getting louder.

VIRGINIA STEIN

Unfortunately, your film doesn't have a happy ending.

JACK SMITH

No one's ending is ever happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VIRGINIA STEIN

Kill him.

DANI FIELDS points her gun at JACK, but hesitates. Can she really kill JACK to prove her loyalty?

VIRGINIA STEIN (CONT'D)

DO IT!

JACK looks at DANI FIELDS. VIRGINIA STEIN looks at them looking at one another. A Sergio Leone moment.

VIRGINIA STEIN (cont'd)

IF YOU DON'T I WILL!

DANI FIELDS pulls the trigger just as LAURA steps in front of JACK and takes the bullet (LAURA is shot!).

JACK SMITH

NO!

LAURA falls back into JACK'S arms. THE SIRENS are now just outside. JACK, holding LAURA drops behind a row of seats just as VIRGINIA STEIN empties her clip into the seats.

ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE SEATS, JACK shields LAURA with his body. THE SIRENS are just outside and WE HEAR VOICES approaching.

DANI FIELDS

I'll get him.

VIRGINIA STEIN

No. We're outta here. I'll take care of him later.

STEIN and MS. FIELDS flee. JACK holds dead LAURA in his arms and pulls her to him.

JACK SMITH

(softly)

Laura...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN: SAGA SELL OF ACT TWO

As we HEAR the following VOICEOVER, WE SEE KEY COLOR TREATED and EXTREME SLOW MOTION IMAGES of LAURA from the previous act -- these IMAGES tell the story of what happened. SUPERIMPOSE AT BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN: "EXEC-SOL SURVEILLANCE ENTRY # ***** (CODE ENCRYPTED)".

MR. SMITH (VO)

In love and in grief, we are desperate custodians of images. And only when these images vanish, leaving nothing but the final whiteness of the screen, do we then...surrender.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

CS ELIOT is in a disheveled blue Union military uniform, battered slouch hat, bewhiskered, cigar in mouth (a la Ulysses S. Grant).

CS ELIOT

Surrender? What are you saying, man?
That you give up?

JACK SMITH

Exactly. I give up. I hereby resign from my post as Senior Operative, Executive Solutions. Effective immediately.

JACK pours a shot of whiskey into a glass and drinks it quickly. CS stares at him. MS. FIELDS and MR. JONES are miserable.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - DAY

REM VANDERHORST wears mini-headset as he eats.

JACK SMITH (filtered VO)

I can't go on after this...

REM smiles.

REM VANDERHORST

Of course you can't, Mr. Smith. Game over. I win. You are destroyed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

CS ELIOT
 (Conjuring a holographic bottle
 and taking a swig)
 War is hell, my friend. And in hell we
 are *all* considered collateral damage.

JACK SMITH
 Collateral damage? I LOVED HER!

CS ELIOT
 A warrior can't shrink from his own
 destiny...or the destinies of those he
 professes to love.

JACK SMITH
 Warrior?
 (he laughs bitterly)
 What do you call someone who jeopardizes
 the lives of those he so adamantly
professes to love? Hypocrite?
 Charlatan? MURDERER?!?

He smashes the whiskey bottle against the wall.

DANI FIELDS
 Mr. Smith...I never meant to...
 (she sobs)
 If I'd known Laura was going to
 be...God...I'm so sorry...

DANI FIELDS collapses in tears. JACK moves to her, embraces
 her, looks urgently into her eyes.

JACK SMITH
 Listen to me, Ms. Fields. You did
 precisely what you were trained to do -
 precisely what you were *instructed* to do.

DANI FIELDS nods, softly weeping.

NOBI JONES
 (head bowed)
 You can't leave us, Mr. Smith, please.
 We can help you. We can make you
 better...

JACK SMITH moves to NOBI JONES and grasps him by the
 shoulders.

JACK SMITH
 Take care of your sister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CS ELIOT

Damn it. This couldn't have come at a worse time.

CS conjures a holographic newspaper. We see HEADLINES and PHOTOS about Laura's death (e.g. "Scores Killed In Bloody Cinema Shootout" and several columns across, we see the HEADLINE: "Premier's Mistress Dead" with PHOTO).

CS ELIOT

Jack, maybe you're right. Maybe you've had enough. But there's one last thing I want you to do. Talk to the Premier. He's falling apart over this thing.

JACK SMITH

What can I possibly say to him?

CS ELIOT

Say *something*, Jack. I want you to go to the funeral parade and at least say goodbye to him.

JACK SMITH

Parade?

CS ELIOT

They're damn ostentatious here.
(off Jack's look)
Please do this one last thing...for me.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY - THE BIG FUNERAL

Massive double-funeral parade combining the grandiose pomp and solemnity of a state funeral, the carnivalesque extravagance of a Chinatown New Year's celebration or Mardi Gras festival, and the syncopated, elegiac cadences of a New Orleans funeral march.

A huge photograph of Chantal Horowitz is carried aloft at the head of the parade; followed by a wailing gospel singer (a hybrid of Mahalia Jackson and Ru Paul); a swaying, liveried band; the two white-horse-drawn caskets, and then an endless, serried cortege of mourners many in grotesque medieval masks.

NOBI JONES is weaving in and out of the parade, following--

REM VANDERHORST, who is also weaving in and out. REM knows he is being followed. He looks back toward where we last saw NOBI JONES, and moves on through the parade. NOBI JONES continues to follow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA picks up THE PREMIER'S LIMO, moving slowly down the street. It pulls over to the curb, where JACK is waiting. The rear window rolls down.

PREMIER CRANE

Mister Smith...Jack. I'm so sorry about your wife.

JACK SMITH

So you understand why I won't be continuing here. Executive Solutions has arranged a very able replacement.

PREMIER CRANE

Jack, I need you here. Now. I just don't know if I can pull through this thing.

JACK is torn between ministering to the Premier's pain and succumbing to his own.

JACK SMITH

I can't help you, Mr. Premier. I can't help anyone.

JACK SMITH turns and walks away from the limo

EXT./INT. PREMIER'S LIMO - DAY

The PREMIER turns to DR. WOLFF and VICE PREMIER FALCONE.

PREMIER CRANE

Excuse me.

The PREMIER gets out of the limo and runs to MR. SMITH, stopping him. DR. WOLFF and VICE PREMIER watch the PREMIER plead with MR. SMITH. Both SMITH and THE PREMIER look terrible - unkempt, unshaven, blood-shot eyes rimmed with dark circles.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

This couldn't have worked out better. Now I can take the Premier down without any interference from Smith. Piece of cake.

VICE PREMIER FALCONE

Still want to kill Smith?

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Why bother? He's already dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They watch as MR. SMITH turns and walks away from the PREMIER, who slowly sinks onto a bus bench, putting his head in his hands.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY - THE BIG FUNERAL

The FUNERAL PARADE continues. Pick up NOBI JONES still following REM VANDERHORST, who is becoming unnerved by the uneludable JONES. REM HEARS MUSIC coming from A CLUB. He looks around, makes a decision, then ducks into the club. NOBI JONES sees this, and follows REM into the club.

INT. CLUB - DAY

As NOBI JONES enters the club, he is approached by a DEALER, a young man wearing sunglasses and a long Issey Miyake white plastic pleated duster with metal studs. They greet each other with a highly stylzed, ritualistic handshake.

DEALER

Buon giorno, Herr Jones. Que pasa?
Konichiwa.

(He furtively proffers a deep-
blue eyedropper in the palm of
his hand.)

Check it out - Optic X. Ecstasy fo' de
eyebolls, mon. Grado farmaceutico.

NOBI JONES nonchalantly reaches into his jacket, with draws a bill and presses it into the DEALER's palm in exchange for the eyedropper. As NOBI JONES speaks, HE TAKES OUT A SMALL, DISTINCTIVE BLUE BOX and PLACES THE EYEDROPPER IN IT.

NOBI JONES

I have a job for the band.

DEALER

No problema, sahib.

NOBI JONES hands the DISTINCTIVE BLUE BOX (containing the EYEDROPPER) back to the DEALER with a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

NOBI JONES

And this needs to be delivered.

*

DEALER

Done.

NOBI JONES moves past him through the club, A THREE PIECE BAND is playing to a packed MOSH PIT. The feel is SOOTHING, BUCOLIC FOLKSY:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINGER

I told you what that girl did to me at
Sea World when I was immature/You
fidgeted, you yawned and checked your
page/I don't hate you; I hate my rage--

Just as NOBI JONES spots REM, THE BAND launches into a
VIOLENT, CHAOTIC THRASH-METAL verse. THE MOSH PIT goes
crazy; jumping, slugging, stage diving, etc. NOBI JONES
loses REM in the melee.

SINGER (cont'd)

Unleash the emotional enemas!/Loose the
imps of the perverse!/Loathsome trolls
covered with eczema//Evolution in
reverse! Loose the imps of the perverse!

Suddenly, the BAND stops the THRASH METAL feel, and reverts
to the SOOTHING, BUCOLIC FOLKSY MODE:

SINGER (cont'd)

You said I make too many demands upon
your glands/You said I'm pathetic - a
pathetic nag/I have no shame - I'd take a
charity shag/Oh angel, I'll take a
charity shag...

NOBI JONES looks for REM through the now-mellow, SWAYING-TO-
AND-FRO crowd. But REM is gone.

NOBI JONES

Damn.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

JACK SMITH is in a large, empty room. There are GIANT
PROJECTED IMAGES of LAURA on all four walls. JACK SMITH
opens THE DISTINCTIVE BLUE BOX and removes the EYEDROPPER
NOBI JONES sent him. He lies down on the concrete floor and
puts DROPS FROM THE DEEP BLUE DROPPER in each of his eyes.
He closes his eyes; his body begins to convulse.

THE FATAL SEIZURE

JACK and LAURA at a restaurant, on top of a table, wildly
making out and ripping at each other's clothes, as DINERS
gawk voyeuristically. A STROLLING VIOLINIST approaches
playing the Johnny Mercer SONG "I WANNY BE AROUND."

CAMERA REVEALS that VIOLINIST IS JACK'S FATHER; his tux
becomes a labcoat; his violin an air-rifle, which fires
poison dart into JACK. JACK's body goes limp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK is being dragged. Passing under his body we see yellow hash marks. WIDER ANGLE REVEALS that we are on a FOOTBALL FIELD. We HEAR "I WANNA BE AROUND" played by MARCHING BAND.

JACK staggers to his feet and is immediately leveled, with sickening CRUNCH, by monstrous PLAYER in full gear. CROWD'S ROAR is deafening. PLAYER does taunting, lewd dance over JACK's paralyzed body.

A DOCTOR (JACK'S FATHER) straps JACK's head to cervical immobilization board. JACK: "I can't feel my arms or legs..." DOCTOR/FATHER: "Don't worry, son, it's gonna be OK." We HEAR sound of heavy chains.

REVEAL four MONSTER TRUCKS each attached by chain to one of JACK's limbs. Trucks gun engines. LAURA, crazed with excitement and dressed like Natalie Wood in *Rebel Without A Cause*, lifts her arms into the air and gives signal to trucks. Trucks accelerate in roiling clouds of dust.

CUT to hairdressing room at funeral parlor. JACK in chair. CU of his cadaverous face as BARBER clips hair. We HEAR SINATRA SINGING "I WANNA BE AROUND." BARBER opens *Playboy* to centerfold. It's LAURA, naked, draped raunchily across lab-rodent's exercise-wheel. JACK groans, squirms to avoid photo. CU of straight-edge razor in BARBER's hand. Then slashing swath across JACK's neck. JACK's head lolls to side.

Through window we see, on a dirt street, a COFFIN-MAKER building a coffin. We HEAR Ennio Morricone version of "I WANNA BE AROUND". As we push in to COFFIN-MAKER, we HEAR the STEADY POUNDING OF HAMMER become louder and louder. MATCH SOUND DISSOLVE:

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

There is KNOCKING at the door. The HOTEL CLERK and ANOTHER HOTEL EMPLOYEE break through the door and see MR. SMITH sprawled out on the floor. HOTEL CLERK runs up to MR. SMITH, kneels down and feels for pulse in carotid artery. HOTEL CLERK slowly looks up at HOTEL EMPLOYEE.

HOTEL CLERK
This man is dead.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

CS ELLIOT, dressed in BLACK JACKIE O. MOURNING DRESS and VEILED PILL BOX HAT, meets with DANI FIELDS and NOBI JONES. Both are grief stricken. The mood is extremely solemn.

CS ELIOT

When Marc Antony fell upon his sword, the great Cesar wept and said...

INT. REM'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

REM listens on his HEADSET as he finishes packing a small suitcase.

CS ELIOT (VO)

"Let me lament with tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts..."

REM smiles, takes off his HEADSET and exits.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

CS ELIOT

So let us merely say: Jack Smith was the finest goddamn operative in the history of Executive Solutions. Goodbye Mr. Smith, dear friend, magnificent man.

DANI FIELDS is weeping softly. Even NOBI JONES is misty eyed.

CS ELIOT (cont'd)

Alright, people. Mister Smith's replacement will be here in hours. Mr. Jones, find Rem Vanderhorst. Ms. Fields, back to the club. Time to kick some ass.

(then, tender)

Mr. Smith would have wanted it that way.

INT. RADIO/TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

VICE PREMIER FALCONE

Smith's dead. They found him in his hotel room last night. OD'd.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

So I heard. Tragic, isn't it? Now, bringing down Crane will be easy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF(cont'd)

You'll **be taking** the Premier's oath of office within the hour.

*

VICE PREMIER FALCONE

There's a glitch. I just got a call from one of our *friends* at The Club - turns out that perky new bodyguard of yours is a plant. She's undercover for Executive Solutions.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Forget her. By the time we crack open our champagne, she'll be fish food.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - ESTABLISHING

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - HUNT COURSE - DAY

DANI FIELDS, wearing AUTO LOAD CROSS BOWS, is preparing an ALL TERRAIN VEHICLE. She takes some THIN WIRE and wraps it around her arm, connecting it to her left cross bow. She looks up as she hears/sees SIX VEHICLES moving toward her. She gets on her VEHICLE and STARTS THE ENGINE. VEHICLE #1 pulls up close.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Stop the engine and step off your vehicle.

DANI FIELDS

Right.

DANI FIELDS guns her engine and TEARS OFF. The SIX VEHICLES careen after her.

THE CHASE

VEHICLE #1 manages to get in front of DANI FIELDS. VEHICLE #2 is directly behind her.

VEHICLES #3 and #4 are on her left; VEHICLES #5 and #6 are on her right.

GUARD #2 (on vehicle #2, behind FIELDS) takes aim with her cross bow and SHOOTs. FIELDS leans to the right and the ARROW goes into GUARD #1 (riding vehicle in front of FIELDS). VEHICLE #1 immediately slows, FIELDS crashes into it and is flipped off her vehicle -- #2 also crashes and flips. The ENTIRE WELTER OF TWISTED METAL AND ENGINES EXPLODES.

IN THE WATER HAZARD, as FIELDS and GUARD #2 land with SPLASHES. FIELDS comes up for air and looks over at THE CHURNING MASS, which is moving toward her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIELDS fires her cross bow arrow (with wire attached) at one of the PASSING ALL TERRAIN VEHICLES. The ARROW pierces the driver and FIELDS IS PULLED OUT OF THE WATER just as

GUARD #2 is attacked and sucked under. She re-surfaces and SCREAMS -- she tries to crawl out onto the shore, but is pulled back in. THE CHURNING WATER TURNS BLOOD RED.

As a dazed DANI FIELDS rises to her feet, she is surrounded by the remaining GUARDS, who dismount from their vehicles and begin to close in on her.

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE - DAY

PREMIER CRANE, seated at his desk and framed by the Premier's seal, is giving an official televised address to the citizens of San Corazon.

CRANE appears to be crumbling under great stress. He looks sallow, haggard, unkempt. His delivery is halting and desultory.

PREMIER CRANE

Fellow citizens, I had intended tonight to announce a major investigation into...

(distracted, he loses his train of thought)

We have reason to believe that there are corrupt individuals within this very administration...

(he grasps a framed photo of his family and stares at it for several beats, then looks back into camera, distraught)

Do you know what I did? I betrayed my wife and children and caused them pain... I caused the death of a beautiful bright young woman...and I'm having a great deal of trouble *dealing* with it . .

CRANE speed-dials a number on his RED PHONE and puts the receiver to his left ear.

PREMIER CRANE

Dr. Wolff...?

Throughout following scene, use SPLIT SCREENS and INTERCUT among PREMIER'S OFFICE and WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO.

Also INTERCUT among locations across the city where people are riveted to television screens - e.g. homes, dorms, bars, gyms, electronic appliance stores (banks of TVs), etc.

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
I've been expecting your call, Mr.
Premier.

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE

PREMIER CRANE
(wracked with despair)
I can't . . . I can't go on, Dr.
Wolff...

He breaks down, sobbing.

INT. ND HOTEL ROOM - DAY

CAMERA is behind a WOMAN who is BOUND to a chair. NOBI JONES enters through a single door at the far end of the room and approaches the WOMAN.

NOBI JONES
Hello..."Laura."

CAMERA swings around to reveal that the woman is LAURA; however, we will now call her LAURA #1 (you'll see why in a moment). Her mouth is GAGGED; her head is in a clamp-like device with small flanges holding her eye-lids wide open.

NOBI JONES (cont'd)
Where is Rem Vanderhorst?

LAURA #1 shakes her head, "no." NOBI JONES calmly removes A DEEP BLUE EYE DROPPER and PLACES A DROP OF OPTIC-X IN EACH OF LAURA #1's eyes (this is the same drug Jack used to induce his fatal seizure).

NOBI JONES (cont'd)
Let's play show and tell.

NOBI JONES removes some PHOTOGRAPHS and begins showing them to her. The PHOTOS depict LAURA being shot by DANI FIELDS in the theatre; CRIME SCENE photos of DEAD LAURA, etc.

NOBI JONES (cont'd)
This is how you died.

LAURA #1 is CRYING, devastated by the photos. NOBI JONES removes her gag.

LAURA #1
(crying)
My God...that was supposed to be me?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA #1(cont'd)

That poor girl...she's dead...and it's
all my fault...

NOBI JONES

It's Vanderhorst's fault. Where is he?

She looks up at him with tear-filled eyes.

LAURA #1

Airport. Three o'clock flight to Los
Lindos...

NOBI JONES brandishes a REMOTE CONTROL and pushes a button.
The door opens; HOTEL CLERK and LAURA #2 enter.

NOBI JONES

Laura...meet Laura.

LAURA #1 stares at LAURA #2, surprised, stunned, speechless.

NOBI JONES (cont'd)

After I separated you from Mr.
Vanderhorst, Junior Operative White took
your place.

LAURA #2 (JUNIOR OPERATIVE WHITE) RIPS OFF HER "LAURA" FACE
MASK. LAURA #1 is beginning to understand the sting.

NOBI JONES (cont'd)

Your death, "Laura," was just like you. A
hoax. A sham. A phony. Totally fake.

Now, LAURA #1 begins to LAUGH. She laughs maniacally,
helplessly (the eye drops).

LAURA #1

(in demented sing-song)
You fooled Rem! You fooled me! You
fooled everyone!
(chortling again)
This is amazing! *Amazing!* It's
unbelievably fantastically hysterically
AMAZING!

*

As she laughs herself into tears:

NOBI JONES

I love actresses. They're so much more
real than women.

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE - DAY

PREMIER CRANE

(sobbing)

I've destroyed my family . . . I've
destroyed the life of a wonderful young
woman and her family . . .

(he weeps unrestrainedly)

Premier CRANE then WITHDRAWS A GUN from a desk drawer and
PUTS THE MUZZLE TO HIS RIGHT TEMPLE

PREMIER CRANE

If only I could go back and--

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Mr. Premier, what you have *done* can never
be *undone*. But the moral stain you have
left on your family and on this city *can*
be expunged. It can be expunged by an
act of courage equal in heroism to death
on the battlefield.

*

INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN TRAVELING THROUGH CITY STREETS - DAY

HOTEL CLERK is driving. NOBI JONES, seated in backseat, in
headset with modem and convex 3-D grid computer screen, hacks
into WOLFF-CRANE transmission and connects JACK SMITH.

NOBI JONES

Mr. Smith, you're in.

INT. SMITH'S BATHOSPHERE

JACK SMITH, wearing headset, is esconced within some sort of
(submerged) translucent sphere, outside of which we can see
undulating aquamarine currents of water. INTERCUT.

JACK SMITH

Mr. Premier, this is Jack Smith.

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE

PREMIER CRANE

Jack?...I don't understand...they said
you were...dead...that you...killed
yourself...

INT. SMITH'S BATHOSPHERE

JACK SMITH

Killed myself? On company time? No, Mr. Premier, they're extremely touchy about that back at the office. Mr. Premier, please - put the gun down. I need to talk to you . . .

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(through clenched teeth)
God damn it!

She swivels out of range of studio camera, and furiously dials her cell phone.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT AND FISH CLUB

VIRGINIA STEIN, watching the attack on DANI FIELDS, answers her chirping cell phone.

VIRGINIA STEIN

Yes, Dr. Wolff.

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(into cell phone, covering studio mike with her hand)
Smith's alive. He's broadcasting a signal from somewhere. Trace it. Find him and kill him! Now!

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE

PREMIER CRANE

I can't talk . . . I can't think . . .

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

(with unctuous solicitude)
Mr. Premier . . . *let go*. Just let go. Stop fighting this. You have the means - right in your own hand - to end this anguish and cleanse this shame from your legacy.

INT. SMITH'S BATHOSPHERE

JACK SMITH

What is this indelible *stain*, Mr. Premier? Who the hell is she, the dry cleaner of morality?

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

This is not a matter of *trivial indiscretion*. This is a matter of betrayal and criminal negligence. There is only one way now to end the torment of your conscience, Mr. Premier.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - HUNT COURSE - DAY

GUARDS #3, #4, #5, and #6 circle DANI FIELDS. #3 has a GUN; #4 has a large MACHETE; and #5 has a FULL-SIZE CROSS BOW.

#2 raises her GUN. With great speed, FIELDS stops the hammer of the GUN with her thumb, snaps #2's wrist and throws her to the ground.

#3 attacks with the large MACHETE. In a 3-step combination move, FIELDS takes the MACHETE from #3, and, while keeping #3 in a choke hold, throws the MACHETE back into #2 who has picked up her GUN and is trying to aim it at FIELDS. A WILD SHOT goes off as #2 hits the dust.

#4 aims and SHOOTS an ARROW (from cross bow) at FIELDS; FIELDS uses #3 (whom she is still holding) as a shield to absorb the ARROW. #3 drops to the ground.

As #4 reloads the cross bow with ANOTHER ARROW, FIELDS pulls the ARROW from #3 and flings it into #4.

FIELDS turns to #5, who thinks about her situation for a moment, then turns and runs. However, before she gets very far, #5 is SHOT IN THE BACK by AN ARROW.

REVEAL VIRGINIA STEIN, gunning her motorcycle.

VIRGINIA STEIN

Hi there. By the way, you haven't seen Mister Smith around, have you?

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Mr. Premier, you have the opportunity to commit an act of such supreme patriotism that the gods themselves will weep with shame. Your blood will cleanse San Corazon of your crime.

INT. SMITH'S BATHOSPHERE

JACK SMITH

There is nothing beyond this life that we can know. We make our stand *here*. We fight out battles *here*. Life can be hellish, but proud men - proud men like you, Mr. Premier - prefer the torments of hell to the serenity of oblivion.

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Why Jack, I think I underestimated you.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB - HUNT COURSE - DAY

VIRGINIA STEIN aims her cross bow at DANI FIELDS. FIELDS aims hers at STEIN.

VIRGINIA STEIN

Where is Smith?

DANI FIELDS

(obnoxious secretary)

Mister Smith isn't available at the moment. He's on a conference call.

THEY SHOOT SIMULTANEOUSLY.

IN SLOW MOTION MOTION, THE ARROWS COLIDE IN MID-AIR, destroying one another.

MS. FIELDS

Whoa! That was cool!

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Mr. Premier, I know you better than you know yourself. You prefer death and glory to a life of infamy.

INT. SMITH'S BATHOSPHERE

JACK SMITH

Y'know, Mr. Premier, we wonder sometimes, with all the hatred and the violence, how this world even holds together anymore. It's because, below the radar screen of the media, millions of people are committing small acts of kindness everyday. It's this simple fabric of compassion that binds us together. Don't deprive the world of your acts of compassion, Mr. Premier.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Compassion? What's more *compassionate* than martyrdom?

JACK SMITH

I know what it feels like to be in pain like this...you want to just drift away alone in an endless sleep. But we don't really want to be alone. We know that love is dangerous, that it exposes us to the toxic debris of each other's pasts... but we can't really stop ourselves, can we?

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE

PREMIER CRANE

I guess I'm an incurable romantic too, Jack...is that such a crime?

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

REM VANDERHORST, sleek briefcase in hand, is moving quickly through the terminal past DOZENS OF PEOPLE riveted to TELEVISIONS broadcasting the Premier Crane crisis.

Suddenly, REM is stopped by a CRYING CHILD who grabs REM by the pants leg.

CRYING CHILD

I lost my mommy!

REM takes one look at the CHILD, then SLAPS him hard across the face, silencing him. But, as REM turns to make a hasty escape he finds himself face to face with THE DRUMMER from the club BAND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUMMER

(giddy with happiness, waving a
Mirriam Webster Dictionary in
his hand)

Brother, can I have a moment of your
time. Just one moment out of your
beautiful day. Glory in The Word! The
Word from on high. Hallelujah! We must
rejoice!!

(he hugs VANDERHORST)

And the Lord said, *Joshua, take out your--* *

(he flips through the
dictionary, stops randomly at
a page and points to a word)

Oboe - a double-reed woodwind instrument
having a conical tube. And he began to
play! And the music was a good tiding!

And Rachel began to dance, waving her--

(he flips haphazardly through
the dictionary)

--waving her *Edam* - a yellow pressed
cheese of Dutch origin. And she sang out
with delight. And the Lord looked down
and he was happy!

(he kisses VANDERHORST's head)

And he said unto Rachel, he said you are--

(he flips through the
dictionary once more and
points arbitrarily)

Struthious - of or relating to ostriches.

And she was enraptured. And I am
enraptured today. I am overflowing with
joy. Let me share my joy with you!!!

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIRGINIA STEIN revs her engine and accelerates towards DANI FIELDS, attempting to run her down. FIELDS dives out of the way, hits the ground, then leaps to her feet.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

DRUMMER

Let me share my joy with you! Let me
share my joy with you!! LET ME SHARE MY
JOY WITH YOU!!!

REM (whom we know can't tolerate expressions of emotion) has broken into a cold sweat; he spins to get away from the DRUMMER and is now confronted by THE SINGER:

SINGER

(ranting, becoming increasingly
enraged as he proceeds)
They're watching us! See there--

He points to a ticketing agent at one of the gates.

SINGER (cont'd)

--and up there--

He points to a child in a snorkle and flippers in an advertisement for a tropical resort.

SINGER (cont'd)

They're all watching us. Total
surveillance. World Trade Center
bombing, Jonestown, Irish potato famine.
Never happened. Simulated in TV studios.
Pretexts for--

He makes quotation marks in the air.

SINGER (cont'd)

--security. Total surveillance of the
population - the panopticon. Metal
detectors back there - shrink the testes.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT & FISH CLUB

VIRGINIA STEIN turns her bike around.

VIRGINIA STEIN

WHERE IS HE?!

DANI FIELDS puts her finger to her chin as if thinking, then shrugs her shoulders. STEIN takes off. This time, STEIN knocks FIELDS down -- FIELDS painfully hits the ground, hurt.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

REM, near breaking point, accosted by THE SINGER:

THE SINGER
Over there, there, there--

He points to monitors with departure and arrival information.

SINGER
Low-pulse gamma radiation - gradually atrophies the pineal gland. I'm not goin' out that way, man! I'm not lettin' some hermaphroditic water bug from another galaxy stick a 15-inch lobotomy needle through my eyeball!! No fuckin way!!! But, see, if we get a little too uncooperative, see there and there-

He points to concession cart selling glazed peanuts and the entrance to a women's rest room

SINGER (cont'd)
That's where they release the Zyklon B. That's the gas. That's the end. Just like that! It's all over!!!!

REM falls to his knees, totally incapacitated, reduced to a mumbling, quivering lump of jelly. REVEAL NOBI JONES, giving the elaborate club handshake to the BASS PLAYER.

EXT. HOMUNCULUS HUNT COURSE - DAY

VIRGINIA STEIN turns her bike and prepares to deliver the death blow to DANI FIELDS.

VIRGINIA STEIN (cont'd)
For the last time, WHERE IS SMITH!

DANIE FIELDS
Go to hell, bitch!

STEIN tears off at FIELDS. FIELDS, too injured to get up, notices a TREE BRANCH lying within reach. As STEIN rushes toward her, FIELDS ROLLS and SHOVES THE BRANCH INTO THE SPOKES OF STEIN'S FRONT WHEEL. STEIN FLIPS OFF HER BIKE and GOES FLYING INTO:

A QUICKSAND HAZARD. STEIN tries to stand up, but she is quickly being sucked back down into the QUICKSAND.

VIRGINIA STEIN
Help me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEIN is going down fast. FIELDS looks around for another tree branch, finds one but it is too short. She approaches the edge, leans over it and reaches out.

DANI FIELDS

Take my hand!

STEIN grabs FIELDS' hand. But instead of trying to help herself out, STEIN BEGINS TRYING TO PULL FIELDS INTO THE QUICKSAND. A battle of strength ensues.

VIRGINIA STEIN

Let's...die...together.

DANI FIELDS

Can't we just be...friends?

As STEIN sinks under with a SCREAM, she manages to pull FIELDS' head down all the way to the surface. STEIN is still pulling from underneath. FIELDS holds tight, not giving an inch. A beat, some BUBBLES GURGLE TO THE SURFACE, and FIELDS' arm is released. FIELDS relaxes.

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF

Face reality, Mr. Premier. Every single person watching and listening to this knows exactly what you did. Your vile behavior resulted in the death of an innocent woman! Do you understand what I'm saying? End this nightmare now. You know what you have to do.

INT. SMITH'S BATHOSPHERE

JACK SMITH

Sir, you had absolutely *nothing* to do with the death of Chantal Horowitz. She was murdered by Gertrude Wolff and Vice Premier Trey Falcone. We have in custody the man they personally hired to sabotage her car, the man they paid \$250,000 to dismantle the steering mechanism of her car as it sat outside the bar that afternoon.

INT. PREMIER'S OFFICE

PREMIER CRANE aims his GUN at and shoots THE GLASS FIGURINE of WOLFF. It SHATTERS into a million pieces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO VARIOUS SHOTS of PEOPLE watching all this on television screens across San Corazon CHEERING WILDLY.

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
Lies! Lies!! You're all talking and
you're not listening!!!

INT. SMITH'S BATHOSPHERE

JACK SMITH
Mr. Morton, Mr. Eagleton - arrest them.

INT. WOLFF'S TV/RADIO STUDIO

Executive Solutions operatives MORTON and EAGLETON burst through the door of WOLFF's studio, subdue WOLFF and FALCONE, handcuff them and haul them away, as WOLFF screams hysterically.

DR. GERTRUDE WOLFF
You're not listening!!!!!!!

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

REM, now wearing strait jacket, drooling and mumbling incoherently, is carted off in a courtesy cart.

EXT. HUNT COURSE - WATER HAZARD - DAY

As DANI FIELDS, exhausted but alive, limps toward THE WATER HAZARD, a parabolic transmitting antenna breaks the surface of the water hazard, followed by a rising plexiglass bathosphere. A ramp extends from the vessel, the hatch opens, and JACK, in his habitually crumpled suit, disembarks.

JACK approaches and embraces the water-soaked, sweat-drenched, blood-flecked FIELDS. The late model sedan pulls up (driven by HOTEL CLERK) and JONES get out.

JACK SMITH
You really sold the double Laura thing.
Good job, guys.

NOBI JONES
Maybe too good. We already have a new
assignment...Butchberg.

DANI FIELDS
I hate Butchberg.

EXT. BUTCHBERG - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The business district is consumed in anarchic turmoil. Arson fires rage, imbuing the sky with a lurid crimson. Sirens wail. Police helicopters sweep the city with searchlights.

JACK SMITH (VO)

For a few brief moments, I honestly thought I'd found Laura. Even though I suspected that pain-in-the-ass Vanderhorst might throw a phony Laura at me, it still hurt...I don't particularly like having to hurt people.

Roving packs of men in three-piece suits swagger down the streets, beating hapless bystanders with their heavy briefcases, and scrawling obscene graffiti on storefronts with Mont Blanc Meisterstuck fountain pens. Some of the feral executives huddle on street corners, pouring Bombay Sapphire into sterling silver martini shakers, smoking huge cigars, Stan Getz and Astrid Gilberto blaring from their boom boxes.

JACK SMITH (VO cont'd)

You already know what I like. Steak frites. Bordeaux wine. The way P.J. Harvey says "Lick my legs, I'm on fire."

*

EXT. BUTCHBERG HOTEL - NIGHT

JACK pulls up.

INT. BUTCHBERG HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

JACK SMITH enters to find CS ELIOT taking a JACUZZI in the sunken living room. CS is now in the guise of a YANAMAMO TRIBESMAN - pomaded black hair cut in short bangs and adorned with a toucan feather, face paint, plugs in ear lobes, septum pierced with stick, and jaguar tooth necklace. NOBI JONES smokes a cigarette; DANI FIELDS unpacks a giant case of NASTY LOOKING WEAPONS.

CS ELIOT

Join me, Mr. Smith?

(off his look)

You people are no fun. Oh, well...San Corazon was fairly painless, yes?

DANI FIELDS

Right. You didn't have to, like, sponge-bathe those gross Homunculuses.

NOBI JONES

Homunculi. It's plural.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANI FIELDS

Whatever. Cool septum stick, CS.

CS ELIOT

Thank you, Ms. Fields. Mr. Smith, are you familiar at all with the unique culture here in Butchberg?

As JACK speaks WE HEAR A BANGING SOUND which steadily grows LOUDER and LOUDER during his speech.

JACK SMITH

Butchberg is a city in the grip of white-collar wannabes - vicious gangs of doctors, lawyers and accountants who form violent crews to control the cubicles, lunch rooms and stairwells in their office buildings. They identify themselves by the aftershaves they wear. There are the Vetivers, the Hugo Bosses, the Polo Sports, and Chanel Pour Hommes. It's a deadly business - a whiff of Fendi Uomo in Aramis turf means blood will flow, yo...

*

JACK stops speaking and they all turn and look at A SMALL PIECE OF LUGGAGE, literally jumping up and down off the floor. With a final CRASH, the luggage suddenly breaks open revealing an angry STOWAWAY HOMUNCULUS.

STOWAWAY HOMUNCULUS

(belches loudly)

Where the hell am I? Son of a bitch!

This is bogus!

(he looks around)

You call this stinkin' rat-trap a hotel room? I don't get paid enough for this shit.

(gives CS ELIOT the once-over)

Whoa! Look at that...where's my blowgun?

Let's shrink some head, dude.

(ogles DANI FIELDS; grabs his crotch)

I'm in the mood for love, chief. Y'all got any other females around? I like 'em short, squat, and extra-hairy.

(to NOBI JONES)

Yo Kato - fire up some *hirsutetroll.com* action, baby. Whoa!! Room service!!!

On THE TEAM'S deadpan reaction we FADE TO BLACK. **THE END.**