

Man With The Screaming Brain

A Screenplay

By

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Based on a Story

By

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FADE IN:

The jagged silhouette of a city skyline at dusk fills THE FRAME. The sun drops, clouds roll in and it begins to rain.

A bolt of lightning cracks in the distance.

A superimposed title reads: LOS ANGELES

We slowly begin to TRACK IN.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

At first we pass the new, high-tech buildings. But, THE MOVE CONTINUES down older, rain slicked streets.

Portions of the worn asphalt reveal the ancient, uneven brick beneath. Steam wafts up through the holes in a manhole cover.

DISSOLVE:

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT

A few random street lights create long shadows across the many warehouse type buildings in this rickety part of town.

THE MOVE CONTINUES to one particular, ivy covered, brick building. The small, barred windows are dark momentarily...

...But then, all at once, THE SOUND OF INDUSTRIAL SIZED TURBINES STRAINING permeates the air. Brilliant shafts of multi-colored lights pour from every seam in the old building.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

MOVING THROUGH a high window, we witness a bizarre process underway inside.

The strobing lights illuminate, in ghoulish shadows, the vast interior of a Gothic, densely machined laboratory.

DISSOLVE:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THE MOVE continues through the lab.

Intense flashes of light reveal an old chalkboard. On it are sketches of a Chimpanzee and a Doberman Pincer dog. Surrounding the animals, complex mathematical calculations in chalk fill every inch of the dark slate.

THE MOVE then sweeps past the prone, lifeless body of the DOBERMAN on a stainless steel bench. It's head is covered by a sheet, stained by blotches of dried blood.

Finally, THE CAMERA RESTS on an elderly but intense man. This is DOCTOR IVAN WOLINSKI. His eyes are shielded by bulky, blue tinted welding goggles which reflect the white hot source of all this light.

In front of him, we see what he has been scrutinizing.

Lying on an operating table is the CHIMPANZEE. The chimp's body is secured in position with a number of uncomfortable looking clamps.

Above it, a mammoth, 1950's style ray gun is pumping a thick ray of raw energy into its exposed brain.

Wolinski watches intently. Next to him is a video monitor. On it, various levels of the Chimp's bodily functions are displayed - there is no activity. Wolinski seems unsatisfied and whirls about.

WOLINSKI

More power!

Across the lab, his nervous assistant DALE nods. He pulls down on a large lever next to a sign reading COBALT 220.

The drone of intense power increases.

The Gamma Gun screams in protest and the energy ray begins to dance from side to side like a lightning bolt.

Below it, the Chimp begins to shake violently.

The video screen dims, but suddenly...all vital signs engage!

Wolinski sucks in his breath and whips off his protective goggles. His eyes are wide, almost crazed.

A heartbeat blips across the screen, slowly at first, then more rapidly.

Wolinski shakes in anticipation as the Chimp's registrations increase in strength. His face is awash with the flickering light.

Soon, all levels are up to his satisfaction and he turns to Dale.

WOLINSKI

Enough!

Dale throws a rusty breaker and BZZZZAAPP!, the lab is plunged into in darkness.

Click - Dale turns on a bright, singular worklight above the Chimp and joins Wolinski, who is hunched over the prone animal.

Wolinski leans close in anticipation. He props one of its closed eyelids open with a finger and shines a small flashlight into its eye.

The pupil of the Chimp contracts when the harsh light shines in. Wolinski is very encouraged by this.

He takes a bottle off the shelf and holds it under the chimp's nose. Instinctively, it turns away in repulsion. Wolinski smiles.

He bends close to the chimp and claps his hands. It flinches. The Doctor lets out a soft chuckle.

He strikes a kitchen match and immediately blows it out. He then lowers the hot end of it to the exposed, upturned palm of the chimp. He touches it briefly to the tender skin and the Chimp emits a long, low growl - sounding an awful lot like a dog.

Wolinski's eyes light up. He glances to Dale and nods toward a reel to reel tape recorder. Dale hastily turns it on and swings a microphone over.

The Chimp lets out another ominous growl, followed by a BARK!

Wolinski drops the match to the floor and raises his hands up toward the ceiling. He cuts loose with a loud, joyous laugh that reverberates around the lab.

WOLINSKI

It worked...it worked!

Wolinski walks around the snarling Chimp\Dog in a reverie. His thoughts are racing.

WOLINSKI

Think of it...the transfer of intellect, memory, instinct from one body to the next. Think of the minds that can be saved, repaired or even replaced if necessary. Imagine...

Wolinski walks toward Dale and places a hand on his balding head, inspecting it like a fine specimen.

WOLINSKI

...How would you like to have the intelligence of Einstein? The wit of Mark Twain or the vision of Alexander the Great?

DRIVER

Shit, I'd be happy to balance my checkbook.

Wolinski turns his attention back to the Chimp. It seems anxious to get out of the straps and whimpers uncomfortably.

WOLINSKI

(turning back to Dale)
You realize what this means, don't you?

Dale does not.

WOLINSKI

To really be sure, we'll need more than animals. Find me two human specimens...

Dale wants to cooperate, but he still doesn't fully comprehend the implications of this.

DALE

But, Doctor Wolinski, I...

Wolinski leads him toward the back door.

WOLINSKI

Any two...do you understand?
Dead or alive, it doesn't matter...

Wolinski unbolts the heavy steel door and swings it open. A blast of wind whips their dingy lab coats about.

WOLINSKI
(looking Dale in the eyes)
Don't fail. This is very important
to me...and to the world...

He squeezes Dale's shoulders reassuringly and shoves him out into the rain.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dale shuffles to his Station Wagon.

DALE
(grumbling to himself)
Go and get me two bodies he
says...Christ, it ain't like
goin' to the convenience store
for a jug o' milk...

Wolinski closes the heavy door and bolts it shut.

CRACK! A white streak of lightning illuminates the outside for an instant.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The wagon rolls down the street and passes in front of a dive Motel - the PALMS. Its flashing, crossed palm neon sign reads:

DAILY - WEEKLY - MONTHLY RATES
CLEAN - QUIET ROOMS

WE TRACK IN toward a first floor room. A GIGGLE is heard from within.

INT. PALMS MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, a curvy figure stands silhouetted in the front window. This is NINA RODRIGUEZ. She is a sultry blend of several south-of-the-border cultures. Her long, black hair is draped across one eye.

NINA
You like what you see?

Her shapely shadow falls across an overweight BUSINESSMAN, sprawled on the bed in a tight three piece suit. He nods quickly and tugs at the tight collar of his shirt.

Nina struts over to the bed and straddles him.

NINA

Aren't you just a little uncomfortable
in all of those tight clothes?

BUSINESSMAN

Whatever you say...

Nina seductively slides the man's coat off. She leans close and bites on his lips. While she does this, her eyes are fixed on the front window and her hands dig into the garment. Not finding anything, she slings it over a chair.

Button by button, Nina removes his vest. After a glance in the pockets, she tosses it away.

NINA

Is my big boy ticklish?

BUSINESSMAN

No, no, hey...

She runs her long nails up and down his body and he squeals with delight. In the guise of a tickle, Nina's fingers continue searching. The Businessman, encouraged by this, rolls over on top of Nina, pressing her deep into the bed. He mashes his lips against hers and begins to chew obscenely.

Nina moans, but it is more out of discomfort than anything. Her hands move down to his rear - finally, she finds his wallet.

BUSINESSMAN

(in between grunts)

Let's do it baby...

The man fumbles with his belt. Nina begins to panic. She snatches the wallet and pitches it to the floor.

BUSINESSMAN

I'm looking forward to this...

Nina tries to push him off, but he is far too heavy. She shoots a glance to the front window again, but sees nothing.

The Businessman begins to paw at her awkwardly. Nina is about to scream when...

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Someone pounds furiously on the front door.

VOICE

(o.s.)
Open up bitch! I know you're in
there!

Nina sits up in bed and clamps a hand over her mouth.

NINA

It's my husband!

BUSINESSMAN

Your husband?! What the...I
thought you were a....

The fat guy struggles to pull his pants back on and trips
over a chair.

Nina spots the wallet, takes some money out and hastily kicks
it under the bed.

NINA

Quick, quick, you must get out.

The Businessman struggles to his feet.

BUSINESSMAN

How?

NINA

This way...

He scoops up his vest and jacket as Nina shoves him toward
the bathroom door.

BAM! BAM!

VOICE

(o.s.)
I'm gonna kick this door in if
you don't open up!

BATHROOM

Nina gestures to a small window.

NINA

You can get out through here.

The businessman looks down at his girth, then back up to the
window.

BUSINESSMAN

I can?

OUTER ROOM

CRACK!

Wood and metal fragments fly through the air. Several loosely anchored items topple to the floor.

Into the room bursts a short, stocky Mexican man. His broken nose and flattened features suggest those of an ex-boxer. This is PACO REX. A fallen lamp casts a hellish light from below.

PACO
Ok, Bitch! I know you got somebody
in here!

BATHROOM

BUSINESSMAN
I can!

He wastes no time climbing on top of the toilet and forcing his large frame out the window.

Nina shoves with all of her might and the man squeezes out the window - but not in time - SNAG - Paco latches on to a foot and tugs on it with all of his might.

EXT. MOTEL REAR - NIGHT

The Businessman howls in pain as his leg is twisted.

BATHROOM

The shoe Paco is clutching slips off and he flies across the bathroom to the opposite wall.

Outside, we hear a DULL THUD thud followed by a GROAN.

Paco jumps to his feet and shoves his head out the window.

PACO
Come back here you bastard! I'll
gouge your eyes out!

He tosses the shoe with all of his might.

EXT. MOTEL REAR

WHACK! It careens off the head of the businessman as he

stumbles away, still clutching at his pants.

BATHROOM

Paco breathes heavily for a moment, watching as the large man disappears into a dark alley.

Then, slowly, he turns back to Nina with a wide, semi-toothed grin.

PACO

How'd I do?

Splat! A thick gob of spit splatters his face.

Paco wipes it off in shocked amazement as Nina storms out of the bathroom. His face reddens and he bolts out after her.

OUTER ROOM

Nina tries to get out the door, but Paco is too quick.

PACO

Spit at me, eh..?

He snags Nina's arm and flings her across the room. She rams into a picture frame and slumps to the floor.

As she tries to get up -SMACK- Paco stings her face with his open hand.

This time, Nina remains on the floor. Paco looms ominously above her. Both are breathing heavily.

PACO

You had enough?

Nina glares up at him - if only she had a gun.

NINA

What took you so long? That pig was molesting me!

Unconcerned, Paco pulls out a filterless cigarette and lights it up.

PACO

I had business to take care of...

Nina is still hot and bothered. Paco wants to get on to other things.

PACO
...O.K., Chiquita, let's see the
goods.

Nina glares at him.

NINA
Stop calling me that.

PACO
Gimme the stuff!

Nina reaches under the bed and hands Paco the wallet. She has also managed to snag a gold tie clip and Rolex watch..

Paco rifles through the guy's wallet and counts the money. His head cocks to one side in bewilderment.

PACO
Tha's funny, only twenty-six bucks...
seems strange the guy didn't have
no more money...how was he gonna
pay you, I wonder?

Nina shrugs innocently, then - SWACK! Paco smacks her hard again.

PACO
You think I'm stupid or something?
Let's have the rest of the cash!

NINA
I'm not your servant. I don't
owe you anything!

PACO
You don't owe me?!

He grabs her by the scruff of her neck and holds her close.

PACO
(breathing into her face)
Who the hell picked up your illegal
ass in the desert, eh? Me! Who
gave you a place to eat and clothes
to wear? Don't you ever forget
it again, or I'll send you back
to Guatemala to pick some more
coffee beans! You got that?

Nina noticeably pales at the thought of this. She solemnly nods her head in understanding and pulls a wad of money out of her bra - a single tear rolls down her cheek.

Paco smiles corruptly as he takes the green.

PACO
That's my little Chiquita...

He hoists her roughly to her feet.

PACO
Now get dressed, we got work to do.

NINA
I'm tired.

PACO
Yeah, well I tired of you always bein' tired...how you expect to get ahead unless you keep pushin'?

He tosses the wallet on the bed and stuffs the cash into his pocket.

PACO
See, you got to have vision. Me, I'm an idea man. You - sure, you got looks and shit, but there ain't nobody home upstairs. That's why you need me...

He slips the watch on his wrist.

PACO
...Well, no more two bit, twenty buck this...thirty buck that...no, tonight I found us a blue blood who's ripe for the pluckin.'

Paco pulls a crumpled newspaper from his back pocket and tosses it on the bed - a photograph of a middle aged, handsome man fills much of the front page. Next to it, the large "New York Post" style headline reads:

DEATH ROCKS THE COLE EMPIRE
Heir Killed In Brutal Mugging

Nina glances casually at the photo once, then looks back at it immediately - her face blanches in horror.

Paco finishes primping himself in a mirror and turns to Nina, noticing her expression.

PACO
Wha's the matter? You look like you seen a ghost or some shit...

Nina averts Paco's gaze.

NINA

I'm fine.

PACO

Then get the lead out.

EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - NIGHT

A stately, ivy shrouded mansion is surrounded by news vans and hawking reporters.

An attractive, blonde-haired REPORTER beams her live report to a local news station. We catch her in mid phrase.

REPORTER

...Authorities still won't speculate why Nathaniel Cole, next in line to the Cole banking empire, was stabbed to death outside his office late last night. Nathan's Brother Bruce Cole, however, would only say...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MANSION STUDY - NIGHT

VOICE

(O.S.)

...I want justice served - that's all!

WHAM! A tight fist slams down on a solid oak desk.

It belongs to BRUCE COLE, a usually unassuming man with round, black glasses. He begins to pace around the spacious, paneled study.

Sitting across from him is a grim looking cop in his late 40's, LIEUTENANT JACK DAVIS. He shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

DAVIS

We're doing everything we can Mr. Cole, but it isn't gonna happen overnight...

Davis pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his coat as if to light up.

DAVIS
...There's a lot of who's, why's and--

BRUCE
(sternly cutting him off)
--Don't smoke in here please.

Davis quickly hides the cigs.

DAVIS
Sure.

Bruce turns back to Davis. His tone is softer, resigned.

BRUCE
I'm sorry Lieutenant, I know you're
doing everything you can.

DAVIS
(standing to leave)
And you'll be the first to know
when we find out who did it. You've
got my number, let me know how we
can help.

Bruce glances out his thick, leaded glass window to the
hoardes on his front lawn.

BRUCE
You can start by keeping them away.
The last thing my family needs is
more press.

DAVIS
(extending his hand to Bruce)
Can do, Mr. Cole...

BRUCE
Good night...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The relative peace and quiet of this tree lined Avenue is
shattered by a loud reverberating MUFFLER NOISE - or lack of
muffler.

Around the corner, an old, rusted out Chevy appears.

INT. CHEVY

Paco is checking the address of a circled Funeral Notice.

PACO
6180 Lakeshore drive. We're gettin'
close.

EXT. IRON WROUGHT GATE

The Chevy rolls up to the curb outside Bruce's gate. A number of different media vehicles roll out of his driveway.

INT. CHEVY

Paco cracks a crooked smile as he scrunches down in his seat.

PACO
Look at all the reporters an' shit.
You see, I told you this guy was big
time.

Paco looks back to see that Nina has not been paying any attention. Her eyes dart about nervously.

Paco rudely snaps his fingers in her face.

PACO
Hey - today, today! What's with
you?

NINA
I'm just a little nervous, that's
all.

PACO
About what? This is no different
than any other scam, just a better
payday, that's all. You know your
lines?

NINA
I always know my lines.

PACO
Let's have a look.

Paco studies her appearance. He undoes another button on her already low cut blouse.

PACO
Wipe some of that glamor shit
off your face. You're supposed
to look like a servant, not a
hooker.

NINA
(applying a tissue to her cheeks)
Same thing...

Paco adjusts his suit coat and opens his door.

PACO
Okay, let's go...Sister.

INT. MANSION

Bruce is descending the stairs just as the front doorbell rings. A MEXICAN SERVANT steps out in the foyer to answer it. Bruce puts up a hand as he hurries down the steps.

BRUCE
(bracing himself)
It's all right Jesus, I'll handle
it myself.

Bruce angrily throws the door open wide.

BRUCE
Listen, I have nothing to say to--

Waiting at the stoop is Nina.

Nina and Bruce make instant eye contact. Her gaze burns a hole right through this timid, vulnerable man. We can almost see his knees weaken from the encounter.

Paco's crude banter breaks the trance.

PACO
Uh, good evening. Mr. Cole?

Bruce looks away from Nina to Paco.

Paco grins innocently. Several missing teeth don't help his credibility.

BRUCE
Yes...can I...can I help you?

Paco looks around uncomfortably.

PACO
This is kind of personal. Can
we come inside?

BRUCE
Do I know you?

PACO
(extending his hand)
Not us sir, no. We knew your
Brother. I'm Georgio Blanco...

Bruce shakes with Paco.

PACO
(with a gesture to Nina)
...And this is my sister, Consuela.

Nina smiles ever so slightly as she extends her hand.

NINA
Hello to you, Mr. Cole...

Bruce takes Nina's hand. It is more of a touch, a connection, than a shake because Nina won't let go right away. After an awkward moment, Bruce pulls his hand away.

BRUCE
Come in, please.

Bruce opens the door wider and they walk past him. Bruce scopes out this gorgeous woman from behind.

Both Paco and Nina take in the grandeur of Bruce's world - Nina especially.

Sparkles from the chandelier high above reflects in her eyes. The shimmer of solid brass, the shine of highly polished marble and Oak, hand carved trimmings all mean money. We can see Nina longing, almost lusting for what these furnishings represent.

This time, Bruce breaks their trance.

BRUCE
Why don't we go into the study.

Paco and Nina turn to see Bruce gesturing down a long, wide hallway.

INT. STUDY

The three enter the plush, quiet sanctuary.

BRUCE
Have a seat, please...

Paco sits on a soft leather recliner and almost disappears into it. He pulls a pack of cigarettes and plugs one into his mouth.

BRUCE
Mr. Blanco, I'd rather you didn't
smoke...

PACO
Oh...sure...

Paco jams his cigarette back in the pack.

BRUCE
Thank you. Now, what can I do
for you?

Paco glances at Nina and clears his throat.

PACO
Well, first of all, we'd like to
say how sorry we are to hear about
your Brother...uh...

Paco can't come up with his name and stares at Nina in quiet
desperation. She covers for him without missing a beat.

NINA
...Nathaniel...a terrible tragedy...

BRUCE
(eyes lowered)
Thank you...

PACO
Anyway, it's like this, Mr. Cole...
my Sister used to work for him...

Bruce nods.

PACO
...And, well...maybe Nina should
tell you herself.

Nina clears her throat.

NINA
(every bit the humble peasant)
I...used to be his housekeeper. After
a while, he wanted me to do more
than...clean up...

Nina's words break off and she walks across the study.

PACO
It's okay, baby...you gotta tell
him.

Paco looks up to Bruce.

PACO
I'm sorry, Mr. Cole, this is very
hard for her...you understand...

BRUCE
(genuinely troubled)
Of course.

Nina takes a deep breath and turns back. Her eyes are
beginning to fill with tears. She walks toward Bruce.

NINA
He kept making passes at me. I
told him to please stop but he
wouldn't. Then one day he...he
raped me...

Bruce stiffens in his chair.

Slowly, Nina slides part of her dress down, much like a strip
tease artist, and exposes a tender, tanned shoulder.

NINA
Also...

She turns her back to Bruce and reveals a nasty red welt.

NINA
...Your Brother beat me.

Bruce winces and turns away uncomfortably.

NINA
I didn't know what to do. He said
if I ever told anyone about this,
he would have me killed. So I ran
away, into the streets...

Nina's full, pouty lips begin to quiver. She takes a few
steps closer to Bruce and is now uncomfortably close. Their
eyes are locked together.

NINA
...I ate garbage to survive, and
had to sleep with strange men just
for a place to stay...

She breaks down and sobs uncontrollably.

Paco rushes to her side and holds her close.

Bruce, reeling under the weight of this revelation, slumps in his desk chair.

BRUCE
My God...my own Brother...

PACO
You see, Mr. Cole, Nina is so kind hearted...she didn't want to bother you with this. But I told her that since you were the executor of your Brother's estate, you would want to put everything concerning him to rest. Especially something like this...

Bruce nods somberly and rubs his face in thought.

BRUCE
You're absolutely right.

He looks up to them, resigned.

BRUCE
How can I help?

Paco immediately stops comforting Nina and changes his tone. Now he is on the attack.

PACO
Well, my...Sister missed out on a lot of work because of this. She could be fucked up - er, damaged for life. We was thinking about some money.

BRUCE
(preoccupied)
Of course...how much did you have in mind?

PACO
(liking it to a million)
A thousand dollars.

Bruce lowers his eyes. Paco begins to panic.

PACO
But, if it's too much...

Nina jabs a tall heel into his foot.

BRUCE
(rising to his feet)
No, no...not at all...

Bruce walks toward the back wall of the room.

BRUCE
...It's not the money. I just
wish there were something else I
could do for you...

He reveals a large wall safe and turns back to them.

BRUCE
Would you excuse me?

PACO
Oh...sure.

Paco and Nina turn around while Bruce begins to work the combination of his safe.

As he does this, Nina opens her compact. Pretending to powder her face, she glances into the small mirror. The reflection clearly shows Bruce spinning the dial once to the right, then back two times to the left, and finally to the right.

Click - the door opens to display a very full safe -money, jewelry - you name it.

Bruce removes a tall stack of cash and closes the door.

BRUCE
Here we go.

Paco and Nina turn back. Nina has suddenly regained her composure.

BRUCE
It's certainly the least I can do.

Bruce holds out the money to Nina, but as she reaches for it, Paco slips his pudgy paws in and snatches the cash away.

PACO
A thousand thanks, Mr. Cole.

He greedily stuffs the money into his pockets.

PACO
(backing toward the door)
Well, listen, we gotta get goin'
now, don't we Sister...gotta catch
that last bus.

BRUCE
I could give you a lift...

PACO
(hurriedly)
No, it's okay - we'll show ourselves
out. Good night, Mr. Cole.

Paco hustles Nina out of the room.

Bruce watches them go. A renewed wave of anguish sweeps over him and he collapses back down in his chair.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

Paco's rattling Chevy races through the night.

INT. CHEVY

Paco holds the handful of cash in front of his face. He turns to Nina with a semi-toothed grin.

PACO
What a scam!

Paco reaches over and gives Nina a sloppy kiss on the mouth.

PACO
And you...my beautiful Chiquita, were
magnificent!

He casually peels off a single hundred dollar bill from the stack of cash.

PACO
Here's your cut.

Nina looks at the bill like it were rotting lettuce.

NINA
If I'm so magnificent, why do I
only get ten percent?

Paco looks at her and thumps a finger against his thick temple.

PACO
Because babe, the idea is everything.
You can always wiggle your pretty
little ass, but without the idea,
it ain't worth nada.

Nina doesn't respond. She stares out the windshield at
nothing in particular.

PACO
Hey, I tol' you this would be an
education didn't I? You been
learning something from all of
this haven't you?

NINA
(coolly)
I certainly have...

PACO
(lighting up a smoke)
You and me, we got some serious
celebratin' to do.

He looks at the money again, trying to take it all in.

PACO
A thousand bucks! I could buy
lottery tickets with this, or
like, a lot of cigarettes, Tequila,
all kinds of shit...what a life!

With a loud, sustained victory whoop, Paco thrusts his fist
out the car window and high into the air.

PACO
Aaaaawwwooooooooo!!

EXT. FELIPE'S BAR - NIGHT

A dilapidated, predominantly Latino hangout. Lots of Low
Riders and Motorcycles crowd around the outside.

INT. FELIPE'S

Paco's fist enters the FRAME. It is clutching a half empty
bottle of tequilla.

FOLLOWING THE BOTTLE DOWN, we find Paco and Nina in the midst
of a rowdy crowd of celebrating people.

Smoke is thick in the room. Booze pours freely from a variety of containers.

Paco bangs on the bar.

PACO

Hey, Felipe!

FELIPE, a short, barrel chested man behind the bar turns around.

PACO

Another round for everybody!

There is a loud cheer of appreciation from the crowd.

Paco looks to Nina. His eyes are glazed over and his lids are very thick.

PACO

Chiquita...this is going to be a three worm night...

With this, he drains the contents of his tequila bottle and the small, pickled worm at the bottom tumbles down his throat. Paco cuddles close to Nina as he gnashes it between his rotting teeth.

PACO

But don't you worry Baby, I can still rise to the occasion later on...

He winks at her and explodes with laughter.

Nina smiles at him and slips off her bar stool.

NINA

Keep this warm for me, I'll be right back...

Nina disappears into a wall of loud partyers.

In a dark corner, Nina picks up the receiver of a payphone.

NINA

All right, Paco...I've got an idea of my own...

Plink - a coin drops into the slot.

EXT MANSION - NIGHT

The large home is dark except for a single light in an upper window.

INT. BEDROOM

Bruce lounges on the edge of his bed in front of the T.V.

Playing before him are videotaped home movies of he and his Brother Nate on a fishing trip. By the good natured video, it is evident that the two Brothers were very close.

Bruce laughs at the antics of Nathaniel trying to haul in a huge fish.

RIIING!

Bruce frowns and glances at his watch - it is after 11:00.

He mutes the T.V. sound and picks up the receiver.

BRUCE

Hello...

VOICE

(o.s.)

Bruce Cole?

BRUCE

Yes...who is this?

INT. FELIPE'S

Nina's cherry red lips FILL THE SCREEN. Her tone is icy, calculated.

NINA

The Woman you met tonight...

EXT. PALMS MOTEL - NIGHT

The crossed Palm configuration lights up in neon.

The city ambiance is shattered by the DA-DA-DA--DAH-DAH of a customized horn blast as Paco's truck screeches into the parking lot. The loud MEXICAN MUSIC dies as his engine shuts off.

Paco staggers out and around to Nina's side and opens the door. When she steps out, Paco sweeps her off her feet and heads toward their room.

INT. PALMS MOTEL ROOM

The door kicks open.

Paco carries Nina over the threshold and boots the door shut without putting her down. She giggles and pours another shot of tequila down his throat. He chokes from the overflow and tosses her to the bed.

PACO

Hey, you trying to get me drunk?

NINA

You already are drunk...

As she says this, Nina pulls Paco to the bed roughly and begins to suck on his lips.

During this, WE FOLLOW her hand as it gropes around his waist and down to his back pocket. She removes a lethal looking switchblade and wriggles off the bed, tucking the knife away.

NINA

I know what Paco wants...

Paco chuckles to himself and begins to stand up, but Nina shoves him back on the bed. Paco sits up on an elbow and grins.

Nina walks to the Motel t.v./radio and tunes in a Mexican station that caters to the Salsa sound - a low, slow beat comes out.

Nina walks back, this time closer to Paco. She brushes her sweaty hair back.

NINA

I'm too hot...

PACO

(out of breath)

You're...telling...me.

Nina slowly unbuttons the front of her blouse and drops it to the floor.

ZIIIP - her tight skirt is undone. Nina slowly, seductively wriggles her way out of it and WE FOLLOW it down to the floor.

Paco's mouth is dry. He tries to swallow, but cannot.

NINA

Let's dance you big, strong man
you...

Nina extends her hand. Slowly, Paco stands and staggers over.

Nina pulls him close and clamps her hands firmly on his rear.

The Music builds.

She begins to rhythmically grind her hips into his, back and forth, round and around until he picks up the beat.

NINA

That's the way.

They begin to move as one, faster and faster. Paco is really beginning to enjoy this.

NINA

Tonight, I want you to show me how
much of a man you are. I want you
to make love to me all night long...

PACO

Oh, yeah, baby...

Paco begins to laugh out loud. He is genuinely having a good time.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Paco and Nina whirl around to the loud door knocks.

PACO

(his lurid world is shattered)
Who the...?

Nina clamps a hand over her mouth and runs and runs over to the door.

NINA

Who is it?

VOICE

(o.s. - irritated)
Bruce Cole...

Nina turns back to Paco.

NINA
(hushed)
It's him!

PACO
(enraged and baffled)
What does that son-of-a-bitch want?

Bam - Bam!

BRUCE
(o.s.)
Did you hear me?

Nina runs up to Paco and shakes him violently.

NINA
DO SOMETHING!

PACO
What do you want me to do?

Nina shoves him toward the door and steers him to one side.

NINA
I'll let him in and you hit him
from behind.

PACO
(getting cold feet)
Hit him?! What the fuck, let's
just get out the back way...

NINA
He knows too much. We have to
keep him quiet. Do you want to
go to jail for extortion?

Paco considers this as he looks around the room.

PACO
With what?

Bam Bam!

BRUCE
(o.s.)
Hello...

NINA
I'll be right there...

Nina scours the area. She points to a porcelain lamp.

NINA

Use that!

The door knob rattles loudly.

Nina glares at Paco.

NINA

Hurry!

PACO

Jesus Christ...

Paco stumbles over to the lamp, yanks it out of the wall and gets into position.

Nina nods to him and opens the door. Bruce steps inside. He is nervous and upset.

BRUCE

It's about time...

Paco raises the lamp to strike.

BRUCE

...You want the money or not?

Paco's face contorts.

PACO

Money...?

Bruce whirls around and meets Paco face to face.

NINA

Now!

Paco brings the lamp down, but Bruce ducks out of the way.

SMASH - the hard porcelain shatters across Nina's head and she slumps in a heap in front of the door.

Paco stares at Nina blankly, then - whack! Bruce's fist slams into his face and sends him reeling across the room.

Bruce turns to get out the door, but Nina is blocking the way. He hastily slides her out of the way and reaches for the door when - grab. Nina's claws deeply imbed into Bruce's leg.

BRUCE

Ahhhh!

Paco shakes his head and rubs his bruised jaw. His face becomes flushed with anger.

Bruce tries desperately to shake Nina off, but she latches on like a Pit Bull.

NINA
(struggling with the leg)
Get him Paco!

Paco enters the scene and tackles Bruce to the floor. The two men roll violently around, smashing into tables and chairs.

EXT. MOTEL ALLEY - NIGHT

Dale is rummaging through the seedy alley with a flashlight.

DALE
Do THIS Dale, do THAT Dale...tell
you what -that stuffed old fart'll
be workin' for me one -

--CRASH--

Dale spins toward the noise.

Through the back windows of the hotel room Dale can see, in silhouette, the terrible fight taking place.

He watches in fascination and inches closer.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Bruce begins to get the upper hand and rolls on top of Paco.

PACO
Nina...help...me!

Nina stands and methodically bolts the door shut. Her manner is calm considering the mayhem in the room.

She takes a heavy candle holder off the kitchenette table and rolls it in her hand a couple of times.

She walks over to where the men are fighting. Bruce is poised above Paco. His fist is fully extended for a strong punch.

Whang! The hefty candle holder careens off the back of his skull. The sound of the impact is more than a connection -it is an indentation, a shattering death blow.

Bruce wavers for a moment, twitching spasmodically, then drops lifeless, face to face with Paco.

Paco screams at the horrific sight as fresh warm blood trickles down Bruce's face into his own.

Panicked, he tosses Bruce to one side and squirms out from underneath. He stands looking breathlessly at Bruce's dead body.

Nina, panting heavily, slowly looks over at Paco. There is a wild, deeply satisfied look in her expression.

Paco is shaking uncontrollably - he really has no idea what to do.

PACO

Is he...?

Nina rolls Bruce's body over. His lifeless eyes stare directly at Paco - a chill races through his body.

PACO

(pointing a finger)

You...you killed him...

Nina just stares at the body.

PACO

(really panicking)

...Jesus Christ, you really killed him!

Nina looks at Paco. Her lower lip begins to quiver like a lost little girl.

NINA

I did it for you...

Nina digs the money out of Bruce's pocket and holds up the thick wad for him to see.

NINA

...Now do you understand? This is ten thousand dollars. I got it for us, baby. No more living day to day, never knowing where our next meal is coming from...

Paco glances back down at Bruce's body.

PACO
Yeah, but...the son of a bitch
is dead...

NINA
Yes...so that we can live. Come
and smell the money, Baby...

Paco looks at her with uncertainty.

NINA
Come and smell the money as you
make love to me...

Nina holds the money out for him.

Paco steps closer and stops. Then, hesitantly, he reaches out for the bills and takes them into his hands. As he sifts through the stack his eyes light up and his breathing becomes more irregular. The hint of a smile breaks across his face. A low, raspy chuckle rumbles out, followed by a hearty laugh. It grows louder and louder until -

Click - the switchblade opens in Nina's hand.

Paco halts his laugh and looks at her.

SWOOSH - the blade races through the air and Paco sucks in his breath.

Nina's hand remains tightly around the knife that has just deeply imbedded in his gut.

NINA
You're not an idea man any more
Paco...you're a DEAD man.

PACO
(groping for the blade)
Double...crossing...

She gives the knife a twist and Paco crashes to the floor with a sickening THUMP!

EXT. MOTEL ALLEY

Dale peers through the back window. His eyes are wide with amazement - he has seen it all.

DALE
Jesus H. Christ, I struck gold!

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Nina tries to wrench the money from Paco's hand, but it is lodged firmly in his death grip. With a great effort, she pries off one finger at a time until the money is free.

She shoves the bills into her purse, wipes her brow and surveys the room decisively.

With a motel towel wrapped around her hand, Nina wipes the knife handle protruding from Paco's body.

Bruce's hand is then wrapped around the knife and squeezed nice and hard to get some good prints on it.

The candle holder is maneuvered into Paco's hand and placed next to Bruce's bloodied head.

Retracing her steps, Nina wipes all of the hard surfaces in the room.

When this is complete, she casually yanks a gold cross from around Paco's neck and pockets one of Bruce's cufflinks.

NINA
(jostling the prizes in her hand)
A little something to remember
you by...

Thoo - Nina spits with disdain at the body of Paco.

EXT. MOTEL ALLEY

Nina slips out the back window and sneaks away.

WE FOLLOW her past Dale, hiding behind a garbage can. He waits until she's out of earshot, then scurries toward the motel room.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

OPERATION MONTAGE

We hear strains of CLASSICAL MUSIC flutter by on the soundtrack.

A rubber glove is pulled on and snapped tight.

Grainy, black and white images depict snippets of Bruce at work - meeting with clients, etc. Then at home, we see him reading in his quiet study.

BUZZZZZZZ - a loud bone saw whirs to life. Hellish shadows play upon the walls behind it.

Warped, LATINO MUSIC wafts in and out as the VOICES from a turbulent life can be heard.

Wolinski sweats under a bright operating light. His eyes are acutely focused, unblinking.

Then - a distinct change of images. We see the same type of warped, blurry images of Paco shooting dice, getting in a fight, slapping Nina.

CLUNK - the heavy on lever of the ray gun is slammed into position.

Lights flutter, engines scream and a bolt of Gamma lightning leaps from the tip of the gun.

LAUGHTER and SCREAMING all seem to blend. GUNSHOTS, SIRENS and CAR SCREECHES fill the air.

Then, both Bruce and Paco meet in a great black void. In a series of distorted positions, they wrestle with each other - locked in a kind of cosmic struggle.

The sound of AN INTENSE POWER DRONE peaks over these distorted images and soon, there is complete silence.

FADE OUT:

Over the BLACKNESS, we HEAR the sound of ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

Then, SNIP -SNIP -SNIP.

In a bizarre P.O.V. - through a slit in a bandage - the familiar face of Dr. Wolinski is revealed.

We see that he is in the process of cutting bandages away from someone. Each cut reveals more of the person, until we see clearly that it is Bruce - but not as we have ever known him before.

This time, his face is pale and drawn - almost horrific in appearance. Large, frankenstein stitches cross his forehead. Deep, dark circles ring his sunken eyes.

Wolinski smiles with Fatherly pride.

WOLINSKI
Beautiful...

WE MOVE BACK to reveal that Bruce is sitting upright in a chair. Wolinski's laboratory looms all around.

Dale stands quietly in the shadows. The bizarre Chimp/Dog looks out through the bars.

Wolinski scribbles some notes on a pad, then leans close to Bruce with an intense look on his face.

WOLINSKI
Do you know who you are?

Bruce's face distorts at this question. He tries to think back - to anything and get an answer, but he can't.

BRUCE
No...I don't.

WOLINSKI
Let's try and stand.

Wolinski offers his arm and Bruce grabs on tight. It takes him several tries, but he rises to his feet. Wolinski takes his arm away and Bruce teeters in front of him.

WOLINSKI
Good. Allow me to introduce myself.
I'am Doctor Ivan Wolinski.

Bruce looks around cautiously. He is, to say the least, most unsettled by this foreign environment.

BRUCE
Is this a hospital?

Wolinski smiles. The notion of a mere Hospital amuses him.

WOLINSKI
Not exactly...this is a private
facility.

Bruce feels the stitches in his forehead.

BRUCE
What...what happened to me?

WOLINSKI
You've suffered a terrible head
injury. You've been out for quite
some time.

BRUCE
(looking at his hands)
Everything else okay?

WOLINSKI
(nodding with great pride)
Oh yes, good as new - maybe better...
however, you'll need to stay in my
care for a while...

Wolinski begins to pace. There is excitement in his voice.

WOLINSKI
(not sure how to simplify this)
You see, you are unique. The type
of...reconstructive surgery I've
performed on you has never been
done before - ever. This is a very
delicate thing, so more testing
will be necessary.

Bruce looks at Wolinski - he's not sure what the old bird is
up to. His tone changes. He begins to ferret out
information.

BRUCE
When can I leave?

WOLINSKI
Well, that's hard to say...one
can't rush this sort of thing.
Right now, you don't even know
who you are.

BRUCE
Do you?

WOLINSKI
Quite frankly, no. I found you
in an alley. You had no identification.
I assumed you had been robbed, beaten
and given up for dead.

BRUCE
(growing impatient)
But I feel fine - I feel like going
out.

WOLINSKI
Oh, in time I'm sure you can do
any number of things.

BRUCE
You don't understand. I want to
go out now. I'm starving.

WOLINSKI
(patronizing)
That's out of the question, we've
only now removed your banda...

Bruce pounds his fist on a stainless steel table. Delicate
operating implements scatter.

BRUCE
(loud and forceful)
Did you hear what I said, Pendehe?
I wanna go out - NOW!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wolinski's rickety car roars past on rain slicked streets.

INT. WOLINSKI'S CAR

Bruce scans the streets with an intense concentration.

BRUCE
Somehow, this all seems familiar.

WOLINSKI
That's a good sign. Just remember,
the recovery of your memory is a
day to day process. Some days,
there will be much progress. Others,
I can't say.

Ahead, through the windshield, Bruce spots Juanita's
Mexican/American restaurant. He squints at the sign as they
near.

BRUCE
Slow down.

WOLINSKI
What is it?

BRUCE
Pull in. I want to eat there.

Wolinski inspects the surroundings.

WOLINSKI
I'm sure we can do better than
that...

BRUCE
I said pull in!

INT. JUANITA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The place is dark and lined with imitation red velvet
- definitely old school, subdued.

Bruce and Wolinski are seated in a comfortable, secluded
booth. Each scans a menu.

The WAITRESS comes by to take their order.

WAITRESS
Have you decided?

WOLINSKI
Yes, I would like the number 19.
Can I get that rare?

WAITRESS
(scribbling)
It's carved right at the table, so
you can choose your own cut. That
also comes with the salad bar, you
can help yourself any time.

WOLINSKI
(handing back the menu)
Thank you.

She turns her attention to Bruce.

WAITRESS
...And for you, sir?

Bruce is clearly undecided.

BRUCE
(slowly)
I'll have the Chimichanga, number
15.

The waitress begins to write.

BRUCE
Wait a minute...I want a fruit
salad instead.

She crosses out his order.

WAITRESS
O.K., but you know that it doesn't
come with the salad bar.

BRUCE
That's fine, the number 15 will
be fine.

The waitress stops writing and flips up her pad.

WAITRESS
Then, you don't want the fruit
salad?

BRUCE
(becoming irritated)
What did I just say? I want the
Chimichanga...with the fruit salad.

The waitress lets out a long, tired sigh. She's been through
this routine before.

WAITRESS
Sir, it doesn't come with a fruit
salad. Did you want a separate
order of fruit salad?

BRUCE
I just told you what I want!

Bruce slams his fist on the table. Dishes and silver rattle.
Wolinski has been nervously watching this tense exchange.

WOLINSKI
I think what my friend means is
that he would like them both.

WAITRESS
(through her teeth)
Fine. Help yourselves to the salad
bar.

She turns on her heel and leaves. Wolinski looks at Bruce.
He is red with anger and slightly out of breath.

BRUCE
I'm sorry, I just couldn't make
up my mind.

WOLINSKI
It's quite all right. I'm sure
it's all delicious. Shall we get
some salad?

They move over to the salad bar and begin loading up their plates. Wolinski observes Bruce like a lab rat.

Bruce begins to pile a number of lethal looking red peppers on his plate as well as onions and radishes.

Back at the table, Bruce pours pepper and salt all over his salad and stuffs a napkin in the neck of his shirt. At first, he picks up the fork with his left hand. Then, he switches to the right. He is about to eat when his left hand yanks the fork away.

Wolinski watches all of this carefully but subtly.

Bruce takes several huge bites and wolfs the food down like a starving man.

But, within seconds, his eyes well up with tears and he begins to gag on the food. In a panic, he spits the remaining food in his mouth back onto his plate and snags his water glass. He drinks the entire eight ounces without a breath, but this isn't good enough so he downs Wolinski's water also.

Slowly, he regains his composure.

WOLINSKI
Are you all right?

BRUCE
I think so. It must have been
those green peppers. Usually, I
can't stand 'em. I need something
to drink.

Wolinski signals a BUSBOY.

WOLINSKI
Could you bring two more waters
please?

The busboy nods and starts to leave, but Bruce stops him.

BRUCE
No. I want something with alcohol
in it.

The waitress walks to the table with two drinks on it - a beer for Wolinski and a double shot of Tequila for Bruce. He

eyes the glass thirstily as it is put in front of him.
Wolinski raises his glass.

WOLINSKI
I propose a toast...

Bruce puts his glass up also.

WOLINSKI
...To your good health and complete
recovery.

Bruce downs the shot. His eyes bulge and he spits the
foreign liquid into Wolinski's face.

BRUCE
I'm sorry doc, I guess I'm just
a little jumpy.

Wolinski mops the tequila off of his dinner jacket.

WOLINSKI
Perfectly all right my boy.
You're still suffering from a
post shock stress disorder.
It's quite natural.

He reaches into his jacket and produces a pack of cigarettes.
Bruce eyes them with much interest.

BRUCE
Doc, can I have one of those?

WOLINSKI
Are you sure you really want one?

BRUCE
Yeah I'm sure.

Wolinski shakes one out of the pack and Bruce stuffs it into
his mouth.

Wolinski leans forward and lights Bruce's cigarette.

BRUCE
Thanks.

Bruce smiles and leans back to take a long, satisfying drag
on the butt. But when his virgin lungs choke on the smoke
he doubles over in an extended coughing jag.

BRUCE
(looking at the cigarette)
What the hell is wrong with me?!

He snuffs it out.

WOLINSKI
Would you feel better if we left?

BRUCE
No, I'm all right - must be the
hunger.

Then, the waitress returns pushing a cart in front of her.
On it, are their orders.

Something on the cart catches Bruce's eye. It is a candle
holder, similar in design to the one in the Motel room.

FLASH!

A white hot missile rockets around in Bruce's brain. The
image of Nina clubbing him on the head flashes in front of
his eyes.

He reacts like he has just been hit again and lurches
forward violently. Instinctively, he clutches the top of his
head.

This little outburst concerns Wolinski.

WOLINSKI
What is it? Is your head all
right?

Bruce rubs the back of his neck and straightens up.

BRUCE
Yeah...I think so...it was so quick...

WOLINSKI
What was?

BRUCE
I'm not sure. Images of some kind.
Images of something happening to
me.

WOLINSKI
This is good. More of your memory
is returning.

BRUCE
Memories like that I can do
without.

The waitress removes a stainless steel lid, revealing a large
steak and carving knife.

WAITRESS
A rare piece for you sir?

WOLINSKI
Yes, please.

She picks up the knife and begins sawing at the Prime Rib on
the plate. As she carves, the blade moves back and forth
directly at Bruce.

Bruce begins to shake as he watches this.

FLASH!

We see the image of Nina stabbing Paco quickly replay in
Bruce's head. He grabs his stomach and winces in pain.

BRUCE
Ughhnn...Doc, it's happening
again...

The startled waitress stops cutting the meat and looks up to
Bruce.

WOLINSKI
The same memories?

Bruce is holding on to the table like he's in the middle of
an earthquake. His eyes are closed tight.

BRUCE
No. Different - like they were
from someone else.

The color of his skin becomes redder and redder by the
second. It is as if his head is heating up and splitting
open. The sweat on Bruce's forehead turns to thin rivulets
of blood.

BRUCE
I think I'm startin' to lose it.

Under the table, Wolinski removes a syringe from his pocket
and holds it at the ready.

WOLINSKI
All right, we'll get you home,
just remain calm. Now, open your
eyes and tell me what you see.

Bruce does as he is told and looks up at the waitress.

For an instant, we see Nina standing in her place - the
switchblade poised in her hand.

Bruce screams in horror - a scream that almost deflates his
lungs. He cannot take it anymore and flips the table over.
He stands, clutching at his skull.

BRUCE
CHINGA TU MADRE!

Bruce lunges at the waitress, grabs her around the throat and
begins to choke her on the spot.

Wolinski stands with the syringe and swings it at Bruce, but
a scurrying BUSBOY steps in the way and gets a dose of the
drug instead. Instantly, he collapses to the floor.

Several other RESTAURANT WORKERS converge on Bruce and try
desperately to pry him off the waitress, but he tosses them
away effortlessly.

Tables turn over and dishes shatter. Patrons scurry for
cover from this bellowing lunatic.

As Bruce continues to choke the waitress, he realizes that
she isn't really Nina after all and drops her to the floor.

BRUCE
Sorry...

She crawls to the nearest corner struggling to get her breath
back.

Bruce stands in the middle of the restaurant by himself now.
Nobody will get near him.

He tugs at his collar. The temperature of his body is too
much to bear.

BRUCE
I'm...on...fire!!

Rip! His coat comes off. Then his shirt is torn away, but
this is still not enough. His head continues to bake.

He pushes against the stitches around his forehead, fearing
they will rip open at any moment. Looking about for any kind

of relief, he spots the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Bruce bursts through the doors and rushes over to the dishwasher. He turns on the powerful spray and soaks his head under the cool water, but this doesn't help.

He looks toward a large refrigerator. Opening the doors, he pulls out anything cold and liquid - like milk. He quickly empties two gallons of 2 percent over his frying skull but this just won't do.

He spots the walk-in freezer.

FREEZER

Bruce yanks open the door.

Inside, he rips into a plastic bag of ice and sticks his head into the cold cubes.

SSSSSSHHHHHHHHH - the ice begins to melt instantly. Finally, Bruce gets some kind of relief. He sighs and begins to breathe more regularly.

But then, all systems shut down, his vision dims, and Bruce collapses to the floor of the freezer.

INT. WOLINSKI'S LAB - NIGHT

Bruce awakes slowly to a strange sensation. He tries to move, but cannot.

He is strapped to a cold, stainless steel table. His head is held securely in place.

Doctor Wolinski bends over him. He has just finished shaving portions of Bruce's head.

WOLINSKI

I got you back just in time.
We can't wait another second.

BRUCE

(hoarse)
What..are you doing?

WOLINSKI

You just relax. I've got a little
re-wiring to do in there.

Bruce winces in agony.

BRUCE

A little what?!

Wolinski tries to calm him down.

WOLINSKI

It's all right Bruce, I've given
you a sedative. Soon, I'll have
you opened up...

He hustles back to his work bench and quickly begins to
assemble all the tools he'll need.

He barks an occasional order to Dale who is also scrubbed and
dressed for operating.

Bruce tugs at the strong straps. His vision begins to blur.

BUZZZ - Wolinski fires up the loud bone saw.

He straightens out a few kinks in the extension cord, then
turns his attention to Bruce. The saw blade swings in and
slowly lowers toward his skull.

It is about to connect--

Then, with a monstrous effort, Bruce's sweaty left hand rips
free and clamps onto the saw, preventing it from touching his
precious skull.

Wolinski is startled.

WOLINSKI

Bruce, don't! let me finish!

Whack!

Bruce's fist rockets into Wolinski's face and he tumbles back
into a shelf of bottles. Glass rattles and shatters on the
hard floor.

The running saw lands on the floor and bounces wildly around,
looking for something to cut.

Bruce forcefully tears off the rest of the straps and sits
up, fighting against the drug to maintain balance.

Dale rushes in, but Bruce snags him easily. He hoists the
little man high above his head and launches him into a wall
of electronic machinery.

Sparks fly as Dale connects with the equipment. He drops to the floor, unconscious.

Bruce picks up the saw and lurches toward Wolinski. The Doctor begins to crawl backward on the floor through the broken glass.

WOLINSKI

Bruce, put that down. You don't know what you're doing...

BRUCE

(sounding like a different man)
I know exactly what I'm doing,
old man...it's time for some
answers!

He revs the blade.

BRUCE

What did you do to me?

Wolinski is up against the wall. He can go no further.

WOLINSKI

It was all in the name of science!

In a freakish silhouette, Bruce raises the saw high in the air. His eyes burn with intensity.

BRUCE

Tell me!

WOLINSKI

Your brain was damaged. I saved
it with part of someone else's...

BRUCE

Who's?!

WOLINSKI

I don't know...

Bruce screams with rage and steps closer.

The Chimp barks and growls wildly.

Wolinski holds up his hands in defense.

WOLINSKI

I brought you back to life! I
saved you! If it weren't for
me, you'd still be dead!

Bruce stops. Slowly, his expression relaxes. The saw lowers - click.

The blade spins to a halt and Bruce drops it to the floor. All is quiet except for a couple of lab rats that squeak from the corner of their cages.

Bruce looks around the lab. He is agonizing about his new status as a freak.

BRUCE

Maybe so...

Bruce eyes a tool cabinet. He marches toward it and removes a large pipe wrench.

BRUCE

(con't)

...But I'm gonna fix it...

He races toward the cobalt machine, weapon raised high.

Wolinski's eyes bulge in terror.

BRUCE

(con't)

...So this never happens to anybody...

WOLINSKI

Bruce, don't!

KER-SMASH! The odd looking ray gun is broken to bits.

BRUCE

(con't)

...EVER...

Wolinski raises himself to his knees.

WOLINSKI

Please, stop! I beg you!!

Bruce swings again, decimating the control panel.

BRUCE

(con't)

...AGAIN!!

WOLINSKI

Noooooo!

- BOOM - the wrench explodes a video monitor.

Then, in a final heave, Bruce launches the heavy tool into

the air.

Wolinski watches helplessly as it sails, end over end across the lab. With a resounding impact, the wrench demolishes a glass incubator with all of the good Doctor's precious chemicals, samplings and drugs.

Wolinski clutches his head and slumps to the floor, almost in tears.

Bruce has over exerted himself - but he can't possibly stay here. He stumbles dizzily toward the back door.

Wolinski looks up weakly.

WOLINSKI

Where...where are you going?

Bruce swings the door open wide. Outside, a tremendous storm is building and a blast of wind rushes into the lab. Papers flutter about.

WOLINSKI

You can't leave, there is no way to know how long you can survive on your own. There are too many questions to be answered...

EXT. WOLINSKI'S LAB - NIGHT

Bruce looks about and steps into the alley. He walks away without so much as a glance back.

INT. LABORATORY

Wolinski looks in alarm to Dale.

WOLINSKI

Get up you fool!

Dale stands woozily. His head is bleeding profusely.

WOLINSKI

Stop him!

Dale tries to take a step, but falls flat on his face.

Wolinski slowly struggles to his feet and scampers across the lab.

EXT. LABORATORY

He stops at the doorway and shouts into the wind.

WOLINSKI

You can't do this to me - to the
world...come back! COME BACK!

But his voice falls to the building gale - Bruce is gone.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The city is almost deserted at this late hour. Shadows are long and horribly distorted.

Our tormented man roams the dark streets and alleys as a fierce downpour begins.

This world is all foreign to Bruce. Whoever he is and wherever he's from, it has nothing to do with this urban nightmare.

A distant siren blares. Bruce turns to the sound. The red lights flash across his face. Panicking, he ducks into the sanctity of a deep, dark alley.

ALLEY

He backs toward the corner as a police car races by.

For a second, all is quiet. Then - crash!

Bruce whirls about and witnesses a horrible domestic fight in progress. A burly HUSBAND is chasing his WIFE around their cramped apartment while she struggles desperately to stay out of his grasp. To do this, she throws anything and everything at him. Finally, he catches her and begins to pound away. Her screams are intense and sustained.

Plugging his ears, Bruce runs down another alley and pins himself breathlessly against a wall.

He turns to look about and a bolt of lightning reveals a group of huddling, babbling WINOS. The sight of these depraved men repulses Bruce and he shrieks in terror.

He turns to leave and comes face-to-face with an angry pack of DOGS. They are advancing steadily.

Bruce runs in the opposite direction and, spotting a low fence, hops over to safety.

On the other side, he catches his breath.

An eerie laugh fills the air - it is somehow familiar.

VOICE

(O.S.)
You ain't doin' so good...

Bruce spins around but he can't find the source. The laugh continues.

BRUCE

Who...who is that?

VOICE

Looks like you're lost...

Bruce doesn't know where the sound is coming from and it is quickly driving him insane.

VOICE

...But don't you worry man, I
can pull your ass out of a lot
of shit.

BRUCE

Where...where are you?

VOICE

Think about it, man.

Bruce freezes. He absently strokes the thick stitches across his scalp - the voice is coming from inside his head!

BRUCE

Oh, my God...

Bruce turns to run -

VOICE

Not so fast...

Bruce's left leg goes limp and he crashes to the ground.

Bruce reaches his left arm out to crawl, but it grinds to a shuddering halt.

BRUCE

Who are you?!

PACO

My friends call me Paco.

Bruce tries to make the connection, but the memories are too distant. He struggles to get up, but his left side offers no assistance.

BRUCE

Let go of me!

PACO

Let's get one thing straight.
You can't do shit without me...

Bruce tries to move his left leg, but it too is frozen in place.

His right side can move, so he pulls himself up to all fours. He tries to stand, but his left side goes limp again and Bruce crashes to the ground.

BRUCE

Damn you!

PACO

Get up and fight like a man!

Bruce's left side bolts up and the rest of him is taken with it.

Wham! Bruce's left arm pushes sharply at his chest.

PACO

C'mon, mix it up you little chicken
shit...

Wham! The left hand pushes him again. Bruce takes a couple awkward steps back.

Wham! He is pushed back into a row of noisy garbage cans. A cat hisses and runs down the alley.

The left hand grabs his coat lapel.

BRUCE

Leave me alone!

Bruce grabs it with his right and tosses it off.

PACO

Not 'til you know who the boss
is around here...

Slap, it is back up again. Bruce tosses it off again -slap-toss -slap -toss.

BRUCE

I can hold my own, my friend...

Bruce finally rams his left side against an alley wall and pins the hand.

The left hand wriggles free and clutches at Bruce again.

Bruce sees a pile of lethal looking garbage in a corner - rocks, sticks, cans, bottles, etc. His left side races toward them. But Bruce's right hand reaches out and grabs a wooden stair case and yanks himself to a halt. Then, his right leg wraps around another part of the railing and holds tight.

Bruce tugs to pull free, but his right side is holding on too tight. He swings his left leg and kicks himself in the right shin. Again, he screams in pain and his right hand comes off the rail to clutch at the leg.

Bruce takes this opportunity to shove himself up against a wall with his left hand. He struggles to get free, but his left hand clamps on his throat. He tries to pry the fingers off, but cannot.

BRUCE

Don't Paco, stop it...

The hand continues to choke. Bruce's face is turning a dark red.

BRUCE

...If you hurt me, you'll hurt yourself - we're permanently adhered...

PACO

Talk in fuckin' English...

BRUCE

...You're...killing...us!

PACO

That's different.

Bruce's hand releases its grip. Bruce drops to the ground and wheezes for air.

BRUCE

See, we're stuck...I've got to listen to your profanity and you're trapped inside of me...we've got to accept it...

Bruce nurses his sore throat.

BRUCE
...Let me ask you a question...what
exactly do you remember?

PACO
About what?

BRUCE
About anything...

PACO
I dunno, it ain't too clear. I
remember some chick named Nina, my
name, some relatives and shit -and
the city.

Bruce lies on his back, staring up at a street light.

BRUCE
Well, you're better off than I am,
I don't even know my name...but I
remember that woman too, something
about us getting killed, but that's it...
(more to himself)
...what on earth are we going to
do?

PACO
Right now, we're gonna get some
food - your fuckin' stomach is
growlin.'

BRUCE
You know, you swear an awful lot.

PACO
No shit...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

A dazzling pair of legs strut down the sidewalk. WE MOVE UP
to reveal a new and improved Nina. Her shoes, stockings,
dress and hat are all new - and all expensive.

The look of victory is etched across her heavily made up
face.

She slides a gold cigarette lighter out of her alligator
purse and lights up a slender, gold tipped cigarette.

Nina glances up - an elegant Jewelry store sign beckons. She
turns on a heel and steps inside.

INT. JEWELRY STORE

A diamond studded gold necklace is laid out on the glass counter.

A patient FRENCH SALESMAN watches as Nina holds it up to her neck. She spins around and looks into a mirror.

SALESMAN

It is exquisite, no?

NINA

Yes...I love it.

A voice rings out from behind her.

VOICE

(o.s.)

We'll take it.

Nina turns to see a tall, well groomed Mexican man -EDUARDO ESCOBAR.

ESCOBAR

If it is agreeable to the beautiful Woman.

Nina eyes the man carefully. His manner is refined and his attire is tastefully expensive.

Nina smiles.

NINA

It is...

Escobar slaps a Platinum American Express card on the counter.

The Salesman scoops it up with a smile - the easiest sale he's ever made.

SALESMAN

Very good, Madame and Misseur.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

A shiny new Fiat Spider roars to life.

Nina fingers the expensive jewelry around her neck.

NINA
How can I ever repay you, Mr...

ESCOBAR
Call me Edwardo. My sweet, if you wish, this is only the beginning.

The car roars away.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Turning the corner, the little Sports Car zips past the beat up station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Dale drives, hunched over the steering wheel. A fresh bandage is stuck to the top of his forehead - he is fuming.

DALE
Go find him Dale, bring him back to me Dale...holy horseshit, what'm I supposed to do, go to the goddamn lost and found?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The wagon turns down an alley.

As it passes a dumpster, Bruce is revealed. He is standing behind it, looking uneasily inside.

BRUCE
I can't do this...

PACO
We'll see how you feel in a couple of days. It's food, man - let's eat.

Bruce drops the lid and walks away.

BRUCE
No.

PACO
So what are you gonna do, beg? Rattle a little fuckin' tin cup for the rest of your life? You won't eat garbage that's fine for you, but I won't beg -no way.

BRUCE
Then I will, just watch me.

EXT. PARTY STORE - REAR - NIGHT

Bam, Bam, Bam!

Bruce pounds on the rear metal door of a Party Store.

After a moment, he hears A LOCK UNBOLTING. Then, slowly the door opens a crack.

A CHALDEAN MERCHANT with a bad toupee peers out.

MERCHANT
What you want?

Bruce steps out of the darkness, revealing his shaved head and horrifying stitches. The merchant gasps.

BRUCE
...I just had a large portion of
my brain replaced...and I don't
have a home or any money to eat.
Can I...can I have some food?

The Merchant thinks about this as he looks Bruce over. He is truly a pitiful sight.

MERCHANT
Just a minute...

He mumbles to himself and shuts the door - so far so good.

BRUCE
I seem to remember working at a
store like this when I was a kid.
We used to give away some pretty
good stuff.

The large door opens again. The merchant flips a dark object through the air to Bruce and he snags it awkwardly.

MERCHANT
Don't come back no more.

BRUCE
Thank you...

The Merchant disappears. Bruce scurries into the light and looks at his prize. Much to his horror, it is a can of Generic Dog Food.

BRUCE
Good God...dog food...

PACO
Hey, don't kid yourself - that's
a good haul. Let's eat.

Whack - Bruce's left hand smashes the Dog Food against a brick wall. A small fissure opens in the can. Bruce is mortified.

BRUCE
Ugh, it smells horrible.

PACO
That's nothin' - wait 'til you
taste the shit...

Bruce crunches the can against the wall again and holds the it up for further inspection. This time, there's enough room to get a couple fingers in.

PACO
After you...

BRUCE
I don't know, I've never eaten
anything like this in my life.

PACO
What are you man, some kind of
blueblood or what?

BRUCE
I have no idea, but it doesn't matter.
You you can't tell me it's a normal
thing to eat dog food.

PACO
Yeah, well it ain't normal goin'
hungry either.

Bruce's left hand digs into the can and scoops out a healthy portion of the smelly, awful "food."

His hand raises toward his mouth, trembling from dread. He takes a small bite, but cannot bring himself to swallow.

BRUCE
(mumbling)
I can't do it...

PACO
Think of it as pate.

BRUCE
I gotta spit it out!

Bruce's left hand clamps over his mouth.

PACO
No, Goddamn it! I'm not gonna
starve 'cause you don't think it's
good enough for you - eat!

Bruce scrunches his face and swallows. He takes a moment to
let the aftertaste sink in.

PACO
There, now was that so bad?

Bruce's eyes roll back into his head and he faints out cold
on the spot.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Wolinski is crouched over the remnants of his great work -
the ray gun.

His lab coat is off and his hands are fiddling with a mass of
circuits and wires. He is mumbling his own instructions.

WOLINSKI
...Must bypass the energy relay
station...how can I do this, how
can I do this?

Wolinski unrolls the blueprints of his machine and slides his
reading glasses on. Poring over the complex electrical
wiring designs, his finger stops on one particular quadrant.

WOLINSKI
Ah yes...yes, that's it...good...

As he carries on in this manic soliloquy, WE MOVE BACK and
away, revealing the remnants of Bruce's destruction -
Wolinski truly has a monumental amount of work ahead of him.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Clink - the empty dog food container drops to the ground.

Bruce has just finished the most disgusting meal of his
entire life.

BRUCE
All right, we've eaten - if you
can call that a meal. Where are
we supposed to sleep.

PACO
Pick a bench, any bench...

BRUCE
You don't mean...it gets cold, it
might rain.

PACO
That's why God invented newspapers.

EXT. NEWS STAND - NIGHT

Smash - Bruce kicks in the front of a newspaper dispenser and
pulls out several copies of the days edition.

PACO
Now, the deal is you crumple 'em
up so they don't scratch and you
stuff 'em in your coat, down your
pants, wherever - it helps keep
the heat in.

As Bruce begins to do this, he catches a glimpse of a remote
story, buried deep in the paper. The bold face caption
reads:

Cole Scandal Still Unsolved

Bruce perks up at the notice of this. He holds the paper up
and scans the story.

BRUCE
Cole...Bruce Cole...I know that
name...

He reads further - his brow furrowed in concentration.

BRUCE
...Somehow linked to the death
of an unidentified vagrant Mexican
man...

FLASH!

Bruce staggers uncertainly as another painful blast from his
past tears through his head.

Flickering images appear in front of their eyes -Bruce grieving over the loss of his Brother, meeting Nina, Paco working the street, getting in fights and also being with Nina.

Slowly, the subliminal images fade and Bruce regains his composure.

PACO
Jesus Christ! Did you just see
what I did?

Bruce nods.

BRUCE
She looked familiar.

PACO
I know who she is - she's the bitch
who killed our asses...

Bruce's expression shows a glimmer of renewed hope.

BRUCE
...You know...If we can find her,
she might be the link we need to
piece this all together.

PACO
Bet your ass Homeboy - but to do
it, we're gonna need some wheels.

EXT. UPTOWN MOTEL

A middle class sort of establishment on a busy street.

Escobar's Sports Car sits out front.

INT. UPTOWN MOTEL

Escobar sits on the edge of the bed.

The bathroom door opens and Nina's curvy shadow falls across him.

He looks over to see Nina in a new silk negligee. The price tag dangles from a sleeve.

She does a spin and giggles.

NINA
You like it?

Escobar grins.

ESCOBAR
No...I love it.

Nina slinks over to the radio - click. A SEXY LATINO BEAT fills the room.

She looks to Escobar. Their eyes lock. Her stare is irresistible.

Nina approaches him on the bed and holds out her hand.

NINA
I know what Edwardo wants...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

In the distance, the WHIIZZZ of a mechanic's bolt remover can be heard.

Bruce follows the repetitious noise down a dark, empty alley until he comes to a metal roll up door in an industrial type building. He studies it for a moment.

Lined up down a nearby alley are a number of expensive cars.

PACO
A chop shop...

BRUCE
A what?

PACO
Man, where'd you grow up, on the moon? All those cars are stolen. They're gonna be chopped up into little pieces and sold for parts.

BRUCE
You're not going to steal one of them are you?

PACO
Why not, they're already stolen. Let's go see what they got.

Bruce runs to the alley and inspects the waiting cars. One is a brand new BMW. Another is a huge, customized red El Dorado Cadillac.

BRUCE
That BMW sure looks nice..

PACO
Piss on that, I want a real car...

Then, behind him, the sound of approaching cars. Bruce ducks behind a large dumpster as several cars pass.

The car in front is a sleek, silver Low Rider.

PACO
...Like that one...

Following behind is a Mercedes.

The Low Rider honks twice at the door. It opens, revealing the "Chop shop" going full swing inside.

The Mercedes pulls inside, but the Low Rider parks in the alley. SEVERAL YOUNG THUGS hop out. One runs inside. The other stays with the car.

The metal door rolls down and slams shut.

Bruce eyes the car and grins to himself.

PACO
A Low Rider - now we're talkin.'

Bruce stands up and walks into plain sight.

BRUCE
(in a panicked whisper)
Wait a minute! What are we doing?

PACO
Be cool. Let me do the talkin.'

Bruce begins to swagger in some warped imitation of a Mexican gang member, but his body just doesn't have the moves. Instead, he looks like a drunk man with a bad case of the crabs.

BRUCE
(in Paco's voice)
Yo - homeboy, what's happnin?

He gestures to the car.

BRUCE
That's some fine Lo Ro, Bro...

The Kid watching the car can't help just staring at Bruce.

Bruce tries to get involved in a cool gang type handshake, but the Kid pulls away.

KID
Fuck off, white boy...

Click - a long, sharp blade flashes in the street light.

BRUCE
(quietly)
What...what do we do?

PACO
You keep out of this, let me run
the show.

Bruce's attitude slowly begins to change. It is almost like a Jekyll & Hyde sort of thing. His eyes squint and his upper lip takes on a nasty curl.

In a flash, his coat is peeled off and wrapped around an arm as a protective layer.

Bruce readies himself. The Kid begins to circle, and Bruce stays right with him.

SWISH! The Kid's knife cuts through the air.

Bruce lurches back and counters with a sharp kick inside the Kid's leg. He slips on the gravel and falls to his back.

Bruce is on top of him in a second and they roll around in the alley, hands locked on the blade.

PACO
Bite him!

BRUCE
(a little shocked)
What?

PACO
Bite him, there ain't no rules
in a street fight...

Bruce bites the Kid on the nose and the blade drops to the ground.

The Kid retaliates and gouges Bruce in the eye.

BRUCE
Ahhhhhh!

PACO
Don't take that, grab his balls!

BRUCE
I can't do that -

PACO
Then I will...

Bruce's left hand clamps on the Kid's crotch and he howls in pain.

Then, following up with a swift right, Bruce knocks the Kid out -SMACK!

Bruce gets to his feet, clutching his hand.

BRUCE
Ow!

PACO
Hurts like a Mother, don't it?
C'mon, we gotta move.

BRUCE
Wait a minute, I don't want that
car...

INT. LOW RIDER

Bruce checks out the inside.

PACO
This is it, man. Now pay attention,
you'll learn somethin.' They don't
teach this in prep school.

Bruce's hands fumble under the steering column for a minute,
then - suddenly they freeze.

Bruce grimaces, but he cannot move.

PACO
What the fuck, man?

BRUCE
You can't do anything without me,
either...we compromise, O.K.?

PACO
(beaten)
Shit...

Bruce looks at the other cars.

PACO
How about the Caddy?

VROOM!

The big Red Cadillac squeals out of the lot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car cruises into the heart of the city.

INT. CADILLAC

A Playboy bunny emblem dangles from the rear view mirror. Bruce feels the plush, red leather interior. He likes it.

BRUCE
You know, there's nothing like
the smell of a luxury car.

A pack of Kool cigarettes lies on the seat beside him. He pulls one out, breaks off the filter and reaches to put it in his mouth, when suddenly he halts in mid move.

BRUCE
Uh-uh. It's my body. I'm not
smoking those filthy weeds.

With his right hand, he tosses the pack out the window.

PACO
Fuckin' goody two shoes.

Then, a bright light falls across his eyes from the rear view mirror.

PACO
I shoulda known. Never steal from
a thief.

BRUCE
Who are they?

PACO
Take a wild guess...

EXT. STREET

The Chop Shop Low Rider cruises at an increasing speed.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce looks nervously into his rear view mirror.

BRUCE

Well, if it's a problem, let's
just give the car back. We'll
get another one.

PACO

Don't you understand nothin?
They'll kill us!

Bruce's left hand reaches over and slams the car into low gear.

EXT. STREET

The Cadillac spins in a harsh half circle and now points directly at the oncoming Low Rider.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce puts the car in neutral and revs the engine.

BRUCE

What are we gonna do?

PACO

Discipline some teenagers.

Bruce rams the car into drive.

EXT. STREET

The huge Cadillac burns toward the Low Rider car at full speed.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce's hands are frozen to the wheel.

BRUCE

We're heading right for 'em!

PACO

That's the idea - now, don't do
nothin' stupid, just keep straight.

BRUCE
Right, don't do anything stupid...

EXT. STREET

The Cadillac and the Low Rider head directly toward each other. They are about to collide.

INT. LOW RIDER

The sight of a massive car coming right at them is too much.

KID
Shit!

He cranks the wheel sharply.

EXT. STREET

The Low Rider skids out of control and smashes head on into a concrete abutment off the road.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce gasps at the spectacle.

PACO
Man, I hate to see a nice car like
that get fucked over.

EXT. STREET

The Cadillac moans around a corner and disappears into deep, dark, East L.A.

INT. UPTOWN MOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

We hear the SOUNDS OF WILD LOVE MAKING.

Clothing, some torn, is strewn about on the carpet.

WE FOLLOW the trail of their frenzied actions across the room to a couple of gyrating lumps under the covers.

Nina is on top. She is getting louder and louder. Escobar is below her, holding on for dear life.

She bounces Escobar's car keys in her hand - this was a good haul.

EXT. UPTOWN MOTEL

Nina walks across the street to the Sports Car. She tosses her cigarette away and starts up the car.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce is snoring soundly - both eyes are closed.

Vroom - vroom, the noisy engine revs to life.

Bruce twitches at the noise. An eye opens half way. There, in front of him, is some strange woman warming up her car.

He tries to go back to sleep, but Nina's car continues to idle loudly.

PACO
(groggily)
Shut the hell up...

Bruce's left hand reaches up and pushes on the horn.

EXT. SPORTS CAR

Nina turns at the sound of the horn. Behind her, she sees the dim outline of Bruce slumped in his seat.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce's left eye opens wide. Paco recognizes her.

FLASH - further rapid fire images of Paco and Nina doing things together replay in fast motion.

Bruce contorts his face at the memories.

EXT. SPORTS CAR

The Sports Car squeals off.

INT. CADILLAC

Paco wakes up faster than he ever has.

PACO
Hey, stupido...

He pokes a finger into Bruce's rib, but no response.
His left hands begins to tug at his collar.

PACO
...Wake up - it's her!

Bruce won't respond, so Paco does what he can. The left hand fishes around the steering column and turns the key - VROOM, the Cadillac roars to life.

PACO
WAKE UP DUMB SHIT!

Bruce's head remains slumped over, still snoring a little bit. Paco can't wait any longer - Bruce's left hand yanks on the gear shift and stomps on the gas pedal.

EXT. CADILLAC

The lumbering car pulls out, lacking any kind of serious control.

EXT. STREET

Nina's little roadster is almost out of sight.

The Cadillac, however, can't get it's act together and meanders into the oncoming lane, sending a number of motorists into spins and fits.

Paco can't steer the big thing all by himself and the car winds up across the street, slammed against a no parking sign.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce's left hand slams against the steering wheel.

PACO
Son of a bitch - we missed her!
What's wrong with you?

Bruce slowly comes to.

BRUCE
(rubbing his eyes)
Boy, I had the weirdest dream...

PACO
You weren't dreamin' man, it was
the bitch!

BRUCE
Nina?

PACO
Who else -

Bruce exhales and leans back in the plush seats to think.

BRUCE
Well, this is an awfully big city.
The chances of us just stumbling
on her again are pretty slim.

PACO
So what do you wanna do?

BRUCE
Stop chasing her.

PACO
Bull shit I will...

BRUCE
I don't mean that, but we're gonna
have to make her come to us instead.

PACO
How?

BRUCE
You're the one from the city. You
seem to know this woman. Anything
else come to mind when you saw her?

There is a long pause.

PACO
(glum)
Yeah, a bunch of shit...I remembered
that Nina and I used to be scam artists.

Bruce is somewhat repulsed by this notion.

BRUCE
...What?

PACO
Crooks, thieves, criminals...you
got a problem with that?

Bruce considers this.

BRUCE

No...not if it helps us find her.

PACO

See, the bitch is after money - that was the name of the game. If we can make her think we got some, she'll come runnin.'

BRUCE

Then let's advertise...

EXT. MAYFLOWER MOTEL - NIGHT

Another low class flop house in the city. Bruce's large Cadillac is parked in front.

We hear the CLACK, CLACK CLACK of a cheap typewriter.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Bruce is hunched over an old manual Smith Corona typewriter. He hunts and pecks with his left hand.

Click - a mistake.

He spreads White Out over the wrong letter, backs up and types again - it is wrong again.

BRUCE

We're gonna be here all night for a thirty five word ad.

PACO

What's the big deal? A couple of mistakes...

BRUCE

Look, you know what you want to say, and I know how to work this thing a little better. Why don't you dictate and I'll type.

PACO

All right, all right.

Bruce straightens up and shakes out his hands.

PACO

O.K., uh...rich...

Bruce types the first few words with his right hand.

PACO
...Good lookin' Latino guy
lookin' for the perfect chick,
darkly haired, beauteous -

BRUCE
Just give me the basics, I'll fix
the English...

PACO
...To share the...the...

Clack - clack.

BRUCE
...The good life...

Clack clack clack - Bruce catches up.

PACO
Right...also, they gotta give us
a picture - we gotta make sure
it's her.

Clack-clack, clack.

Bruce finishes up and yanks the paper out of the typewriter.

BRUCE
Well, if she's got a taste for
money, this ought to whet her
appetite.

EXT. STREET CORNER

A newspaper box sits idly on the corner.

After a moment, a finely manicured hand drops a quarter in
the slot.

A paper is taken out and we FOLLOW it up to Nina's face.
She is looking even finer than before.

She walks back to her newly acquired Car and leans against
it. Thumbing through the paper, she comes to the PERSONALS
column.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

A stack of mail is tossed down on a table. Bruce takes off

his coat and gets down to work.

Envelopes are ripped open.

Letters are dropped to the side - they range from elegantly word processed to hand written and grossly misspelled.

Bruce hoots at the enclosed pictures. Most of the applicants are far less than attractive.

Then, they come to a plain, brown envelope. As Bruce picks it up, his hands begin to tremble. He slowly raises it to his face and sniffs at it. His eyes close tight and his teeth grind.

BRUCE

What's the matter?

PACO

It's that fuckin' perfume...I'd know it anywhere. We used to do this kind of mail scam all the time. She had this thing she used to do with her lips...worked all the time.

Bruce tears into the envelope.

At the bottom of this attractive letter is the signature Consuela Mendosa.

Below this is a perfect, red outline of her lips.

PACO

Bingo...El Primo bitch is on the hook.

Bruce leans back and lets loose with a laugh that is half his, half Paco's.

PACO

Now all we do, is write her back and set up a meeting...

Bruce looks at his clothes.

PACO

But we don't look like no rich dude. Let's go get some nice threads...

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

MOVING PAST a heap of broken lab equipment, we find Wolinski in front of a severely jury rigged ray gun. Thick shanks of heavy gauge wire connect the control panel with the gun itself.

Wolinski affixes his industrial, blue glassed welding goggles and readies himself by the power lever.

Behind him the Chimps watches, seemingly impatient.

Zaaaaap! He throws the switch and a hot bolt of electricity jumps from the ray gun, through the wires and back to his control lever.

BOOM - a shower of sparks drenches Wolinski as he is blown back from the lever..

WOLINSKI

Ahhhhh!

The Chimp screams loudly.

Wolinski, shocked senseless, pulls off his smoking glove and flexes the feeling back in his hand.

WOLINSKI

...Not quite...not quite yet...

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

We see a long row of new, quality suits of all types and sizes. Bruce walks by, inspecting them.

His left hand reaches out and snags one off the rack. It is a gawdy, silver shark skin suit.

PACO

This is perfect.

BRUCE

(quietly)

We're supposed to be a rich businessman, not a pimp.

He puts the suit back and continues to walk.

BRUCE

How about a nice, plain grey suit.

PACO
Bullshit - three piece Pin stripe.
No question about it...

Bruce's left hand spears another suit.

PACO
...Like this one. C'mon, live
a little.

Bruce takes the suit off the rack. He pulls a matching
clothing store bag out of his coat and jams the suit inside.

CASHIER

Bruce waits while a CUSTOMER is cashed through.

He steps up and smiles sheepishly to the CASHIER.

BRUCE
Uh, yes, I'd like to return this.

CASHIER
All right, may I see the receipt?

BRUCE
Oh, gee...I don't have it. I didn't
think it was any big deal. I just
bought it last week.

CASHIER
(snotty)
I'm very sorry, but our policy is
not to accept any returns without
a receipt.

Bruce lets out an exaggerated sigh.

BRUCE
Why not?

The Cashier leans in close.

CASHIER
(quietly)
Because honestly, the Spicks come
in here and try this sort of thing
all the time...

Bruce leaps foreward and grabs the Cashier tightly by the
throat.

BRUCE
(using Paco's voice)
You got a fuckin' problem with
Spicks, you white assed bigoted
little shit?

CASHIER
(petrified)
No, not at all...I'm sorry.

BRUCE
I'll just take my business elsewhere...

Bruce turns indignantly and leaves the store - new suit in hand.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

Bruce walks toward an old, waterfront building. In his fancy duds, he is very much out of place.

BRUCE
(looking around nervously)
You grew up around here, eh?

PACO
Yep. I know every weed and broken
bottle in the area.

Bruce stands in front of the door.

PACO
Ok, now this an Uncle of mine I
used to work for. He's loaded,
but scammin' cash out of him ain't
gonna be easy. You may have to
swear at the stupid son-of-a-bitch
a couple times.

BRUCE
I'm not sure I can.

PACO
Then better let me do the talkin.'
You know anything about money?

BRUCE
Yeah, a few things. I must have
been an accountant or something.

PACO
Good, let's pretend he owes us
some money. You handle the technical
shit, I'll do all the rest...

He rummages around in his pocket and pulls out a cigarette.

BRUCE
Wait, wait...what are we doing?

PACO
Relax, it's just for effect, you
don't have to smoke it. If we're
really gonna do this, we gotta do
it it right - Uncle's a hard ass.

Bruce hesitates, then lights the cigarette and lets it dangle
from his lips.

PACO
O.K., Turn up your collar.

He flips it up.

PACO
Now, pull the hat down a little...

Bruce pulls his brim lower.

PACO
Try a little lip curl.

He snarls.

PACO
Too much.

Bruce relaxes his lip to more of an Elvis type of curl.

PACO
Good, now get that pole out of
your back, you're too Goddamn
white.

Bruce slouches and shifts to one side.

PACO
It'll do.

He knocks loudly on the door. It rattles with every pound.
A thin slot slides open revealing the nose and eyes of a very
UGLY THUG.

Bruce's face lights up in recognition.

BRUCE
(in Paco's voice)
Butt face - when did you get out
of the joint?

The Thug cocks his head - he is at a loss for words.

THUG
I...I...who the hell are...?

BRUCE
Tell Jose I want to talk to him.

The Thug looks over his shoulder. Behind him, an active.
poker game is in progress.

THUG
He's in a meeting.

As he turns back, Bruce jams two fingers up his nostrils and
yanks his face half way out the slot.

BRUCE
Go get Jose, or I'll tell him you
been bangin' his girlfriend.

THUG
. Okay, okay...Jesus...

Bruce lets go. The Thug scrunches his face in wonder and
slowly walks away.

Before long, a short, chubby man opens the door. This is
JOSE ALVAREZ.

JOSE
Make it fast, I'm busy.

BRUCE
You owe me money.

JOSE
Is that so?

BRUCE
I was Paco Rex's accountant. My
final bill was forwarded to you
home two months ago.

Jose squints and looks at Bruce closely.

JOSE
You don't look like no ordinary
fuckin' accountant...

BRUCE
Paco was no ordinary...
(after some struggle)
fuckin'...guy...

Bruce is able to hold Jose's stare.

JOSE
What did you do for him?

BRUCE
(pulling the bill out of his pocket)
For the last fiscal year, I handled
his stock warrants, dividend income
exclusions, accumulative
depreciation, accrual methods,
fixed assets and debt to liquidity
ratios.

There is a long pause.

JOSE
I never got no bill -

He starts to close the door. Bruce jams his left hand in and stops it short.

BRUCE
I'm sure the I.R.S. would love to
see the books of your "Export Import"
business, and I'm sure the feds'd
like to know just exactly what you
Import...

JOSE
...All right, all right - lemme
see that...

Jose grabs it out of Bruce's hand.

JOSE
...Two thousand bucks? Jesus
Christ! Wait here.

Jose walks back toward his poker game and scoops up some cash.

PACO
You're doin' good.

BRUCE
Thanks.

Jose shuffles back to the door.

JOSE
(counting out the money)
The little piss ant is dead and
he's still makin' my life miserable.

He holds out the two thousand dollars. Bruce snatches it
away.

BRUCE
Say hello to aunt Marguerita.

Jose stares at Bruce like he's a demon.

Bruce casually turns and heads down the steps. Jose slams
the door shut.

As Bruce walks away, his left hand pats him on the back.

INT. WOLINSKI'S LABORATORY - LATE AFTERNOON

Wolinski is busy doing some kind of impossible rewiring job.

Ping! Across the lab, a microwave oven completes its heating
cycle.

Wolinski mops his brow and removes a bowl of heated dog food.

WOLINSKI
Time to eat, my little miracle...

He shuffles over to the hungry Chimp. It tugs at the bars of
the cage. Wolinski holds up the bowl.

WOLINSKI
Speak...

The Chimp screams in objection.

WOLINSKI
Speak. You you can do it...

The Chimp is silent for a moment, then - WOOF! - it barks
just like a large Doberman would.

Wolinski delights in his creation.

WOLINSKI
Good boy.

He unlocks the cage and reaches in with the bowl.

WOLINSKI
Pretty soon, we'll have you hunting
rabbits...

Chomp! The Chimp fiercely bites his hand.

WOLINSKI
AHHHHHHhhhhhhhhh!

The bowl of dog food drops to the floor of the cage.
Wolinski rears back and stares at the Chimp in horror.

WOLINSKI
(nursing the bite)
What is it, my pet?

The Chimp shrieks wildly and begins to shake. Soon, it is
writhing out of control and bounces wildly on the floor of
the cage.

Then, in an instant - it dies.

Wolinski checks for vital signs but there are none. A slight
trickle of blood rolls down its forehead from the row of
stitches.

Wolinski dabs at the blood with a finger.

WOLINSKI
Dear God...I've failed.

He walks across the lab slowly, looking up at all of his
re-wired, re-built equipment, this time with doubt and
concern in his eyes.

Suddenly, the back door opens and a fresh gust of wind swirls
about the lab. Wolinski whirls around.

Dale stands at the entrance. He looks ragged and tired.

WOLINSKI
Any news?

Dale shakes his head.

DALE
Yeah, and all of it's bad. I
checked every Goddamn alley in the
city, just like you told me - no
deal.

WOLINSKI
Then check the morgue!

Wolinski glances over to the dead Chimp.

WOLINSKI
He could be there any moment...

EXT. CITY STREET

Nina's Sports Car zips past.

INT SPORTS CAR - DAY

Nina rolls along in her hot little car. Beside her is a half eaten box of Godiva chocolates. She is munching on them like a junkie in need of a fix.

Through the front windshield, she sees the elegant RIVERFRONT HOTEL.

EXT. RIVERFRONT HOTEL - DAY

Nina's car swings around in front of the entrance. A VALET runs over to park her car.

Nina steps out and refers to the letter from Bruce and Paco. It is signed, Ramon Diamond - Suite 811.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Nina steps out of the elevator and slinks down the long hall.

She adjusts her dress as she walks, preparing for the next victim.

In front of door 811, Nina smears on a last minute dab of red lipstick and checks her face in a compact.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Bruce is in front of the mirror putting the finishing touches on a false moustache.

When he is done, we see that he is a younger, better looking version of Paco. His dark, thick hair is slicked back.

PACO
Okay, got the goods?

Bruce pats the pocket of his expensive suit.

BRUCE
Got 'em.
(adjusting his tie)
Now, we talk nice and calm, right?
We find out what she knows first -

PACO
Right, then I ring her fuckin' neck.

BRUCE
Justice, Paco - justice is the only important thing. Revenge is not acceptable.

- Knock knock -

Bruce whirls around.

BRUCE
Who is it?

NINA
(through the door)
Consuela Mendosa...

Bruce's left leg lurches for the door, but his right hand grabs on to the sink.

PACO
I'll kill her!

BRUCE
Hey, hey, stop it!

Bruce reaches for the door with his left hand, but it cannot quite reach.

PACO
Let...go!

BRUCE
(straining at the sink)
Not until you mellow out...
(calling to the door)
I'll be right there!

PACO
Let go or I'll fuck you up bad!

BRUCE
No!

PACO
You asked for it, man...

Bruce left hand clamps onto the hot water knob and he turns it on full blast. Scalding water pours over Bruce's right arm and he lets go with a scream.

Then, before he can do anything, Bruce's left hand grabs him by the nape of the neck, hoists him to his feet and shoves him head first into the toilet. In an instant, his left hand flushes. Bruce tries to get out, but the hand holds him under.

Bruce continues to struggle in the porcelain bowl. His left hand grabs the flush handle again.

PACO
You want some more?

BRUCE
No...I give up!

The toilet finishes flushing and Bruce slumps to the floor. He gasps for air like a fish out of water.

BRUCE
Just do me one favor...

He breathes hard for a minute.

BRUCE
...She's the only chance I've got to find out who I am. Let me at least find out from her if I've got a life out there somewhere -

PACO
All right. I'll give you five minutes. If you don't know by then, I'm gonna squeeze her Adams apple.

BRUCE
Okay...deal...

Bruce holds up both hands to join in a bizarre handshake.

HOTEL MAIN ROOM

Bruce walks out, trying to look as calm as he can, but his entire body is trembling - a man about to spontaneously combust.

The door opens to reveal Nina, looking ever so sweet and innocent. She cannot help but stare at Bruce's rearranged hair. His cheap wig is swirled like an upside down ice cream cone.

NINA

Mr. Diamond?

FLASH!

Upon seeing Nina for the first time since the murder, Bruce is rocked by a storm in his head - quick images of Nina stabbing Paco, clubbing Bruce and spitting at them can be seen.

Bruce's eyes blur, his knees buckle and he grabs the door jam for support.

NINA

Are you all right?

Bruce straightens.

BRUCE

(strained)

Oh, yes. It's your beauty - I find it arresting. You are even more ravishing than I could have ever imagined.

NINA

You are too kind.

PACO

You got four minutes left...

BRUCE

(maintaining his composure)

Please...come in.

Nina smiles gently and brushes past Bruce a little too close.

Bruce's left hand quivers and slides into his side coat pocket.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Once inside, Bruce turns about in an flash and bolts the front door.

Nina turns suspiciously only to find - click - one hand locked inside a handcuff.

NINA

Wha-?

Bruce spins her into the room and snaps the other cuff to a door knob.

Nina looks at the shackles in a panic, then up to Bruce.

BRUCE

So good of you to come, Consuela...
or should I say...Nina?

Bruce snatches her purse and sits by a small coffee table.

BRUCE

You don't mind if I do a little
historical research do you?

Nina is completely caught off guard. She tugs at the cuffs - no doubt about it, she's there to stay for a while.

NINA

What do you mean by this? What
have I done?

BRUCE

I'm pretty sure you killed me...

Bruce yanks off his sopping wig and reveals his horrible half shaved, stitched head.

Nina is repulsed by Bruce's appearance.

BRUCE

...You also killed a mutual acquaintance
of ours, and I'm sure he'd like to say
a few words...

(in Paco's voice)

It's me, Chiquita...you're DEAD...

Nina's face pales at this familiar phrase. She has entered the wrong room today.

PACO

You got three minutes.

Bruce dumps the contents of Nina's purse out in front of him and begins to sort through the items one by one.

Bruce finds a number of souvenirs, including the gold cross of Paco's.

PACO
Jesus Christ...that little thief...
that's mine.

Bruce's left hand stuffs it into his pocket.

Nina does not like the progression of all this. She begins a desperate attempt to get her hand free from the cuffs - at any personal cost.

Also among Nina's belongings, Bruce finds a cuff link with his initials on it - BC.

BRUCE
BC...Bruce...Cole...

Bruce's eyes intensify as vague blasts of information begin to inundate his thought.

PACO
Two minutes...

As Bruce becomes more and more preoccupied, Nina struggles with her confines. She uses spit to lubricate her straining wrist. Slowly, painfully, it is working - crack - a knuckle pops from the strain. Nina winces silently.

Bruce shuffles through the other things and stops at a gold plated cross pen. On it, a cursive design writes out the initials - NC.

Bruce begins to tremble.

BRUCE
NC...Nathanial Cole...

WHOOOMP - The floodgates of information open up and Bruce is deluged with old images of his past - who he is, who his Brother was and what happened to him.

BRUCE
...Oh...My...GOD!

Bruce clutches his head in agony. A small trickle of blood emerges from the stitches.

PACO
I'll bet revenge is lookin' pretty
good right about now, eh Bruce Cole?
You lost your money and your Brother
all because of her!

Bruce slams his fists on the table and stands in a blind rage.

Nina's wrist buckles from the strain. Crack -crack - snap!
She is free.

And just in time. As she lurches out of the way, Bruce
crashes into the door in pursuit.

Nina races toward the window by the fire escape.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DUSK

Nina crawls out and looks eight floors down to the alley
below. She kicks off her high heels and races down the metal
stairs barefoot.

In a moment, Bruce staggers out, screaming obscenities in
Spanish. He gets a bead on her and takes just a couple steps
when his legs collapse. He clutches to the railing
desperately, his eyes wide with vertigo.

PACO
What's the matter?

BRUCE
I'm...I'm afraid of heights...

PACO
Fine fuckin' time, man. Pick your
ass up and let's get goin'!

BRUCE
I can't!

Bruce looks down at Nina. She has put some distance between
them.

PACO
We gotta do somethin'!

Bruce turns and races back inside.

FIRE ESCAPE STEPS

Nina scurries down the winding stairs as fast as she can.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Bruce stomps down the hall to the elevators just as the doors
are closing. He jams his hand in the crack, but it is too
late. He spots the stairwell and races down.

HOTEL FRONT

Nina runs toward the Valet. He smiles at her.

VALET

Hi, got your tick...?

Wham! Nina plants a bare foot right between his legs - he is instantly paralyzed.

She grabs her keys off the rack and - VROOOOM!

The Sports Car revs up and squeals around the corner.

INT. STAIRWELL

Bruce is panting as he staggers down the last flight of steps. He bursts out the exit door to the outside.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT

Bruce runs toward the Valet as he starts to get up. The Valet sees Bruce and decides to stay on the ground.

In a short moment, the Cadillac peels off in hot pursuit.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce is still trying to catch his breath.

PACO

She's gonna burn!

As the Cadillac rounds a corner, they see Nina's car sitting out in the open by a small, seedy bar.

It is the same watering hole we saw earlier - Felipe's.

PACO

Son of a bitch, that was easy.
I know that place.

EXT. FELIPE'S BAR - DUSK

Bruce's Cadillac pulls a loud U-turn and slides up against the curb.

Bruce steps out confidently and pushes up his sleeves.

PACO
I'm lookin' forward to this...

INT. BAR

Bruce pushes open the door and steps in.

Waiting for him are half a dozen MEAN LOOKING HOMBRES.

Across the room is Nina. She stands and points an accusing finger.

NINA
That's the gringo who tried to
rape me!

Slam! The door closes behind Bruce. He whirls around to see a sweaty, MUSCULAR MAN bolt it shut.

He turns back to the other men. One produces a baseball bat. Several of the others reveal blackjacks or brass knuckles.

PACO
Six of them. Two of us. How do
to those odds sound to you, Mr.
Numbers man?

BRUCE
Not good...

Whack! Bruce is belted from behind and he sprawls to the floor. The men converge and take turns punching him back and forth inside the tight ring they have formed.

Bruce is getting the beating of his life and nothing can help him now.

Nina seems satisfied with the situation. She turns and slowly strolls out the door.

Finally, Bruce is smashed on the head with a chair and he crumples in a bloody heap to the floor.

Felipe, the owner, makes his way through the crowd and grabs Bruce by the collar. He jams a sharp blade up to his throat and presses hard.

FELIPE
Any last words, Gringo?

Bruce looks up at him through a puffy, half closed eye. A smile of recognition crosses his face.

BRUCE
Hey, Felipe...I hope your Mom
is feeling better...

Felipe's face loses its snarl. He is terribly confused.

FELIPE
How you know my Mother is sick?

Bruce looks around at the other men.

BRUCE
(pointing at each man)
The same reason I know Tito and
Hector and Alfredo...they used to
be friends of mine...now this...

Bruce's head slumps to the floor.

The men around him exchange looks and begin to back off a
little. Felipe picks him up to his feet.

FELIPE
I don't know who you are...but
don't you never come back here.

BRUCE
(through a split lip)
You don't have to worry about
that...

Felipe and another BIG MAN drag Bruce toward the back of the
bar and toss him out the door.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Bruce flops into the dusty alley.

The high whine of a Sports Car catches his attention and he
looks up weakly.

Across a number of ratty, East L.A. lawns, Bruce spots Nina
driving down a side street.

BRUCE
Okay Paco, this is gonna take the
both of us...

PACO
I'm right with you, man.

Bruce musters all of his remaining strength and stands. He
plots the shortest distance between him and Nina's passing

car and takes off in a limping sprint.

EXT. YARDS

The chase begins on foot.

Bruce leaps over a fence and snags his jacket - riiip!

He crashes to the ground.

BRUCE
So much for the new suit...

Bruce looks up - there are a few more back yards to cut across.

He leaps the next fence and runs into a terrible snarl of clothes lines.

Nina's car is a short distance away and Bruce is gaining fast.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Bruce emerges as a battered mess.

Nina's Sports Car is fast approaching.

INT. SPORTS CAR

Nina is driving at a relaxed clip until - SLAM - the nightmare figure of Bruce appears on her front windshield.

Nina screams in terror and yanks on the wheel.

EXT. SPORTS CAR

Bruce tumbles off the hood, but manages to grab a door handle.

EXT. STREET

Nina's little car screeches around a corner with Bruce dragging behind.

EXT. SPORTS CAR

Bruce screams in agony. He looks up ahead and sees his

hulking Cadillac parked.

As the Sports car passes, Bruce lets go.

EXT. STREET

Bruce rolls a hundred times and smashes up against his Car. He crawls to the door and gets inside.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET

The Sports Car jumps over a rise in a small industrial bridge. It is heading out of the city along the densely industrialized water front.

The Cadillac follows not far behind and bottoms out horribly from the jump. A hub cap spins away wildly.

The road becomes a winding snake through a maze of steel plants and waterfront factories.

EXT. CADILLAC - TRACKING

Bruce's car scrapes against the opposite curbs of the road as he desperately tries to hold the tight corners at such high speed.

INT. SPORTS CAR

Nina looks in her rear view mirror.

The Cadillac is gaining.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce smiles maniacally.

BRUCE

Suck on this, baby...

Through his windshield, we see the Sports Car losing ground up ahead. But the image begins to double, then triple.

FLASH - an air raid siren blasts in his head.

Bruce winces in agony and takes his foot off the gas.

PACO

C'mon man, we can't stop now.

BRUCE
...Can't help it...something really
bad is happening. Like there isn't
enough room for the both of us.

He swings the rear view mirror toward his face and leans forward to take a look. The stitches in his head are bleeding even more.

EXT. CADILLAC

The hulking car swerves from side to side, clearly out of control.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce rallies himself and looks up. The little car isn't far away.

EXT. SPORTS CAR - TRACKING

WHAM - the Cadillac rams the Sports Car hard.

SCREEECH - Nina swerves precariously from side to side and destroys a long row of garbage cans.

INT. SPORTS CAR

Nina stomps on the gas.

Her speedometer edges past 55.

EXT. SPORTS CAR

She roars ahead again of the Cadillac again.

The road becomes even more treacherous. Deep potholes dot the unkept road like shell holes.

BAM - BAM Nina's suspension is hammered as her low riding car bottoms out left and right.

CLANK! - her muffler tumbles on the road behind her and the Cadillac rams over it.

INT. SPORTS CAR

Up ahead, Nina sees a road sign with a sharp L shaped arrow,

indicating a drastic curve to the right.
The Cadillac roars to Nina's right side.
Nina steps on the gas, but -

EXT. SPORTS CAR TIRE

Wham - her car slams into a deep pothole and loses many miles per hour.

EXT. STREET

The Cadillac slams into her from the right - SCRAPE!
Nina swerves to her left.

The sharp turn looms closer. Straight ahead is a tall, thick power pole with a large junction box atop it.

SPORTS CAR

The front of Nina's car begins to shimmy uncontrollably. A terrible rattling gets louder and louder.

ANGLE ON TIRE

The tie rods are falling apart.

INT. SPORTS CAR

She grinds the gas pedal on the floor.

Slowly, the speedometer climbs back up to 55.

The turn is upon the racing cars.

Nina tugs on her wheel and tries to go right but the Cadillac holds steady and forces Nina directly toward the towering pole.

EXT. STREET

SLAM - with a nauseating sound, Nina's Sports Car sideswipes the power pole.

Sparks and parts fly everywhere.

Nina's Car rolls to its side and tumbles upside down.
The Cadillac swerves to a halt nearby.

INT CADILLAC

Bruce collects himself and looks over to the Sports Car. The wreck is not a pretty sight.

PACO
Lookin' good...

He unbuckles his safety belt.

EXT. POWER POLE

The pole cracks at the base and begins to twist. The heavy junction box up on top forces the pole to one side.

Strong power lines attached to the junction box begin to stretch and snap from the strain.

EXT. STREET

Finally, the groaning power pole rips free from the supporting lines and heads toward the ground - and the Cadillac.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce looks up, then dives for cover.

EXT. CADILLAC

The pole crashes to the top of his car.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce is pinned flat to the seat.

BRUCE
Well, now we got a low rider. I
hope you're happy.

INT. SPORTS CAR

Nina slowly regains consciousness. When her eyes open, her

world is upside down. She groans and feels her head. Fresh blood dribbles down.

She tries to get out, but the body of the car has crumpled enough to pin her doors shut tight.

A slight DRIPPING can be heard.

Nina looks around and sees fresh gasoline trickling down her window to the pavement below. Her gaze follows the small stream to a stray, snapped power cable dancing wildly ABOVE A PUDDLE OF THE LETHAL LIQUID!

She lurches back in horror and begins slamming herself at the jammed drivers side door.

EXT. STREET

CREAK - the toppled power pole lowers closer to the street, its hot energy spitting at the gasoline.

INT. CADILLAC

Bruce hits the automatic seat adjustment lever and lowers himself enough to wriggle out the door.

INT. SPORTS CAR

WHAM - WHAM - Nina is now on her back, kicking at the door with all of her might. Snap - a heel breaks off -

EXT. CADILLAC

As Bruce steps out, the same spinning power cable pushes him back.

EXT. SPORTS CAR

Creak! Nina's door gives and she starts to crawl out.

Just then, the power pole snaps off clean from its base and plummets into the puddle of gas -

WHUUUMPPP - the flaming trail of fuel races to the sports car and - BLAM - it blows apart at the seams.

Nina is blown clean off her feet.

Bruce covers up as hot metal and glass rain down around him.

Soon, the tumult dies down to a low roar of flames.

Bruce looks up slowly to the flaming, twisted wreck. Not being able to see Nina, Paco rejoices at her seeming death.

PACO

Yeaahhh!

EXT. SPORTS CAR

Bruce runs over and looks into the car - but there is nobody inside.

PACO

That bitch must be a cat or somethin.'

BRUCE

Shhhhh - listen.

Bruce stands perfectly still and strains to hear anything. At first, nothing - then, CLICK CLACK CLICK CLACK - footsteps down a nearby alley.

Bruce takes off after the sound.

EXT. ALLEY

Nina runs full tilt up the dark alley.

Bruce appears behind her, gaining fast.

PACO

You can run, but you can't hide!

EXT. STREET

Nina appears out the other end of the alley and runs right out into the middle of the street.

SCREEECH! Several cars nearly collide to avoid hitting her.

She disappears down an alley. After she disappears, WE MOVE OVER to a sign which reads:

DEAD END ALLEY

Bruce arrives at the mouth of the alley and sees the sign. . .

PACO

Now ain't that just too bad...

He swings into the alley, at the ready - confident.

But in front of him, only three converging brick walls. No Nina - no nothing.

As Bruce moves forward to look closer, he stumbles over the raised lip of a manhole cover, slightly ajar.

He flings it away and listens close. Far below, he hears the faint sound of SCUFFLING FOOTSTEPS.

BRUCE

I don't think I can do this...

PACO

Man, what CAN you do?

Bruce's left hand grabs him by the hair and shoves him down the hole.

PACO

Get your wimpy white ass down there and get the bitch!

INT. SEWER - NIGHT

Bruce makes his way down the narrow, slimy metal steps.

Light becomes more and more scarce as he descends. The street sounds give way to the eerie drippings of thick, stagnant water.

Down at the bottom, Bruce is lit only by a single street light, high above.

A divided drainage system confronts him - he listens again - which way to go?

A distant SCRAPING emanates from the right pipe. Bruce dashes down it.

INT. SEWER CHAMBER

At the opposite end of this same tunnel, Nina emerges to see a larger open area - it appears to be under some form of construction. Strewn about are a lethal assortment of tools - picks, hammers, etc.

Nina stops to listen. Now, she hears Bruce's APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

She quickly hoists a heavy pick axe and positions herself out of sight at the mouth of the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL

Bruce continues his uneasy trek.

He stops again to listen. The only thing audible is A DISTANT FLOW OF WATER and the ECHO OF HIS EVERY MOVE. He becomes more cautious and slows his advance.

PACO

Be careful, man. I seen her once when she got cornered - she can be a nasty little thing.

BRUCE

You're telling me, I...

WHAM - the pick axe slams into Bruce's shoulder and he wilts to the ground - bright crimson flowing from the open gash.

Nina drops the axe and makes a mad dash down another long, winding corridor.

Bruce staggers to his feet, further enraged by this turn of events. He stares down the long tunnel, screams in rage and charges full speed into the void.

TUNNEL

Nina runs as fast as she can down the slick passageway. Up ahead, she hears a great rushing of water.

Behind, running much faster, is the bellowing Bruce.

The sound of A RAGING TORRENT gets louder and louder as the two progress.

Finally, at the mouth of the tunnel, Nina reaches an impasse, a no exit situation - a T formation type dead end.

There, in front of her, is a wide, fast moving river of slime - and no walkway on either side.

Nina swears to herself and looks behind.

Through the dark haze, Bruce becomes visible. He has a fire in his eyes that Nina fears. She has no choice but to take the plunge and - SPLOOSH - in she goes.

Bruce arrives at the jump off point. He looks down in horror at the thick, roiling liquid.

BRUCE

I dunno Paco...this...this is
too much. I don't think...

Bruce's left hand grabs the front of his shirt and yanks him into the river.

BRUCE

Ahhhhhhhh!

RIVER

Together, Bruce and Nina are swept along, completely out of control.

A ROARING DIN is heard up ahead. Nina gasps as she sees the end of the line - a waterfall into a dark, deep cavern. Off to one side, she spots a broken piece of decayed railing and proceeds to swim with all of her might to get across the channel before being dumped into the abyss.

She races toward the lip and snags the upright pole with all of her might.

She flops a hand up to the narrow walkway, hoping to pull herself up, but Bruce's soggy shoe slams down upon it with a squish.

Nina cries out in pain and looks up.

Towering above is Bruce, covered in slime and bleeding from his awful shredding stitches.

NINA

Please - help me...

BRUCE

Before I do anything, you have
to answer just a few questions...

He teeters just a little. This has been a long haul for him. This double life thing has been taxing.

BRUCE

...How did you get that nice,
monogrammed pen?

NINA

I...I found it...

Bruce grinds his foot on her hand a little bit.

BRUCE

Where....?

NINA

I...I...

BRUCE

Tell me the truth and I'll pull you up - lie to me and I'll let Paco here have his way. How did you get it?

Nina begins to cry.

NINA

I...killed a man for it -

BRUCE

Was he my Brother?

Nina nods weakly.

NINA

...Yes.

Bruce winces at the awful truth. He reels in indecision for a brief moment - maybe he ought to let her drop anyway. Paco is of no assistance.

PACO

Do it man! I know what your thinkin' - dunk the bitch -

BRUCE

Justice, Paco - justice...

Bruce opens his eyes and bends down slowly.

BRUCE

Give me your hands.

Nina clings to him desperately.

Bruce steadies his footing and begins to pull her out when -

FLASH!

Bruce is rocked by an irreversible molten meltdown. His body shudders in agony.

BRUCE

Ugh, Paco we're losing it...

Bruce lifts with all of his might, but his condition continues to deteriorate. His balance tentative, strength fading.

One of Nina's hands slips from Bruce's grasp.

She gasps in horror as she is battered about by the strong, neverending current.

Bruce tries to lift again.

BRUCE
C'mon Paco, help me...

PACO
Fuck no...

Bruce flexes his arm muscles and heaves again. Nina slowly begins to rise, but a new pain jolts his entire system -

-FLASH-

Bruce crumples under the impact of this powerful brain blast.

It is worse than the last episode - fresh blood begins to pump freely from his old wound.

BRUCE
Oh no...

His eyes flicker - his speech is reduced to a slur.

BRUCE
I...can't...hold it...

He weaves back and forth and crumples to his knees.

Nina screams in fear.

NINA
HELP ME!

Nina looks up helplessly as her fingers slowly slide, inch by inch, through Bruce's slimy fingers.

NINA
Nooooo!

Nina slips into the the raging sewage, then over the brink and into the dark whirlpool below.

PACO
Good riddance...

Bruce collapses to the cement and sees the last vestiges of Nina swept below into the inky waters.

Bruce rolls over on his back and clutches at his head.

BRUCE

We gotta...gotta get to Wolinski.

Above him, a narrow, winding stairway leads to the surface.

PACO

That's our way out, homes...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A manhole in the street slides stubbornly away, revealing Bruce's battered face. A gentle rain falls, washing some of his fresh blood away.

He climbs out and surveys the new surroundings. There, dead ahead through the rain, is Wolinski's ivy covered lab.

BRUCE

Okay buddy...what do you think?

PACO

Let's do it.

With a herculean effort, Bruce rises to his feet and staggers toward the lab. But, after a few tentative steps, he collapses in the mud - not another step.

Lifting his bleeding head from the mire, Bruce reaches out and drags himself toward the back door - every inch is an endless nightmare.

INT. WOLINSKI'S LAB

ZZaaap!

The ray gun sparks to life. This time no shocks, no bad reactions. After a few cursory testing switches, Wolinski seems satisfied and powers the huge machine down.

WOLINSKI

(congratulating himself)

There you go Doctor, there you go...

There is a faint KNOCKING at the back door.

Wolinski wipes his hands and walks to the back door. He unbolts it and Bruce drops in at his feet - a bloody, muddy mess.

Wolinski cradles him in his arms. It is as though the prodigal son has returned.

WOLINSKI
...You've come back...

BRUCE
(almost a whisper)
...I'm...I'm through, Doc...

WOLINSKI
No you aren't, my boy...I've made improvements. We can put you back together again - better than before.

Wolinski drags Bruce inside and slams the door. He wraps a blanket around him and races over to the operating table to prepare.

Slowly, WE TRACK IN to Bruce.

BRUCE
(weakly)
Well Paco, I lost a Brother...but
I kind of...kind of got him back...

PACO
Bet your ass, Homeboy...we're fuckin' family.

Bruce smiles and drops his head to one side.

RIING!

Wolinski is busy gathering assorted instruments. He turns and snaps up the phone.

WOLINSKI
Yes?

EXT. RIVERFRONT - DAWN

Dale stands shivering in a phone booth down by the river.

DALE
(still pissed off)
Doc, I plum wore out my welcome at the Morgue. He ain't there either and if you think I'm...

WOLINSKI

(o.s.)

It's all right Dale, he's just now returned.

DALE

He has? Well what the hell am I freezin' my ass off for? I'll be right back.

WOLINSKI

(o.s.)

But not before you bring me a new donor.

DALE

A new...what for?

WOLINSKI

(o.s.)

For the operation, you fool! I need new brain tissue.

Dale bangs his head against the phone booth plexiglass.

DALE

Aw holy moly Doc, it ain't like bodies come floatin' down the river every damn...

Dale stops in mid sentence.

There, floating down the river is a woman's motionless body.

WOLINSKI

(o.s.)

...Dale? Are you there?

Dale turns his attention back to the phone - his mood has improved considerably. WE MOVE toward the water as he talks.

DRIVER

Well, press my pants Doc, we're in luck. I just found a fresh one.

As he says this, the MOVE STOPS on the corpse. A single, delicate hand surfaces out of the river - its fingernails are long and painted with a bright red polish.

INT. WOLINSKI'S LAB - DAWN

WOLINSKI

Excellent. Bring it here immediately...

Wolinski hangs up and glances over to Bruce lying on the floor.

He throws his head back and begins to laugh. It is a soft chuckle at first, but it builds in intensity as WE MOVE UP AND AWAY from him.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. WOLINSKI'S LAB - DAWN

As the laugh continues, WE SLOWLY MOVE BACK, deep into the city from whence we came.

A distant siren blares.

FADE OUT

THE END