

SOUTHLAND TALES

S O U T H L A N D T A L E S

BY

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OVER BLACK SCREEN:

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
Throughout the earth's history... tidal braking has played a dominant role in the rotation of the planet. Currently... the secular change in the rate of rotation increases the length of day by some 2.3 milliseconds per century.

FADE IN:

1

EXT. SANTA MONICA COAST -- DAWN

1

HELICOPTER SHOT: We fly over UTOPIA 3... a MASSIVE METAL STRUCTURE that rises above the ocean. A TIDAL GENERATOR. Sections of sea water, covering an expanse of more than a mile, sit motionless... as smooth as glass.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
As the tides move water around the globe, the moment of inertia of the earth changes. On rare occasion... this change is so significant that the residual effects on human behavior become evident.

Several AIRCRAFT CARRIERS line the coast of SANTA MONICA. A MILITARY HELICOPTER flies north toward Malibu.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
A collision of circumstance wrought by the tides upon the physiology of mankind... the greatest of all species to emerge from the ocean thus far.

We approach the ROOF DECK of the MARIASOL RESTAURANT at the end of the pier. It has now been converted into a MILITARY BASE CAMP called PLANET TELEX.

Perched on a MASSIVE HYDRAULIC GUN MOUNT is US ARMY PRIVATE PAUL PILOT (23). He spins the GUN MOUNT around and we reveal his face, boy-band handsome with a deep scar running down one side.

He is reading a NEW YORK POST. On the cover is a picture of himself... sitting on the exact same gun mount, reading a New York Post.

The headline reads: POP GUN

The date of the NEWSPAPER reads: JULY 3 2008

2 INT. PLANET TELEX -- NEXT

2

Inside Mariasol... several MILITARY PERSONNEL are sitting at computer stations. The place barely resembles a restaurant anymore.

We see footage from THE TODAY SHOW playing on a TELEVISION screen behind the bar.

MATT LAUER (TELEVISION)
Tomorrow will mark the second anniversary of the nuclear attacks in Texas... as mourners gather in El Paso on both sides of the border...

We see hand held HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE from the border at EL PASO and JUAREZ... a MUSHROOM CLOUD in the sky... people screaming.

A PARAPLEGIC MILITARY OFFICER named SIMON THEORY (34) sits in his wheelchair near the bar. He is thumbing a 32-SIDED DIE in his right hand... monitoring a METEOROLOGICAL SYSTEM on his LAPTOP... talking into a HEADSET.

SIMON
 We're looking at about eleven minutes of rain... just before midnight.

ARMY GENERAL STAN MACARTHUR (50s) approaches.

MACARTHUR
 Simon,

SIMON
 Yeah, boss?

MacArthur shows Simon a COLOR PHOTO of a WHITE METAL BOX. Painted on it is an AMERICAN FLAG with a FINGERPRINT on it. Beneath it is the phrases: DON'T TOUCH ME. www.usideath.org

SIMON
 Don't touch me.

MACARTHUR
 Someone's been routing outside of USIDENT, leaking classified information to the internet. Someone tied to the Neo-Marxist movement. Have you come across anyone suspicious?

SIMON
 No, sir.

MacArthur nods his head. He goes to his headset.

MACARTHUR
Hey Paul.

PAUL (RADIO)
Yeah?

MACARTHUR
The press conference is about to start. Sweep the coast. If you see anyone suspicious... report it. If you see anyone brandishing a weapon... shoot to kill.

PAUL (RADIO)
Copy that.

3 **EXT. PLANET TELEX -- NEXT**

3

Finishing his cigarette, Paul straps on a pair of INFRARED HEADGEAR. HEADGEAR POV: Paul scans the pier... the ARCADE surrounding the FERRIS WHEEL and ROLLER-COASTER... the coastline beyond.

MACARTHUR (RADIO)
And Paul?

PAUL
Yes, sir?

MACARTHUR (RADIO)
Would you mind autographing a couple of those CD's for Tiffany? It would make her day.

PAUL
Yes, sir.

Paul retrieves two CD JACKETS. The beautiful face of his former POP STAR self stares back at him...

He withdraws a SHARPIE and signs his name.

4 **EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT**

4

At the base of SANTA MONICA PIER, we ZOOM out from a DIGITAL DISPLAY that reads: US MILITARY BASE CAMP - RESTRICTED CIVILIAN ACCESS BEYOND THIS POINT

MONTAGE OF IMAGES: SOLDIERS playing AIR HOCKEY in the arcade... A CAMOUFLAGE WAVE-RUNNER jumping waves... SOLDIERS DRINKING BEER at dawn in the pier bar.

INGA (O.S.)
The spread of evil is the symptom of a vacuum.

INGA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Whenever evil wins, it is only by default: by the moral failure of those who evade the fact that there can be no compromise on basic principles.

The CAMERA drifts north toward the beach.

5 EXT. TRIER STAGE -- NEXT

5

We reveal a cue of TRIER EXECUTIVES led by DR. INGA VON WESTPHALEN (78) and her son, BARON VON WESTPHALEN (50s) and several SCIENTISTS. They stand on a METAL stage erected on a BRIDGE over a LARGE RECTANGULAR METAL PIT that has been carved deep into the beach.

On the metal stage there is a LONG DAIS set up in front of an ELABORATE FUTURISTIC SAND TOWER emerging from a BLUE LASER FIELD. A TRIER LOGO is emblazoned on everything.

INGA

Utopia three is running at eighty percent capacity. Fluid karma has been achieved. We now stand on the brink of a revolution in the face of the ongoing energy crisis.

REPORTERS are connected via satellite from all over the world. Their voices echo from speakers...

REPORTER #1 (VIDEO FEED)

Trier products is touting its new SUV as a vehicle that does not need fuel. How can an engine run without fuel?

INGA

Fluid karma is a remote fuel source for a vast network of engines that can run in perpetuity. It will fuel automobiles, ships, jets and dirigibles. We are working with the US military to overhaul their entire fleet.

REPORTER #2 (VIDEO FEED)

Have you built the world's first perpetual motion machine?

Baron leans forward to the mike.

BARON

The ocean is a perpetual motion machine. Fluid karma is a simulation of these principles. As long as the waves continue to crash, fluid karma will exist.

REPORTER #2 (VIDEO FEED)

The old adage describes three laws of thermodynamics as...

REPORTER #2 (VIDEO FEED) (CONT'D)
*you can't get something for nothing, you
 can't win, and you have to lose. Have you
 broken one of these laws?*

BARON
 Nonsense!

REPORTER #2 (VIDEO FEED)
*How do you answer critics who claim that
 this intense corruption of the tidal drag
 will eventually lead to some unforeseen
 ecological disaster? Have you in fact
 discovered Pandora's box at the bottom of
 the sea?*

INGA
 As long as we continue to burn oil into
 the atmosphere... ecological disaster is
 inevitable. Fossil fuel... is a thing of
 the past. No longer will this foul black
 sludge inhibit the forward progress of
 mankind.

REPORTER #3 (VIDEO FEED)
*Can you address the rumors that you're
 selling your patent to the Japanese?*

Baron glances over at SERPENTINE (32), his Asian mistress,
 sitting at the end of the dais.

BARON
 Negotiations with Hideo Takatana
 continue. We are optimistic that Utopia
 four will begin construction in Tokyo
 this fall.

INGA
 Our goal is to have fluid karma available
 to the global marketplace by the end of
 this year.

6 EXT. EXXON OIL REFINERY -- TORRANCE -- DAWN 6

Various INSERTS from the smokestacks at the EXXON OIL
 REFINERY in Torrance. Smoke billows out before a HUGE
 AMERICAN FLAG mounted on the north face of the complex.

TITLE CARD: PART VII - THE POWER

7 EXT. CHEVRON GAS STATION -- EL PORTO -- NEXT 7

A CADILLAC sits at an AUTOMATED GAS PUMP at a CHEVRON GAS
 STATION in El Porto. The ELDERLY FEMALE DRIVER reaches out
 and places her thumb on an LCD SCREEN mounted on an extension
 from the pump.

A US-IDENT GRAPHIC appears on the screen with her photograph and personal information... followed by an array of CREDIT CARDS.

ELDERLY FEMALE DRIVER
 Visa. Supreme Unleaded. Fill it up.

Nothing happens. CARS HONK furiously.

ELDERLY FEMALE DRIVER
 (yelling)
 VISA. SUPREME UNLEADED. FILL IT UP.

A ROBOTIC GAS NOZZLE extrudes from the pump and searches for the GAS VALVE. It tracks with a LASER GUIDE along the surface of the car and then stops at the valve with automated precision, inserts itself into the valve and begins to fill the tank with gasoline.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*As the war raged on in the middle east...
 strained relations with Saudi Arabia had
 brought about yet another oil embargo.*

A CHEVRON TOWER advertises SUPREME UNLEADED at \$5.19/GALLON.

8 EXT. SAN PEDRO HARBOR -- NEXT 8

A group of SOLDIERS are walking across the top of LARGE METAL CONTAINERS that have been loaded off massive ships.

DISC JOCKEY (RADIO)
*LAX is closed for the weekend due to a
 code red terror alert level... we have
 been issued a warning of a possible
 suicide bomber targeting the Beverly
 Center...*

9 INT. BEVERLY CENTER -- BED BATH & BEYOND -- NEXT 9

FBI AGENTS in GAS MASKS sweep through BED BATH & BEYOND. Men in GREEN HAZ MAT SUITS follow close behind. As they round a corner... an ARABIC JANITOR holding a mop turns around suddenly.

They fire their AUTOMATIC WEAPONS... *riddling his body with bullets.* He falls to the ground... dead.

FBI AGENT
 FUCK!

10 EXT. 10 FREEWAY -- NEXT

10 *

Gridlock on the 10 WEST FREEWAY. A HUGE JUMBO-TRON is mounted above the freeway. There is a BLINKING RED BAR at the top. *

Beneath it are the blinking words "ALL INFORMATION SANITIZED TO DE-CLASSIFIED LEVEL" with an GHOST-LIKE IMAGE of GEORGE WASHINGTON staring down at traffic.

At the bottom is scrolling text for the website:
www.usident.org

11 EXT. US-IDENT OFFICE BUILDING -- EARLY MORNING 11

The Police Department building in Santa Monica has a US-IDENT sign out front.

12 INT. US-IDENT OFFICE BUILDING -- NEXT 12

We descend into a sea of CUBICLES on the top floor of the building. A LARGE DIGITAL DISPLAY called the MOTHERBOARD is mounted on the wall. SURVEILLANCE IMAGES from all over the city flicker across the screen with dreamlike rhythm.

NANA VAN ADLER (40s) sits at the MOTHERBOARD.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Most Americans had embraced the installation of US-IDENT, a merger of all government law-enforcement divisions into one synergistic institution.

We approach a cubicle where STARLA VON LUFT (38) sits in front of a computer with a headset on. She types feverishly... her eyes blinking with robotic precision. She grabs a CHEETO from a bag and places it in her mouth.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Any potential malfeasance was recorded and monitored through a vast network of video surveillance and satellite telecommunications.

In her cubicle there are more than a dozen pictures of a movie star named BOXER SANTAROS (33) from various magazines. It is like a shrine made by a fourteen year-old girl.

Nana speaks into a HEADSET to her staff.

NANA

Starla, can I get the latest statistical anomalies for the month of June?

STARLA

June. Date rape is up 12%. Gang rape is up 4%. And here's the kicker. Role reversal rape... women raping men... is up 63%.

NANA

My God. That can't be correct.

STARLA

I double checked the database. I would chalk it up to the upcoming holiday... but this is clearly some sort of statistical anomaly. I don't know how else to explain it.

A technician named KENNY CHAN (26) pops up from the next cubicle.

KENNY

Dildo purchases went up 86% yesterday in the City of Commerce.

NANA

What the fuck is going on out there?

13 EXT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

13

We approach a BEACH HOUSE on the VENICE BOARDWALK.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Others felt that the very existence of US-IDENT was a betrayal of all civil liberties. They would stop at nothing to destroy it.

14 INT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

14

Inside the BEACH HOUSE, a CIGARETTE dangles from the mouth of CYNDI PINZIKI (40). She and her friend JERRI REILLY (35), are seated at a table, sipping BLOODY MARYS. Jerri is fidgeting with a LAPTOP that sits between them.

The CAMERA ZOOMS out from a poster of German Philosopher KARL MARX hanging on the wall. Beneath it is a quote that reads: *My mission in life is to destroy capitalism and dethrone God.*

CYNDI

Last week the FBI raided my friend Connie's house.

JERRI

Not Connie! Why?

CYNDI

Her husband met this woman in a rape fantasy chat room. They cyberfuck for a few weeks... and then decide they want to take it to the next level. She asks him to break into her house and rape her. They set a date and time.

JERRI

Ick. What happened?

CYNDI
Turns out this woman is actually a US-IDENT operative named Starla. This bitch sent him a *fake* address. He shows up and rapes some poor school teacher over on Electric Avenue.

JERRI
Ick.

Jerri sighs to herself, frustrated with the malfunctioning computer.

JERRI
I've got four words for you, Cyndi.

CYNDI
Yeah?

JERRI
I need some dick. All this cyber-talk is making me wanna go out and get fucked tonight.

CYNDI
HAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!!

Jerry is now making an adjustment to her WI-FI ANTENNAE mounted next to a LAP-TOP.

JERRI
Oh jeez. You're not gonna believe this. I've got the damn frequency wrong!

CYNDI
HAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!! YOU BITCH!!

STATIC now appears on the screen...

CYNDI
Earth to Jerri, Hello!?

JERRI
Somebody hit the rock this morning.

CYNDI
Forget the rock. Somebody get this girl some cock.

JERRI
HAAAAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAA!!!!

A COLOR VIDEO IMAGE now appears on the laptop.

CYNDI

Oh... here we go... just in time...

Jerri ZOOMS IN with a REMOTE JOYSTICK toward a LUXURY BEACH HOUSE in HERMOSA BEACH. A man named VINCENZO BALDUCCI (30s) walks out onto the BALCONY.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

This is Vincenzo Balducci. His new best friend... pimp... drug dealer... co-producer on some new mystery project.

Vincenzo walks slowly around the balcony, surveying the scene... taking a pull from his cigarette.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

He's been crashing with Vincenzo in Hermosa all week. They hooked up on some drug binge out in Vegas.

Vincenzo briefly glances down at them.

JERRI

What if he sees the camera?

CYNDI

He won't. It is very well hidden.

JERRI

So what's this new documentary you're working on?

CYNDI

It's called *Veil of Shame*. It's all about underground erotic cinema in Iran. A feminist study of pornography as a cultural by-product of war.

JERRI

Sounds fascinating. Are you still shooting adult films on the side?

CYNDI

It all goes to a greater cause, sister.
(shrugs)

So I shoot the tits... I shoot the ass. Supply and demand. Somebody's gotta do it. As a female director I've got a leg up on the lesbian action. These poor girls, they feel less threatened by me.

Jerri looks at the video feed. Vincenzo is still smoking on the balcony.

JERRI

And this girl we're looking for... her name is Krysta?

CYNDI

Her name is Krysta Now. She's a porn star... and she's looking for a ticket to the next big thing.

15 EXT. VENICE BEACH -- SIDEWALK CAFE -- [FLASHBACK] NIGHT 15

At a BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT called the SIDEWALK CAFE Cyndi is sitting across from a porn star named KRYSTA NOW (26).

KRYSTA

So in my first six movies, I was just Krysta. But then... in order to differentiate myself from the seventy-four other Krystas in the business... I added the Now.

CYNDI

Wow.

KRYSTA

Cause it's all about now. 2008. Not next week. Not tomorrow. If you want to fuck me... you can fuck me... now.

CYNDI

Wow. And that's the name of the reality television pilot? Now?

Cyndi is thumbing through Krysta's business plan. It is a glossy folder with a "NOW" logo emblazoned on it.

CYNDI

The pop album... the jewelry... the clothing and perfume line. The energy drink. This is a very ambitious business plan. How much of your own money are you putting into this?

KRYSTA

All of it.

CYNDI

Now why would you take that kind of risk, Krysta?

Krysta analyzes her surroundings.

KRYSTA

(long beat)

Can you keep a secret?

CYNDI
Of course.

16 INT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE -- MORNING

16

Jerri continues to fiddle with their remote hidden camera setup.

CYNDI
So Krysta gets all loose lipped about her new boyfriend...

Cyndi glances down at the video feed.

CYNDI
Speak of the devil... there's Mr. twenty-million a picture himself.

On the VIDEO FEED: BOXER SANTAROS comes out onto the porch. He is shirtless... his body covered in TATTOOS.

JERRI
Holy shit. Are those tattoos real?

CYNDI
Uh-huh. See the face of our Lord on his back?

JERRI
Jesus Christ.

CYNDI
Boxer hasn't spoken to his wife in a week. She's on the campaign trail, and no one knows where he's been... much to the Senator's dismay. People in Washington are already whispering.

We see that there are several photos on the table of Boxer with SENATOR BOB FROST (50s) .

JERRI
Looks like the nervous breakdown of the century. Too bad it's an election year!

CYNDI
Nothing an eight ball, a porn star and a tattoo parlor can't handle.

Krysta emerges from the house onto the balcony.

CYNDI
And so little Krysta promises me a marriage killer... maybe even an election killer. A big, sloppy kiss.

Boxer grabs her, and they engage in a LONG PASSIONATE KISS.

CYNDI (CONT'D)
*Goddamn. Nobody rocks the cock like
 Krysta Now.*

JERRI
Ka-ching.

17 **EXT. VINCENZO'S HERMOSA BEACH HOUSE -- BALCONY -- NEXT** 17

Boxer and Krysta are in bed together once again. On the FLAT-SCREEN MONITOR hanging on the wall... the opening of *Kiss Me Deadly* starring RALPH MEEKER is playing.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Amnesia is a mysterious condition. For
 Boxer Santaros, memory was something not
 to be taken for granted, and the events
 of the past two years had vanished from
 his memory altogether.*

Meeker's car skids out in the middle of the road... as a BLONDE WOMAN stands there... arms flailing.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*All that remained of his former life...
 was a screenplay. A screenplay that had
 become his obsession.*

The CAMERA moves in toward the cover page of a SCREENPLAY on his bedside table.

THE POWER by BOXER SANTAROS

On the FLAT-SCREEN: "RATHER HAVE THE BLUES" by NAT KING COLE begins to play over the opening credits of *Kiss Me Deadly*.

Krysta runs her fingers down Boxer's arms. *His fresh tatoos are still bleeding.* Boxer turns around and we see that there is indeed a large tattoo of JESUS on his back... oozing blood.

KRYSTA
Wow. Stigmata.

Krysta stares at a drop of his blood on her fingertip. She puts it in her mouth.

KRYSTA
*I have to get tested. I get tested every
 Wednesday.*

BOXER

(hurt, child-like)

Why didn't you tell me that you used to do porn?

She turns her back to him.

KRYSTA

Because you would have judged me. You would have tossed me aside like most guys do. Some think the porn thing is cool at first, but then their friends start to judge them. They stop calling.

(distant)

That's why most porn stars end up with some old loser with a ponytail and lots of money. Or they just turn to other women. Other porn stars.

BOXER

Do you like women better than men?

KRYSTA

Depends on the woman. Depends on the man.

BOXER

You can't have it both ways, Krysta.

She turns to face him.

KRYSTA

I love you more than anyone I've ever met. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

She then turns to leave, pulling her shit together.

18 INT. VINCENZO'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

18

Vincenzo is watching footage of Krysta being interviewed on a FLAT-SCREEN MONITOR. She is wearing a baby T-shirt with a NOW logo printed on it.

INTERVIEWER (TELEVISION)

Do you like to get slapped to the ground and fucked?

KRYSTA (TELEVISION)

I like to get fucked. I like to get fucked hard. But you can forget about the slapping part, okay? Violence is a big problem in our society today and I don't want to support it.

(beat)

KRYSTA (TELEVISION) (CONT'D)
That's the primary reason why I don't do anal.

Krysta walks into the family room. Vincenzo is now scanning through the interview footage.

VINCENZO
 Anyone who knows anything of history knows that great social changes are impossible without feminine upheaval.
 (beat)
 Got any more words of wisdom for us Krysta? Oh... wait... here's one...

He hits play on the remote.

KRYSTA (TELEVISION)
The world is evolving... and there's nothing the nerd police can do to stop it... okay?
 (soapbox)
Teen horniness is on the rise. These statistics do not lie.

KRYSTA
 Go ahead and make fun of my prophecies all you want, Vincenzo. But deep down inside... everyone wishes that they were a porn star.

VINCENZO
 Really?

KRYSTA
 We are a bisexual nation living in denial... all because of a bunch of nerds. A bunch of nerds who got off a boat in the fifteenth century and decided that sexiness was something to be ashamed of. All the pilgrims did was ruin the American Indian orgy of freedom.
 (throwing her hands up)
 I'm so sick of the nerds. They ruin everything. I mean... look at Hitler. Biggest... nerd... ever.

Krysta goes rifling through her purse, retrieving an empty cigarette box.

KRYSTA
 I need cigarettes and I need money.

VINCENZO
 We need to make some adjustments to our little arrangement.

KRYSTA

I'm not going to have sex with you. I'm in a magnanimous relationship with him. And just because you waterski behind *his* boat doesn't mean you get a free jump off *my* ramp.

VINCENZO

It's... *monogamous*.

Krysta turns and stares off at the ocean... lost in her stream of thoughts. In the morning light, sailboats patrol before an AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

KRYSTA

But I meant... *magnanimous*. Do you even know what magnanimous means?

VINCENZO

No.

KRYSTA

Well look it up, and maybe you'll figure out what's really happening here.

Boxer appears in the doorway.

BOXER

Have you been lying to me about other things?

KRYSTA

(looking deep into his eyes)
You have to trust me.

(beat)

I'm here to protect you.

BOXER

From who?

KRYSTA

From the people out there... *who want to destroy you.*

Vincenzo retrieves a DVD from a small package.

VINCENZO

Someone slipped this under the door last night.

Boxer takes the DVD and examines it.

19 INT. VINCENZO'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 19

They are now watching the DVD. It is a wide shot of a group of PEOPLE DIGGING on the beach. Someone then runs away from the group... the IMAGE FREEZES and the CAMERA ZOOMS IN toward the figure.

VINCENZO
What the hell is that?

KRYSTA
It looked like they were digging for something.

Boxer plays the clip again.

BOXER
Who do you think sent this?

20 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- BATHROOM -- NEXT 20

DAVID CLARK (30) stands before a mirror in a seedy bathroom. He is wearing a POLICE UNIFORM with BODY ARMOR. Every time he moves... his reflection in the mirror is late. *There is a one second delay in his reflection.*

SOMEONE IS KNOCKING.

CLARK
What?

21 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- HALLWAY -- NEXT 21

A black man named DION ELEMENT (30s) and his white girlfriend DREAM (30s) are leaning against the graffiti-covered bathroom door. Music and loud voices can be heard from below.

DION
Is everything okay in there?

DREAM
He's gotta get going. They're expecting him any minute.

22 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- BATHROOM -- NEXT 22

Clark is still wiggling out at his delayed reflection in the mirror.

CLARK
My reflection. In the mirror. It's... late.

David stares down at his RIGHT HAND. For a brief moment... light courses across the skin... SUDDENLY TRANSLUCENT.

*
*

DION (O.S.)
What the hell are you talking about?

CLARK
There's a delay... in my reflection.

23 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- HALLWAY -- NEXT

23

Dream holds up a RED SYRINGE.

DREAM
It's just a side effect of the drug.

CLARK (O.S.)
I didn't take the drug.

Dion and Dream stare at one another.

DION
You have to knock three times... or he
won't open the door.

24 INT. VINCENZO'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- LATE MORNING

24

We hear three loud knocks.

SPLIT SCREEN: Clark stands on one side of the door... trying to remain calm. He closes his eyes... taking deep breaths. He then slaps himself across the face.

Vincenzo approaches on the other side... GUN IN HAND... peering through the PEEP HOLE.

Vincenzo recognizes Clark, hides the gun in his pants... then opens the door as far as the chain will allow.

VINCENZO
What's the password?

CLARK
Jericho Cane.

Vincenzo shuts and opens the door to let Clark inside. They embrace.

VINCENZO
Good to see you, man. When did you get
back from the desert?

CLARK
What are you talking about?

VINCENZO
Didn't you take a trip out to the desert?

CLARK

No. You must be thinking of someone else.

25 INT. VINCENZO'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 25

Clark now sits across from Boxer, Vincenzo and Krysta.

BOXER

It's an epic Los Angeles crime saga.

CLARK

And you're researching your role. You play an LA cop?

BOXER

Yeah. But I'm also directing the film.

CLARK

Right.

BOXER

It's post-modern. It takes place in the near future.

KRYSTA

Scientists are saying that the future is going to be far more futuristic than they originally predicted.

BOXER

(pacing around)

The basic concept is this. I play an LAPD cop who isn't who he seems. He's a paranoid schizophrenic. He has this supernatural gift. He can see things. He senses something wrong in the city.

KRYSTA

Crime suddenly skyrockets, for no apparent reason. The whole world is coming to an end, and he's the only one who can see the truth.

A single bead of sweat rolls down Clark's face.

CLARK

What's the truth?

Boxer smiles.

BOXER

My character... he realizes that the apocalyptic crime rate... is because of global deceleration.

(intense)

BOXER (CONT'D)

The rotation of the earth is slowing at a rate of .00000000006 MPH each day... and it disrupts the chemical equilibrium in the human brain, causing irrational criminal behavior.

CLARK

Sounds neat.

Boxer stares at him... somewhat insulted.

CLARK

So how does he stop the... global deceleration?

BOXER

Oh... he can't stop it. Only God can stop it...

KRYSTA

And *The New York Times* said God is dead.

BOXER

So in the end I die in a tragic downtown shoot-out, whispering my theory to Dr. Muriel Fox, the Oceanographic Disaster Specialist.

KRYSTA

Astrophysicist.

BOXER

OCEANOGRAPHIC DISASTER SPECIALIST.

(back to Clark)

My character... his name is Jericho Cane.

Clark smiles politely... nodding his head.

CLARK

You're gonna have to wear a bulletproof vest.

The CAMERA moves in slowly on Boxer's T-SHIRT... several beads of BLOOD ooze from his back into the white cloth.

26 EXT. PCH -- MOMENTS LATER

26

The POLICE CRUISER is driving north on PCH past the EL-PORTO SEWAGE REFINERY.

27 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

27

Clark is behind the wheel. Boxer is riding shotgun. They drive north along PCH. Boxer removes a small DVD-R CAMCORDER and aims it at Clark.

BOXER

What goes through your head when you sit behind the wheel... cruising the streets... digesting humanity. Is it a process of elimination... each car that passes, the person inside a mere suspect?

(beat)

Or are we all innocents, our chariots mere chess pieces, waiting to be thrown from the gridlock and into the arms of wolves?

Clark thinks for a moment. Boxer is reading from INDEX CARDS.

CLARK

Well, I'd say we behave like concerned citizens. We look at all the cars. We look at all the pedestrians. We look for unusual or erratic behavior. Speed changes or lane changes that seem unsafe. We also monitor the posted traffic signals and make sure that people don't disobey them.

Just then... Clark turns on his FLASHING LIGHTS and blasts through a RED LIGHT at the intersection of IMPERIAL HIGHWAY and PCH.

BOXER

But, don't you find that emotions come into play. Judgment calls... affected by whatever mood you might be in on a particular day? Emotional responses based on past events?

Clark thinks silently for a moment... the car charging down PCH at more than 80 MPH.

CLARK

Well... there is this one thing.

Clark swerves into the left lane... passing a car ahead.

BOXER

Come on, be honest.

Clark throws him a nervous glance. He drives silently for a moment. A MASSIVE MILITARY TRUCK IS FAST APPROACHING.

CLARK

(leaning in)

To be honest... we're just watching out for the niggers.

Clark swerves back into the right hand lane... barely missing a HEAD ON COLLISION with the truck.

Clark continues to stare at Boxer. Boxer does not move, he just sits there with his camera in shocked silence.

BOXER
The niggers.

CLARK
Oh yeah.
(whisper)
They're everywhere.

Suddenly... a wide grin breaks on Clark's face. Boxer's eyes widen in shock. He realizes that Clark has a twisted sense of humor. *

BOXER
You're joking.

28-32 OMITTED

28-32 *

33 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT

33

The VIDEO FEED from Boxer's camera is being broadcast onto a FLAT-SCREEN monitor set-up in a RANCID LOFT APARTMENT on the top floor of the compound, overlooking the beach. Dion and Dream are monitoring the recording.

CLARK (VIDEO)
Listen, I've got lots of jokes. If you ever need some jokes for your new screenplay you just let me know cause I'm just a barrel of fucking laughs.

Strapped to a chair... with DUCT TAPE over his mouth is the real DAVID CLARK (30). The twin brother of the man driving the police cruiser.

DION
YES! He said nigger.

DREAM
He didn't say it with authority. I don't believe him as a racist cop. Fascist... but not racist.

Dion looks at his watch.

DION
Time to give him another injection.

DREAM

Be careful... you don't know what could happen to Terrence if he overdoses on that stuff.

Dion grabs a RED SYRINGE and sticks it in Clark's neck.

Someone is knocking on the door. Dion withdraws a gun and goes to open the door as far as the chain lock will allow. Vincenzo peers through the crack.

VINCENZO

How's my boy?

DION

He's fine.

VINCENZO

Why is he tied up? That wasn't part of the agreement. Let me in.

DREAM

We're in charge of this operation.

VINCENZO

Fuck you, bitch!

DREAM

EAT ME!

She slams the door on him.

DREAM

Fig.

Dream turns back to the screen... putting a HEADSET on.

DREAM

Terrence... touch your right earlobe if you can hear me.

34 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

34

TERRENCE CLARK... the real identity of the man in the police cruiser... touches his right earlobe. Boxer is in the middle of a story.

BOXER

So I'm having sex with my girlfriend last night... and right as I'm about to come... I puke on her tits.

TERRENCE CLARK

It happens.

BOXER
I'm telling you... nobody... and *I mean*
nobody... rocks the cock like Krysta Now.

35 EXT. PLAYA DEL MAR -- NEXT

35

The cruiser speeds through the WETLANDS of PLAYA DEL MAR... heading northeast toward Marina Del Rey.

DREAM (RADIO)
Ask him about his wife.

36 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

36

Terrence Clark touches his right earlobe again. We see that there is a TINY PIECE OF CLAY in his ear.

TERRENCE CLARK
So... what does your wife think about
your new girlfriend?

BOXER
(confused)
My wife?

TERRENCE CLARK
Yeah... is she cool with the fact that
you have a porn star girlfriend on the
side?

BOXER
I'm not married.

TERRENCE CLARK
You're not?

BOXER
No.

TERRENCE CLARK
I could have sworn that you were married
to the daughter of a California senator.
Senator Bob Frost.

BOXER
You got the wrong guy.

37 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT

37

Dream is pacing around the loft. Dion is logging information on his laptop.

DION
Where is Zora? She's not responding.

DREAM
PRINCESS ZEBRUCHAN? ARE YOU OUT THERE!?

Dion looks at an overhead US-IDENT SATELLITE image from US-IDENT... tracking down into Venice Beach. The US-IDENT CARD for ZORA CHARMICHAELS (36) pops up on screen.

DION
She's at Gold's.

DREAM
(screaming into headset)
LET'S GO PEOPLE! PHASE TWO... ENGAGE!

38 INT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

38

A GOLD'S GYM LOGO GLOWS through SMOKE... SNOW FALLING around GYM EQUIPMENT. DANCE MUSIC blares... as ZORA CHARMICHAELS pops up into frame. She is ripped, mystic tan and body glitter freshly applied. She begins an elaborate dance routine through the gym.

As the CAMERA tracks along with her... she is joined by several dozen BACKUP DANCERS... their toned bodies flailing through the smoke and falling snow.

As their dance progresses... culminating in a final POSE... a TAIL SLATE pops into frame.

CYNDI (O.S.)

CUT!

WE JUMP BACK WIDE to reveal Gold's Gym set up for a COMMERCIAL SHOOT. Zora and the dancers have just finished a take. Cyndi Pinziki, the director, sits behind the monitor.

CYNDI
Alright... moving on to the next setup.
Let's bring in more snowflakes!

Zora approaches the area of the Gym that is still open for business. A SKINNY GUY is lifting weights on a CHEST PRESS MACHINE. She glares at him.

ZORA
GET THE FUCK OFF MY MACHINE, YOU PUSSY!

The Skinny Guy just stares at her... mortified. He gets up to leave. She immediately sits down and starts working out on the machine.

ACROSS THE GYM... a man named WALTER MUNG (50) is walking on a TREADMILL. He withdraws a piece of paper from his pocket. It is a xerox of ZORA'S HEADSHOT. Next to it is a MAP of the gym... with a piece of EXERCISE EQUIPMENT highlighted.

Mung steps off the machine and follows the directions on the map to the precise machine where Zora is working out.

MUNG
Zora Charmichaels?

Zora does not stop working out.

ZORA
Yes?

MUNG
Meet me at the ice cream truck.

39 EXT. DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER 39

The parking lot of Gold's Gym sits adjacent to the DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE. Parked at the edge of the WAREHOUSE FENCE is a LARGE ICE CREAM TRUCK. *

40 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 40

Inside the truck... Mung retrieves a REMOTE CONTROL and presses a button. Zora watches the PANELS on either side of the truck open up to reveal LOTS OF GUNS. Stacked along the walls are assortments of every kind of gun you could imagine. *

MUNG
Why are we meeting at a crowded gym? *

ZORA
From your voice on the phone, I could tell you needed some cardio. You'll thank me later. *

ZORA
There would be less violence in the world if everyone got a little more cardio. Look at Saddam. Not enough cardio... and look what happened. *

MUNG
What exactly do you want? *

ZORA
I need some .45 caliber blanks. *

Mung stares at her for a long moment.

MUNG
Blanks.

ZORA
Yeah, you do sell blanks, don't you?

MUNG

(annoyed)

What else do you need, along with the blanks?

ZORA

That's all. Just the blanks.

MUNG

(furious)

Blanks? Fuck you. Go to K-Mart if you want blanks. I've got a \$500 minimum here.

ZORA

\$500 minimum. You didn't say that over the phone, Mung.

MUNG

My reputation precedes me, Zola.

ZORA

It's Zora.

Zora stares at all the guns for sale.

ZORA

Listen, I'll take a .45 along with the blanks. But I'll only pay four-hundred.

Mung glares at her.

MUNG

I'll look around for the blanks.

Mung goes to the back of the truck and begins to rummage through his ammunition boxes.

Zora stares at the wall of weaponry. Hanging across from her is a large METAL CASE with ARABIC WRITING on it.

ZORA (CONT'D)

Is that a bazooka?

MUNG

That's a heat seeking ground to air rocket launcher. From Syria. You can't afford that.

Zora nods her head. She then pulls out her CHECKBOOK, and begins to make out a check for \$400.

MUNG (CONT'D)

Okay. Here are the blanks... and your .45 pistol.

He then notices Zora writing out her check.

MUNG (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

ZORA
You won't take a check?

MUNG
No, I won't take a fucking check! What the fuck do you think this is, Wal-Mart?

ZORA
You expect me to carry four-hundred dollars in cash? You're living in a fantasy world, Mung.

MUNG
Get the fuck out of my ice cream truck, you Cro-Magnon bitch.

Rage wells in Zora's eyes. She LUNGES at Mung... grabbing him around the neck. He struggles for his gun, but she grabs his arm and pins it around his neck, holding him in a violent sleeper hold.

ZORA
Say it again you fuck. Say it again.

Mung struggles to breathe... gasping for air. Zora injects him in the jugular with a GREEN SYRINGE.

ZORA (CONT'D)
What? I can't hear you?
(beat)
Huh? What was that?

Finally, Mung falls to the ground, unconscious. Zora grabs her gun and her blanks, and then puts the check in Mung's front pocket.

ZORA (CONT'D)
Cock-fucker.

41 EXT. GOLD'S GYM -- PARKING LOT -- NEXT

41

The POLICE CRUISER pulls into the PARKING LOT of Gold's Gym.

42 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

42

Terrence Clark turns off the engine.

TERRENCE CLARK

I have to go inside to meet a friend. If you're coming with... you gotta cover up the vest.

BOXER

Okay.

43 INT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- MOMENTS LATER 43

Terrence Clark and Boxer walk through the gym. Boxer, now dressed in a HOODED SWEATSHIRT... glances around at the commercial set.

TERRENCE CLARK

I'll be right back.

Terrence moves toward the BATHROOMS on the other side of the gym. He stares at his RIGHT HAND briefly... clenching it into a fist... then knocks THREE TIMES LOUD. *

44 INT. GOLD'S GYM -- BATHROOM -- NEXT 44

Zora opens the door to the bathroom and lets Terrence inside.

TERRENCE CLARK

(gagging at smell)

Jesus... what's that smell?

ZORA

I had a bunk batch of Acid Fuel. Had to unload.

TERRENCE CLARK

Did you get the blanks?

ZORA

Yeah. Hand me your gun. I'll load you up.

Terrence hands her his .45 and Zora empties the bullets and begins to load it with blanks.

TERRENCE CLARK

If we get caught, Zora... we go to jail for a long time. We just drugged and kidnapped an LAPD Officer.

ZORA

Don't you fucking puss out on me, Terrence. You're an actor... now act. Act like your brother. How hard can that be?

45 INT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT 45

Cyndi and Jerri notice Boxer lurking around the gym.

46 INT. GOLD'S GYM -- BATHROOM -- NEXT

46

Zora has finished loading the gun with blanks.

TERRENCE CLARK

Come on hurry up, he's gonna think I fell in.

ZORA

Remember. It has to happen quickly. Get to the house at 10:15 sharp. Get in there and do it.

Zora hands him the second .45 pistol.

ZORA (CONT'D)

This is the second gun. This is the one that you're going to plant at the scene. DO NOT CONFUSE THE TWO.

TERRENCE CLARK

Listen... did my brother take some trip out to the desert?

Zora's eyes widen upon hearing this.

ZORA

Not that I know of.

TERRENCE CLARK

Promise me that won't hurt him.

ZORA

It won't. Has he been videotaping you?

47 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT

47

Dion and Dream are watching this encounter from a lipstick camera mounted on Terrence's shirt.

TERRENCE CLARK (MONITOR)

Yeah, just like he said he would. He's crazy. He keeps talking about the end of the world.

DREAM

Perfect. Drop as many racial epithets as possible. Make sure to confiscate that DVD from his camera immediately after the shit goes down. That DVD is our only bargaining chip.

Zora looks into the lipstick camera.

ZORA (MONITOR)
Is that you, Dream?

DREAM
The one and only.

THREE LOUD KNOCKS at the door. Dream goes over to the peephole.

48 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- CORRIDOR -- NEXT 48

In the filthy corridor... Kenny Chan from US-IDENT stands among a group of TATTOO-COVERED NEO-MARXISTS carrying ASSAULT WEAPONS. Dream opens the door.

DREAM
He's with us.

She pulls Kenny inside the loft.

49 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT 49

Dream turns to Dion... who is supervising a bank of LAP-TOPS with video feeds streaming on each one. Painted on the lap-top cases is an AMERICAN FLAG design with a FINGERPRINT on it. Underneath is the slogan: DON'T TOUCH ME.

KENNY
Are we still routing outside of US-IDENT?

DION
As far as I can tell.

Kenny looks at a SCRAMBLER DEVICE attached to the lap-tops. A BEAD OF SWEAT rolls down his forehead.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
Young Kenny Chan had been working both sides of the equation. It had been his great misfortune to trust his colleague Starla von Luft.

50 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- [FLASHBACK] EARLIER THAT DAY 50

Kenny leans over into Starla's cubicle. She is shoving Cheetos in her mouth... staring at some overhead camera views of the MEN'S BATHROOM at LAX. Businessmen taking dumps.

KENNY
Ewww. You're on bathroom surveillance duty?

STARLA
LAX.

KENNY

I'm off for the day. Could I get my
sweatshirt back?

Starla leans forward... and Kenny grabs his SWEATSHIRT off
the back of her chair.

51 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT 51

We reveal a SMALL BUG attached to the back of Kenny's
sweatshirt. Dion and Dream are packing up their things.

DION

We're off to our next location.

Dion hands him a pack of ORANGE SYRINGES.

DION

If he wakes up... stab him in the arm
with one of these.

52 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT 52

Starla stands over NANA VAN ADLER'S shoulder at her
MOTHERBOARD. They are watching the audio feed from the bug on
Kenny's sweatshirt.

KENNY (VIDEO FEED)

Where did you guys get this stuff?

DREAM (VIDEO FEED)

Don't ask.

Nana slams her fist down on her desk.

NANA

The little fucker is working with the
underground.

STARLA

The Neo-Marxist compound in Venice. It
looks like they've abducted someone. A
police officer from Hermosa Beach.

Starla hands Nana a printout of the US-IDENT CARD for OFFICER
DAVID CLARK.

NANA

Well... once the shit hits the fan, I'll
send the exterminators over to that
little roach motel.

STARLA

(mock Asian accent)
Kenny Chan check in...

NANA

But he no check out.

53 EXT. TRIER PLAZA TOWER -- AFTERNOON 53 *

TRIER PLAZA TOWER rises above DOWNTOWN. *

54 INT. TRIER PLAZA TOWER -- PENTHOUSE OFFICE -- NEXT 54 *

In the penthouse office are SENATOR BOB FROST (50s), his ADVISOR BRANDT HUDKINS (34), and manager JOE VAUGHN (40s)... who is talking on a WIRELESS earpiece. *

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Manager Joe Vaughn had been the puppeteer behind Boxer's transition from professional athlete to movie star. His client's recent marriage to the daughter of California Senator Bob Frost had solidified his place in the pantheon of blue state power structures.

VAUGHN

We know that Boxer crossed the border back into California five days ago. They haven't picked up a single fingerprint in the system since then. Someone is hiding him.

BRANDT

What was he doing out in Nevada?

VAUGHN

We think that he was kidnapped... possibly drugged. Someone stole one of the prototype Saltairs from the warehouse down in San Pedro. The tracking device shows that he crossed the border way out past Lake Mead.

Vaughn hands Frost a stack of SATELLITE IMAGES from the desert. We see a grainy image of a MAN near an SUV. There is SMOKE coming from the SUV.

FROST

Is this smoke?

VAUGHN

Yes. Apparently... he set the car on fire.

FROST

Jesus Christ.

(to Brandt)

Caroline sure does know how to pick 'em!

VAUGHN
 (whispering)
 It gets worse. There was someone inside
 the SUV when he set it on fire.

FROST
 What?!

VAUGHN
 (re-assuring)
 We've managed to retrieve the charred
 remains of the body.

BRANDT
 Have they identified the body yet?

VAUGHN
 No. Baron has the remains hidden in
 Utopia three... they're doing a DNA test.

FROST
 Christ almighty.

BRANDT
 I'm afraid it gets... even worse.

FROST
 How the hell could it get any worse?

BRANDT
 We just received an image of Boxer from
 an unidentified source calling themselves
 Deep Throat 2. They're transmitting from
 a scrambler. We can't trace them.

Brandt hands the image to Frost. It is a shot of Boxer and
 Krysta making out on the balcony.

FROST
 Oh my God. I can't take this.

Brandt notices a flashing light on the phone.

BRANDT
 Speak of the devil. We've got an incoming
 call from Deep Throat 2.

Vaughn hits the button on the phone console.

VAUGHN
 Who is this and what do you want?

55 INT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

55

Cyndi, Jerri and Krysta sit in front of their lap-top. LOUD MUSIC is blaring. Cyndi raises her finger to her lips... then types her responses into the computer.

ON THE MONITOR: THIS IS DEEP THROAT 2. THE BITCH IS BACK... AND SHE HAS BOXER SANTAROS ON TAPE IN COMPROMISING POSITIONS.

56 INT. TRIER PLAZA TOWER -- PENTHOUSE OFFICE -- NEXT

56

*

Vaughn listens to the voice as it comes out in ROBOTIC AUDIO CAMOUFLAGE.

VAUGHN

How much do you want for the tape?

DEEP THROAT 2 (ROBOT VOICE)
ONE MILLION DOLLARS CASH... AND A YES
VOTE ENDORSEMENT FROM THE SENATOR ON
PROPOSITION SIXTY-NINE.

Frost glares at Vaughn... then at Brandt.

FROST

Hey Deep Throat. This is Senator Bob Frost. I saw your film... and I think it stinks. Unfortunately... the United States government does not negotiate with terrorists.

He hangs up the phone.

57 INT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

57

Cyndi goes to turn down the music.

CYNDI

Alright... there's no need to panic.
We've always got phase two.

KRYSTA

What is phase two? I wasn't aware of a phase two.

CYNDI

Krysta... no offense to you and your little career makeover plan... but we're trying to impact the outcome of the election.

58 INT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- NEXT

58

BARNEY BENZ (40s) sits at the bar with JOHNNY HERMOSA (30s), a tattoo-covered punk rocker. On the TELEVISION... NBC4 News Anchor COLLEEN WILLIAMS. *

WILLIAMS (TELEVISION)

Senator Bob Frost is expected to take an official position on proposition sixty-nine as early as tomorrow. His decision could send shock-waves through the Southland as support for restrictions against US-IDENT is mounting...

59 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- NEXT

59

The POLICE CRUISER pulls up into the alley adjacent to the SIDEWALK CAFE. Terrence and Boxer step out of the car. *

TERRENCE CLARK

I gotta run inside and take a piss... be back in five. *

Boxer watches Terrence approach the bar. Barney Benz and Johnny Hermosa are there waiting. Hermosa stares at Boxer from across the restaurant. *

Boxer's CELL PHONE begins to ring. He answers it. *

SERPENTINE (PHONE)

Is this Jericho Cane?

Boxer turns and notices an ASIAN WOMAN staring at him at the entrance to a SMALL BOOKSTORE next to the cafe. It is SERPENTINE... the mistress of Baron von Westphalen. She locks eyes with Boxer... taunting him closer. *

BOXER

Yes.

SERPENTINE

Step into the mystery annex. *

He begins to make his way over toward the book store.

60-61 OMITTED

60-61

62 INT. SMALL WORLD BOOK STORE & MYSTERY ANNEX -- MOMENTS LATER 62

Boxer wanders into the BOOK STORE that sits right next to the Sidewalk Cafe. In the back he spots Serpentine. Standing next to her is Dr. Inga von Westphalen.

SERPENTINE

Meet Dr. Inga von Westphalen.

Boxer shakes her hand.

INGA
 Charmed, I'm sure.
 (to Serpentine)
 He is a fine specimen. A divine specimen.
 (to Boxer)
 Whatever happens next... is through no
 fault of your own. My son has been
 conducting secret experiments... working
 with the Neo-Marxist movement. The
 conspiracy runs deep... and you are
 trapped dead center... a pawn in a great
 game.

Serpentine leans in close to Boxer.

SERPENTINE
 We have read your screenplay. The Power.

Inga retrieves a piece of paper from her pocket.

INGA
 (reading)
 It is called the Serpentine Dream Theory.
 This is the way the world ends... not
 with a whimper... *

BOXER
 ...but with a bang.

Boxer snatches the paper from her.

BOXER
 How did you get a copy of my screenplay?

INGA
 It doesn't matter. *

Boxer turns to see Terrence nodding to him out front.

BOXER
 I have to go meet my friend.

Boxer turns to leave.

INGA
 (to Serpentine)
 The plot thickens. *

TITLE CARD: PART VIII - DUNGEON OF CHAOS

63 EXT. LOS ANGELES -- VARIOUS -- SUNSET

63

VARIOUS SHOTS of sunset in Los Angeles.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
Darkness fell upon the city...

64 EXT. TRIER STAGE -- NEXT

64

On the stage... a FEMALE SINGER performs a haunting rendition of "NOVEMBER RAIN" accompanied by BAGPIPES.

65 INT. PLANET TELEX -- SUNSET

65

SIMON THEORY, PAUL PILOT and several other OFFICERS sit before a large table at Planet Telex. Before him is an elaborate DUNGEONS & DRAGONS game set up. He is rolling his 32-SIDED DIE.

PAUL

Yo dawg... does it ever feel like you still got legs?

SIMON

I'll wake up from a dream where I've still got my legs... and my memory plays a trick on me. It bleeds over into the waking hour. I get up to take a piss... and I fall face down over on the floor.
 (taking a drag from a joint)
 My wife has to pick me up and help me go to the bathroom.

Paul studies him for a silent moment.

PAUL

When ya'll fuck... is it still good?

SIMON

Oh yeah.
 (beat)
 I just thank the Lord I still have my dick. Take my legs... but spare the penis, Lord. Spare the penis.

PAUL

Sometimes I have a dream that my face is still pretty. I wake up to take a piss... and I look in the mirror... and I realize that life is like a nightmare... and I can't wake up.
 (beat)
 The world is coming to an end, dawg. I can feel it... I can feel it in my face.

Paul rolls the 32-sided die.

Simon casually slides a SMALL METAL CONTAINER over to Paul... throwing him a wink.

66 INT. PLANET TELEX -- LATER ON

66 *

Simon now sits across from a LAPTOP. Inga stares back at him on the screen.

*
*

INGA (PHONE)

*There is a body... a burned corpse...
that my son has hidden in Utopia 3. I
want this body removed... and delivered
to the following location.*

*

*

*

Simon takes a drag from his cigarette.

*

67 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- BASE GATE -- NEXT

67

A SILVER HUMVEE pulls up to the MILITARY GATE on the pier. Inside is LARRY WEISS (19). A SOLDIER named DERRICK STORM (27) shines a flashlight inside.

STORM

This is a restricted area.

LARRY

Delivery for Paul Pilot.

STORM

What's the password?

LARRY

(nervous)

Serpentine Dream Theory.

The Soldier waves him through.

68 INT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- ARCADE -- MOMENTS LATER

68

Larry stands across from Paul at one of the AIR HOCKEY TABLES. He withdraws a large sack of WEED and places it on the table.

PAUL

I'm about to go on stage. Is it kind?

LARRY

Fuck yeah, Dawg. Shit is dope.

PAUL

No shit. I know dope when I see it. Are you a dope?

LARRY

Naw, dawg. I'm cool. It's medicinal. My dad is your plastic surgeon.

PAUL
Awww shit... I remember now.

Paul looks around, placing the weed in his jacket. He withdraws a small METAL CASE.

Inside... there are FIVE SYRINGES. GREEN, BLUE, YELLOW, ORANGE, RED.

LARRY
What is it?

PAUL
Straight up fluid karma. My boys and I been smuggling this shit outta Utopia.
(pointing to each syringe)
Green... you dream. Blue... in an hour you'll feel new. You can forget mellow yellow and ancient orange, cause I'm giving you blood red.

He withdraws the syringe and holds it up for Larry to see.

PAUL
Do you bleed?

Larry does not respond.

PAUL
I said... do you bleed?

LARRY
Yeah, dawg.

PAUL
You take the blood train... you talk to God without moving your lips. You hear his voice... and you see his disciples. They appear like angels. Like angels that see through time.

Larry reluctantly takes the red syringe.

LARRY
Thanks, dawg.

They shake hands.

69 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT

69

David Clark, still tied to his chair, begins to wake up. Kenny is standing before him. He rips the DUCT TAPE from his mouth.

KENNY
Are you awake?

DAVID CLARK
(groggy)
Where the hell am I?

KENNY
Shit. They said the drug wouldn't wear off.

DAVID CLARK
Where... am... I?

KENNY
You're in Venice. You're in the Neo-Marxist underground.

DAVID CLARK
Where is my brother?

KENNY
I... I don't know...

DAVID CLARK
Where is my brother. I have to find my brother. He doesn't know who he is...

Kenny is fumbling around with the SYRINGES... trying to decide what to do.

DAVID CLARK
WHERE IS MY BROTHER!?

Kenny looks terrified... near the point of breaking.

KENNY
He and his friends in the acting troupe. They drugged you.

70 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

70

Boxer is filming Clark... as he rambles on about something.

KENNY (V.O.)
The ride along with Boxer Santaros. Your brother is pretending to be you. He's acting all crazy... saying all this racist shit. It's all on camera.

71 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT

71

David Clark just closes his eyes... unable to speak.

KENNY

In less than an hour... they're gonna pull up in front of a house in Venice. Dion Element and Dream are going to be inside... faking a domestic violence dispute.

72 EXT. 14323 NOWITA -- NEXT 72

14324 Nowita. A large house just off the NOWITA WALK STREET.

73 INT. 14323 NOWITA -- GARAGE -- NEXT 73

Dion and Dream are having BLOOD PACKS taped to their chests by fellow actor and Neo-Marxist KEVIN ZIMMERMAN (34).

KEVIN

It's going to look real. I promise. When he fires... I'll hit the squibs.

*
*
*

Zora is ROLLER-BLADING around the garage... supervising the whole plan.

74 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND --- NEXT 74

David Clark is falling unconscious again.

KENNY

They're gonna use the DVD to extort money from Boxer and Senator Frost... or better yet... get a YES VOTE on proposition sixty-nine.

*
*
*
*
*

DAVID CLARK

Something... awful is going to happen. You have to untie me. Please...
(beat)
I can't... feel my legs.

75 INT. 14323 NOWITA -- GARAGE -- NEXT 75

Zora roller-blades around... looking anxious.

ZORA

I don't understand why facial prosthetics are necessary. That wasn't part of the plan.

DREAM

Dion and I are cultural icons, Zora. We can't afford to have our faces recognized on camera.

ZORA

I didn't realize your spoken word poetry had captured the cultural zeitgeist of the nation, Dream.

DREAM

At least I'm not a second rate stand-up comedian. I've seen your act. Sam Kinison re-incarnated as fitness queen dyke doesn't make you an original.

Zora leans down... getting in Dream's face.

ZORA

Watch what you say, *bitch*. Sometimes a dream can become nightmare on the turn of a dime.

DION

Will you two chill the fuck out? Get those squib detonators ready. They're gonna be here in half an hour.

Zora perks up... roller-blading over to the other side of the garage.

ZORA

These roller-blades were a great idea, Kev!

KEVIN

Thanks, Zora.

76 INT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- NEXT

76

Krysta sits at the bar... drunk. An NBC4 Newscast plays.

PAUL MOYER (TELEVISION)

A triumphant return tonight for a young soldier wounded in battle. Paul Pilot will perform at Santa Monica pier... our own Christine O'Neill is there on the scene...

77 EXT. TRIER STAGE -- NEXT

77

Paul Pilot emerges from smoke... dancing to a triumphant, pulsating piece of music. TIFFANY MACARTHUR (18) and several FEMALE BACKGROUND dancers writhe around him. The crowd goes wild... TEENAGE GIRLS cheering from the parking lot.

78 INT. TRIER PLAZA -- PENTHOUSE LOUNGE -- NEXT

78

*

Baron von Westphalen watches the concert from his penthouse bedroom... silhouetted against the lights of the LA skyline.

He is dressed in a TUXEDO. Serpentine is sipping champagne.

79 **EXT. TRIER STAGE -- NEXT**

79

He approaches the MICROPHONE... staring out of the crowd with a deranged expression.

PAUL

The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John: Who bare record of the word of God, and all of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw.

(psychotic intensity)

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand.

He stares at the crowd. Tiffany and the background dancers look confused and uncomfortable.

PAUL

Yo... that's the prophecy, dawg.

(raising a peace sign)

Peace out.

He struts off stage. IN THE CROWD... General MacArthur looks on... angry.

80 **INT. TRIER PLAZA -- PENTHOUSE LOUNGE -- NEXT**

80 *

Baron is grinning ear to ear.

BARON

Hah!

81 **EXT. WASHINGTON BLVD -- NIGHT**

81

The POLICE CRUISER glides down Washington Blvd... coming to a stop light.

82 **INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT**

82

Boxer holds the camera on Terrence Clark.

BOXER

Do you ever feel like there's a thousand different people locked inside of you?

TERRENCE CLARK

Sometimes.

BOXER

And it's your memory that glues all those people together. Keeps them from fighting each another.

Terrence doesn't have a response.

BOXER

Maybe that's all that's left in the end.
(beat)
The memory gospel.

TERRENCE CLARK

Maybe we've all met before... but we just can't remember it because we died.
(thinking... remembering)
And the memory gospel gets recorded somewhere... but the recording gets lost.

BOXER

But what happens when we discover the place where the memory gospel is hidden, Officer Clark? Do we look inside? Or are we too frightened?

Terrence considers this for a moment... when the POLICE RADIO comes on.

FEMALE VOICE (RADIO)

Dispatch to officer Clark, do you copy?

Terrence picks up the radio and puts it to his mouth.

TERRENCE CLARK

Copy that.

83 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- NEXT

83

Zora has her headset on. She and Kevin are both holding SQUIB DETONATORS in their hands.

ZORA

Possible domestic disturbance. 14324
Nowita Place. Do you copy?

84 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

84

Terrence glances over at Boxer.

TERRENCE CLARK

Copy that.

Boxer's eyes widen in excitement.

BOXER
Are we getting called into some shit?

TERRENCE CLARK
Looks like it.

Terrence turns on the sirens.

85 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- NEXT

85

Dion and Dream are in the BEDROOM... both wearing their facial prosthetics.

DREAM
Make it honest.
(chanting)
Breathe. Transform. Dream.

Dion takes a deep breath. They begin to SCREAM AT ONE ANOTHER at the top of their lungs.

DION
DID YOU FUCK HIM?!

DREAM
SO WHAT IF I DID!!

DION
DID YOU LIKE IT?!

DREAM
FUCK YEAH!

Dion looks devastated.

DION
BITCH!

86 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

86

Kevin looks over at Zora.

KEVIN
They're so good at improv.

ZORA
SHHHH!

87 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT

87

Kenny watches nervously as Dream and Dion scream at one another on the LAPTOP VIDEO FEED.

David Clark sits in his chair... drooling... in and out of consciousness.

88 EXT. OAKWOOD AVENUE -- NEXT

88 *

Terrence turns right onto OAKWOOD AVENUE. Through the windshield, HEADLIGHTS approach in the opposite lane.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Oh, look. A fellow officer of the law.

Terrence's eyes widen in terror.

THERE IS ANOTHER POLICE CRUISER COMING TOWARD THEM.

Boxer turns on his camera and aims it at Terrence.

The two police cruisers come to a stop directly in front of NOWITA PLACE WALKSTREET. Inside the second cruiser is Officer CLARENCE BOOKMAN (36). He rolls down his window.

BOOKMAN

Howdy.

(looking at his car)

Hermosa Beach. Little outside your jurisdiction... don'tcha think?

Terrence nods his head slowly. Bookman notices Boxer.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Whoa. Boxer Santaros.

Boxer smiles, holding the camera.

BOXER

Good evening, Officer. I'm researching a film.

There is a LOUD SCREAMING sound coming from inside the house. It is Dream. Bookman looks over his shoulder.

BOOKMAN

Hello. What have we here?

ANOTHER LOUD, BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. Dream and Dion this time. Bookman touches the FLAT-SCREEN on his dashboard.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

Venice Beach. Nowita Place. Possible domestic disturbance.

BOXER

Finally. Something is happening.

89 EXT. VENICE BEACH -- BOARDWALK -- NEXT 89

A SWAT TEAM VAN pulls down the alley adjacent to the beach front Neo-Marxist compound. SEVERAL DOZEN RIOT POLICE jump out.

90 EXT. NOWITA WALKSTREET -- NEXT 90

Bookman opens his door and steps out of his cruiser.

Terrence and Boxer step out of their cruiser. Boxer has his camera rolling. Bookman leads as the three of them walk down the NOWITA WALKSTREET to the house. Bookman rings the DOORBELL. *Boxer captures everything on DVD.*

Another long... intense SCREAM. It sounds like a woman is getting stabbed to death. Bookman draws his gun... approaching the front door. He tries the door. It is unlocked.

BOOKMAN

Here we go.

91 EXT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT 91

The SWAT TEAM charge down the outer balcony of the compound.

92 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT 92

Kenny watches the video feed, tense with anticipation. David Clark has worked his hands free from their restraints.

93 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- FOYER -- NEXT 93

Bookman steps into the house. Terrence and Boxer follow close behind. Terrence's face is white with fear. He draws his gun... unable to speak.

Boxer follows them with the camera.

DREAM (O.S.)

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHGGGGGG!!!

DION (O.S.)

YOU FUCKING BITCH! I'LL KILL YOU!

Bookman rounds the corner... approaching the bedroom. Terrance opens his mouth to warn them, but he cannot speak.

94 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT 94

The SWAT TEAM charges through the corridor of the compound. Several of the Neo-Marxists reach for their weapons.

The SWAT TEAM open fires with MACHINE GUNS... *tearing the Neo-Marxists to bloody shreds.*

102 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- NEXT 102

Kenny is desperately trying to shut down the LAPTOP CASES on the table... when the SWAT TEAM burst in.

They open fire. BULLETS RIP THROUGH KENNY'S BODY. BULLETS BLAST THE LAPTOP CASES INTO SHREDDED CHUNKS OF PLASTIC.

103 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 103

Terrence stands next to Boxer, both of them FROZEN WITH TERROR. Dion, who has no clue that this is ALL REAL... continues his pre-rehearsed act.

DION
YOU MOTHERFUCKER!!

BOOKMAN
Shit. Oh shit.

DION
YOU KILLED HER... YOU FASCIST
MOTHERFUCKER!!

Dion comes lunging toward Bookman. In a instant reaction he FIRES ANOTHER SHOT... and a BULLET tears through his chest. He falls back onto the bed.

Seconds later... the squib explodes through his T-shirt.

104 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- GARAGE -- NEXT 104

Kevin grabs his backpack. He and Zora roller-blade out the back door of the garage.

105 EXT. VENICE CANAL WALKWAY -- NEXT 105

Zora and Kevin roller-blade down the CANAL WALKWAY in perfect formation... disappearing into the night.

106 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 106

Bookman, Terrence and Boxer stand there in shocked silence.

BOOKMAN
Flow my tears.

Bookman walks over to Boxer and snatches the DVD CAMERA from his hands... aiming it back at Boxer. Boxer instinctively shields his face from the camera.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)
Get out of here. Now. You weren't here.

He turns to Terrence.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)
Give me your gun, Clark.

Terrence stands there, frozen.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)
Give me your fucking gun.

Terrence hands him his gun. Bookman takes it, rubbing off the fingerprints with the bedspread... and then places it in Dion's lifeless hand.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)
Take him out of here, now.

BOXER
Listen... I was never... here. I didn't see a goddamn thing.

BOOKMAN
That's right. You didn't see a goddamn thing. Neither of you did. Neither of you were here. This is my deal. Now get the fuck out of here. Both of you.

Bookman still has the camera on.

107 EXT. NOWITA HOUSE -- NEXT

107

Boxer comes stumbling out of the house into the walkstreet. He staggers around for a moment... and then SPRINTS OFF down the walkstreet toward the canals.

Seconds later.. Terrence comes stumbling out of the house in a daze... and rushes toward the cruiser on Oakwood. He gets behind the wheel, starts the engine and speeds off down the street in the opposite direction.

108 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

108

Terrence is about to cry.

TERRENCE CLARK
Oh God... oh God...

109 EXT. NOWITA HOUSE -- NEXT

109

Bookman comes running out of the front door. He approaches his cruiser and opens up the trunk. He removes another PISTOL. He then shuts the trunk and rushes back inside the house.

110 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- BEDROOM

110

Bookman places the second pistol in Dream's hand.

BOOKMAN
 (into his radio)
 I repeat... shots fired. Two down.

111 EXT. VENICE CANAL WALKWAYS -- NEXT

111

Boxer runs frantically across one of the canal bridges.

BOXER
 Fuck!

He arrives on the opposite end of the canal... unsure where to go.

BOXER
 Fuck!

The CAMERA approaches Boxer's face as he stands there contemplating his next move.

He notices something on the CORNER PATIO of a house up ahead on his right. There is a LIQUID DISTORTION in the air... images of people moving about the patio as the FENCE changes position and COLOR.

A PARTY GIRL (20s) appears through the fabric of space and time... smoking a cigarette from the year 2004. She is mouthing the words to a song by THE PIXIES.

PARTY GIRL
*Cease to resist... giving my goodbye...
 drive my car into the ocean... you'll
 think I'm dead, but I sail away on a wave
 of mutilation...*

SHE NOTICES HIM... cocking her head to one side...

PARTY GIRL
 You're bleeding.

Boxer looks down and sees blood oozing from one of his tattoos. He looks back at the girl...

...but she is gone. The patio has returned to normal.

BOXER
 Fuck.

The song continues to play in his brain... throughout...

112 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

112

Terrence is driving aimlessly through the streets of Venice. Tears are streaming down his cheeks.

TERRENCE CLARK

Fuck!

113 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 113

Bookman stands over the bodies. Dion's CELL PHONE is ringing from his pocket.

BOOKMAN

Fuck.

114 EXT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- ALLEY -- NEXT 114

David Clark is laying in the garbage dumpster... drifting in and out of consciousness.

DAVID CLARK

(mumbling)

Fuck.

115 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 115

Walter Mung wakes up on the floor in the back of his ICE CREAM TRUCK. He holds his head in pain.

MUNG

Fuck!

116 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT 116

Starla sits at her cubicle in US-IDENT. She is scanning through SATELLITE PHOTOS from the Nevada desert... each one featuring a TRIER SALTAIR.

STARLA

(mouth full of Cheetos)

Fuck.

She grabs a handful of CHEETOS and shoves them in her mouth... chewing them furiously.

117 INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 117

Larry Weiss lays in bed. He is wearing a TUXEDO, opening an ENVELOPE from the UNITED STATES MILITARY. It is a DRAFT NOTICE.

LARRY

Fuck.

118 INT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- ARCADE -- NEXT 118

Paul is playing a SHOOTING GAME in the arcade. His game ends suddenly.

FUCK

Fuck.

119 INT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- NEXT

119

Behind the bar of the sidewalk cafe, Jerri Reilly takes a long hit off of a BONG.

JERRI
(exhaling)
Fuuuuuuuuuck.

The bar is closed. Vincenzo sits at the end of the bar... drunk out of his mind. Krysta sits across from him... fidgeting anxiously.

Cyndi has her LAPTOP set up on the bar with her headset on... the SCRAMBLER attached to it.

CYNDI
What do you mean he's unavailable?
Unavailable my ass. You tell him to check
his message service. You tell him to
check it quick. You tell Joe Vaughn that
he better not fuck with Deep Throat 2!

She rips the headset off.

CYNDI
How the fuck are you supposed to
blackmail a movie star when you can't
even get their goddamn representation on
the phone?

JERRI
These Hollywood managers... they think
their shit don't smell!

CYNDI
Let me tell you something, Jer. Once the
shit hits the fan... it all smells the
same!

JERRI
Fuck yeah it does!

Cyndi and Jerri high five.

KRYSTA
I don't know what it is you've done...
but you have to promise me that he won't
get hurt. He's not the person that you
think he is.

VINCENZO
 (slurring)
 He's not yours, Krysta. He's... mine.

120 EXT. VENICE CANAL WALKWAY -- NEXT 120

Boxer wanders along the canal walkway. His CELL PHONE begins to ring. He answers it.

BOXER
 Hello?

121 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT 121

Starla sits behind her cubicle with her headset on. She looks possessed.

STARLA
 Is this Jericho Cane?

BOXER (PHONE)
 Yes.

STARLA
 This is Dr. Maribel Fox. I've uncovered the secret documents about the tidal generator.

122 EXT. VENICE CANAL WALKWAY -- NEXT 122

Boxer's eyes widen.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
Dialogue, spoken verbatim from his screenplay...

BOXER
 Yes... and?

STARLA (PHONE)
Your hypothesis was correct. The corruption of the tidal drag has caused a rift in the space time continuum.

BOXER
 Where is the rift?

123 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT 123

Starla is scanning through a SATELLITE MAPPING SYSTEM on her computer.

STARLA
 Out in the desert. Near Lake Mead.
 (looking over her shoulder)

STARLA (CONT'D)

There is more... but I cannot tell you
over the phone. *They're listening.*

On Starla's screen... she has the US-IDENT CARD for JOE
VAUGHN pulled up. All of his personal information is there.

STARLA

Call this number. 310 434-3411.

Starla disconnects.

A TRIER COMMERCIAL PLAYS ON A FLAT-SCREEN MONITOR:

The CAMERA cranes down onto a SUBURBAN STREET. Green
manicured lawns. Sprinkler systems. Plush houses. Storm
clouds accumulate in the sky above. *Thunder rumbles.*

The CAMERA approaches a HOUSE on the NORTH SIDE of the
street. A SILVER 2008 TRIER SALT AIR SUV sits in the driveway.

A BLUE BOLT OF LIGHTNING comes down from the sky and strikes
the truck. A BLUE SHIELD OF ELECTRICAL POWER scans over the
truck like a 3-D XEROX MACHINE.

On the SOUTH side of the street... a BLACK TRIER SALT AIR SUV
sits in another driveway. Another BLUE LIGHTNING BOLT
strikes... and a 3-D XEROX of electrical power SCANS the SUV.

The engines of the two cars come to life. The BLACK SUV backs
slowly out of its driveway and into the street. It pulls
around and approaches the other truck. *The brake lights
flicker from the truck as if to signal the other vehicle.*

The CAMERA lowers down to the EXHAUST PIPE on the back of the
truck. *IT SLOWLY EXTENDS OUT AND EXPANDS LIKE LIQUID METAL...
WIDENING ITS DIAMETER.*

The CAMERA moves to the EXHAUST PIPE on the SUV. *IT SLOWLY
EXTENDS... SNAKING AROUND... READY FOR SOME ACTION.* The SUV
TIRES EXPAND AND STRETCH as though they are amorphous liquid
matter... able to operate like LEGS on an animal.

The SUV mounts the other one from behind. *The SUV TAIL PIPE
snakes around and inserts itself into the opening of the
other exhaust pipe.*

The SUVs begin to rock up and down... HAVING VEHICULAR SEXUAL
INTERCOURSE WITH ONE ANOTHER. The TRIER LOGO appears on the
screen. Underneath it the phrase: ROADS NOT REQUIRED

124 EXT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BEVERLY HILLS -- NEXT

124

The LARGE CROWD at Joe Vaughn's mansion applauds at the end
of the commercial, which plays on several screens mounted
throughout the TENTED PARTY.

Vaughn is seated at a table with Senator Frost, his wife and Inga. Vaughn looks extremely uncomfortable. Frost throws Inga a nasty look.

FROST

Has he lost his fucking mind? Did I just see two trucks pork each other?

INGA

Indeed.

VAUGHN

That's the European version. Don't be alarmed.

At another TABLE several yards away. LARRY WEISS is there with his parents, SAUL WEISS (40s) and MIRANDA WEISS (40s). The DRAFT NOTICE is sitting on the table in front of Larry.

SAUL

You're going to war. Be a man and accept it.

MIRANDA

We're cutting you off. No more credit cards. No more Humvee. No more parties.

SAUL

Your mother and I have been secretly praying for this draft notice. It's time to grow up. It's time to serve your country. It's time to join the fight for freedom.

Larry just stares off into nothing.

At a PODIUM at the head of the tent... Baron begins to deliver a speech.

BARON

Like a thief in the night he comes. And who is he exactly?

(dramatic beat)

He is... the geopolitical oil crisis! And let us hope that he has reared his ugly head for the last time!

Thunderous applause from the crowd.

BARON

The tides have turned! No longer must we burn the spirits of the dead! No longer must we treat our precious ozone layer like the bastard stepchild of the cosmos!

BARON (CONT'D)

No longer can even the most jaded Neo-con
fat-cat deny the majesty of our mother
ocean!

More applause. Vaughn leans over at Senator Frost.

VAUGHN

He wasn't referring to you.

Frost notices that Vaughn's phone is blinking on the table.

FROST

Your phone is ringing.

Vaughn puts his phone to his ear.

VAUGHN

Hello?

BOXER (PHONE)

Uhhh... this is... Jericho Cane.

VAUGHN

What?

125 **EXT. VENICE CANAL WALKWAY -- NEXT** 125

Boxer walks through the canals.

BOXER

This is Jericho Cane.

126 **EXT. VAUGHN MANSION -- NEXT** 126

Vaughn's eyes widen. He recognizes this voice.

VAUGHN

Boxer?

BOXER (PHONE)

Yeah. Who am I speaking to?

Vaughn snaps his fingers at Frost... pointing at the phone.

VAUGHN

Where are you?

BOXER (PHONE)

In Venice...

VAUGHN

I'm sending a car to pick you up. Stay
where you are...

127 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

127

Terrence and Zora sit in the police cruiser... parked near the ocean. Kevin is in the back seat.

TERRENCE CLARK

I'm telling you... this cop... his name was Bookman. He shot them for real. They're both dead.

ZORA

We don't know for sure.

TERRENCE CLARK

Dion and Dream are dead! We're responsible.

(crying)

This... this is just fucked up! This is an abomination, Zora! We're actors for Chrissakes!

Zora stews for a moment. Kevin is speechless.

ZORA

You're not an actor. You're a pussy.

(beat)

You're both a couple of pussies. Come on, let's go back to the loft.

TERRENCE CLARK

There is no loft! I heard on the police scanner... they raided it. They killed a bunch of people! My brother is probably dead!

(beat)

We're all going to go to jail!

KEVIN

(frightened)

What are you gonna do, Zora?

ZORA

We're going to continue on as planned. This is just a minor hiccup.

128 EXT. OAKWOOD AVENUE -- NEXT

128

*

There are now four POLICE CRUISERS, an AMBULANCE and a CORONER'S VAN parked on Oakwood Avenue. The CAMERA tracks along the walkstreet with DETECTIVE ERIN ROBINSON (38) as she moves toward the Nowita house.

*

129 INT. NOWITA HOUSE -- NEXT

129

Robinson arrives in the BEDROOM, where Bookman watches several CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS analyze the scene.

Robinson looks down at the bodies in disgust.

ROBINSON
Christ almighty.

DETECTIVE ASH WALLACE (35) is leaning down over Dream's body when he notices a CREASE in her prosthetic facial appliance. She reaches out to touch it with her PEN... and the make-up appliance begins to peel off.

WALLACE
Okay. It gets even better.
(she turns to Robinson)
In addition to the blood packs, they both appear to be wearing facial prosthetics.

Wallace sees that his partner Robinson has arrived.

WALLACE
Hey partner.

Two other CSI TEAM MEMBERS named GAIL FITZPATRICK (28) and LANCE MCBRIDE (30) approach

FITZPATRICK
The house is listed to Dion Warner. Also known as Dion Element.

ROBINSON
Nice. The head of the Neo-Marxist underground and his girlfriend...

FITZPATRICK
Her stage name is Dream... birth name Veronica Mung. Her father is a known arms dealer... tied to the Neo-Marxist underground.

WALLACE
What exactly is a Neo-Marxist?

ROBINSON
It's an anthropological movement. According to the Marx-Weber synthesis debate, Marx conceptualizes class as an objective structure of social positions, whereas Weber's analysis of class is constructed in the form of a theory of social action.

WALLACE

Can you dumb it down a bit? My brain just started to melt.

ROBINSON

According to US-IDENT... they're potential terrorists.

Robinson turns to Bookman.

ROBINSON

Any clue as to why these two are wearing blood packs and facial prosthetics?

Bookman thinks for a moment.

BOOKMAN

I've been running that one up the flagpole all night, and I've formulated a theory.

Robinson smacks her gum. Bookman is trouble and she knows it.

ROBINSON

Well let's hear it.

BOOKMAN

They're both actors. They must have just returned from the set of some picture, irritated and tired. You know how these movie sets can be. Lots of tension. My guess is they came home and the argument began before they even had time to take off their costumes.

130 **EXT. WASHINGTON BLVD -- NEXT**

130

A LIMOUSINE PULLS up next to the canal entrance on Washington. TWO SECRET SERVICEMEN emerge to greet Boxer as he approaches from the south.

SECRET SERVICEMAN

Mr. Santaros...

The Secret Serviceman gestures inside of the limousine.

131 **INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT**

131

Zora, Terrence and Kevin are still sitting there... considering their options.

KEVIN

Listen guys. I... I think that I'm just gonna roller-blade on home... get some rest.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You can just call me and let me know what the plan is. I don't really want to be involved anymore.

Zora looks at Kevin in a rage.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I think it's probably best if we all just part company now, and lay low. Look out for ourselves. The Lighthouse Gang was fun while it lasted, right?

Zora glares at him, and then nods her head.

ZORA

Okay, Kev. I respect your decision. Good luck.

KEVIN

You can keep the roller blades, Zora. Consider them a gift.

Kevin smiles nervously, opens the door and then blades off into the alley.

TERRENCE CLARK

We have to find David...

Without warning, Zora turns to Terrence and STABS HIM IN THE NECK with an ORANGE SYRINGE.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is the dead land. This is cactus land. Here the stone images are raised.

*
*
*

Within seconds... Terrence is out like a light. Zora pulls him into the cruiser's passenger seat... his head slumped over against the window, drifting unconscious.

132 INT. DUMPSTER -- NEXT

132

David Clark's eyes pop open inside the dumpster behind the Neo-Marxist compound. He looks around... suddenly alert.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here they receive the supplication of a dead man's hand... under the twinkle of a fading star.

*
*
*
*

He clinches his right fist repeatedly... noticing that his skin is coursing with some sort of ETHEREAL LIGHT.

*
*

133 EXT. VENICE BEACH -- PARKING LOT -- NEXT

133

Zora starts the engine to the cruiser, puts it into drive and floors it out of the parking lot.

134 **EXT. VENICE ALLEY -- NEXT**

134

Zora pulls the cruiser into the ALLEY that runs parallel to the Venice Boardwalk. Through the windshield, we see Kevin blading down the alley. She is approaching fast behind him. Kevin looks back over his shoulder in terror.

KEVIN

No!

He picks up speed... blading as fast as he can. Zora accelerates... the cruiser fast approaching.

The CRUISER slams into Kevin's body. He cartwheels over the windshield, cracking the glass.

When Kevin's body has fallen to the ground behind the cruiser, Zora SLAMS ON THE BREAKS.

Without a trace of emotion on her face, Zora puts the cruiser in reverse and hits the gas... backing over Kevin's body with a thumping sound... finishing the job.

135 **EXT. VENICE ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER**

135

Zora now has Kevin's DEAD BODY loaded into the trunk. She then retrieves a LONG HOSE and closes the trunk. She runs the hose from the EXHAUST PIPE to the DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW.

She then goes over and sees that Terrence is seated carefully behind the wheel. She retrieves an EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLE from her backpack and throws it down on the floor beneath his feet.

She then starts the engine... sending the POISONOUS CARBON MONOXIDE into the cruiser and blades north down the alley.

136 **EXT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER**

136

Zora blades past the compound... where PARAMEDICS are still unloading bodies under MASSIVE POLICE SURVEILLANCE.

She does not notice David Clark as he emerges from the dumpster... moving south toward the Sidewalk Cafe.

137 **EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- MOMENTS LATER**

137

David Clark staggers over toward an INTERNET KIOSK and places his THUMB on the US-IDENT LOGIN PAD. An "OUT OF SERVICE" graphic appears on the screen.

DAVID CLARK

Shit.

Everything is closed. David looks over and sees that there is a LARGE ICE-CREAM TRUCK parked across the way. Walter Mung is behind the wheel. He is talking on his CELL PHONE.

138 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

138

Mung watches the news on a SMALL TELEVISION mounted in the ice cream truck. He is quietly weeping at the news of his daughter's death.

PAUL MOYER (TELEVISION)

Tragedy in Venice Beach tonight... as Dion and Dream, known as the Sonny and Cher of the Venice Beach Neo-Marxist movement... are dead. Apparently the two entertainers shot one another during a domestic dispute.

Mung hears a knock on the window. He rolls down the window.

DAVID CLARK

Sir, I am a police officer. This is an emergency. I need to use your cell phone.

Mung gives him a long, cold stare.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)

Please. It's a matter of life or death.

MUNG

Local call?

DAVID CLARK

Local call.

Mung hands him the cell phone.

David begins pacing around, trying to get reception on the cell phone.

DAVID CLARK

Come on. Come on.

Mung pulls out the GROUP HEAD SHOT of the Lighthouse Gang... featuring Dion, Dream and Kevin. He examines it curiously, looking at *TERRENCE'S FACE... right next to his old pal Zora.*

Mung's eyes widen, and he glances over at David... making the connection.

DAVID CLARK

(into phone)

Yes, this is officer David Clark-

Mung appears right behind him with a GUN TO HIS HEAD.

MUNG
Give me the phone.

David freezes... and then slowly hands Mung the phone.

139 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 139

David Clark is now HOG TIED in the back of the truck on the floor among Mung's arsenal of WEAPONS. He has duct tape over his mouth. Mung retrieves an ORANGE SYRINGE and injects it straight into Clark's neck.

140 INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT 140

Terrence Clark jolts awake in the police cruiser. He looks around... suddenly alert. He notices the HOSE spewing CARBON MONOXIDE into the cruiser. He pushes the door open... stumbles out onto the pavement... coughing.

141 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 141

IN THE CAB... Mung is dialing a number on his cell phone.

142 INT. NEO-MARXIST COMPOUND -- ZORA'S LOFT -- NEXT 142

Police are sweeping through the compound. We catch a glimpse of some retrieving a ZIP-LOCK BAG filled with SEVERED HUMAN THUMBS. The CAMERA approaches an ANSWERING MACHINE in ZORA'S LOFT.

ZORA (ANSWERING MACHINE)
Hey... this is Zora... leave a message.

BEEP.

MUNG (ANSWERING MACHINE)
Ms. Charmichaels... it's Walter Mung.
Your check bounced.
(beat)
My Veronica is dead... and I know you and your idiot friends had something to do with it.

143 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 143

Mung stares at the LIGHTHOUSE GANG head shot.

MUNG
I have your friend Terrence Clark hog-tied in the back of my ice cream truck. I want my money by tomorrow at noon... or I start cutting off his fingers. One each hour.
(beat)
Ciao, bitch.

144 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

144

CAROLINE FROST SANTAROS (26) sits with Vaughn, Brandt and her father in the family room. The party is still going on outside. SECRET SERVICEMEN stand at every entrance.

Caroline is staring at a PORNO DVD with Krysta's picture on the front cover. The title is: *COCKCHUGGERS 2: COCKCHUGGIN'*

She takes a drag off of a cigarette. Her hand trembling.

145 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- FOYER -- NEXT

145

Boxer is lead into the foyer by the Secret Service. He looks around at the lavish house.

146 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

146

A SECRET SERVICEMAN enters.

SECRET SERVICEMAN
Boxer Santaros has arrived.

Caroline puts out her cigarette and holds up the PORN DVD to the Secret Serviceman.

CAROLINE
Bring her... to me.

The Secret Serviceman takes the DVD, opening the door to let Boxer inside. Before he has a chance to say a word... Caroline hauls off and slaps him across the face.

CAROLINE
You motherfucker.

Boxer... looking genuinely hurt...

BOXER
Are you my wife?

CAROLINE
(incredulous)
What... you've got amnesia?

BOXER
Yeah!

CAROLINE
What is this... an episode of Melrose Place? Do you expect me to believe this shit?
(to Vaughn)
Come on Joe... be a manager. Better yet... *be a fucking man.*

Vaughn stands up... approaching Boxer... trying to figure out what to say. He just stares at his client... then gives him a massive bear hug.

VAUGHN

I'm just glad you're alive.

Boxer begins to hug him back... staring at Caroline as she lights another cigarette.

147 EXT. VAUGHN MANSION -- NEXT

147

Baron is laughing with several members of Hollywood royalty... sipping a Margarita. One of his BODYGUARDS approaches him.

BODYGUARD

Boxer Santaros is here.

BARON

Excellent.

ACROSS THE POOL... on the PATIO... Inga is sitting with her old friend and former nemesis/lover, KATARINA KUNTZLER (70s).

KATARINA

For the bureaucrat, the world is a mere object to be manipulated by him. Your Baron is drunk with power... he must be stopped before it is too late. Be reasonable.

Inga takes a sip from her martini... glancing over at an ICE SCULPTURE of Karl Marx.

INGA

Reason has always existed, Katarina. But not always in a reasonable form. Fluid karma is the penultimate religion... drawn from the power of the ocean. We cannot go on without it... we cannot shut the tidal generator down. We've come too far.

KATARINA

Religion is the opium of the masses. Revolutions are the locomotives of history. The tidal generator is driving us all mad... and this madness, this religion of chaos, will not abate until the machine is destroyed.

148 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- FAMILY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

148

Boxer, Vaughn and the others are now watching the SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of the people digging on DOCKWEILER STATE BEACH. The figure runs from the group... and the camera zooms into him...

BOXER
That's me?

VAUGHN
Someone sent this to us. It's the last known footage we have of you before you disappeared from a charity scavenger hunt two weeks ago.

BRANDT
We think that it was a Neo-Marxist group that abducted you.

FROST
Cockroaches.

BRANDT
Careful what you say, Senator.

Serpentine steps into the room. Boxer turns and makes eye contact with her.

Baron, Inga and Katarina enter from the other side of the room. Boxer makes eye contact with Inga... remembering their encounter at SMALL WORLD BOOKS.

Another SECRET SERVICEMAN enters the room.

SECRET SERVICEMAN
Krysta Now has arrived.

CAROLINE
Oh... I can't wait to meet her.

Krysta is led into the room. She looks terrified... BLOOD coagulated in one of her nostrils.

Boxer glares at the Secret Serviceman.

BOXER
DID YOU HURT HER!?

SECRET SERVICEMAN
She fought us... we were only defending ourselves.

Boxer glares at the Secret Serviceman with psychotic intensity. The Secret Serviceman briefly touches his gun, looking genuinely alarmed.

Caroline stares Krysta up and down.

CAROLINE
So... if it isn't the little porn star,

BOXER
She's not a porn star. She's an artist.

Caroline picks up a copy of the DVD.

CAROLINE
Oh... she's an actress. Cockchuggers 2.
Cockchuggin! Who makes this shit!?

Krysta just stares off into nothing... filled with hopelessness and despair.

BOXER
That was a long time ago.

CAROLINE
Oh really. So now she's moved onto bigger and better things... like fucking my husband!

BOXER
(defensive)
She just cut a pop album. She's developing her own reality show, perfume, jewelry and clothing line... not to mention an energy drink.
(to the others)
Which I've had... it's good.

Boxer points at the DVD in his wife's hand.

BOXER
Can I see that?

CAROLINE
(incredulous)
NO!

Caroline grabs the DIGITAL PHOTO of Boxer and Krysta kissing on the Hermosa balcony.

CAROLINE
(to Boxer)
She set you up.
(to Krysta)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Is this real? Is there video footage of you and her together?

Boxer looks over at Krysta... surprised and betrayed.

KRYSTA

Yes. There is footage. Lots of it.

Caroline runs her hands through her hair. She turns to her father.

CAROLINE

Okay... we have to pay.
(to Vaughn)
Whatever that bitch wants...

VAUGHN

Deep Throat 2. She wants a million dollars... and a yes endorsement of prop sixty-nine.

Vaughn turns to Krysta.

VAUGHN

Are you Deep Throat 2?

KRYSTA

I wasn't in that movie.

CAROLINE

Daddy... we have to pay whatever they want to get that DVD back. Case closed.

Boxer picks up a copy of IN STYLE MAGAZINE from the coffee table. Caroline is on the cover.

FROST

This is extortion, sweetheart. A million dollars is a lot of money... and we don't negotiate with terrorists.

Caroline snatches the DVD from the table... holding it up for emphasis.

CAROLINE

COCK-CHUGGERS!! IF THIS GETS OUT THEY ARE GONNA EAT US ALIVE!! THE ELECTION IS IN THREE MONTHS!!

BARON

It's an election year, Bob. Everyone pays.

BRANDT

They're right, Bob. We should pay. Deep Throat 2 can be silenced.

CAROLINE
 (pointing at Boxer)
 Take it out of his bank account.

Boxer flips through the magazine... looking at photos of his wedding.

CAROLINE
 Thank God I didn't sign a pre-nup.

Caroline goes for the cigarettes again... but then changes her mind, thinking the better of it.

CAROLINE
 (turning back to Boxer)
 I guess now might be good time to inform you... that I'm pregnant with your child.

Boxer's eyes widen. Frost approaches Krysta.

FROST
 Did someone put you up to this?

Krysta thinks for a long moment... then points over to Baron.

KRYSTA
 He did.

Everyone in the room gasps.

KRYSTA
 He hired me to rescue Boxer from the desert. Bring him in safe and in one piece.

FROST
 Baron... is this true?

BARON
 Preposterous!

Vaughn steps in to intervene.

VAUGHN
 Bob... we're all on the same team here. We've opened up the right to the idea of alternative fuel. We're on the verge of a huge breakthrough... Baron wouldn't sabotage this campaign.
 (turning to Baron)
 Would he?

BARON
 Inconceivable!
 (beat)

BARON (CONT'D)

Who are you going to trust... a Nobel prize-winning scientist? Or a two-bit porn star?

Baron glares at Krysta.

CAROLINE

I wouldn't trust him dad. You know he's secretly funding the Neo-Marxist movement.

BARON

I am appalled at these allegations!

CAROLINE

You've sabotaged this campaign from inside out...

BARON

I'd be careful pointing fingers, Caroline. Because I happen to know that you're pregnant... with Brandt's baby! And I have the blood tests to prove it!

Everyone gasps again.

INGA

Baron. It's time to go. The car is waiting.

Baron realizes that he has gone too far.

BARON

Yes, mother.

Baron turns to leave.

Everyone stares at Brandt... who is speechless. Caroline stares at the floor, humiliated.

Boxer turns to his wife... shaking his head in disbelief.

BOXER

Now who's living on Melrose Place?

149 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- FOYER -- NEXT

149

The Secret Servicemen are escorting Krysta to the door. She turns back to face Boxer from the doorway.

KRYSTA

Will you ever trust me again?

BOXER

I don't know.

KRYSTA
I love you, Jericho Cane.

She disappears into the rainy night.

150 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- KITCHEN -- NEXT 150

Vaughn, Frost and Brandt sit around the laptop. Vaughn is speaking into the headset, VOICE RECOGNITION printing his words on the screen.

VAUGHN
We're ready to make a deal. Meet us at the seafood restaurant at Santa Monica pier... tomorrow at noon.

151 EXT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT 151

Rain briefly pours outside of the Venice Beach House.

152 INT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT 152

Cyndi slams her fist down on the table in victory.

CYNDI
FUCK YEAH! A MILLION DOLLARS!

She and Jerri HI-FIVE... dancing a victory dance.

153 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- KITCHEN -- NEXT 153

Boxer sits down at the table across from them.

VAUGHN
There's something you need to know Boxer... about what happened on your little trip out to the desert.

Vaughn glances nervously over at Frost... who takes a long gulp of SCOTCH. He then pours another glass and slides it across the table.

VAUGHN
There's a dead body. Burned in a Trier Saltair. Now... Baron has retrieved the body... we've secured the situation... but we're having trouble getting a DNA sample. Baron won't tell us what he knows. So we haven't figured out who it is... that you killed.

Boxer appears instantly devastated upon hearing this.

BOXER
I... killed someone?

VAUGHN

That's the only conclusion that we can draw... based on the situation. The satellite photos.

Vaughn slides the photos across the table. Boxer stares at the grainy image of an SUV with smoke coming from it... a figure standing near it.

FROST

Did you take someone with you on your little trip out to the desert that day?

Boxer thinks for a long moment.

BOXER

I don't know. I can't remember.

Boxer takes a long gulp of scotch.

154 **EXT. PCH -- NIGHT**

154

Terrence Clark is walking north through the RAIN along PCH on the northern border of Santa Monica. Up ahead of him... a LARGE BUS is approaching.

The bus pulls up next to him and stops. The door opens.

FEMALE BUS DRIVER

Need a lift?

TERRENCE CLARK

Yeah.

Terrence looks over at the side of the bus and sees a HUGE LOGO painted on it: MENSTRA SOCIETY

155 **INT. MENSTRA SOCIETY BUS -- NEXT**

155

Terrence moves his way down the aisle. The bus is filled with several dozen WOMEN. They are all wearing MENSTRA SOCIETY T-shirts... whispering to one another. They all stare at him intensely.

A woman named SYNERGY (32) steps forward.

SYNERGY

Your chariot of rescue has arrived.

(beat)

My name is Synergy.

TERRENCE CLARK

Terrence.

SYNERGY

What is it that you are searching for?

TERRENCE CLARK

My brother. I have to find my brother...
I don't even know if he's... still alive.

Synergy reaches out and touches his face tenderly.

Terrence just stares at all of the deranged looking women...
wondering what the hell is going on.

156 **EXT. PCH -- NEXT**

156

The Bus Driver releases the brake, hits the gas and the bus
continues south on PCH.

157 **EXT. MARINA DEL REY TOWER -- NIGHT**

157

The rain has now subsided. Detectives Robinson and Wallace
have their SURVEILLANCE GEAR setup on the ROOF DECK of one of
the Marina Del Rey apartment towers. Fitzpatrick and McBride
are both talking on their phones... other cops mill about...
drinking coffee and eating donuts.

On one of the VIDEO FEEDS... Robinson stares at Bookman
walking around his apartment in the next tower.

ROBINSON

Okay... Bookman. What's your next move?

There is someone knocking at his door.

158 **INT. MARINA DEL REY TOWER -- BOOKMAN'S APARTMENT -- NEXT**

158

Bookman answers the door. It is Zora.

ZORA

Do you have the DVD?

Bookman holds it up. Zora snatches it from his hand.

BOOKMAN

When am I gonna get paid?

ZORA

Soon enough.

BOOKMAN

That shit better not get out.

ZORA

It won't. We're going to get paid a lot
of money... to destroy it.

159 EXT. MARINA DEL REY TOWER -- NIGHT

159

Robinson monitors this encounter.

ROBINSON

Are you getting this, Nana?

160 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT

160

Nana sits at the motherboard. She pulls up the US-IDENT page for ZORA CHARMICHAELS.

NANA

Her name is Zora Charmichaels. Major player in the Neo-Marxist Venice chapter... or should I say... what's left of it.

(chuckles)

Works as a personal trainer out of Gold's Gym. Two time fitness America champ... moonlights as a stand up comedian. All of her porn downloads are girl on girl stuff.

161 EXT. MARINA DEL REY TOWER -- NIGHT

161

Wallace takes a bite from his donut. The HUSBAND and WIFE tenants of the PENTHOUSE they have invaded are glaring at them.

WIFE

This is unconstitutional! You can't just barge into our home!

WALLACE

Shut the fuck up... and make us some coffee.

(into headset)

Got any of her stand up on file?

NANA (PHONE)

I'm sending you over a clip from the Hermosa Comedy and Magic store.

The VIDEO FEED shows JAY LENO standing on stage.

LENO (VIDEO FEED)

Ladies and gentlemen, straight out of Venice Beach... Zora Charmichaels.

Applause from the crowd. Zora storms out on stage. She is wearing a shirt that says: GOD HATES FAGS

ZORA (VIDEO FEED)
*Bought this shirt today at a shop down
 the street.*

(beat)
 AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!! AAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

WALLACE
 Is that Kinison?

MCBRIDE
 Totally.

ZORA (VIDEO FEED)
Who likes pussy? Huh!? Huh!?
 (beat)
*Why does God hate fags more than he hates
 dykes, huh?! Maybe God is a fag. Huh?!
 Huh?!*

No one in the crowd is laughing.

162 **EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- REAR DECK -- NEXT** 162

SOLDIERS are assembled in formation on the DECK at the far end of the pier... on the other side of Mariasol. The TIDAL GENERATOR GLOWS in the distant night.

A LARGE BOAT FLOATS just off the end of the pier. There are several dozen COFFINS, covered with AMERICAN FLAGS... laid out. MacArthur paces before them.

MACARTHUR
 The procession will start at dawn.

163 **INT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- UPPER REAR DECK -- NEXT** 163

Simon and Paul stare down at the coffins in silence.

PAUL
 Yo dawg. That coulda been us.

164 **INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NEXT** 164

Vaughn and Frost, both dressed in SILK PAJAMAS, are talking with two SECRET SERVICEMAN in the upstairs hallway.

VAUGHN
 Make sure all of the guests sleeping over
 have everything they need.

Saul and Miranda are staggering down the opposite end of the hall. Both are drunk. Saul can barely walk.

VAUGHN

And make sure that Boxer doesn't leave
the property.

*

165 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 165

Boxer is sitting on the edge of the bed... crying softly. He
is dialing a number on a CORDLESS PHONE.

166 INT. VINCENZO'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT 166

Vincenzo... asleep on the couch, picks up the phone.

VINCENZO

Hello?

BOXER (PHONE)

Hey. It's Boxer.

VINCENZO

(sitting up)

Hey bro. Were are you?

167 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 167

Boxer is almost sobbing now. He is cradling one of Krysta's
ENERGY DRINKS in his hand. Her face stares back at him.
Krystal Energie.

BOXER

I'm in trouble, bro. I... I... don't know
what the hell is going on here. I'm so
confused.

(blubbering)

Turns out I'm married to a Senator's
daughter... and she's pregnant with
Brandt's baby... and I killed someone out
in the desert.

No response.

BOXER

I gotta get out of here. Can you come
pick me up.

(beat)

Hello?

There is a dial tone.

168 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NEXT 168

One of the SECRET SERVICEMAN raises his mike to his lips.

SECRET SERVICEMAN

We cut the line. Nothing got out.

169 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 169

Boxer paces around the room frantically.

170 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NEXT 170

Boxer steps out of his room. There are two SECRET SERVICEMAN there waiting. Boxer nods to them.

BOXER

I'm just going downstairs to get a snack.

171 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- KITCHEN 171

Boxer comes down into the kitchen. Larry is there... eating a bowl of cereal. He is stoned out of his mind.

LARRY

Yo dawg.

BOXER

Hey.

The DRAFT NOTICE sits on the counter.

LARRY

I just got drafted. I gotta report to duty in two weeks.

Larry chews his cereal maniacally... staring Boxer down.

LARRY

Do you... bleed?

Boxer doesn't respond. He glances at either exit to the kitchen. Secret Serviceman are standing at both.

Larry retrieves an EMPTY RED SYRINGE from his pocket and holds it up for Boxer to see.

LARRY

I said... do you bleed?

BOXER

Yeah.

LARRY

Take it.

Boxer takes the syringe... noticing the SECRET SERVICEMAN eyeballing him suspiciously.

Boxer grabs a bottle of WATER from the refrigerator and goes back upstairs.

172 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NEXT

172

Boxer comes up to the top of the stairs... rounding the corner.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Shape without form, shade without colour,
 Paralysed force, gesture without
 motion...*

*
*
*
*

The HALLWAY changes color... a layer of LIQUID DISTORTION courses through the space before him...

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Those who have crossed with direct eyes,
 to death's other kingdom...*

*
*
*

An OLD WOMAN is approaching... carrying a LOAD OF TOWELS in the hallway as it existed in 1998. She and Boxer make direct eye contact. *She gasps out loud...*

*
*

OLD WOMAN
 (terrified)
 How did you get in my house! Get out! Get out!

She then fades away... the WALLPAPER changing back to its existing pattern.

Boxer thinks for a moment... realizing what must be done.

173 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NEXT

173

Boxer approaches the SECRET SERVICEMAN at his door.

BOXER
 Hey... can you guys come inside for a second? I want to show you something.

174 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

174

The Secret Serviceman follow Boxer into his bedroom. He turns around and KNOCKS THEM BOTH OUT with a swift series of punches.

He leans down and retrieves both of their GUNS, putting one in his pants and the other inside his BACKPACK...which he throws over his shoulder.

He then moves toward the BALCONY that overlooks the back yard.

175 EXT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BALCONY -- NEXT 175

Boxer throws his leg over the balcony and drops down onto the BACK PATIO.

176 EXT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BACK PATIO -- NEXT 176

Boxer dispatches a third SECRET SERVICEMAN on the back patio... moving around the side of the house to the front driveway.

177 EXT. VAUGHN MANSION -- FRONT GATE -- MOMENTS LATER 177

Boxer jumps over the WALL adjacent to the front gate. He grabs a pair of KEYS from the VALET CABINET.

A SILVER PORSCHE is there waiting. Boxer opens the passenger side door and drops down into the seat. He starts the engine and speeds off into the night.

178 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- DAWN 178

SOLDIERS are lined up in formation on Santa Monica pier... as the COFFINS are being carried toward shore. ROSE PETALS are strewn about in their wake.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Is it like this... in death's other
 kingdom.*

*
*
*

179 EXT. CHEVRON STATION -- NEXT 179

The ROBOTIC GAS NOZZLE tracks along next to a car at the El Porto Chevron station.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Waking alone at the hour when we are
 trembling with tenderness...*

*
*
*

180 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK -- NEXT 180

A ROBOT TOY SOLDIER crawls across the cement in front of a T-SHIRT SHOP on the Venice boardwalk.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Lips that would kiss... form prayers to
 broken stone.*

*
*
*

181 INT. VENICE HOUSE -- NEXT 181

Cyndi Pinziki sits before her AVID in her house. The TITLE CARD for her film appears: VEIL OF SHAME

182 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- KITCHEN -- NEXT 182

Frost and Vaughn are freaking out on the Secret Serviceman.

183 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BEDROOM -- NEXT 183

Larry Weiss sits on the edge of the bed... sobbing. HE HAS A GUN IN HIS HAND... as he CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE. The CAMERA drifts over to a SMALL RALPH WIGGUM doll sitting on his desk. Ralph Wiggum holds a ROCKET in one hand, a pair of KEYS in another.

184 INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BALCONY -- NEXT 184

Brandt and Caroline argue on the balcony.

185 INT. MENSTRA SOCIETY BUS -- NEXT 185

Terrence sits in his seat on the MENSTRA SOCIETY bus... fast asleep.

186 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT 186

Starla is downloading information from her computer... shoving CHEETOS into her mouth.

187 EXT. 405 FREEWAY -- NEXT 187

The JUMBO-TRON displays the date: JULY 4 2008

WARNING LEVEL: RED

188 EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PARKING STRUCTURE -- NEXT 188

A SOLDIER sits on a HYDRAULIC GUN MOUNT on the corner of a PARKING STRUCTURE overlooking Hermosa as the beach community comes to life.

189 INT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- ARCADE -- MOMENTS LATER 189

Paul walks through the arcade toward the southern entrance. A MILITARY HUMVEE is there waiting. MacArthur sits in the passenger seat. Simon is being lifted into the back with a HYDRAULIC WHEELCHAIR lift.

They are loading one of the COFFINS, covered with an AMERICAN FLAG... into the back of the truck.

Paul has begun to cry.

PAUL

Who is it Simon... who's in the box?!

Simon just stares at Paul, not knowing how to respond.

PAUL
YOU GOTTA TELL ME, SIMON!

SIMON
Get back to your post.

Simon waves goodbye to Paul, as the Soldiers close the door to the humvee. Paul watches the humvee drive away... sobbing like a child.

190 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- DAWN

190

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA circles downtown Los Angeles... revealing a MASSIVE GLASS SKYSCRAPER just east of the 110 just north of the STAPLES CENTER and CONVENTION CENTER. This is TRIER PLAZA.

TITLE CARD: PART IX - TOWER OF FIRE

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
On the morning of the last day... the weather was clear, the sky without a single cloud.

The MOUNTAINS beyond downtown are crisp.

191 INT. TRIER PLAZA TOWER -- PENTHOUSE OFFICE -- NEXT

191

Baron and Inga sit at the head of a LONG BLACK TABLE. There are SEVERAL DOZEN FLAT-SCREEN MONITORS mounted around the room, overlooking the city through walls of GREEN GLASS. Images from UTOPIA 3 flicker across the screens.

BARON
Serpentine Dream Theory has reached phase three. The tidal generator is operating at ninety-percent capacity. We must begin final preparations for the party. We have less than ten hours before the MegaZeppelin takes flight.

Katarina leans forward.

KATARINA
We have just received word... that the body has been removed from Utopia 3.

BARON
(realizing)
Mother...

On one of the FLAT-SCREENS... we get a glimpse of the SCHEMATICS for a MASSIVE DIRIGIBLE... the TRIER MEGAZEPPELIN.

192 INT. MARINA DEL REY TOWER -- BOOKMAN'S APARTMENT -- NEXT 192

There is a LOUD KNOCK on the door. Zora opens it. Krysta is there... dressed in workout clothing and a "NOW" T-shirt.

ZORA
Hey Krysta.

KRYSTA
Hey Zora.

ZORA
Come on in.

Krysta steps into the apartment.

KRYSTA
We're filming my reality show down in Hermosa today. Could I score some drugs?

ZORA
Sure.

Zora moves into the bedroom. Krysta notices a DVD-R sitting on the kitchen counter. On the label she has printed BOXER SANTAROS.

KRYSTA
Why would Cyndi give you a copy of our DVD? That fucking bitch...

She grabs it and shoves it in her SHOULDER BAG.

Zora emerges from the bedroom with some drugs... handing them to Krysta. Krysta rewards her with a kiss to the lips.

KRYSTA
Thanks girl.

ZORA
See ya.

Krysta leaves.

192A EXT. PCH -- MOMENTS LATER 192A *

We track with Krysta's SILVER LAMBORGHINI as it travels south on PCH toward Hermosa Beach. *

193 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- SOUTH BEACH AREA -- LATE MORNING 193

Boxer walks along the boardwalk. He has a RED SYRINGE in his hand... and slowly injects it into his neck.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Eyes I dare not meet in dreams...
 In death's dream kingdom.
 These do not appear: A waltz through the
 fourth dimension... into the year 1928.*

*
*
*
*

He scans across the pier... and sees the reality of 1928 appear before him through a thin layer of liquid distortion. The entire pier is bustling with people from decades ago. A SEA OF UMBRELLAS lie before him on the sand.

194 INT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- BIG DEAN'S -- 1928

194

*

Boxer walks through the LIQUID FABRIC OF SPACE-TIME into BIG DEAN'S, a RESTAURANT on the BOARDWALK at the base of Santa Monica pier, circa 1928. The place is bustling with activity.

*
*

Boxer notices an OLD RECORD PLAYER sitting on a table at the front of the restaurant. Jazz is playing. A woman named MARION CARD (50s) is sitting at a table... alone. She looks at Boxer with fierce anticipation.

MARION

Let me be no nearer...
 in death's dream kingdom,
 Jericho Cane. You're not what I expected.

*
*

(beat)
 Are you... are you a negro?

BOXER

I'm uh... Blamoan.

MARION

Bla-moan? What is that?

BOXER

Black and Samoan. I'm mixed race.

Marion puts on her GLASSES. She begins to lay TAROT CARDS out on the table.

MARION

My name is Marion Card.

BOXER

How can you see us?

MARION

Time is recorded... like a vinyl record.
 The earth is the record player. Sometimes
 the needle skips... toward the outer edge
 of the record.

(beat)
 And eventually...

MARION (CONT'D)
the needle will slide off the edge of the
record, and into oblivion.

(beat)
No more music.

Boxer hears the jazz music playing. The voices from the past.

MARION
Pardon me for whispering... but to
everyone here... I'm talking to thin air.
(glances around the restaurant)
What is the date... from which you speak?

BOXER
July 4th, 2008.

MARION
The last day. That is certain. Let me be
no nearer... in death's dream kingdom. *
(beat)
Not that final meeting... in the twilight *
kingdom. This is the way the world *
ends... This is the way the world ends. *
This... is how... the world... ends. *
(beat)
Not with a whimper... but with a bang. *

BOXER
How does it end? How does it happen?

Marion stares into him... filled with religious fervor.

MARION
A handshake.

BOXER
A handshake?

SUDDENLY... Marion Card disappears. 1928 has vanished. *

194A **EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- BOARDWALK -- MOMENTS LATER** 194A *

Boxer walks south on the boardwalk... thinking. He then hears
a WOMAN'S VOICE pierces through the air. He turns and sees
STARLA VON LUFT standing in front of him on the boardwalk. *

STARLA
BOXER SANTAROS!

Starla is on the verge of tears. She has CHEETO SCHMEG all
over her mouth.

STARLA
You are a beautiful man.

195 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL ROOF DECK -- NEXT 195

From his GUN MOUNT, Paul searches the crowd on the beach... finding Boxer through the cross-hairs of the scope. He sees Starla.

196 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- BOARDWALK -- NEXT 196 *

Soldiers and other TOURISTS have begun to notice Starla going nuts.

STARLA

The information that I have uncovered could get me killed. But it was a risk I was willing to take. The fate of the world depends on you, Jericho.

(beat)

The Baron carries with him a briefcase at all times. In this briefcase is the pass code that will engage the emergency shut down procedure. It must be shut down!

Starla looks around... realizing the inevitable.

STARLA

If you should succeed... remember me... my love. Remember my name.

BOXER

I will.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

STARLA

I... I want to suck your dick.

Boxer glances around...

BOXER

What?

Starla removes a GUN and puts it to her head.

STARLA

IF YOU DON'T LET ME SUCK YOUR DICK... I'M GONNA KILL MYSELF!!!

197 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL ROOF DECK -- NEXT 197

Paul sees this through the cross-hairs.

MACARTHUR (RADIO)

Take her out.

PAUL
SHIT. LADY... WHAT THE FUCK!

198 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- BOARDWALK -- NEXT

198 *

Starla is hysterical.

STARLA
I don't want to live in a world where I
can't have you!

Boxer puts his hands out defensively.

BOXER
ALRIGHT! CALM DOWN!
(beat)
You wanna get a hotel room or something?

She pulls the gun from her head... gesturing with her hand
toward Boxer's pants.

STARLA
TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS. RIGHT NOW!

199 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL ROOF DECK -- NEXT

199

Paul has no choice. He pulls the trigger.

200 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- BOARDWALK -- NEXT

200 *

A BULLET TEARS THROUGH HER CHEST. SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND...
WIPING CHEETO SCHMEG ON BOXER'S SHIRT.

Tourists scream and run for cover. Chaos erupts all around
them. Boxer panics... and then runs off toward the southern
end of the pier toward the boardwalk.

201 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL ROOF DECK -- NEXT

201

Paul sits there in the gun mount... overcome with shock.

202 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT

202

Nana sees what just happened on the monitors.

NANA
Fucking A... Starla just got waxed! What
the fuck is going on out there, people!
Talk to me!

203 EXT. SANTA MONICA BOARDWALK -- NEXT

203

Boxer sprints south on the boardwalk. He looks over his
shoulder to make sure he isn't being followed... passing by
the CASA DEL MAR HOTEL.

204 INT. CASA DEL MAR -- MIDDAY

204

Cyndi moves through the lavish lobby of CASA DEL MAR... approaching the restaurant that overlooks the beach.

Vaughn is there waiting for her at a table, alone. Cyndi sits down across from him.

VAUGHN
Deep Throat 2, I presume.

Cyndi takes off her sunglasses, smiling at Vaughn.

CYNDI
May I see the money?

Vaughn leans down and unzips a large DUFFEL BAG, revealing stacks of cash.

VAUGHN
May I see the DVD?

Cyndi slides a DVD-R across the table. Vaughn places it in a camcorder and presses play.

VAUGHN
Is this the only copy?

CYNDI
I don't work in distribution. This is the only copy.

Cyndi goes to grab the bag. Vaughn grabs her arm.

VAUGHN
Not so fast. I have a few questions I'd like to ask you.

CYNDI
Go ahead. Ask away.

VAUGHN
How do you sleep at night?

CYNDI
Very well, thank you very much. That is until I hear screams from next door, because the FBI is raiding my neighbor's house based on false information provided by that Orwellian nightmare your friend Bob Frost just endorsed with glowing praise.

VAUGHN

Have you ever lost a friend, a loved one, in a terrorist attack? Because I have.

CYNDI

It may come as a shock to you, Mr. Vaughn, but I lost two friends in Texas. Two of my four ex-husbands... on a fishing trip together, no doubt cursing my name over a case of beer when the second nuke went off.

(shaking her head)

They may have been pricks, but I still loved 'em. So go sell your sob story somewhere else.

VAUGHN

What are you gonna do with all that free money?

CYNDI

I'm gonna distribute my documentary, help some women in the middle east get a few more civil liberties. Do you know what those two words mean? Civil Liberty? You should write them down.

VAUGHN

I hope we meet again one day, Cyndi Pinziki. That's right... I know your real name.

CYNDI

Really? Where do wanna meet Joe? Let's set a date right now.

VAUGHN

One year from today. A women's prison camp in Bakersfield. Cause you're going down, sister...

CYNDI

You know, I wasn't going to do this, but I'm feeling generous today. I'm gonna leave you with a little present.

VAUGHN

Oh... I'm so flattered. What is it?

CYNDI

A taser gun to the balls.

VAUGHN

What?

A LOUD ZAPPING SOUND erupts from underneath the table. Vaughn convulses in his seat. From across the restaurant... a SECRET SERVICEMAN takes notice of something awry.

CYNDI

You should know... there's a second DVD out there. A much more incriminating DVD featuring your pal Boxer Santaros and a double murder. It'll cost you more than a million dollars to get your hands on that one... that is if you're lucky enough to get back in the game before it's too late.

Drool is now hanging from Vaughn's lip. He cannot speak.

CYNDI

Tell Bob Frost that if he doesn't reverse his position on prop sixty-nine before sundown... we go live... prime-time... global.

(leaning in)

Because when it's all said and done... nobody rocks the cock like Cyndi Pinziki.

She tasers him a second time. Vaughn convulses again. Cyndi then grabs the duffel bag and walks casually toward the exit.

The SECRET SERVICEMAN goes to stop her... but Jerri emerges from around the bar and TASERS him in the back. He falls to the floor, convulsing.

JERRY

Fucker.

She then joins Cyndi... striding calmly toward the exit.

205 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- EARLY MORNING

205

Nana sits at the motherboard... locking in communications with all of the AGENTS in Hermosa beach. Images from their CAMERAS flicker across the display of monitors.

NANA

Guys, you're gonna have to bear with me today. My regular girls have the day off.

206 EXT. HERMOSA GOOD STUFF -- EARLY MORNING

206

Krysta sits at an OUTDOOR BREAKFAST TABLE at GOOD STUFF in HERMOSA. Across from her are TERA COX (28), SHOSHANA KAPOWSKI (30), DEENA STORM (25) and SHEENA FOX (25).

All are wearing "NOW" T-shirts. A CAMERA operator named SHANE LAVERNE (32) is filming their conversation.

TERA

Once you get on the bang bus... you never get off. There are always going to be people who judge us for doing porn. I don't care if we discover the cure for Cancer... we're still *the porn stars* who cured Cancer. This is society's fault. Not ours.

KRYSTA

But that's the whole point of this reality project, Tera. To change society... to disprove the mythology that society perpetuates.

TERA

But that's what you don't understand. People don't want to adjust their belief systems.

DEENA

She's right... people will never change.

SHEENA

The nerds will always be in control... because they never got fucked in high school.

TERA

Fuck yeah. If terrorists were getting laid more... they wouldn't terrorize us as much. I mean... the government should be using porno to help combat terrorism.

SHANE

Tera... can you adjust your mike?

Tera adjusts her mike. Sheena takes a sip of KRYSTAL ENERGIE.

SHEENA

Have you guys ever fucked on Krystal Energie before?

DEENA

Ask me that question again in about four hours.

Deena, Tera and Sheena laugh out loud. Krysta withdraws the DVD-R... showing it to Tera.

TERA

Oh my god... is that the footage of you and Boxer?

KRYSTA

Yeah.

TERA

What are you gonna do with it?

KRYSTA

I was thinking of going public with it. I mean... fuck it. She's pregnant with Brandt's baby! This could impact the election. This could be really good for my career.

SHOSHANA

There's a website that everyone is talking about. Someone routing outside of USIDENT... the government can't figure out how to shut it down.

KRYSTA

What's it called?

SHOSHANA

WWW.USIDEATH.ORG

Shoshana slides a post card across the table. There is a graphic of an AMERICAN FLAG and a FINGERPRINT on it... with the slogan: DON'T TOUCH ME.

KRYSTA

How do I get this to the webmaster?

SHOSHANA

There are secret drop boxes all over the city. I think there's one somewhere in the Poop Deck.

207 INT. MARINA DEL REY TOWER -- BOOKMAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER 207

Zora has the phone to her ear.

CYNDI (PHONE)

You sabotaged the operation. I'm taking over from here.

ZORA

Like hell you are... I've got the DVD. This is my deal...

Zora storms over to the kitchen counter. The DVD is gone.

ZORA

Fuck! That little bitch. She stole it...

CYNDI (PHONE)

WHAT?!

ZORA

Your friend Krysta! She stole the DVD for her stupid reality show!

CYNDI (PHONE)

Hah! She probably thinks it's the footage of her...

ZORA

EAT A DICK, PINZIKI! EAT A DICK!

Zora slams the phone down.

208 INT. MARINA DEL REY TOWER -- BOOKMAN'S APARTMENT -- NEXT 208

Zora hangs up the phone. Bookman appears in the doorway.

ZORA

Krysta stole the DVD. She's gonna go prime-time with it.

BOOKMAN

YOU HAD TO FUCK HER... DIDN'T YOU!

Zora begins to scream hysterically... channeling Sam Kinison.

ZORA

I DIDN'T FUCK HER!! SHUT UP!!! SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

(hysterical rage)

AAHHHHHHHHH!!! AAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

BOOKMAN

WHORA!! WHORA CHARMICHAELS!!!

Zora starts to throw dishes.

209 EXT. MARINA DEL REY TOWERS -- ROOF PENTHOUSE -- NEXT 209

Robinson and Wallace are watching the meltdown.

BOOKMAN (VIDEO FEED)

WHERE DID SHE GO?

ZORA (VIDEO FEED)

HERMOSA.

BOOKMAN (VIDEO FEED)

GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER... WE GOTTA FIND HER.

Robinson and team begin to mobilize.

ROBINSON

Alright people... suspects are headed to the south bay. Let's go.

210 INT. MARINA DEL REY TOWERS -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER 210

Robinson and Wallace move through the hallway... Putting on their BULLETPROOF VESTS.

211 INT. MARINA DEL REY TOWERS -- GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER 211

The police pull out of the garage in their BLACK CHEVY SUBURBANS.

212 EXT. PCH -- MOMENTS LATER 212

Robinson and her crew move south on PCH tailing Bookman and Zora in their ESCALADE.

213 EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH PIER -- MORNING 213

A SOLDIER sits on a HYDRAULIC GUN MOUNT on the platform on the end of a PARKING LOT that overlooks Manhattan Beach Pier. A MASSIVE VOLLEYBALL tournament is underway.

THROUGH HIS HEADSET: We see Boxer moving through the crowd past the tournament.

SOLDIER

He's headed south past Manhattan pier.

Boxer puts his CELL PHONE to his ear.

VINCENZO (PHONE)

Hello?

BOXER

Vincenzo... it's Boxer. I'm in Hermosa... I need a place to hide...

214 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT 214

Nana is trying to connect to all of the AGENTS in Hermosa.

NANA

Alright... we are tailing Zora Charmichaels and Clarence Bookman. They are driving a silver Escalade.

ROBINSON (VIDEO FEED)

They are looking to rendezvous with Krysta Kapowski... aka... Krysta Now. Blonde... five foot four... 110 pounds. Travelling with a camera crew.

ROBINSON (VIDEO FEED) (CONT'D)
*Apparently there is a DVD in her
 possession that is the target...*

We see the POV CAMERAS of Robinson and her crew displayed on the MOTHERBOARD.

215 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND -- NEXT** 215

A MASSIVE CRANE SHOT soars over Hermosa Beach. THOUSANDS of people are visible as far as the eye can see.

216 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PROMENADE -- VARIOUS -- NEXT** 216

We see a MONTAGE of footage from Krysta's reality project... as she and her CAST & CREW move through the crowd... trying to record footage for a MUSIC VIDEO for one of her POP SONGS.

217 **OMITTED** 217 *

218 **EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE -- ALLEY -- NEXT** 218

Bookman's Escalade pulls up next to Krysta's Lamborghini... parked in an alley. He and Zora rush from the Escalade to the sports car.

ZORA

Look for a camera crew.

219 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH -- CARNIVAL AREA -- NEXT** 219

We follow Bookman and Zora through an ELABORATE CARNIVAL area with a STAGE featuring GYRATING WOMEN in BIKINIS... floating NASCAR MODELS... MONSTER TRUCKS... TROPICAL MISTING TENTS...

An FLAT-SCREEN plays a 3-D ANIMATION VIDEO of WOMEN IN BIKINIS dancing on the edge of an AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

We eventually catch up with Krysta and her team.

TERA

Are you gonna deliver the DVD or not?

KRYSTA

Fuck it. Let's find the drop box.

Zora and Krysta just barely miss one another.

220 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND -- NEXT** 220

Boxer moves through a HUGE CROWD assembled on the boardwalk. He has been running for more than an hour... all the way from Santa Monica pier.

He arrives at the annual JULY 4TH HERMOSA IRONMAN COMPETITION. There are YES ON 69 banners everywhere.

Several hundred MEN and some brave WOMEN are partying in a MOSH PIT that clogs the entire strand... chugging BEER and VOMITING everywhere.

Barney Benz is standing on a BALCONY with a MICROPHONE in hand. He has the number 69 painted on his shoulder and back.

Vincenzo stands next to him.

BARNEY
COME ON PEOPLE! LET'S GET IT ON!

Johnny Hermosa is spewing vomit everywhere.

221 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT

221

Nana watches footage from the Ironman on the MOTHERBOARD.

NANA
Alright I can't tell who is who... what
the fuck are we looking for out there?

222 EXT. HERMOSA BEACH STRAND -- NEXT

222

Boxer shoves his way through the crowd... ending up in the center of the mosh pit. *People start to recognize him... screaming out his name...*

Boxer begins to go nuts... shoving people...screaming out. He grabs a BEER and chugs it. He then grabs a woman and begins to make out with her.

BARNEY
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... I GIVE YOU...
JERICHO CANE.

The crowd goes nuts... cheering him on.

BOXER
(psychotic)
I AM A PRAGMATIC PREVARICATOR... WITH A
PROPENSITY FOR ORATORICAL SENIORITY...
WHICH IS TO PLEONASTIC TO BE
EXPEDITIOUSLY ASSIMILATED BY ANY OF YOUR
UNEQUIVOCAL VERACITIES.

The crowd just stares at him like he is insane. *Boxer makes eye contact with Vincenzo.*

223 EXT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT

223

Krysta and Tera move toward the entrance to The Poop Deck.

TERA
LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!

224 EXT. HERMOSA BEACH ALLEYS -- VARIOUS -- NEXT 224

Robinson, Wallace, Fitzpatrick, Walker and McBride are maneuvering their way through the 4th of July crowd with FUTURISTIC HEADGEAR... searching for Zora.

225 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT 225

Nana is desperately trying to coordinate the search on the motherboard... referencing all of the footage from their HEADGEAR.

NANA

Fuck me!

226 INT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT 226

Krysta moves through the crowded bar... filled with drunken people. Shoshana is next to her.

SHOSHANA

The drop box is in the men's bathroom. There is a secret compartment on back wall behind the toilet.

Krysta moves towards the MEN'S BATHROOM.

227 INT. THE POOP DECK -- MEN'S BATHROOM -- NEXT 227

Krysta steps into the bathroom... ignoring the comments from several DRUNK ASSHOLES. She moves into the stall.

Behind the toilet... there is a SMALL STICKER with an AMERICAN FLAG and a FINGERPRINT. It says... DON'T TOUCH ME.

Krysta pushes on the sticker... and a piece of the wall opens into a HATCH. She drops the DVD-R into the hatch.

228 INT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT 228

Krysta exits the bathroom. She then turns around... LOCKING EYES with ZORA as she and BOOKMAN come in through the entrance.

KRYSTA

Oh... shit.

Krysta shoves her way through the crowded bar toward the back patio. Bookman and Zora follow close behind. Krysta runs into a LARGE GROUP OF GUYS.

KRYSTA

Help me! Those people are trying to kill me!

Bookman is the first to push through the crowd and one of the guys CLOCKS HIM IN THE FACE. Another one KICKS HIM IN THE STOMACH.

As Krysta escapes into the PATIO, Zora starts BEATING PEOPLE WITH HER BATON. A MASSIVE BRAWL erupts as BOOKMAN PULLS HIS GUN. *People clear away in seconds upon seeing the gun.*

BOOKMAN
(holding out his badge)
GET THE FUCK BACK! I'M A POLICE OFFICER.

Krysta reaches the back of the patio and escapes into the alley.

229 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PARKING STRUCTURE -- NEXT** 229

The SOLDIER that is perched at the top of a PARKING STRUCTURE adjacent to The Poop Deck takes notice. He watches the BRAWL in the sights of his headgear.

BOOKMAN is pointing the gun at everyone... looking psychotic.

SOLDIER
In the Poop Deck. He's got a gun!

230 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH ALLEY -- NEXT** 230

Wallace notices the commotion coming from The Poop Deck from a back alley.

WALLACE
The Poop Deck!

Krysta comes smashing through the back entrance and sprints past Robinson, Fitzpatrick and McBride.

231 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PARKING STRUCTURE -- NEXT** 231

The SOLDIER on the GUN MOUNT has the CROSS-HAIRS aimed on Bookman. His finger inches closer to the trigger...

232 **INT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT** 232

Bookman has his gun pointed at everyone... when a MASSIVE BULLET TEARS THROUGH HIS CHEST. BLOOD EXPLODES out of his back onto the crowd.

PEOPLE SCREAM OUT... SMASHING THEIR WAY OUT OF THE EXIT TO THE POOP DECK... SMASHING DOWN THE BACK WALL INTO THE ALLEY.

ZORA GRABS BOOKMAN'S GUN.

Wallace and Robinson push their way through the crowd... locating Zora.

ROBINSON
FREEZE! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Zora points the gun at Robinson.

ZORA
GET THAT FUCKING DVD!!!

A SNIPER BULLET TEARS THROUGH ZORA'S CHEST.

Zora stands there for a moment... BLOOD SPEWING FROM HER MOUTH. She then turns around slowly... facing Wallace.

ZORA (CONT'D)
You... pussy.

At long last... Zora falls to the ground... dead.

233 **EXT. HERMOSA BEACH SIDE ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER** 233

Vincenzo, Barney and Hermosa escort Boxer through an alley... emerging near the back exit to the POOP DECK. People are still running around... reacting to the chaos of the shooting.

VINCENZO
People have been looking for you...

234 **EXT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- DAY** 234

They lead Boxer through the mayhem to the entrance to the HERMOSA BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. There are ARMY SOLDIERS standing at either side of the entrance.

235 **INT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- NEXT** 235

Vincenzo leads Boxer into the back corridor... SOLDIERS stand guard everywhere. They arrive at the end of the hall at a HOTEL SUITE DOOR. Derrick Storm is there.

STORM
Are you carrying any weapons?
Give him your guns.

Boxer retrieves his two GUNS and hands them over to the Storm... who then opens the door to the suite.

He turns and nods to Vincenzo.

VINCENZO
Get ready for a big surprise...

236 INT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- MASTER SUITE -- NEXT

236

Inside the suite... Inga and Simon Theory are waiting on either side of a LARGE FLAT-SCREEN monitor. In front of them is a FUTURISTIC SILVER COFFIN... covered in a thin layer of FROST.

TWO SCIENTISTS (that we saw at the opening press conference)... DR. X (40s), DR. Y (50s), and DR. Z (60s) stand on either side of the coffin. Soldiers hold guns to the scientists. *All of them appear SCARED SHITLESS.*

INGA

Mr. Santaros... welcome to our little beach party. May I offer you a beverage?

A Soldier retrieves a COORS LIGHT from an ice chest and offers it to Boxer. He takes the beer and immediately chugs it down.

INGA

There isn't much time... so we'll cut to the chase. Simon...

SIMON

Two weeks ago you participated in a charity scavenger hunt for Senator Bob Frost and Frier Products.

Simon shows the video footage from Dockweiler State Beach on the flat-screen. The figure digging in the sand... running...

SIMON

This is you. We believe that this footage was taken by the person who abducted you just moments later.

INGA

The project is called Serpentine Dream Theory.

DR. X

The tidal generator within Utopia 3 has achieved simulated perpetual motion. The impact of this achievement has slowed the acceleration of the planet to such a significant degree... that environmental anomalies have begun to surface.

DR. Y

One of these anomalies... discovered earlier this year, was a rift in the fourth dimension.

DR. Z

A rift in the fabric of space-time... a half kilometer wide. The rift is located in the Valley of Fire... on the outskirts of Lake Mead, Nevada.

Simon displays a SATELLITE PHOTO on the flat-screen of the desert surrounding Lake Mead.

INGA

And what does my son do when he discovers a rift in the fourth dimension?

DR. X

He demanded that we launch... monkeys... into it.

237 EXT. NEVADA DESERT -- [FLASHBACK] DAY

237

We see a CHIMPANZEE inside of a CLEAR PLASTIC BALL with breathing holes... locked into a CATAPULT HARNESS out in the desert. He screams from inside the ball.

238 INT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- MASTER SUITE -- NEXT

238

We see video footage of the PLASTIC BALLS recovered from the desert. Dead monkeys inside.

DR. Y

Unfortunately... the chimpanzees did not survive.

DR. Z

Baron was convinced that only a human subject could survive the jaunt.

INGA

At which point... he decided that first human subject to travel through the rift... would be you.

BOXER

Why me?

INGA

Your celebrity and your political ties proved an irresistible combination.

*
*

Boxer takes another COORS LIGHT and downs it.

Simon advances to a 3-D SCHEMATIC of a TRIER SALT AIR driving through the desert of Nevada toward the rift.

DR. X

On June 28th, you and your captor drove a Trier Saltair out to the rift zone... with the intention of driving the car through the rift at precisely twelve noon pacific standard time.

BOXER

Who was it? Who kidnapped me?

DR. Y

We don't know his identity. Baron arranged it. As the satellite photos show... at approximately 10:51 AM... sixty-nine minutes before you were to travel through the rift... a duplicate version of Boxer Santaros appeared.

DR. Z

You travelled sixty-nine minutes back in time. Your future self confronted your past self.

BOXER

What happened to the person driving the car?

INGA

We're still trying to figure that out.

DR. Y

For reasons that are unclear to us... your past self hit the emergency self-destruct switch on the SUV that was given to your captor as a precaution if the mission were to go awry.

DR. Y

The Trier Saltair burst into flames. You were killed instantly.

239 EXT NEVADA DESERT -- [FLASHBACK] DAY

239

A TRIER SALT AIR BURNS in the desert sun.

240 INT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- MASTER SUITE -- NEXT

240

Boxer sees the now familiar SATELLITE PHOTO of the burning SUV in the desert... remembering.

BOXER

I killed myself?

DR. Z

Your past self committed suicide upon seeing your future self.

BOXER

So... I'm my future self... the dude who travelled through the rift.

DR. X

And this... is your past self.

Inga touches a button and the GLASS TOP of the coffin becomes TRANSPARENT... revealing a CHARRED HUMAN CARCASS.

INGA

This... is all that is left of your past self.

Boxer stares at the body in awe.

DR. Y

Your body... this artifact... the dual existence of a single human soul... could unlock the mystery of creation... the mystery of humankind.

BOXER

I don't understand... why I would kill myself? I've never considered suicide. I'm a pimp. Pimps don't commit suicide.

DR. Z

We think that your suicide was some sort of innate defense mechanism against the dual existence of a single human soul.

INGA

We don't know what would happen if two identical human souls... and the vessels that carry them... came into direct physical contact with one another.

SIMON

It could trigger an explosion one hundred times the size of a thermonuclear weapon. It could open a black hole... swallowing the earth into an abyss of anti-matter.

DR. X

Your quick, decisive decision to commit suicide... is a sign that humankind cannot go on with two identical human souls walking the face of the earth.

DR. Y
 Humankind owes you a great debt... for
 your sacrifice.

Boxer nods his head slowly... understanding it all.

INGA
 My son... has gone mad. He must be
 stopped. I need your help, Boxer...

The CAMERA moves in to Boxer's face... his mind racing.

241 **EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- LATE AFTERNOON** 241

The CAMERA soars north over the STAPLES CENTER... revealing a MASSIVE CYLINDRICAL HANGAR. Its SPARS are slowly extruding down into their underground storage compartment... giving us a glimpse of the JENNY VON WESTPHALEN. The Megazeppelin is massive... the length of three football fields.

242 **INT. TRIER PLAZA TOWER -- PENTHOUSE OFFICE -- NEXT** 242

Baron sits at the end of the CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE... flanked by Inga, Katarina, Serpentine and the rest of the TRIER EXECUTIVE staff.

At the other end of the table is HIDEO TAKATANA (60s). He and his ATTORNEYS are reviewing a stack of documents.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
Baron held a great deal of resentment against Hideo Takatana, who controlled the patent for the hybrid gasoline engine. Now that the tables were turned, Baron had negotiated the sale of fluid karma on his own terms.

Takatana begrudgingly signs the document. He then places his hand out onto a GLASS CUTTING BOARD that has been laid out on a LARGE WHITE DROP CLOTH.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)
Takatana was willing to relinquish one of his fingers in exchange for the patent.

Takatana extends his PINKY FINGER. He sneers at Baron... showing no sign of fear.

Serpentine walks down to the end of the table... and raises a LARGE BUTCHER KNIFE into the air.

She throws Baron a wink.

SERPENTINE
 YAH!

Serpentine lowers the KNIFE down with swift force... severing Takatana's ENTIRE HAND at the wrist.

BLOOD spews forth onto the tablecloth... some of it splattering on Serpentine's face.

TAKATANA
BAAAHHHHHHHH!!!
(intense shock)
YOU BASTARD!!! YOU SAID FINGER!!! NOT
ENTIRE HAND!!! CONTRACT SAID FINGER
ONLY!!!

BARON
Clearly... your attorneys didn't read the
entire contract... which stipulates a six
inch margin of error in the chopping
radius!

One of the ATTORNEYS goes to wrap Takatana's wrist in a white towel, trying to control the bleeding.

BARON
Serpentine... have Mr. Takatana's hand
bronzed... and mounted on a cheap wooden
plaque.

Serpentine drops the hand into an ICE CHEST as Takatana is carried out of the penthouse.

243 **EXT. 10 FREEWAY -- SUNSET** 243

The MENSTRA SOCIETY bus travels east on the 10 FREEWAY toward downtown.

244 **INT. MENSTRA SOCIETY BUS -- NEXT** 244

Terrence Clark is now awake. Synergy is there with him.

TERRENCE CLARK
Where are we?

SYNERGY
We're heading downtown. There is a
women's shelter there... we're going to
help counsel the sisterhood of young
mothers.

245 **INT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- HOTEL SUITE -- NEXT** 245

A DARK FIGURE sits alone at his FLAT-SCREEN monitor in a hotel suite... loading the FOOTAGE of Bookman killing Dion and Dream onto the hard drive.

CYNDI (PHONE)

*Did you retrieve the DVD from The Poop
Deck drop box?*

DARK FIGURE

Yes. I will be going live with three stories tonight. Lake Mead Massacre... Bloodbath and Beyond... and The Dream is Over.

He has created LOGOS for each piece of VIDEO FOOTAGE.

246 INT. VENICE HOUSE -- NEXT

246

Cyndi has her headset on. She is wearing an EVENING GOWN... looking glamorous as all hell. Jerri is dressed in a similar gown... sipping a glass of champagne in the background.

Jerri admires a FANCY INVITATION to the TRIER MEGAZEPPELIN LAUNCH.

CYNDI

How long can your website be active before US-IDENT can route in and shut it down?

DARK FIGURE (PHONE)

I have so many firewalls built... it will take them months to get this taken down.

CYNDI

What is the hosting site?

DARK FIGURE (PHONE)

WWW.USIDEATH.ORG

247 INT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- MASTER SUITE -- NEXT

247

The Dark Figure finishes loading the footage. We see the logo for: www.usideath.org

The CAMERA then pans up to reveal the DARK FIGURE...

It is SIMON THEORY. He reaches into a bag and retrieves a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER filled with SEVERED THUMBS. He retrieves one of the THUMBS and places it on the US-IDENT scanner.

SIMON

And into the abyss we go...

248 EXT. HERMOSA PIER PROMENADE -- NIGHT

248

We see the PROMENADE filled with THOUSANDS of people. American flags flutter from the trees... HELICOPTERS circle above.

249 EXT. BEACH HOUSE HOTEL -- NEXT

249

A MILITARY HUMVEE drives under the BEACH HOUSE HOTEL bridge. Several POLICE CRUISERS and AMBULANCES are parked on either side of the alley intersection.

Robinson and Wallace are there with their team.

FITZPATRICK

We don't know what happened to the DVD.
There are drop boxes everywhere.

MCBRIDE

As for officer David Clark... he's been showing up in the system in different places at the same time. US-IDENT can't explain it. They think it's a bug in the system spread by whoever is behind usideath.org

WALLACE

What are we looking for, partner?

Robinson hangs up her phone.

ROBINSON

Intelligence says they've received more than a hundred death threats from Neo-Marxist cells against Senator Bob Frost.

WALLACE

You gotta be kidding me. Over prop sixty-nine?

ROBINSON

Yeah. These sniper shootings are all over the news... this could get ugly tonight.

WALLACE

Where is Frost?

ROBINSON

He's getting ready to board the MegaZeppelin.

(beat)

You got a tuxedo?

250 INT. TRIER PLAZA -- PENTHOUSE LOUNGE -- NEXT

250 *

Krysta, Tera and THREE OTHER DANCERS are putting on MAKE-UP in the PENTHOUSE LOUNGE. They are all wearing LAVISH COSTUMES. Serpentine enters... dropping an ENVELOPE down on the table.

*
*
*

SERPENTINE

Mr. Santaros arrived in one piece. The Baron congratulates you on a job well done.

Krysta takes the envelope.

SERPENTINE

See you at the party.

Krysta turns and stares at her face in the mirror. She looks beautiful... any trace of her porno past now erased.

251 INT. TRIER PLAZA TOWER -- PENTHOUSE -- NEXT

251

Boxer stands at the window of a PENTHOUSE in Trier Plaza... staring out at the city. He is now wearing a TUXEDO.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Boxer Santaros was now the first survivor of a successful suicide attempt on human record. Infused his spirit was, with death and rebirth, eclipsed somewhere in the shadows of the evening sun, where the shadows and light were one.

Boxer turns to see Inga explaining the facts to Frost, Vaughn and Brandt.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

His advisors could not fathom the repercussions of such an experiment, as a great cosmic barrier had been broken. Beyond this barrier lay a road not taken by any previous mortal creature.

They turn and stare at Boxer with both trepidation and awe.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

He now belonged to some undiscovered dominion.

Frost sips scotch. Inga draws from a clove cigarette.

FROST

Well at least we've got DNA in our corner. What are the chances that the body isn't Boxer's?

INGA

One in four billion.

VAUGHN

I like those odds.

252 **EXT. TRIER PLAZA -- NIGHT**

252

The camera descends into TRIER PLAZA. The GIGANTIC LUXURY MEGAZEPPELIN is docked in a MOORING at the base of the towers. The JENNY VON WESTPHALEN is huge... lit up SPECTACULARLY with gigantic spotlights.

The OUTER HULL of the ship is shaped like a partially deflated FOOTBALL. The shell is transparent... the illuminated interior of the envelope reveals the struts, gas cells and catwalks. All this powered by huge, twin turbine engines set behind the flight deck that run on pure FLUID KARMIC ENERGY.

The TRIER LOGO is embossed on the side of the shell with advertisements running along video displays. The LOWER HULL is THREE STORIES TALL.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

The night was filled with equal parts danger and promise... as the great city danced precariously on the brink of chaos and revolution.

On the OUTER DOCK there is a MISSION CONTROL building, HELIPORT and an elaborate PROMENADE with a STAGE and a RED CARPET that leads through an elaborate SECURITY BRIDGE that docks into the rear entrance to the zeppelin.

Thousands people fill downtown in anticipation of the launch. *

253 **EXT. NORTH TRIER PLAZA -- TRAM ENTRANCE DECK -- NEXT**

253 *

Boxer, Vaughn, Frost, Caroline and Brandt walk through the crowd waiting to board the TRAM that leads to the zeppelin. A LARGE STAGE has been erected north of the zeppelin with SPOTLIGHTS shining into the air. *

A group of DANCERS wearing BIZARRE GOWNS and TRANSPARENT GAS MASKS rise from the floor among a torrent of ROSE PETALS blowing through the crowd.

Krysta and Tera are both dancers...

Boxer chews his nails anxiously as his eyes search the crowd. Caroline notices Krysta dancing on the stage. She glares up at her.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Boxer knew that the road not taken was often the most uncertain... and that time allows for only one conclusion.

Boxer sees that they are ushering people through METAL DETECTORS. People are placing their THUMB on a US-IDENT SECURITY PAD as they walk through.

253A EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- MOMENTS LATER 253A *

The TRIER MEGAZEPPELIN TRAM runs south toward Trier Plaza. *

254 EXT. 110 FREEWAY NORTH -- NEXT 254

HELICOPTER SHOT: We follow Walter Mung's ICE CREAM TRUCK north on the 110 toward downtown.

255 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 255

David Clark lays unconscious on the floor of the ice cream truck as it travels north.

256 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT 256

The SILVER HUMVEE is heading into downtown.

257 INT. HUMVEE -- NEXT 257

Larry is behind the wheel... crying softly.

258 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- ENTRANCE TUNNEL -- MOMENTS LATER 258

We follow Boxer, Vaughn and the Senator's entourage of SECRET SERVICEMEN through the ENTRANCE TUNNEL. FLAT-SCREENS are playing information about the TIDAL GENERATOR and FLUID KARMA. A SOOTHING WOMAN'S VOICE plays over the speakers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (SPEAKERS)
Throughout history... ocean tides were thought to be a magic, even supernatural event.

They are then lead into an ELEVATOR.

259 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- ELEVATOR -- NEXT 259

Inside the glass and metal ELEVATOR... Boxer fidgets anxiously. Vaughn fixes his hair.

WOMAN'S VOICE (SPEAKERS)
For billions of years... the daily cycle of the ocean tides have influenced patterns of hunting, breeding and feeding behavior among the developing life forms of our planet.

The doors open...

260 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- RESTAURANT LOBBY -- NEXT 260

Boxer is lead into the black marble lobby area... which leads into the MASSIVE RESTAURANT at the front nose of the dirigible.

WOMAN'S VOICE (SPEAKERS)

Many of the pre-disposed behaviors and capabilities that all land and sea species inherit from protracted evolution clearly reflect the lunar or monthly duration.

261 EXT. TRIER PLAZA -- VARIOUS -- NEXT 261

The Jenny begins to lift off from the ground.

We show a MONTAGE of images of various THRUSTERS and LANDING GEAR retractions... along with inserts from MISSION CONTROL and FLIGHT DECK PERSONNEL on the MASSIVE LANDING PLATFORM.

262 INT. LOS ANGELES RESIDENCES -- NEXT 262

We show NBC4 NEWSCAST CLIPS covering the launch from various TELEVISIONS throughout the city.

263 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- UPPER BALCONY -- NEXT 263

We follow Baron and Inga as they walk down an upper level corridor that leads to a BALCONY at the top of MARBLE STAIRS that descend down into the restaurant.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Unbeknownst to his mother, Baron had dosed each of the five hundred bottles of champagne on board the MegaZeppelin with a healthy dose of PCP.

INGA

This is your final warning. If you don't relinquish control of the briefcase to the executive committee... I will be forced to take matters into my own hands.

BARON

Are you threatening me, mother?

INGA

While the miser is merely a capitalist gone mad, the capitalist is a rational miser. Be rational... Baron. Serpentine Dream Theory has gone hopelessly awry. You have unearthed a power that could lead to the undoing of all existence.

BARON

So be it! Why prevent the inevitable...
when the inevitable... is INEVITABLE!

INGA

Boxer Santaros is here.

BARON

Excellent. The specimen has arrived.
(into his headset)
Send Mr. Santaros a bottle of champagne.

He and Inga stare down into the RESTAURANT... as we CRANE OUT
and into the massive space... revealing it in all of its
splendor.

The CAMERA moves through the OVAL-SHAPED LOWER-LEVEL
RESTAURANT HULL of the zeppelin. There are WINDOWS on three
sides of the hull providing a view of the city. There is a
dance floor beyond the RECTANGULAR CENTRAL BAR.

We come upon Boxer's table... where he sits with Caroline,
Brandt and the Senator. A WAITER delivers a BOTTLE OF
CHAMPAGNE.

WAITER

Courtesy of the Baron.

Boxer looks up and makes eye contact Baron... who raises his
glass. Boxer nods back to him... eyeballing Inga.

264 EXT. DOWNTOWN -- FIGUEROA STREET -- NEXT 264

Larry pulls his Hummer up to an ATM MACHINE near the corner
of the WESTFIELD SHOPPINGTOWN MALL. He gets out of the car
and approaches the ATM MACHINE.

265 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- CENTRAL BAR -- NEXT 265

We come upon Cyndi and Jerri sipping champagne at the bar.
They eyeball Senator Frost and Boxer from afar.

Vincenzo, dressed in a tuxedo, arrives next to them.

VINCENZO

Thanks for the invitation, Cyndi.

CYNDI

It's the least we could do.

Cyndi drops an envelope on the bar in front of him. Vincenzo
peeks inside. It is filled with hundred dollar bills.

VINCENZO

Thank you.

Vincenzo motions to the bartender.

VINCENZO
Champagne, please.

Across the way... Robinson and Wallace, now dressed in evening attire, survey the crowd.

PAUL MOYER, live correspondent for NBC4... is followed by a small CAMERA OPERATOR. He approaches Senator Frost.

PAUL MOYER
We are here live... on the Jenny von Westphalen. Senator Frost... how does it feel to be riding wave of the future on its maiden voyage?

266 EXT. DOWNTOWN -- FIGUEROA STREET -- NEXT

266

Larry is trying to get money from the ATM... but his account is overdrawn. He grabs the receipt... and begins to CRY HYSTERICALLY. He begins to POUND HIS FISTS against the machine. He then walks back to the Hummer and gets behind the wheel.

ACROSS THE STREET... a group of BLACK TEENAGERS are walking down the sidewalk. They watch as Larry BACKS THE HUMMER UP TO THE ATM MACHINE.

Larry steps out of the vehicle and then begins to pull a LARGE CHAIN from a WENCH mounted on the tailgate. He opens up the ENVELOPE DOOR on the machine and attaches the METAL CLASP to the metal bar inside of it.

BLACK TEENAGER
Yo! I saw this on TV once!

Larry gets behind the wheel of the Hummer and starts the engine... puts the vehicle into drive... and then FLOORS IT.

When the CHAIN PULLS TIGHT... the REAR END of the Hummer rises several inches off the ground as the ATM MACHINE partially separates from the CEMENT WALL of the drug store.

267 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- SIDE CORRIDOR -- NEXT

267

Boxer follows Serpentine down the corridor. He watches her disappear into the WOMEN'S BATHROOM.

After two WOMEN exit... he follows her inside.

268 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- WOMEN'S BATHROOM -- NEXT

268

Serpentine, applying lipstick in the mirror... turns and sees Boxer.

SERPENTINE

Mr. Santaros. This is the women's bathroom.

BOXER

You know... you know everything that happened out in the desert.

She goes to leave... but he grabs her arm.

BOXER

Who did the Baron hire to kidnap me? Who drove the Trier Saltair through the time rift?

SERPENTINE

You haven't figured that out yet?

BOXER

What is his name?

Serpentine smiles mischievously.

SERPENTINE

Officer... David... Clark.

269 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

269

David Clark rolls over on the floor of the ice cream truck... opening his eyes.

270 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- WOMEN'S BATHROOM -- NEXT

270

Boxer shoves Serpentine up against the marble wall. Serpentine looks turned on by this.

BOXER

Is he still alive?

SERPENTINE

In more ways than one.

Serpentine kisses him on the lips. Boxer slams her back against the wall again. *She loves it.*

271 EXT. THRIFTY DRUG STORE -- DOWNTOWN -- NEXT

271

Larry backs the Hummer up once again... puts it in first gear and floors it... this time RIPPING THE ATM MACHINE FROM THE WALL OF THE STORE.

The ATM MACHINE slides several feet along the sidewalk... coming to a rest on the edge of the curb... as rubble falls from around the GAPING HOLE in the wall of the store.

The BLACK TEENAGERS begin to CHEER WILDLY.

Larry puts the Hummer into gear once again and drives north on Flower street... PULLING THE ATM MACHINE BEHIND HIM... SPARKS FLYING AS IT DRAGS ALONG THE CONCRETE.

The BLACK TEENAGERS run over to the gaping hole in awe. They peer inside and see that they can get inside the store.

BLACK TEENAGER
JACKPOT!

They crawl through the HOLE... just as another group of HOMELESS PEOPLE approach.

272 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT

272

The JENNY rises up above the city... spinning around counter-clockwise. FIREWORKS explode in the distance at the BRIGHT SPOTLIGHTS illuminate the ship from below.

273 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

273

Robinson sees the footage of Bockman murdering Dion and Dream playing on NBC4 NEWS. The CLOSED-CAPTION spells out the description of what is happening... along with the web source: www.usideath.org

ROBINSON

Oh shit... someone got it on tape.

Images of Boxer Santaros appear on screen.

WALLACE
It's all coming together now.

ROBINSON
What are we looking for?

WALLACE
I don't know. Something is happening right now...

274 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- WOMEN'S BATHROOM -- NEXT

274

Boxer has come to a realization... remembering...

BOXER
You made sure that Clark went through the rift with me. Then you hit the SUV self-destruct trigger by remote. *I didn't kill myself.*

SERPENTINE

You are a pimp. Pimp's don't commit suicide.

BOXER

You got that right.

Boxer kisses her angrily.

BOXER

David Clark... and his twin brother. They're the same person... aren't they?

SERPENTINE

Two identical souls... walking the face of the earth. Co-existing in the same dominion of chaos.

(beat)

What will happen if they shake hands?

BOXER

The fourth dimension will collapse upon itself... *you stupid bitch.*

Boxer kisses Serpentine angrily on the lips once again... then throws her aside.

275 **INT. MENSTRA SOCIETY BUS -- NEXT** 275

Terrence Clark looks out the bus window as they move north toward downtown... turning onto FLOWER STREET.

276 **EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- FIGUEROA STREET -- NEXT** 276

Larry drives the Hummer north along Figueroa street... dragging the ATM machine behind him... approaching the intersection of FLOWER and 7TH street... nearing downtown.

Several VAGRANTS huddled on the sidewalk WATCH THIS.

277 **EXT. 7TH STREET -- NEXT** 277

The ICE CREAM TRUCK crests the hill... descending into the heart of downtown. Fireworks explode in the sky above.

278 **INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT** 278

Mung is drunk out of his mind... not paying attention to the road in front of him.

279 **EXT. 7TH AND FIGUEROA INTERSECTION -- NEXT** 279

Larry's Hummer races through a red light at the INTERSECTION.

Mung's ICE CREAM TRUCK races through the green light on 7th... barely missing the Hummer... but COLLIDING HEAD ON WITH THE ATM MACHINE.

THE COLLISION TEARS THE ATM MACHINE FREE FROM THE WENCH... and sends the ICE CREAM TRUCK HURTLING OVER ONTO ITS SIDE in the center of the intersection.

280 INT. HUMMER -- NEXT 280

Larry looks in the REAR VIEW MIRROR and sees that he is no longer dragging the ATM machine. He slams on the breaks and pulls the Hummer over to the curb, his face showing no emotion.

281 EXT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT 281

Boxer exits the WOMEN'S BATHROOM... moving back toward the restaurant.

282 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 282

Inside the truck, Mung lays unconscious. David Clark, still tied up in the back... is beginning to wake up.

Larry works his way into the back of the ice cream truck and begins to untie David Clark.

LARRY

Come on, dawg. Wake your ass up.

283 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT 283

The MegaZeppelin rises above DOWNTOWN... FIREWORKS EXPLODE everywhere.

284 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT 284

Boxer walks through the restaurant... mumbling to himself... staring at Frost and the others. Vaughn approaches with champagne. The PCP is beginning to take effect on everyone.

BOXER

The ocean is in control. The ocean controls everything.

(whisper)

I know these things because I am the King. I live in the Tower of Fire.

Boxer glares at Inga across the bar. She makes a hand signal to her watch...

VAUGHN

What in God's name are you talking about?

BOXER

This is the tower of fire. We have to evacuate.

VAUGHN

This is very upsetting to me. Come back to the table. Paul Moyer wants an interview. I need you to talk about the future of alternative fuel.

BOXER

There's not much time left.

Just then... Brandt approaches...

BRANDT

(whispering)
They're airing it...

Brandt points to one of the TELEVISION MONITORS... where the footage of the shooting is playing over and over. Vaughn looks at the screen in horror. He looks over to Frost. Brandt is whispering in his ear.

VAUGHN

They're rioting.

"MEMORY GOSPEL" by Moby begins to play throughout the restaurant. *

285 **EXT. 7TH AND FIGUEROA INTERSECTION -- NEXT** 285

Police sirens can be heard from the south. Larry now has the REAR GATE of the ice cream truck open, and is handing out GUNS to a band of HOMELESS PEOPLE. *They are firing them off into the air.*

286 **INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT** 286

Krysta emerges onto the DANCE FLOOR with Tera and six other dancers. They begin an elaborately choreographed dance routine called the MEMORY GOSPEL.

Boxer locks eyes with Krysta... watching the dance unfold... hypnotised by the music. Paul Moyer saunters by... carrying a glass of champagne.

287 **EXT. LOS ANGELES -- VARIOUS -- NEXT** 287

We show a MONTAGE of rioting throughout the city. People running through the streets with ASSAULT WEAPONS... CARS SET ON FIRE... RIOT POLICE ATTACKING civilians...

288 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

288

Krysta summons Boxer onto the dance floor. He slowly begins to approach her... eyeballing Baron.

AT THE BAR... Robinson and Wallace are trying to figure out their next move. They drink champagne... trying to appear casual.

WALLACE

The Neo-Marxists instigated a riot. The dream is over.

ROBINSON

Dion and Dream were patsies. Fuck me! How did I not see this coming?

Robinson looks at Baron... who is staring at Krysta on the dance floor.

People across the restaurant have begun to see the RIOTS unfolding on the FLAT-SCREENS. A FRATERNITY HOUSE at USC has been set ablaze. People are running through the streets.

289 EXT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET -- NEXT

289

People are running through RALPH'S... stealing whatever they can. RIOT POLICE are firing off weapons in the PRODUCE AREA...

290 INT. US-IDENT HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT

290

Johnny Hermosa and Barney Benz burst into US-IDENT with ASSAULT WEAPONS... blasting the place to oblivion. Nana goes for her weapon... but she is too late. *She takes a bullet to the chest.*

*

290A INT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- ARCADE -- NEXT

290A

Paul Pilot and all of the SOLDIERS on the pier are dancing in the arcade amidst STROBE LIGHTS.

*

*

291 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

291

Boxer steps up onto the dance floor... Krysta takes him by the hand... and they begin to dance to the Memory Gospel.

292 EXT. 7TH AND FIGUEROA INTERSECTION -- NEXT

292

The MENSTRA SOCIETY BUS pulls up to the south end of the intersection.

293 INT. MENSTRA SOCIETY BUS -- NEXT

293

Synergy and Terrence are face to face. Terrence is possessed by something... child-like in his demeanor. He stares at his right hand... *noticing a GLOW emanating from beneath the surface of the skin.*

*
*
*

GUNFIRE ECHOES from the intersection ahead of them.

Terrence sees that the women on the bus are unloading ASSAULT WEAPONS from the OVERHEAD BINS. They are putting on BODY ARMOR...

294 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

294

Boxer dips Krysta... locking eyes with the Baron... who holds the BRIEFCASE in hand. Inga is at his side. Vaughn watches them anxiously from the dance floor... *noticing the GUN visible in Boxer's tuxedo jacket pocket.*

VAUGHN

What's he doing?

Caroline storms over.

CAROLINE

This is humiliating. I want off this fucking blimp.

Caroline storms off toward the bathroom.

295 EXT. 7TH AND FIGUEROA INTERSECTION -- NEXT

295

Terrence Clark runs for cover among the hail of gunfire. He sees SYNERGY take a bullet to the shoulder.

He then turns and sees the ICE CREAM TRUCK laying in the center of the intersection. He begins to move toward it... *possessed by some unseen force...*

296 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

296

Boxer and Krysta are cheek to cheek on the dance floor.

KRYSTA

What are you going to do?

BOXER

(whisper)

I forgive you.

Boxer kisses her on the lips... then...

He removes the PISTOL from his JACKET. He fires a bullet up into the fuel cells. *People scream out in terror.*

BOXER
LADIES AND GENTLEMAN!

Baron around in a panic for his SECURITY. *He has the briefcase.*

BOXER PUTS THE GUN TO HIS HEAD.

BOXER (CONT'D)
EVACUATE THIS BLIMP... OR I'LL KILL
MYSELF! I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL DO IT!

MORE TERRIFIED SCREAMS as the party erupts into chaos.

297 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- MISSION CONTROL -- NEXT

297

At MISSION CONTROL... TECHNICIANS are scrambling to figure out what is going on.

TECHNICIAN
One of the fuel cells has been ruptured.
We've got a helium gas leak in the
restaurant...

298 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

298

Robinson, Wallace and withdraw their guns... aiming them at Boxer. The SECRET SERVICEMAN rush Frost and Caroline out of the restaurant...

BOXER
(helium distortion begins)
EVACUATE! WE HAVE TO EVACUATE! THERE
ISN'T MUCH TIME!

Baron steps forward.

BARON
(helium distorts voice)
PUT THE GUN DOWN, MR. SANTAROS. YOU'VE
ALREADY COMMITTED SUICIDE ONCE! THERE IS
NO NEED TO BE REDUNDANT!

Boxer refuses to lower the gun... noticing all of the people with guns inching toward him, SECRET SERVICE... ROBINSON and WALLACE... SECURITY...

BOXER
I DIDN'T KILL MYSELF.

BARON
PUT THE GUN DOWN.

BOXER
 IT'S ALL IN MY HEAD. MAYBE IF I PULL THE
 TRIGGER... I'LL WAKE UP... AND THIS
 NIGHTMARE WILL END.

BARON
 THIS IS NO DREAM. THIS IS SERPENTINE
 DREAM THEORY.

Inga steps forward... face to face with her son.

INGA
 RELINQUISH THE BRIEFCASE, BARON. SHUT IT
 DOWN... OR ELSE.

BARON
 SHUT UP, MOTHER!

BOXER
 (to Inga)
 THERE ISN'T TIME TO SHUT IT DOWN! WE HAVE
 TO EVACUATE FIRST!

299 **EXT. 7TH AND FIGUEROA INTERSECTION -- NEXT**

299

RIOT POLICE have arrived... firing off weapons in every
 direction. HELICOPTERS circle above.

Synergy fires off her weapon... screaming at the other women.

SYNERGY
 LAY DOWN A ROUND OF SUPPRESSING FIRE
 AROUND THE ICE CREAM TRUCK!
 (to Terrence)
 GO! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

Terrence sprints toward the ice cream truck.

300 **INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT**

300

Terrence dives into the back of the ice cream truck...
 knocking Larry to the floor.

David jumps back against the wall upon seeing Terrence.

DAVID CLARK
 GET AWAY FROM ME! DON'T COME NEAR ME!

A SURGE OF ENERGY COURSES THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF THE
 TRUCK... THE AIR AROUND THEM SURGING WITH SOME UNSEEN FORCE.

301 **INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT**

301

Baron now looks genuinely frightened that Boxer might kill
 himself.

BOXER
WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME?

BARON
BECAUSE YOU ARE THE ULTIMATE SPECIMEN. A
DIVINE SPECIMEN! YOU HAVE CROSSED THE
COSMIC BARRIER... YOU HAVE WALTZED ACROSS
THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

Baron gestures to an ICE SCULPTURE of KARL MARX in the center
of the bar.

BARON
OUR MISSION IN LIFE IS TO DESTROY
CAPITALISM AND DETHRONE GOD. WE SHALL
RULE THE CHAOS FROM ABOVE WITH THE POWER
OF THE TIDES.
(raising his fist)
JOIN US!

BOXER
(emphatic)
NEVER.

His finger inches closer to the trigger.

302 **EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT** 302

The ICE CREAM TRUCK levitates up from the pavement... surging
upward... *spinning ever so slightly in a counter-clockwise
direction.*

303 **INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT** 303

Terrence, David and Larry hold on for dear life.

LARRY
WHAT THE FUCK!

304 **EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT** 304

THE ICE CREAM TRUCK SURGES UPWARD... CRESTS THE HIGHEST
BUILDING... SPINNING SLOWER.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS BELOW AS THE BATTLE RAGES ON.

305 **INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT** 305

Boxer still has the gun to his head. Robinson and Wallace
inch closer.

BOXER
OFFICE DAVID CLARK. HE'S THE ONE YOU
WANT.

Serpentine and Katarina Kuntzler step forward.

KATARINA
HE IS THE ONE WHO CAN DETHRONE GOD.

Baron comes to a realization.

BARON
BUT...
(panic)
HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO GO THROUGH THE
RIFT...

Baron is at a loss for words... looking to Serpentine... realizing that she has betrayed him.

BARON
SERPENTINE... EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

SERPENTINE
The experiment has reached its
conclusion. Flow my tears...

KATARINA
The policeman said...

306 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

306

David stares at Terrence in shock. The TWO "BROTHERS" face to face... at long last.

TERRENCE CLARK
I'M YOUR BROTHER! I LOVE YOU!

DAVID CLARK
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... I DON'T HAVE A
BROTHER!

TERRENCE CLARK
WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME?!

DAVID CLARK
BECAUSE WE'RE THE SAME PERSON!

Larry is unlocking a LARGE WEAPON CASING in the back of the truck... the SYRIAN ROCKET LAUNCHER.

307 EXT. 7TH AND FIGUEROA INTERSECTION -- NEXT

307

Synergy... bleeding to death on the street... stares up at the ICE CREAM TRUCK rotating in the sky above.

The MENSTRA SOCIETY continue their gun battle with the HOMELESS people and RIOT POLICE.

GUNFIRE echoes through the night... vehicles set on FIRE... glass shattering in storefronts as people steal merchandise.

308 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

308

Baron stares at Serpentine... blubbering...

BARON
IT... IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN THIS WAY!

SERPENTINE
THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS... NOT WITH A WHIMPER... BUT WITH A BANG!

Baron stares at Boxer... not understanding.

BOXER
AND A HANDSHAKE...

309 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

309

Terrence is now crying... REACHING OUT HIS GLOWING HAND...

TERRENCE CLARK
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

DAVID CLARK
WE'RE THE SAME SOUL!

Larry retrieves the SYRIAN ROCKET LAUNCHER from the case... examining it closely. The truck spins... wind and city lights swirling among the ROAR OF HELICOPTERS.

310 INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

310

Inga slaps Serpentine across the face. Katarina sneers at her longtime rival.

INGA
YOU... BITCH.

Boxer turns to Krysta... clutching her hand. He looks deep into her eyes... and Krysta whispers the last line of their screenplay into his ear.

KRYSTA
And into the abyss we go... Jericho Cane.

Boxer finally lowers the gun... realizing the inevitable.

Robinson and Wallace rush onto the dance floor...

311 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 311

The truck lurches. Terrence falls forward... David dodges him. They narrowly miss one another.

DAVID CLARK
DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME!

Larry stands at the back entrance to the truck... SYRIAN ROCKET LAUNCHER IN HAND. He aims the cross hairs at the MegaZeppelin... and pulls the trigger.

312 INT. JENNY MISSION CONTROL -- NEXT 312

Wallace tackles Boxer to the floor.

Boxer turns to face the CAMERA... his eyes wide open... flowing with tears... staring out at the city.

Krysta crawls across the dance floor... clutching his hand.

313 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT 313

A ROCKET LAUNCHES OUT INTO THE NIGHT FROM THE ICE CREAM TRUCK... COLLIDING WITH THE FORWARD HULL OF THE MEGAZEPPPELIN.

FIRE EXPLODES FROM THE RESTAURANT WINDOWS...

314 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 314

The TRUCK SPINS... the back end DROPPING DOWN.

Larry falls out the opening in the back... plummeting thousands of feet down into the city... *

315 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT 315

The MEGAZEPPPELIN ERUPTS INTO A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS... FIRE CRAWLING UP THE INNER SUPPORT STRUCTURE... IGNITING THE CELLS FILLED WITH FLUID KARMA...

316 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT 316

A TORRENT OF BLUE FIRE EXPLODES OUT OF THE TOP OF THE MEGAZEPPPELIN... AS THE NOSE OF THE MASSIVE SHIP LURCHES DOWNWARD...

HELICOPTERS CIRCLE THE MASSIVE SHIP AS SHE BEGINS TO FALL IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE HINDENBURG SEVENTY-ONE YEARS BEFORE...

317 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT 317

TERRENCE SLIDES ACROSS THE METAL FLOOR... FLAILING FOR SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO... ABOUT TO FALL INTO OBLIVION...

WHEN DAVID REACHES OUT AND GRABS HIS BROTHER BY THE HAND...

The CAMERA moves in close on their HANDS CLASPED TOGETHER...

WHITE LIGHT SURGES THROUGH FROM WITHIN THEIR HANDS...
EXPOSING TENDONS AND BONES BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SKIN...
COURSING DOWN INTO THEIR ARMS... AS LIGHT EMANATES THROUGH A
LIQUID BARRIER FORMING AROUND THE FINAL APOCALYPTIC HANDSHAKE
BETWEEN DAVID CLARK AND HIMSELF...

CUT TO BLACK:

A SONIC BOOM ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE AS THE FOURTH
DIMENSION COLLAPSES... EXTINGUISHING ALL EXISTENCE.

