

TITLE CARD: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA -- JULY 3 2008

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAWN

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA soars east over the OCEAN against the purple sky at dawn.

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.

The CAMERA drifts up... revealing the lights of the SOUTHERN  
CALIFORNIA COASTLINE in the distance.

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.

As the CAMERA flies closer to the coastline... a massive SEA  
VESSEL emerges through the mist of the early morning.

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 reveal a NAVAL AIRCRAFT CARRIER anchored in the sea near  
the SANTA MONICA COASTLINE... less than two miles from the  
SANTA MONICA PIER.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- DAWN

ECU on a US ARMY SOLDIER (20s). He takes a hit off a JOINT.  
He closes his eyes... exhaling pot smoke. The sound of  
CRASHING WAVES fills the vacuum of night under the halogen  
lamps.

The Soldier glances over his shoulder into the ARCADE where  
several soldiers are assembled around a game called DANCE  
DANCE REVOLUTION. A soldier named PAUL PILOT (20s) is rocking  
out on the machine with some dope moves.

SOLDIER  
PAUL! IT'S YOUR SHIFT!!

Paul finishes his dance routine and runs over to take the  
Soldier's place at the edge of the pier.

PAUL  
Give me a hit.

The Soldier hands Paul the joint.

PAUL  
Is this schwag?

SOLDIER  
Fuck no. This is straight up Cabo  
Hydroponic. Make you rock out with your  
cock out you little boy band bitch.

The Soldier then retrieves a CD from his jacket. Paul is on the cover. He is a pop star who has been drafted.

SOLDIER  
Will you autograph this for my little  
sister?

PAUL  
Sure.

Paul signs it and hands it back. The Soldier runs over excitedly toward DANCE REVOLUTION.

SOLDIER  
My turn!

Paul takes a long hit off the joint... exhaling a cloud of smoke.

PAUL  
Fuuuuuuuccckkkk.

Paul puts on a pair of TARGETING HEADGEAR GOGGLES.

HEADGEAR POV: We see the INFRARED NIGHT of the Santa Monica coastline through the cross-hairs.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and cranes away from PAUL'S FACE... revealing that Paul is sitting in a MILITARY CROWS NEST surrounded by SAND BAGS on the north side of the pier. There is a huge FUTURISTIC SNIPER RIFLE mounted in front of him.

We pull back further... revealing the entire SANTA MONICA PIER in all of its NEON GLORY. From the shadows beneath the pier a 3-D TITLE WINDOW ILLUMINATES... sending an array of light over the sand.

#### SOUTHLAND TALES

Beneath it an MPAA logo illuminates... flickering slightly:  
R: RESTRICTED (UNDER 17 REQUIRES PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN)

EXT. EXXON OIL REFINERY -- TORRANCE -- DAWN

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.

A 3-D TITLE CARD illuminates:

#### PART ONE - THE POWER

EXT. GAS STATION -- NEXT

The Range Rover pulls up to the pump at a GAS STATION. The driver's side window rolls down. The ELDERLY FEMALE DRIVER reaches out and places his thumb on an LCD SCREEN mounted on an extension from the pump.

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

DIRECTOR  
Visa. Supreme Unleaded. Fill it up.

Nothing happens.

DIRECTOR  
(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 Rover and then stops at the valve with automated precision. The nozzle then inserts itself into the valve and begins to fill the tank with gasoline.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
**The most recent terrorist attack on American soil had accelerated the inevitable.** After all, there was only so much oil on the face of the earth, and the ongoing war in the middle east made it all quite complicated and expensive.

The CAMERA drifts over to the glowing sign that advertised the GAS PRICES. SUPREME UNLEADED is listed at \$4.20/GALLON.

A LONG LINE OF CARS is honking... waiting in line for gas.

EXT. DOCKWEILER STATE BEACH -- EARLY MORNING

Dockweiler State Beach. Traffic is gridlocked on VISTA DEL MAR. On the sand there are BARRELS BURNING... sending smoke across the horizon. ARMY SOLDIERS and HOMELESS PEOPLE are everywhere.

MORNING RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
...Star 98.7 morning traffic report. LAX remains officially closed at this time due to a **code red security alert.** Northbound traffic on the 405 is heavily congested due to holiday traffic...

A group of SCIENTISTS are taking measurements of the TIDE BREAK POINTS on the sand with LASER POINT DEVICES. There are various FLAGS marked in the sand with a TRIER logo on them.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
**Loath to recognize that dependence on foreign oil was destroying the American way of life, congress approved a four**

hundred billion dollar research project.  
Dr. Inga Neuberger was the head of  
research for the Trier Corporation, a  
German pioneer in advanced alternative  
fuel sources.

DR. INGA NEUBERGER (70s), faces the ocean in an elegant black business suit. Behind her is a team of RESEARCHERS and STOCK HOLDERS. She turns to face them.

INGA  
The linear accelerator is running at full capacity on the ocean floor one mile east of Catalina island. We are currently generating 10,000 Kilowatts of hydroelectric energy per cubic inch of seawater.

STOCKHOLDER  
So within five years this engine could fly an airplane... fueled by saltwater?

INGA  
It could fly a lear jet around the world on less than four hundred gallons of salt water.

STOCKHOLDER  
Good lord.

The stockholder glances down at his GLOSSY FOLDER with the TRIER LOGO emblazoned upon it.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY -- NEXT

Gridlock on the 405 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 "BE PREPARED... STAY INFORMED" with an IMAGE of UNCLE SAM pointing at traffic.**

At the bottom is scrolling text for the website: [www.dhs.gov](http://www.dhs.gov)

EXT. DHS OFFICE BUILDING -- EARLY MORNING

A HIGH-RISE BUILDING in Westwood looms over the city.

INT. DHS OFFICE BUILDING -- NEXT

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

The CAMERA approaches 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.

In her cubicle there are more than a dozen pictures of a movie star named BOXER SANTAROS (35) from every glossy fan magazine you could imagine. It is like a shrine made by a

fourteen year-old girl.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
With the implementation of US-IDENT, a costly and aggressive security measure subcontracted by the Department of Homeland Security, **thirty-eight year old computer programmer Starla Von Luft spent her day accumulating statistics of criminal activity in the greater Los Angeles area.**

A SUPERVISOR named NANA VAN ADLER (30s) approaches with a clipboard.

NANA  
Starla, can I get the latest rape statistics?

STARLA  
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 peeps in from the next cubicle.

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

Out of nowhere... Starla bursts into tears.

NANA  
Starla... is everything okay?

The CAMERA pans over to her desk. A TIME MAGAZINE shows the OCEAN on the cover. The HEADLINE: THE OCEANIC REVOLUTION

EXT. GLADSTONES -- RESTAURANT PATIO -- EARLY MORNING

GLADSTONES in Malibu. Outdoor restaurant patio. A CIGARETTE dangles from the mouth of CYNDI PINZIKI (30). She is beautiful. Black hair, nose ring, lots of tattoos.

She and her friend JERRI REILLY (33), heavysset, also tattoo covered, are seated at a table, sipping BLOODY MARYS.

CYNDI  
I'm gonna to say this once. If you're smart... you'll listen. You'll listen to

these five words.

JERRI  
Girl, I am listening. Bring it on.

CYNDI  
(dramatic pause)  
The internet is the future.

JERRI  
Ehhh! Duuuuhh... Cyndi.

CYNDI  
Now I'm not talking about Yahoo this and  
Amazon that. I'm talking about that big  
fat cable the government is burying  
beneath the ocean.

We see another AIRCRAFT CARRIER parked in the ocean beyond  
the two women.

JERRI  
Hmmm.

CYNDI  
And all this hoopla over broadband is  
just a smokescreen. The government wanted  
an excuse to retrofit the world wide web  
for US Ident **after what happened in  
Chicago.**

JERRI  
**So you're saying that the government  
knows all about that dildo I bought  
online yesterday?**

CYNDI  
You better believe it, sister. It's hard  
core porn 24-7 and the government is  
stepping into the bedroom. Last week the  
FBI raided my friend Starla's house.

JERRI  
Not Starla! 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  
Sounds kinky. What happened?

CYNDI  
**She sent him a fake address. He shows up  
and rapes some poor school teacher over  
on Electric Avenue.**

JERRI

Ick.

Jerri sighs to herself.

JERRI

I've got four words for you, Cyndi.

CYNDI

Yeah?

JERRI

I need some dick. All this cybertalk is making me wanna go out and get fucked tonight.

CYNDI

HAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAA!!!!

We see a small DIGITAL CAMCORDER placed on the ledge between them... the LENS pointing north.

JERRI

Oh jeez. You're not gonna believe this. I've got the damn lens cap on!

CYNDI

HAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAA!!!! YOU BITCH!!

Jerri removes the LENS CAP.

CYNDI

Earth to Jerri, Hello!?

JERRI

Somebody hit the rock this morning.

CYNDI

Forget the rock. Somebody get this girl some cock.

JERRI

HAAAAAAAHHAAAAAAA!!!!

Jerri ZOOMS IN toward a LUXURY BEACH HOUSE several hundred yards down the beach from Gladstones.

CYNDI

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

A large man named VINCENZO BALDUCCI (30s) walks out onto the BALCONY. He is wearing a dark Adidas sweatsuit.

CYNDI (CONT'D)

Look at this wigger. Vincenzo Balducci. His new best friend... pimp... drug dealer... and 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)  
Vincenzo has been with him all week. He knows about everything that's been going on.

Cyndi places her finger against her nose and makes a "snort coke" gesture. Vincenzo briefly glances down at them.

JERRI  
I'm getting nervous.

CYNDI  
Don't be. They can't see us.

Jerri fidgets nervously.

JERRI (CONT'D)  
I don't know, Cyn. This whole paparazzi thing. It's just...  
I feel like I'm selling out.  
(defensive)  
I mean... I did go to film school.

CYNDI  
Who didn't? This isn't my day job either, Jer. I'm an international documentary filmmaker.

JERRI  
I love documentaries. Anything I might have seen?

CYNDI  
Veil of Shame. It's an explosive expose of underground erotic cinema in Afghanistan as a bi-product of the war.  
(beat)  
We're still working on distribution. If I could just put together some adult product placement I could get more funding. My synergy rating is low.

JERRI  
Are you shooting adult films?

CYNDI  
A girl's gotta pay the bills somehow.  
(shrugs)  
I shoot the tits. I shoot the ass. As a female director I've got a leg up on the lesbian action. They feel less threatened by me. I can get right up into the action. Especially with these tiny new cameras.

JERRI  
What happened to your new camera?

CYNDI

I was shooting this Puerto Rican stripper in Mardi Gras. She was squatting over the lens... beautiful low angle shot... and she slipped.

JERRI

Ouch.

CYNDI

Ouch indeed. So the Puerto Rican bitch... she's got a friend. Her name is Krysta Now. She's a porn star... looking for a ticket to the next big thing.

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

At a BEACH FRONT RESTAURANT called the SIDEWALK CAFE Cyndi is sitting across from a porn star named KRYSTA NOW (25).

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.

EXT. GLADSTONES -- RESTAURANT PATIO -- MORNING

Cyndi and Jerri continue to survey the beach house.

CYNDI

And so little Krysta gets all loose lipped about her new boyfriend... who just so happens to be married to the only daughter of a certain presidential candidate.

Cyndi pulls out a recent copy of VANITY FAIR MAGAZINE with a clean-cut BOXER SANTAROS and his WIFE on the cover. The story is a feature on their lavish wedding. The headline reads: 21st CENTURY CAMELOT.

CYNDI

Speak of the devil... there's Mr. thirty million a picture himself.

On the CAMCORDER... BOXER SANTAROS comes out onto the porch. He is shirtless... his body covered in TATTOOS. His head is shaved. There are dark circles under his eyes.

JERRI  
Holy fucking shit. Are those tattoos  
real?

CYNDI  
Mmmmm-hmmmm. My ex is a tattoo artist. He  
tipped me off yesterday. It seems our  
little action hero has tattooed the face  
of our Lord on his back.

JERRI  
You mean Jesus!?

CYNDI  
Boxer hasn't spoken to the little 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.

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 porno kiss on the  
balcony.

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.

EXT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- BALCONY -- NEXT

Krysta runs her fingers down Boxer's arms. His fresh tatoos  
are still bleeding.

KRYSTA  
Jesus... you're bleeding all over the  
place. I hope you're not infected.

Boxer turns around and we see that there is indeed a large  
tattoo of JESUS on his back... oozing blood.

KRYSTA  
Wow. Stigmata.

Krysta glances down at the boardwalk for a moment and then

moves back into the house.

BOXER  
Where are you going?

KRYSTA  
I have to get tested. I get tested every  
Wednesday. Did you know that there was  
another scabies outbreak in Venice?

BOXER  
Someone contaminated the distillery with  
canal water.

Boxer watches as Vincenzo walks with Krysta to the door. He  
glances around the beach house... confused and disoriented.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Boxer Santaros suffered from frequent  
bouts of memory loss.

Boxer looks at the MANTLE above the fireplace. There is a  
haunting COLLAGE PAINTING of an AMERICAN FLAG DIVIDED over  
the surface of a mirror.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
On this particular morning... the events  
of the past two weeks had vanished from  
his memory altogether. All that remained  
were the contents of a screenplay he had  
recently completed.

He then glances down at a copy of a screenplay on the glass  
coffee table.

THE POWER by BOXER SANTAROS

The CAMERA moves in toward the cover page.

INT. MERCEDES -- NEXT

Vincenzo starts the engine to a SILVER 2008 MERCEDES  
CONVERTIBLE. Krysta applies lip gloss. They wait for the  
garage door to open.

KRYSTA  
Where's your petty cash? I need  
cigarettes and I need money.

VINCENZO  
I thought we discussed this, Krysta.  
We're not paying you anymore.

KRYSTA  
We. We're not paying. I love this we  
shit. Do you know what vicarious means?

VINCENZO  
Vicara-what? What the fuck, Krysta.

KRYSTA

Do you know the difference between you and Boxer? Boxer... is currently number six on the Premiere magazine power list. He has a first dollar gross deal with the studio. He has his own fucking jet.

(beat)

You... on the other hand...

VINCENZO

(getting pissed)

I know who I am, Krysta!

KRYSTA

Then you should know that a guy with his own jet can stick his dick in me whenever and wherever he wants... free of charge.

(beat)

A guy like you... a fan... a guy who I might meet at a porno convention... you have to pay. Just because you waterski behind his boat doesn't get you a free jump off my ramp.

Vincenzo puts the car into drive and accelerates down the driveway toward PCH.

EXT. PCH -- NEXT

The Mercedes passes a POLICE CRUISER that pulls up into the driveway of Boxer's house. Inside of the cruiser is LAPD OFFICER CLARK (30). He takes off his sunglasses.

EXT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Officer Clark stands in front of the door to the beach house. He closes his eyes... taking deep breaths. He appears to be very anxious about something.

He then slaps himself across the face.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- NEXT

The DOORBELL rings. Boxer is talking on the phone. He then opens the door to find Clark standing there.

BOXER

(into phone)

Uh-huh.

(motioning inside)

Come on in...

We follow them upstairs into the house.

BOXER (CONT'D)

(back into the phone)

It's an epic Los Angeles crime saga. I figured that I'm finally ready to get behind the camera. No one else could direct this film but me.

INT. DAILY VARIETY OFFICES -- NEXT

ASH WALLACE (32), a REPORTER for DAILY VARIETY, sits behind his desk. There is a VIDEO PHONE linked to his computer.

ASH

Now, rumor has it there is an element of science-fiction in this film. Care to elaborate? Will it be driven by visual effects?

BOXER (PHONE)

I can't discuss that. All I can say is that the plot is top secret and incredibly complicated and to explain it to you over the phone would be very difficult.

ASH

But... as this is your first screenplay, you have to admit, the studio is taking a leap of faith.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Boxer paces around impatiently... glancing at ASH on the VIDEO PHONE display on his LAPTOP.

BOXER

That's why I'm doing it for scale.  
(looking over at Officer Clark)  
And it'll be the first time I've ever played a police officer. Listen, I need to wrap this up. I've got an appointment.

ASH (PHONE)

I just want to thank you for speaking to me personally on this. You'll get front page placement tomorrow.

BOXER

You're welcome.

INT. DAILY VARIETY OFFICES -- NEXT

Ash places his THUMB on a US-IDENT SECURITY PAD to log off from the call. He then scrawls something frantically on a piece of paper. We see that he has written:

8:21 AM -- BOXER SANTAROS IS EN ROUTE.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Boxer hangs up the phone.

BOXER

(reaches out his hand)  
Hi.

Clark shakes it.

CLARK

So you're researching a role for your new film?

BOXER  
I'm gonna need you to sign a confidentiality agreement.

CLARK  
Not a problem. When we got word that you wanted a ride along, well... we had to draw names down at the station to see who got to be the lucky officer.

Boxer puts on his jacket and walks with Clark down the stairs.

BOXER  
This ride along. We can't tell anyone.

CLARK  
I can assure you that none of the other officers will discuss this. We've dealt with celebrities before and we absolutely understand the need for privacy.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

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

BOXER  
Do you mind if I record this?

CLARK  
Not a problem.

BOXER  
So tell me, Clark, 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? 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.

Boxer nods his head. This isn't the answer that he's looking for.

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.

CLARK  
Well... there is this one thing.

Clark still hesitates.

BOXER  
Come on, be honest.

Clark throws him a nervous glance. He drives silently for a moment.

CLARK  
(leaning in)  
To be honest... we're just watching out for the niggers.

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.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
HAAAAAAHHHAAAAAAA!!!!

Boxer's eyes widen in shock. He realizes that Clark has a twisted sense of humor.

BOXER  
You're joking.

CLARK  
HAAAAAAHAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

A nervous smile breaks on Boxer's face, and he decides to get in on the joke.

BOXER  
Jesus Christ. You had me there for a second!! You motherfucker!!

Boxer manages a laugh.

CLARK  
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!

INT. DHS OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Starla is sitting in front of her monitor scrolling through a  
series of surveillance cameras. Her eyes are red and puffy  
from crying. Kenny pops his head in from the next cubicle.

KENNY  
Hey Starla.

STARLA  
What?

Kenny comes over to her cubicle. He has a BLACK LITHOGRAPH in  
his hand.

KENNY  
Did you order a color lithograph from  
Ocean technology?

STARLA  
Yes.

Kenny hands her the lithograph. On it is a GREEN  
TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP of the ocean floor.

KENNY  
What's that all about?

STARLA  
It's a topographical map of coral reef  
just off Catalina Island.

KENNY  
Why would surveillance cover the ocean  
floor off Catalina? Are they worried  
about sea mines?

STARLA  
Hydroelectric power. They've built an  
engine that runs on saltwater. It's going  
to change the world.  
(beat)  
Did you know that the human body is  
ninety percent saltwater?

Starla stares closely at the lithograph. She seems possessed  
by some unseen force... placing another cheeto in her mouth.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD -- 76 GAS STATION -- DAY

The CRUISER pulls into the front parking lot of a 76 GAS  
STATION in West Hollywood. Clark steps out of the cruiser.

CLARK

Are you sure you don't want anything?  
Coffee? Soda?

BOXER  
Acid Fuel... a sno-ball and some Gen  
seng.

The CAMERA follows Clark into the MINI-MART.

INT. MINI-MART -- NEXT

As Clark moves toward the back of the store, the CAMERA picks up on... ZORA CHARMICHAELS (37). She waits at the counter with a large ACID FUEL in her hand... Zora reaches out and presses a SMALL PIECE OF PAPER into Clark's hand.

Clark, pausing in front of the coffee machine, opens the piece of paper. It reads: 45433 Vermont -- 10:15 PM

CLARK  
Boxer Santaros is en route.

Clark then puts the paper into his pocket. Zora nods to Clark. The CAMERA then follows Zora out of the mini-mart.

EXT. 76 GAS STATION -- NEXT

Zora passes by the police cruiser, glancing at Boxer, who waits patiently in the passenger seat.

ZORA  
(muttering to herself)  
Cock-fucker.

Zora then gets behind the wheel of her BLACK FORD VAN.

INT. BLACK FORD VAN -- NEXT

As Zora backs out of the parking lot, she dials a number on her CELL PHONE.

ZORA  
(into phone)  
Boxer Santaros is en route. I repeat,  
Boxer Santaros is en route.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

DION ELEMENT (30), a black man with shaved head walks through a Venice beach ARTIST'S LOFT with a PHONE to his ear. THREE GIGANTIC COLLAGE PAINTINGS of SAM KINISON loom over him.

DION  
(into phone)  
Copy that. Twin brother is sleeping like  
a fucking baby.

The CAMERA pans over to a chair in the middle of the loft, and officer Clark's IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER is HOG TIED to a chair... UNCONSCIOUS. His name is OFFICER DAVID CLARK.

As Dion paces around the loft nervously... the CAMERA drifts over to a flat screen television where a NEWSCAST is playing. Footage of protestors at the base of the WESTWOOD FEDERAL BUILDING is shown.

NEWSCASTER (TELEVISION)  
The Federal building in Westwood was evacuated today during a code orange drill... disrupting a protest over the accelerated broadband regulation by the US Government.

The TELEPHONE begins to ring once again. Dion picks up.

DION (CONT'D)  
Yo.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Daily Variety's Ash Wallace is now standing at the gate. He has his cell phone to his ear.

ASH  
Buzz me in.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Ash and Dion stare at the unconscious cop.

ASH (CONT'D)  
How much did you give him?

Dion withdraws a SYRINGE.

DION  
A whole syringe. It's supposed to last 24 hours.

ASH  
If he wakes up, Dion... we go to jail for a long time. You just drugged and kidnapped an LAPD Officer.

DION  
Don't you fucking puss out on me, Ash. You're in this now, whether you like it or not.

ASH  
Okay... I don't get it... what's he gonna do on this ride along? This is a lot to risk for some practical joke.

DION  
This ain't no practical joke.  
This is revenge. This is payback.  
(beat)  
That fucker is gonna videotape everything and then he is gonna pay.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence Clark and Boxer ride along in the cruiser. Boxer seems more relaxed. He turns the camera off.

BOXER  
So I'm fucking this chick last night...  
and right when I'm about to come... I  
puke on her tits.

Clark nods his head slowly.

TERRENCE CLARK  
It happens.

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

A CELL PHONE begins to ring. Both Boxer and Terrence reach for their cell phones.

BOXER (CONT'D)  
Oh... that's me...  
(looking at his phone)  
Actually.... that would be you.

Boxer then points his CAMCORDER back at Terrence.

TERRENCE CLARK  
(into phone)  
Hello?

DION (PHONE)  
Is everything cool?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Hi honey. Yeah, everything's fine.

DION (PHONE)  
Is he cool?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Uh-huh.

DION (PHONE)  
Did Zora give you the address?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Yeah, you know I was thinking about  
Vermont this fall. October 15th.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Dion looks down at a pad of paper. On it he has the same address and time written down. 45433 Vermont -- 10:15 PM

DION  
Good. It's Angela's brother's house.  
Don't be late. 10:15 tonight this goes  
down.

Dion is dialing his phone once again.

ASH  
Now who are you calling?

DION  
Zora.

Ash is digging through her DRUG KIT.

ASH  
Jesus... how many injections did she take  
this morning?

DION  
I lost count. At least six.

EXT. GOLD'S GYM -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

The CAMERA tracks along with Zora as she approaches the entrance to GOLD'S GYM. Her cell phone begins to ring.

ZORA  
(into phone)  
Hello?

DION (PHONE)  
Zora. It's Dion.

ZORA  
What's up, my nigga?

DION (PHONE)  
We're here at the loft. We've got twin  
brother. He's sedated and he's  
restrained.

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

Zora steps into the gigantic gym.

ZORA  
Keep a close eye. That Basitonol could  
wear off. If it does, just stick him in  
the leg with one from my injection kit.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Dion pulls open Zora's INJECTION SUITCASE. It is filled with all sorts of ANIMAL TRANQUILIZERS, STEROIDS, and various SEDATIVES.

DION  
Shit.

ZORA (PHONE)  
If you want to bulk up, Dion, take a pack  
of those blue shots. In four weeks I'll  
have you ripped.

DION

Listen, have you gotten the blanks?

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

Zora passes through the TURNSTILE next to the FRONT DESK... pressing her THUMB on a security scanner. She waves to the guys behind the counter.

ZORA  
What up, my bitches!  
(into phone)  
I'm on my way right now.

DION (PHONE)  
Remember, .45 caliber blanks.

ZORA  
I know my guns, bitch.

Zora passes by a BODYBUILDER FRIEND at the LOCKERS. She reaches out and slaps him on the ass.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
Wacka-wacka.

BODYBUILDER  
Hey, Zora.

DION (PHONE)  
Have you talked to Angela?

ZORA  
Yeah, we're all set. And tell pussy-boy writer that if he wets himself on my floor I'm gonna make him lick it up.

Zora hangs up the phone and struts through the gym.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The combination of anabolic steroids and other narcotics began to impair Zora's judgement. The world now belonged to her.

The CAMERA tracks Zora as she arrives at a SHOULDER PRESS MACHINE. There is a very SKINNY YOUNG GUY working out on it.

Zora stares at him for a moment, waiting for him to make eye contact with her. When he finally does... he stops with the bar over his head, unsure why she's staring at him.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck off my machine, you pussy!

The Skinny Kid sits there for a moment in shock, and then very nervously steps off the machine, walking off with his head down in embarrassment.

Zora sits down on the machine and begins to work out.

The CAMERA drifts past Zora and approaches the CARDIO SECTION in the back of the gym. There are FOUR ROWS of various cardio

machines.

Walking on machines next to one another are RASHAD AVRAHAM (30s) and TERA COX (24). Rashad looks as though he has never been in a gym in his entire life. Tera looks like she works out every day.

TERA

Hello?

INT. KRYSTA'S APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta Now is sitting in her downtown apartment in front of her computer with a HEADSET on. Her ASSISTANT is there next to her.

KRYSTA

Hey girl, what's up?

TERA (PHONE)

Hey Krysta. Just working out. What are you doing?

KRYSTA

I just got tested. Now I'm doing a live chat for my fan site.

TERA (PHONE)

No way. Girl, you are so together. The internet is the future.

KRYSTA

To the extreme. They're regulating the number of porn domains. Find someone to grandfather clause you into their site.

TERA (PHONE)

I'm saving for new tits. I read that if you have fake tits you get 78% more hits.

KRYSTA

Look at you, miss thing!

(beat)

Hold on, I've got another call.

Krysta clicks over.

KRYSTA (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- NEXT

Cyndi Pinziki is standing behind the bar. SOLDIERS are milling about everywhere in the crowded bar. There are FIVE COPIES of the DVD-R DISC on the counter.

CYNDI

Hey Krysta. I made five copies at the dub house, just to be safe.

KRYSTA (PHONE)

Good.

CYNDI

His manager is a heavy-hitter named Joe Vaughn. He has major political ties. I'm going to call him tonight, give him a chance to stew it over in his sleep, then call again in the morning.

KRYSTA (PHONE)

Excellent. Listen, I've gotta go, but call me later so we can discuss our fee.

CYNDI

You got it.

INT. KRYSTA'S APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta clicks back over.

KRYSTA

Sorry, Tera. That was a business call.

TERA (PHONE)

God, you're so successful. Will you call me later?

KRYSTA

Sure.

INT. GOLD'S GYM -- NEXT

Tera hangs up her phone and continues walking. Next to her, Rashad Avraham has pulled a piece of paper from his pocket.

It is a xerox of ZORA'S HEADSHOT. Rashad steps off the machine and the CAMERA follows him as he approaches Zora.

RASHAD

Zora Charmichaels?

Zora does not stop working out.

ZORA

Yes?

RASHAD

Meet me at the ice cream truck.

EXT. DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

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. Zora knocks on the door. Rashad opens the door.

RASHAD

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.

She steps into the ice cream truck.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Inside the truck... there is no ice cream. Instead, there are GUNS. LOTS OF GUNS. Stacked along the walls are assortments of every kind of gun you could imagine.

RASHAD  
What do you want?

ZORA  
I need some .45 caliber blanks.

Rashad stares at her for a long moment.

RASHAD  
Blanks.

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

RASHAD  
(annoyed)  
What else do you need, along with the blanks?

ZORA  
That's all. Just the blanks.

RASHAD  
(furious)  
Blanks? Fuck you. Go to K-Mart if you want fucking blanks. I've got \$500 minimum.

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

RASHAD  
My reputation precedes me, Zola.

ZORA  
It's Zora.

Rashad stares at her. Suddenly... there is a KNOCK on the side door. Rashad and Zora freeze. Rashad grabs the GUN from his belt, and raises his finger to his lips.

He slowly opens the door to the truck.

EXT. DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE -- NEXT

Outside there are two LITTLE KIDS. A BOY and a GIRL.

LITTLE BOY  
We want some ice cream!

Rashad reaches into a SMALL COOLER and hands them a couple of ORANGE SHERBERT PUSH-UPS.

RASHAD  
Here. You can have for free.

LITTLE GIRL  
What about candy?

RASHAD  
No candy. Go away.

He slams the door in their faces.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Rashad steps back inside.

ZORA  
Why are you driving an ice cream truck?

RASHAD  
No cop will ever pull over this ice cream truck. I give them all free ice cream.

Zora nods her head in approval.

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

Rashad glares at her.

RASHAD  
I'll look around for the blanks.

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

RASHAD (CONT'D)  
This little plan... my Angie says that it will help her get a record deal? I'm tired of funding her music videos.

Zora sees that Rashad has a framed HEADSHOT of ANGELA on the wall of the ice cream truck.

ZORA  
Your girlfriend will be a big star, Rashad.

Zora stares at the wall of weaponry. Hanging across from her is a large TUBE-SHAPED WEAPON.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
Is that a bazooka?

RASHAD  
That's a heat seeking ground to air rocket launcher. From Saudi Arabia. You

can't afford that.

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

RASHAD (CONT'D)  
Okay. Here are the blanks... and your .45  
pistol.

He then notices Zora writing out her check.

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

ZORA  
You won't take a check?

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

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

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

Rage wells in Zora's eyes. She LUNGES at Rashad... 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.

Rashad struggles to breathe... gasping for air.

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

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

ZORA (CONT'D)  
Cock-fucker.

EXT. DIGITAL DOMAIN WAREHOUSE -- NEXT

Zora moves quickly to her van.

INT. BLACK FORD VAN -- NEXT

Zora peels out of the parking lot. She dials a number on her cell phone.

TERRENCE CLARK (PHONE)  
Hello?

ZORA  
(screaming into the phone)  
TEXACO STATION. 4566 FIGUEROA. HALF AN  
HOUR. DON'T BE LATE.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence has the phone to his ear.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Okay honey.

Boxer has the camcorder aimed at Terrence. He is fidgeting  
from the Acid Fuel and Gen-seng.

BOXER  
Your wife again?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Yeah.

BOXER  
Sounded like a man.

Terrence face has gone white.

TERRENCE CLARK  
She's... got a cold.

Suddenly Boxer turns and aims the camera through the  
windshield.

BOXER  
LOOK OUT!

Terrence slams on the breaks and the POLICE CRUISER COMES  
SKIDDING TO A STOP... COLLIDING WITH A 1964 GREEN FORD  
THUNDERBIRD... stopped at a red light. The car is filled with  
MEXICAN GANG-BANGERS.

Terrence looks through the windshield, mortified.

TERRENCE CLARK  
SHIT!

Boxer clutches his camera... still filming.

The light turns green. The Thunderbird peels out through the  
intersection and skids left around the corner.

Terrence is frozen, unsure what to do.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Shit.

BOXER  
Aren't you going to chase them? They're  
getting away!

TERRENCE CLARK

I... I...

BOXER

They're fleeing the scene! What are you waiting for?!

TERRENCE CLARK

(pulling himself together)

I... I... It's called Policy... 166. If a police officer is at fault in any sort of traffic accident, and the motorist flees the scene of the accident, the officer is advised not to pursue the suspect because the accident itself could be construed as police brutality.

Boxer stares at him... contemplating his response.

BOXER

Oh. Guess that makes sense.

Terrence's cell phone begins to ring.

TERRENCE CLARK

Hello?

Boxer has been filming all of this.

INT. BLACK FORD VAN -- NEXT

Zora drives down Figueroa toward downtown.

ZORA

I'll be waiting in the men's bathroom.  
Knock three times loud.

She hangs up and then dials another number.

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- NEXT

Behind the bar at BARNEY'S BEANERY, the telephone begins to ring. The MANAGER grabs it.

MANAGER

Hello?

ZORA (PHONE)

Yes, I need to speak with Angela Alexander. It's urgent.

MANAGER

Hold on.  
(yelling across the bar)  
Angela!

ANGELA ALEXANDER (30) works as a waitress. She takes the phone from the manager.

ANGELA

Hello?

ZORA (PHONE)  
Your creepy boyfriend says hello. Why aren't you out of there?

ANGELA  
Chill out, Zora! I'm leaving in five minutes. I've got one table left.

ZORA (PHONE)  
I need you to get over to your Dion's house and sweep the place for any drugs and guns.

ANGELA  
Dion is clean, Zora! Don't you disrespect him!

ZORA (PHONE)  
Cut the shit, Angie. We both know that Dion is a fucking gang-banger. He's importing guns from South America to restock Rashad's ice-cream truck. When the shit goes down tonight, and we evacuate, that house better be as clean as a baby's ass or we're going to fucking jail! You get your hoochie ass over to Vermont Avenue and start cleaning!

ANGELA  
Yes, sir.

She hangs up on Zora, and then moves quickly across the restaurant.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
(muttering to herself)  
Fucking muscle beach bitch. My boyfriend will put a cap in your ass if you don't step off.

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- NEXT

She arrives at a table filled with four WHITE BEVERLY HILLS GANGSTAS. They are LARRY WEISBERG (21), FRANKIE ROSEN (20), RALFIE VELAZQUEZ (20) and A-BALL (21).

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
Here's your check, can I get you another refill on your coke?

LARRY  
No. But you can give me your phone number.

ANGELA  
Sorry, you're a little young for me.

The others LAUGH OUT LOUD.

LARRY  
(getting angry)  
What I got between my legs would put you  
in the hospital, bitch.

Larry pulls up his LAKERS JERSEY and we see a GLOCK PISTOL  
stuffed down his pants.

ANGELA  
(remaining calm)  
You get the fuck out of this restaurant  
before I call the cops, you wanna-be  
bitch-ass vanilla gangsta.

The others crack up with laughter. Larry angrily pulls out a  
GOLD MONEY CLIP and throws a WAD OF BILLS in Angela's face  
before storming down the aisle toward the exit. The others  
following behind him.

EXT. LA CIENEGA BLVD -- MOMENTS LATER

A SILVER HUMMER turns right on Beverly.

INT. HUMMER -- NEXT

Our four GANGSTAS are now inside this Hummer. Larry is behind  
the wheel. A BLUNT is being passed around.

LARRY  
Yo, that bitch deserved it!

A-BALL  
Fuck yeah! She wanted your cock so bad!

The others laugh out loud. RAP blasts from the stereo.

LARRY  
Yo, chicks like it rough! They like it  
harsh! They wanna be slapped to the  
ground and fucked! That's the truth!

In the back of the Hummer, Ralfie and Frankie are surfing the  
internet on TINY LAPTOPS that are retro-fitted into the back  
of the SUV.

RALFIE  
Yo! A live chat with Krysta Now!

FRANKIE  
Shit, I seen all her movies! Log on!

Ralfie logs on with his THUMBPRINT. His US-IDENT appears.

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

KRYSTA: I like to get fucked hard. Sometimes I just can't get fucked  
hard enough. But the slapping part I don't support. Violence is a  
problem in our society today. That's why I don't do anal:)

INT. KRYSTA'S APARTMENT -- NEXT

big

Krysta finishes typing. She dials another number.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Boxer answers his cell phone.

BOXER

Hello?

KRYSTA (PHONE)

Hi honey. It's me. Where are you?

Boxer glances around nervously.

BOXER

I can't talk right now. I'm researching a role.

KRYSTA (PHONE)

What the fuck is this? You won't even acknowledge me? I guess now I won't tell you about what the doctors told me today.

Click. She hangs up on him. Boxer's face goes white.

TERRENCE CLARK

The wife likes to call on the cell phone too, huh?

BOXER

Uhhh... yeah.

TERRENCE CLARK

Listen, do you mind if I pull over at this Texaco station? I need to take a leak.

EXT. SOUTH OF DOWNTOWN -- NEXT

The cruiser pulls into a TEXACO STATION near the CONVENTION CENTER. We notice a BLACK VAN on the other side of the parking lot.

Terrence steps out of the cruiser and walks over to the restrooms. He knocks on the door to the MEN'S ROOM. The door pops open, and Terrence goes inside.

INT. TEXACO MEN'S RESTROOM -- NEXT

Zora is waiting inside, looking in the mirror.

ZORA

You're late.

Terrence begins to GAG at the smell of the bathroom.

TERRENCE CLARK

(covering his nose)  
Jesus Christ!

ZORA  
I had a bunk batch of Acid Fuel this morning. 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.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Boxer anxiously dials his cell phone.

KRYSTA (PHONE)  
Yes?

BOXER  
What did you find out at the doctor's office today, Krysta?

KRYSTA (PHONE)  
I'm still waiting on the results to come back from the lab.

She hangs up on him. Boxer sits there in shocked silence.

A news broadcast is playing on the flatscreen on the dashboard. Images of FBI AGENTS raiding a house play on the screen.

NEWSCASTER (TELEVISION)  
The FBI arrested a Southland resident this morning for downloading files of digitally manipulated thumbprints used for counterfeit US-IDENT cards. Authorities continue to crack down on thumbprint theft security as authorities recently seized more than four-hundred severed thumbs from the basement residence of an Anaheim coroner.

FROZEN ZIP-LOCK BAGS filled with HUMAN THUMBS are removed from the house.

NEWSCASTER (TELEVISION)  
Sources said the man was intending to use the thumbs to manufacture phantom identification cards for draft dodgers fleeing to Canada.

INT. TEXACO MEN'S RESTROOM -- NEXT

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. 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  
Duh!

ZORA  
Has he been videotaping you?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Yeah, just like he said he would.

ZORA  
Perfect. Make sure to confiscate that DVD  
immediately after the shit goes down.  
That DVD is our only bargaining chip.

Terrence and Zora shake hands.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
Good luck.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Boxer looks up through the windshield and sees Terrence  
coming out of the bathroom. He has his phone to his ear once  
again.

BOXER  
I think she gave me an STD.

INT. VAUGHN, WEINSTEIN & ASSOCIATES -- NEXT

Boxer's manager, JOE VAUGHN (50s), stands before a LARGE WALL  
with a DIGITAL PROJECTION of a GOLF COURSE on it. He swings  
his club... sending a ball smashing into the sensors on the  
padded wall. The DIGITAL BALL flies through the air... as the  
VIRTUAL CAMERA follows.

VAUGHN  
What if you gave it to your wife?!!  
This is an election year, Boxer! This  
could fuck us all!!

Vaughn sits down at his desk... rubbing his temples.

VAUGHN  
Enough with this nonsense. Pull the plug  
on this ride along!! You're scaring the  
shit out of everyone. You can't just  
disappear for two weeks without telling

anyone where you are.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence gets back into the car. Boxer hangs up on Vaughn.

BOXER  
(covering the phone)  
Did you bust some crack ho in there?

Terrence throws Boxer a nervous smile.

TERRENCE CLARK  
I had a bunk batch of Acid Fuel this  
morning. Had to unload.

INT. VAUGHN, WEINSTEIN & ASSOCIATES CONFERENCE ROOM -- NEXT

Vaughn steps into a CONFERENCE ROOM that overlooks downtown.  
Dr. Inga Neuberger and a dozen GERMAN BUSINESSMEN are sitting  
around the table. They are all arguing about something.

VAUGHN  
Gentlemen, I apologize for the delay.  
Where are we with market placement for  
the sports utility vehicle?

GLOSSY BROCHURES for TRIER SUVs are laid out on the  
conference room table. Trier CEO BARON VON WESTPHALEN III  
clears his throat.

WESTPHALEN  
Strassen nicht Noetig!

INGA  
Our slogan is ROADS NOT REQUIRED.  
Please mention it to the press before the  
mega-zeppelin takes flight.

On a FLAT SCREEN PANEL on the wall... a 3-D MAPPING SYSTEM of  
a MEGA-ZEPPELIN unfolds. Vaughn's ASSISTANT leans into the  
conference room.

ASSISTANT  
There's a Cyndi Pinziki on line three.

VAUGHN  
Cyndi Pinziki? Who the hell is that?

ASSISTANT  
I have no idea. She said it's urgent.

VAUGHN  
My ass it's urgent. Take a message.

ASSISTANT  
She says it's about Boxer Santaros.

VAUGHN  
Tell her that ninety percent of my calls  
per day are about Boxer Santaros, and

I've already met my quota.

Vaughn turns back to the Germans and starts to speak to them in their native language.

INT. VAUGHN, WEINSTEIN & ASSOCIATES -- RECEPTION -- NEXT

The Assistant sits down at reception.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Ma'am, I'm going to have to take a message. He's unavailable.

CYNDI (PHONE)  
Unavailable my ass. Tell him to check his e-mail, sister. Tell him to check it quick. Tell him he'll be sorry he ever fucked with Cyndi Pinziki!

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S HOUSE -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi slams down the phone. She sits in her LIVING ROOM across from Jerri... who is taking notes.

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

JERRI  
Hmmm.

CYNDI  
Fucking managers. Think their shit don't smell. Well let me tell you something, Jer, when the shit hits the fan, it all smells the same.

JERRI  
God you're good.

Jerri takes a bong hit. Cyndi begins to talk to her laptop.  
VOICE RECOGNITION TECHNOLOGY prints her words:

I have some information that could be very damaging to your client. This information is recorded on DVD. If you aren't interested in this information, I'm sure that I can find others who are. Many others.  
All the best,  
C.O.P.

Jerri leans over Cyndi's shoulder as she presses SEND.

CYNDI  
Come on, let's get drunk.

EXT. VENICE BEACH -- BOARDWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Cyndi and Jerri stroll down the BOARDWALK.

JERRI

So how much are we going to ask for in exchange for the DVD?

CYNDI

Well, put yourself in Santaros' shoes. How much is his marriage... not to mention the election... really worth?

JERRI

Hmmm. Can't really put a number on all that stuff.

CYNDI

I can. We start at \$1 million. If he balks we bring up Krysta's fuck tape and the STD. Then the negotiations really begin.

JERRI

Wow. A million dollars.

CYNDI

We split that three ways... between me, you and the slut... and that's \$333,333.33 each.

JERRI

Wow. Who gets the extra penny?

CYNDI

We frame it. Send it Joe Vaughn with a note that says... here's your commission, bitch!

JERRI

HAAAAAAHHHAAAAAAA!!!

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

David Clark is still unconscious, tied to the chair. Ash and Dion are deep in conversation. Dion has a DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder.

DION

Keep your cell phone on. Watch him like a fucking hawk. If he moves, or shows any sign of waking up, stab him in the leg with another one of these.

Dion hands Ash one of the BASITONOL INJECTION TUBES. He then pulls out a PISTOL from his bag and hands it to Ash.

DION (CONT'D)

Just in case of an emergency.

ASH  
What the fuck is this?

DION  
Just take the fucking gun in case of an  
emergency!

Ash's face goes white.

ASH  
We didn't say anything about guns!

DION  
Everything is gonna be fine, as long as  
this motherfucker stays unconscious until  
midnight. We'll just tell him he got  
ruephied.  
(beat)  
Now I'm off to Vermont.

Dion storms out of the loft, leaving Ash alone with the COP  
and the DRUGS and the GUN.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- AFTERNOON

The CAMERA cranes down toward the address of reckoning. 45433  
Vermont. It is a small, ramshackle WHITE HOUSE. Kevin  
Zimmerman is rollerblading down the sidewalk.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

KEVIN ZIMMERMAN (30s) blades into the GARAGE. Zora, Dion, and  
Angela are all waiting inside.

ZORA  
You're late, Kevin!

ANGELA  
We have exactly three hours. Can you do  
my make-up in three hours?

KEVIN  
Take it easy! I can do your make-up in an  
hour, Angela.

ANGELA  
You better not make me look like a pig.

DION  
It don't matter how pretty you look,  
baby. It just matters that you look  
different.

ANGELA  
I don't understand why facial prosthetics  
are necessary.

DION  
Because if they can ID us on this DVD...  
we're fucked.

Dion dials a number on his phone.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash sits on the couch watching the news. The PHONE begins to ring. He answers it.

ASH  
Hello?

FEMALE VOICE (PHONE)  
(very masculine)  
Is Zora there?

ASH  
No.

FEMALE VOICE (PHONE)  
It's Jo. Tell that bitch to call me.

She hangs up.

DAVID CLARK  
Where am I?

Ash turns around to check on officer Clark... HE IS AWAKE.

David Clark looks around the loft in a drugged-out haze. Ash runs over to Zora's drug kit and begins to fumble frantically through it... grabbing several Basitonol syringes.

ASH  
Shit!

DAVID CLARK  
Who are you?

Ash approaches him with the Basitonol, fumbling to peel off the plastic coating.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
If you drug me again, you can be tried  
for attempted murder. That carries a  
sentence of... twenty-five years to life.

Ash begins to hyperventilate.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
Accessory to kidnapping...

Ash finally has the syringe open.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
If you untie me and tell me where my  
brother is, I can have the charges  
against you dropped. You'll get by with a  
slap on the wrist.

Ash is now trembling. He has the syringe held over Clark's leg, unsure what to do.

ASH  
If I stick this in your knee, you won't  
remember that we ever had this  
conversation.

DAVID CLARK  
I have a photographic memory. I can still  
remember what I ate for breakfast the  
morning of my seventh birthday.

Ash pulls the syringe away from his knee.

ASH  
It was Dion and Zora. They made me agree  
to it. Terrence never wanted you to get  
hurt. Nobody wants anyone to get hurt.

DAVID CLARK  
Untie me, and we can go down to the  
station. You can explain everything  
there. On the record.

ASH  
I... I'm going to explain it to you  
now... so you'll understand. Your brother  
will go to jail if you turn us in.

DAVID CLARK  
Untie me-

ASH  
Shut up! I'm not going to untie you. I'm  
going to explain the whole thing to you  
so you'll understand.

Ash is pacing around frantically.

ASH (CONT'D)  
We're an actor's troupe. There are six of  
us. We call ourselves the Lighthouse  
Gang. We wrote a political piece. A left  
wing comedy musical that we premiered at  
the ACLU theater downtown.

EXT. DOWNTOWN THEATER -- [FLASHBACK] NIGHT

The CAMERA approaches the entrance of a DOWNTOWN THEATER. The  
Marquee reads:

THE LIGHTHOUSE GANG presents:

No... What I Really Want Is This!

ASH (V.O.)  
Boxer Santaros shows up out of nowhere.

INT. DOWNTOWN THEATER -- NEXT

Boxer walks down the aisle toward the front row.

ASH (V.O.)  
It was perfect. We had one of the biggest  
stars in the world sitting in the front  
row right next to every critic in the  
house. We're legit. We're the hottest  
show in town.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- [FLASH FORWARD] AFTERNOON

Ash continues his story.

ASH  
It was the biggest moment of our lives.

DAVID CLARK  
It was a fucking freakshow. I was there,  
sitting in the fourth row, douche bag.

INT. DOWNTOWN THEATER -- [FLASHBACK] NIGHT

David Clark and his THEN GIRLFRIEND (20s) are sitting in the  
fourth row. The OPENING MUSICAL NUMBER is in full swing.

The stage is covered in WHITE FOAM. A STAIRCASE emerges from  
the layer of FAUX CLOUDS... EACH STAIRCASE ILLUMINATED with  
WHITE LIGHT. Terrence and Angela emerge from the clouds  
wearing HEADSETS.

TERRENCE CLARK  
No! What I really want is love!

ANGELA  
No! What I really want is truth!

Ash (as DR. EUGENE O'NEIL) emerges from the clouds.

ASH  
No! What I really want is a cure!  
(chorus begins)  
Let this feeling take me/Let this magic  
fake me-

Kevin Zimmerman (as KARL MARX) drives in on a GOLF CART.

The LOUD CHORAL MUSIC suddenly GRINDS TO A HALT...

ANGELA  
Karl Marx!

KEVIN  
Excuse me. Do you mind if I play through?  
History repeats itself... first as  
tragedy... then as farce!

The others glance at each other with indecision when  
SUDDENLY... Dion (as MALCOLM X) bursts through the clouds on  
ROLLER-SKATES and does the AIRBORNE SPLITS.

DION  
(baseline rap)  
No I ain't far down/No the truth ain't

out/No your proof ain't loud/No your  
faith can't cloud

In a SPECTACULAR BLAST OF LIGHT... the entire cast RISES IN  
UNISON as Zora (as PRINCESS ZEBRUCHAN) comes down the stairs.

PRINCESS ZEBRUCHAN  
We will find the truth together/We will  
search the skies forever

ALL SIX CAST MEMBERS STAND TOGETHER. THE LIGHTHOUSE GANG  
UNITED IN DANCE FORMATION.

LIGHTHOUSE GANG  
(Terrence)  
No! What I really want is...  
(interrupted by Angela)  
No! What I really need is...  
(interrupted by Ash)  
No! What I really feel is...  
(interrupted by Kevin)  
No! What I really hope is...  
(interrupted by Dion)  
No! What I really love is...  
(interrupted by Zora)  
No! What I really want is...  
(entire cast)  
THIIIIIIIIIISSSSSS!!!

The LIGHTS FADE as the cast quickly re-assembles for the next  
stage of the musical.

Boxer's telephone begins to ring. He answers it.

BOXER  
Hello.

People begin to glance over at Boxer as he lowers the phone  
and stands up to leave.

BOXER (CONT'D)  
I'M AT THIS PIECE OF SHIT MUSICAL.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- [FLASH FORWARD] DAY

Ash paces in front of David Clark.

ASH  
The motherfucker called our show a piece  
of shit within earshot of every critic in  
the house, and he walked out after the  
opening act.

DAVID CLARK  
Good for him.

Ash grimaces in anger.

ASH  
Do you know what happens when one of the  
biggest movie stars in the world calls

your show a piece of shit and walks out  
in front of a bunch of Hollywood  
insiders?

INT. DOWNTOWN THEATER -- [FLASHBACK] NIGHT

Several dozen other people begin to exit the theater.

ASH (V.O.)  
They all follow his lead! He killed our  
careers... right then and there!

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- AFTER THE SHOW

After the show, David and Terrence are sitting in a booth.  
Terrence is drunk and dejected.

DAVID CLARK  
That show was the stupidest thing I've  
ever seen. I should've arrested you  
fuckers for making me sit through it.  
(beat)  
I want you to forget this acting nonsense  
once and for all, Terrence. You're thirty  
years old and you've booked... what? A  
commercial for Home Depot?  
(nudging him on the shoulder)  
It's just not gonna happen.

Terrence just stares down at his drink.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
How are you ever gonna get anywhere in  
life waiting tables? You don't have a  
college degree. How are you going to be  
able to support a wife and kids? Home  
ownership never occurred to you?

Terrence takes a long sip of beer.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
I want you to consider becoming a cop.

ACROSS THE BAR... Ash, Kevin, Angela, Dion and Zora are  
stewing over the tepid response to their musical.

ASH  
We never should have opened with the  
medley.

ANGELA  
We never should have put Malcolm X on  
roller-skates. This isn't Starlight  
Express.

DION  
Bitch, don't start with me.

ASH  
It's political satire, Angela.

ANGELA  
People were confused and offended.

DION  
You don't know my pain!

ANGELA  
They don't care about your politics,  
Dion! They just want to be entertained!

ANGELA  
They don't want to hear a bunch of your  
neo-Marxist rhetoric.

DION  
I'm an anarchist! There's no such thing  
as a neo-Marxist! Pure socialism is dead!

KEVIN  
Calm down, guys. We shouldn't blame each  
other. We put on a great show, and we got  
blackballed by a right-wing movie star.

ZORA  
That cock-fucker is going down. In this  
life or the next, I will have my  
vengeance on Boxer Santaros.

Zora glares at them with rage in her eyes.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- [FLASH FORWARD] AFTERNOON

David Clark glares at Ash.

DAVID CLARK  
So this is about revenge. You're gonna  
kidnap Boxer Santaros and hold him for  
ransom.

ASH  
Fuck that. We're not in the high risk  
business. What we've got is a scam where  
no one gets hurt, no one goes to jail,  
and everybody gets paid, including you...  
if you play your cards right.

DAVID CLARK  
How deep is Terrence involved?

ASH  
Your brother is pretending to be you.  
He's driving around in your cruiser with  
Santaros right now. At 10:15 they're  
gonna drive right by this house, and  
they're gonna hear screams from inside.  
It's gonna be Angela and Dion, acting  
like a married couple in a big argument.

CGI RE-CREATION:

The CAMERA moves through an INTRICATE CGI MODEL of the

Vermont house, detailing every aspect of the plan with CGI VERSIONS of our characters.

ASH (V.O.)  
Terrence is gonna go check things out,  
with Boxer filming. Just like an episode  
of Cops. He's gonna walk into the  
bedroom, and find Dion and Angela in this  
big screaming match. There will be blanks  
in Terrence's gun. Dion and Angela will  
have blood packs and squibs under their  
shirts.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Angela sits in a chair in the garage as KEVIN applies a  
FACIAL PROSTHETIC. Zora is taping the BLOOD PACKS to Dion's  
chest.

CGI RE-CREATION:

The RE-CREATION continues... CROSS CUT with Ash and David  
Clark in the VENICE LOFT.

ASH  
Terrence is gonna wig out and shoot them.  
(beat)  
And now Boxer's got all this on DVD. A  
psycho cop who just murdered a black guy  
and his girlfriend. He's gonna grab  
Boxer's camera, turn it off, and then  
plant a gun in Dion's hand... right in  
front of him.

DAVID CLARK  
Mother of God.

ASH  
Now we've got a DVD, shot by a huge movie  
star, of a racist cop committing double  
murder. We've got a movie star married to  
the daughter of the soon-to-be President  
elect, who will pay anything to get that  
DVD back.

DAVID CLARK  
He'll never pay.

ASH  
The fuck he won't! It's an election year!  
Everyone pays!

Ash's phone begins to ring.

ASH  
Make a sound, and I'll dose you again.  
  
He answers it.

ASH (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- KITCHEN -- NEXT

Dion is sitting at the kitchen table. His NOSE and CHEEKBONES are now much chubbier with thick prosthetic make-up.

DION  
How's sleeping beauty?

ASH (PHONE)  
Fine.

DAVID CLARK (PHONE)  
I'M AWAKE, YOU ASSHOLE!!

Dion stands up.

DION  
Motherfucker!

ASH (PHONE)  
Calm down, Dion. He knows. I told him everything.

DION  
One thing! One thing I ask you to do and you fail!

ASH (PHONE)  
It's better this way, Dion.  
(looking at David)  
He's not gonna send his brother to prison. He's gonna cooperate.

Dion hangs up the phone. We follow him as he walks into the GARAGE.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Inside the garage, Kevin is taping the squib packs onto Angela's stomach.

KEVIN  
Zora and I will be in the garage. When we hear the first gunshot, I'll activate your squib by remote. On the second gunshot, I'll activate Angela's squib.

Zora has put on a pair of OFF-ROAD ROLLERBLADES. She rolls around the garage.

ZORA  
Kevin and I will then evacuate through the back alley. These off-road rollerblades were a great idea, Kev.

KEVIN  
Thanks, Zora.

ZORA  
Once Boxer is off and running, you guys

have to evacuate immediately. The neighbors will most likely call the cops when they hear the gunshots. That'll give you five or ten minutes to clear out.

ANGELA

Don't worry about the gunshots. The neighbors around here won't give a shit.

ZORA

We rendezvous at midnight. Barney's Beanery. By then, Terrence and Ash should have twin brother nestled in his bed at the beach condo. Then the negotiations begin.

Zora and Kevin HIGH FIVE as Kevin spins his make-up chair around and the CAMERA moves into Angela's new prosthetic face.

ANGELA

How do I look?

Hideous. Absolutely hideous.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- SUNSET

A LARGE STAGE has been erected in the parking lot at the base of SANTA MONICA PIER. Behind it is a JUMBO TRON. An animated UNCLE SAM points at the LARGE CROWD of families that wait in several lines at the base of the stage. The words "WE WANT YOU" flicker on the screen... followed by "ARMY... NAVY... AIRFORCE... MARINES".

Paul Pilot emerges onto the stage flanked by FIVE BACK-UP DANCERS in military fatigue. They begin to perform a BOY-BAND NUMBER. The crowd goes wild.

VARIOUS POSTCARD SHOTS: NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS from around Los Angeles: The SETTING SUN reflects through the glass facade of the STAPLES CENTER... A SEA OF RED LIGHTS on the CONGESTED 405...

A 3-D TITLE CARD illuminates:

PART II - THE DUNGEON OF CHAOS

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Darkness fell upon the city.

SKATE-BOARDERS in Venice Beach SILHOUETTED against the glowing FERRIS WHEEL looming in the distance at the base of Santa Monica Pier. A crowd pours into the HOLLYWOOD BOWL.

At the VENICE DRUM CIRCLE... a drugged-out Larry Weisberg watches as SOLDIERS move through the crowd. A HELICOPTER searchlight pierces through the crowd.

INT. DHS OFFICE BUILDING -- NEXT

Starla sits at her cubicle working. She places a CHEETO in her mouth... chewing it methodically.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Starla continued her clandestine investigation with a growing sense of horror.

Starla opens a link to an underwater SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. On the ocean floor there is an ARRAY OF LIGHTS mounted onto some underwater submersible.

She then retrieves the topographic map of coral reef and stares at it. The image appears to form a human face.

She holds the topographical map up to a glossy magazine image of Boxer. The faces appear to match.

Starla compares the two images... locked in a catatonic trance. She then shoves a handful of CHEETOS in her mouth... chunks spewing from her mouth.

She pulls up the US-IDENT search page and types in the name: BOXER HENRY SANTAROS - 23432 90943

All of his personal information is displayed.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT: The CAMERA flies over the vast city lights... DOWNTOWN looming in the distance. A single POLICE CRUISER idles at a stoplight...

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Meanwhile... Boxer Santaros and Terrence Clark navigated through the streets of South Central, their destination just several blocks away.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence and Boxer pass through the South Central intersection. Boxer is fidgeting... acting strangely.

TERRENCE CLARK  
So your new film. It's a modern crime story?

BOXER  
Post-modern. There is no such thing as modern anymore. Hell, post-modern practically needs to be retired from the zeitgeist.  
(beat... getting excited)  
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. 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 Terrence's face.

TERRENCE CLARK  
What's the truth?

Boxer smiles.

BOXER  
My character... he realizes that the apocalyptic crime rate... is because of global deceleration.  
(whispering)  
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 and anti-social criminal behavior.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Sounds neat.

Boxer stares at him... somewhat insulted.

BOXER  
Neat?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Yeah. So how does he stop the global deceleration?

BOXER  
Oh... he can't stop it. Only God can stop it... and The New York Times said God is dead. So in the end I die in a tragic downtown shoot-out, whispering my theory to Dr. Muriel Fox, the Oceanographic Disaster Specialist who I fall in love with on the journey.  
(beat)  
Then my character gets resurrected. His name is Jericho Cane.

Terrence smiles politely... nodding his head.

BOXER (CONT'D)  
(snapping his fingers)  
My character's initials. J.C.  
Jesus Christ? Hello, Clark? Are we paying attention here?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Oh... yeah! Symbolism.

They drive in silence for a moment. Terrence sees something through the windshield... and then SLAMS ON THE BREAKS.

TERRENCE CLARK (CONT'D)  
SHIT!

Standing in the middle of the road is a VAGRANT named WALTER MUNG (50s). He staggers toward the passenger side of the car... leaning in toward Boxer... looking him dead in the eye.

MUNG

The tower of fire will rain down upon  
this city... with the vengeance of a  
thousand white angels. Their black eyes  
can see through time.

Boxer and Terrence sit there silently as the Vagrant backs away from the car... walking down the sidewalk.

TERRENCE CLARK

O-kaaaaaay. Whatever that meant.

Terrence laughs nervously. Boxer peers through the window... searching for any sign of the Vagrant.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

The encounter struck them as most  
unusual. For Boxer, it was the first in a  
series of clues that something was truly  
amiss in the city. The vagrant repeated  
verbatim the exact dialogue spoken by a  
character in his screenplay.

Terrence turns right onto Vermont Avenue.

BOXER

You don't hear that every day.

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.

EXT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- STREET -- NEXT

The two police cruisers come to a stop directly in front of 4533 Vermont. Inside the second cruiser is Officer CLARENCE BOOKMAN (32). He rolls down his window.

BOOKMAN

Clark.

Terrence nods his head slowly. Bookman notices Boxer.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Whoa. Boxer Santaros.

Boxer smiles, holding the camera.

BOXER  
Good evening, Officer.

There is a LOUD SCREAMING sound coming from inside the 45433 Vermont house. It is ANGELA. Bookman looks over his shoulder.

BOOKMAN  
Hello. What have we here?

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

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)  
45433 Vermont in South Central. Possible domestic disturbance.

BOXER  
Finally. Something is happening.

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 front walk 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. He tries the door. It is unlocked.

BOOKMAN  
Here we go.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- FOYER -- NEXT

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.

ANGELA  
AAAAAAAHHHHHHGGGGG!!!

DION  
YOU FUCKING BITCH! I'LL KILL YOU!

Bookman rounds the corner... into the bedroom. Terrance opens his mouth to warn them, but he does not have the courage.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

Dion has his hands around Angela's neck, strangling her from behind. Bookman raises his gun.

BOOKMAN  
Let her go and step against the wall!

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Zora and Kevin stand in the middle of the garage. Kevin is holding the REMOTE SQUIB DETONATOR. Kevin's eyes widen. He turns to Zora.

KEVIN  
(whispering)  
Is that Terrence?

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

Dion throws Angela down on the bed. Bookman FIRES HIS GUN.

The BULLET tears into Dion's chest.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Kevin hits the button on the squib detonator.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

The squib explodes just before Dion falls to the floor... DEAD. Terrence stands next to Boxer, both of them FROZEN WITH TERROR. Angela, who has no clue that this is ALL REAL... continues her pre-rehearsed act.

ANGELA  
You motherfucker!!

BOOKMAN  
Shit. Oh shit.

ANGELA  
You killed him you motherfucker!!

Angela comes lunging toward Bookman. In a instant reaction he FIRES ANOTHER SHOT... and a BULLET hits Angela in the chest. She falls back onto the bed just as the squib explodes through her T-shirt.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- GARAGE -- NEXT

Kevin grabs his backpack. He and Zora rollerblade out the back door of the garage.

EXT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- BACK ALLEY -- NEXT

Zora and Dion rollerblade into the alley in perfect formation... disappearing into the night.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

Bookman, Terrence and Boxer stand there in shocked silence. Terrence has wet his pants.

BOOKMAN  
Shit. Shit.

Bookman walks over to Boxer and snatches the CAMCORDER 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.

EXT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

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

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

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Terrence is about to cry.

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

EXT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

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

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM

Bookman places the second pistol in Angela's hand.

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

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

Boxer runs into the parking lot of a Texaco station...  
frantically dialing a number on his cell phone.

BOXER  
Fuck! Come on!

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CGI SUBURBAN STREET -- NIGHT

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 YELLOW 2004 TRIER HYBRID 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 SILVER TRIER SUV sits in  
another driveway. Another BLUE LIGHTNING BOLT strikes... and  
a 3-D XEROX of electrical power SCANS the SUV.

The engine of the YELLOW TRIER comes to life. "STRANGERS IN  
THE NIGHT" by FRANK SINATRA blares from out of the sound  
system.

Across the way... the engine of the SILVER TRIER comes to  
life. The 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... 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  
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.

EXT. VAUGHN MANSION -- BEVERLY HILLS -- NEXT

Joe Vaughn stands at the edge of the POOL at his party. An

audience of several hundred APPLAUDS as the new TRIER COMMERCIAL has just premiered on several FLAT SCREEN HD-TVs mounted around the party.

VAUGHN  
That was just... very erotic.

A FAT GERMAN WOMAN translates for the Germans in the crowd.

VAUGHN  
As vehicular design continues to evolve... Trier Products stands at the cutting edge of the new frontier. A future without fossil fuel.

Vaughn pumps his fist. The crowd cheers enthusiastically.

VAUGHN  
Now... to tell us more about the new hybrid SUV is Dr. Inga Neuberger.

The crowd applauds as Inga takes the mike and begins to address the crowd in German. Vaughn watches politely as his wife JACLYN (40s) comes through the crowd. She has a telephone in her hand.

JACLYN  
Joe?

VAUGHN  
Mmmm?

JACLYN  
(whispering)  
It's Boxer. It's... some kind of emergency.

Vaughn turns to the crowd.

VAUGHN  
Excuse me for one moment please.

Vaughn snatches the phone from her.

INT. VAUGHN MANSION -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Vaughn steps into the KITCHEN... motioning to the HOUSEKEEPERS to leave.

VAUGHN  
Boxer?

BOXER (PHONE)  
(blubbing)  
I... I... he just killed them! He just killed those two people!

Vaughn notices an AVANT-GARDE GERMAN COUPLE doing COCAINE at his kitchen table.

VAUGHN

Do you mind?

The couple sneers at him and then leaves.

VAUGHN  
(back into phone)  
Okay. Calm down. Where are you?

BOXER (PHONE)  
I'm at the Texaco station... on the  
corner of Crenshaw and 14th street.

VAUGHN  
Jesus. Sit tight. I'll be there as quick  
as I can.

He hangs up the phone... pacing around the kitchen.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Jaclyn comes into the kitchen.

JACLYN  
What is it, Joe!

VAUGHN  
Fuck!

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

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

TERRENCE CLARK  
Fuck!

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- BEDROOM -- NEXT

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

BOOKMAN  
Fuck.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash is trying Dion on his cell phone. No answer.

ASH  
Fuck.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- TRIER GAS STATION -- NEXT

Boxer sits on the curb next to an internet kiosk.

BOXER  
Fuck.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

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

RASHAD

Fuck!

INT. LARRY WEISBERG'S HOUSE -- BEVERLY HILLS -- NEXT

Larry and his friends sit in his living room watching a PORNO flick starring Tera Cox and Krysta Now. Someone off-screen is performing oral sex on Tera.

TERA

Fuck!

Larry stares at the porno in awe.

LARRY

(whispering)

Fuck...

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S APARTMENT -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi and Jerri sit on the couch watching television. Jerri takes a long hit off of a BONG.

JERRI

(exhaling)

Fuuuuuck.

EXT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- MOMENTS LATER

Terrence pulls the police cruiser into the parking lot.

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- NEXT

Terrence drops into the BOOTH where Zora and Kevin are waiting. He is trembling.

ZORA

Where are Dion and Angela?

TERRENCE CLARK

They're dead. They're both dead.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

Boxer sits on the curb at the Texaco station. He looks like he is about to cry. His CELL PHONE begins to ring.

BOXER

Yeah.

INT. DHS OFFICE BUILDING -- NEXT

Starla sits in front of her computer with her headset on... her face covered in Cheeto schmeg. She seems possessed by something.

STARLA (PHONE)

Is this... Boxer?

Boxer is silent for a moment.

BOXER

Yeah.

STARLA (PHONE)

You're the King. The King who rules the  
Tower of Fire.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL -- TEXACO STATION -- NEXT

Boxer thinks for a moment... spooked...

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Once again... a piece of dialogue from  
his screenplay.

BOXER

Where did you learn those words?

STARLA (PHONE)

We have to talk. You are in great danger.

BOXER

Who are you?

STARLA (PHONE)

I am Dr. Muriel Fox. The Oceanographic  
Disaster Specialist. Look for the red  
umbrella. Tomorrow at noon on the beach  
in Santa Monica.

The phone disconnects. Boxer stands there for a moment...  
then sees Vaughn's Mercedes pull into the parking lot.

INT. VAUGHN'S MERCEDES -- NEXT

Boxer sits down in the passenger seat as Vaughn peels out of  
the parking lot.

BOXER

They're dead. He... he shot these two  
people... right in front of me.

VAUGHN

Clark?

BOXER

No. This other cop showed up. It's all on  
the DVD.

VAUGHN

From your camera?

BOXER

Yeah. The cop has the DVD. Everything is  
on that DVD.

Vaughn tries to remain calm.

VAUGHN  
Heavens to Betsy.  
(beat)  
This is bad. This is really bad...

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- NEXT

Zora takes a sip of iced tea.

ZORA  
What was this cop's name?

TERRENCE CLARK  
Bookman. His name tag said Bookman.

ZORA  
We have to get that DVD from him.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Fuck that, Zora! This is over! I'm  
bringing the cruiser back to the loft. We  
have to tell my brother everything that  
happened.

ZORA  
Your brother is at my place with Ash.  
He's bound and gagged. He already knows  
everything. You're gonna have to give him  
half of your share to keep him quiet.

INT. VAUGHN'S MERCEDES -- NEXT

Vaughn is dialing a number on his cell phone.

VAUGHN  
Damage control. Damage control. I want  
you to tell me everything that happened  
from beginning to end.

BOXER  
Take us to Malibu. The beach house.

EXT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

There are now four POLICE CRUISERS, an AMBULANCE and a  
CORONER'S VAN parked in front of the house.

INT. 45433 VERMONT AVENUE -- NEXT

The CAMERA tracks along with DETECTIVE ERIN ROBINSON (38) as  
she moves through the house along with several other  
OFFICERS... arriving in the BEDROOM, where Bookman watches  
several CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS analyze the scene.

Robinson looks down at the bodies in disgust.

ROBINSON  
Christ.

CSI GAIL FITZPATRICK (28) is leaning down over Angela's body  
when she 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.

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

Two other CSI TEAM MEMBERS named WALKER (30) and MCBRIDE (30) approach.

WALKER  
The house is listed to Dion Warner.  
That's the brother.

ROBINSON  
Nice.  
(to Bookman)  
Any clue as to why a couple would be having an argument while 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.

She sighs. Bookman is trouble and she knows it.

ROBINSON  
Well let's hear it, Clarence. I'm sure Internal Affairs will be very interested in your latest adventure.

BOOKMAN  
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.

Robinson shakes her head in disgust. McBride retrieves a copy of THE LIGHTHOUSE GANG headshot... handing it to Robinson.

ROBINSON  
The Lighthouse Gang.

INT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- NEXT

Zora takes the check from the waitress.

ZORA  
We have to go back to the loft. We've gotta convince your brother to keep quiet on this. That's the only way.

TERRENCE CLARK

He won't! There's no way he'll keep quiet. We're all gonna go to jail, Zora.

ZORA  
Your own brother would send you to jail?

TERRENCE CLARK  
We're a part of this. We're responsible.  
(emotional beat)  
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. I've got some serious negotiating to do.

KEVIN  
(frightened)  
What are you gonna do, Zora?

ZORA  
I'm gonna talk to him until he agrees to keep quiet. This is survival of the fittest. This is Charles fucking Darwin to the max.

EXT. BARNEY'S BEANERY -- MOMENTS LATER

Zora, Kevin and Terrence walk together toward the cruiser. Kevin stops in his tracks.

KEVIN  
Listen guys. I... I think that I'm just gonna rollerblade on home... get some fresh air. 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 rollerblades, Zora. Consider them a gift.

Kevin smiles nervously, and then blades off into the alley. Terrence walks quickly to the cruiser, opening the driver's side door.

Zora approaches from behind and STABS HIM IN THE NECK.

IT IS A BASITONOL SYRINGE.

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

Zora closes the door, starts the engine, puts the cruiser into drive and then floors it.

EXT. ALLEY -- NEXT

Zora pulls the cruiser into the ALLEY that runs parallel to Santa Monica Boulevard. 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... rollerblading as fast as he can. Zora accelerates... the cruiser fast approaching.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(screaming like a woman)

AAAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

The CRUISER slams into Kevin's body. It cartwheels over the windshield, his rollerblades 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.

She then puts the car into drive... cruises down the alley... and turns south on west on Santa Monica... heading toward the freeway.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

Zora dials a number on her cell phone.

ASH (PHONE)

Hello?

ZORA

Ash. It's Zora.

ASH (PHONE)

Jesus Christ, I've been calling you guys for hours! What's going on?

ZORA  
Everything went exactly as planned. Sit tight, and I'll be home before sunrise.

ASH (PHONE)  
Sunrise? What the fuck, Zora?

ZORA  
I have to run a few errands.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash hangs up the phone. David Clark glares at him.

ASH  
Everything went fine. See... you shouldn't under-estimate your brother.

DAVID CLARK  
Do you think you could get me some food? I haven't eaten in twenty-four hours.

ASH  
Oh, sure.

Ash goes over to the REFRIGERATOR and opens it.

ASH (CONT'D)  
Oooh. Not much selection. I hope you like Acid Fuel.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Boxer sits on the couch in a bathrobe... freshly showered. He is sipping a tumbler of scotch. Vaughn paces around the room.

VAUGHN  
Don't worry. We'll fix this. Whatever the price. Throw enough money at any problem and it goes away... right?

Vincenzo is there. He hangs up the phone, scrawling notes on his pad.

VINCENZO  
Alright. My pal on the force gave me some information... and it sounds like we're in the clear.  
(looking at his notepad)  
The officer who fired the shots... his name is Clarence Bookman. A real hot-head apparently. Internal Affairs has been breathing down his neck.

VAUGHN  
Who the fuck are you?

VINCENZO  
I'm a co-producer on The Power.

VAUGHN

What the fuck is The Power?

BOXER

My new screenplay. The role I'm researching.

VINCENZO

According to my sources there are no reports of an officer Clark, or a Boxer Santaros at the scene.

VAUGHN

Oh... thank God.

Vaughn pumps his fist in victory.

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- NIGHT

Zora drives the police cruiser down PCH.

INT. POLICE CRUISER TRUNK -- NEXT

Terrence is now awake inside the trunk. He begins to rip open a storage unit. There is a GUN inside.

EXT. ALLEY -- NEXT

Larry Weisberg's Hummer comes cruising down the alley at breakneck speed... then SKIDDING to a stop just inches in front of Kevin Zimmerman's body.

Larry and A-Ball step out of the car... rap music blasting from inside.

LARRY

Wicked...

A-Ball approaches the body.

A-BALL

Should we call the cops?

LARRY

Probably.

(his eyes locked on the body)  
Let's just stare at it for a little bit first.

Larry and A-Ball stare at the dead body in silence.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Vaughn is typing on his laptop. Boxer paces around nervously, thumbing through his screenplay. Something is happening.

VAUGHN

Okay. I sent your wife an e-mail. Good damage control so far. Now we have to figure out a way to secure that DVD.

Vaughn sees something on his computer.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck me hard!

Vaughn has pulled up Cyndi Pinziki's e-mail.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
I have some information that could be  
very damaging to your client. This  
information is recorded on DVD.  
(scanning to the bottom)  
It's from C.O.P. Cop.

VINCENZO  
It was a fucking setup.

BOXER  
What?

VAUGHN  
No... he's right. Someone is trying to  
blackmail us. This is a political smear  
campaign.

Boxer pours himself another drink.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash is feeding David Clark Acid Fuel by the spoon.

DAVID CLARK  
Uggghhh. Enough. This shit is nasty.

Ash puts the spoon back into the jar of Lime Green shake.  
Clark looks like he is about to gag.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
Bring me some water, for Chrissakes.  
Jesus... who eats this shit!

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- NEXT

Zora pulls the police cruiser into the parking lot of  
GLADSTONES. Zora exits the car and walks over to an SUV  
parked there. BEHIND THE WHEEL IS OFFICER BOOKMAN.

BOOKMAN  
Just in time.

ZORA  
I'm never late for an appointment.

BOOKMAN  
Where's the cop?

ZORA  
In the trunk.

A MUFFLED GUN SHOT echoes across the parking lot. Bookman  
turns to Zora.

BOOKMAN  
Did you hear that?

EXT. GLADSTONE'S PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Bookman and Zora approach the police cruiser. They see that the trunk is now open. Terrence is not in there.

ZORA  
Fuck me hard!

EXT. PCH -- NEXT

Terrence sprints up PCH as fast as he can. A LARGE GREYHOUND BUS is approaching. He frantically begins to wave his arms, flagging the bus down.

EXT. PCH -- NEXT

Terrence stands in front of the GREYHOUND BUS as the DRIVER opens the door.

DRIVER  
Officer, are you okay?

Terrence looks up at the windows of the bus and he sees that there are dozens of PASSENGERS looking out the windows at him.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS -- NEXT

Terrence walks down the aisle of the bus as all of the passengers stare at him in awe, whispering to one another. Nearly all of the PASSENGERS are wearing MATCHING WHITE T SHIRTS that have some sort of CHURCH GROUP LOGO on them.

He arrives at the only remaining seat near the back... and sits down next to an ANGELIC CULT PRIESTESS (30s). The Priestess smiles at Terrence nervously.

PRIESTESS  
Is... everything okay?

Terrence stares at the Priestess for a long moment.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Bless me sister, for I have sinned.

The Priestess nods her head slowly... somewhat confused.

PRIESTESS  
Armageddon is upon us. The ocean will  
cleanse us of our sins in the wake of the  
Doomsday Machine.  
(taking his hand)  
The Machine is in control.

EXT. GLADSTONE'S PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Zora and Bookman pace around the parking lot in a panic.

ZORA  
Don't worry. Terrence is a pussy. We'll find him eventually.

BOOKMAN  
What about this screenwriter. Ash Wallace?

ZORA  
He's a pussy too. We'll cut him up and throw him in a dumpster.  
(beat)  
Do you have the DVD?

Bookman pulls the SHOOTING DVD from his pocket.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
Have you made a copy of it yet?

BOOKMAN  
No copies. This is a one time deal. Extra copies of this DVD is the worst idea I've ever heard.

ZORA  
We make the call first thing tomorrow morning. Negotiations should be brief.

EXT. GLADSTONE'S PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Across the parking lot, there is a BLACK CHEVY SEDAN.

INT. BLACK CHEVY SEDAN -- NEXT

Inside the BLACK CHEVY SEDAN are Robinson, Walker and McBride. They watch ZORA and BOOKMAN talking. McBride is doing research on the Lighthouse Gang.

WALKER  
Her name is Zora Charmichaels. I just found her on a webcast from the Comedy and Magic Store in Hermosa Beach.

ROBINSON  
She's a stand-up comedian?

MCBRIDE  
I can download their webcast through our server.

McBride begins to type on her laptop.

ON THE WEBCAST: JAY LENO is standing up on the stage.

LENO  
Ladies and gentlemen... straight outta Venice Beach... Zora Charmichaels!

Zora takes the stage... immediately grabbing the MICROPHONE from the Leno... putting him in the headlock.

ZORA  
(into the mike)  
AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The crowd goes wild.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
WHO LIKES PUSSY?!!!!

The men go crazy.

WALKER  
She's ripping off Sam Kinison.

ZORA  
I WANT SOME FUCKING PUSSY!!!  
AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

She releases Leno... and then puts the microphone to her CROTCH and begins to make BEAT-BOX QUIFFING SOUNDS with her mouth... as though they are coming from her vagina.

EXT. GLADSTONE'S PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Bookman and Zora continue to conspire in the parking lot.

BOOKMAN  
I don't know. This is fucking risky. What if Boxer doesn't cooperate?

ZORA  
He will. It's an election year. The manager is so paranoid. If we ask for three million they'll fucking pay it. Three million I'd rather split two ways... not six!

Bookman thinks for a moment.

BOOKMAN  
Fuck it. I'm in.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Vaughn has composed a return e-mail.

TO: cop@yahoo.com  
FROM: joe@mpr.com  
SUBJECT: RE: BOXER SANTAROS  
How much for the DVD?

Vaughn presses SEND.

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S APARTMENT -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi sits at her kitchen table in front of her LAPTOP... watching a news feed... smoking a cigarette. Across the room... Jerri is exercising to a STRIP HOP video.

Cyndi sees the e-mail from Joe Vaughn.

CYNDI  
Jackpot! Wake up Jer! We're in business!

JERRI  
Wha... OH SHIT!

Cyndi begins to type her reply.

SUBJECT: OUR PRICE  
\$1,000,000 cash.

Cyndi goes to press SEND.

JERRI (CONT'D)  
Wait!

CYNDI  
What, should I make it more threatening?

JERRI  
The money, Cyn. I'm no expert... but...  
shouldn't we aim a little higher? I  
mean... say they come back at half a  
million and don't budge. Then we're stuck  
at half a million, right? From what I  
know about these Hollywood managers is  
that they like to play hardball on these  
deals.  
(beat)  
Let's play hardball, sister. It's now or  
never!

Cyndi thinks for a moment.

CYNDI  
How high should we go?

Jerri reaches out and changes the offer.

\$3,000,000 cash.

CYNDI (CONT'D)  
Fuck me hard!

Jerri cackles out loud.

CYNDI (CONT'D)  
Alright. Let's go for it.

Cyndi presses SEND.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Vaughn reads the offer.

VAUGHN  
\$3,000,000 cash.

Vaughn and Vincenzo look at each other. Boxer takes a long  
sip from his scotch... staring out at the ocean.

VAUGHN  
Three million dollars. This is extortion  
on a level above and beyond... anything I  
have ever seen.

(beat)  
But given the circumstances... I think we  
should pay.

BOXER  
Why? It's all coming to an end. It  
doesn't matter. Fuck the election.

VAUGHN  
They will bury you if this DVD gets out.  
All they want is money. If we pay... I  
can guarantee that this whole situation  
can be controlled.

VINCENZO  
Maybe the DVD isn't as incriminating as  
you think.

VAUGHN  
TWO INNOCENT PEOPLE WERE SHOT. IT'S ON  
THE DVD! HE'S ON THE FUCKING DVD! HE SAID  
THE "N" WORD REPEATEDLY... LAUGHING! THE  
COP SHOT THE BLACK GUY WHO WAS UNARMED!  
WE ACCEPT THE FUCKING DEAL... CASE  
CLOSED!

Vaughn sighs. He types his response.

Deal. When and where?

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S APARTMENT -- VENICE BEACH -- NEXT

Cyndi and Jerri are silent for a moment... before SCREAMING  
BLOODY MURDER.

CYNDI  
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

They jump up and down... hugging and screaming.

JERRI  
OH MY FUCKING GOD!!! THREE MILLION  
DOLLARS!!!

Cyndi calms down... sitting in front of the computer.

CYNDI  
Okay, baby. Calm down. Calm down.

She speaks her reply. The computer generates the text.

Surf View Cafe at the Santa Monica pier. NOON.  
No funny stuff or we go public with the DVD.

She presses SEND.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Officer David Clark is squirming in his seat. His face is now BRIGHT RED. He moans out loud.

DAVID CLARK  
Jesus. What was in that shit!

ASH  
I don't know. It's bodybuilder shit.

DAVID CLARK  
I've gotta go to the bathroom. We're gonna have a serious mess if you don't untie me!

ASH  
Sorry, buddy. No can do.

Officer Clark screams out in pain.

DAVID CLARK  
Ahhh! It's like glass. Come on, man! Just untie me from the chair and let me walk over to the toilet!

Ash lets out a loud sigh. He pulls out his GUN... and walks over to release the Officer's hands from the chair.

ASH  
Straight to the bathroom. No funny stuff.

Free from the chair, with his hands still tied behind his back, officer Clark hops his way over to the bathroom. Ash follows close with the gun.

ASH  
Keep the door open!

Clark slams the door closed before Ash can stop him. Ash tries to open the door, but Clark has the door locked.

ASH  
I said keep the door open!

DAVID CLARK  
Fuck you!

From inside the bathroom we hear horrific shitting noises.

INT. BATHROOM -- NEXT

Inside the small, windowless bathroom, Officer Clark gets up off the toilet and spins around so that his back is facing the sink. He is making the shitting noises with his mouth.

He turns on the water... and then begins to open drawers looking for something to cut through the ropes around his wrists. From one of the drawers he finds a NAIL FILE... and begins to cut through them.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash paces around nervously... he has the PHONE in his hand and he begins to dial a number.

ASH  
If you don't come out in ten seconds I'm  
gonna start shooting holes in the door!

No response. Only running water. Ash moves in toward the door, placing his ear against it.

INT. BATHROOM -- NEXT

With his arms and legs now completely free, Officer Clark KICKS THE BATHROOM DOOR AS HARD AS HE CAN.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

The DOOR SMASHES OPEN and sends Ash flying across the room onto the floor... the gun sliding across the hardwood floor out of his reach. Ash is unconscious.

After a few REVENGE KICKS to Ash's RIBS, Clark sprints for the gun... grabs it... and turns for the phone. He puts the phone to his ear. No service.

DAVID CLARK  
Shit!

He looks over at the bathroom door and sees that the SHELF holding the CORDLESS CRADLE has knocked over, ripping the cord from the WALL.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Officer Clark comes bursting out the door and runs toward the gate. He sprints down the street wearing only his boxer shorts and a T-shirt. He is still dizzy from the Basitonol.

EXT. ALLEY -- WEST HOLLYWOOD -- NEXT

Larry Weisberg and A-Ball stand with the cops next to his Hummer. Kevin Zimmerman's body is now covered with a BLANKET. Robinson and her crew are all there.

MCBRIDE  
And so you didn't see anyone exiting the scene. No other witnesses.

LARRY  
No. Just the dead guy.

MCBRIDE  
Uh-huh.

LARRY  
You guys think I hit him don't you!

A-BALL  
Fuckin' five-o! That's bullshit!

OVER AT THE BODY... Robinson, Fitzpatrick and Walker are conferring around the body. Fitzpatrick removes Kevin's wallet. Walker is going through his backpack.

FITZPATRICK  
He's got himself a SAG card as well. His name is Kevin Zimmerman.

ROBINSON  
Jesus. Tough night for the Lighthouse Gang.

WALKER  
You're not gonna believe this.

Robinson turns and sees that Walker has emptied the contents of the backpack.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Make-up kit... and squib detonators.

ROBINSON  
Jackpot.  
(to Fitzpatrick)  
These kids run him down?

FITZPATRICK  
Not a chance. See those tire tracks? They're way too wide for the tread marks on the victim. And if you'll notice there are two sets, going in different directions. Whoever ran this guy down put it in reverse... and finished the job.

Robinson sighs.

ROBINSON  
Looks like we've got ourselves a serial killer. Bring the two vanilla gangstas in for formal questioning. Call their parents. I'm going to bed.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Ash lays on the floor of the loft... his eyes slowly opening. He sees Bookman and Zora approaching. Zora has something in her hand.

BOOKMAN  
He's gone. The little prick let him get away.

Zora leans down to Ash's face with a METAL DEVICE in her hand. IT IS A BAN SAW. Ash's eyes widen in horror.

ASH  
No-

She pulls the trigger. The saw ROARS TO LIFE and she lowers it swiftly towards Ash's NECK.

EXT. VENICE BEACH LIQUOR STORE -- NEXT

David Clark is in the parking lot of a LIQUOR STORE in Venice. He approaches 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!

The liquor store is closed. Clark looks over and sees that there is a LARGE ICE-CREAM TRUCK parked on the street adjacent to the parking lot. Rashad Avraham is behind the wheel. He is talking on his CELL PHONE.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Rashad has the phone to his ear. Rashad 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.

Rashad gives him a long, cold stare.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)

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

RASHAD

Local call?

DAVID CLARK

Local call.

Rashad hands him the cell phone.

EXT. VENICE BEACH LIQUOR STORE -- NEXT

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

DAVID CLARK

Come on. Come on.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Rashad Avraham pulls out the GROUP HEADSHOT of the Lighthouse Gang. He examines it curiously, looking at TERRENCE'S FACE... right next to Zora.

EXT. VENICE BEACH LIQUOR STORE -- NEXT

His eyes widen, and he glances over at David.

David has finally made a connection.

DAVID CLARK

Yes, this is officer David Clark-

Rashad Avraham appears right behind him with a GUN TO HIS

HEAD.

RASHAD  
Give me the phone.

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

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

David Clark is now HOG TIED in the back of the truck on the floor among Rashad's arsenal of WEAPONS. He has duct tape over his mouth.

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

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Bookman is asleep on the couch. From ANOTHER ROOM, we hear the sound of Zora's BAN SAW. The TELEPHONE is ringing and the answering machine picks up.

RASHAD (PHONE)  
This is Rashad Avraham. Your fucking check bounced, Princess Zebruchan. Now I've got your little actor friend Terrence Clark hog tied in the back of my truck. If you don't have the cash payment by tomorrow at twelve o'clock sharp, I start cutting off his fingers. One each hour.  
(looking at the head shot)  
Ciao, bitch.

Just then... Zora emerges from the other room. She is wearing GOGGLES, RUBBER GLOVES and a WHITE APRON covered in BLOOD. Neither she or Bookman heard the message.

ZORA  
Wake up, Bookman. I've got a torso jam.  
Can you help me?

Bookman nods his head and follows Zora into the next room.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

From outside of the apartment, we see Zora step out onto a FIRE ESCAPE with a BODY PART wrapped in black plastic. She drops it into the DUMPSTER below.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

ON THE BEACH... The entire CHURCH GROUP is now assembled on SLEEPING BAGS around a CAMPFIRE. A large PEACE RALLY is taking place on the stage with the JUMBO TRON. Terrence sits next to the Priestess on the sand.

PRIESTESS  
The positive power of our Lord Jesus Christ is infinitely greater than the limited negative power of demons. So through Him, and Him alone, we can

triumph totally over all demons.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Where are the demons?

The Priestess points across the beach.

PRIESTESS  
They prepare for the Holy War. Soon there  
will be a great battle. A war to end all  
wars.

WALTER MUNG stands before a group of VAGRANTS... and various  
other SCHIZOPHRENIC/DRUG-ADDICTS assembled in a circle around  
a LARGE WOODEN CROSS.

MUNG  
The tides have now turned. The path is  
set. In less than twenty-four hours the  
pawns in this cosmic game of chess will  
converge.  
(beat)  
And yet... only one thing is certain. The  
ocean is now in control.

Walter lights a torch and approaches the CROSS... lighting it  
on fire. The burning cross sends smoke across the horizon.

EXT. TRIER PLAZA -- DAWN

The THREE TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS that comprise TRIER PLAZA sit  
just north of STAPLES CENTER. The SUN pierces through the  
horizon.

The 3-D TITLE illuminates against TOWER ONE... sending an  
array of light over the city below.

### PART III - THE TOWER OF FIRE

INT. TRIER PLAZA -- PENTHOUSE OFFICE -- NEXT

The CAMERA moves through the OFFICE on the top floor of Trier  
Plaza TOWER ONE. Baron von Westphalen sits at the end of the  
long MARBLE TABLE... flanked by his staff.

Inga Neuberger touches a panel on the table and one of the  
wall mounted FLAT SCREENS illuminates. An IMAGE from  
UNDERWATER appears on screen with a CLUSTER OF LIGHTS on the  
ocean floor.

STARLA VON LUFT appears on one of the monitors.

INGA  
The diagnostic just came in. The linear  
accelerator is running at ninety  
percent... and the effect on the tidal  
drag is significant... running from La  
Jolla all the way north to Carmel.  
(beat)  
What effect is this having on human  
behavior?

STARLA

Crime has skyrocketed across the city. It should be only a matter of days before the city explodes into complete anarchy.

(beat)

Now there is something else. I have just sent the image over on channel three.

Inga touches the screen... turning on another wall monitor. An INFRARED IMAGE of CORAL REEF appears on screen.

STARLA

A new species of coral reef has emerged... about three kilometers from the LAC mainframe. If you'll look closely you'll see that the coral reef has formed some very unusual patterns.

WESTPHALEN

Yes. I see. How is dis significant?

STARLA

Well... we don't know. This is an entirely new species of coral reef. On the map scan it appears to resemble a human face.

GERMAN BUSINESS MAN

The ocean is fighting back.

A woman named KATARINA KUNSTLER (70s) enters.

KATARINA

Victor Rutkowski is here with the champagne.

INT. TRIER PLAZA -- PENTHOUSE OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

VICTOR RUTKOWSKI (40s), an oily rock-star type with long hair, places a bottle of champagne on the table.

RUTKOWSKI

The champagne is laced with ten milligrams of PCP. I've ordered you sixteen cases of it.

INGA

Excellent.

Inga places a BRIEFCASE full of cash on the table in front of Westphalen.

RUTKOWSKI

If you don't mind me asking. Why do you want to dose your entire party with PCP?

WESTPHALEN

Because I want them to experience de joy of watching chaos from de sky as God does.

Victor shrugs... as if to say... whatever, freaks.

RUTKOWSKI  
Enjoy the party.

Inga sees him to the door... and then turns to face the others.

INGA  
Gentlemen... our mission in life is to destroy capitalism and dethrone God. It now appears that our mission is nearing completion. The experiment is a success. One that will be studied until the end of time.  
(raising a glass)  
Prepare to enter oblivion... for that is all that remains of what might have been.

INT. STARLA VON LUFT HOUSE -- SUNRISE

Starla lays in bed... candles lit around her. Her bedroom is a shrine to Boxer Santaros.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- SUNRISE

Boxer is restless in his sleep... fidgeting back and forth.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The city slept a dreamless sleep, save for one single dream...

Boxer sits up in bed, breathing heavily.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Boxer has drawn a picture of a RED UMBRELLA on a notepad. He stares at the television. A GUNS4U broadcast plays.

Two GUNS4U CO-HOSTS... husband and wife LUKE LARSON (40s) and LANA LARSON (40s) stand on a HOME SHOPPING NETWORK stage. Lana holds an AK-47.

LANA  
This is an AK-47 with a semi-automatic clip. Very effective for home defense.

LUKE  
If you order online via US-Ident. We can now perform an instantaneous background check and have your weapon delivered within the hour.

Boxer turns to the LAPTOP on the table in front of him and places his thumb on the US-IDENT LOGIN PAD.

BOXER  
GUNS4U.COM

The website for [www.guns4u.com](http://www.guns4u.com) comes up.

BOXER  
HANDGUNS.

Just then... Vaughn and Vincenzo come through the door with a  
LARGE DUFFEL BAG filled with money.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP -- EARLY MORNING

The CAMERA approaches the SUNSET STRIP... slowly creeping to  
life on a Saturday morning.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Meanwhile... at Hustler Hollywood on  
Sunset boulevard, adult film stars Krysta  
Now and Tera Cox were just starting their  
day.

INT. HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD -- NEXT

Krysta and Tera are having coffee. The store is bustling with  
activity. They sit at a table within the CYBER-CAFE section  
of the store. A LAPTOP is sitting in between them.

An MALE SHOPPER named PAUL FISCHMAN (40s) approaches them. He  
looks down at a DVD in his hand. Krysta and Tera are posing  
together. The title: COCKCHUGGERS 2: COCKCHUGGIN'

FISCHMAN  
Wow. Tera Cox and Krysta Now having  
coffee together. I must be dreaming.

He gives them a creepy smile. They smile back politely.

FISCHMAN (CONT'D)  
Did you pick your last name... Cox...  
because... it makes us... like...  
subconsciously think about you chugging  
cock every time we hear your name?

Tera thinks for a moment.

TERA  
I never thought about it that way before.

FISCHMAN  
Maybe... it was your destiny... to chug  
cock.

Tera smiles politely. The Shopper nods his head politely, and  
then meanders away. Krysta rolls her eyes.

KRYSTA  
So I get a call from Cyndi this morning.  
It worked. Boxer is gonna pay.

TERA  
Oh my God. How much?

She raises one finger.

TERA (CONT'D)

A million dollars. Oh my God! And you get a third?

Krysta nods her head.

TERA

Aren't you worried about getting black balled from mainstream now?

KRYSTA

This is my big break. I want everyone to know that I fucked him. Cyndi doesn't know this, but I'm gonna steal a copy of the DVD from her place and go straight to the press with it anyway.

(turning to the laptop)

Have you ever heard of wow.com?

TERA

No.

KRYSTA

It's a new gossip site. It's like the Drudge Report... but with a fresh new attitude.

TERA

Wow.

KRYSTA

It's run by this guy Sebastian Travis. I hear he's desperate to break a sex scandal.

Krysta types in the website: www.wow.com

TERA

No way.

KRYSTA

Yep. This is it. My fifteen minute test in the mainstream. I figure I'll get a free ride for two months. All the talk shows... maybe even Playboy.

(beat)

And I'm not gonna fuck it up like Divine Brown, or that bitch who fucked Frank Gifford. They had their shot and they blew it. I'm gonna make this last. Fuck fifteen minutes. I'm talking fifteen years. Once you get the spotlight, you have to learn to run with it.

TERA

You see, that's the difference between us and them. We're educated.

They toast one another.

EXT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S HOUSE -- VENICE BEACH -- MORNING

Cyndi Pinziki walks out of her house with TWO LARGE TRASH BAGS. She opens her gate... crosses the alley and approaches the DUMPSTERS adjacent to ZORA'S LOFT. She sets the TRASH BAGS down on the cement and begins to open the dumpster when...

ZORA  
Stay the fuck out of my dumpsters,  
Pinziki!

Cyndi looks up at the LOFT FIRE ESCAPE to see the Zora standing there... sipping an Acid Fuel.

CYNDI  
Well... if it isn't the high priestess of  
Venice Beach. Shouldn't you be working  
out?

ZORA  
Those are my dumpsters... and they're off  
limits! You know the rules!

CYNDI  
Come on, Zora! My cans are full! You've  
got a whole dumpster to yourself! Where's  
your sense of community?

ZORA  
If you put your trash in that dumpster  
you're gonna find it spread all over your  
lawn, Pinziki!

CYNDI  
Go fuck yourself!

INT. KRYSTA'S LAMBORGHINI -- NEXT

Krysta pulls up in the ALLEY next to Zora's loft in her SILVER 2008 HUSTLER LAMBORGHINI. She looks through the windshield and sees Zora and Cyndi screaming at one another.

KRYSTA  
What the hell?

She rolls down her window to listen.

ZORA  
Eat a dick, Pinziki!

Cyndi shakes her head and then retreats back to her house.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta gets out of her Lamborghini and walks to Zora's gate, pressing the BUZZER.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Zora hears the buzzer. She turns to Bookman... drinking coffee in the kitchen area.

CLOSE-UP: The ANSWERING MACHINE LIGHT is still blinking.

ZORA  
That's my nine o'clock client.

BOOKMAN  
How long are you going to be gone?

ZORA  
Two hours max.

BOOKMAN  
Alright. I'm gonna go pick up some equipment. Be back here by noon. Then we make the call to Santaros' people. We settle this tonight.

ZORA  
Fine.

BOOKMAN  
Do you have a safe?

ZORA  
A safe?

BOOKMAN  
For the DVD. I've got IA on my ass and I can't risk having this on me.

He points to the SHOOTING DVD... sitting on the kitchen counter.

ZORA  
Yeah, over on the wall. It's open.

Bookman walks over to the wall of the loft where there is a SAFE mounted. He opens the door and puts the DVD inside, closing the door.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Zora comes out front to the gate of her loft. Krysta is waiting.

ZORA  
Hey sweetie!

They kiss politely. Zora seems smitten with her.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
You ready to blast some abs?

KRYSTA  
Hell yeah!

They jog off down the street toward GOLD'S GYM.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT

Robinson, Fitzpatrick and McBride are sitting around a table with coffee and donuts. Walker comes into the room.

WALKER

We just got an anonymous tip about a bunch of disgruntled ex-postal workers who got a hold of some anthrax. They might be connected to Zora Charmichaels.

MCBRIDE

Do we want to risk bringing in the bodybuilder for questioning?

Everyone looks to Robinson.

ROBINSON

Not yet. Let's let Bookman and the bodybuilder continue their little rendezvous. They may solve this mystery for us. They may lead us to the anthrax.

INT. LAPD HOLDING ROOM -- NEXT

Larry Weisberg is asleep on a bench. Robinson approaches him, jostling him awake.

ROBINSON

Larry?  
(pointing across the room)  
Your parents are here to take you home.

The CAMERA pans to JOEL and MIRANDA WEISBERG (mid 40s).

INT. HUMMER -- NEXT

Miranda is driving her son's HUMMER. Larry rides shotgun.

MIRANDA

Your father and I have talked about this. It's time to make some changes.  
(angry beat)  
We're going to sell this ridiculous SUV. From now on... you are cut off. I've had enough of you sitting around the house, wasting your goddamn life. It's time to finish school or prepare for war, Larry.

Larry says nothing. He shows no emotion. He looks through the windshield with a catatonic expression... thinking of what will happen next.

INT. GOLD'S GYM -- NEXT

Krysta takes a sip from her water as she and Zora begin to walk to the exit.

KRYSTA

Whew. How much do I owe you, Zora?

ZORA

Two hundred.

Krysta thinks for a moment.

KRYSTA  
Remember last time, when I... paid you  
back at your loft?

ZORA  
(smiling)  
Oh yeah.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Terrence Clark, Cult Priestess and the other members of the  
CHURCH GROUP walk toward the Greyhound bus.

PRIESTESS  
I used to play in a band. We were called  
the Gonad Ballerinas.

TERRENCE CLARK  
Neat.

Terrence is now wearing one of their shirts. Parked across  
the way is Cyndi Pinziki's vintage EL CAMINO.

INT. CYNDI PINZIKI'S EL CAMINO -- NEXT

Cyndi and Jerri sit inside the car.

CYNDI  
Alright. Here we go. I'll go into the  
restaurant. You stay on the pier.

JERRI  
(nervous)  
Okay.

Cyndi pulls out two STUN GUNS from her oversize purse.

CYNDI  
Stun guns. Just in case. If you see that  
fucker Vincenzo... beware. He'll be  
packing heat, and he might just try and  
take us down after the exchange.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta and Zora walk into the loft.

KRYSTA  
Do you have any pot?

ZORA  
Sure.

Zora walks over to the SAFE and begins to turn the  
combination lock. She opens the door and removes a small BAG  
OF WEED. She hands it to Krysta, and then heads toward the  
bathroom.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna shower. I'll be right back.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL DECK -- JUST BEFORE NOON

At the end of the pier... PAUL PILOT is sitting in CROWS NEST with a MACHINE GUN mounted on the roof deck of the MARIASOL RESTAURANT. He looks through the SCOPE MOUNT on the side of the massive gun... searching through the crowd.

THROUGH THE CROSS-HAIRS: He searches through pedestrians on the pier... arriving at Vaughn, Boxer and Vincenzo walking east. Vaughn has the GIGANTIC DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder.

PAUL  
Holy shit. Boxer Santaros.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Vaughn struggles with the bag.

VAUGHN  
Jesus Christ. I'm gonna have to go to the chiropractor after this. Do you have the video camera? I need to verify this DVD.

VINCENZO  
Yeah.

He hands Vaughn the CAMCORDER as they approach the entrance to SURF VIEW CAFE on the south side of the pier.

VAUGHN  
Alright, you two wait here. We have no idea what they look like, so just keep your eyes peeled for anyone who looks like a cop. If there's a problem, I'll wave.

Vaughn nods and heads into the restaurant. Boxer puts on his sunglasses and stares off at the HUGE CROWD assembled on the beach for the 4th of July... searching for the red umbrella.

INT. SURF VIEW CAFE -- MOMENTS LATER

Vaughn sits at a table in the center of the restaurant with a Bloody Mary.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Jerri and Cyndi walk down the pier toward the restaurant. They approach Vincenzo on the right.

CYNDI  
There he is... Vincenzo. Now remember... he's probably expecting some thug, and we're just a couple of suicide girls. Go stand next to him and have a fake cell phone conversation. If he starts after me, zap his ass.

JERRI  
Got it.

CYNDI  
This is it, sister. The moment of truth.

They HIGH FIVE and then split apart as Cyndi heads toward the restaurant.

INT. SURF VIEW CAFE -- NEXT

Cyndi blades through the restaurant and sits down across from Vaughn.

VAUGHN  
You've got to be kidding me.

CYNDI  
You were expecting someone else?

Vaughn sighs loudly.

VAUGHN  
Before we begin...

CYNDI  
Cut the shit, Vaughn. Here's the DVD.

She places it on the table. She then reaches down and grabs the STRAP of the DUFFEL BAG... when Vaughn grabs her by the arm.

VAUGHN  
Not so fast.

He puts the camera on the table.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
I have to verify the DVD.

CYNDI  
Go ahead. Enjoy yourself.

He opens the DVD CASE and puts it in the camera.

VAUGHN  
I can be assured that this is the only copy?

CYNDI  
I don't work in distribution. You can be assured of that.

VAUGHN  
Is it...

CYNDI  
Yes, it's the only copy.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Vincenzo looks toward the restaurant... noticing Cyndi.

VINCENZO  
Jesus... who is this bitch?

Several feet away... Jerri is faking a cell phone conversation.

JERRI  
Uh huh... yeah.

She glances over at Vincenzo nervously.

ACROSS THE PIER... oblivious to them all... Boxer stares off at the vast expanse of beach...

BOXER  
Find... the red umbrella.

He sees a WOMAN... walking with a RED UMBRELLA.

INT. SURF VIEW CAFE -- NEXT

Vaughn begins to put the DVD into the camera.

VAUGHN  
People like you make me sick. As far as I'm concerned lady... you can eat shit and die.  
(beat)  
Check that. I hope you live a long, long life with that shitty shit taste in your mouth... rotting in some women's prison in Bakersfield. Then die.

Vaughn hits PLAY on the camera. The DVD EJECTS. He closes it... and hits PLAY again. The DVD EJECTS.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is this?

CYNDI  
I don't know, maybe your camera is a piece of shit... shithead.

Vaughn continues to try and play the DVD, but it won't work.

VAUGHN  
This is an HD-DVD.

CYNDI  
Yeah? You got a problem with that?

VAUGHN  
This is a regular DVD camera. These two formats aren't compatible.

CYNDI  
Well maybe because I shot this fucking DVD with my Mini HD camera, and not that camera, douche bag!

Vaughn comes to a realization. He grabs her VIOLENTLY by the arm.

VAUGHN  
You shot this? Who the hell are you?

Cyndi's eyes widen with fear.

CYNDI  
None of your goddamn business.

She then sticks him in the BALLS with the STUN GUN and PULLS THE TRIGGER. Vaughn's entire body JOLTS for a moment. He FREEZES in his chair... completely IMMOBILE.

Cyndi grabs the DUFFEL BAG and moves toward the exit.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Vincenzo sees her leaving, and steps forward.

VINCENZO  
Okay.

He sees Cyndi calmly walk by. He looks inside the restaurant... and sees Vaughn sitting there at the table... immobile. HE FALLS OVER ONTO THE FLOOR.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
SHIT!

HE SPRINTS TOWARD THE RESTAURANT.

INT. SURF VIEW CAFE -- NEXT

Vincenzo rushes into the restaurant. Vaughn is laying on the floor, HOLDING HIS BALLS. People are crowded around him.

VINCENZO  
GET BACK!

He pushes people out of the way.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
What happened?

VAUGHN  
GET HER. SHE'S A FRAUD. GET THE MONEY.

Vincenzo sprints out of the restaurant.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- NEXT

Jerri sees Vincenzo sprinting toward her. She pulls her STUN GUN from her pocket.

JERRI  
Come on, Jer. You can do this.

As Vincenzo comes running past her she steps forward and

TRIPS HIM. HE GOES TUMBLING TO THE GROUND. Jerri lowers the STUN GUN with decisive force.

JERRI (CONT'D)  
EAT SHIT YOU FUCKER!!!

She PULLS THE TRIGGER... and his body convulses with electricity. Jerri then runs off toward the base of the pier.

NEAR THE BASE OF THE PIER... Cyndi sprints as fast as she can toward the El Camino, parked in the huge PARKING LOT. Jerri is behind her... fast approaching.

Vincenzo staggers to his feet... pushing through a crowd of onlookers... and begins to sprint toward the base of the pier.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- PARKING LOT -- NEXT

Cyndi and Jerri rush toward the El Camino.

CYNDI  
Come on! We're almost there!

Cyndi whips open the driver's side door and throws the duffel bag into the small rear compartment. Jerri jumps into the passenger seat.

JERRI  
Let's do it!

INT. CYNDI'S EL CAMINO -- NEXT

Cyndi starts the engine, and backs out of the parking space.

She puts the car into drive and FLOORS IT down the aisle between rows of cars. Through the windshield... we see Vincenzo emerge from a row of cars.

Before Vincenzo can get out of the way, the El Camino smashes into him... and he CARTWHEELS over the windshield... landing on the bed of the El Camino.

Jerri looks back through the window.

JERRI  
He's not dead! Hit it!

Cyndi floors it once again... and Vincenzo rolls out the back of the El Camino... landing on the PAVEMENT.

The El Camino races off toward the exit to the parking lot leading to PCH and the exit into Santa Monica.

CYNDI  
Motherfucker! What a rush!

JERRI  
Now what?!

CYNDI

Now we go to my cousin Chuckie's place  
downtown. We hide out there until things  
settle down.

Cyndi takes a deep breath... and then her facade of steel  
confidence falls apart as she breaks into tears. Jerri takes  
her hand.

JERRI  
Don't worry, Cyndi. I'm scared too.

Cyndi nods her head... trying to hold it together... grateful  
for Jerri's friendship.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH -- NEXT

Boxer walks across the sand... approaching the woman with the  
red umbrella. She turns to him. It is STARLA VON LUFT.

BOXER  
Are you Dr. Muriel Fox?

Starla takes a drag from her cigarette... her hand trembling.

STARLA  
I am. Are you Jericho Cane?

BOXER  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Can you tell me what causes the global  
deceleration.

Starla tries to compose herself.

STARLA  
The salt water engine is a smokescreen.  
It doesn't exist. It is a Doomsday  
Machine. Buried beneath the ocean.

Boxer gasps.

BOXER  
I knew it!  
(beat)  
Tell me how the Doomsday Machine works.

STARLA  
It's an experimental device... built by  
the Trier Corporation. A linear  
accelerator placed on the ocean floor on  
a reef off Catalina Island. They've  
harnessed a new power from the tides.

Boxer withdraws "THE POWER" screenplay from his back pocket  
and begins to quote Dr. Muriel Fox's dialogue.

BOXER  
(intense whisper)  
Imagine that the earth is a record  
player. The ocean is the vinyl record

that sits on top of it... recording all  
existence within the atmosphere of the  
planet.

Boxer glances over at the AIRCRAFT CARRIERS in the ocean.  
SAILBOATS and SPEED BOATS pass before it in the summer fun.

BOXER

The record player has skipped. The  
Machine has corrupted the ocean. The  
governing consciousness of all life. The  
sentient being from which all life  
emerged.

(beat)

We are entering a domain of chaos and  
anarchy. God is dying.

Starla is on the verge of tears.

STARLA

You are a beautiful man.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL ROOF DECK -- NEXT

Paul searches the crowd on the beach... finding Boxer through  
the cross-hairs of the scope.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH -- NEXT

Boxer and Starla continue their conversation.

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  
earth depends on you, Jericho.

(beat)

Dr. Neuberger and the Baron carry with  
them a briefcase at all times. In this  
briefcase is the pass code that can turn  
the Doomsday Machine off. Without this  
pass code... it cannot be shut down.

Starla looks around... realizing the inevitable.

STARLA

If you should succeed... remember me...  
my love. Remember my name.

BOXER

I will. How can I repay you?

A tear rolls down her cheek.

STARLA

I... I want to suck your dick.

Boxer glances around...

BOXER

Uhhh... 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!!!

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL ROOF DECK -- NEXT

Paul sees this through the crosshairs.

PAUL  
SHIT. LADY... WHAT THE FUCK!

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH -- NEXT

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!

A BULLET TEARS THROUGH HER CHEST. SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND...  
HER HAND WIPING CHEETO SCHMEG ACROSS BOXER'S CHEST.

People around them don't even notice. Boxer falls to his  
knees... trying to help her. She is already dead.

Boxer panics... and then runs off toward the parking lot.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- MARIASOL ROOF DECK -- NEXT

Paul sits there in his crow's nest... overcome with shock.

PAUL  
SHIT! HOLY SHIT LADY!

He bursts into tears.

INT. BOXER'S BEACH HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- LATER ON

Vaughn and Vincenzo sit in front of the television with their  
JAWS AGAPE. Vincenzo holds an ICE PACK to his HEAD. Vaughn  
holds an ICE PACK to his BALLS.

The DVD unfolds before them. On the television screen...  
Boxer makes out with Krysta Now.

VINCENZO  
I don't understand. What is this?

Vaughn does not immediately respond.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
We just gave three million dollars to  
some white trash paparazzi bitch.  
(beat)  
I'm going to kill myself.

VINCENZO  
Nobody rocks the cock like Krysta Now.

Boxer comes through the door... sweating profusely.

BOXER  
A governing consciousness has been  
awakened. There isn't much time.

VAUGHN  
Whaah?

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta is drinking an Acid Fuel. From the bathroom, the  
shower turns on. Zora has just stepped in.

She walks over to the safe and grabs the vial of coke and  
takes a hit. She then notices inside the safe a DVD. Written  
on the label is BOXER SANTAROS.

KRYSTA  
Oh my God. Cyndi... you fucking bitch.  
You gave my DVD to Zora?

Krysta grabs the SHOOTING DVD and puts it in her purse.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Krysta walks outside the loft gate to her Lamborghini and  
gets behind the wheel. She starts the engine and drives off  
just as Bookman pulls up in a CHEVY YUKON. He is now wearing  
civilian clothes.

INT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

Bookman enters the loft carrying a LARGE DUFFEL BAG, just as  
Zora comes out of the shower. Bookman immediately notices the  
safe.

BOOKMAN  
Why is the safe open, Zora?

ZORA  
Relax... it's fine.

Bookman walks over to the safe and sees that the DVD is  
missing.

BOOKMAN

No it's not. The DVD is fucking gone.

INT. RASHAD AVRAHAM'S HOUSE -- VENICE -- NEXT

Rashad Avraham sits on the couch in his sleazy Venice apartment with a bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand.

He is SOBBING... touching her picture gently. On his television... we see that he is watching one of her self financed MUSIC VIDEOS.

EXT. RASHAD AVRAHAM'S HOUSE -- NEXT

The ICE CREAM TRUCK is parked on the curb in Venice.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

David Clark is still HOG-TIED on the floor of the truck. He flails about on the floor listlessly, trying to free himself.

EXT. VENICE LOFT APARTMENT -- NEXT

The Yukon peels out from in front of the loft, Bookman behind the wheel, Zora riding shotgun.

INT. BOOKMAN'S YUKON -- NEXT

Bookman has his police radio to his mouth.

BOOKMAN  
Five-foot four... one-hundred and five pounds. Suspect's name is Krysta Kapowski. Consider her armed and dangerous.

He puts the radio down.

BOOKMAN (CONT'D)  
It's everywhere. They'll get her.

ZORA  
It's Boxer. He got to her. She's bringing the DVD back to him.

BOOKMAN  
YOU HAD TO FUCK HER DIDN'T YOU, ZORA!

ZORA  
SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!!  
(hysterical Kinison rage)  
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- NEXT

Inside a FORD EXPLORER are Robinson, Fox and Carter. They are following Bookman's Yukon.

ROBINSON  
Don't get too close, they'll see us.

EXT. VISTA DEL MAR -- NEXT

Krysta crests the hill onto PCH just south of Vista Del Mar... the OCEAN off to her right. Her cell phone begins to ring.

KRYSTA

Hello?

VINCENZO (PHONE)

You're fucking dead, bitch. We've got your DVD. We know how to find you. You'll never see a dollar of his money.

(beat)

Don't fuck with Boxer Santaros.

Click. Krysta's face is paralyzed with fear. She immediately has her cell phone to her ear again.

KRYSTA

Hi. I'm looking for Sebastian Travis.

The DVD sits in the passenger seat.

EXT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT

The CAMERA tracks through THE POOP DECK in Hermosa Beach.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

With Krysta Now in rigorous pursuit, internet muckraker Sebastian Travis was unaware of the story soon to arrive at his doorstep.

We approach SEBASTIAN TRAVIS (32), holding fort in the back of the bar patio.

SEBASTIAN

The internet is the most pure example of the human race expressing itself the way the first amendment has always intended... and let me tell you folks... it ain't all gonna be pretty.

(beat)

The internet is the future.

INT. BOOKMAN'S YUKON -- NEXT

Zora continues to scream out. Her face is purple. It looks like it is about to explode.

BOOKMAN

(to himself)

Come on, somebody nab this girl.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE -- NEXT

A HERMOSA BEACH POLICE CRUISER drives north on Hermosa Avenue, just a block from the beach.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH POLICE CRUISER -- NEXT

The OFFICER inside the cruiser glances across the street and sees Krysta's Lamborghini. He grabs his radio.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH -- ALLEY -- NEXT

We follow Krysta as she walks with the DVD through the alley adjacent to the POOP DECK.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE -- ALLEY -- NEXT

Bookman's Chevy Yukon pulls up next to Krysta's Lamborghini. He and Zora rush from the Yukon to the sports car.

BOOKMAN  
She went to the boardwalk.

EXT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT

Krysta moves toward the entrance to The Poop Deck.

INT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT

Krysta moves through the crowded bar... filled with drunken people. She then turns around LOCKS EYES with ZORA as she and BOOKMAN step into the bar.

KRYSTA  
Oh... shit.

Krysta shoves her way through the crowded bar. 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 then shoves the DVD into Sebastian's grip.

KRYSTA  
Take this! Show it to the world!

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH PARKING STRUCTURE -- NEXT

An ARMY SOLDIER is perched at the top of a PARKING STRUCTURE adjacent to The Poop Deck. He watches the BRAWL in the sights of his headgear.

BOOKMAN is pointing the gun at everyone... looking psychotic.

INT. FORD EXPLORER -- NEXT

Robinson, Fitzpatrick, Walker and McBride are maneuvering their way through the 4th of July crowd with FUTURISTIC HEADGEAR... searching for Zora.

McBride notices the commotion coming from The Poop Deck from a back alley.

MCBRIDE  
The Poop Deck!

Krysta comes smashing through the back entrance and sprints past McBride.

INT. THE POOP DECK -- NEXT

Bookman has his gun pointed at everyone... when a BULLET TEARS THROUGH HIS CHEST.

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.

Robinson and her team push their way through the crowd... locating Zora.

ROBINSON  
FREEZE! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Zora notices Sebastian Travis... cowering against the wall. She points the gun at him.

ZORA  
GIVE ME 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 Sebastian.

ZORA (CONT'D)  
You... pussy.

At long last... Zora falls to the ground... dead.

The CAMERA slowly approaches Zora Charmichaels' body.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Just moments before her death, Zora Charmichaels thought of her longtime idol, Sam Kinison. She dreamt of finally meeting him in the afterlife... where he would ask her to become his personal trainer for all eternity.

EXT. WESTFIELD SHOPPINGTOWN -- DOWNTOWN -- NEXT

Outside of the WESTFIELD SHOPPINGTOWN in downtown Los Angeles, Terrence Clark exits from the tour bust with the Priestess.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Meanwhile, the only surviving member of the Lighthouse Gang had found his place in the world.

The are holding hands... moving toward the shopping mall with the other church members.

EXT. TRIER PLAZA -- SUNSET

Magic hour sun refracts through the glass of the TOWERS of TRIER PLAZA.

INT. VAUGHN, WEINSTEIN & ASSOCIATES -- NEXT

Boxer stares out at the SUNSET over downtown... drinking a scotch. He is freshly showered... wearing a TUXEDO.

Vaughn sits on the couch with his own drink. He is also wearing a tuxedo. Vincenzo is on the phone, writing on his pad.

VINCENZO  
Alright. Thanks, buddy.

He hangs up the phone. Vaughn paces around the room in anticipation.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
Bookman has been arrested.

VAUGHN  
Christ.

VINCENZO  
A reporter for Daily Variety named Ash Wallace was found chopped up in a Venice Beach dumpster owned by a woman named Zora Charmichaels.

BOXER  
Ash Wallace. He interviewed me yesterday morning about my screenplay.  
(beat)  
They're all connected. Something is happening here that is beyond our control.

On the TELEVISION... the news covers the HORROR at the Hermosa Beach Promenade.

Vincenzo continues to read from his note pad.

VINCENZO  
Officer Bookman was killed before Internal Affairs could get any information out of him.

VAUGHN  
This is a good thing.

VINCENZO  
This is definitely a good thing. Everyone  
who witnessed the murder, save for you  
Boxer, is dead. There's been no mention  
of any DVD.

VAUGHN  
This is all good news.

BOXER  
People are dead. Innocent people.  
(another sip)  
How is any of this good news?

Vaughn and Vincenzo sit silently, waiting for Boxer to say  
something else. Vaughn stands up and walks over to where  
Boxer is standing.

VAUGHN  
The fireworks start at sunset.

Boxer turns to the window... looking out at the sunset. He  
then reaches into his tuxedo jacket and we see that he is  
carrying a PISTOL.

EXT. TRIER PLAZA -- NIGHT

The camera descends into TRIER PLAZA. A GIGANTIC LUXURY  
ZEPPELIN is docked 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 gas  
turbine engines set behind the flight deck to provide large  
megawatts of electricity.

The TRIER LOGO is embossed on the side of the shell with  
advertisements running along video displays. The LOWER HULL  
is THREE STORIES TALL and almost as long as a FOOTBALL FIELD.

On the OUTER DOCK there is a MISSION CONTROL building 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.

There are LIMOUSINES everywhere. Several thousand people.

EXT. TRIER PLAZA -- ZEPPELIN ENTRANCE DECK -- NEXT

Boxer, Vaughn and Vincenzo walk through the crowd waiting to  
board the zeppelin. A LARGE STAGE has been erected north of  
the zeppelin with SPOTLIGHTS shining into the air.

A group of DANCERS wearing 18th CENTURY GOWNS and TRANSPARENT

MASKS rise from the floor among a torrent of ROSE PETALS blowing through the crowd.

Boxer chews his nails anxiously as his eyes search the crowd.

Standing on the crowded entrance deck... waiting to go through security... are Krysta and Tera... all dressed up for the big night. Krysta looks at the bruise on her jaw in her compact mirror, putting on make-up.

TERA

Oh my God... he's here.

Tera points down the line and we see Boxer and Vaughn. Vincenzo is with them.

TERA (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do?

Krysta grabs Tera by the hand and pulls her to the head of the line. Krysta sees that they are ushering people through METAL DETECTORS. People are placing their THUMB on a US-IDENT SECURITY PAD as they walk through.

KRYSTA

Shit. Metal detectors.

Krysta looks around frantically... trying to find another way in.

TERA

What's wrong?

KRYSTA

I'm packing heat. For protection.

Tera covers her mouth. She glances around the crowd. Standing at the velvet rope is a SECURITY GUARD. We recognize him as the SHOPPER from Hustler Hollywood, PAUL FISCHMAN.

TERA

I've got an idea.

Tera and Krysta approach Fischman and begin to chat him up. His face lights up when he sees them.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

Krysta and Tera convinced the security guard to let them into the cargo entrance to the zeppelin.

(mischievous beat)

For a small fee of course.

We see an aroused Fischman whispering in Krysta's ear.

Across the way... Boxer is approaching the METAL DETECTOR. As he walks through... a RED ALARM LIGHT go off. Boxer raises his wrists up to the SECURITY GUARD.

BOXER

Metal cuff-links.

The security guard nods his head politely.

SECURITY GUARD  
Not a problem Mr. Santaros. Step right through.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE PARTY -- BATHROOM -- NEXT

At a PARTY in Beverly Hills... Larry Weisberg stands in front of the mirror with his GUN to his HEAD. Sitting on the counter in front of him is a DRAFT NOTICE. He has been drafted into the army.

HE PULLS THE TRIGGER. Nothing happens. Larry lets the gun fall to his side. His eyes are bloodshot.

LARRY  
I am the Black Knight of Beverly Hills,  
and I will unleash my wrath upon this  
world.  
(beat)  
I will build a Tower of Fire. And you  
will rejoice.

He opens the drawer, and pulls out a LARGE BAG OF MUSHROOMS. He takes a HANDFUL and eats them.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE -- FRONT YARD -- NEXT

Larry moves through the yard toward his Hummer. College kids are letting off BOTTLE ROCKETS into the street.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

Sebastian Travis and several of his FRIENDS sit in a suite at the BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. They are drunk and stoned from the party... watching news coverage of the HERMOSA BEACH HORROR.

Sebastian opens up the envelope and removes the DVD, looking at the label. It reads: BOXER SANTAROS

SEBASTIAN  
What have we here?

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- MISSION CONTROL -- NIGHT

A GROUP of TRIER TECHNICIANS sit at mission control... monitoring preparations for launch.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

The CAMERA moves through the OVAL-SHAPED LOWER-LEVEL RESTAURANT HULL of the zeppelin. There are WINDOWS on three sides of the hull with RECESSED COUCHES providing a view of the city. There is a dance floor beyond the bar.

Boxer stands with Vaughn and Vincenzo at the bar with a glass of CHAMPAGNE.

The interior of the zeppelin is very modern and luxurious...

with HD-TV MONITORS mounted everywhere... a FULL BAR... and a VIOLIN PLAYER travelling through the elite crowd.

An ICE SCULPTURE sits in the center of a table filled with hor's derves. It is a BUST of KARL MARX. Boxer glances across the crowd and locks eyes with Krysta. He grabs Vincenzo by the arm.

BOXER  
She's here.

VINCENZO  
I'll take care of it.

Vincenzo moves through the crowd toward Krysta. Vaughn looks at Boxer with a worrisome expression.

VAUGHN  
What's wrong? You look like death warmed over.

Boxer looks up into the expanse of FUEL CELLS that hover above them in the hull of the dirigible.

BOXER  
There's someone I have to find.

He moves through the room... searching for Westphalen.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

Sebastian and his friends are glued to their television. On the TV SCREEN... BOOKMAN raises his gun and shoots DION ELEMENT in the chest.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh... my... God.

Bookman shoots Angela. The entire room is quiet. Someone takes a BONG RIP.

INT. HUMMER -- NEXT

Larry Weisberg drives down the 10 FREEWAY toward downtown. Rap music blasts.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CRACK HOUSE -- NEXT

Rashad stumbles out of a CRACK HOUSE, approaching the ICE CREAM TRUCK.

RASHAD  
My Angie... my poor Angie...

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Rashad starts the engine. IN THE BACK... David Clark raises his head from the floor. He is desperately trying to twist his wrists free from the duct tape.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

Vaughn follows Boxer through the lounge. Both are sipping champagne.

VAUGHN  
What are you talking about?

BOXER  
I have to shut it down.

VAUGHN  
What?

Boxer approaches the ice sculpture of Karl Marx. He seems possessed by something.

BOXER  
The Doomsday Machine.

He searches the crowd... locking eyes with BARON VON WESTPHALEN across the dance floor. He hands a BRIEFCASE to Inga Neuberger.

The VIOLIN SECTION begins to play. Krysta Now and Tera Cox emerge from the crowd.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT

The Hummer exits off the 10 FREEWAY heading into downtown.

An ICE CREAM TRUCK turns a corner... several blocks away.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

Sebastian sits in front of his LAPTOP. The article is finished. The DVD is digitized. The headline reads:

CAUGHT ON CAMERA: BOXER SANTAROS IMPLICATED IN L.A.P.D.  
DOUBLE RACE MURDER

Sebastian takes a deep breath... and presses POST. Seconds later... the HEADLINE and subsequent ARTICLE and VIDEO LINK appear on the WOW website.

INT. CNN NEWS -- NEXT

A CNN NEWS CLERK is surfing the web at her CUBICLE in the vast NEWS ROOM... sipping coffee. She clicks on a link to [www.wow.com](http://www.wow.com)

Seconds later... her coffee drops to the floor. SHE THEN SNAPS UP THE PHONE AND FRANTICALLY DIALS A NUMBER.

NEWS CLERK  
Come on... come on...

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

Boxer grabs Krysta and moves onto the dance floor... using her as a diversion to get closer to the Baron.

ON THE MONITORS: A news broadcast of BOXER'S FOOTAGE in the police cruiser is playing.

EXT. TRIER PLAZA -- NEXT

The ZEPPELIN is now rising from its dock... cresting the edge of the 110 freeway. The FIREWORKS have begun.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- FLOWER STREET -- NEXT

Larry pulls his Hummer up to an ATM MACHINE attached to the corner of a THRIFTY DRUG STORE. He gets out of the car and approaches the ATM MACHINE.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT

The zeppelin rises above DOWNTOWN... FIREWORKS EXPLODE everywhere.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

Boxer dips Krysta... locking eyes with the Baron. Inga Neuberger is at his side. Vaughn watches them anxiously from the dance floor... noticing the GUN visible in Boxer's tuxedo jacket pocket.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- FLOWER STREET -- NEXT

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.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

Boxer is mumbling to himself... staring at Westphalen. Vaughn approaches with champagne. The PCP is beginning to kick in.

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 Westphalen across the bar. Westphalen throws  
him a demonic sneer.

VAUGHN  
What in God's name are you talking about?

BOXER  
We have to evacuate.

VAUGHN  
This is very upsetting to me.

BOXER  
There's not much time left.

Just then... Vincenzo approaches... whacked out on PCP.

VINCENZO  
(whispering)  
They're airing it...

Vincenzo points to one of the TELEVISION MONITORS... where  
the footage is playing over and over. Vaughn looks at the  
screen in horror.

Boxer quietly removes a PISTOL from his JACKET. He fires a  
bullet up into the fuel cells. People scream out in terror.  
He then grabs WESTPHALEN and PUTS THE GUN TO HIS HEAD.

BOXER  
LADIES AND GENTLEMAN!

Westphalen looks around in a panic for Inga. She has the  
briefcase.

BOXER (CONT'D)  
Evacuate this blimp... or I'll kill him!  
I swear to God I'll kill him!

PEOPLE SCREAM OUT IN TERROR as the party erupts into chaos.

EXT. THRIFTY DRUG STORE -- DOWNTOWN -- NEXT

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.

ACROSS THE STREET... Terrence and the others are loading  
equipment out of the TOUR BUS. The Priestess is holding  
Terrence's hand.

PRIESTESS  
(to the others)  
Unload all of the cases. You have to  
hurry!

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.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- FLOWER STREET -- NEXT

Larry drives the Hummer north along Flower street... dragging  
the ATM machine behind him... approaching the intersection of  
FLOWER and 7TH street... nearing downtown.

Several BEACH VAGRANTS huddled on the sidewalk WATCH THIS.  
WALTER MUNG is one of them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- 7TH STREET -- NEXT

The ICE CREAM TRUCK is heading east on 7th street.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Rashad is drunk out of his mind... not paying attention to  
the road in front of him.

EXT. 7TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION -- NEXT

Larry's Hummer races through a red light at the INTERSECTION.

Rashad'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  
where it COLLIDES WITH A TELEPHONE POLE on the corner  
sidewalk... THE BACK DOOR NOW OPEN... VARIOUS GUNS STREWN  
THROUGHOUT THE INTERSECTION.

INT. HUMMER -- NEXT

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.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK -- NEXT

Inside the truck, Rashad Avraham lays unconscious.

EXT. 7TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION -- NEXT

Someone throws a CASH REGISTER through the GLASS ENTRANCE DOOR of the THRIFTY DRUG STORE. A DOZEN TEENAGERS run out with merchandise. A NEWS VAN pulls up and a CAMERA MAN emerges... videotaping this.

Across the street... a HOMELESS MAN throws a TRASH CAN through the window of a PAWN SHOP. Terrence and the Priestess watch from across the street as the church group begins to open up all of the cases from the tour bus.

PRIESTESS  
It's beginning. The Holy War has begun.  
(beat)  
ARM YOURSELVES! ARM YOURSELVES IN THE  
NAME OF JESUS!!!

Inside of the tour bus are dozens of automatic weapons. They are distributed among the church group.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- MISSION CONTROL -- NEXT

The TECHNICIANS are freaking out at Mission Control.

TECHNICIAN #1  
We have a hull breach...

TECHNICIAN #2  
I just got word from base control. Enact  
phase one evacuation. I repeat... phase  
one evacuation.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

Boxer continues to hold Westphalen hostage.

The ZEPPELIN SECURITY TEAM is handing out PARACHUTES and GAS MASKS. The EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR is opened. Wind rushes through the zeppelin. People are wiggling out because of the PCP.

Vaughn desperately pleads with Boxer.

VAUGHN  
Put the gun down, Boxer! It's not worth  
it!

BOXER  
You better get yourself a parachute  
quick! We're running out of time!

Krysta emerges from the crowd... pulling her PISTOL from her purse... aiming it at Boxer.

KRYSTA  
DROP YOUR WEAPON!

The crowd screams out in terror once again.

VAUGHN

Listen to her. Just put the gun down and we can talk this through.

KRYSTA  
DROP YOUR WEAPON OR I'LL SHOOT!

BOXER  
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, KRYSTA!  
WE'VE GOTTA EVACUATE THIS BLIMP OR WE ALL  
DIE!

Krysta's eyes are now a psychotic rage.

KRYSTA  
NOBODY PUKES ON THESE TITS!

Krysta fires off a WARNING SHOT. A window IMPLODES. VIOLENT WIND rushes through the zeppelin. A TABLE sucks out through the window.

People scream out and move away from the broken window in a panic. Vincenzo tackles Krysta to the ground... and another SHOT IS FIRED... shattering another window.

The SECURITY TEAM continues to hand out PARACHUTES as more WIND blasts through the lounge. People have begun to jump through the emergency exits... parachuting down into the city.

SECURITY TEAM MEMBER  
(yelling over the wind)  
THE HELIUM GAS IS POISONOUS! WE HAVE TO  
EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY!

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT

Walter Mung and his band of HOMELESS PEOPLE march through the streets of downtown like an army. The TABLE from inside the blimp crashes to the ground in front of them.

Walter looks up at the sky.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

Security continues to SHOVE PEOPLE THROUGH THE WINDOWS with the parachutes strapped to their backs. Boxer still has the gun to Westphalen's head. He is watching the newscast on the television screens.

Vaughn is strapped onto a TANDEM PARACHUTE with Inga Neuberger. The HELIUM has begun to affect their voices.

VAUGHN  
Why are you doing this? You're going to  
get us all killed!

BOXER  
IT WASN'T MY FAULT! YOU'LL SEE IN THE END  
WHY THIS WAS NECESSARY!

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT

From the distance... we see DOZENS of PARACHUTES falling over downtown.

INT. SOUTH CENTRAL RESIDENCE -- NEXT

A group of BLACK TEENAGERS sit in front of the TELEVISION NEWS BROADCAST. They have edited the footage together and are playing it over and over again.

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

Bookman shoots Dion Element. The news segment then cuts to an image of the other BLACK TEENAGERS looting the Thrifty Drug Store.

At the bottom of the screen: RACE RIOTS IN PROGRESS.

EXT. 7TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION -- NEXT

Police sirens can be heard from the south. Walter Mung is handing out the GUNS from the ice cream truck to his band of HOMELESS PEOPLE. They are firing them off into the air.

David Clark emerges from the ice cream truck... free from his restraints. He watches the madness with no expression. He doesn't care anymore what happens. He sees that Mung now has a SEMI-AUTOMATIC in his hand. He begins firing it at a KINKO'S... shattering glass everywhere.

David Clark shrugs his shoulders... picks up a gun and begins to fire off rounds into a furniture store... joining the mob.

The Priestess and her church cult emerge on the other side of the intersection with their guns... ready for the HOLY WAR.

They begin firing off their weapons at Mung and his mob of homeless people.

INT. WEISBERG RESIDENCE -- FAMILY ROOM -- NEXT

Joel and Miranda Weisberg sit in front of their giant television watching an NBC NEWS SPECIAL REPORT.

ANCHOR  
And we have just gotten word of rioting  
in South Central Los Angeles...

MIRANDA  
We should call Larry? I hope he's safe.

INT. O'BRIENS BAR -- NEXT

Robinson, Fitzpatrick, McBride and Walker are at a 4TH OF JULY PARTY at O'BRIENS. They stare at the television in shocked silence. Every network is connecting the FOOTAGE to the RIOTS... helping to spread the riots even further.

EXT. TRIER PLAZA APARTMENT -- NEXT

Cyndi Pinziki and Jerri Reilly stand on the BALCONY of an apartment in Trier Plaza... staring out at the city lights.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the riots spread through the city below, Cyndi Pinziki and Jerri Reilly celebrated their newfound wealth with a evening of champagne and crack cocaine.

They are sipping champagne.

CYNDI

This city can be a vicious motherfucker, Jer. You have to make your own opportunities. Take what you can get, whenever you can get it, 'cause in the end, there will be victims and there will be survivors.

JERRI

We'll always be survivors, Cyndi.  
(nodding her head)  
You're a good friend.

Cyndi takes a deep breath.

CYNDI

You know Jer, with my share of the money I've decided to start my own production company. I for one am tired of looking at all these shitty movies week after week after week. It's like a never ending cycle of shit.

JERRI

And especially the way they market them to children. It's really sad.

CYNDI

You know, I'm gonna need to hire a development girl. Someone to read all of the scripts. Develop some new franchises. You interested?

Jerri puts her hand to her chest... unable to speak.

JERRI

Cyndi. It... would be... an honor.

She raises her champagne glass. Jerri puts down the crack pipe and joins her in a toast.

CYNDI

Here's to Pinziki Pictures.

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

The zeppelin is almost completely evacuated. Wind rushes through the lounge, knocking over TABLES and CHAIRS. Someone shoves Krysta Now through the window with a parachute on her

back. The helium leak makes them all sound like CHIPMUNKS.

KRYSTA  
YOU FUCKER!

Vaughn, Inga, Westphalen, Boxer and a SECURITY TEAM MEMBER are the only ones left. Vaughn stares across the zeppelin in shock... tears welling in his eyes.

VAUGHN  
I'M NOT LEAVING THIS BLIMP WITHOUT MY  
CLIENT!

INGA  
THE FUCK YOU AREN'T!

The Security Team Member pushes Vaughn and Inga out the window with a parachute. He then turns to Boxer and his hostage.

SECURITY TEAM MEMBER (CONT'D)  
THERE'S ONLY ONE PARACHUTE LEFT! I  
SUGGEST YOU TWO SHARE IT!

He throws the PARACHUTE onto the floor in front of them... and then gives them one last look before jumping out into the night. Boxer lets go of Westphalen.

Westphalen turns to face him.

BOXER  
THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE. HOW DO YOU TURN IT  
OFF!!???

Boxer shoves Westphalen... aiming the gun at him. A DEMONIC GRIN forms on Westphalen's face. He begins to laugh.

BOXER (CONT'D)  
HOW DO YOU TURN IT OFF!?

Westphalen raises the briefcase up into the air.

WESTPHALEN  
DA PASSWORD IS IN DA BRIEFCASE!! IT IS DA  
ONLY PASSWORD... NO ONE CAN SHUT DA  
SUPACONDUCTA OFF WIDOUT IT!!

Boxer shakes his head.

BOXER  
WHERE'S THE KEY?!!!

Westphalen cackles with demonic laughter... he can barely contain himself.

WESTPHALEN  
I SWALLOWED IT!!!  
(beat)  
STRASSEN NICHT NOETIG! HAAAA-HAAAA  
HHAAAAAAAAA!!!

EXT. 7TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION -- NEXT

Cars are on fire. RIOT POLICE march through the streets.

PARACHUTERS are landing everywhere. POLICE HELICOPTERS  
APPROACH IN THE DISTANCE.

Flanked by a SWAT TEAM... DAVID CLARK walks through the  
street with an AUTOMATIC WEAPON like the TOWN SHERIFF...  
firing off shots in a war with Mung and his team of vagrants.

DAVID CLARK  
BRING IT ON, MOTHERFUCKERS!!!! BRING IT  
ON!!!

Across the street... a bullet from Walter Mung's gun hits the  
PRIESTESS in the chest. Terrence runs over to help her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FOUNTAIN -- NEXT

Krysta Now has landed in a LARGE FOUNTAIN in an OFFICE  
COMPLEX. She looks around in a daze... sopping wet.

Vaughn has landed on the other side of the fountain... his  
face in Inga Neuberger's crotch.

INGA  
Fig.

Krysta turns and notices a NEON CROSS from a CHURCH across  
the street. She stares at it for a long moment... and then  
begins to nod her head... tears flowing from her eyes with  
some sort of epiphany.

KRYSTA  
Yes.  
(nodding her head)  
Yes Jesus.

Vaughn stares at Krysta... tearfully nodding his head in  
agreement.

EXT. 7TH/FLOWER INTERSECTION -- NEXT

David Clark fires off his machine gun at any automobile or  
building that he can see.

DAVID CLARK  
YEAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

He looks across the intersection and sees Terrence running  
aimlessly down the sidewalk with the dying Priestess in his  
arms. THE TWINS MAKE EYE CONTACT. THEY SEEM POSSESSED BY  
SOMETHING.

DAVID CLARK (CONT'D)  
Terrence.

TERRENCE CLARK  
David.

Just behind them we see the OVERTURNED ICE CREAM TRUCK...  
with Larry Weisberg standing on top of it.

HE HAS RASHAD AVRAHAM'S ROCKET LAUNCHER AIMED UP IN THE AIR.

LARRY  
FUCK THA POLICE!

The CAMERA moves in toward the Priestess... dying...  
possessed with the knowledge of what is to come.

PRIESTESS  
(last breath)  
Behold... the Tower of Fire.

LARRY PULLS THE TRIGGER.

THE ROCKET LAUNCHES STRAIGHT UP INTO THE NIGHT... CAREENING  
UP IN A DIRECT ARC...

INT. JENNY VON WESTPHALEN -- NEXT

As Westphalen continues with his DEMONIC LAUGHTER... Boxer  
stands helpless before the ICE SCULPTURE of Karl Marx in the  
windswept lounge... staring out at the city with tears in his  
eyes.

HE CLOSSES HIS EYES... SPREADING HIS ARMS IN A CHRIST POSE.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- NEXT

WITHIN SECONDS THE LOWER LEVEL HULL OF THE ZEPPELIN EXPLODES.  
IGNITING THE FUEL CELLS INSIDE OF THE MASSIVE STRUCTURE...  
WHICH BEGINS TO BURN IN THE SAME MANNER OF THE HINDENBURG...  
FALLING SLOWLY FROM THE SKY OVER DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES.

WALTER MUNG WATCHES FROM THE STREET.

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NARRATOR (V.O.)  
In the company of such dreadful  
experience, one is inclined to conjure  
thoughts of a more innocent time. A time  
when life was worth living. A time when  
freedom rained down on the horizon of  
Malibu, and other beaches of inordinate  
whimsy.  
(beat)  
The denizens of the fallen city were left  
only one undeniable fact in the deep sea  
of speculation and conjecture.  
(beat)  
Nobody rocks the cock like Krysta Now.

THE FALLING WRECKAGE OF THE ZEPPELIN BURNS INTO THE NIGHT.

CUT TO BLACK: