

HELL IN HEAVEN

An Original Screenplay

by Christopher David Linnell

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - PETALUMA, CA - MORNING 1

At 830am in the driveway of a Craftsman home there is a lot of activity for a Tuesday morning, as The Lindauer Family packs for a camping trip.

There is a 20 year old van conversion parked closest to the garage, which is open. Behind it is a brand-new rented SUV; all its doors are open, and it is almost fully loaded with gear. On the curb is the 10 year old SUV, and behind that is a late-model sedan.

Neighbors are jogging; kids are walking to school; people are leaving for work. All are curious, but pretending not to watch.

CHAD LINDAUER is a 35 year old Anglo male with dirty blonde hair, a mustache, and a bald spot on the back of his head. He is athletic, but not muscular, attractive, but not stunningly handsome. He is moderately intelligent and rather witty; charming, but sincere. He is wearing boots, khaki shorts, a bush shirt, a neckerchief tied around his neck, and a ball cap on his head.

GUS is a big fat black cat, who is making a mad dash out of the garage toward the hedge on the side of the driveway. CHAD runs out of the garage, chasing behind him, carrying a cardboard box filled with beef jerky, spam, and baby wipes. Right at his heels is CUTHBERT, a black cocker-fox terrier.

CHAD
(shouting back toward the house)
KRISTI! Gustopher's out again.
(to GUS)
GUS! Come here!

CHAD abruptly stops as CUTHBERT gets in the way.

CHAD (CONT'D)
CUTHBERT, get out of the way!

Trips on CUTHBERT, drops the box, spilling the contents on the driveway and the lawn.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Damnit, Cuthbert!
(to GUS)
GUSTOPHER...COME HERE!

Grabs GUS, trots back into the garage holding GUS with CUTHBERT on his heels.

KRISTI is CHAD's wife, a 33 year old olive-skinned female with black, thick, shoulder-length hair. She is cute, but not gorgeous, and, like her husband, she is athletic, but no bikini model. She is wearing boots and shorts and a t-shirt and a windbreaker and a ball cap. She emerges from the front door carrying a cardboard box of her own, bearing tennis shoes, goggles, sun block, various hats, handkerchiefs, a lantern, and big lantern batteries. She is puzzled by the disarray, as CHAD is now nowhere in sight.

KRISTI

(shouts at the garage)

CHAD! There's beef jerky all over the ground!

(to herself, under her breath)

What the hell's the matter with this guy?

(shouting to CHAD again)

CHAD!

Exasperated, she puts down her box, and bends down to pick up CHAD's mess on the ground.

CHAD emerges from the garage, carrying another box.

CHAD

What?

KRISTI

There's beef jerky and spam all over the ground!

CHAD

Your damned brother let the cat out again.

KRISTI

Well, why is there spam and beef jerky all over the ground?

CHAD

I was carrying it when I had to chase down Gus, and then I tripped on Cuthbert and...

(exasperated, frustrated)

...what difference does it make?

KRISTI

But if you were carrying THAT box, why are you carrying THIS box NOW?

CHAD looks at her as if to say, "WHAT THE FUCK?"

KRISTI (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, whatever.

CHAD puts down his box to help KRISTI.

CHAD

Let's get loaded and we can argue on the way up there. And, Kris, can you get your mother to put the animals in the backyard until we leave?

KRISTI

OK.

She stands, they share a quick kiss, and she turns toward the front door.

Just then KRISTI's brother, CRAIG TAYLOR, emerges from the front door, carrying a brand-new, fully-stuffed suitcase and matching overnight bag. CRAIG is a 19 year old olive-skinned male with long, thick, curly, black hair, and a very androgynous appearance. He is tall and thin, with the grace and poise of a dancer. He is wearing tennis shoes, tight jeans, and a tank-top t-shirt cut to the bottom of his rib cage, and featuring the caption "You say BITCH like it's a BAD thing!"

CHAD

Oh, THERE you are, Craig! You let Gustopher out again!

CRAIG

(couldn't care less)
SORRR-rrryy.

KRISTI

Creighton, are you really gonna take that nice luggage to the desert and get it all covered with dust and mud?

CRAIG

It's MY luggage, sis.

KRISTI

Yeah, but *I* bought it for you for your modeling auditions and for your shows at the nightclub.

CRAIG

Well, what do you WANT me to use? Cardboard boxes?

CHAD

C'mon, you two, let's get this shit
in the car before Alex shows up, or
we're NEVER gonna GET there!

Both nod compliance and acquiescence, and CHAD and KRISTI bend down and start putting the spam and jerky and baby wipes back in the box and packing the car, as CRAIG drops his bags down at the rear of the SUV and plops himself on the lawn next to it, face-down, and plugs his headphones into his iPhone.

ROSE TAYLOR is the mother of KRISTI and CRAIG, a 57 year old second generation American of Spanish and Italian descent; a liberal Catholic, with a slightly dark, Mediterranean complexion, long, thick, raven-like salt-and-pepper hair, and a trim, athletic figure. She is wearing tennis shoes, shorts, and a t-shirt as she emerges from the front door, carrying GUS and TILLIE (GUS' sister) and followed by CUTHBERT.

ROSE

Kristi, my grandchildren are
getting nervous about all this
activity. They want to say goodbye
to Mommy and Daddy.

KRISTI

(laughs)
Mom, can you put them in the
backyard for me, please? Gus
escaped once already, and Chad
tripped over Cuthbert just a couple
of seconds ago.

ROSE

Sure, sweetie.
(to CUTHBERT)
Cuthbert, c'mon.

ROSE gently kisses KRISTI on the cheek as she passes toward the garage. KRISTI speaks to her as she walks away.

KRISTI

Mom, are you SURE you and Dad don't
mind watching the "kids" and the
house for us again while we're
gone?

ROSE stops and twists to face KRISTI.

ROSE

What else is a grandma FOR?
NOW...when are you going to give us
some REAL kids to spoil when you're
out of town?

Both laugh. ROSE heads back toward the garage just as her husband, BILL, emerges. He is an Anglo male, 62 years old, average height, sturdy build, thinning gray hair, clean shaven, and wearing boots, Carhardts, a Ben Davis work shirt, and a black Stetson Open Road hat. As BILL passes, ROSE juggles both cats onto one arm and gently swats her husband on the ass.

Cuthbert follows ROSE until she swats BILL, he barks, and then follows BILL, who is laden with several large plastic jugs of water, and is jointly irritated, embarrassed, and appreciative of the swat on the ass from his wife.

BILL

(to CHAD)

Hey, Homer, have you got enough
water?

BILL sets them down at the back of the SUV.

CHAD

I think so, Bill. I think those
bottles are the last of it. The
first-timers' checklist recommends
one gallon per person per day, and
we've got about twice that.

BILL

I don't know WHY you guys don't
take your vacation in Monterey, or
in our cabin at Tahoe like NORMAL
people, instead of traipsing off to
the desert and getting naked in the
dust with all those hippies!

CHAD

Well, Kristi wanted to keep an eye
on Craig this year, so he doesn't
get into any trouble like last
year.

BILL

Good luck with THAT!

CHAD

Besides, they say this desert art
festival is a GAS!

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

That's why they call it "Heaven."
It's supposed to be a mixture of
Woodstock, Mad Max, and Disneyland
all rolled up into one.

BILL

And the Playboy Mansion!

CHAD

(laughs)

Believe me, Bill, if you were a few
years younger, you and Rose would
probably LOVE it. She'd love the
art, and YOU would love all those
pretty naked girls running
around...

BILL

AND those naked BOYS?!? No, I
don't think it's exactly my
"scene."

CHAD

Well, anyway, Craig loved it last
year when he went with Jacque--

BILL

(interrupting)

Craig would love ANYthing that he
knows pisses ME off!

CHAD

Yeah, well, Kristi's pretty excited
about it, too. And, to tell you
the truth, I'm looking forward to
it myself. It's kind of an
adventure!

BILL

Any vacation with Craig is bound to
be an adventure.

CHAD laughs and lightly slaps BILL in the arm, causing
CUTHBERT to begin barking again.

CHAD

Hey, Bill, will you do me a favor?
Would you help Rose get Cuthbert
into the backyard before I break my
neck over him?

BILL
(gruffly, but
affectionately to
CUTHBERT)
C'mon, MUTT, let's get you out of
your Old Man's way before he puts
you out of your misery!

BILL picks up CUTHBERT and carries him back into the garage.

CHAD and KRISTI laugh, as CRAIG remains lying face-down on the lawn, wearing his headphones, watching videos on his iPhone, and ignoring it all.

INT./EXT. CAR ENROUTE TO LINDAUER HOME - CONTINUOUS 2

Inside a new black Mercedes Benz sports sedan, fully loaded with camping gear, is CHAD's best friend, ALEX ROSENBLOOM, a 42 year old Russian Jewish immigrant, short and stocky (muscular), with a shaved head and a salt-and-pepper goatee. He is wearing black boots, blue jeans, leather motorcycle chaps, is shirtless, and is smoking a cigar. He drives rapidly and recklessly toward the Lindauer residence.

ALEX screeches tires around the corner and skids to a stop directly in front of the confusion in the Lindauer driveway. He bounds out of the car and up the driveway towards KRISTI. CRAIG is lying on ALEX's right, face-down on the lawn, holding his iPhone with both hands. Upon seeing ALEX walk up, he has removed his headphones and is looking toward ALEX.

ALEX
(to KRISTI)
OK, GORGEOUS, are we ready to go,
or what?

CRAIG
I'm ready whenever you are, stud.

ALEX
(to CRAIG)
I was talking to your MOTHER this
time, Creighton.

ALEX bends down and slaps CRAIG in the ass. KRISTI is not surprised by this characteristic dialogue. She is used to and a bit tired of the ever-flirtatious ALEX, but she loves him dearly as a friend.

KRISTI
(nonchalantly)
Hi, Alex.

ALEX gives KRISTI a sibling embrace and a Hollywood cheek kiss.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

No Hog today?

ALEX

No, I don't take the Harley to the desert. It's not a dust chopper...

(boastfully)

...it's a shiny thing of beauty for the streets of San Francisco, and it's sitting in the garage at home under its dust cover.

CHAD

We're almost ready, Alex. Have you got everything? Food, water, CLOTHES?

ALEX

CLOTHES? We're going to HEAVEN!

KRISTI

Oh, come on, Sasha...we talked about this. We agreed to go with you and Craig, and YOU two agreed to keep your clothes on while we're around. If you're gonna run around naked and humping everyone in sight, we're gonna camp on the other side of the festival.

ALEX

Naked humping is what Heaven is all ABOUT, sladist (*meaning: "sweetheart"*)!

All laugh.

ALEX (CONT'D)

All right, all right, I'll wear a jock strap when you and Creighton are around. After all, we don't want to corrupt your beautiful daughter.

CRAIG

(proudly, like the slut he tries so hard to be)

It's too late for THAT!

CRAIG, KRISTI, and ALEX all laugh.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Besides, I'm not her DAUGHTER, I'm her SISTER!

ALEX

Oh, well, excuse ME!

CHAD

(to KRISTI)

C'mon, honey, let's get everything in the car and lock up the house. It's almost 9am already!

As CHAD and KRISTI put the last few articles in their already over-stuffed rental, and put the REST of the shit in the garage, CRAIG excitedly shows ALEX a Heaven brochure.

CRAIG

Look, Sasha...the Slut Shack is back at Heaven this year, and they have a pole dance competition again...I'm gonna WIN this year.

(does a little bounce)

And wait 'til you see the outfits I packed! This year's theme is "Heaven & Hell", so I have angel and devil costumes...really sexy.

ALEX

You're ALWAYS sexy, ziecheck
(meaning: "little rabbit").

ALEX is standing next to CRAIG, shoulder to shoulder, as he wraps his arm around CRAIG, with a quick, affectionate, crunchy embrace.

CRAIG

Check it out, Sasha...here's last year's mag, when the theme was "Heaven & Earth." And there's a full-page shot of me in my Scottish kilt!

CRAIG hands ALEX a full-color glossy magazine, opened to an artsy, full-page picture of CRAIG wearing a very fem Scottish outfit, including a kilt which is more the length of a school girl's skirt than a traditional male kilt. He's holding a golf club, on a dusty Astroturf lawn at a Scottish miniature golf course theme camp in the desert. ALEX thumbs through the pages with pictures of national theme camps at last year's Heaven (in adherence to the "Heaven & EARTH" theme there are camps representing Japan, England, France, Russia, Mexico, Germany, Micronesia, etc).

EXT. CU OF MAGAZINE / SEQUE INTO CREDITS - CONTINUOUS 3

The magazine segues into an opening credit musical montage featuring loud, hard-edge techno music, reminiscent of the opening credit sequence of "National Lampoon's Vacation." The montage features home video from previous Heavens interspersed with the Lindauer and Rosenbloom vehicles on the picturesque 6 hour journey through the sierras, through Reno, and into the Nevada desert, and through various small towns, including Wadsworth, Nixon, Empire, and Gerlach.

Prominently featured in the montage are the towns' "Welcome" signs, as well as a half dozen Indian Taco stands, houses surrounded by broken down cars and bicycles, and county constables in their cars with radar guns pointed at passing cars and RVs. As the credits conclude, the two vehicles approach the festival, which can be seen in the mid-afternoon desert heat in clouds of dust as a cross between Disneyland, Woodstock, Mad Max, and an outdoors Plato's Retreat.

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE - THAT AFTERNOON 4

By 4pm, The Lindauer and Rosenbloom vehicles are moving within several lines up to "The Pearly Gate," at which sentries, dressed in dusty leather-and-chiffon uniforms, paired up as angels and devils, greet the attendees in their cars.

Two greeters approach the Lindauer car, which pulled up in front of the Rosenbloom Mercedes. One greeter, costumed as an angel, approaches CHAD's side of the car, as he rolls down the window. The other, a devil, approaches the passenger side, and KRISTI opens her window.

ANGEL GREETER

Welcome to Heaven! This year's theme is "Heaven & Hell." No firearms, no pets, no children allowed. Do you have any of those in your car?

CHAD

No, we don't.

ANGEL GREETER

Good. I'll take your tickets and check your IDs, and THAT little devil--

(refers to DEVIL GREETER)

--checks out your car. Would you please unlock the doors so he can check out the back?

CHAD hits the unlock button and pulls the lever to open the rear door as KRISTI scrounges in a manila envelope on her lap filled with festival information, and pulls out her ID and three tickets.

DEVIL GREETER

Do you know where you're camping?

KRISTI

Yes, at around 300 Degrees...
right, Chad?

CHAD

Yeah, Kristi's brother camped there
last year.

ANGEL GREETER

He's not with you this year?

KRISTI

Yes, that's him in the car behind
us, with our friend, ALEX.

ANGEL GREETER

Well, then, as soon as we're done,
we'll move you right along. May I
see your tickets and IDs please?

CHAD pulls out his wallet for his ID, as KRISTI hands him the tickets and her ID. CHAD hands both to the ANGEL GREETER, who looks carefully at the IDs and The Lindauers, and tears the stubs off the tickets.

KRISTI

Yes, two tickets are for us, and
the third is for my brother in the
Mercedes behind us.

The ANGEL GREETER returns the tickets to CHAD and checks his side of the car as the DEVIL GREETER finishes checking the car for any of the aforementioned no-no's, and for any additional hidden passengers. DEVIL GREETER closes the back door and signals "OK" to the ANGEL GREETER.

DEVIL GREETER

Oh, so are you guys camping with
them?

CHAD

Yes, Craig talked us all into
coming with him this year.

ANGEL GREETER

Well, we're glad to have you all.
Welcome to Heaven...

DEVIL GREETER

And have one HELL of a time!

CHAD and KRISTI laugh, all four exchange thank you's and wave as CHAD pulls the car slowly forward through the gate.

The Mercedes approaches, and The ANGEL GREETER approaches ALEX on the driver's side of the car.

ANGEL GREETER

Welcome to Heaven! This year's theme is "Heaven & Hell." No firearms, no pets, no children allowed. Do you have any of those in your car?

ALEX

No...nichivoo (*meaning: "nothing"*).

DEVIL GREETER has approached the car on the passenger side.

DEVIL GREETER

Too bad...I thought you two came here to have FUN!
(flirtatiously, to CRAIG)
Especially YOU...

CRAIG

Oh, I can have fun WITHOUT guns, pets, and kids!

DEVIL GREETER

I'll bet you can!

ANGEL GREETER leans down into ALEX's window to speak to CRAIG.

ANGEL GREETER

(first to CRAIG)
I've got YOUR ticket...
(now to ALEX)
May I see YOUR ticket, sir, and both of your IDs, please?

We're looking down on the roof of the Mercedes, with both greeters visible, ANGEL GREETER taking the tickets and checking the IDs, and DEVIL GREETER checking the car and the trunk.

The Mercedes slowly moves forward behind the Lindauer SUV. There are three or four lines of dozens or scores of dusty cars, trucks, vans, and RVs in front of and behind our party.

In the distance is the festival, surrounded by the desert and a couple of miles off to the northwest is brewing a huge dust storm, ambling toward Heaven.

The sounds of vehicles idling and the cacophony of talking and laughter and loud music of all styles from scores of speaker systems throughout The City begins to ebb, as the wind whips into a roar, and far-off in the distance is the sound of thunder rumbling. Far behind the approaching dust storm, twenty or more miles to the northwest, are huge cumulonimbus supercells brewing as a bad omen foreshadowing things to come.

EXT. HEAVEN - CITY STREETS - MINUTES LATER

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It's 415pm, and the Lindauer and Rosenbloom vehicles are driving through The City at 5mph, trailing dust behind them. With a popular contemporary Top 40 song dominating the sequence (e.g., in October of 2010 when this was written, it would probably be something by Lady Gaga), our heroes are referring to their maps, looking through their dusty windows, and pointing at what they are passing and seeing: creative theme camps, fully- and partially-naked, decorated, and oddly costumed passersby, and weird art cars.

This scene is designed to introduce the viewers further to Heaven, and will be one of only two scenes in which Heaven is depicted during the day. It can be cut entirely, or can last 1-5 minutes, tailored to suit the desired overall length of the movie.

EXT. HEAVEN - LINDAUER CAMP - 6PM

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In the blazing hot desert, but under partly cloudy skies, our heroes' vehicles are parked in the midst of a conglomeration of cars, trucks, RVs, tents, and other theme camp structures, including a huge tent composed of several parachutes draped from the ground up to the top of a 40 foot tower composed of scaffolding, with 4 colorful banners flying above. A huge yellow rental box truck is parked behind it, 40 or 50 yards from the Lindauer camp, on the other side of the parachute tent.

The Lindauer and Rosenbloom vehicles are parked, doors open, half unloaded, with the SUV just ahead of the Mercedes, which is slightly askew. Three tents have been assembled to complete a semi-circle camp (see "LINDAUER CAMP" DIAGRAM).

The Lindauer tent is large, with two separate, zippered bedrooms, one for the bed, the other for food and gear, on either side of a larger, stand-up living/dining area.

CRAIG and ALEX have each assembled smaller, one-man tents, CRAIG's distinguished by a rainbow flag, and ALEX's adorned with two flags, one of the Russian Federation, and the other of the GGGuys MC Club.

CHAD, KRISTI, and ALEX busily unpack their cars and load food and provisions into their tents, attempting to get set up before the sun slips behind the nearby mountains, dipping the desert valley into a chilly, dark, early dusk. CRAIG, on the other hand, is casually seated in a lawn chair in front of his tent, leafing through the printed festival materials, with his trusty iPhone on his lap.

CHAD

Craig, are you finished unpacking and setting up?

CRAIG

(irritated)

Yeah...

CHAD

Have you got everything out of the car and setup in your tent? It's gonna be dark soon.

CRAIG

(sarcastically)

Yes, DAD, I'm all done.

CHAD says nothing, but shoots a tired and contemptuous glance at him.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I didn't pack as much as you guys.

CHAD

Yeah, because your sister and I brought all the food and water.

CRAIG

(ignoring CHAD's retort)

When's dinner, anyway?

(icily, and sarcastically)

I can't WAIT for your "Cold Spam on a Hard Roll" special.

CHAD

Kristi, will you please tell your brother--

KRISTI

(interrupting)

Craig, we're not WAITERS here, you know. If you're hungry, help yourself to whatever you want.

CRAIG

My name is CREIGHTON, sis.

ALEX (O.S.)

(from inside his tent)

Creighton, Queen of the Desert, supermodel to the stars!

CRAIG

Thank you very much, comrade!

CRAIG jumps to his feet and rushes to ALEX's tent door with the Heaven materials in his hands.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Look, Alex, they're having a bonfire rave over at--

ALEX

(interrupting, with good natured sarcasm)

MY name is SASHA, pla-KHA-ya PIZ-da (meaning: "naughty pussy boy").

CRAIG

Yob-TIV-oya-mat, star-AY-ya BOB-KA (meaning: "Fuck your mother, old woman!")!

ALEX

Hey, Chad, this boy's Russian is getting better and better. He insults me like a sailor!

Laughs all around.

CRAIG

C'mon, Sasha, quit screwin' around...let's go get LAID!

KRISTI

Is that really all you two came out here for? To pick up women?

CRAIG

What-EVER!

CHAD

"Whatever!"

(laughs in feigned
disgust)

THAT's what they're HERE for,
Kristi. Not JUST to pick up WOMEN!
They're here to pick up "WHATEVER!"

ALEX

Hey, bisexuals get twice as much
action!

KRISTI

I thought that after dinner we'd
all FOUR go down to The Quad and
kind'a look The City over TOGETHER.

CRAIG

You guys can do whatever you want,
but I'm in Heaven, and I'm gonna
par-TAY!

CHAD

Well, just remember, Craig, to keep
drinking water. Even at night you
can get dehydrated in the desert.
Remember last year? You and your
girlfriend Jacqueline got heat
prostration at that Cloud 9 place.
You ALMOST DIED!

ALEX

It wasn't the heat, it was the
DRUGS!

KRISTI

Now, Sasha; Creighton doesn't do
any drugs.

ALEX

But his GIRLFRIEND did.

CRAIG

Yeah, that was Jacque. SHE's the
one who ODeD and DIED on
Valentine's Day. *I* just do
BOOZE.

CHAD

And pot.

ALEX

And poppers.

CRAIG

I wasn't USING poppers. Just
VIAGRA!

ALEX

(laughs sarcastically)
Like an 18 year old kid needs
VIAGRA!

CRAIG

Yeah, Viagra is for OLD men, like
CHAD!

Laughs all around.

CHAD

Listen, after getting all this shit
set up, I'm gonna NEED Viagra just
to STAND UP!

(pauses a beat to exhale
in exhaustion)

I'm beat, Kristi. Is that about
IT? Are we done? Can we relax?
I'm starved. I wanna eat, and then
go see The City.

KRISTI

Yeah. Let's get dinner together.

CHAD

AND we have to pack up our walking
gear for tonight: water,
flashlights, compasses, goggles,
dust masks--

KRISTI

(interrupting)
AND our COSTUMING. What are you
gonna wear, honey?

CHAD

Oh, hell, I'm not gonna change.
I'm just gonna wear what I've got
on.

KRISTI

Oh, come on, Chad; get into the
spirit of the event. Can't you at
least change into your whites and
put on those wings I made for you?
They look cute on you.

CHAD

No, I'm not gonna wear white tonight...it's gonna rain.

CRAIG

(surprised and disgusted)
RAIN? On our first night?
(sarcastically)
Great.

ALEX

I think you're right, Chad. Look at that sky. I'm going to wear my rain hat, and trench coat, and boots. Creighton, what are YOU wearing?

CRAIG

(tauntingly)
I'm wearing my angel outfit. White vinyl platform boots, white fishnet stockings, lacey white thong and bra, a halo, and my wings. A little rain never stops an angel!

KRISTI

Listen, men, we have to work out our "Emergency & Evacuation Plan" before we split up tonight, like they recommend in the first-timers' guide.

CRAIG

I've already BEEN here, sis, remember? I know what I'm doing.

CHAD

Well, maybe...but WE don't! We've got to figure out where to go, what to do, and how we're gonna find each other in case of a white-out or something.

CRAIG grumbles, and dejectedly drops back down into his lawn chair with his head down.

CRAIG

What-EVER.

CHAD

Kris, can you get the city maps out, please?

KRISTI ducks into the tent.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Let's figure out where we are and how we're gonna meet and exactly how to get out of here.

(looks around and points to a nearby street sign)

OK, we're a quarter of a block northeast of the intersection of 300 Degrees and CLASS. Does everyone remember The City's seven street names? They are the names we learned in school in science class for the seven classifications of organisms. We had a cheat phrase we used to remember those...it was: "King Phillip Came Over For Good Spagetti."

ALEX

You Americans! You have to CHEAT to remember something simple. Russian children learn these in school and REMEMBER them, because WE have good schools! It's you Americanskis who can't remember shit once you get out!

CHAD

Craig, do you remember?

CRAIG

(audibly groans in disdain)

What-EVER.

KRISTI emerges from the tent with four maps and four luminescent compasses.

KRISTI

(proudly)

Kingdom, Phylum, Class, Order, Family, Genus, Species. Just like in Trivial Pursuit. Remember, Creighton?

KRISTI hands the maps and compasses to CHAD as all three approach and surround CRAIG, still in his lawn chair, engrossed in his iPhone.

CHAD

Craig, can you put down the phone for a second and take a compass?

CRAIG

I don't NEED a compass...I've got a compass app on my phone!

CHAD

Well, that won't do you any good when the batteries die.

CRAIG

The battery on my phone lasts three-hundred hours. That's more than TWICE what I'll need for all five days here.

CHAD

That's STAND-BY. But you're ALREADY using the thing right NOW!

CRAIG

Well, we're out of cell range here, so I won't be MAKING any PHONE CALLS, and there's no Internet signal out here, either, so I won't be using the thing that much.

CHAD

Yeah, but games and music and videos eat up your battery even more than talking or browsing. And I DON'T want you charging your phone in the car constantly; you'll run down the car battery. This compass doesn't USE a battery, and it has a luminescent dial, so you can see it at night. Just do yourself a favor, and carry it with you all the time, OK?

CHAD hands the compass and the map to CRAIG, who begrudgingly takes them and drops them on the ground next to his chair.

CRAIG

What-EVER.

CHAD holds the map close-up. (Refer to "CITY MAP-A" DIAGRAM) As he speaks, CHAD points out the various locations with his finger.

CHAD (O.S.)

SO, here's The Quad; here at the center is the "Eye of God at The Center of Heaven", that's the fifty-foot pyramid with the eye on top like on the dollar bill;

(MORE)

CHAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

and the four public safety camps are here, around The Quad off Species; there are the four infirmaries, and the camps of Heaven's Angels and Heaven's Engineers. Now, over HERE is Craig's Slut Shack, and here's Cloud 9, that big geodesic dome nightclub where Craig and his girlfriend got heat prostration last year. Now we're WAY over here on Class @ 300 Degrees. SO, that's how many streets from The Quad?

KRISTI and ALEX instantly and subconsciously roll their eyes and move their lips and count their fingers, thinking, and silently mumbling to themselves, "Kingdom, phylum, CLASS..."

KRISTI

Three?

CHAD

No, Kingdom is the LAST street on the outside of The City. As you ascend the evolutionary ladder, you get closer to Heaven. The Quad is at Species, so you count BACKWARDS: (raising the fingers of one hand in turn as he counts)
Species, Genus, Family, Order, Class--

CRAIG

(interrupting, nonchalantly, not even looking up from his iPhone)

Five. Five streets from The Quad.

CHAD

RIGHT!

(spoken with surprise)
FIVE streets from The Quad. Great!

CRAIG

Great. Can I go now? I've gotta change.

CHAD

All right, now everybody take a map and a compass...
(hands them out as he speaks)
(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

...and if anything happens,
everyone should make his way back
to our camp here, and, once we're
all together, we'll pack up and
make for the main gate.

KRISTI

OK...let's eat.

CRAIG heads for his tent. CHAD, KRISTI, and ALEX prepare for dinner.

EXT. HEAVEN - THE QUAD - NIGHT

7

It's just after dark, and CHAD, KRISTI, and ALEX are walking together through The Quad, wearing full rain gear. This sequence can last 2-5 minutes (tailored to suit the desired overall length of the movie), and is the only time our characters will survey Heaven at night fully aglow.

The desert is dry and dusty, as before, but now in The City everything is illuminated, with green luminescent glows, fluorescent black light, colored floodlights, and fire everywhere. Our heroes walk through the art and the passing crowd of uniquely costumed and half-naked people and amongst myriad decorated and illuminated art cars.

KRISTI

Well, guys, we're HERE! Finally!

CHAD

Yeah, and I've got to say, Heaven is all that it's cracked up to be! It's AMAZING! All these lights, and costumes, and the art vehicles, and the theme camps. Or, it WILL be nice for a couple of days, until the dust and the wind and the heat and the cold start to get to us!

ALEX

AND the room temperature canned bean and spam dinners, and the lukewarm yogurt and sour milk cereal breakfasts, and the runny peanut butter sandwich lunches...

KRISTI

Not to MENTION no running water, nasty porta-potties, and the baby wipes crusted with playa mud!

At this point, three noticeable people walk past the trio: a rock-hard 22 year old Adonis in a leather loin cloth wearing an arrow through his head, a stark naked middle-aged black woman with large, firm breasts and pierced nipples, washboard abs, gray pubic hair, and dusty sandals...

ALEX

You forget about all the music and
the dancing and the laughter and
the fun and the thin, gorgeous,
half-naked beauties...

...AND a three hundred pound, 60 year-old white man with BIGGER breasts, and a huge, flabby belly bearing an absolutely cavernous navel hanging over an adult diaper.

As the man passes, our characters see at the back that the diaper is soiled. After a pregnant pause as all three watch him waddle away, they stare blankly at each other in Jack Benny fashion.

KRISTI

And THAT guy!

All three laugh heartily, but covertly, so as not to insult him, or, more importantly, attract his attention.

CHAD

You mention the music and laughter,
Alex, but you're REALLY thinking
about all the hot, sweaty, dusty,
no-strings-attached, casual sex,
right?

ALEX

I said, "fun." That's what I MEANT
when I said, "fun."

KRISTI

Speaking of which, I hope CRAIG is
taking it slow this year...

ALEX

I hope he's already fucking
someone's BRAINS out!

CHAD

I just hope we don't run INTO him
fucking someone's brains out!

ALEX

Yeah, well *I* just hope we don't
run into someone fucking the brains
out of HIM!

As the men laugh, KRISTI begins singing loudly and off-key, with her fingers in her ears.

KRISTI
LALALA...I'm not LISTENING to you!
LALALA!

As the three laugh, they are approaching the center of The Quad, at which is found a fifty-foot-tall pyramid-shaped wooden pyre with a huge eye on top as is found on the back of the American dollar bill.

In the festival, this structure is referred to as "The Eye of God at the center of Heaven," from which beams a huge spotlight which plays across The City, and the desert, and the surrounding hills at night. The pyramid is laced with high explosives for the big night, and covered and surrounded by hundreds of blinking, racing, colored fiber optic light strands.

Surrounding the structure is a perimeter of Heaven's Angels, the official festival security force. They are dressed all in white, wearing dusty, tan, lace-up leather boots, khaki Utilikilts, navy blue bush jackets featuring embroidered Heaven's Angels logos, dust masks, goggles, and halo-adorned tan pith helmets. They all wear unique uniform Camel-Back backpacks bearing embroidered angel wings, their logo, which is also found on the front of their helmets, and on the left front of their shirts, over their hearts.

Above the illuminated eye search light at the top of the pyramid, and all the way across The Quad to the lights of the other side of The City, to Species and 90 Degrees, is Cloud 9 (refer to "CLOUD 9" DIAGRAM), practically across the street from the public safety camps on The Quad.

This is a forty-foot-tall geodesic dome tent glowing with racing glitter lights and flashing strobe lights and thumping with the loud bass of monstrous speakers beating out over-modulated club/techno music. Behind and to the right side of the dome is an eighty-foot tall silver aluminum pyramid with a base about fifty feet wide, in the middle of which, just above the dome, is a retro-50's-scifi-Las Vegas-style neon sign reading "CLOUD 9".

INT. CLOUD 9 - CONTINUOUS

8

Cloud 9 features a parquet dance floor under the center of the dome, surrounded by dusty, filthy, mismatched carpeting, and torn, faded, mismatched pillows and chairs and sofas of every size and description, obtained from every dumpster, garage sale, junk yard, empty lot, front porch, and back yard in the western states.

Loud thumping techno music dominates the scene, punctuated by flashing lights of all colors and description which are racing across the inside of the dome, the DJ stand, the myriad dancers, and across the faces and torsos of the throngs of sleeping, eating, smoking, laughing, talking, and writhing partiers surrounding the dance floor on carpets and couches. Also playing upon the inside of the dome above are myriad wing/horn angel/devil lighted logos projected through stencils.

There are hundreds of men and women, mostly under the age of 30, writhing on the dance floor and eating and drinking and smoking and necking and petting and sleeping. Pot smoke and dust and incense coagulate in the air and form a musty cloud over the top of the lit DJ stand on risers at the center of the dance floor. On the DJ stand is a DJ, and several young female groupies.

CRAIG is in the middle of the crowd twenty feet from the front of the DJ stand, sweating, wearing his aforementioned sexy angel outfit, and dirty dancing the night away with his friend RANIL, a tall, thin-but-muscular Sir Lankan chemistry professor in his mid-30s with long, black, frizzy hair. He is shirtless, and wearing tight, white leather pants with zippered pockets. Dancing with CRAIG and RANIL are two gorgeous young PARTY GIRLS wearing nothing but matching thongs, pasties, platform boots, and halos.

CRAIG and RANIL are "dirty dancing" in the middle of a crowd of others doing the same thing. They are laboriously and sloppily tongue-kissing each other, while the PARTY GIRLS are on either side rubbing their crotches up and down the men's thighs and gyrating to the beat as the men massage the girls' buttocks with their free hands, grinding them harder into their own hips.

From just a mile or two away and a half a mile up comes a sky-jarring roll of thunder that lasts for seconds.

CRAIG pulls away from RANIL for a second and looks up and around at the ceiling. He then, somewhat reluctantly, goes back to dirty dancing, distracted by the thunder he heard.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLOUD 9 - CONTINUOUS

9

Lightning hits the Cloud 9 sign, making the aluminum glow.

INT. INSIDE CLOUD 9 - CONTINUOUS

10

Suddenly there is a rush of static electricity and a flash turns everything inside the dome momentarily bright white, as Cloud 9's sign receives the direct hit from a bolt of lightning. The dome itself is a thin veil revealing the shadows of everything and everybody surrounding it in gargantuan shadows on the dome itself.

As a nearer roll of thunder follows almost immediately, a nauseating ozone smell permeates the crowd, evidenced by a few people throughout sniffing and waving their hands and silently grimacing "EWWW!"

Cries and laughter and shouting are heard from all corners in the dark as CRAIG jumps almost out of his skin. Dialogue in Cloud 9 is mostly almost shouted over the noise in the dome.

CRAIG

What the FUCK was THAT? JE-sus that was close! Did you guys see that?

RANIL

Relax...that was just thunder and lightning. When I was a child in Sri Lanka we got thunder showers and lightening and hail and cyclones all the time!

PARTY GIRL 2

Ohmygod, are you kidding? That shit is CRAZY! We could have been KILLED!

RANIL

You have a better chance of winning the LOTTERY than you do of getting hit by lightning. We'll be OK.

CRAIG

Well, I grew up in California, and we almost NEVER got THAT shit...or I'd have MOVED! Oh, wait...I DID move.

(thinks about this for a second)

But then I moved back...

PARTY GIRL 2 bites his neck, distracting him from his fear.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Oh, never mind!
(he continues dirty
dancing)

EXT. OUTSIDE CLOUD 9 - CONTINUOUS

11

Myriad people and vehicles are passing Cloud 9, including a large man in a PINK GORILLA suit, riding his bike north to south on the dusty road past the entrance of the club as the fire grows in the trailer. More deafening thunder shakes everyone to the core, and people scream and laugh and shout "WOOOOO!" PINK GORILLA is looking up and over to his left at the Cloud 9 sign, which is still glowing from the lightning strike, as he swerves into the path of an art car driving in the opposite direction.

The art car is a UPS truck fitted with a huge 3 story cocktail lounge called "666".

INT. INSIDE ART CAR 666 - CONTINUOUS

12

DRIVER is steering his vehicle south to north, looking through a filthy windshield covered with chicken wire and 2x4s and tissue paper and papier mache decorations. Furthermore, he is distracted by BEATRIX KIDDO, a passenger standing to his right, a beautiful blonde, holding a beer, dressed like Beatrix Kiddo of "Kill Bill" in a tight yellow sweat suit, unzipped to the navel, who is exclaiming and pointing at the glowing sign. 666 DRIVER looks back through the windshield ahead of him, sees the PINK GORILLA, and reacts wide-eyed.

His foot misses the brake and hits the gas pedal, and the vehicle lurches forward toward PINK GORILLA. 666 DRIVER, aghast, swings the wheel to the right to avoid PINK GORILLA, crashing through a half dozen parked and vacant bicycles huddled together on the side of the dome, and directly into the trailer on the southwest side of Cloud 9.

People upstairs on the art car who were dancing and talking and drinking are now thrown around and onto each other. Several of the people are actually thrown off the vehicle entirely.

The trailer contains the club's generator, and an explosion is heard, which blows open the double doors on the back and causes a small fire at the bottom of the Cloud 9 dome fabric.

INT. INSIDE CLOUD 9 - CONTINUOUS

13

Crashing and explosions and screams outside are almost simultaneously met by shrieks of horror from almost everyone IN the dome.

Abruptly the lights and the music simply stop, leaving nothing but pitch darkness punctuated by neon glow sticks on heads and wrists and costumes and furniture and the floor, and the confused sound of hundreds of people who were happily partying and laughing and shouting and coughing and puking.

All is silent for a moment, as a universal "WTF?" is silently muttered from the majority of conscious lips, immediately followed by a fair share of female screams and giggles and male laughs and shouts from all corners.

CRAIG's foursome is frantically and instantaneously taking advantage of the darkness by dropping to the dusty parquet dance floor. RANIL is seen dropping his pants around his ankles, his ivory silk underwear still almost in place across his hard, brown ass; he has a handful of CRAIG's long hair, as his hips are grinding a dry hump into CRAIG's hind end, while the latter lies with his face buried in the lower abdomen of PARTY GIRL 1, with her thighs covering his ears, and her dusty, white, lace-up, platform boots high in the air. PARTY GIRL 2 is sprawled out belly-down with her tongue deep down the throat of PARTY GIRL 1, desperately kneading her ample, firm breasts.

The fabric at the back of the dome, which started burning slowly at first, begins burning rapidly, and people nearby begin screaming as the dome's fabric begins to shrink and melt in a semi-circle from the ground at the bottom of the southeast corner of the dome. The flames burn higher and higher, as the hole becomes larger and more and more of the fabric is consumed.

CRAIG points up to the burning tent, pulls away from the abdomen of PARTY GIRL 1, and rises up onto his feet, knocking RANIL back a couple of feet on his side.

CRAIG

LOOK! The dome's on fire!

RANIL stands and bends over to try to pull up his pants. PARTY GIRL 2 rises up from her belly in fear and onto her hands and knees, leaning with her chest down and wrapping her arms around the chest of PARTY GIRL 1.

PARTY GIRL 2

Ohmygod!

PARTY GIRL 1, still on her back, is obviously more stoned than her friend, and remains oblivious to the danger. She just wants CRAIG to nestle his head back into her lower belly.

PARTY GIRL 1

Hahahaha! C'mere, Creighton, and finish what you started!

A rush of feet and confusion erupts as a mad panic begins toward the door. Arms and legs and feet and heads and torsos are pushed and poked and forced aside, and the PARTY GIRLS, still prone on the floor, are trampled by the crowd. RANIL, crippled by the fact that his pants are still hanging around his ankles, is knocked down. CRAIG is elbowed by the panicked partiers, and forced over the dance floor, over the carpet, through the pillows, and up and over and behind a couch.

CRAIG cowers behind the couch with a nose bleed, and waits for the crowd to pass, as the flaming circle in the fabric above grows larger and larger, eating almost half of the fabric covering the dome.

Flaming bits of plastic fabric drop to the dusty dance floor, eliciting screams of fear and pain from the panicked crowd, and catching couches and pillows and carpeting on fire. From outside comes the sound of sirens, and on the dome fabric are shone the flashing red and blue lights of the festival's emergency golf carts and Sheriff's Department and Bureau of Land Management SUVs that are arriving at the scene outside.

As the ambulatory partiers clear the solitary exit, another explosion occurs inside; this one smaller, but closer, as sparks and flames erupt from the DJ booth. The risers beneath give way with a loud creaking and the booth collapses onto the parquet floor, throwing the DJ and several groupies into a disheveled mess in the center of the collapse. The remaining kids in the dome scatter away from the conflagration, surrounded by the bodies of injured and bleeding kids in torn costumes and naked flesh.

CRAIG

(frightened, hurt, dazed)

RANIL? RANIL?

CRAIG rushes around the couch, backtracking through the tangled mess of shoes and clothes and screaming kids and pillows, and finds his friend.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Ranil? Are you all right?

RANIL is on his hands and knees, with his hair mussed, his nose bloodied, his pants still around his ankles, and his underwear torn slightly in the back. As he speaks, he rises, pulls his underwear into place, pulls up his pants, wipes his nose, and smoothes his hair down.

RANIL

Yeah, I THINK so. It all happened so fast!

(pauses as he adjusts himself)

Where are the girls? Where WERE we? The crowd carried me way over here!

Both are shouting slightly over the noise of the crowd and the sirens outside and the moaning and crying and garbled talking surrounding them on the inside.

CRAIG

Well, we WERE right in front of the DJ stand...

CRAIG looks in the direction of the flaming mass that was once the DJ stand and points.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

THERE THEY ARE!

The two hurriedly make their way twenty feet toward the flames and find the girls huddled together on the floor. PARTY GIRL 2 is completely naked, sobbing, and lying across and hugging PARTY GIRL 1, who is underneath on her back, still in her thong, wearing one boot, motionless, and unconscious.

RANIL grabs PARTY GIRL 2 by the shoulder and attempts to pull her up toward him.

RANIL

HEY! HEY? Are you all right?

(to PARTY GIRL 1)

What's happened to your friend?

PARTY GIRL 2

She's DEAD! She's DEAD! Help me!

(sobbing uncontrollably)

RANIL bends down and checks PARTY GIRL 1 for vital signs, putting his medical training to work.

RANIL

(to CRAIG)

Go get help!

(MORE)

RANIL (CONT'D)

I'm an EMT, but I need equipment.
Go find a paramedic!

CRAIG rushes out the now empty exit to find a scene of mass hysteria.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLOUD 9 - CONTINUOUS

14

CRAIG emerges from the dome as a massive hailstorm erupts, and then, after a few moments, subsides. He finds a confused crowd of people, including those who were inside and escaped without injury, those who escaped WITH injuries, the unconscious victims who were lucky enough to be carried outside, AND a lot of people just standing around in a semi-circle on Species Street just watching the spectacle. CRAIG also sees thousands of others in costume and half-naked, formerly dusty, many NOW slightly muddy and damp (from the brief hail storm) who are just passing by, partying on, unaware of the incident (after all, the whole city by DESIGN is a cacophony of fire and explosions), oblivious to anything but their own little world in Heaven.

CRAIG also sees the calamity that caused the explosion and fire he saw earlier from inside the dome: the huge, metal, neon CLOUD 9 sign behind and to the side of the dome has been hit by lightning and is burned, and the art car has crashed into the trailer behind the dome containing the nightclub's generator. Splayed around it are passengers, some injured, some drunk, some taking pictures, and some laughing, as well as Heaven's Engineers still using fire extinguishers on the trailer, which is still smoking. The formerly tight, white fabric of the dome has been melted into a tan/brown burnt shell covering only a third of the far side of the dome.

After pausing a moment to take in the scene, CRAIG suddenly remembers that he is on a mission of mercy. With a slight shake of his head, his eyes dart back and forth in search of help among the golf carts and SUVs with flashing lights, and the paramedics, cops, and Heaven's Angels splattered through the crowd tending to injuries, taking reports, and trying to separate the victims and witnesses from the awed passersby.

CRAIG surges to one side toward two PARAMEDICS and a HEAVEN'S ANGEL. The PARAMEDICS are kneeling, tending to a writhing party girl, victim of a compound fracture evidenced by a gruesomely exposed femur. The HEAVEN'S ANGEL is holding back the crowd of frightened friends and entranced gawkers.

CRAIG

(to HEAVEN'S ANGEL)

HELP! HELP! Please, you've got to help me!

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)
(grabs HEAVEN'S ANGEL's
arm)
PLEEEEEEEASE!

HEAVEN'S ANGEL
(wriggling free of CRAIG's
grasp with an irritated
manner)
I'm BUSY right now, sir, as you can
see!

CRAIG
It's not ME...it's my FRIEND!
She's inside. We think she's DEAD!

HEAVEN'S ANGEL
(understanding, but
overwrought)
OK...well, shit...I can't.
(grabs the radio off his
belt)
Lemme call someone for you.

PARAMEDIC 1 looks around as her partner tends to the
fracture, realizes there IS no one left to call, and stands
up.

PARAMEDIC 1
(to PARAMEDIC 2)
John, are you OK? Have you got
this?

PARAMEDIC 2
Yeah, go ahead. I'm almost done
setting this, and then I'll be
right in.

PARAMEDIC 1
(to CRAIG)
Ok, sir, let's go. Where is she?

CRAIG leads the paramedic into the dome...

INT. INSIDE CLOUD 9 - CONTINUOUS

15

The lights are back on (emergency house lights; much, much
brighter than when the music was playing), and, while fewer
people are inside now, the ghastly extent of some of their
injuries is more plainly visible: mostly contusions,
lacerations, fractures, and burns.

As CRAIG and PARAMEDIC 1 approach RANIL and the PARTY GIRLS, the cuts and bruises on the head and face of PARTY GIRL 1 are horrendous. In fact, it appears as if one or more panicked feet have actually crushed her skull.

PARAMEDIC 1 bends down to take over as CRAIG and RANIL pull sobbing PARTY GIRL 2 out of the way. After a few moments, PARAMEDIC 1 briefly and somberly looks up at CRAIG and RANIL and nods back and forth to indicate that PARTY GIRL 1, indeed, was trampled to death. PARAMEDIC 1 reaches for her radio and calls her partner.

PARAMEDIC 1 waves at the entrance as PARAMEDIC 2 trots in.

There is carnage everywhere inside the dome, plainly visible in the bright, blinding, white emergency floodlights.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. HEAVEN - FROM KINGDOM LOOKING WEST - AN HOUR LATER 16

From Kingdom Street, 90 Degrees is a formerly dusty, now slightly muddy corridor through hundreds of camps, thousands of people, millions of lights, and dozens of (purposely set) fires. (Refer to "CITY MAP-A" DIAGRAM). At the inside edge of 90 Degrees is the infirmary nearest Cloud 9, a few hundred yards to the west on The Quad @ 90 Degrees; one of four huge, white M*A*S*H tents with big red crosses on the roof. All are situated around The Quad, one each also at 0, 180, and 270 Degrees.

CRAIG and RANIL are exiting the tent toward the east, cradling a sobbing, morose PARTY GIRL 2 between them, aided by a small group of people who are, apparently, her male and female friends and campmates. From our perspective we can't hear them above the typically cacophonous roar of hundreds of PAs blaring different types of club music; plus rock, disco, reggae, and show tunes, as well as laughs, screams, shouts, cheers, and explosions.

As CRAIG and RANIL bid the PARTY GIRL party farewell and walk east on 90 Degrees, the PARTY GIRL group goes north on Species toward their camp. CRAIG and RANIL chat as they walk past scores of camps, and are passed in front and behind by hundreds of costumed and half-naked partiers and all sorts of decorated vehicles.

CRAIG

Yeah, but I really have to get back to MY camp. It's on the other side of The City, on Class @ 300. I'm camping with my sister and her husband and our friend, Alex.

RANIL

Don't worry, Creighton, I'll get you back there tomorrow morning, but you're in no condition to make your way back to camp alone tonight, after what WE've been through. Besides, you don't know if your sister will even BE there by the time you get there...and you DON'T want to be ALONE if there's ANOTHER lightning storm, DO you?

CRAIG

No, I guess not. But how far is YOUR camp? I don't wanna get too far away from The Quad.

RANIL

Oh, it's just up ahead, on Genus between 80 and 90. We just turn left here...

(gestures left)

...and it's down on the left about six or eight camps down. You can see my flag there...

RANIL points north up Genus and up to a Sri Lankan flag flying on a twenty foot post. The flag is faintly illuminated in the dark, cloudy sky by the myriad multi-colored lights of The City.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RANIL'S TENT - MINUTES LATER

17

RANIL's tent is not an average camping tent, but a rather lavish affair designed to look like an ancient Sri Lankan tent, colorfully decorated with embroidered tapestries hanging all around, lavishly costumed elephants, and a small Buddha shrine. The bed is large and round, covered with ornately hand-woven and tie-dyed linens. Candles illuminate the interior, and incense fills the air.

CRAIG is standing at the foot of the bed, and RANIL is lying upon the right side of it (his right, CRAIG's left), face up, wearing only his silk briefs.

RANIL beckons him by patting the bed next to him with his left hand, while he slowly strokes his right hand across the fabric of his briefs, stretched tightly across his large, semi-erect penis, bulging under the fabric horizontally across his lower abdomen toward his left hip.

CRAIG slowly begins disrobing.

CRAIG

I'm not sure if I'm going to be much fun tonight, Ranil...I'm pretty shaky after what happened.

RANIL

Well, we're both fairly tired...let's just get comfortable and get a good night's sleep. We're going to need it for tomorrow. C'mon, sexy...lay down next to me. I just want to hold you.

CRAIG finishes disrobing, leaving only his white, nylon thong in place, and then gracefully slides onto the bed, face down, and glides up along RANIL's lower torso until they are eye to eye, interlocking their legs.

CRAIG

Are you camping here alone? We're not going to be interrupted, are we?

RANIL wraps his left arm around CRAIG's waist and runs the fingers of his right hand through CRAIG's hair, smoothing it down his back.

RANIL

No, this is MY tent alone. I'm camping here with some Stanford buddies and a married couple from Berkeley. And my sister and her girlfriend are in the tent next to ours, but they're all gone now, and won't be back 'til late. We have my tent all to ourselves, just as we did last year.

CRAIG rubs his face into RANIL's neck under his hair.

CRAIG

I was pretty drunk last year, but I remember we had a good time.

RANIL

I remember that you were here with that older French girlfriend of yours...she was REALLY fucked up, and we BOTH had fun with HER.

CRAIG

Yeah...that was Jacque.

(inhales deeply)

I wanted to tell you about her.

(skips a beat, then,
flatly, but softly, with
sorrow)

She's dead.

RANIL is startled, but only momentarily. Not to be detoured, as he speaks he continues caressing the small of CRAIG's back and slides his hand down under CRAIG's thong.

RANIL

Dead? What happened?

CRAIG

Well, I moved into her apartment in San Francisco on my eighteenth birthday. I wanted to be a model, and I started working at a strip club called "Brass". That's where I met her--

RANIL

Yes, I remember that you said that you were an exotic dancer...

Their bodies are pressed tightly together, and RANIL is beginning to slip off CRAIG's thong, and, as CRAIG continues speaking, RANIL manages to slip his own briefs down past his thighs and off completely, careful not to disturb their intimate embrace.

CRAIG

Yeah, she came in with some girlfriends one night, and gave me lots of tips. And while I was giving her a lap dance, she slipped her business card into my thong with her home phone number on the back. I called her, and we went out a few times. She had a good job...she sold advertising for a tourist magazine. She had a really nice flat on Nob Hill, and she asked me if I wanted to live with her...it was just a few blocks away from the club, and my modeling agent's office on Union Square was only a ten minute walk away, so it was perfect.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

We fucked all night every night...sometimes I even brought home guys from the club with me and we'd have threesomes. A couple of times we did some of her girlfriends, too.

RANIL

Now you're REALLY getting me HOT!

RANIL now lifts CRAIG's hips slightly off the blankets, and tugs the blankets out from under them and then flips them up and over CRAIG's bare ass.

CRAIG

So one night we had kind of a party, with some of MY friends and some of HERS. We were all drinking, but she used to snort a lot of coke so that she could work after our all-night fucks, but she hadn't really used any crystal until the night of the party. But one of her friends brought some, and everybody tried it. Except ME...I'm a model, and I didn't want to fuck up my look. Anyway, she passed out, and the next morning, she was dead.

RANIL

That's very sad, Creighton...I'm sorry.

(pauses a beat for reflection)

Did you LOVE her?

CRAIG

Well, kind of. But it's the first time I'd ever seen anyone dead, and I went a little crazy. I just split that morning, and I took all my money out of the bank, and I started hitchhiking. Took me about three months, but I got to New York and figured that I could find another agent and start modeling there.

RANIL

So, what happened?

CRAIG

Well, no one knew me out there, and I couldn't find an agent, and I ran out of money, and I started turning tricks...

RANIL

You nasty boy! You mean, for MONEY?

CRAIG

Yeah, I did it for about a month. It was okay at first...I mean, the money was good, and it was fun--

RANIL

Why do it for free, huh?
(getting a little suspicious, bit playing along)

CRAIG

Well, that's what *I* thought; but the johns were mostly older, married guys, and...I dunno...it just wasn't my "scene."

RANIL

Sounds a little DANGEROUS, don't you think?

CRAIG

Well, *I* was lucky, but SOME of the boys got beat up, or robbed, or got picked up by the cops. Anyway, one night I met this older guy...not bad looking...gray hair, kinda' handsome. Said he was a hot-shot corporate attorney. Anyway, he took me to the Waldorf-Astoria, and I told him that I came from San Francisco and was a model, and I needed a new agent in Manhattan. So the next day he took me out to Armani and Brooks Brothers and bought me a whole bunch of clothes and shoes and a couple of suits--

RANIL

What's this guy's number? I could use a new wardrobe!
(chuckles, rather insensitively at what HE thinks is a big joke)

CRAIG

No, he was no attorney. He was a PRIEST, and he was using church funds to pay for everything. It was all over the news for weeks.

RANIL

I knew this was sounding too good to be true!

CRAIG

Well, anyway, a few days later I was cruising the park in the same spot, and I got picked up by the cops! The guy had been arrested, and TOLD THEM about me and the other boys he'd picked up out there, and they were WAITING for me.

RANIL

So what did they do to you? You know, in Sri Lanka you could get KILLED turning tricks in the park.

CRAIG

Yeah, well, when I was in jail I WANTED to be dead. It was disgusting.

RANIL

(trying to inject some humor to lighten the mood)

Yeah, but in JAIL the sex is FREE!

CRAIG

Well, I wasn't in there long enough for that. Besides, they separated me from the violent criminals. They put me in a big cell with some trannies and the other boys they picked up in the sting.

RANIL

Well, at least you were in good company!

CRAIG

Yeah, well, anyway, I called my sister in California, and she flew out that day and bailed me out, and stayed with me for a week until I got my hearing.

RANIL

So were you convicted?

CRAIG

No, my sister is a fire marshal in our town, and she was able to vouch for me, and they agreed to drop the charges if I remained in her custody for six months...I've got two months left. Anyway, her husband said that I could stay with them, so that's where I live now. In fact, I couldn't have come here this year without them, so I had to talk them into it.

RANIL

You're lucky to have a sister who loves you.

CRAIG

Well, it's kind of a pain in the ass, because now they're here watching me, and at home she's acting like my MOTHER all the time. But at least she didn't tell my DAD. My mom's cool, but my dad is a redneck, and he'll KILL me if he ever finds out that I got arrested in New York for prostitution.

RANIL

Well, it's all over now, Creighton...you're here with me, and everything is ok.

CRAIG

Thanks, Ranil.

(pauses a bit as he
cuddles up)

Tomorrow I'll introduce you to my sister and her husband. And, do you remember I told you about Alex, our Russian friend? He came with us, too.

RANIL

We'll meet the whole family...tomorrow. Tonight I'M your family...

In the distance, more thunder is heard, and rain begins to lightly tap on the tent above their heads as they kiss.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OUTSIDE RANIL'S TENT - THE NEXT MORNING

18

It's 830am, the sky is mostly clear and sunny, and The City is mostly quiet, as people slowly arise after a long night of partying. Most drink coffee, and/or smoke something, and/or head for the porta-potties. Faintly head in the distance is the ever-present THUMP-THUMP-THUMP of club/techno music that is going on 24/7 from dozens of huge speakers all over The City.

RANIL is cooking on a camp stove with the other members of his camp as CRAIG emerges from the tent. The camp stove is placed next to an inactive fire pit, around which are situated a variety of lawn chairs, about a pair each in front of the tents, which are arranged in a circle around the camp, surrounded by the campers' vehicles around the outside.

The other members of the camp sitting around the camp stove and fire pit include:

NILHAN, a 33 year old Indian man, shorter and thinner than RANIL, with short black hair and glasses, wearing blue jeans, sandals, and a tie-dyed t-shirt;

SU LIN, a thin, pretty, 35 year old Chinese woman with long, straight black hair, wearing a very short jogging/tennis skirt and panties, sleeveless cotton blouse, and tennis shoes;

JEFF and HENRI HUDSON, both of whom are dwarves; JEFF is an Anglo, about 45, pudgy, thinning salt-and-pepper hair, wearing glasses, an island shirt, khaki shorts, and tennis shoes; HENRI is about 40, cute, pudgy, with short, permed hair, and in similar attire.

CRAIG slowly emerges from RANIL's tent, face swollen, scratching his ass, filthy and dusty, his long hair almost dreadlocked in a knotted tangle of sleepiness, and wearing nothing but his thong and a pair of sunglasses he found in the tent. He had not expected to be the center of attention of an entire camp full of strangers.

RANIL

Good morning, sleepy head! Want
some breakfast?

CRAIG

(looking around,
sheepishly.)
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Oh, I dunno...I'm not too hungry. Maybe just some juice or something, first. My mouth is really dry.

RANIL

No, now, come on...even TOPMODELS need a good breakfast before a big day of partying on the desert! You should drink some WATER. And THEN, how about some hoppers?

CRAIG

POPPERS?

Laughs.

RANIL

No, party boy. "HOPPERS"...they're like Sri Lankan pancakes. And we've got yellow rice cooked in coconut milk, and cashews, raisins, and hard-boiled eggs.

CRAIG

Wow...that sounds GREAT. But I really need some orange juice or something.

RANIL

How about tambili? It's king coconut juice. They've been in the ice chest, so it's nice and cool. And we've got some nice, big, fresh papaya. Nilhan, give Creighton a papaya. Oh, Creighton, I want you to meet my friends. This is Nilhan; he's a buddy of mine from Stanford...

NILHAN shakes CRAIG's hand, and then slips into RANIL's tent.

RANIL (CONT'D)

And over there are Jeff and Henri, from the Chemistry Department and H.R., respectively, at Berkeley, and Su Lin. She's an associate professor of literature.

CRAIG makes a greeting round of the campers, who are sitting around in lawn chairs in front of their tents around the camp stove and fire pit. NILHAN emerges from RANIL's tent with a huge half-slice of papaya, the center of which is still laden with slimy black seeds, and a spoon, both of which he hands to the slightly apprehensive CRAIG.

NILHAN

Here you are, Creighton, this should fix you up. This is the biggest papaya we have...just for YOU!

Tight shot of the half slice of papaya being handed over.

CRAIG

Thank you. It looks...
(pausing, searching for the right word; something polite)
...good. I've never HAD papaya before. What's it taste like?

JEFF

CHICKEN!

Laughs from all but CRAIG, who is sure that it's gonna be gross.

JEFF (CONT'D)

It LOOKS like PUSSY!

Laughs from all but HENRI, who is shocked, embarrassed, and ashamed.

HENRI

(interrupting)
JEFFREY!

JEFF

Well, it DOES! It LOOKS like PUSSY, but it tastes like CHICKEN! Everything from Sri Lanka tastes like chicken!

All laugh, as CRAIG finds a vacant lawn chair and cautiously digs a spoon into the tropical delicacy.

SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE, RANIL's other camp mates, exit their tent, situated next to RANIL's.

SAJEEVI is RANIL's sister, a thin, cute 30 year old, a little butch, with short, thick, shiny, bouncy hair, wearing a dusty sari and sandals.

ROCHELLE is SAJEEVI's domestic partner, very butch, an African American woman in her mid-30s with a shaved head, wearing black boots, Daisy Duke jean cut-offs and a black leather basket weave belt, and an oversized tank-top t-shirt bearing the logo of the SFPD. She has large, low-hanging breasts and child-bearing hips, with a generous portion of booty.

ROCHELLE
(loudly and brashly)
Did I hear someone mention PUSSY?

All laugh. JEFF raises his hand sheepishly in response to her rhetorical question.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit, Jeff...not you AGAIN?
Don't you ever talk about nuthin'
else?

Laughs all around.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)
Henri, GURL, you gots to take care
of shit at home, baby!

More laughs...HENRI is blushing, but laughing.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)
We all KNOW that little man has got
a BAAIIIG THAAAANG!

More laughs from all; JEFF is almost in hysterics.

RANIL
Well, Creighton, I guess the
introductions aren't over yet. I'd
like you to meet my sister,
Sajeevi. She's a high school
science teacher in Berkeley.

CRAIG and SAJEEVI say hi.

RANIL (CONT'D)
And THIS is her lover, Rochelle, a
San Francisco Police sergeant,
believe it or not.

ROCHELLE snaps at him and gives that little African-American head slide back and forth.

RANIL (CONT'D)
We all three share my house.

JEFF
Can you imagine what THAT's like?

More laughs.

ROCHELLE
Watch it, Thang Man...I take craps
bigger than you! I'll mess you up!

More laughs. ROCHELLE won this round. JEFF is gasping.
CRAIG and ROCHELLE say hi.

SAJEEVI

So, Creighton, we're sorry about your girlfriend. Ranil told us all about it this morning.

CRAIG

Oh, thank you...but it was a long time ago.

SAJEEVI

(puzzled)

OH. I, uh...

(looking around at the others for guidance)

...thought it was last night...

RANIL

No, Creighton, I was telling them about what happened LAST NIGHT.

CRAIG

Oh, THAT girlfriend!

ROCHELLE

White boy's got so many girlfriends he can't keep 'em straight...uh
HUH!

(snap and head slide)

Boy, you gots to slow down!

All laugh.

CRAIG

No, well, she wasn't exactly a GIRLFRIEND. I just met her last night. I didn't even know her NAME. We were just DANCING together when it all happened.

ROCHELLE

Ranil said you were doing more than DANCING when the lights went down!

RANIL

Actually, I met the girls earlier and Craig just came in an hour or so before all the fireworks happened.

HENRI

Well, you made the newspaper!
Jeff, where's the Heaven's Gate
News?

JEFF reaches down into a backpack lying next to his chair.

JEFF

Front page, too!

JEFF stands, reaches up, and hands the paper to CRAIG who reads the headline ("ART CAR DESTROYS CLOUD 9") voraciously as he juggles the now half-eaten papaya on one thigh.

NILHAN

Very sad. Three people killed,
twenty five injured, six sent to
the hospital in Reno.

RANIL

It was the worst accident in
Heaven's history, according to the
paper. They said that lightning
hit Cloud 9's sign, leading a
crowded art car to crash into the
club's generator.

NILHAN

But, except for some burns, most of
the injuries came from the panic as
everyone rushed from the tent.

RANIL

Creighton was the only smart one in
the crowd...he was hiding behind a
couch and didn't get STEPPED ON
like the REST of us!

CRAIG

I don't know how "smart" I was...
I kinda' got SHOVED back there, and
I just stayed there until everybody
went by.

SU LIN

It is a wise man who can keep his
head when all about him are losing
theirs...

Her poetic remark is met by empty stares.

SU LIN (CONT'D)

Kipling. "If you can keep your head while all around you are losing theirs... Yours is the earth and everything that's in it, And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!" --Rudyard Kipling, 1895.

RANIL

Literature 101. Everything in life is a lesson to Su Lin.

Laughs all around.

RANIL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Su Lin, but the last thing in the world Creighton wants to be is a "Man!"

Laughs again from all.

ROCHELLE

GUUURL! "Yo, I'll tell you what I want, what I really, really want!"
(more head bobbin')
--Spice Girls...
(still bobbin')
...1996.

Laughs again.

JEFF

(doing his best Popeye)
"I yam what I yam what I yam. Ayk, ayk, ayk, ayk!" --Popeye, 1932

BIG laughs from all.

CRAIG

What I REALLY, really want is to be in a parking garage under a big, strong fucking CEMENT BUILDING next time there's a lightning storm!

HENRI

Well, hopefully that will be the LAST of the bad weather THIS year at Heaven.

SAJEEVI

Last year there WAS no rain, just dust storms.

(MORE)

SAJEEVI (CONT'D)

This year we've already had dust,
rain, thunder, lightning, and HAIL!

ROCHELLE

Bad weather or no, my girl and I
are headin' to the Slut Shack
today. Anyone coming?

CRAIG

Oh, I'm going there tomorrow for
sure! I'm going to compete in
their pole dance contest!

RANIL

Well, FIRST we're going over to the
other side of The City so we can
check in with Creighton's family.
Remember last night, when you were
so worried about seeing your
sister?

CRAIG

Yeah, well, I've GOT to go back to
camp, anyway. I have to get
dressed.

JEFF

Looks like you're already perfectly
attired for a pole dance
competition, Creighton!

CRAIG

(now adopting ROCHELLE's
Ebonics mannerisms)
Honey, I have not yet BEGUN to
dress!

SU LIN

--John Paul Jones, 1779

Big laugh from all.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HEAVEN - CITY STREETS - AN HOUR LATER

19

CRAIG and RANIL walk northwest on 300 Degrees and turn right
on the corner of Class. On the northeast corner is a very
long line of filthy port-a-potties, facing northeast, with
their backs to the street at 300 Degrees, in front of which
are several dozen tired, hot, weary festival goers, all
waiting to *go*, some of whom are smoking, eating bananas and
bagels, drinking juice, and water, and beer, and/or holding
rolls of toilet paper and/or baby wipe containers.

Most waiting are haphazardly-dressed, or naked, still wiping the sleep from their eyes. Passing by on all sides are throngs of people on foot, on bikes, and on weird vehicles in all kinds of costumes in the dusty desert morning sunshine.

Unnoticed by our heroes, are some campers apparently packing to leave early. And, in the background a nasty dust storm is in the distance to the west, and beginning to make its way toward our heroes.

ALEX is found nearby, flirting and playing grab-ass with two very beautiful young women dressed as cowgirls, in hats, neckerchiefs, western gun belts, thongs, cowboy boots, and wearing absolutely nothing else. Spying CRAIG in the corner of his eye, ALEX LURCHES toward him in excited relief.

ALEX

CRAIG! Jesus, durak (*meaning: "stupid"*), where the fuck have YOU been?

CRAIG

ALEX!

They share a big embrace.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

BOY, am I ever glad to see YOU!

ALEX

So who's your handsome friend?

CRAIG

This is Ranil. Remember? I told you all about him. He's the one who noticed my heat prostration last year.

ALEX

Oooo, yes, the Drug Doctor!

Still with his left arm around CRAIG, ALEX extends his right hand to RANIL for a hearty handshake.

RANIL

Chemist.

ALEX

Right. PhD in Chemistry...from Berkeley.

RANIL

Stanford. Chemical Engineering at Stanford. I TEACH at Berkeley.

ALEX

(glibly, but with obvious
disinterest and
dismissiveness)

I remember! How ARE you, Ranil?

ALEX looks RANIL up and down with adoration, and then looks deeply into CRAIG's eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Well, Craig...now I KNOW where you've been. You ran into THIS handsome stud again and forgot all about your family and your comrade, Alex! Your sister is FRANTIC. She's been running all around to the other campsites asking for you. I think she already has your picture on MILK CARTONS!

The three begin walking toward the LINDAUER camp. In the background surrounding them a number of camps are being hastily packed, as campers who were freaked out by the tragedy at Cloud 9 want to get out before... well, before all HELL breaks loose at HEAVEN.

CRAIG

Well, I couldn't come home last night...we had a little drama.

ALEX

Don't tell me you got heat "prostitution" again???

RANIL

No, he almost got KILLED last night! We both did!

CRAIG

We were at Cloud 9 last night--

ALEX momentarily stops dead in his tracks and interrupts.

ALEX

I knew it! I knew it! They're talking about it all over The City this morning. It's in the paper! Your sister, being a WOMAN, automatically assumed that if there was some trouble, YOU just HAD to be in the middle of it!

CRAIG

Well, we made it out ok, but one girl we were with DIDN'T.

RANIL

You know, I wondered why so many people are LEAVING already. Look around...we've seen camps being packed up and cars moving to the exits all the way over here this morning.

The three stop short, and begin to look around them at dozens of people at several camps hurriedly packing, and fully-loaded cars raising dust as they roll slowly toward the exits.

ALEX

You know...I really wasn't paying attention, but, now that you mention it, there ARE a lot of people leaving. And it's early...the festival doesn't even END for another three days!

CRAIG

Well, I'm not leaving until after the pole dance competition at the Slut Shack this afternoon! I don't care WHAT happens. I mean, last night was scary, but we didn't come all the way out here to LEAVE already!

RANIL

Well, the friends of that girl who died last night told me THEY were going to pack up and leave in the morning, TOO.

ALEX

Well, let's get Craig to his sister and you two can fill us ALL in on the whole story!

EXT. THE LINDAUER CAMP - CONTINUOUS

20

At the LINDAUER camp, there are four lawn chairs strewn about. Surrounding their campsite are myriad others, including the aforementioned tent composed of a 40 foot tall scaffolding tower, around which parachutes are draped to the ground, and at the top of which are four colored banners flying in the breeze.

CHAD is alone, sitting in a lawn chair, wearing a baseball cap and sunglasses to protect him from the morning sun, eating dry Frosted Mini Shredded Wheat out of the box, and reading the Heaven's Gate News. Sitting on a small, fold-up table next to him is the rest of his breakfast: juice, water, yogurt, string cheese, canned fruit, and a Danish.

As he dines, a beautiful young lady, the SHOWER GIRL, wearing nothing but a towel and a pair of flip-flop sandals, carrying a bar of soap, emerges from the parachute tent, and steps over to a camp shower, in full view of CHAD.

The shower is made of four pieces of plywood on the ground, nailed together into a 4x4 foot square, covered with black plastic (this is an evaporation pond, designed to keep shower water from making a muddy mess on the playa), in the center of which is an empty, upside-down plastic milk carton crate. There are three 8 foot poles arranged in a tripod above the milk crate, and attached at the top, from which is hanging a "Sun Shower", a black plastic bag containing 5 gallons of water, with a shower spout at the end of a short tube extending from the bottom.

The SHOWER GIRL smiles at CHAD as she casually removes her towel, revealing her nakedness. She folds the towel neatly, bends fully over at the waist (back to CHAD) to set it on the ground (CHAD's eyes involuntarily POP out of their sockets for one brief, shining, unguarded moment), and then gingerly steps onto the milk carton, under the spout of the Sun Shower, and proceeds to take a nice, solar-warmed shower...not 30 feet from CHAD's lawn chair.

CHAD chokes on his shredded wheat as a spies her above his sunglasses, and, after surreptitiously looking around to see if anyone else is watching what is proving to be a true moment of "Heaven," he smiles to himself briefly, and sheepishly decides to continue eating and PRETENDING to read the paper, while cautiously eyeing the beautiful, wet, soapy, naked girl in a true "Cool Hand Luke" moment.

After a few moments of this Heavenly scene, the worst case scenario for CHAD occurs, as KRISTI emerges from the tent behind him, and unbeknownst to him, with a plastic bag of bagels in one hand, and a plastic tub of Cream Cheese and a plastic fork in the other. She freezes upon seeing the SHOWER GIRL; her eyes wide open in shock, she looks down at her husband in disgust.

She eyes the situation for a few moments, smiles to herself as if to say, "Men will be men," and then saunters around the side of the chair into CHAD's peripheral vision.

CHAD nearly jumps out of his skin as he realizes he's been caught in the act by the very ONE person out of 50,000 by whom he truly did NOT want to be seen in this situation.

KRISTI

Enjoying your paper?

CHAD

(sputtering on a mouthful
of shredded wheat)

Uh...yeah, uh...I was just eating
breakfast...

KRISTI

And you didn't notice the view?

CHAD

(swallowing hard)

Um, NO, I, uh...was just reading
the paper...

KRISTI says nothing, gives CHAD a sarcastic smile, and then sits down in the chair next to him, places the bagels and cream cheese down on the table, and calmly opens the tub, opens the bag, and nonchalantly spreads the cream cheese on a bagel and takes a small, lady-like bite.

CHAD strains to smile at KRISTI, wishing he was ANYWHERE but HERE at this moment, and reaches for his water bottle without taking his eyes off of KRISTI. He clumsily knocks the water over onto the ground, and then, swearing to himself, scrambles to grab it, dropping his shredded wheat and newspaper on the ground in the process.

KRISTI

(mustering as much sarcasm
as possible, savoring
this moment for all it's
worth)

We're a little bit CLUMSY this
morning, aren't we?

The SHOWER GIRL finishes her bathing, toweling herself thoroughly and deliberately, smiles at CHAD a couple of times, recognizing the position he's in and milking it for all it's worth, and then slips into her sandals. She gives a little coquettish parade wave at CHAD, and then saunters back into her tent.

CHAD

(after a beat, trying
desperately to END this
whole experience)

Nice weather today, uh, honey?

KRISTI
(with deadly sarcasm)
Hmmm. Yes...beautiful.

The two of them continue to stare at the parachute tent opening, CHAD in wonderment, and KRISTI with stoic, cynical, and aloof disgust.

At this moment CRAIG and RANIL and ALEX approach the LINDAUER camp. KRISTI sees her brother, jumps out of her chair, and BOLTS toward him in tears, scolding and hugging him at the same time. CHAD arises, and the five of them discuss the previous evening's excitement.

FADE OUT.

EXT. THE LINDAUER CAMP - MINUTES LATER 21

CRAIG is dressing in his tent, and the other four are seated in lawn chairs. CHAD and KRISTI are eating, ALEX is smoking a cigar, and RANIL is doing most of the talking, explaining what occurred.

CRAIG emerges from the tent completely naked, carrying his iPhone and a tie-dyed linen sarong, and with a worried look on his face.

KRISTI spies her naked brother in shock and horror, and throws her hands up over her face.

KRISTI
CRAIG! Will you PLEASE put something on! I am your SISTER, for heaven's sake, not some PARTY GIRL you picked up in a BAR.

CRAIG
Oh c'mon, sis...you've seen it before!

CRAIG gradually and begrudgingly holds the bunched-up sarong over his crotch.

ALEX
Yes, but not quite that LARGE!

ALEX and RANIL laugh loudly and brashly.

CHAD
(appreciating the humor,
but nonetheless insulted)
Thanks a LOT, Alex!

ALEX

Oops, sorry, Chad...nothing personal! It's just that we European bears aren't BUILT the way the Italians and the Indians and the dark-skinned people of the world are!

More laughs.

CRAIG

Chad, have you got that converter thing for my phone? I forgot my car charger plug.

CHAD

Oh, shit, Craig. We already talked about this...I don't want you to run down the car battery charging that thing! We can't just call Triple A, you know. Just use the compass.

CRAIG

You've GOT jumper cables. Besides, I don't know how to read that stupid compass. And I NEED my phone to take pictures and videos.

KRISTI

Chad, I don't think he'll run down the car battery using the inverter for just an hour or so.

CHAD

All right, but just for an hour! And if it DOES run down the battery, CRAIG can go around with the jumper cables begging the neighbors for a jump so we can start the car!

ALEX

If he goes like THAT, I'm sure SOMEONE will offer to jump him!

CRAIG camps it up as all but KRISTI laugh.

KRISTI shakes her head in disgust.

CRAIG

(with a snap and a slutty wiggle)
They can take it out in TRADE!

More laughs as CHAD gets up and takes the phone from CRAIG and examines it.

CHAD

I'LL hook it up to the inverter,
Craig. YOU go get DRESSED so your
sister won't have bad dreams for a
month!

CHAD goes to the SUV where he hooks up the inverter and charges the phone.

CRAIG saunters back into his tent, casually and rebelliously draping his sarong over his shoulder as he struts away.

KRISTI desperately wants to make conversation to distract herself and the others from her brother's naked butt.

KRISTI

SO, Ranil, where are you camping?

RANIL

I'm over on Genus between 80 and
90. I'm camping with my sister and
her girlfriend, and some college
and work friends from Stanford and
Berkeley.

KRISTI

Really? You have friends in
Berkeley?

RANIL

I'm an instructor at Cal.

KRISTI

Oh. Berkeley is where Chad grew
up!

RANIL

Really? Did he study there?

CHAD

(overhearing the
conversation from the
door of the SUV)
High school. I'm afraid that I
wasn't exactly UC Berkeley
material. I went to Sonoma State
University.

RANIL

Oh, yes, I know SSU...that's a
great school.

ALEX

Yeah, if you're majoring in Frisbee!

All laugh.

KRISTI

Yeah, that's where Alex and Chad met.

ALEX

Yes, we studied radio there, and then we worked in radio together. On air I was "Boris, The Black Russian."

KRISTI

And Alex was the best man at our wedding.

ALEX

By FAR!

CHAD

(still busy at the car)
I HEARD THAT!

KRISTI

So what do you and Creighton have planned for today, Ranil?

RANIL

Well, my sister and her girlfriend are going to the Slut Shack, and I know that Creighton wanted to go there, too.

CHAD returns from the car and reseats himself in the lawn chair to finish his breakfast.

CHAD

Kristi, I think we should go, too.

ALEX

You MUST! Creighton's counting on you! He's doing the pole dance competition, and he needs all the moral support he can GET.

KRISTI

More like IM-moral support, you mean!

All laugh.

CHAD

All right...well, let's finish
breakfast, and then we're off to
The Smut Shack!

CRAIG (O.S.)

(from his tent)
"SLUT" Shack, Chad, not "SMUT"
Shack! Hel-LO!

ALEX

(looking over his
shoulder)
LOOK OUT, everyone...here comes the
DUST!

With that the dust storm approaching earlier finally blows into the LINDAUER camp with intensity, reducing visibility to a mere 20 or 30 feet. All scramble to cover their food, close tent doors, and secure the camp as a brief white-out ensues.

The characters shout to each other over the wind as they cover up, and scramble to put on dust masks and goggles. However, almost as abruptly as it begins, the white-out diminishes, and the wind stops blowing, and our heroes shake off, dust off their chairs and tents, and reassemble their breakfast as the hot desert sun regains control of the scene.

KRISTI

Well, let's hope that's the last of
the dust for the day.

CHAD

Don't be too hopeful, hon. Craig
said that last year they had a
white-out every afternoon!

ALEX

Yes, but not at 11:00 in the
morning!

CRAIG (O.S.)

The DUST is half the FUN! It looks
more like heaven with big clouds of
dust!

RANIL

Yes, BUT, those clouds over THERE
are NOT dust...THOSE are RAIN
clouds.

(gestures to the
northwest)

Far behind and far above the nearby dust clouds on the desert there is a huge conglomeration of thunderclouds heretofore unnoticed by our heroes.

CRAIG (O.S.)

(from inside his tent)

RAIN??? No, no, no, no, NO! I don't even wanna HEAR that word! Not today, NOT on the day of my pole dance contest at The Slut Shack!

CRAIG emerges from his tent, wearing light blue platform boots, a matching pink thong and bra, light blue, elbow-length evening gloves, and a big, tall, curly pink Marie Antoinette wig.

All simultaneously express shock at his outfit. They spontaneously laugh and applaud, and are obviously both amused and impressed, and express adoration, each in adherence to his or her individual character. CRAIG beams with mock pride, and does a gratuitous runway strut through the camp as the others ad-lib sarcastic compliments and ooo's and ahh's and wolf-whistles.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Thanks to all my loyal fans...

(does a parade wave)

But, as you can see, this outfit is NOT made for the RAIN!

CHAD

Well, Craig, I'm afraid that even TOPMODELS in Heaven are subject to the WEATHER here in the desert.

ALEX

And RANIL is right...those clouds look fierce!

CHAD

Actually, the paper forecast a very COLD weather front to move through here today.

KRISTI

Cold? But it's so HOT out here ALREADY this morning!

RANIL

That's what makes a big cold front so dangerous on the desert...a cold front on a hot day can mean lightning and thunder...

(MORE)

RANIL (CONT'D)

(pauses a beat)

Last night was just a precursor--
the cumulonimbus clouds over there
are part of the same cold front
that caused the thunder and
lightning and hail last night, and,
with this hot desert air, CAN
transform into a mesocyclone, with
updrafts in supercells, in which
TORNADOES may form.

ALEX

(good-natured, but
sarcastic)

This guy is not only a drug doctor,
he's also an expert on weather!

RANIL

Actually, my bachelor's degree was
in meteorology, and I did an art
project here at Heaven a few years
ago all about tornadoes.

KRISTI

Well, we get dust devils every
year, but this is the
DESERT...they're not like real
tornadoes, are they?

RANIL

Well, Scottsdale, Arizona got a
"real" tornado in January, 2010,
that caused some significant damage
to a shopping mall. And there were
more in April actually causing
injury to people. Also, there were
supercells such as those...

(gesturing again to the
thunderclouds in the
distance)

RANIL (CONT'D)

...causing tornadoes in Fallon,
Nevada back in July of 2008. Of
course, in the desert there is
little of the evidence of damage
you'd find in a populated area, but
they DID find hail pockmarks in the
playa, and funnel clouds were
spotted from Highway 50 throughout
three Nevada counties.

CRAIG

Thank you, Mr. Weather Service!

ALEX

I didn't even know that they had real tornadoes in NEVADA!

RANIL

Actually, the only other state in which tornadoes are LESS likely is Alaska, but there have been more than seventy twisters in Nevada since the 1950s.

CHAD

Well, that IS kind of scary!

RANIL

Fortunately, the winds in Nevada cyclones rarely spin at more than 100mph. And they are smaller, no more than one hundred and fifty yards across. And they MOVE slower here...usually under 20mph. But with cyclonic winds spinning at 100mph, even a slow-moving tornado can be a danger to fixed structures or to anyone not in a vehicle that can outrun a storm.

KRISTI

Well, if you're out in the desert on foot or on your bike, and a tornado comes, what are you supposed to DO? There aren't any storm cellars here!

RANIL

Well, if you can't outrun it, it's best to get as far away from your bike, or any OTHER loose objects, as possible. You should lay flat on the ground, and, if possible, hang on to something stationery that can't be ripped out of the ground by a 100mph spinning wind.

KRISTI

(getting a little worried)
Chad, maybe we should stay here at the camp today?

CHAD

Oh, I don't think it's THAT likely. After all, seventy tornadoes in fifty years isn't that much in a state this size, is it, Ranil?

ALEX

Besides, you wouldn't want to be standing around HERE in a tornado, anyway, with all this loose shit lying around!

RANIL

That's true...the best place would probably be out in the middle of the desert, where there are no lawn chairs and tables and fire pits. After all, the vast majority of injuries in a tornado is from flying debris.

CRAIG

Well, if I see a tornado, I'm gonna grab an air mattress and go for a RIDE!

ALEX

That's Creighton for you...glass half full! He can turn a tornado into a carnival ride!

All laugh.

CHAD

Well, I dunno about anyone else, but that white-out interrupted my breakfast, and I'm starved. I say let's finish eating and head for The Quad.

CRAIG

Yeah, I've got to get to the Slut Shack by 12:30 or I'll miss the contest completely!

Everyone goes back to breakfast and preparing for their day, as do campers all around their neighborhood, and the City. Looming in the distance is a monstrous dark gray supercell of cumulonimbus clouds, an ominous forebear of things to come.

FADE OUT.

EXT/INT. THE SLUT SHACK - AN HOUR LATER

22

It's 1259pm the same day, outside the Slut Shack (refer to "SLUT SHACK" DIAGRAM), a very large tent composed of three parachutes held up together like a three ring circus by huge posts.

At the back center of the middle parachute is the stage, made of risers, placed in a "T" shape, after the fashion of a modeling runway, that goes out to within 15 feet of the entrance, graced by a series of vertical brass poles in a row along the center.

On the left side of the stage is the DJ stand, manned and ready, and on the right side is a long folding table behind which are folding chairs for the judges. The runway is surrounded by a crowd of hundreds of dusty, scantily-clad partiers laughing and talking and feverishly awaiting the beginning of the show.

CHAD and KRISTI, RANIL, and SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE are seen seated near the left side of the runway on one of a series of huge, dusty Persian rugs and carpeting remnants that cover the clay under the tent.

The parachute nylon is parted at the back center of the stage, leading to a box truck which serves as a communal dressing room for the performers.

Suddenly the din of human voices is parted by harp music blaring through huge speakers, and the sound effects from the movie "Wizard of Oz" that introduced the entrance of Glenda, the MC. Through the stage door the MC ceremoniously prances, a 6 foot 5 inch tall drag queen dressed in a flowing white wedding gown and train with wings and a halo above a huge white Dolly Parton-style wig, carrying a wireless mic.

MC

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, gays
and lesbians, fags and dykes,
trannies and the intersexed, doms
and subs, leather daddies and
bitches, and miscellaneous closeted
straight people...to The SLUT
SHACK!

A huge cheer erupts from the crowd.

MC (CONT'D)

I am Glenda, the Good Bitch Down
South, your hostess for the
afternoon, and this is the annual
Slut Shack Pole Dance Competition!

Another huge cheer.

MC (CONT'D)

This afternoon we have a full slate
of ho's ready to strut out here and
show you what they're made of!

Another cheer.

MC (CONT'D)

First let me introduce our DJ, the
fabulous Doctor D!

An explosion of sound assaults the audience, scratching and
clawing its way into their eardrums, only to be drowned out
by whoops and cheers and screams.

MC (CONT'D)

And now, the judges. Our first
judge is the Mayor of Mayhem, the
Commissioner of the Community, the
founder and CEO of Heaven, LLC,
Handsome Harry Lawrence!

A white male adult enters, 55ish, in black boots and black
Carhardt jeans and a white dinner jacket, white shirt, and
black bow tie, wearing a huge black ten gallon hat with
desert goggles above the brim. He takes his seat at the far
end of the table.

MC (CONT'D)

Our next judge is the founder and
president of the San Francisco
Prostitutes' Power Association,
also known as the "P.P. & ASS", and
a deacon of the Tenderloin United
Baptist Church, Sister Candy Cox!

Huge cheers and catcalls welcome a worn-looking 65 year old
peroxide blonde with humongous tits in a skin-tight leopard-
skin leotard and black spike heels, who takes the middle seat
next to Harry.

MC (CONT'D)

And last, but definitely least,
direct from his house on the River
Thames on the GOOD side, ACROSS the
river from Buckingham Palace,
please give a big Slut Shack
raspberry to Sir Simon
Chesterfield!

The audience boos and hisses as Sir Simon enters and
arrogantly gives a Queen Elizabeth parade wave to the crowd
and takes the remaining seat behind the table.

MC (CONT'D)

And now, fellow citizens of Heaven,
let's meet our cabal of comely
contestants!

Blaring forth from the huge speakers is a karaoke version of the song "Love Shack", to which the MC sings custom lyrics, as the contestants dance onto stage. The judges and the DJ and CRAIG and ALEX and our other characters laugh and clap and sing along, and the spotlights and colored lights and strobe lights dance through the dust and on the faces and the tent and on the glitter ball above, and fight for dominance with daylight from the edges of the tent.

As the MC sings, the contestants, one after another, in elaborate and exotic costumes, dance their way down to the end of the runway and back up again, and then line up facing the crowd on the left side of the stage in front of the DJ stand.

As CRAIG takes his place in line, CHAD and KRISTI, RANIL, and SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE are seated near the stage, proudly cheering on their loved one. ALEX is visible, too, proudly peeking (along with some of the other of the contestants' "Drag Mama" attendants) from back stage out at CRAIG.

MC (CONT'D)

If you see a faded sign at the
center of Heaven sayin
you have made it to...slut shack
slut shack yeah
I'm headin' through the center of
Heaven
lookin' for the slut getaway
headin' for the slut getaway, slut
getaway,
I got me a bike, it's pretty as can
be
and we're headin' on down
to the slut shack
I got me a slutbus, it seats about
twenty
So hurry up and bring your goggles
and mask
The slut shack us a little old
place
where we can get together
slut shack baby slut shack bay-bee
slut baby that's what I am
Ooo slut baby that's what I am
Sign says... woo.. stay away prudes
cuz love rules at the slu-u-ut
shack
well it's set smack dab in the
center of Heaven
Just a funky slut shack and I gotta
get back
glitter on the runway
glitter in the dust
(MORE)

MC (CONT'D)

glitter in the big tent
glitter baby or bust
the slut shack is a little oold
place
where we can get together
slut shack bay-bee slut shack baby
slut shack is where it's at
huggin' and kissin' struttin' and a
lovin'
wearin' net to nothing
cuz it's hot as an oven
the whole shack shimmies
the whole shack shimmies when
everybody's
movin' around and around and around
and around
everybody's movin', everybody's
groovin'
folks lining up outside just to get
down
everybody's movin', everybody's
groovin'
funky little slut shack funky
little slut shack
hop into my slutbus
it's as big as a whale
and it's about to set sail
I got me a bus, it seats about
twenty
so c'mon cuz it is fun and funky
so hurry and bring your goggles and
mask
the slut shack is a little old
place
where we can get together
slut shack bay-bee slut shack baby
slut shack is where it's at
bang bang bang on the door baby
knock a little louder baby
bang bang bang onthe door baby
I can't hear you
bang bang bang on the door baby
bang bang bang on the door
bang bang bang on the door baby
bang bang
your what? parachute shack
slut shack baby slut shack
slut shack baby slut shack
slut baby, that's where it's at
slut shack baby slut shack
slut baby, that's where it's at
huggin and a kissin
dancin and a lovin at the slut
shack

As the MC sings and the crowd laughs and claps and cheers, more and more dust is blown into the tent, and, in the background, huge claps of thunder are periodically sounding. The song finishes, applause peaks and subsides, and the MC begins to introduce the first of the contestants individually.

MC (CONT'D)

Our first contestant is from Los Angeles, California--

The MC is interrupted by a bolt of lightning which illuminates the crowd, and a monstrous roll of thunder follows almost immediately. As screams subside, laughter follows, and the MC attempts to regain control of the crowd's attention...

MC (CONT'D)

Oh my fucking Gaawwd! THAT was close! Talk about a dramatic introduction!

EXT. SLUT SHACK - CONTINUOUS

23

A brief hailstorm begins, with hail suddenly pelting the parachutes, sending passersby and people watching the show from outside the tent scrambling for cover, crowding into the Slut Shack and rushing into nearby tents and vehicles.

INT./EXT. SLUT SHACK - CONTINUOUS

24

Slushy dribbling begins around the tent poles, at the edges, and through every tiny slit and hole in the fabric above. The contestants on the stage huddle together in dry spots on the risers while the crowd inside abruptly stands and shifts and tries to get away from drips.

MC

OK, now, people, calm down...it's just a little hail, it's not gonna hurt you. Let's all try to make some space so everyone can stay dry...

Suddenly, a huge crash is heard outside the Slut Shack, followed by screams and shouts as a Pershing County Sheriff's car has dropped out of the sky seemingly from nowhere, and upside down onto the street outside.

The entire crowd is momentarily speechless as they sit dumbfounded, trying to figure out how a fucking police car could fall from the sky!

The silence is broken as more crashes and screams from all around become obvious and as wind-whipped dust begins blowing into the tent in force, accompanied by a deafening roar that blasts through the Slut Shack like a freight train.

Suddenly bicycles and people and debris literally begin flying into the Slut Shack as all hell breaks loose. CHAD and KRISTI grab each other and SAJEEVI, as RANIL and ROCHELLE jump up, automatically yielding to their training as an EMT and a cop, respectively, and begin to bark orders to "LAY DOWN FLAT" and "HANG ON" at nearby groups of people in the crowd.

ALEX jumps from the stage door and onto the stage and literally throws himself into CRAIG, who is frightened and awe-struck and standing dumbfounded like a deer in the headlights by the fierce winds and hail and the roar. The two flatten out on the stage, with ALEX on top, and ALEX scrambles to move the two of them to the tent post sticking out through the stage floor (between the risers) where they both grab on for dear life.

Suddenly one after another of the parachutes is ripped away and up into the sky, whirling around the outside of a huge tornado which is almost directly above what was the Slut Shack.

Now not only bikes and people, but tents and ice chests and small vehicles are being tossed around as the remaining crowd dwindles from hundreds to scores and then dozens, with carpeting and couches and people and beer cans and lighting and speakers flying up and into the twister and around the stage and violently into the people cowering and fleeing and screaming bloody murder.

RANIL and ROCHELLE are blown to separate edges of the space, almost out of view in the whirling dust and debris.

ALEX lays across the top of CRAIG, and, as the two desperately cling to a tent post, the risers beneath them are simultaneously jerked completely into the air and instantaneously explode around them.

The stage pieces disintegrate into a shower of broken shards of plywood and aluminum pipes that flies up into the twister, along with trannies and wigs and tables and chairs and judges and sound and light equipment of all types.

ALEX and CRAIG fall as a lump together between the risers and onto the ground, as the risers fly up into the sky past them. CRAIG is knocked senseless with a blow to the head, and ALEX struggles to keep himself and CRAIG flat on the floor and secure, clinging now to the bottom of the tent pole as flash flood victims would grasp a lone tree in a river.

CHAD and KRISTI jointly hold SAJEEVI down under the riser nearest them, which hops around violently as they cower below, but stays in one piece above their heads and doesn't fly away. SAJEEVI screams and struggles to free herself and go after ROCHELLE and RANIL, who are both now completely out of sight in the horror outside of what was seconds ago the confines of the Slut Shack.

Just as quickly as it all began, it all suddenly stops, as the wind and the roar disappear and the rain and hail subside, and the dust begins to settle. Bizarre objects begin to drop from the sky, including rugs and cushions and cans and bottles and backpacks and bicycles and BODIES and screaming people who hit the ground with a violent thud and then lay motionless and silent.

Just 30 feet from the end of the now shattered and twisted runway, a WWII-era Willys Jeep, carved up for couch seating in the rear and painted to look like a frog, which lands with a joint thud and crash right on top of two naked people on their hands and knees on the ground.

Shocked by the event, CHAD and KRISTI lose their grip on SAJEEVI who springs forth and bolts toward the direction in which she last saw her brother and lover head.

CHAD stands and takes two steps to follow her, yanking KRISTI by the arm, as she screams "CRAIG!" CHAD shifts his head in the direction of his brother-in-law and best friend, and follows KRISTI as she desperately crawls the 10 feet toward her brother.

CRAIG is lying motionless underneath ALEX, who is leaning to his left with his front toward CRAIG, his back out of view, still maintaining a vise-like grip on the pole with his left hand, his right arm wrapped tightly around the limp CRAIG, and shaking his bloodied head to maintain his consciousness.

CHAD follows KRISTI, and tries to help ALEX to his feet as KRISTI claws at his arms to free her brother, who is lying motionless in the dusty mud.

CHAD

ALEX? Alex, are you all right?

KRISTI

CRAIG! CRAIG!

(sobbing)

CRAAAAAAIIIIIIIG!

CHAD pulls ALEX onto his feet away from CRAIG.

CHAD

Is he all right? Kristi...KRISTI,
don't move him! He might be
injured!

KRISTI is scared silly and in shock. She releases her grip on CRAIG's right arm and shoulder and plops down on her belly next to him, putting her ear to his mouth, listening for breath.

KRISTI

HE'S BREATHING! HE'S BREATHING!

KRISTI instantly and instinctively grasps his neck to check for a pulse. She counts to herself for a minute, looking at her watch.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

He's all right. He's just
unconscious, but he's got a good
pulse.

ALEX is standing there, leaning a bit, uncomfortably. He is breathing rapidly, and is obviously in a great deal of pain for some reason even unknown to him, but is bravely resisting the pain to inquire about his friend.

ALEX

Where's Ranil? He's an EMT. Chad,
go find Ranil!

ALEX coughs and sputters and drops involuntarily to his knees. He has actually been IMPALED by a broken 18 inch length of aluminum pipe from the riser, which is embedded in his lower left back. Blood is gushing from the wound and soaking his jeans.

KRISTI spies the pipe, and is struck with horror, realizing that it is actually ALEX who has the most serious injury.

KRISTI

ALEX! Your BACK! Oh, my god!

ALEX attempts to stand again, but CHAD forcibly holds his friend down on his knees, and then carefully guides him face-down to the ground.

CHAD

Alex, lay down, man...you've got a
pipe in your back.

ALEX was previously specifically unaware of the dull ache from his back. He jerks his head around and sees the end of the pipe, and begins murmuring cuss words in Russian.

ALEX

(attempting humor)

Holy, shit, Chad. Is THAT what feels so funny back there?

CHAD

Kristi, take a look at this.

(reassuringly, to ALEX)

Don't worry, Alex; Kristi has first aid training. She's a fire marshal, remember?

ALEX

So, Kristi, here's your chance to save my life, sladist!

KRISTI

Save YOUR life? Alex, you saved CRAIG's life! He'd be GONE right now if you hadn't grabbed him on the stage!

CHAD

KRISTI, watch them, I'm going for Ranil!

KRISTI

(desperately)

Wait, Chad...I have to stop the bleeding.

CHAD rips off his shirt and hands it to KRISTI, who wraps it around the base of the pipe on his back and gingerly applies pressure.

CHAD

You can do it, but you're gonna need help. Let me find RANIL, please. We need him to look at your brother, too.

KRISTI

(tentatively, soberly)

Ok, ok. But come back. Come RIGHT back.

CHAD

I will.

CHAD grabs her firmly by both shoulders, and looks deeply into her eyes.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You can DO this, honey. You're
TRAINED for this.

(pauses for a meaningful
stare deep into her eyes)
I love you, Kristi.

KRISTI

And I love YOU, Chad.

KRISTI tenderly kisses him without losing her grip on the
wound on ALEX's back out of which the pipe is jutting.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

Now go.

CHAD runs off in the direction of SAJEEVI on a bouncy trek
across the debris and the writhing bodies on the ground.
RANIL is on his knees in front of the center of the roof of a
panel van which has been blown over in the wind, roof facing
toward us. Beneath it are ice chests and lawn chairs and a
generator leaking fuel, all crushed under the weight of the
truck, and a left arm sticking out of it all, palm down. It
is the arm of the VAN MAN.

RANIL is checking VAN MAN's pulse, and SAJEEVI is at his
side, bending her head down into the space, talking to him,
trying to keep him calm.

SAJEEVI

I know you're scared, but brother
is an EMT, and he says you're fine.
We'll get you out.

CHAD

Ranil, what happened?

RANIL

CHAD! Thank goodness! This man
got caught under this truck. He
was hoping he'd be safe under a
wooden box, but it was crushed when
the truck fell over. I was using
that pole there as a wedge...

RANIL gestures to a steel pole wedged into the debris under
the van.

RANIL (CONT'D)

...but Sajeevi and I couldn't get
it up.

RANIL stands up and goes to the pole.

RANIL (CONT'D)

(to CHAD)

Help me.

(to SAJEEVI)

Sajeevi, when we get this van up, you pull the guy out. But be careful, I think he has a broken leg.

ROCHELLE, dirty, bruised, and bloody, runs up to the scene from across the street.

ROCHELLE

SAJEEVI! Are you all right?

ROCHELLE and SAJEEVI fly into each others' arms, briefly embracing...glad to have found each other alive.

RANIL

Rochelle, have the reunion later; we need you here. Help us lift this van so we can get this guy out.

ROCHELLE

Okay.

All three grab the pole and strain on it until the top of the van begins to noisily lift, and SAJEEVI slowly and deliberately slides VAN MAN out from under.

VAN MAN is moaning, apparently in some discomfort, but mainly in FEAR. His pant leg is covered with blood and mud, but his leg is not broken. He is also covered with splinters from the wooden box under which he took refuge, and which was crunched on top of him by the van.

RANIL feels VAN MAN's leg through the fabric of his pants.

RANIL

(to VAN MAN)

You'll be all right...it's not broken.

VAN MAN

Thank you. Thank you all so much!

VAN MAN stands, shakily, and hugs SAJEEVI with passionate gratitude.

CHAD is standing to the side, grimacing, rubbing the small of his back with both hands.

RANIL

(out of the corner of his
eye seeing CHAD in pain)
Chad, what's the matter?

CHAD

Oh, just my back. Sometimes it
hurts a little. I'm all right.

VAN MAN

Help me; please...I've got to find
my friends.

CHAD grabs RANIL firmly by the arm to stop him.

CHAD

(in a subdued, but grave,
tone)
Ranil, please, I need you, too.
Alex has got a pipe sticking out of
his back, and Craig is unconscious.

RANIL puts his hand on VAN MAN's shoulder.

RANIL

I'm sorry, but I must go help my
friends.

VAN MAN

I understand. Go ahead. Thank you
for your help.

They embrace, and RANIL and SAJEEVI turn and follow CHAD.

The sun has come out and the playa is already drying as CHAD
and RANIL and SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE all head back to help
KRISTI and ALEX and CRAIG.

CRAIG is now conscious, but with a bloody temple, and is
helping KRISTI hold the wound on ALEX's back.

CHAD

Craig! Are you all right? How do
you feel?

CRAIG

I'm fine; I just have a
headache...but help Sasha, please.

CHAD

Kristi works for the fire
department...she has first aid
training...

KRISTI

But if YOU'RE an EMT, Ranil, you're better trained...please help me. He's lost a lot of blood.

RANIL drops to his knees, and checks ALEX's pulse, eyeing the pipe jutting from his back. CHAD also drops to his knees, and begins stroking ALEX's bald head powerlessly, but with affection.

RANIL

(gravely)
That's a bad injury.

CRAIG

Alex! I'm so sorry. You're gonna be OK. Everyone's here. We're gonna take care of you!

ALEX

(straining to smile and get the words out)
I don't know, ziecheck (*meaning: "little rabbit"*), this is not good. You know I'm a top. I'm not used to taking a pole to the back!

ALEX laughs two or three times, but it turns into a cough, and he coughs up blood that oozes out of his mouth. A worried look comes across his face.

KRISTI

Please, Alex, for once in your life, shut the fuck up! You're hurt. Save your strength!

ALEX

(proudly, trying to mask the pain)
I'm RUSSIAN! We survived Napoleon, we survived the Czar, we survived the revolution...
(mumbling now)
...we survived Hitler, we survived Stalingrad...

RANIL, still reading ALEX's pulse, shakes his head at CHAD as if to say that ALEX's time is almost up. KRISTI begins sobbing; SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE lean over and wrap their arms around her.

RANIL

(softly to the others)
If you have anything to say to him,
now is the time to say it.

CHAD

(tears in his eyes)
Alex, you're my best friend, and I
love you.

ALEX

Ya lu-blu tib-ya, too-ja, my friend
(*meaning: "I love you, too"*).

KRISTI, quickly attempting to compose herself, also kneels, next to CHAD, and softly puts her hand on ALEX's shoulder, with SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE still comforting her from behind.

KRISTI

Sasha...thank you so much for
saving my brother. You are SO
brave...
(loses her composure once
again)

CRAIG

(sobbing uncontrollably)
Sasha...please, hang on...

ALEX

It's ok, Creighton...
(coughs again)
...please, tell my daughter and my
ex-wife that I love them very, very
much.
(directly to CRAIG)
And you, moi chry-SEE-va (*meaning:
"my beauty" or "my pretty one"*),
das vi-DAN-ya (*meaning: "goodbye"*).

ALEX grimaces in pain, shuts his eyes, and, a moment later, stops breathing as his body goes limp.

All but RANIL and ROCHELLE are in tears. These two are professionals, trained to remain stoic in the face of death and suffering. Furthermore, they have only just met ALEX that day. SAJEEVI, on the other hand, is a woman, unaccustomed to such experiences. She sheds tears with the others as a result of the trauma, and out of sympathy for the grieving of her friends.

RANIL removes his hand from ALEX's wrist, shakes his head slowly, and then reaches over and picks up a piece of stray fabric and drapes it over ALEX's head.

Our characters huddle around ALEX and console each other in the midst of all the destruction, confusion, and misery.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SLUT SHACK - TWO HOURS LATER

25

It's 330pm, out in front of what WAS the Slut Shack, our group watches as ALEX's body is placed alongside others onto the flatbed back of a paramedic golf cart, which is then driven off slowly toward the nearest infirmary.

Our group, bleeding, bruised, and sad, consists of: CHAD and KRISTI, CRAIG and RANIL, and SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE. They stand together, making a plan for what to do next. KRISTI is talking with a paramedic, and then joins her friends a few yards away, ALEX's car keys in her hand.

KRISTI

I gave them Alex's information, including his ex-wife's name and city. They said that they'd transport him to the morgue in Reno and hold him until his ex-wife and daughter can come to claim him.

CHAD

Well, we have got to get back to our camp and pack up so that we can get home, but we're on the other side of The City...or what's LEFT of it.

RANIL

We three must do the same. We have four friends to find. Our camp is nearby. Come with us, and we can tend to our few cuts and scrapes, and get some water, and then we'll pack up and drive you over to your camp.

KRISTI

Our camp is at 300 and Class...

ROCHELLE

Well, that's near the exit. That's good; we have to go that way, anyway.

CHAD

All right, let's stay together, and get there as quickly as we can.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

It's gonna be dark in about four hours, and we need to get to our cars before then.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

26

Our group begins making their way toward RANIL's camp, passing myriad camps, vehicles, and passersby...almost ALL showing pronounced damage from the tornado. Tents are ripped to shreds, debris is strewn everywhere; there are massive injuries, bodies lying about, vehicles torn apart and tossed around, and art sculptures in various states of destruction.

Individuals are wandering about aimlessly, some distraught, some despondent, some totally vacant in their gaze...injured, dusty, tired, dry, and naked. Groups of people are crying and arguing and scrounging for supplies, there are even roving bands of young, desperate men, apparently LOOTING.

EXT. RANIL'S CAMP - 15 MINUTES LATER

27

It's 345pm, and we're at the SITE of RANIL's camp, but absent are tents and vehicles. Present is debris, some of which is recognizable as coming from Ranil's tent, including torn pieces of tie-dyed fabrics, a decorative elephant statue, broken pieces of lawn chairs, bananas and papayas, etc.

Two things make it plain that this WAS the site of RANIL's camp: first, his Sri Lankan flag is torn, but still fluttering in the breeze, at the end of its 20 foot pole, which is now broken just below the flag and hanging down; and, secondly, JEFF and HENRI are found, with three other friends, BOB and SANDY and CAROL, scavenging the site for usable supplies.

RANIL

JEFF! HENRI! Thank goodness
you're ALIVE!

JEFF

RANIL!
(to HENRI)
Henri, LOOK!

JEFF bolts to RANIL and reaches up to hug him. HENRI runs to SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE and embraces them in tears. The two groups gather together and share a big group hug.

RANIL

Are you guys all right? What
happened?

JEFF

We were over visiting our friends...

(gestures to the friends)
...we were only a few hundred yards away at their camp down Genus on the other side of 90 Degrees when the tornado hit. It didn't hit US over THERE...it stayed to the NORTH of 90 Degrees and roared right through our camp HERE. And Su Lin and Nilhan were here when it happened! Nilhan was in his Volkswagen--

RANIL

Where are the cars? Where are Nilhan and Su Lin?

HENRI

(in tears, and distraught)
Su Lin is hurt!

JEFF

Nilhan was IN the Volkswagen, and it was tossed way over there...

JEFF points to the Volkswagen some distance away, on its side, barely visible behind a box truck with a 40 foot-tall aluminum scaffolding structure crunched into its rear.

JEFF (CONT'D)

HE got out with just a few cuts and bruises, but Su Lin was thrown into that truck. The paramedics already took her--

HENRI

(still sobbing)
They said she has a broken back!

RANIL

Well, where IS she? Where is Nilhan?

JEFF

The paramedics said they're going to airlift her to the hospital in Reno. Nilhan went with her.

RANIL

Well, what about YOU two? Are you all right?

JEFF

Yeah, but all our stuff is gone...our car is gone. We're gonna leave with our friends. You should come WITH us. But I don't know how much room they're going to have. They just brought a four door sedan, and there are five of us. We can't get all three of you inside.

(to his friends)

Ranil and I can sit in the trunk if you leave the lid open. I'm small...I don't take up much space. Bob, you're driving, and the women can sit inside the car, I guess... Let's see...that's two...three, four, five...

CHAD

Ranil, it's ok...you can come with US. We have an SUV that seats at least seven, and Alex had a four door sedan...we could get six in there EASILY.

KRISTI

I got his keys.
(shows them)

CRAIG

Yes, PLEASE, Ranil, come with us...

CRAIG grabs RANIL and holds onto him throughout the remainder of the scene.

HENRI

(still sobbing)
We have to go NOW. We have to check on Su Lin!

RANIL

(to SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE)
What do you think, sis? Should we go with Craig, or should we try to fit into Bob's car?

ROCHELLE

I think we should stay with Craig...if Chad and Kristi have ten seats, that would be smarter than cramming eight of us into a sedan.

SAJEEVI

I think she's right, Ranil.

KRISTI

You guys HAVE to come with us.
Chad, it's a hundred miles back to
Reno. That's too far for three men
to sit in the trunk of a car!

JEFF reaches up and touches her arm, correcting her, with
self-deprecating humor, but in a serious tone, nonetheless.

JEFF

Two and a HALF men...

RANIL

Well, thank you, Jeff...

RANIL squeezes JEFF's shoulder affectionately.

RANIL (CONT'D)

(nods to JEFF's three
friends)

...and thank YOU, too; but I think
it makes more sense to stick with
Craig and Chad and Kristi...there's
more space.

JEFF

We can hook up back in Reno. The
Heaven's Angels who came with the
paramedics said that there is a
contingency plan for a disaster out
here...they will set up a relief
center in Reno with the Red Cross
and the National Guard and FEMA.
We'll wait for you there.

CHAD

Well, we really have to go...it's
gonna be dark soon, and we can't
get stuck out here in the open all
night.

RANIL

And you'll NEVER be able to find
your way to your camp in the dark.
This city is a mess.

The members of the group bid farewell to one another.

The tornado cut a wide swath right through The City, destroying more than one-third of the camps and art structures, and three-quarters of the general infrastructure of The City, including street signs, porta-potties, and public service camps.

From above (refer to "CITY MAP-B" DIAGRAM) the path of the storm can be seen across The City as some camps are destroyed and others are untouched directly by the winds, but debris covers the vast majority of Heaven. In fact, from high up in the sky, the path of the tornado appears as a huge "V" carved through The City.

About 150 yards wide itself, the tornado cut a swath of destruction perhaps 300-500 yards wide. It initially hit The City on Kingdom @ 305 Degrees and bored a swath to the southeast as far as 205 Degrees, and then made a dogleg left turn to the northeast, and carved its way up through The Quad and diagonally up to the northeast and out of The City at 60 Degrees when it crossed Kingdom again.

The tornado decimated the public service facilities to the west, south, and east, including the three infirmaries, and the three camps each of the Heaven's Engineers and the Heaven's Angels, leaving over 50,000 people with only one set of public safety camps to the north of The Quad.

Furthermore, not only did the twister destroy RANIL'S camp and The Slut Shack on the east side of The City, when it entered Heaven in the west, it also destroyed the Lindauer camp, as well...as our heroes will find.

From high up in the sky, Heaven far below is obscured by wind-whipped clouds.

FADE TO WHITE.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF HEAVEN - TWO HOURS LATER

28

It's 530pm, and our heroes are looking much worse for the wear, and carrying all sorts of swag (such as food, water, clothing, tools, etc) found strewn unattended upon the ground as they made their way, slowly, through the destruction and across The City.

RANIL is now limping along, aided by CRAIG, around whose shoulders RANIL has wrapped his left arm. Under RANIL's right arm is a 4-foot section of broken pipe they've fashioned into a crutch. It is fitted at the top with a short cross-piece under his arm pit, affixed to the pipe with duct tape. RANIL is still wearing his LEFT sandal, but his RIGHT foot is now wrapped in bloodied fabric.

On their trek across The City, he has apparently stepped on something sharp, and will now be handicapped throughout the remainder of the movie.

SAJEEVI

Ranil, are you ok?

RANIL

Yes...it's painful, but I'll make it.

ROCHELLE

We should ALL be careful where we step with all this broken shit laying around. It's a wonder we haven't ALL stepped on something.

They pass a small, shallow, open-top, U-Haul cargo trailer turned upside down on the side of the road. CRAIG points to it.

CRAIG

Look at THAT! U-Haul, you-FLIP!

SAJEEVI

How much farther IS your camp, Chad?

CHAD

It's just up around the next corner, I think...

They approach the intersection of 300 Degrees and Class, and what was the center of the path of the twister. Some in the long line of porta-potties at the intersection are completely gone now, while others exist only as cracked 3-7 foot shards of turquoise plastic reaching up into the sky, still clinging to their bases, made heavy with the fluids and sewage inside.

Several of the structures are naked but still have their DOORS attached, and several of the toilets are actually still entirely intact within the shards, but standing naked now with neither walls nor ceilings to provide privacy for those who might want to use them. Two of these, indeed, are actually OCCUPIED as our heroes approach in collective awe, disgust, and amusement.

CRAIG

Ohmygod, Ranil, LOOK!
(gestures to the porta-potties)

RANIL

So much for PRIVACY!

CHAD
(chuckles)
Anyone gotta go?

KRISTI
(pregnant pause, then
sarcastically)
No...I think I'll wait, thank you
very much!

SAJEEVI
Well, *I* have to GO!

SAJEEVI starts heading for the porta-potties.

RANIL
NO, Sajeevi...

RANIL swiftly removes his free left arm from CRAIG's
shoulder, leans forward, and struggles to grab her arm as she
moves and stop her.

RANIL (CONT'D)
...not THERE!

ROCHELLE
Hey, if the girl's gotta go, she's
gotta GO! Don't worry, doll, I'll
stand in front of you and make sure
nobody enjoys the show too much.

ROCHELLE grabs SAJEEVI by the hand.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)
C'mon, babe.

ROCHELLE leads SAJEEVI to the porta-potties.

KRISTI
(looking to the northeast)
CHAD...I don't see our camp!

CHAD jerks his head away with alarm from the porta-potties
and toward the spot where their camp was supposed to be.

CHAD
Ho-ly SHIT!

CRAIG
(slightly panicked in his
tone, praying for a
miracle)
Are you sure this is where it's
supposed to BE?
(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

There's no parachute. And our flags aren't there.

KRISTI

But Chad, isn't that our rental car?

CHAD

Well, it's hard to tell. That one's all smashed up; ours was new. Besides, we've seen a number of SUVs just like it. Anyway, I really don't think it's our camp. I mean, where's the Mercedes?

CHAD looks around as he pulls his compass out of his pocket.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Let's see. There aren't many street signs left, but we counted the streets from Species, and this is the fifth one... Kingdom, Phylum, CLASS, Order, Family, Genus, Species.

(counting backward on the fingers of one hand)

Species, Genus, Family, Order, CLASS...

(holding up all five digits)

Yeah, that's five streets.

RANIL

And we KNOW this is 300, because there WAS a 300 sign back there on Genus.

CHAD

(looking at his compass)

Kristi, have you got that map I found on the ground back there in The Quad?

KRISTI drops the bag of stuff she was carrying and scrounges for the map.

CRAIG

Look, Chad...there's a yellow truck on it's side. Isn't that the yellow truck that was near us before...?

CRAIG gestures with his free hand off in the distance, toward a yellow cargo truck, on its side, lying in the middle of the road.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But THAT's not where it WAS before;
it was on the side of the road; not
IN the road!

CHAD

I don't even know if this IS a
road!

RANIL

Well, it could have moved. I mean,
it is lying on its SIDE.

CHAD

Yeah...it must have been blown over
there. Craig, you and Ranil go and
wait for the girls, Kristi and I
will go look for our camp...we'll
be right over there.

(gestures)

CRAIG

Ok.

CRAIG and RANIL hobble over to ROCHELLE and SAJEEVI, who are guarding and peeing, respectively.

KRISTI finds the map, pulls it out, and spreads it open.

KRISTI

Here's the map, Chad...

CHAD

Ok...

(looks at it, and looks up
and around)

...uh...the 300 sign was back
there...

(turns to the southeast
and points)

...and...it's kinda' hard to tell,
but I'm pretty sure that we passed
five streets to get here...

KRISTI

Chad! It HAS to be five streets.
The PORTA-POTTIES are here! There
are porta-potties every three
streets... on Genus and CLASS!

CHAD

Yeah, and we passed what WERE porta-potties three streets ago. Yes, this is DEFINITELY our street.

KRISTI

So where's our camp?

CHAD

It should be...right THERE!

CHAD points to the spot, and begins trotting toward it, without dropping his pointing finger, with KRISTI right behind him, both following his arm.

Suddenly, a commotion is heard from the porta-potties behind them...yelling. Both CHAD and KRISTI turn their heads without stopping, and then suddenly stop short as they realize it was ROCHELLE who was shouting.

ROCHELLE is standing in front of SAJEEVI, who is still on the naked commode, with her sari pulled up above the toilet and around her knees, but rapidly pulling her sari back down into place and standing with alarm. ROCHELLE is pointing at a fat, white, naked man with his hand on his crotch.

FAT NAKED MAN

I was just adjusting myself.

ROCHELLE aggressively takes a few steps toward him, ready to pounce on him.

ROCHELLE

Adjusting your little DICK, you piece of shit! Go "adjust" yourself in your TENT or I'll rip the fucking thing off of ya!

FAT NAKED MAN

Fuck you, BITCH!

Without missing a beat, ROCHELLE throws all her weight into a right cross into the middle of his face, knocking him four feet back and flat on his back, his nose splattered with blood.

ROCHELLE

Get the fuck away from my girl, you fucking predator, or I'll kick your goddamned nuts clean off!

SAJEEVI rushes to ROCHELLE's side as CRAIG and RANIL limp behind, grabbing her arms, and holding her back as she struggles to get free and make good on her threat.

CHAD and KRISTI rush onto the scene, and the FAT NAKED MAN starts to get up as KRISTI boldly jumps in front of SAJEEVI. CHAD abruptly grabs the man by his arm to restrain him.

FAT NAKED MAN
I'm gonna kick your ass, you
fucking DYKE!

Hearing the word "dyke", CRAIG becomes ENRAGED, bolting from RANIL's aide, he grabs the man by his neck, pulling him away from CHAD, thrusts him back and forth like a rag doll, throwing him back onto the ground.

CRAIG
(in an
uncharacteristically
butch and deep voice,
pointing at him
aggressively)
You stand up again and it'll be the
last thing you ever do!

KRISTI, RANIL, SAJEEVI, and ROCHELLE all simultaneously shout "CRAIG" and, en masse, encircle him as he leans in toward the man on the ground. CHAD stands between his group and the man, facing his group, with both arms up, blocking any further physical interaction.

CHAD
All right, Craig, all right. He's
down, and he's NOT getting up
again...

FAT NAKED MAN
She hit me! That's assault! I'm
gonna call the cops!

CHAD turns toward the man with his right hand up, palm toward him.

CHAD
You just stay there until we leave,
and then you get the hell out of
here or we'll get the cops
ourselves.

ROCHELLE
I'll arrest you myself, you fucking
predator!

KRISTI and SAJEEVI both whisper into ROCHELLE's ears, warning her about exposing to the man the fact that she IS a cop and could be facing an assault & battery charge.

FAT NAKED MAN

Fuck all of you!

Our group moves back toward the LINDAUER camp, as the FAT NAKED MAN scrambles to his feet and heads the other way, with one hand on his crotch, and the other hand on his bleeding nose.

KRISTI

Craig, are you all right?

CRAIG gingerly takes RANIL's arm and once again wraps it around his shoulders.

CRAIG

(under his breath)

What an ASShole!

RANIL

Ooo, Creighton, you're so butch!

SAJEEVI

Thank you, Creighton, for protecting me!

ROCHELLE

Damn! White boy sure can get tough when he needs to!

All laugh, except for CRAIG, who's a bit surprised by his own actions, and CHAD, who is slightly ahead of the group, and has already approached the area that WAS their camp.

CHAD

Oh, shit. This is IT. We're here.
This is what's left of our camp!

Like much of the rest of The City, their camp was completely decimated by the tornado. Bare rebar sticks out of the ground in three circles with nothing but strips of tent fabric remaining. The fire pit and camp stove are gone, as is ALEX's Mercedes.

The rented Lindauer SUV is a mess, with several windows cracked, including the front windshield, one tire stabbed by a piece of rebar, and the rusted steel fire pit bent and embedded into the left rear side. All stare blankly at the mess.

KRISTI

Chad, our CAR! It's a mess!

CHAD

Thank God it's a rental! And thank
God I paid for the Loss Damage
Waiver! I just hope it covers
TORNADOES!

RANIL

But is it RUNNING?

CRAIG

Where's ALEX's car?

As they all look around, KRISTI spots it first, a few dozen feet away, upside down and flat on the ground up to its hood. The roof and windows have been flattened.

KRISTI

(pointing)
THERE IT IS!

CHAD

Oh, swell. Well, so much for those
TEN SEATS we were counting on!

KRISTI

Well, we can take our SUV...

RANIL

IF it's RUNNING!

CHAD and RANIL and CRAIG all wander over to the sorry-looking SUV and check it out. KRISTI and SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE all spread out and begin to scavenge the site for the LINDAUER gear.

EXT. THE LINDAUER CAMP - SUNSET

29

It's only 645pm, but now the sun has dipped behind the surrounding mountains to the west, and the desert is getting cool and VERY dark (with most of The City destroyed or vacant, there are fewer electric lights and fires).

SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE are huddled together in the back seat of the SUV, sharing a can of Spam and some French bread.

RANIL and CRAIG (who is wearing men's clothing again: boots, jeans, and a shirt that he found) are sitting on the back tailgate of the SUV under the open hatchback eating some beef jerky.

KRISTI is standing by the front passenger side of the SUV tying down a blue tarp across the broken front windshield as CHAD approaches from the northeast on Class, carrying a bottle of water, some rope, and three jackets. He is also wearing a shirt he found.

CHAD

Here, Kristi, lemme help you with that.

CHAD drops his swag and grabs the driver's side of the tarp. A twinge of pain rolls across his face as his back aches from the van-lifting episode earlier.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Where'd you find THIS?

KRISTI

It was over by Alex's car. Figured it would be SOME protection against the elements if we have to stay here tonight. Did you find any jumper cables, or anyone with a good battery?

CHAD

No, all the people with cars that are running have left already, I think, and I couldn't even FIND our jumper cables. I don't know HOW the JUMPER CABLES could have flown out of the car, but the BEEF JERKY and the SPAM were still in it!

KRISTI

Well, just be glad for small miracles.

CHAD

I DID find another jug of WATER, and...

(raising his voice, so the women in the back seat of the SUV can hear)

...I found some JACKETS, girls, so you won't have to FREEZE tonight!

CHAD throws one jacket across the hood to KRISTI, and opens the door and hands the other two back to SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE.

SAJEEVI & ROCHELLE

(together)

Thanks, Chad!

CRAIG

How about US, Chad?

CHAD

Craig! You found some CLOTHES!
Great!

CRAIG

Yeah, well, no one needs a
supermodel in a disaster area. But
I need a jacket.

CHAD

Sorry, guys, we men are just gonna
have to ROUGH IT!

CU ON RANIL & CRAIG

RANIL

That's all right...we'll just use
shared bodily warmth!

All laugh, as RANIL winks at CRAIG, who wraps both arms
around his friend affectionately.

Standing outside on his left foot and leaning through the
front door with his right foot on the gas pedal, CHAD
attempts to start the car, but the battery is dead.

CHAD

I'm sorry, kids, but it looks like
we're gonna have to spend the night
here...since the BATTERY'S
DEAD...ahem.

(darts a look back at
CRAIG)

CRAIG (O.C.)

I heard that!

KRISTI

Well, at least your cell phone's
charged, huh, Creighton?

CRAIG

(sheepishly)

No.

(pauses, dejectedly; then,
brightly, as if he's
thought of consolation)

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But I DO have some great VIDEO of the Slut Shack before the tornado stopped the show!

A few muffled and sarcastic laughs are ad-libbed in disgust. CHAD and KRISTI have climbed into the front seats as all settle in for the night.

CHAD

All right, I think we'd all better get some sleep. It's gonna be a long night, and tomorrow we've got a lot of walking to do.

CRAIG

SLEEP? At seven o'clock? I can't SLEEP!

RANIL

Oh, c'mon, now, Craig. After what WE've all been through, I'm sure we're going to sleep. Believe me; even with this FOOT aching, I will sleep like a baby!

CRAIG

But there isn't much room back here.

RANIL

Just pretend we're back in my tent...

ROCHELLE

Oh, c'mon, guys, not with your SISTER sitting right here in the CAR with you!

All laugh. RANIL reaches up and pulls the rear door closed in front of us.

KRISTI

(softly, so as not to alarm the others)

Chad, it's over one hundred miles to Reno. How are we going to WALK a hundred miles through the desert with only three gallons of water? And with RANIL on a CRUTCH?

CHAD

Well, it's only about ten miles to Gerlach.

(MORE)

CHAD (CONT'D)

We should be able to manage that tomorrow, IF we can find some kind of cart or something to put Ranil in.

KRISTI

And what if GERLACH was wiped out by the tornado, TOO, and we have to walk to the NEXT town?

CHAD

Well, it IS about sixty miles to Nixon, but only about fifteen miles from there to Wadsworth, and a couple of miles from there to Highway 80. I'm sure by THAT time we'll be able to find a ride of SOME sort.

(pauses as she
contemplates this)

Don't worry, honey...everything is going to be just fine.

Unconvinced, KRISTI begins to tear up, and CHAD embraces her.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. INSIDE THE SUV - THAT NIGHT

30

It's around 2am, and pitch black inside and all around, and very quiet. From a distance of about 50 feet appear two beams of light from flashlights, bouncing back and forth, and approaching the SUV.

KRISTI

(whispering, in fear)

Chad, wake up. There's someone outside.

CHAD

(startled, looks around,
sees the flashlights)

Shhhh. Probably just someone looking for food and water.

The flashlights get closer and then point into the SUV, at SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE, and then up toward CHAD and KRISTI.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(trying to sound tough)

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MISCREANT 1 (OUT OF VIEW IN THE DARK)

Hey, man, open up.

MISCREANT 1 tries CHAD's door handle.

MISCREANT 1 (CONT'D)

Open the DOOR!

KRISTI

(frightened, looking for
reassurance)

Chad--

CHAD

(to the men outside, still
trying to sound butch and
defiant)

There's nothing in here for you.
Leave us alone.

MISCREANT 2 works his way around the front and to the passenger side and tries SAJEEVI's door behind KRISTI.

MISCREANT 2

Girls. Three girls and a guy.

MISCREANT 1

Come on, pal, open up! We just
need some water.

MISCREANT 2 bangs on the glass of SAJEEVI's already shattered window with his metal flashlight, trying to break through it, knocking shards of glass onto her lap.

SAJEEVI

(screams in horror)

CHAD

STOP IT! Leave us ALONE!

MISCREANT 1

(to MISCREANT 2)

BREAK IT!

CHAD opens his door, bursting forth, pushing MISCREANT 1 back with the door as he emerges. KRISTI scrambles across the front seats of the SUV in a vain attempt to reach CHAD's arm and stop him before he gets hurt.

KRISTI

CHAD!

CHAD wrestles with MISCREANT 1 as MISCREANT 2 breaks the glass on SAJEEVI'S window and reaches in to open the door. SAJEEVI screams and squirms and claws for protection over to ROCHELLE who swings blindly above SAJEEVI at MISCREANT 2 and begins shouting.

ROCHELLE

Get the fuck outa' here! GET OUT!

MISCREANT 2 opens the door and grabs SAJEEVI by the right leg and tries to pull her out of the SUV as she screams and claws at the seat and clings desperately to the seat belts. ROCHELLE releases her grasp on SAJEEVI and jumps out of her side of the SUV.

ROCHELLE pulls her revolver, points it into the air, and two deafening shots are heard, echoing across the playa, the blasts illuminating the darkened desert.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

BACK THE FUCK OFF RIGHT NOW!

RANIL and CRAIG lurch over the back seat, RANIL hopping out SAJEEVI's door and grabbing MISCREANT 2 by the throat as CRAIG scrambles out ROCHELLE's door to help CHAD fight off MISCREANT 1.

ROCHELLE scurries around the back of the SUV, and, with both hands, and with her legs spread police-style, points her service revolver at the back of MISCREANT 2 as he backs away from SAJEEVI, with RANIL still grasping him by the neck and his left upper arm.

CHAD

All right, all right, let's all calm down.

ROCHELLE

(excited with adrenaline)

YOU MOTHER FUCKERS PICKED THE WRONG CAR TO FUCK WITH!

CHAD is now holding the flashlight with one hand as he holds MISCREANT 1 by one arm with the other. CRAIG is holding the man in a half-nelson from the other side.

CHAD

All right, Rochelle, this is over. You guys get the hell out of here and no one will get hurt!

MISCREANT 2, with his hands up, backs away from ROCHELLE.

MISCREANT 2

Ok, ok, we're going. No problem. We just wanted some WATER.

RANIL

(struggling to stay up on one foot)
(MORE)

RANIL (CONT'D)

Then you shouldn't have been
breaking windows and grabbing my
sister.

MISCREANT 1

(to CRAIG)

Let go of me!

MISCREANT 1 struggles with CRAIG, who abruptly knees him hard
and fast to the abdomen and pushes him onto the ground.

CRAIG

(in his butch voice again)

Get the fuck out of here!

MISCREANT 1

(to CHAD)

Give me my flashlight!

CHAD

(defiantly)

No, it's MY flashlight, NOW!

MISCREANT 1 slowly gets up and brushes off the dust, eyeing
the situation, and walking around the front of the SUV. He
nods to MISCREANT 2 as if to say "Fuck it--let's split."

As the men saunter away into the darkness, KRISTI emerges
from her door and runs around the front to CRAIG and CHAD,
the latter of whom is hunched over a bit, nursing the strain
in his back he obtained previously (he'll be in this posture
throughout the rest of the movie).

KRISTI grabs CRAIG as CHAD moves to the front of the SUV, and
leans over the hood to reduce the strain on his back.

KRISTI

CRAIG! Are you all right?

CRAIG

Yeah, I'm ok, sis.

KRISTI

Chad, are YOU all right?

KRISTI releases one arm from CRAIG and pulls him over to
CHAD, around whom she puts her other arm.

CHAD

Yeah, but I think I wrenched my
back when I was wrestling with that
guy...

KRISTI

Oh, Chad, not your BACK again! The chiropractor told you to be careful.

CHAD

Well, the chiropractor didn't know I'd have to fight THOSE guys off!

KRISTI uses both arms to hug him out of sympathy, which only worsens his condition, eliciting a strained expression from him, and an expression of remorse from KRISTI.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Actually, it first started hurting this afternoon when we lifted up that van. But I'll be all right.

(to SAJEEVI)

Sajeevi, are YOU ok?

SAJEEVI

Yes, I'm all right.

SAJEEVI is holding onto RANIL for her own emotional support AND for his physical support, as his crutch is still in the back of the SUV. Together they gimp around to the front of the SUV to the Lindauers.

RANIL

Everybody's ok, but that was scary.

CHAD

Rochelle, where'd you get the GUN?

ROCHELLE puts her gun back into her holster, which is fastened, next to her handcuffs, to her belt, on the small of her back under her shirt. Unseen to us before, as she lifts her shirt, is her SFPD badge on the front of her belt to one side.

ROCHELLE

I'm a cop. I ALWAYS carry a gun.

KRISTI

Good thing you DO! They could have KILLED us ALL!

CHAD

Well, people get desperate in desperate situations.

CRAIG

Those weren't "PEOPLE", those were ASSHOLES!

RANIL

I think we had better consider leaving NOW instead of waiting 'til MORNING, Chad. What do you think?

SAJEEVI

(desperate to get home)
YES! Let's go NOW!

CRAIG

I think that's a good idea. But we're gonna HAVE to find some sort of cart for you. You'll never make it on foot.

KRISTI

I don't know if we should leave NOW, Chad...it's awfully dark.

CHAD

Yeah, but NOW we have another flashlight.

KRISTI

But will we be SAFE?

CHAD

Well, we weren't safe inside the car, obviously.

ROCHELLE

We were sitting ducks.

KRISTI

But how will we find our way?

SAJEEVI

(enthusiastically and optimistically)
We all have compasses. If we head west we can find the road, and we can take it back to Gerlach.

RANIL

Yes, but the road is designed for cars, and it bypasses the desert. It will take us miles out of the way.

ROCHELLE

He's right. If we head southwest we can stay on the desert and go straight toward Gerlach. That would save us a LOT of walking.

KRISTI

But wouldn't it be safer on the ROAD? There would be more people there.

CRAIG

You mean "people" like those two ASSHOLES we just MET? I vote we stay on the desert and head straight for the town.

KRISTI

Well, cars will be passing on the road. Maybe we can get a ride.

CHAD

I doubt it...very few cars use that road, except for people going to and from Heaven, and there will be THOUSANDS of people walking out of here. There were FIFTY thousand people here, and, from the looks of the cars we saw on the way across The City, most of those fifty thousand people will be on foot, just like us. There will be a LOT of competition for seats, and there will be NO cars with space for SIX people.

RANIL

Yes; I think that either way we go, we will not be alone.

SAJEEVI

But the road is paved. Wouldn't it be easier to walk on a paved road than across a dried lake bed?

ROCHELLE

Well, the road is curved, and it has hills. The desert is flat and we can walk in a straight line almost all the way to Gerlach.

KRISTI

Couldn't we just stay HERE? I mean, eventually someone is going to be coming out here with help. I mean, the park rangers, the sheriff, Gerlach's fire department... maybe the military...

RANIL

But "eventually" is the key. We have little food and only three gallons of water. To avoid heat prostration, the rule is one gallon per day per person. Even if we just sit here and wait, we'll be out of water tomorrow afternoon.

CRAIG

And Ranil has a bad cut in his foot... he needs antibiotics. I think we should leave now. You know, Chad, when we were walking here from Ranil's camp before, we passed a rental trailer just around the corner... remember?

CHAD

Yeah, I think so.

CRAIG

Well, it was upside down, but the tires and wheels were ok. We could attach a piece of wood or something to the front of the trailer thing that sticks out and attaches to the trailer hitch, and we could put Ranil inside, along with all our stuff, and we could pull it.

RANIL

A "yoke." That's what they put on oxen when they're attached to a cart. We could attach a yoke to the beam. That's a very good idea, Craig.

CHAD

Great. Let's get our stuff together and we'll fix up that trailer, and we'll start heading for Gerlach. It's better to walk at night than during the day, anyway. We're in the desert, and we don't have much water. It's only about ten miles...figure maybe twenty, thirty minutes a mile...
(looks at his watch)
...it's just after 2 a.m. now. We should be there around sunrise.

Our heroes begin to pack.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE DESERT - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

32

It's 7am (i.e., 5 hours later), just before the sun rises above the hills to the east behind our heroes. There are altocirrus clouds, but no storm cells, and the air is still. A couple of miles to the southwest is the town of Gerlach, and a few hundred yards ahead is Nevada State Highway 447.

Behind our group is an informal line of small groups of people spaced every few hundred yards, and there is a long, steady line of people walking along the highway.

Our group has, indeed, contrived a yoke and attached it to the beam of the trailer (refer to "TRAILER-A" DIAGRAM), and have loaded it with RANIL (on the left), the supplies they've scrounged, AND with CHAD (on the right), who is now disabled with his back out. Out in front, behind the yoke, pulling the trailer, from left to right, are ROCHELLE and KRISTI together on the left side of the beam, and SAJEEVI and CRAIG are on the right.

Unnoticed by our group is a pair of men who are approaching from just a few dozen yards behind. They are the same two MISCREANTS who attacked the SUV a few hours earlier.

SAJEEVI

May we stop a few minutes? I'm tired.

KRISTI

I'm with you. I think we ALL need a break.

ROCHELLE

Go ahead, girls...Creighton and I can pull this thing a while.

KRISTI and SAJEEVI drop back and away from the yoke, and begin to stretch, leaving ROCHELLE and CRAIG still holding it up.

CRAIG

(softly, just to ROCHELLE)
Craig. Call me Craig.

ROCHELLE

Well, make up your mind, boy!

CRAIG

Well, "Creighton" is just my professional name. I'm not working right now.

ROCHELLE

You mean you're not "working IT" right now, but we are BOTH definitely working...
(pauses a moment)
...Craig.

ROCHELLE smiles at CRAIG in a pleasant, understanding, accepting, and respectful fashion. CRAIG returns the smile, appreciatively.

CRAIG

(softly, again, just to
ROCHELLE)
This sure as hell is no pole dance!

SAJEEVI walks around the front and to the left side of the trailer and checks the bloodied fabric wrapped around her brother's foot, as CHAD struggles to get up and out of the trailer.

CHAD

Listen, you girls go ahead...Craig and I can pull it now.

KRISTI sees CHAD trying to be brave again, and rushes around the front to the right side of the trailer and pushes him back down.

KRISTI

Oh, no you don't! You threw your back out, and if you don't rest until it loosens up, you won't be able to move at ALL!

KRISTI helps him resettle into his spot and re-adjust the torn blankets around him. He is discouraged, but appreciative.

RANIL

I'm sorry that I can't get into this argument...I'm of no use to ANYone with this foot.

CRAIG and ROCHELLE jointly set the yoke down on the ground, and, as she stretches, he turns to face the group around the trailer.

CRAIG

No problem...we're almost there.
The two of us can make it a mile or
two until we get to town, and then
we can get something to eat.

ROCHELLE steps out of the yoke and around to the back center of the trailer.

ROCHELLE

Well, if we're REALLY gonna take a
break, will one of you boys please
hand me a bottle of water? Fuck
FOOD, I am dry as a BONE.

As ROCHELLE tips her head back, gulping water, CRAIG lets out a shout as he sees that the men following behind are rushing up behind ROCHELLE. They rush onscreen from the right, behind the trailer. MISCREANT 2 kidney punches her, dropping her to the ground.

CRAIG bolts around the right to the back of the trailer toward MISCREANT 2, but is blocked by MISCREANT 1, who is approaching KRISTI on the right side. Without slowing a bit, CRAIG plows into him, flat-out tackling him at full speed in anger. MISCREANT 1 hits the ground on the right side of the trailer with a thud, and the two roll around in the dust, with CRAIG beating the living crap out of him with both fists. KRISTI stands back in shock and horror, not knowing what to do.

MISCREANT 2 drops his left knee into ROCHELLE's lower back and with his right hand pulls out her gun. With SAJEEVI screaming, RANIL pries himself out of her grasp, and he and CHAD scramble to free their injured torsos from the crap in the trailer. KRISTI bolts back toward MISCREANT 2 before he can stand and grabs his right arm with both hands attempting to gain control of the gun.

CRAIG frees himself from MISCREANT 1, who is rolling around in the dust, dazed and bloodied, trying to regain his bearings. CRAIG jumps up, and with careful, deliberate aim, kicks MISCREANT 1 with all his might squarely in the side of his head, knocking him three feet away, where he lies senseless.

CRAIG then bolts toward MISCREANT 2 just as, with a full swing, MISCREANT 2 punches KRISTI into her right cheek with his left fist, yelling "CUNT", sending her sprawling. He then swings around to his left just as CRAIG plows into the side of him, knocking him back and onto the ground several feet back.

CRAIG pours onto the man and uses his left hand to firmly grasp the right gun arm of MISCREANT 2, as he begins punching him hard and fast with his right fist in the face and head repeatedly.

RANIL and CHAD jointly bound over the tailgate of the trailer, with RANIL going for the gun, and CHAD reaching under CRAIG to assist in holding the man down. MISCREANT 2 is bloodied and punch drunk, and RANIL is able to twist the gun out of his right hand.

SAJEEVI, still screaming, rushes around to the other side of the trailer to get away from the gun. MISCREANT 1 has regained his composure and jumps up and is wrestling with her. RANIL, desperate to go help his sister, stumbles over his bandaged foot, and onto the ground, whereupon CRAIG grabs the gun out of RANIL's hand and spins around to point it at MISCREANT 1.

CRAIG
(shouting, angry, and
forceful)
LET GO OF HER RIGHT NOW OR YOU'RE
FUCKING DEAD!

Seeing the gun pointed at him, MISCREANT 1 thinks for a second, and then releases his grip on SAJEEVI, who runs over first to ROCHELLE, who is now standing, and then over to aid KRISTI, just now slowly picking herself up off the ground.

ROCHELLE pulls the handcuffs off of her belt, and roughly jerks the left arm of MISCREANT 2 and cuffs his wrist as CHAD rolls off and onto his back in pain.

KRISTI rushes to CHAD, SAJEEVI rushes to RANIL, and ROCHELLE jerks MISCREANT 2, dripping and spitting blood, up onto his feet. She jerks him along to MISCREANT 1, and cuffs MISCREANT 1's right arm to MISCREANT 2's left arm, and then leads them back over to CRAIG who hands her back her gun.

ROCHELLE faces the MISCREANTS, and then with a swift, deliberate, mechanical, and forceful motion, with her left hand she grabs the bottom right front of her t-shirt and abruptly pulls it completely up to her chin, exposing her large, bare breasts AND her gleaming SFPD star, attached below her right breast on her belt.

The MISCREANTS both react simultaneously, stunned by the way ROCHELLE has exposed her bare breasts, and shocked by the police badge on her belt.

MISCREANT 1

You HAD to pick on THIS group?
Fifty thousand fucking people, and
you HAD to fuck with a COP?

MISCREANT 2

Well, how the fuck was I supposed
to know this bitch was a cop? I
saw the TITS but I couldn't see the
fucking BADGE!

ROCHELLE

(to the MISCREANTS)

You have the right to remain
silent...so SHUT THE FUCK UP. If
you give up that right anything you
say can and will be used against
you in a court of law... (continues
Mirandizing)

CHAD

(speaking to CRAIG over
ROCHELLE)

Holy, SHIT, Craig...you saved the
day, AGAIN!

RANIL

Craig, my god, you are the best!

SAJEEVI and KRISTI are now both hugging and kissing CRAIG, as he stands, still dazed and a bit surprised himself at his own actions, shaking his aching right hand, stretching his fingers out, and wiping the men's blood from his knuckles onto his shirt.

ROCHELLE

Craig, you are the MAN! I've seen
officers with years of training who
couldn't move or think that fast!
Shit, boy, you gotta forget about
that MODELING shit and become a
COP!

All laugh and applaud and grasp and slap the back of CRAIG, who is sweating and shakey and flexing and shaking his sore right hand, modestly shaking his head in amazement at his own actions.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEVADA STATE HIGHWAY 447 - 90 MINUTES LATER

33

It's about 830am, and still partly cloudy, but getting hot already. Our heroes are on the road in the long line of refugees along the highway, plodding into Gerlach.

(Refer to "TRAILER-B" DIAGRAM) ROCHELLE and CRAIG are walking up front, off the left and right sides of the ends of the yoke, respectively. They are escorting MISCREANT 1 (on the left) and MISCREANT 2 (on the right), who are handcuffed together behind the yoke on either side of the beam, begrudgingly being forced to pull the trailer all by themselves. RANIL and SAJEEVI and CHAD and KRISTI and are all inside the trailer.

Like Heaven, the town is all but decimated, with many buildings completely demolished, and debris, and people, and emergency vehicles everywhere.

A Red Cross tent has been set up, and FEMA windbreakers and t-shirts and ball caps are worn by men and women seated at long folding tables, interviewing hundreds lined up.

Under other tents at long folding tables are people eating from steel section plates food served up from Red Cross trucks.

In the distance is a long line of parked school busses, tour busses, and Greyhound busses, all chartered with FEMA signs in the windows, as people, dirty, tired, bloody, torn, and morose, are nonetheless relieved to be finally loading into the busses to make the long trek into Reno.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - JOHN ASCAQUA'S NUGGET - AFTERNOON

34

Thousands of people have filled every level of the garage, and are sitting in folding chairs, lying in cots, and sitting and lying on the cement floor. There is a cacophony of sound as people laugh and talk and cry, and phones ring, and people shout, and P.A. announcements are made on bullhorns.

Porta-potties line one side of the garage, and huge bulletin boards line the other side, as hundreds of people look at alphabetized lists of the names of festival attendees.

Under the names are index cards bearing information (e.g.: hospitalized, deceased/morgue, Reno, at home, at festival, missing, etc; and notes from loved ones, e.g.: "Shirley & Bob: we're here in Reno, waiting in Section G4, signed Mom & Dad", "returned to festival for belongings; have transportation home", etc).

Our group is dirty, tattered, worn, bloodied, and VERY tired. Sitting on folding chairs, chatting, in a circle are SAJEEVI and ROCHELLE, RANIL, and CHAD, and they have been joined by JEFF and HENRI.

A few dozen yards from them are the bulletin boards. CRAIG and KRISTI are standing in front of them, concentrating intently between the letters G (for Gunawardena) and L (for Lindauer), when suddenly a familiar shout and a familiar bark are heard from a distance.

BILL and ROSE are walking, hand in hand, toward our group from a few dozen yards away. CUTHBERT is with them, on a leash held by BILL. Suddenly ROSE spots her loved ones.

ROSE
KRISTI! CRAIG!

ROSE bolts from BILL's grasp and runs to her kids, causing CUTHBERT to bark and pull at his leash, surprised by ROSE's shout and wanting to follow.

KRISTI also bolts from CRAIG and runs toward her mother.

KRISTI
MOMMA! DADDY!

Meeting in the middle, the two women embrace and cry and laugh and kiss.

KRISTI (CONT'D)
Momma! I thought we'd never see
you again!

ROSE
We were so scared! We heard about
it on T.V., and drove up here
around noon, and we were listening
to the radio all the way up!

CRAIG is approaching, timidly, but glad to see his parents, nonetheless.

CRAIG
Hi, Mom.

ROSE
CRAIG!

ROSE throws an arm around him and hugs him and kisses him relentlessly without losing her grip on KRISTI.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You kids are FILTHY! We've got to get you home and get you into the shower! PEEWW!

(after a beat)

Where's Chad? Is he all right?

KRISTI

He's over there, Mom...

(gestures to the group,
and waves CHAD over)

He's fine. A little sore. He threw his back out saving some lives.

BILL and CUTHBERT approach from behind ROSE.

ROSE

Oh, I always knew my son-in-law was the hero type!

Seeing her father behind ROSE, KRISTI slips away from her mother and embraces BILL, as ROSE continues to squeeze the living daylights out of CRAIG, and as CUTHBERT goes crazy, jumping up and barking, trying to get someone to notice him, too.

KRISTI

DADDY!

BILL embraces his daughter firmly and passionately.

BILL

Kristi, my doll...thank God you're safe!

From a distance, CRAIG extends his right hand around his mother's back toward his surprised father.

CRAIG

(softly)

Hi, Dad.

BILL is shocked by the word "Dad" and the offered hand, but is receptive and suspiciously grateful for his son's handshake.

BILL

Craig...are you all right?

CRAIG

Yeah, Dad, I'm fine. I'm glad to see you.

BILL
(now REALLY thrown for a
loop)
Well, I'm glad to see YOU, too,
Craig.

ROSE relinquishes her domination of CRAIG, as KRISTI releases her hold on BILL as father and son face one another. CUTHBERT stands in the small space in the middle of the four of them, not knowing to whom to look for attention.

CHAD ambles over, pained look in his eye, bent over, trying to ignore the back pain. He is followed by RANIL (who now has proper bandages on his foot and is in a wheelchair) and SAJEEVI (pushing the wheelchair) and ROCHELLE (who now has her shirt tucked in and her SFPD badge prominently displayed on the front of her belt, her gun on the right side, two speed loaders on the left side, and her handcuffs at the back), and JEFF and HENRI.

ROSE pulls away from the group and grabs CHAD without knowing about his back pain and squeezes him like a rag doll.

ROSE
CHAD! Our hero! Thank you for
keeping my baby safe.

CHAD tries to hug her and return her affection as best he can, attempting to conceal his back pain as he does.

CHAD
Hi, Mom. I'm no hero--

KRISTI has her father by the arm and has dragged him along, with CRAIG and CUTHBERT silently following.

KRISTI
(interrupting)
Mom, Dad, these are our friends,
Ranil and his sister, Sajeevi, and
her girlfriend, Rochelle, and their
friends Jeff and Henri.

All shake hands...several bend down to pet the dog, who barks excitedly at all the strangers. Then, seeing daddy, CUTHBERT lurches to CHAD, who takes the leash from BILL and slowly (and painfully) kneels down to accept a tongue-lashing from his confused but happy pup.

ROSE
Well, it's nice to meet you ALL.
Were you all camping together?

The actors all ad-lib brief answers. ROSE counts faces to herself, and then realizes that someone is missing.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Where's Alex?

KRISTI
Oh, Mom, I'm afraid that Alex
didn't make it...

ROSE
(pauses in disbelief)
WHAT?

ROSE pauses again as it sinks in, her eyes searching KRISTI's face for the truth.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Oh, NO, dear!

ROSE begins tearing up.

ROSE (CONT'D)
NO!

ROSE pauses to reflect on the fact that sleazy, glib, flirty Alex was also CHAD's best friend.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Chad, I'm so sorry.

CHAD painfully rises from CUTHBERT to face ROSE. ROSE, KRISTI, and CHAD tearfully share a joint embrace for a moment.

BILL
What happened, Chad?

CHAD
Well, we were caught in the
tornado, and Alex was injured very
badly...

KRISTI
He saved Craig's LIFE, Dad.

ROSE
WHAT?

CRAIG
He DID, Mom. I wouldn't have made
it without Alex. I would have been
sucked up in the tornado, but he
hung on to me.

BILL

I've got to admit, I never was too crazy about that Russian, but I'm sure glad he was there NOW.

RANIL

He wasn't the ONLY hero out there.

SAJEEVI

Yes, Craig saved MY life.

ROCHELLE

And MINE.

CHAD

Bill, Craig saved us ALL. Twice.

ROSE is absolutely fucking flabbergasted and almost afraid to let pride take over before she fully assimilates this news.

ROSE

What are you talking about? What happened?

ROCHELLE

(stepping forward to address ROSE directly)

Ma'am, I am a San Francisco Police Sergeant, and on several occasions I have witnessed your son putting his own safety in jeopardy to protect his sister and his friends. CRAIG is the reason we all survived. Craig Taylor is a hero.

ROSE and BILL are both absolutely stunned. They stand and stare at ROCHELLE for a moment as if she's from another planet, and then they look at each other. Bill beams with pride as he puts his arm around his wife's shoulder for a moment. ROSE is awash with tears as she moves toward her son.

ROSE

Craig? What's come over you? What happened out there in the desert?

ROSE grabs him, holds him with both her hands on his upper arms, and at arm's length, and looks him up and down slowly and deliberately, recognizing that there is a huge difference in his whole demeanor.

CRAIG

Geez, Mom, I dunno...it all just kinda' happened.

KRISTI

Mom, Dad...Chad and Ranil were both injured, and Alex was gone, and Craig took care of us ALL.

ROCHELLE

He beat the crap out of a couple of scumbags...TWICE!

RANIL

And he improvised a lorry and pulled us all out of the desert.

CHAD

It's true, Rose, Bill. If it hadn't been for Craig, NONE of us would have made it out of the desert.

ROSE can't stand it any more...she grabs KRISTI and CHAD together and squeezes them as if there's no tomorrow, as CUTHBERT barks and jumps up at them, trying to get into the act.

ROSE

Oh, my goodness...this is too much to comprehend. I'm just so glad you all made it back ok.

BILL has been studying his son for a few moments, and wraps his arm loosely around CRAIG's shoulders and pulls him aside.

BILL

Craig, I don't understand what all happened out there, but I've got to say...

(welling up with tears)

...I'm proud of you, son.

BILL pulls his son into his arms and hugs him tightly.

CRAIG

I love you, too, Dad.

CRAIG responds in kind, sincerely hugging his father tightly, closing his eyes, tears streaming down his face.

ROSE

Well, I'm sorry that Alex is in Heaven right now, but I'm so glad YOU all are still here with us!

Still locked in his father's embrace, CRAIG looks over BILL's shoulder at ROSE.

CRAIG

Mom, I don't think ANY of us will
be going to Heaven for a long, long
time.

FADE TO: CREDITS

THE END