

R A I L R O A D C R O S S I N G

Screenplay
by
Ed Meisel & George W. Thomas

This screenplay is based on a stage play by E. Meisel and in parts
on the English translation of this play made by Paul T. De Angelis

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E. Meisel & G. W. Thomas
Quaringasse 20/12
A-1100 Vienna, Austria (E.U.)
Phone: +43 (1) 544-5300
Cell: +43 (680) 310-7425
e-mail: <screenplay@gmx.net>
Skype-Name: meiseled

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is dark. The SCRATCHING of a fountain pen writing on paper can be heard. Indistinctly, several small objects pass by the camera. In a CLOSE UP, at the light of a desk lamp, the CAMERA stops at an open book with handwriting in it. The name "Richard Viret" comes into view.

EXT. WOODS (HAND CAMERA) - DAY

Somewhere in the Big Bear Mountain woodland area. Brush and undergrowth pass by the camera. We hear the BREAKING of wood.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A group of FIVE MEN, their faces camouflage painted, and dressed in paramilitary camouflage uniforms with white armlets, are running up a hill chasing THREE MEN, also dressed in camouflage uniforms but with red armlets.

INT. / EXT. COMMAND POST - DAY

A MAN (GERRY, 55) sits in a large armchair and removes a white armlet from his camouflage jacket. Next to the armchair lies an open luxury traveling bag, full with wonderfully dressed, blond and brunette dolls with sparkling blue eyes. The man covers one of the dolls affectionately with a white armlet.

The two groups of men are running up to the command post. GUNFIRE can be heard.

The man's hand reaches for a pair of laser binoculars.

EXT. WOODS (STATIC CAMERA) - DAY

STAN (25) steps into the frame. He is part of the five-man group. The command post can be seen in the background. He raises a colt and SHOOTS.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A dummy near the command post shakes from the power of the shot.

One member of the three-man group drops. The other two men raise their hands.

Roll MUSIC and TITLES.

INT. / EXT. COMMAND POST - DAY

Both groups stand in front of the command post joking together as they remove their camouflage paint.

The "fallen" member of the three-man group turns out to be Stan's younger brother, PETE (22). He calls into the command post.

PETE

Hey, Gerry! All Charlies caught.
We won the match?

GERRY

(O.S.)

Not yet, Pete! Victor Charlie is still out there. But you guys did a great job. Justice, men! Due justice for a white America! ...

INSERT:

"ONE YEAR EARLIER - IN SILVER LAKE DISTRICT LA"

EXT. SILVER LAKE DISTRICT LA - A KIDS' PLAYGROUND - DAY

A hand can be seen placing a small parcel tied with a cord into a trash can.

The playground in this quarter, where many Latinos live, is full and bustling. A LITTLE BOY tries to hit a trash can with his small ball.

A big EXPLOSION destroys the trash can. The little boy collapses, covered with blood.

A bit later.

Ambulances, police cars, but no crowd of curious onlookers, arrive. Traffic keeps moving by the site. MEDICAL PERSONNEL and POLICE OFFICERS look after the little boy.

Several cops brief OFFICER PETERSON (35) and SERGEANT LIST (46) at their car.

A taxi driver who reported witnessing a near collision involving a car that sped away. It was driven by two young men wearing combat uniforms.

COP #1

A black Ford pickup with spotlights on top, one of them was smashed.

COP #2

Black or dark blue. E9USN. A Navy vet's vanity plate.

Peterson and List look at each other, and appreciative.

OFFICER PETERSON

We'll check it with DMV.
Good job, guys...

A bit later.

A man with the FORENSIC SQUAD checks the destroyed trash can. He puts TACO BELL wrappers into an evidence bag.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Basta de fiesta! There are people around who don't like Hispanics.

SERGEANT LIST

You noticed?

A FEMALE VOICE on the radio of Peterson's and Sergeant List's car tells them to check an apartment some blocks south.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Your clients never sleep, huh?

SERGEANT LIST

You noticed?

He jumps into the police car. Peterson drives away at full speed.

INT. THE "BLACK HOUSE" - STAGE - NIGHT

A female singer performs on stage.

In a CLOSE UP, the naked belly of a girl moves to the sound of the music, showing GLORIA (30), a bar dancer. "Black House" written in neon letters appears in the background of the picture. (MUSIC and TITLES)

INT. THE "BLACK HOUSE" - BAR - NIGHT

A close-in fight is in progress. Richard's face can be seen.

(MUSIC and TITLES)

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE "BLACK HOUSE" - NIGHT

RICHARD (34) steps on the street (MUSIC fades out) and turns around. He's standing at the entrance of the "Black House".

GERRY

(O.S.)

...and keep your fingers off my daughter!

(MUSIC fades in)

Richard takes a handkerchief from his pocket, losing some keys. He dries his sweating face.

(TITLES are running)

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE "BLACK HOUSE" - NIGHT

In a CLOSE UP, Pete grasps the keys.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

In a landscape - far away - an approaching older car.

(MUSIC fades out, END of TITLES)

STAN

(O.S.)

Belongs buried, somethin like that! Twenty-five years old.

PETE

(O.S.)

You know he can't do anything about it.

STAN

(O.S.)

Gets on my nerves. "Here, Steve, there, Steve". She brings him along everywhere! That Cretin.

INT. CAR - DAY

Pete is driving.

PETE

What's she supposed to do with him? You can't just leave him alone.

STAN

Belongs in a loony house, somethin like that.

PETE

She's got no money for an asylum.

Stan gesticulates the motion of giving an injection.

PETE

That won't work either.

STAN

Still. Better a little joy juice than a screw loose. Hey, whatta ya say, a new slogan!

STEVE (25) is playing with toy blocks. He stacks them into a tower. The car shakes and the little tower collapses.

Stan grabs Steve, who is sitting beside him in the car.

STAN

(with a nasty smile)
Ah, what' the little shit doin with himself?

Gloria is sitting next to Pete in the car.

GLORIA

Taday's his bad day.

CLOSE UP showing Steve's hands with the toy blocks.

STEVE

You ruined my tower! You ruined my tower!

STAN

No problem. Somewhat like you doesn't need a tower.

STEVE

(crying)
I want a tower, I want a tower.

Gloria turns to Stan.

GLORIA
Do you know that man?

STAN
No. Why? Gerry knows him, and
Pete.

GLORIA
How do you know that he is such a
bastard?

STAN
He is a fucking bastard.

GLORIA
Did Gerry say he is?

STAN
Wanna fight? Gerry said he is!
All those guys are bastards,
remember that.

SOUND fades out.

INT. POLICE CAR - DUSK

SERGEANT LIST
How can you eat so much of
these...

OFFICER PETERSON
Burritos.

SERGEANT LIST
Whatever. I need something to eat
too.

OFFICER PETERSON
Over there! A McDonald's. No,
here's a Taco Bell!

He turns the car into the parking lot of a Taco Bell, just
across from the parking lot of the McDonald's.

OFFICER PETERSON
Two coffees?

SERGEANT LIST
Good idea.

List reaches into the car's glove compartment for a jar of Danish Cookies, as Officer Peterson orders the coffees at the drive-in window. Peterson hands a coffee to List, who offers him some cookies.

SERGEANT LIST
Want some?

OFFICER PETERSON
Thanks, I'm full.

Sergeant List answers the radio and gives their position through. A FEMALE VOICE confirms receipt of his report.

SERGEANT LIST
The coffee is better than it looks.

OFFICER PETERSON
What do I always tell you:
Mexican food, Mexican music...

SERGEANT LIST
And not to forget Mexican ladies.

OFFICER PETERSON
My wife is from there.

SERGEANT LIST
And she cooks "Mexican cuisine?"

OFFICER PETERSON
Unfortunately not. She doesn't like Mexican food.

SERGEANT LIST
So you have to leave the house to get what you don't get at home. Like millions of other husbands have to do.

Peterson drives the police car out of the parking lot and back onto the big boulevard.

OFFICER PETERSON
Don't tell her.

(VOICES are fading out.)

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We look through the window into the dark. The SOUND of a TRAIN can be heard, then its SIGNAL.

The lights of the train become visible as it passes by. The TRAIN-SOUND fades in the distance. Details can just barely be made out in the dark room. From outside, VOICES are rising.

PETE

(O.S.)

Funny. Somethin's wrong with the keys.

STAN

(O.S.)

Whatsa matter? Whatsa matter?

PETE

(O.S.)

I think...

STAN

(O.S.)

Clam up and hand'em over.

GLORIA

(O.S.)

Stan! Be a little...

STAN

(O.S.)

Keep outta this! Family spat's none o' her business, right Pete?

PETE

(O.S.)

Sure. That's right Stan. My brother's always right, Gloria.

STAN

(O.S.)

Motherfuckin apeshit! Somethin really is screwy with these keys.

PETE

(O.S.)

Give'em to me a second.

GLORIA

(O.S.)

I can't make it through this heat anymore. Can't I go for a swim somewhere around here?

STAN

(O.S.)

Your screws missin or somethin?

GLORIA
(O.S.)
So break the door! Ya have the
tools in ya car!

The CAMERA now stops at the front door.

STAN
(O.S.)
It's open now.

As the door opens, the shadows of the four are to be seen.

GLORIA
At last.

STAN
Just a minute. First I go in.
Then we case the joint, you
twats.

PETE
There's nobody in there anyway.

STAN
Clam up! What Gerry says gets
done.

Stan enters the house and convinces himself that nobody is inside. He motions others to come in. Gloria walks to the standard lamp and turns it on.

STAN
Are ya crazy, fuck-ass! Just
everybody knows we are here...
fuckin shit. Where is your idiot?

GLORIA
Stan!

STAN
It' okay, honey. Don't piss ya
pants. So, where is ya brother-
honey.

GLORIA
I'll get'em.

Gloria leaves the room. Pete looks closer at some details in the room - flowerpots, pens, lamps, pictures, and a wood-carved Indian door with an accessible cabinet behind it. It's still dark in the room. Outside, a TRAIN SOUND gets louder. Pete steps to the window to see the passing train. Gloria and Steve enter the room.

Steve is carrying a wooden toy train. He places it on the floor and starts playing. Stan kicks the toy train to the side with his foot.

STAN
What's that shit gonna do here?

GLORIA
Leave him alone, Stan.

STAN
What's this crap doin' here?

Pete grasps a book from the bookshelf over the refrigerator, turning some of its pages.

PETE
Buncha jerk-off intellectuals!

STAN
(to Gloria)
Come here and sit down.

Stan and Gloria sit on the sofa. A NOISE comes from the accessible cabinet sounding like whispered words in "baby language."

PETE
What was that!

STAN
Where?

PETE
In the cabinet!

Stan, Pete and Gloria jump up; only Steve acts undisturbed.

Stan removes his colt from his back pocket.

PETE
We really oughta do somethin.

Stan rushes to the accessible cabinet, pulls open the door and shoots inside. Then we hear him noisily clean up and, throw things in disorder.

STAN
Motherfuck!

PETE, GLORIA
Who is it?

Stan slowly comes out backwards, then turns to Pete and Gloria who are rising up from behind their cover.

STAN

Guess.

Steve looks fixedly on the open wood-carved door.

PETE

Nobody in there.

Stan slowly pulls a torn off "baby hand" out of the dark.

Pete and Gloria freeze, Steve smiles in childlike surprise.

STAN

Just a stupid speech doll.
An twatface here starts playin
monster movies!

Stan waves for Gloria to clean up the cabinet.

Stan jumps on the couch. Pete is irritated.

STAN

Figures what Gerry 'n I decide on
works. No hitches.
(to Gloria)
Hot springs in the sofa, huh,
Gloria? Rub ya down; rub ya out,
whatta ya say?

GLORIA

Couch just couldn't bear it,
Stan!

STEVE

Train, red locomotive...

STAN

Give Pete a blow at it then.
Maybe he'll be sweet'n gentle.
Why, he is still a virgin.

GLORIA

Leave Pete alone. Not many
innocent men left nowadays, ya
now.

STAN

Hear that, Pete? Grandma fancies
your wang.

Stan jumps from the couch toward Pete.

Gloria lets her leather jacket slide down. She is naked now.

GLORIA
(to Pete)
Wanna ride through the prairie...

Gloria lies down on the couch, making erotic movements.

STAN
A hard gallop, if you please. Go on Pete. What ya waitin for? Show her you're a man! Show her some meat, some big, giant, and beautiful...

PETE
I don't feel like it, Stan, I just can't right now... Really!

Stan lets Pete go.

STAN
Can't fuck! Too bad. Would be fun, see how he can't fuck. Can't either, grandma... Runs in the family, I guess. Don' forget what we are here for.

Gloria jumps on Stan, starting a fight. She throws punches, pulls his hair and beats him. Pete tries to separate the two while Stan just laughs stupidly.

GLORIA
You monster! You stinky, smelly ape!

STAN
What about it, you run-down hunk o' ass! You filthy, sap-suckin scumbag, pumpin your tail every night in that low-class dump!

PETE
You two gone crazy! Stop it, goddammit!

GLORIA
So! Run-down hunk o' ass? You wet rag, you whorin leech, you ass-licker, you toady! Suckin up my asshole! That's me awright, run-down hunk o' ass, you shitface, you...

Stan brutally pulls Gloria into the armchair and slides her leather jacket up. He insults her with his fingers.

GLORIA
Ow... That hurts!

STAN
(whispering to her ear)
That's what it's supposed to do.
You just suck it up, ya love it,
you want it so bad...

PETE
Stop it, goddammit! What if
somebody comes!

GLORIA
No... Stop it... It hurts!

Pete takes the colt from Stan's back pocket...

PETE
Stop it, or I'll shoot! I'll
shoot, Stan!

Pete fires a SHOT, Gloria and Stan leap apart, Steve is stunned and stares in terror at his hands.

STEVE
Mummy-war... Mummy-war... Mummy,
Mummy...

INSERT:

"ONE YEAR EARLIER - IN SILVER LAKE DISTRICT LA - SOME
BLOCKS SOUTH OF THE KIDS' PLAYGROUND"

EXT. IN FRONT OF AN OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The police car stops. Peterson and Sergeant List SLAM the car doors closed and walk into the building.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

The officers enter the hallway of the old building. An ELDERLY WOMAN is waiting there.

OFFICER PETERSON
You called the police?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Yes. Up there. Second floor.

SERGEANT LIST

Are you sure?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Do you know the "Nazi Songs?"

The officers speed up the stairs to the second floor. They knock on the door to an apartment with the name "Stanley Sinclair" on it.

OFFICER PETERSON

Police! Open up!

Sergeant List is knocking at the door. They hear a FREQUENT SCRATCHING SOUND coming from behind the apartment door.

SERGEANT LIST

Open up! We know you are in there! Open up!

The two officers pull their colts, break down the door and enter the apartment. The source of the scratching sound turns out to be a sun shade moving slightly in the wind of an open window. On the wall they find a large RED FLAG-SIZED CLOTH showing a white "Algiz" rune (looks like the greek letter "PSI" but with straight lines), and on the desk an old GERMAN HELMET from the Third Reich and a small SWASTIKA TABLE FLAG.

OFFICER PETERSON

We've found a real nasty boy here.

SERGEANT LIST

You got that right, but looks like he isn't home yet.

Sergeant List eyes a JUBILEE EDITION of Hitler's "MEIN KAMPF" ("My Struggle"). On the desk, he discovers a notebook in a leather binding. The notes inside are handwritten, with names and dates noticeable alongside. Some of the pages are book-marked with leather strings that have wooden lockets on their ends showing the identical old Germanic rune as that on the wall cloth.

SERGEANT LIST

Hey! Look at that! Names, names... and dates to go with them.

He walks to the desk, "Mein Kampf" in his hands.

SERGEANT LIST

Okay, take it with you. I'll take his "goodnight literature." "Mein Kampf". Means "My Struggle". Hitler Jubilee Edition. This was a pretty good tip-off this time.

INSERT:

"ONE YEAR EARLIER"

EXT. LOS ANGELES DMV BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot from the DMV building in the S. Hope St. area.

INT. LOS ANGELES DMV OFFICE - DAY

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson look at the computer monitor of a friendly DMV EMPLOYEE.

DMV EMPLOYEE

Here we go. These plates honor past and current members of the United States Military. "E9USN" was a veteran of the US Navy.

OFFICER PETERSON

"Was"?

DMV EMPLOYEE

That's right. He was a Master Chief Petty Officer, died ten years ago. His license plate isn't valid anymore. Somebody kept it for whatever reason. Perhaps memories...

SERGEANT LIST

Did the plate belong to a black Ford pickup?

The DMV employee scrolls to another part of the old file on her screen.

DMV EMPLOYEE

Because of our privacy protection policy...

SERGEANT LIST
...you have to ask your
department chief. We know. But
after that you can fax us the
data, right?

DMV EMPLOYEE
Yes, that's exactly how we do it.

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson leave the office.

EXT. GARAGE OF A ONE-STORY HOUSE IN VAN NUYS - DAY

An OLD LADY opens the garage door. A black MERCEDES SE220
can be seen. Sergeant List and Officer Peterson look at
each other - the car has no license plates.

SERGEANT LIST
Was "E9USN" a vanity plate for
veterans?

OLD LADY
Sure was. They took it away when
he died to avoid any misuse.

OFFICER PETERSON
Who are "they"?

OLD LADY
His old Navy friends from the
Bowling Club. It's not far from
here, in Burbank.

OFFICER PETERSON
When did they meet for bowling?

OLD LADY
Every Saturday. During the week
all of them kept busy, even
though they were all retired...

She then silently strokes the car's fender, afterwards
closing the garage door.

EXT. IN FRONT OF KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Richard and KATIE (25) exit from their car.

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PETE

There they are. Come on.

Steve remains concentrated on his toy train. Pete disappears in the other room. He leaves the door open.

STAN

(pointing at Steve)

And...what're we doin with 'em?

Gloria grabs Steve with his toy train.

GLORIA

Take'em with me.

Gloria and Steve are hiding in the kitchen.

EXT. IN FRONT OF KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Katie is loaded with shopping bags, Richard follows behind her.

KATIE

Can you hold it for a moment,
Richard?

Katie - and Richard - pronounce Richard's name in French. The others, however, pronounce it in English or deliberately wrong.

Handing a shopping bag to Richard, Katie tries to unlock the door.

KATIE

There is something sticking in
the lock... Oh, it's open!

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stan pulls his colt and prepares to shoot. He hurries behind a wall in the kitchen from where he can overlook the living room, Gloria and Steve behind him.

STAN

(to Gloria, whispering)

An stuff his mouth.

Katie opens the door and enters the house. Richard is behind her.

KATIE

Funny. Didn't I lock the door?

Katie, still loaded with shopping bags, walks to the lamp to switch it on. Then she places the bags on the floor. Richard does the same.

KATIE

I've got something spicy, love.

Katie points to one of the shopping bags.

RICHARD

Your love is hot enough!

Katie takes off her sandals.

KATIE

(erotically)

Don't cool off, darlin. You're just fine as you are...

Richard sits on the couch with Katie on his knees. They are kissing heavily.

KATIE

Come, eat me, eat me, eat me....

RICHARD

It's like last summer...

KATIE

And the summer before?

RICHARD

I didn't forget. I don't have enough hands... to hug you.

They are kissing again.

KATIE

Not enough eyes to watch you...

They are kissing.

RICHARD

Not enough lips... to kiss you... all over...

They are kissing.

KATIE

My wild love...

They are kissing.

KATIE
Richard...yeahhh...yeahhh!

Richard rubs his eyes.

RICHARD
Damn it's hot...

INT. KITCHEN OF KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steve makes a NOISE. Stan waves to Gloria to hold Steve's mouth. Then he watches the events in the living room again.

KATIE
Too hot?

Katie catches another kiss.

RICHARD
Way too hot, dear... as yet...

INTERCUT

A CLOSE UP of Pete in the other room, where he's hiding. He is sweating. He cannot see the events in the living room but he can follow the conversation.

KATIE
You're right.

RICHARD
Can I have a Gin and coke?

KATIE
You want to grow your courage.

Katie walks to the refrigerator.

INTERCUT

Stan, Gloria and Steve press their bodies to the wall to avoid being discovered.

Katie takes out two coke cans and a bottle of gin.

Stan watches the situation again.

KATIE
Cheers... to your courage.

They are drinking.

RICHARD
I am sad.

KATIE
Why!

RICHARD
You don't like the outfit I
bought you. I picked it out just
for you.

KATIE
Of course I like it. But you
know, I just love my jeans...

RICHARD
They look very sexy anyway.

KATIE
And you like me sexy.

INTERCUT

A CLOSE UP of Stan's eyes watching Katie and Richard.

Richard pulls Katie back on his knees and hugs her.

RICHARD
I want you to be sexy. I want to
remember you that way.

KATIE
Do you really have to go back?

She says it as she hugs Richard.

RICHARD
I don't have to, but I want to.

KATIE
Why you don't stay? With your
talent, every door stands wide
open to you.

RICHARD
You are probably right, Katie.

He turns away from Katie.

RICHARD
But I have to go back to Europe,
do you understand? You don't.
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Nobody born in America can
understand that. Without my
world, I'm not myself.

Katie drinks from her glass.

KATIE
Your old world! A poorhouse!
Excuse me!

Richard drinks from his glass.

RICHARD
Maybe you are right. Many
Americans think European
countries are poorhouses. And in
my country the people think
America is a big Disneyland...
like a paradise.

Katie strokes through Richard's hair.

KATIE
What you wanna do at home?

RICHARD
I'm going to breathe again. You
all spend your time here just
measuring it... in appointments,
days, seconds...

KATIE
Do you have a woman waiting for
you?

RICHARD
I haven't heard from her since
over a year. My friends back
there don't know either...

STEVE
(from the kitchen)
Want out here. Train... Cars...

Richard hurries toward the kitchen. Katie looks shocked in
the same direction. Stan puts his colt back to his back
pocket. Richard discovers Stan, Gloria and Steve.

RICHARD
(to Katie)
What are these people doing here?

Stan steps into the living room.

STAN
The stork brought us.

RICHARD
Who are you? What do you want?

STAN
(to Katie)
Tell 'em, who we are. What a
pleasure for 'em.

Pete walks into the living room.

PETE
(to Katie)
Got it? Make us known!

Katie is terrified.

KATIE
These... these are... friends...

STAN
Good buddies, of course.

KATIE
(to Richard)
They're just joking, dear. They
are always funny...

Katie pauses for a moment and looks at the floor.

KATIE
...I think...

PETE
You think.

INSERT:

"11 MONTHS EARLIER - IN BURBANK"

INT. BOWLING CENTER SOMEWHERE IN BURBANK - DAY

Inside the big hall are more than 20 bowling lanes, with
small groups of players at each.

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson walk with one of the
BOWLING CENTER SUPERVISORS through the hall.

SUPERVISOR

Of course I remember Frankie Lawson. His old black Mercedes was an eye-catcher for everybody who loves old cars. He founded "Charlie's Survivors."

SERGEANT LIST

One of the first groups here?

SUPERVISOR

Yes. All of them are Vietnam veterans - survivors of Victor Charlie - you know, V. C., the code for the Viet Cong.

A man carrying a sports bag - Gerry Montgomery - comes their way and waves to the supervisor.

GERRY

Hi Dan.

SUPERVISOR

Hi Gerry. Have a nice day!

GERRY

Same to you, Dan.

He walks away immediately.

SUPERVISOR

(to the cops)

Gerry is somewhat like a successor to Frankie. Oh, no! Do you want to talk to him?

SERGEANT LIST

Not yet. Don't worry.

OFFICER PETERSON

And "Charlie's Survivors" are still here on Saturdays?

SUPERVISOR

Yes. That's their lane over there.

He points to a bowling lane located directly by the outer wall.

There is a big bulletin board. Half of it is reserved for "Charlie's Survivors." Under an EMBLEM OF "VIETNAM VETERANS OF AMERICA" there are the EMBLEMS OF THE US ARMY, US AIR FORCE, US NAVY and US MARINES.

Amidst classified ads for private sales, we see the LICENSE PLATE - "E9USN" - and an appeal to join a memorial service for Frankie Lawson's 10th death day.

Dan looks dumbfounded at the wall.

OFFICER PETERSON
Something wrong?

SUPERVISOR
It's here again. Frankie's license plate. Thought it was stolen when it disappeared a couple of months ago...

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson look at each other.

SERGEANT LIST
Can you give us a list of all "Charlie's Survivors" members?

SUPERVISOR
Sure. I will.

INSERT:

"10 MONTHS EARLIER"

EXT. LOS ANGELES - 11000 WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

Establishing shot from the building of the Los Angeles Regional Office of the U.S. Dept. of Veterans Affairs.

INT. LOS ANGELES - 11000 WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

In a short MONTAGE we see Sergeant List and Officer Peterson doing research in different offices inside the building.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - 11000 WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

The MONTAGE ends in the parking lot, where List and Peterson enter their car and drive away.

EXT. / INT. LOS ANGELES - POLICE CAR/WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

Stop-and-go traffic on Wilshire Blvd. Sergeant List and Officer Peterson are in their police car. Peterson is driving. List checks his notes.

SERGEANT LIST

Somebody misused a deceased veteran's license plate on a black Ford pickup. Was the pickup stolen or not? Did the pickup driver have anything to do with the bomb at the playground?

OFFICER PETERSON

What we know for sure is that Frankie Lawson was a MCPO in the U.S. Navy...

List looks questioningly at Peterson.

OFFICER PETERSON

... a Master Chief Petty Officer.

SERGEANT LIST

I see. And Gerry Montgomery was a ship's cook, and also a Master Chief on the same aircraft carrier.

OFFICER PETERSON

U.S.S. Constellation. But I don't see the connection between an aircraft carrier in Vietnam and a kids' playground in Silver Lake. The Navy guys meet for bowling every Saturday.

SERGEANT LIST

Yesterday was Wednesday...

OFFICER PETERSON

Why was Gerry Montgomery in the Bowling hall?

SERGEANT LIST

Does he drive a Ford pickup?

OFFICER PETERSON

He drives a Chevy minivan.

SERGEANT LIST

That makes no sense.

OFFICER PETERSON

How about a coffee?

SERGEANT LIST

Good idea.

As he speaks, List reaches into the car's glove compartment for the jar of Danish Cookies.

INT. LAPD - CAPTAIN LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson enter the Captain's Office.

CAPTAIN LOGAN (52) has the officers' notes spread out on his desktop, with a cup of "Nespresso" coffee next to them. He gestures to the two to sit down.

CAPTAIN LOGAN
Thanks for coming, gentlemen.

He looks at his watch.

CAPTAIN LOGAN
And thanks for waiting. Only
excuse - a real good coffee. Want
some?

After the question, he presses the button on his glaring red "Nespresso" machine behind him.

CAPTAIN LOGAN
Good choice, gentlemen. I love
anniversaries. What I don't love
is material like that.

He lays the papers back into the folder and then hands it to Sergeant List.

CAPTAIN LOGAN
Guess you're thinking the same
thing. All this stuff - a lot of
paperwork, well done research -
but no real results.

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson nod in agreement.

He places two small cups of "Nespresso" on the desktop.

SERGEANT LIST
This coffee machine is really
amazing. Anniversary gift, you
know whose idea it was...?

CAPTAIN LOGAN
Of course I know. My wife is a
coffee fanatic...

OFFICER PETERSON
No, sir. It was that tea-
drinker's idea, your school
mate...

CAPTAIN LOGAN
Norman?

SERGEANT LIST
Right. The guy from the FBI.

For a moment all three drink their "Nespresso" silently.

CAPTAIN LOGAN
Norman Hackett. Haven't heard
from him since he ran the local
field office in Ventura,...
should talk to him again...

He reaches for his cellular and dials a number.

CAPTAIN LOGAN
...about the good old days.

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson look approvingly at each other.

EXT. AT THE SWIMMING POOL IN FRONT OF KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

(MUSIC fades in)

Gloria is standing in front of the lighted Swimming pool.
She takes off her leather jacket and jumps naked into the
water. In different CUTS she can be seen swimming.

(MUSIC fades out)

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RICHARD
(to Stan)
Do I know you?

STAN
Ya gonna know me soon. That's why
we're here.

In the meantime Gloria steps into the room. She is still
wet, but she has her leather jacket on again.

RICHARD
(to Katie)
Katie, it's your house, but I
think these people should go.
(to Stan)
How did you get in here?

Stan shows Richard the keys.

STAN
Didn't ya lose these somewhere?

PETE
(to Richard)
Ya wanna throw us out? Katie's
friends? Good friends?

STAN
Very - good - friends!

He taps Richard on the body as he speaks, in rhythm with his words.

RICHARD
Did I invite you?

Gloria is dancing in front of Katie and Richard.

GLORIA
A real invitation?

RICHARD
Get lost!

Stan motions to Pete to "take care" of Katie. Pete hurries to Katie and tries to pull her clothes off.

STAN
Don't fuck her! You fuckin shit!
Chain her to the chair!

Richard wants to help Katie. Stan tears him back. Richard makes another try, but Stan smashes him to the floor. A fight starts. Stan knocks Richard unconscious and carries him to an armchair. Katie tries to free herself.

KATIE
Richard... Richard... oh god...!

Stan and Gloria help Pete with keeping Katie quiet. Katie is chained now. In the background, Richard returns to consciousness and tries to stop Stan. He brings him to the floor but gets sidetracked by Pete and Gloria. Stan is on his feet again and knocks Richard to the floor.

Pete and Gloria do the rest to subdue him. Stan and Pete drag Richard back to the armchair, kicking him.

STAN
Fuckin bullshit! Mad dog! Fuckin
cross-race piece of shit! French
bastard! French shitface!

Gloria arranges her hair and her clothes. Steve laughed during the whole fight, but he is now sad and just sits on the floor.

STAN
(to Steve)
Shit-born muddy idiot!
(to Gloria)
His fault that it went wrong!

GLORIA
He couldn't stand it anymore.
Really. My god, how do ya look,
Stan.

Gloria approaches Stan to fix his clothes. Stan pushes her away.

STAN
Whattsa matter... whattsa
matter... Stop it...

PETE
Wasn't it fun?

Pete sits beside Katie and checks her chains. Richard wakes up and tries to free himself. Stan, Pete and Gloria are laughing heartily.

STAN
(to Richard)
No fuckin chance, sir. We'll free
you when I say so. Got it? An I'm
not even thinking about it yet.

KATIE
What's this all about! What do
you want! Money?

PETE
(to Stan)
Ya can get yaself a new car...

Stan seems to be reflective and walks to the window. A TRAIN passes by; the TRAIN SIGNAL can be heard.

PETE

Think o' what she said. Ya can be drivin a new car.

STAN

The car out there runs fuckin fine.

GLORIA

I'm sure with a new car you can get a good job, believe me. That's always true.

STAN

Whadda ya mean, job! I don't need no job! I got one! Ya see!

Stan kicks the couch table, knocking it over.

STAN

My job's gonna change the world! Ya don't know anything 'bout elite.

(to Katie)

Whores like you are such fuckin bastards. Clam up soon. We'll get ya livin in honor. Ya can fork for it. Ya get a listen to us. Or wanna feel it?

Stan circles fast between Katie and Richard. His face comes close to each of them.

STAN

So clam up!

GLORIA

But we should take the money anyway.

STAN

Ya just wanna ride in a new car...

GLORIA

I give a shit 'bout your car! You're not the only man here. I can find lots of suckers like you are...

STAN

In ya fuck-box?

KATIE
You're still working in my
father's bar?

Gloria is embarrassed. She touches her hair.

GLORIA
I do nothin indecent there.
What'ya always have?

PETE
(to Stan)
Just that she fucks the guests.

GLORIA
Ya don't even know what that is,
Pete boy.

STAN
Hear that, little brother.

PETE
Don't call me "little brother"
again.

GLORIA
Cock-hanger! You've been
exercising for a long time.

Pete throws an empty coke can after Gloria. Gloria screams for a moment. Stan jumps up from the armchair, takes roses out of a flower pot, walks to Pete and strokes him across the face with the flowers.

STAN
Ya'll never get fame, ya...

Stan smacks Pete in the face with the roses.

STAN
...motherfucker!

Pete's face hurts. Blood runs down from him.

PETE
Ow... fuck!

GLORIA
Somehow I feel sorry for 'em.
(to Pete)
Why don't ya hit back? Stan would
be delighted.

STAN
Don't even try!
(to Pete)
I'll break ya bones, buddy...!
(to Gloria)
... and ya keep outta this. I
won't come to ya bar an tell how
fuckin slack your breasts look...
when ya naked.

GLORIA
Yeah! I work as a dancer. Cause
my Stan needs somethin to eat...

Stan is a little embarrassed.

STAN
That's what I'm waitin for. Ya
think ya great cause of the beer
ya paid for! Forgot to say, how
you bugged me with: "Stan, love,
fuck me, I'm...

Gloria approaches Stan. A fight is going on. Pete is
laughing, but does not interfere. Steve clumsily hits at
Stan.

GLORIA
I bugged ya! You? When ya can't
get a thing up! Ya trashy moth-
wang is no good for nothin... ya
zero-fucker!

STAN
(to Gloria)
Get back to normal.
(to Pete)
Ya look stupid when ya're
laughing. Gimme a hand...

Stan hits Gloria to the floor and drags her through the
living room by her leg. He kicks her in her hips. Pete
tries to act busy. When Stan lets Gloria go, she carries
herself to the couch and starts crying.

STAN
(to Pete)
Laughs like an idiot, instead of
doin somethin. You're too stupid
for anythin.

PETE
You, with ya new car...!

KATIE

Think of the car. With a radio.
Stereo. And a CD player. Hey! Go
ahead. Let us go. I'll write you
a check.

Pete goes to unchain Katie.

STAN

Leave her chained, Pete.
(to Katie and Richard)
Ya almost tricked us...just
almost. Nobody tricks us, got it!

KATIE

Nobody's tricking you.

RICHARD

You're taking it wrong. We just
want to get along with you.

Stan grasps Richard's collar and tears it up.

STAN

Who wants to get along? We don't
ever wanna get along with ya!
Right, Katie? Or do we? We should
forget why we're here, right,
Pete? Gloria? We won't forget.
How much!

KATIE

If you let us go...everything!

STAN

How much? How much ya have?

Richard tries to sit up straight, as far his chains allow.

RICHARD

No... don't say it...

Stan hits Richard in the face. Katie screams, but Pete puts
his hand on her mouth. Stan kicks Richard into the stomach.
He keeps him down that way.

STAN

I'm talking to the lady, Viret.
(to Katie)
Now. How much?

KATIE

Ten thousand. About...

RICHARD
(exhausted)
You wouldn't give it...

Stan brutally steps into Richard's stomach. Richard groans in pain. Katie's screams change to crying.

STAN
French bastards - no behavior,
what! Poor French bastards. Have
the wrong race, sausage-lips-
bastard!
(to Katie)
It's a bad joke, ten thousand.
Anyway. Better than shit in an
empty hand.

Katie tears at her chains.

KATIE
Then let me loose.

STAN
Why, honey?

KATIE
I can't write you a check, so.

STAN
Ya can. Where ya keep your shit?

KATIE
There, in my bag.

Katie points the direction with her head. Stan waves for Pete to bring the bag. He starts looking for the checkbook. He turns the bag and everything falls on the floor. There he finds the checkbook.

STAN
(to Pete)
Go on, pick it up.

Pete takes the checkbook and hands it to Stan. Stan returns it to Pete.

STAN
(to Pete)
Come on, fill one out. An let her
sign. What're ya waitin for? I
thought ya wanna help!

Pete looks for a pen.

KATIE
There, on the desk.

Pete approaches Richard and takes a fountain pen from his chest pocket.

PETE
I already found one. Is it the
one ya write with ya foreign,
French shit?

Pete holds the checkbook against the wall and fills out a check. He attempts to hand it to Katie, forgetting that she is in chains.

KATIE
And?

Pete puts the check aside and unties her. Katie pauses for a moment.

KATIE
Who guarantees that you will be
out of here after I sign?

Stan stands at the window, looking for the next train.

STAN
Oh... Miss Katie, the whore of
the bastard wants to have
guarantees! Ya wanna have
lifetime guarantees! Guarantees!
Guarantees! Guarantees! What for?
Try it without. Invest a little
trust in democracy, Katie, hey!

Richard starts getting nervous, tearing at his chains.

RICHARD
Don't do it, they...

Stan runs to Richard and starts hitting him brutally. Richard isn't moving anymore. Katie signs the check.

KATIE
There,.. there you are! The
check! There! Take it!

Stan walks slowly to Katie and grasps the check.

STAN
Nice of ya.

KATIE
(nervously)
Now!

Stan positions himself in front of Katie.

STAN
What, "now"?

KATIE
(screaming)
Go! Go! Just go.

Pete takes Katie by the hair and pulls her down, forcing her onto her knees on the floor in front of Stan.

PETE
Say please! Please, my dear friends, go!

STAN
Fuckin bullshit! Taday's Saturday. Banks've closed. Fuckin banks, fuckin.

Pete and Gloria start laughing.

KATIE
(to Stan)
I always thought you were a real man.

STAN
So...? You're fuckin wrong?

KATIE
What do you have in common? Why are you here? Why! It's not just the money, right?

STAN
We could give a shit about money... as long as we have some.

KATIE
So, why this? Did somebody send you?

GLORIA
Nobody sent us! Got it!

KATIE
What else? Is it the heat? Is it the heat that made you crazy?

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

Is it a problem with your nerves?
At least let Richard go! Say
what's wrong with you? What did
we do to you? What? Tell me!

Steve SCRATCHES on the WINDOW GLASS with a LETTER KNIFE. He likes the sound.

STAN

What've ya done! She's really
askin... the gogo girl!

Richard awakes from unconsciousness and tries to raise his body.

STAN

Morning, sir. Back again? Okay,
then ya know, ya have done wrong.
Let's get it rollin, guys, the
party. The show is on!

INSERT:

"THAT SAME NIGHT"

INT. LAPD - SGT. LIST'S & OFFR. PETERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sergeant List looks through the evidence found in Stan Sinclair's apartment. The picture shows a menu card with "Black House" and a phone number written on it. He dials the number.

SERGEANT LIST

(on phone)

Hello? Hi, this is Sergeant List,
Van Nuys Community Police
Station. Is this the "Black
House" in the Fashion District? I
wanna talk to Stanley Sinclair...
Yes, Sinclair.

INT. THE "BLACK HOUSE" - BAR - NIGHT

BARKEEPER

(on phone)

You mean Stan, right? He isn't in
today.

INT. LAPD - SGT. LIST'S & OFFR. PETERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SERGEANT LIST

(on phone)

... can I talk to your boss for a second?

BARKEEPER

(V.O./on phone)

Gerry? He's busy at the moment.

SERGEANT LIST

Thanks.

He hangs up and goes to the desk of Officer Peterson.

SERGEANT LIST

Could you drive by there? "Black House"- 370 East 11th, corner of Maple Ave. Try to get Gerry. He's the owner. Maybe he has something to do with the search today. Stanley Sinclair seems to be a frequent guest there.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA, IN FRONT OF THE "BLACK HOUSE" - NIGHT

A car stops in front of the "Black House". Officer Peterson and another cop leave the car and enter the club.

PETERSON

(to the barkeeper)

Hi. Pretty empty today, huh?

The BARKEEPER steps in front of the bar.

BARKEEPER

What can I do for you?

PETERSON

I wanna speak to the boss.

BARKEEPER

(unfriendly)

Police?

Peterson pulls his ID from his pocket and shows it to the barkeeper.

BARKEEPER

Like I said on the phone, Gerry's busy.

Peterson sees an open door behind the bar. Somebody is sitting there in a large armchair - showing his back, stroking a row of wonderful dressed dolls in a shelf beside him. All the dolls are blond to brunette, and have sparkling blue eyes.

PETERSON

He can reach me under this number. In case he has some spare time.

Peterson and the other cop leave the club. The barkeeper stares after them, then he looks at Peterson's business card.

INT. LAPD - SGT. LIST'S & OFFR. PETERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Officer Peterson enters the room.

SERGEANT LIST

How was it? Something new?

PETERSON

No, except my wife is mad at me, cause I haven't been home for three days.

SERGEANT LIST

You'll have next week off. I promise! So, tell me, Peterson. What happened?

PETERSON

A run down club, let me tell you. The owner was busy, but I think I saw him in the back room. Couldn't get anything out of the barkeeper. If you ask me, this "Black House" stinks.

SERGEANT LIST

I'm worried about that book with the handwritten notes.

PETERSON

A diary?

Sergeant List shows the book to Peterson.

SERGEANT LIST

No, not at all. Names and a date for each of 'em. You notice anything?

PETERSON
(thinking for a moment)
Names... Not at the moment.

SERGEANT LIST
Something happened to all these
people. Exactly on the days
written in here. What bothers me
is this note.

Sergeant List points at a name.

PETERSON
Richard Viret.

SERGEANT LIST
And today's date beside it! We've
got to find him. Before it's too
late.

INSERT:

"5 MONTHS EARLIER - IN DOWNTOWN LA"

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - S. BROADWAY - DAY

Above the main entrance of a three story building there is
a big written neon sign - "Angels of Mercy" - "Angeles de
la Caridad". Heavy traffic on S. Broadway, in front of the
building.

An ambulance stops at the main entrance. Two PARAMEDICS and
a DOCTOR help a PREGNANT LADY into the house, and a police
car comes to a fast halt behind the ambulance.

One of the cops brings a BLEEDING HOMELESS MAN into the
house. The other cop is carrying the man's filled plastic
bags behind him.

In the meantime the ambulance drives away. A network
minivan parks in the vacated space.

A TV REPORTER (Catherine Crane) and her CAMERAMAN (Brian)
leave the minivan. The TV reporter holds a mike in one
hand, quickly touching up her hair with the other. She
stands beside the main entrance as the cameraman aims his
camera at her.

TV REPORTER

This is "Channel 101VV" (double vee) - the town's hottest on-air news with Catherine Crane reporting. Today, we're in one of the very few places in downtown LA where the homeless and other poor can get medical care and treatment for free. It's called "Angels of Mercy", or "Angeles de la caridad" in Spanish - a center established, organized and run by a group of nurses, doctors, students, and volunteers who care about lonely souls with no place to turn to.

(to the cameraman)

You get me, Brian?

The cameraman gives her a thumbs up to indicate that everything is OK.

The TV reporter enters the building followed by the cameraman, who never stops aiming the camera at her.

INT. DOWNTOWN LA - ANGELS OF MERCY BUILDING - DAY

We see a reception desk with TWO NURSES (Lucy and Maria) and one MALE NURSE (Mark). They are unaffected by all the hustle and bustle around them.

The TV reporter points to the right, and the cameraman shoots in that direction.

TV REPORTER

(O.S.)

Essentially, it is an emergency room where the poorest receive first medical treatment...

Then the TV reporter points the cameraman to the left. There is a long line of people waiting for food.

TV REPORTER

(O.S.)

. . .as well as a public food bank. Three meals a day are served here, seven days a week, for all those who can muster the strength to come here.

(to the cameraman)

You get me, Brian? - And cut.

Then the TV reporter goes to the reception desk. One of the nurses at the reception desk hangs up the phone.

NURSE LUCY

Dr. Romero and Dr. Hillman are waiting for you in their office upstairs, room 208.

MALE NURSE MARK

I'll take you there.

TV REPORTER

Thank you so much.

INT. CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF DOCTORS' OFFICES - DAY

A man in a camouflage suit is checking the names on the office doors. He is covering his face with a hankie (HANKIE MAN) in one hand, in the other he is carrying a large business envelope.

Next to this door stands a small table with a letter tray. The man places the large business envelope into the tray. It is marked "Dr. Romero - URGENT!".

As the TV news team and Mark reach the 2nd floor, the hankie man flees.

INT. ANGELS OF MERCY BUILDING - DOCTORS' OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Romero is leaving the office.

DR. ROMERO

Dr. Hillman will show you the latest homeless statistics for Metro LA.

The TV reporter and Dr. Hillman are seated in front of a flip chart. The cameraman is making test shots.

DR. HILLMAN

18,000 living on the streets, unsheltered, are 18,000 too many...

INT. CORRIDOR IN FRONT OF THE DOCTORS' OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Romero briefly checks the mail in the letter tray and is then distracted by an announcement on the PA system.

NURSE MARIA

(V.O.)

Dr. Romero, please come to the
kitchen. Dr. Romero, please come
to the kitchen...

He puts all envelopes back, and hurries away.

Just then, an ELDERLY HOMELESS COUPLE arrives and waits
until the doctor disappears in the kitchen.

The homeless man picks up the big business envelope
addressed to Dr. Romero, and the two go downstairs.

INT. ANGELS OF MERCY BUILDING - TV ROOM - DAY

The elderly homeless couple sits down near a window and an
emergency exit. The man opens the big business envelope.

A MUFFLED, ECHOING BANG erupts. Then brief SILENCE.

After the initial shock, chaos breaks out. The elderly
homeless woman is seriously wounded and the man is dead.

Doctors, nurses and visitors help the best they are able.
After a while police cars and ambulances arrive.

A bit later:

INT. ANGELS OF MERCY BUILDING - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The obviously shocked TV reporter begins reporting as soon
as she finds the cameraman's position.

TV REPORTER

This is a war, ladies and
gentlemen, in our midst, in the
center of LA. Those who survived
feel relieved - and ashamed.
Catherine Crane reporting for
Channel 101VV - the town's
hottest on-air news...

EXT. ANGELS OF MERCY BUILDING - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

The man from the Forensic Squad is the same one from the
explosion in the Silver Lake area. He is loading several
bags with evidence into his minivan. From the car behind,
Sergeant List gets out and comes up to him, followed by
Officer Peterson.

SERGEANT LIST
Again "Basta de fiesta?"

The Forensic Squad Man shows List torn pieces of the big envelope that had Dr. Romero's name on it.

The scene is watched by a YOUNG LADY IN A TENNIS DRESS (HELEN BARLOW, 33) leaning on the open door of a minivan parked across the road in front of the building. Her ATTENDANT (NORMAN HACKETT, 52), A MAN IN A DARK BUSINESS SUIT, leaves the car and comes to the young lady.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
It looks like it, but it didn't work properly this time.

OFFICER PETERSON
There are some witnesses who saw a guy running away, in combat uniform or something like a camouflage suit.

Agent Barlow and Norman Hackett join the policemen.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
And that was no military action.

NORMAN HACKETT
Definitely not, gentlemen.

The police officers look surprised at the two, who introduce themselves to the group.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
This is Special Agent in Charge, Norman Hackett.

NORMAN HACKETT
And this lady who plays tennis like Miss Navratilová is Special Agent Helen Barlow.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
FBI?

SERGEANT LIST
Right. The Captain has an old schoolmate there.

OFFICER PETERSON

Whether we as LAPD clear a case,
or if one of their Resident
Agencies does, what counts is
what comes out under the line -
for all of us.

The FBI lady and her attendant look with interest at the
bags holding the torn off pieces of the business envelope.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

A Spanish name doesn't mean we're
dealing with people who don't
like only Hispanics.

The Forensic Squad Man puts the bags back into his car.
Then the group goes into the building.

NORMAN HACKETT

Some don't like Hispanics. Some
don't like roller skaters.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Why roller skaters?

NORMAN HACKETT

Why Hispanics?

INSERT:

"4 MONTHS EARLIER - IN THE VAN NUYS AREA"

INT. / DAY / LAPD - FORENSIC SQUAD LAB

Around a lab table filled with various lab equipment,
Sergeant List and Officer Peterson listen to the Forensic
Squad Man, who is arranging the pieces of evidence.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Those Taco Bell wrappers
delivered a lot of scraps of
paper. Here we found generally
two different kinds.
And what does it tell us?

SERGEANT LIST

The bomb had at least two
different parts packed in those
wrappers.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
Bingo. One wrapper was around some explosive substances. The explosion tore it into small pieces burned at the edges. The other wrappers were placed around the plastic bags filled with the pins. They were torn by the explosion's shock wave, but they weren't burned.

Special Agent Barlow enters the lab.

She also looks very interestedly at the pieces of evidence.

SERGEANT LIST
Special Agent Barlow you know already.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
Visited our last site after your tennis match, right?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
Hackett won in a tiebreak. But this match we will win, gentlemen.

Having said that, she puts all the pieces of evidence back into their plastic foil, then places them very carefully in her attaché case.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
Are you kidding? You can't take away pieces of evidence without the chief's OK.

SERGEANT LIST
She is not kidding. We have an agreement between her boss and ours.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
I see. But what makes you think you'll find out more from that poor evidence than we did?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
I want to know details about the bomber. What makes him tick. Where he lives. What he looks like? Is he using a credit card, and which one?

SERGEANT LIST

I hope you won't forget whose case this is.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

And? Whose case is it?

SERGEANT LIST

Our case, or your case?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Gentlemen. Have a great day!

She closes her attaché case and leaves the lab.

The Forensic Squad Man is cleaning the lab table as Special Agent Barlow reenters the lab.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Before I forget, gentlemen: This evidence is from the kids playground case in Silver Lake. Are there any results yet from the letter bomb in the Angels Of Mercy Building?

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Not yet. Give us a few more days?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Of course.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Sometimes that material drive you crazy...

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

I know. But when you expect it least of all, it starts talking more and more, and then it divulges all of its hidden secret stories. What we have to do is just keep waiting, just keep waiting...

SERGEANT LIST

Who's gonna tell the Captain?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

His old buddy, Norman. Who else?

She gives a loud laugh and leaves the lab again.

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RICHARD
You've made yourself guilty! This
is a raid! Do you know that?

STAN
Ya worry too much, buddy. Who's
talking 'bout a raid?
(to Pete)
Gimme a hand.
(to Richard)
You really think we just wan' ya
bucks? Ya really disappoint me.

Stan waves Pete to put some chairs together.

STAN
Hurry up!

PETE
The Frenchie can't figure out
what's happening?

RICHARD
I don't care... you... you pig!

Stan pulls his colt from his back pocket.

STAN
No shit Viret! Katie could be
scared, suddenly seeing ya
sitting here like a dead man.

Gloria opens the zipper of her leather jacket.

GLORIA
(to Richard)
Just want to visit ya.

Gloria stops opening her jacket.

RICHARD
It's a pleasure.

Pete positions four chairs in a half circle.

STAN
Have a whole bunch of humor,
what? Hope ya keep it!

PETE
That's it. Finished.

KATIE

Why Richard? You don't even know him.

STAN

Clam up! What ya mean, don't know him? A bunch of Communists, French bastards!

RICHARD

What...!

STAN

Bunch of Communists!

Pete approaches Richard.

PETE

Ya know this?

(narrating)

"The windows all dark, the gas-stations in the neon light on Hollywood Hills, the rich are fuckin the beautiful, while I'm listening to the music..."

Gloria sits on the couch moving her legs erotically.

GLORIA

(erotically)

Oh...! Does it have somethin to do with sex?

Stan approaches Gloria. He strokes through her hair, then her neck, her breast. His face comes close to her ear.

STAN

Of course it's got somethin to do with sex!

Gloria is shaking. Stan seems to be impatient. He hurries to Steve, tears the letter knife out of his hand, then hurries to Richard, grasping him by the collar and moving the letter knife to his right eye. Richard freezes.

STAN

We'll get it done the French way. Got it! Ya're the stinky center point of our happenings. When ya avoid trouble, ya gotta get out of here alive.

RICHARD

You could get that easier.

Stan holds the letter knife closer to his eyes.

STAN

What...what... Think we're
murderers, Viret? Ya got fantasy!
No buddy, it's just a
happening...

RICHARD

You could have done this without
involving Katie.

STAN

But that's just what we want.
Ya're suckin it up. Know ya like
it.

Stan starts to circle the letter knife in front of
Richard's face. It touches his skin.

PETE

How do ya like it, bastard?

GLORIA

(to Richard)

They're really trying, those two.

KATIE

What's your role, Gloria?

GLORIA

I just help my boyfriend. And
Gerry.

RICHARD

Gerry? Who's Gerry?

STAN

Katie's dad! Remember?

PETE

We checked it out, if we should
do somethin against ya or not.
Some of us haven't found ya that
bad. An the others pissed in
their pants. But we decided to do
somethin. Just Stan an me.
Understand? It was clear from the
beginnin, somethin's gotta
happen.

Katie holds her hands in front of her face.

KATIE

You're crazy.

Stan hits at Katie's face and she staggers against the wall. With a scream, she falls to the floor, holding her arms in front of her face to defend herself.

STAN

Katie mouse... Ya in here same like ya French-bastard fucker! Crazy! Aren't ya crazy? Huh? Bloody assholes!

Stan starts to hit into Richard's stomach.

STAN

Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven! That's amazing! Seven seconds concentration! Congratulations!

Stan pulls his colt from his back pocket and holds it close to Katie's head.

KATIE

No Stan! Please, no! Everything, but... no! Please... don't do it!

RICHARD

Stop it! Put your gun away!

STAN

By the way, how do you say "shit" in French? Tell us! Or she gets a hole in her little Katie head.

RICHARD

Put your gun away!

Stan presses his colt to Katie's head.

PETE

Hey, Viret! What's "shit" in French?

RICHARD

"Merde!" - Let her go! I'll kill you when I'm free!

STAN

No shit, no worry at all. It will take a while. Hey, he's getting a little more active now!

Stan presses the release of his colt. It CLICKS. Katie, unconscious, sinks to the floor.

STAN
Lucky Katie! She's pretty cool at
"Russian Roulette"! Think I have
to reload.

Gloria hurries into the kitchen to bring a glass of water and spills it over Katie's face. Katie awakes groaning.

GLORIA
Come on! Stay up! Stan doesn't
bite.

Pete has positioned himself in front of Katie, who is lying on the floor.

PETE
Hello, Katie! I'm Gabriel, the
archangel! - an who're you?

STAN
Leave her. Gimme a hand.

Stan waves Pete to help him carry Katie. They place her beside Richard.

STAN
(to Katie and Richard)
Steve is ya lawyer, your
defender.
(to Steve)
Got it, Idiot? You're a public
person by now.
(laughing)
Gloria, get'em to understand that
he's gonna be the defender in
this trial.

Gloria goes to Steve and strokes through his hair. Steve has no idea what's going on.

GLORIA
Steve, love! Come to Gloria...
hey, come! Be a nice boy!

Steve looks at Gloria. Then he pulls the speech doll with the torn off "baby hand" out of the accessible cabinet.

KATIE
What did you do to that doll? You
killed my dad's birthday gift!

STAN

Forget it! He won't miss just
that broken one, right?

Steve caresses the destroyed doll. Stan tries to take it
away from him but Steve is able to "protect" it from Stan.

STAN

He's supposed to be sittin on the
floor there. That's enough. So,
ya got it, mudbred ape race?

Steve is nodding. Stan waves Pete and Gloria to sit on the
chairs.

STAN

Be seated!

All are watching Stan as he pulls a sticker with an "Algiz"
RUNE out of his pocket. He fixes it on his chest.

STAN

I pronounce the proceedings open.

Richard tears at his chains.

RICHARD

Get my chains off.

STAN

Quiet in here! Order in the
Court!

STAN

First, the defendant. Viret,
first name Richard. Plaintiff,
you may rise and make thyself
known to the Court. Defendant!
You may rise!

KATIE

We won't go along with this
insanity any longer! Psychos...!

RICHARD

Let us go.

PETE

In case somethin bites ya, then
ya have to ask ya honor. Maybe
we'll let ya assholes talk.

RICHARD
Your honor! That's not funny
anymore.

Stan pulls his colt again and points it at Richard.

STAN
Just so ya know! Ya do what I
say. My right hand really loves
this gun. Think it'll fire soon.
Goes off real easy...

KATIE
Are you serious, Stan? You can't
be serious! That's murder! You
won't...

Stan makes himself comfortable in his chair.

STAN
Murder! Not your cup o' tea
anymore.

Stan shoots between the two captives on the floor.

KATIE
Okay, okay, okay.
Please... can't you get our
chains off?

STAN
Next time bull's eye.

Stan waves Pete to do so. Katie stands up quickly but Pete holds her down, chaining her again. The CLICK of the handcuffs can be heard.

INSERT:

"4 MONTHS EARLIER"

EXT. / INT. POLICE CAR RIDE IN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Sergeant List and Officer Peterson bring the TV Reporter and her cameraman from the Van Nuys Police Station to the FBI Lab in the Ventura Resident Agency.

SERGEANT LIST
They took your equipment and the
material to the FBI Lab in
Ventura.

TV REPORTER

It's unbelievable, it's really unbelievable. It never happened to me before...

SERGEANT LIST

Calm down, ma'am. I promise you, everything will be cleared and released...

TV REPORTER

Don't be so sure just yet! What was the name of the person in charge?

SERGEANT LIST

Norman Hackett. He is the FBI's Special Agent In Charge.

The TV reporter notes the name, etc.

TV REPORTER

That was the guy with that FBI lady, right? How can he handle a complaint against his own agency? How? This is a violation of my civil rights, a violation of press freedom, a violation of... of... what ever...

SERGEANT LIST

I can assure you that these FBI-people handle all your stuff with care. You still want to note the address and phone number?

The TV reporter nods in affirmation.

SERGEANT LIST

It's called the "Ventura Resident Agency", on 2075 South Victoria Avenue, Ventura, CA 93003. Phone (805) 642-3995.

OFFICER PETERSON

We'll be there in a bit.

TV REPORTER

When the traffic jam clears?

OFFICER PETERSON

What traffic jam?

Peterson sounds the siren, turns on the police car's red warning lights and speeds down the emergency lane.

INT / DAY / FBI VENTURA RESIDENT AGENCY, FBI LAB

The room looks like a studio. There are some monitors, video recorders and other recording equipment. On a table we see the pickup unit belonging to the TV news team.

The VIDEO SPECIALIST starts the video machine. In fast-forward, we see parts of the material taken by the cameraman in the Angels Of Mercy building.

Norman Hackett and Helen Barlow watch the material.

NORMAN HACKETT

Is this the original material?

VIDEO SPECIALIST

Of course not, sir. We took a fast copy. The original stuff is back with the equipment.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

When the reporters turn up here who's gonna do the paper work?

VIDEO SPECIALIST

I already prepared the release.

NORMAN HACKETT

If they don't sign?

VIDEO SPECIALIST

I have a copy of the fast copy.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Of course we'd never use the copy of the copy. But the information on the material can be helpful, sir.

NORMAN HACKETT

Dirty tricks. Who the hell would do that...

A bit later.

As part of the material runs in fast forward, we see a man in a camouflage suit, one hand covering his face with a hankie. Beside him is a SLIGHTLY INJURED WOMAN with a LITTLE CHILD on her arm. The child is playing with a wooden locket on a leather string.

It is hanging around the "hankie man's" neck. The wooden locket shows an "Algiz" rune (looks like the Greek letter "PSI" but with straight lines). As he wrenches the locket from the child's hand, the man removes the hankie from in front of his face for just a moment.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Wait a minute. Can you go back to that last scene with the little boy?

The video specialist rewinds to the scene and lets it run again in slow motion.

In the meantime, Helen Barlow is googling on her laptop. She quickly finds a WEBSITE WITH RUNIC WRITINGS. Among the symbols, she spots a rune identical to the one on the hankie-man's locket.

She reads from the website:

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Name of the sign: "Algiz." It means something like "protection, help, defense, or warning".

NORMAN HACKETT

And? What does it tell us? Giving a warning? Against what?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Don't help the helpless.

VIDEO SPECIALIST

Sounds sick.

NORMAN HACKETT

Who helps will be bombed out... Bang, there he lies!

VIDEO SPECIALIST

Sounds sick either way.

NORMAN HACKETT

It is sick.

A bit later.

The TV news team, Sergeant List and the FBI people are standing around a table holding the TV cameraman's pickup unit. All monitors are switched off. Only one shows the FBI logo. The cameraman is checking the unit.

VIDEO SPECIALIST
Signing that release would really
be helpful - for all of us.

TV REPORTER
You mean for you.

VIDEO SPECIALIST
If you help us, you help your
viewers.

The TV Reporter laughs.

TV REPORTER
Sounds great. Could be my line
for an opener...

The cameraman shows her with an upturned thumbs gesture
that everything is OK with the unit.

TV REPORTER
Anyway. If I sign, what happens
with our material?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
If necessary, we go to the public
and ask for help...

TV REPORTER
That's the point. The only one
who watches our material before
it goes on air is my boss.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
Then we should talk to your boss,
don't you think so?

She looks around the table after finishing.

INT. CHANNEL 101VV HEAD OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A mercurial red-haired man in his mid forties, the TV-BOSS,
is walking up and down in front of a panorama window with a
fantastic view over the city.

TV BOSS
Out there are millions waiting
for the latest news.

Around the heavy, mahogany conference table we see the TV
news team, Sergeant List and the two FBI Agents - Hackett
and Barlow.

Helen Barlow cannot hide her somewhat mysterious smile. Agent Hackett pushes smoothly against her leg under the table, causing Barlow to adjust to a more serious demeanor.

TV BOSS

But - and this is the reason why Catherine...

(to Catherine)

Thank you!

...did not sign your release - if you don't want just news - if you want something like the truth - then watch 101 double vee.

NORMAN HACKETT

Of course.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Sure.

TV BOSS

And of course we are not in the exclusive possession of the truth...

SERGEANT LIST

But...?

TV BOSS

... with your trustworthy help, gentlemen, and ladies, we might come very close to it.

Sergeant List and the two FBI Agents go into a huddle. The BOSS' ASSISTANT serves coffee, tea and juice.

Sergeant List pushes a folder with the release to the TV Boss. Norman Hackett nods in approval to Agent Barlow.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

(to the TV Boss)

You'll get a few calls.

The TV Boss signs the release.

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

STAN

Defendant! Rise and tell the Court your personal data!

Richard keeps quiet.

PETE

(answers for Richard)
Richard Viret, 34 years. Born in
Lyon, France. Two years visiting
professor in the USA.
"Teaches" foreign shit!

STAN

Enough.

Stan looks to Katie.

STAN

Other accused Katie, you may rise
and make yourself known to the
court.

Katie is quiet.

GLORIA

(answers for Katie)
Katie Montgomery, 25 years...

KATIE

I can't take it anymore, Stan! I
can't... I can't stand more of
this! Please stop it for Christ's
sake! I can't!

STAN

I can't, I can't... When her
fucker comes, she can! On with
the proceedings!

Steve makes some uncontrolled movements.

STEVE

Can't... can't... can't...

GLORIA

...psychologist, born in Albany,
State of New York...

Richard lets himself fall into his chair.

STAN

Who allowed you to sit down! Are
you nuts!
Katie, you may sit down. Now it's
your turn, Viret! We accuse you
of the conscious and intentional
degrading of an upstanding
citizen of the United States of
America!

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Said crime has taken place in the club "Black House". As reported to the High Court, you hit Gerry in the face.

GLORIA

Can't believe it!

STAN

Order! Or I'll have the gallery cleared!
Furthermore, it has come to the attention of the Court that you are pursuing relations with Katie Montgomery, another citizen of the United States... Viret! Have you anything to say for yourself?

Richard keeps quiet.

PETE

(answers for Richard)
I cannot seem to recall the affair with Gerry.

Richard wants to say something but is interrupted by Stan.

STAN

Order in the Court!

PETE

(for Richard)
I merely wished to cultivate in Mister Gerry a sense of discipline.

Stan pulls up Richard by his ears.

STAN

Hear that, ladies and gentlemen? A sausage-lipped bastard wants "to cultivate in Gerry" a sense of discipline!

RICHARD

This is senseless.

PETE

And your relations to Katie?

Stan returns to his chair.

RICHARD

As far as Katie's concerned,
that's my affair. With or without
this "Happening".

STAN

So egg brain here thinks we don't
care, who he gets to fuck his
wang! Perhaps he should realize
we do care when French foreign
bums come to wipe their hands on
our women, that is immoral!

GLORIA

Should cut it off...

PETE

In public!

STAN

The defendant may sit down. Other
defendant please rise! Miss Katie
Montgomery! You are accused of
aiding and abetting the accused
Richard Viret in all actions and
misdeeds, as you are associated
with him. For how long?

Katie keeps quiet.

GLORIA

(for Katie)

Two years.

Steve crawls unseen to Gloria's handbag and pulls out a
large RED FLAG-SIZED CLOTH showing the white "Algiz" rune.
He "dresses himself" with the flag and sits down again on
the floor.

STAN

Aha, only two years. We indict
you for lascivious fraternization
with a foreigner of French race!
For conspiracy and subversion!
High Court!

Stan waves Katie to sit down.

STAN

High Court! For two years now
Katie Montgomery has been
peddling conspiracy and
perversion. The rest we know from
the pre-trial hearing.

RICHARD

What hearing?

STAN

Ah, the bastard is astounded! In the absence of defendants and public we conducted a pre-trial hearing. Behind closed doors! The tribunal will now retire to its chambers to deliberate.

Stan walks to the bookshelf, takes a book and throws it to Pete.

STAN

They even got his French crap around here. Oh, almost forgot, does the counsel for defense have anything to add? Hey, Steve!
(to Katie and Richard)
Even ya defender knows 'bout the right flag.

Steve is not reacting. He is playing with his wooden train.

PETE

Come on. Steve! What's goin on with the defense?

For a moment, Steve smiles at Pete. Then he turns around to Gloria.

STAN

Refreshes best, huh? Best defense attorney in the country!
(to Richard)
No reason for complaint.
(to the CAMERA)
Defendants may rise. You have been found guilty of all charges brought against you.
Sentence as follows, Richard Viret: your accomplice before the eyes of the public will punish you. Exact form of punishment as yet undetermined. Accused co-conspirator Katie Montgomery: You will be utilized as an organ for the execution of justice. You will be rehabilitated and, should the High Court feel up to it...

Stan walks to Katie and starts playing with her hair. Pete also approaches Katie and strokes her from the shoulders down to her hips.

STAN
...forcefully violated...

PETE
Rehabilitated... into a useful
member of society!

STAN
(to Pete)
Clam up!
(to Richard)
Accused Richard Viret! Do you
accept your sentence!?

RICHARD
Yes.

Stan holds his hand to his ear, like he could not understand.

STAN
Excuse me? What's that?

RICHARD
You'll do whatever you want
anyway.

STAN
Correct.

Stan turns to Katie.

STAN
Co-accused Katie Montgomery, do
you accept your sentence?

Katie gets an angry face. Her eyes get small.

KATIE
No!

STAN
Sentence accepted. Be seated!
(to Gloria)
Gimme a drink.

Gloria opens the refrigerator and takes out some coke cans and Katie's Gin. She mixes drinks and hands them to Stan and Pete. Steve is busy with his wooden train.

RICHARD

I think we should conclude the happening.

KATIE

Yes, that would be wise, Stan.

PETE

Are ya both high! You pigs!

STAN

Guys, guys. We're just beginnin. What is this? The stars wanna bug out already?

Steve crawls to the phone answer machine. Until now, nobody recognized the message lamp blinking. Steve pushes the button. The tape starts:

GERRY'S VOICE

(on phone)

It's me, your father. Don't be comin back again with that French guy. No Charlie bastards in our family. Tell 'em. An say hello to Stan 'n Pete. I know they're at your house tonight.

The tape stops. Stan looks to Katie and Richard, getting wild eyes. He takes the phone and puts it on the floor between Katie and Richard. He pushes the button again. The tape starts:

GERRY'S VOICE

(on phone)

It's me, your father. Don't be comin back again with...

STAN

(to Katie)

See, even ya dad doesn' like it too much.

KATIE

You can't take him seriously.

GLORIA

They both smell, if ya ask me.

Stan walks over to Katie.

STAN

Uh...huh! That so? Little bastards got the underarm itch?

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

Mhh... No longer cool, calm 'n
collected? Need long-lasting
protection? Calm down, we'll
collect it for ya. In the shower.

Stan and Pete tie Richard up to the armchair. Richard tries to fight back. Stan presses his colt into Richard's neck. Katie screams. Stan hurries to Katie and tears her blouse, Pete grasps her arms and holds them back. Stan continues to undress her. When she is almost naked, they wrestle her to the bathroom. Gloria pulls Richard, in his armchair, to the bathroom door to make him helplessly watch all that happens to Katie.

INT. BATHROOM OF KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pressing Katie to the wall, they pull her panties off and push her into the shower. Stan turns on the shower and aims the water into her face until she is all but stifled. Pete turns off the shower and starts opening his pants. Katie weakly defends herself. Pete turns her with her face towards the shower wall and holds her hands against the tiles. He rapes her from behind.

PETE

Come on... Yeah, that's great...

STAN

Go...go, go...!

Katie gets a hand free and tries to defend herself. Pete momentarily grasps her hand and puts it back again.

PETE

Hold there... keep still...

STAN

Make her come... Right... go, go,
go... go! She can if she wants.
Ya got her! Pack it in there!
There...yeah, yeah, yeah...
...wow!

Pete is exhausted. Katie glides apathetically down the tiles.

PETE

Gotta kick outta that, bastard
whore.

(to Richard)

She's comin all over the place?
Needs strict breeding, that's
all.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

(to Katie)

You did getta kick outta it,
didn't ya Katie doll? Admit it!
Admit that ya came!

(to Stan)

Whatta ya say, Stan, took her
down okay huh?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stan throws Richard's blazer to Katie. Katie apathetically puts it on. Pete fixes his pants. Gloria and Pete tie Katie to the armchair. Stan walks to Richard, who is completely shocked. Stan shakes him brutally and pushes him back into the living room.

STAN

Dud! Flat tire! Washout! Ya're a washout, Viret, not just as a teacher, but also as a man! Ya failed Katie too, or else she'd never let Pete fuck her. The bastard has to swear off his profession. Wash cars for a livin, huh? Top job, whatta ya say? Get up!

STEVE

Top, top, top, top...top...

INSERT:

"3 MONTHS EARLIER - IN VENTURA AREA"

INT. FBI VENTURA RESIDENT AGENCY, BARLOW'S OFFICE - DAY

Sergeant List sits in front of Barlow's desk.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

You remember the Taco Bell
wrappers from the Silver Lake
case?

List nods affirmatively.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Our lab found microscopic
particles of food in them. The
wrappers were used, not new, and
they contained "Cheesy Gordita
Crunch".

(MORE)

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW (CONT'D)

The Taco Bell next to that kids' playground sold about 420 "Cheesy Gordita Crunches" on the day of the explosion.

SERGEANT LIST

And of course we have 420 license plate numbers and the rest of the biodata of all those 420 Taco Bell customers. Right?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Sure. And there are only 37 Taco Bell stores in the extended Silver Lake area.

SERGEANT LIST

So we've got to wait for those hidden secret stories. Right?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Depends. Perhaps you guys have an idea. Something from our letter bomb investigation...

SERGEANT LIST

The Angels Of Mercy case?

Barlow nods.

She switches on the TV set behind her and shows List the scene of the little boy and the "hankie man" fighting for his wooden locket. Barlow then switches the fast forward image to a freeze frame, causing List to say:

SERGEANT LIST

Wait a minute.

The TV screen shows the wooden locket with the "Algiz" rune.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Nothing about all that in our database. Nothing about the guy's picture. Nothing about the runic sign.

A bit later.

INT. LAPD - SGT. LIST'S & OFFR. PETERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Officer Peterson has prepared all pieces of evidence from the old apartment they checked after the Silver Lake explosion.

Peterson puts some of the wooden lockets with the runes on List's desktop when List and Barlow enter the room. Agent Barlow hurries to the desk and seems very satisfied.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
Amazing, absolutely amazing...

SERGEANT LIST
(to Officer Peterson)
There's a guy on a video with the same locket and that rune.

OFFICER PETERSON
Looks like these runes are more than just a fashion mania.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
That's for sure, gentlemen. And we're gonna find out. That's also for sure.

A bit later.

INT. LAPD - FORENSIC SQUAD LAB - DAY

The Forensic Squad Man is again arranging pieces of evidence. This times the material is from the old apartment where List and Peterson found the flags and the lockets with the runes, etc.

Agent Barlow makes a laser print from the picture of the man with the wooden locket at the Angels-Of-Mercy site.

List takes the photo out of the printer and wants to put it into a folder. Peterson looks interested at the picture.

OFFICER PETERSON
Do you remember that guy? The Korean supermarket, some weeks ago.

But List cannot remember and looks rather perplexed.

OFFICER PETERSON
The shoplifting which wasn't a shoplifting...

SERGEANT LIST

Of course! Because the guy
finally paid his bill.
(to Agent Barlow)
Peterson is my extra database.

OFFICER PETERSON

His name was Burke, Allan Burke.

SERGEANT LIST

There's an Allan Burke on the
list of Charlie's Survivors...

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Amazing, absolutely amazing,
gentlemen.

Some days later.

INT. FBI VENTURA RESIDENT AGENCY, FBI LAB - DAY

The Forensic Squad Man, Sergeant List, and Agent Barlow
enter the FBI Lab.

The Video Specialist is working on a Monitor where we see
some pictures from the Bowling Hall in Burbank.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Looks like a studio, your "Lab".

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Looks like it, alright.

SERGEANT LIST

Mr. Frankenstein's empire comes
later. Here they watch only their
dirty FBI stuff, all day long...

On another monitor, we see pictures of unknown people in
slide show fashion. Pictures of Stan, Gerry Montgomery,
Katie Montgomery, Gloria, Pete and Allan Burke can be
recognized printing face-up into the trays of two high-
speed laser printers.

SERGEANT LIST

All members of "Charlie's
Survivors?"

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Katie was there because her
father was.

On the other end of the long, stretched out room Agent Barlow opens a door by sliding her FBI ID through a card reader.

INT. FBI VENTURA RESIDENT AGENCY, FBI HI-TECH LAB - DAY

The room is half as big as the Forensic Squad Lab. On a small lab table we see Gerry's sports bag in a plastic foil and Frankie's license plate, also in a foil. The three walls of the windowless room are fully packed with lab appliances and other hi-tech machines.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
Hi-tech at its finest.

There are 10 to 12 LAB ASSISTANTS and LAB TECHNICIANS working here. One of them recognizes the Forensic Squad Man, the rest of the group follows, they all greet him effusively.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
Harvard, Yale and Berkeley. All
in that small room?
Unbelievable...

Sergeant List and Agent Barlow look surprised.

LAB ASSISTANT #1
His Forensic workshops are the
best on the Internet.

LAB ASSISTANT #2
Expensive, but the best.

SERGEANT LIST
You see, even the FBI is learning
from LAPD...

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
And saving a lot of money for the
pen pushers in Washington D.C.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN
Don't say it out loud!

They are all standing around the small lab table.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
And what did we find out from
these pieces of evidence?

LAB TECHNICIAN #1

There are microscopic particles
in Mr. Montgomery's sports bag,
and they're the same we found on
Frankie's license plate.

INT. LAPD - CAPTAIN LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN LOGAN

We already have initial results?

SERGEANT LIST

That's correct, sir.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

The man on our picture from the
Angels Of Mercy site is Allan
Burke, a former doorman of a
rundown nightclub called "Black
House," in the LA fashion
district.

SERGEANT LIST

The LAPD has identified the owner
of the nightclub, Gerry
Montgomery, a Vietnam War
Veteran. And there is a veteran's
license plate involved in that
Silver Lake explosion at the
kids' playground.

CAPTAIN LOGAN

Good job, ma'am, gentlemen!

He closes the folder on his desk. List, Peterson, and Mrs.
Barlow leave his office.

INSERT:

"6 WEEKS EARLIER - MOJAVE DESERT"

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

The moon is shining brightly, and the group of men seen in
the opening scenes are dressed in camouflage uniforms,
their faces also painted with camouflage. They are running
in formation, equally distributed around four moving
pickups whose lights are turned off.

INT. INSIDE FIRST PICKUP, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

A glittering blue-eyed, blond doll dangles on the rear-view mirror. Gerry, also masked, is the front seat passenger.

The driver points ahead.

The silhouette of a lonely bungalow in the desert can be made out.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

The cars and the men noiselessly form a spacious semicircle around the site and come to a stop.

EXT. NEAR THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

On the other side of the bungalow, the light is on in three rooms. We see an Asian woman (YOON MIN), a white American (JOHN WESLEY) and their two kids (YOON DONG and YOON CHIN), three and five years old. The man is working on a laptop in his studio. The woman is putting the kids to bed.

INT. INSIDE FIRST PICKUP, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

Gerry switches on his walkie-talkie.

GERRY

A last reminder for all: The guy
is John Wesley, a fashion
photographer...

INT. / EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

There follows a MONTAGE of fast INTERCUTS with intensified suspense.

The action takes place inside the bungalow as well outside, and also inside and outside of the pickups. The men of Gerry's group act alone as well as together.

GERRY

(O.S.)

Living together with Yoon Min, a
Korean-American make-up artist,
and their two boys Yoon Dong and
Yoon Chin, five and three year
old. The Asian slut is his third
wife, but the first with kids, to
increase the vital statistics.

(MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)

We, my dear friends, are going to alter his attitude and, in any case, shall also correct those sick statistics with fire and sword...

The following can be heard in the dark of the desert, emanating from Gerry's walkie-talkie and from the pickups:

MALE VOICE #1

(O.S. / whispering)
With fire and sword!...

MALE VOICE #2

(O.S. / whispering)
With fire and sword!...

MALE VOICE #3

(O.S. / whispering)
Keep America clean. With fire and sword!...

GERRY

(O.S.)
Switch off your receivers. Roger and over.

ALL THAT CAN BE HEARD is the soft desert WIND, the almost silent STEPS of the men and a romantic piece of MUSIC through the open window of John Wesley's studio.

A bit later.

EXT. NEAR THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

The men prowl around the house and remove brushwood and dry flowers from a barely covered small front garden.

John Wesley is in his studio. Snuggled against the wall outside, under the window, we see one of the masked men looking up with a gleaming knife in his hand.

INT. IN THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

The bungalow's residents do not notice that the front door has already been barricaded from outside.

In the lean-to garage, two masked men finish preparing a car bomb using a car's ignition mechanism.

In the kids' room, Yoon Min is seen putting the two boys to bed. She then goes to the kitchen.

Using a big knife, she opens a box of instant lasagna and puts it on a plate into the microwave.

EXT. AT THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

Also unbeknownst to the family, several attackers have stretched nylon nets - like those used with scaffolding - around the entire house, including in front of all windows and the barricaded main door.

Other men are seen setting fires in various places around the house.

A third team silently opens a window and throws burning torches into the dark rooms. We see the fire spread quickly inside.

INT. IN THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

The fire reaches the front of several bungalow windows. Now seeing the flames in front of the kitchen, Yoon Min screams to John for help.

YOON MIN

John!...John!...Oh, my god, the boys!...

She runs out of the kitchen.

JOHN WESLEY

Get the kids out of here! Calm down, darling, I'll bring the car to the front door.

YOON MIN

You call the fire department...

She runs to the kids' room.

JOHN WESLEY

Later, darling, later!

John Wesley rushes to the garage.

He jumps into the car. We see him turning the ignition key. The car and the whole garage EXPLODE in a FIREBALL.

INT. IN THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

She opens a window of the by now smoke filled house and attempts to escape through it with the boys.

But they get entangle in the nylon nets stretched in front of the windows.

Some of the masked men stand up suddenly out of the dark, looking at them in ominous silence.

Yoon Min pulls the screaming boys back into the bungalow. She runs to the kitchen, where she grabs the big knife, and then rushes back to her kids.

She is able to open another window. Climbing out, she this time cuts the stretched nylon net outside.

EXT. AT THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

She pulls the boys through the window and the gap in the net, and they run off into the dark, away from the burning house.

The MONTAGE ends here in SLOW MOTION.

Yoon Min and her two boys have successfully escaped.

There is an ECHOING SOUND of fading out VOICES, SCREAMING and SHOTS.

EXT. AT THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - DAWN

Next morning.

A ruin is all that is left of the bungalow. The former garden and its plants are completely burnt.

A bit later.

A POSTAL CLERK jumps out of his parked car at the lonely scene of the fire.

POSTAL CLERK
Hello. Anyone there?

He jumps back into his car and drives away.

Some hours later.

EXT. AT THE BUNGALOW, IN MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

Several FIREFIGHTERS extinguish the remaining fire.

A firefighter and the Forensic Squad Man load a black corpse bag into his minivan.

FIREFIGHTER

That's all that's left of the
guy.

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

First the car bomb. Went off when
he turned the key. Then the fire
accelerant, did the rest.

We see the "usual activities:" Police officers and FBI
agents searching for evidences in the heat of the day.

Agent Barlow has a flat front tire on her minivan. Officer
Peterson and Sergeant List can be seen putting their notes
in a backpack, inside her minivan.

A sharp screw sticking out from a broken roof spotlight
rack turns out to be the cause of Agent Barlow's flat tire.
It occurred while parking. She removes the screw and one of
the cops throws it away. But Agent Barlow retrieves it and
gives it to the Forensic Squad Man.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Sometimes this job drives me
crazy.

SERGEANT LIST

You aren't thinking what I'm
thinking...

OFFICER PETERSON

She is thinking what we're both
thinking. The black pickup, it
had one smashed spotlight.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

And this roof rack has one
smashed spotlight. I don't care
if we find the other one
somewhere out here.

OFFICER PETERSON

No trace of the guy, his Asian
wife, or the two kids?

Helen Barlow shakes her head.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

We checked her credit card. I'm
sure she's going to use it very
soon.

SERGEANT LIST

This time the victims are a white American and his Asian wife and kids. No Hispanics.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

What matters most, they were "impure" Americans...

The firefighter and the Forensic Squad Man bring some full plastic bags and load them into the Forensic minivan.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

More body parts?

FORENSIC SQUAD MAN

Of course not, ma'am! Just the usual pieces of evidence...

INSERT:

"2 WEEKS EARLIER - ON FREEWAY 405, LA"

EXT. CAR DRIVING ON SAN DIEGO FWY 405, LA - DAY

We see an old Chevrolet pickup driven by an aged NATIVE AMERICAN.

Yoon Min and her two boys are hiding under a canvas in the cargo area.

EXT. GAS STATION ON SAN DIEGO FWY 405, LA - DAY

The old pickup is parked at a busy gas station - behind the shop area near the restrooms, which are several steps away from the car.

Nobody pays attention to the aged Native American. He passes alongside the bed of his pickup and we see him taking Yoon Min's credit-card.

INT. GAS STATION SHOP ON SAN DIEGO FWY 405, LA - DAY

One of the SHOP ASSISTANTS keeps a distrustful eye on the Native American, who has picked up some sanitary products, bottled drinking water, milk powder and bread.

At the cashier, he signs the card slip with Yoon Min's name.

The cashier seems confused, but says nothing.

NATIVE AMERICAN

Old Native American name. Means
"The beloved tired white bird
returns home"...

The shop assistant smiles and puts the purchased items into a big plastic bag.

As soon as the Native American leaves the shop, the shop assistant makes a phone call.

A bit later.

INT. / EXT. NEWS HELICOPTER OVER THE SAN DIEGO FWY 405, LA - DAY

TV-REPORTER

(O.S.)

This is "Channel 101VV" (double vee) - the town's hottest on-air news with Catherine Crane reporting. It's a small happy end to a big tragedy which happened some weeks ago in Mojave Desert when a Korean-American mom and her two kids survived an attempted massacre of her family by a group of orderly, but racist, Americans...

In some INTERCUTS we see a car chase, first on, and then off the freeway, and first unnoticed by the Chevrolet's Native American driver. There are some police cars, FBI cars and a LAPD helicopter involved, showing different P.O.V., and we see both aerial and street views.

In another INTERCUT we see the TV reporter and her cameraman (Brian) sitting at the monitor of the news helicopter's onboard camera.

TV REPORTER

LAPD officers and FBI special agents uncovered her whereabouts, and they are removing her from harm's way...

A bit later.

TV REPORTER

(O.S.)

The driver of the old Chevrolet pickup seems to have noticed something, but obviously he doesn't know if the cars following him belong to the bad guys or good guys...

The old Chevrolet pickup leaves the freeway at the next exit to Mountaingate Country Club.

EXT. CAR-DRIVING ON MOUNTAINGATE DR., LA - DAY

TV REPORTER

(O.S.)

He's speeding up now! Oh my god! He almost collided. No. No, he didn't. It seems the police and FBI have decided to complete their mission...

The cars on Mountaingate Dr. become fewer and fewer.

Near Mountaingate Country Club, corner Ridge Rd. the LAPD HELICOPTER is landing on Mountaingate Drive's empty opposite lane.

Some police cars and FBI cars stop behind and in front of the old Chevrolet pickup.

Agent Barlow stops her minivan next to the Chevrolet. She and Sergeant List jump out, List pulls the canvas off the scared Asian woman and her kids.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

FBI! Relax, madam. FBI! It's over. You're safe. You and your kids.

Yoon Min presses the boys to her body. Tears are running down her face.

NATIVE AMERICAN

It was the credit card, right?

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stan is kicking a pile of books into the middle of the room.

STAN
French crap. Katie's psycho
reports on weirdoes.
(to Richard)
Sit down on the books!

Pete pushes Richard so that he falls on the books.

STAN
Thatta boy. Never been so well
bred as he is today, all because
we got a gun an he doesn't. What
a chicken. Egg-layin
intellectual. Awright. Agree to
swear off the French foppishness
forever?

RICHARD
What foppishness?

STAN
Shitface! What foppishness! Ya
fuckin books!

RICHARD
As far as I'm concerned...

STAN
Word is yes! Repeat after me. I,
Richard Viret, the Cretin...

Katie starts to cry.

STAN
Shut up!
(softly)
I, Viret, the French Cretin,
swear off my subversive
literature!

RICHARD
Swear off...

Stan hits Richard's face.

STAN
All of it! The whole text. All
right!

RICHARD
I, Richard Viret, the Cretin,
swear...off my subversive...
literature...

STAN

I swear to repent, to forget
everything that has to do with
it.

RICHARD

Swear to forget everything.

Stan pulls brutally at Richard's hair.

STAN

All of it I said! All of it!

RICHARD

Okay, okay. I swear to forget
everything...

PETE

...to repent...!

RICHARD

I swear to repent, to forget
everything...

STAN

Right at last, Dickie boy, good
Charlie.

Stan kicks the books and they fall onto Richard on the
floor. Stan steps repeatedly onto Richard's stomach. The
latter rolls on the floor, and has almost lost his
consciousness.

STAN

He's rehabilitated by now.

A bit later.

Katie, sitting on the floor in handcuffs, tries to
unobtrusively reach the phone beside her. She push-dials
the police emergency number. A VOICE can be heard over the
phone:

PHONE VOICE

(O.S.)

Emergency, police... Hello...
Hello...? Who is it? Please
answer!

Pete and Gloria are terrified, Stan runs smiling to the
phone and picks it up.

STAN

(on phone)

Good evening, ma'am! I just wanna file somethin... Ya, ya don't be so curious. Ya, I'm waitin. But not too long. Hello? Okay, calm down... Okay? Lookin for a Richard Viret? We got'em. This moment, we found'em guilty in our trial. For conspiracy an subversion...

INT. LAPD - SGT. LIST'S & OFFR. PETERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SERGEANT LIST

(on phone)

What? Okay, once again. Just calm down. Who and where are you?

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

STAN

(on phone)

That's none of ya fuckin biz. We're the law here. Listen carefully...

Stan takes the phone and walks to Katie. In the meantime a TRAIN SOUND can be heard. Stan turns Katie's arm so that she is screaming in pain. The train passes.

STAN

(on phone)

Got it, policeman? Yes? We're cleanin up here a little. No room for Charlie bastards, Niggers an other garbage here! Okay! Understand?

Stan hangs up the phone and laughs.

INT. LAPD - SGT. LIST'S & OFFR. PETERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

In the same moment that Sergeant List hangs up the phone, Officer Peterson and Agent Barlow enter the room.

SERGEANT LIST

That was Stan Sinclair on the phone. Playin "Third Reich" at the moment. With Richard Viret. And they have some girl, too.

(MORE)

SERGEANT LIST (CONT'D)

The facts fit together.
They "sentenced" Viret for
"conspiracy". Viret is in great
danger. Couldn't trace the
number. Hung up 12 seconds too
early. We only know that it came
from the Simi Valley area.

PETERSON

And where should we look for him?

SERGEANT LIST

Wait a minute! There was a train
in the background! Must be
somewhere close to Simi Valley
Amtrak.

PETERSON

The emergency call was connected
to our department here in Van
Nuys Community Police Station...

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

So it must be Simi Valley. Get a
few police SWAT teams.

SERGEANT LIST

Okay, boss! No FBI?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Let's take my car. That's enough
FBI for the moment.

SERGEANT LIST

(to Officer Peterson)
You hold the fort here.
(to Agent Barlow)
Let's go!

Both walk to the door. They switch off the light and leave
the office. Officer Peterson switches on the light on his
desk.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Oh, sorry...!

SERGEANT LIST

You aren't afraid of the dark,
are you?

Officer Peterson puts the telephone in front of him, pours
coffee in a cup and reaches for the can of Danish Cookies.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Police cars can be seen hurrying through the streets and highways of LA.

EXT. SIMI VALLEY STREETS - NIGHT

Several police cars rush through the streets next to the railroad tracks, between Hidden Ranch Drive, Katherine Street, and Santa Susana Knolls.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

Two other police cars and the FBI minivan carrying Agent Barlow and Sergeant List hurry through the streets of downtown LA.

A bit later in the LA fashion district.

The FBI minivan and the police cars stop in front of the "Black House". Sergeant List, Agent Barlow and a few cops jump out and hurry into the club.

INT. INSIDE THE "BLACK HOUSE" - NIGHT

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
Hit the floor everybody! FBI!

SERGEANT LIST
No one moves! Understand! Police!

Sergeant List stands behind Agent Barlow. He waves to the cops to storm the back room behind the bar.

SERGEANT LIST
Go on, hurry!

INT. BACKROOM OF THE "BLACK HOUSE" - NIGHT

Gerry is sitting in his armchair in front of a wall lined with shelf units full of both old-fashioned and modern dressed dolls, with blond to brunette hair and sparkling blue eyes. He is staring at a PHOTOGRAPH showing him together with members of the Ku Klux Klan. He is the only one with his mask down. The cops storm the room and grab Gerry, pushing him to the floor. They tie him in chains. Sergeant List and Agent Barlow stand beside him. Sergeant List looks at the photograph.

SERGEANT LIST

(to Gerry)

Shows you in highest society.
Gerry Montgomery, you are charged
with instigating murder. You have
the right to remain silent and to
call an attorney.

(to the cops)

Take him out of here.

Agent Barlow and Sergeant List leave along with the cops
who are leading away Gerry.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA, IN FRONT OF THE "BLACK HOUSE" - NIGHT

Several cops push Gerry into a police car.

The FBI minivan and the police cars drive off.

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

STAN

Go on! Otherwise I'd just have to
shoot his little pecker off!
That'd get ya real upset now,
wouldn't it?

Katie slowly opens Richard's pants and pulls out his penis.

PETE

We can't take showers forever,
hun.

Katie finally masturbates Richard.

PETE

Nothin's happening. All deaf down
there.

STAN

Not a prayer to help 'em.

Gloria is approaching Katie with provocative movements.

GLORIA

Poor Katie, ya'll never get that
thing up.

STAN

Barbarians! Frigid dame
intellectuals, pretending to be
"cultuhhed!" They're all
barbarians! Can't get enough, go
jerkin off every cock in
sight...zzz...

PETE

Ersatz, Libido! Blowjob!

Stan ties Katie back into the chair. His face comes close
to Katie's. Pete takes a car from Steve's wooden train.

STAN

Where would it lead?
Order in us! Order around us!

STEVE

(to Pete)
Give it back. Don't take it...

Gloria approaches Richard from the back and hits him in the
chest.

GLORIA

You pervert! Never look at me
that way!

STEVE

Pervert...

PETE

There! Even ya lawyer's seen
through ya!

Pete takes Katie's legs and tears her to the floor.

PETE

Over here, Steve. Show the folks
what ya're holding. Show'em! Come
on!

Pete grasps Steve and brings him to Katie.

PETE

So drive ya car over her!

Steve rolls one of the wooden train cars over Katie. Pete
steps on Steve's hand holding the car. In pain, Steve opens
his mouth without giving a sound.

GLORIA

Leave Steve alone! Right now!
Ya're just shit for me, ya both!
Ya just hurt people! Fuckers!
Seems ya're proud fuckin around
with these people! Suckers! Think
ya're the kings now!

STAN

I am!

GLORIA

You are not! Believe me! You're
forceful nobodies! Shit! Simply
shit! Got it! I'm so sorry I
came.

Pete takes the train car from Steve.

PETE

(to Steve)
Useless Cretin!

Gloria goes to Pete and slaps him in the face. Pete smiles
at Gloria.

PETE

Great! But don't try that again!
Wouldn't be so healthy for ya!

Pete lies down beside Katie and starts driving the wooden
train car over Katie's entire body.

STAN

The show folks! Show of the
century! It's a down show!

GLORIA

No show at all anymore! I gotta
see enough!

Stan goes to Steve and starts pulling out his hair. He
burns it with his lighter.

STAN

That's what we gonna do with all
of ya, stinky idiot! Afterwards!
When we finish with the bastard!

Gloria starts crying, runs to Stan and tries to pull his
colt from his back pocket. But Stan is quicker, and he
grabs her neck and throws her to the floor.

STAN
Don't try that again!

Another TRAIN SOUND can be heard, as can its SIGNAL.

PETE
There's a railroad track out
there. Might look more realistic.

As the train passes by, Stan walks to the window and looks out at the dawn.

INT. LAPD - SGT. LIST'S & OFFR. PETERSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Peterson is standing. Sergeant List is sitting behind his desk, Gerry is in front of it.

Agent Barlow watches the scene from behind Peterson's desk. Occasionally, she checks data on her laptop and answers her cell phone.

GERRY
I don't know nothin!

PETERSON
Mister Montgomery! We got
information that Richard Viret
used your daughter's car last
week. The DMV traced it through a
parking violation.

GERRY
No idea at all.

SERGEANT LIST
He is Katie Montgomery's
boyfriend, right?

GERRY
I've got no idea. She's old
enough, don't you think?

PETERSON
...and she's with him at the
moment. Where are they?

GERRY
I'm sayin nothing without a
lawyer.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
Sorry to interrupt you,
gentlemen. It seems we've got it.

(MORE)

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW (CONT'D)

(to Gerry)

You'll get your lawyer. You'll need him, sir.

GERRY

FBI?

Agent Barlow nods affirmatively.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Mr. Montgomery. Your former doorman, Allan Burke, exploded a bomb on a childrens' playground and planted a letter bomb at Dr. Romero's office in the House Of Mercy.

GERRY

Allan? What?

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW

Come on, Gerry. He's on your members list of Charlie's Survivors.

GERRY

Oh, Allan Burke...

SERGEANT LIST

Exactly. His Ford pickup was seen by witnesses at the Silver Lake site.

GERRY

Mexican witnesses!...

PETERSON

Not to forget the rest of the evidences.

GERRY

Tell it to my lawyer!

SERGEANT LIST

We can tell him that Allan lost his broken spotlights in the Mojave Desert.

PETERSON

We can also tell him that you brought Frankie's license plate back to the Burbank bowling hall...

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
Why the fire in the desert?

GERRY
Ask my lawyer.

SERGEANT LIST
Got a call from Stan Sinclair.
Your daughter was screaming in
the background. In pain!

GERRY
I told'em just...

SERGEANT LIST
What? What did you tell whom!

After a verbal break:

GERRY
Okay. It's over...it's over for
now... I told Stan...just the
bastard... Viret. Stan an his
brother are trying to bring him
and Katie apart. There's no need
for those people in a clean
family of orderly American
citizens...

SERGEANT LIST
Where? Where are they now! You
better hurry up!

GERRY
This place is more an more a
fuckin trash can. We've got
nothin against ya bastards, just
Niggers, Gypsies an Charlies. The
government's watchin - an doin'
nothing.
So, we're forced to do somethin
about all that goddamn garbage.
With a big bang. One day you will
understand...

SERGEANT LIST
Where are they? Hurry up before
it's too late!

After a verbal break:

GERRY
27 High Tree Drive, corner San
Remo, studio 1.

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Stan stares out of the window.

STAN
Simi Valley Express is next.

PETE
Or Chatsworth Choo-Choo train?

Silence in the room.

STAN
Must hurry up, to catch it.

Stan hurries to Richard. Pete gets busy, too. They untie Richard from the armchair. Richard tries to defend himself but Stan hits him K.O. Stan and Pete carry him to the door.

GLORIA
What're ya doin? We didn't agree to this! Pete, at least you aren't such an ass! Pete!

Stan and Pete are leaving the house with Richard.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (1) - DAWN

An empty toolbox left behind by workers has been fixed with a long chain to a concrete cross tie. Seeing the chain, Stan and Pete shackle Richard to it with handcuffs and then position his head directly onto one of the track's rails. The two are breathing heavily as they get up and look down at Richard.

INT. FBI MINIVAN - DAWN

Agent Barlow and Sergeant List hurry through the streets of Van Nuys District to Simi Valley District, on the way to Katie's house at 27 High Tree Drive, corner San Remo.

SERGEANT LIST
(on car phone)
We are at Katherine Rd. - corner Rockingham Drive. High Tree Drive is a right turn down the road. Should take us a few more minutes.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (1) - DAWN

STAN
The French bastard's done.

Both are leaving.

Stan suddenly comes to a halt.

PETE
Move on! What're you waitin for?

Stan goes back to the railroad tracks.

STAN
I wanna see when the Amtrak
slices the bastard up.

He makes a gesture of cutting something in slices and continues whispering:

STAN
Slices up, slices up...

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Gloria unties Katie and hurries to the window.

GLORIA
God, they're killin him!

Katie drags herself to the window.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (2) - DAWN

The CAMERA follows an AMTRAK train.

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Gloria runs out of the house toward the tracks. Richard awakes from unconsciousness and hears the SOUND of the TRAIN. He raises his head and tries to free himself, but can't.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (3) - DAWN

CLOSE UP of moving train wheels.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (1) - DAWN

Gloria reaches the track and starts trying to free Richard, but there is no key for the handcuffs. She looks back and sees Katie standing and screaming at the door of her house. Gloria tries again.

Stan rushes up and tries to drag Gloria away. She manages to remove his colt from his back pocket and throws it in the direction of Pete, who quickly picks it up. Stan tries again to drag Gloria away. When he fails, he strikes her down brutally, so that she falls down next to Richard. The latter has managed to free one hand and tries to grab her with it, but he grabs Stan's arm instead. Stan pulls another pair of handcuffs out of his pocket and tries to cuff Richard's free hand to Gloria's. Richard, however, is able to suddenly move his arm and he cuffs Stan's hand to the other end of the chain. Stan is now also shackled to the track.

STAN

Hey! What the hell are you doin?
Oh, my god, you're sick!

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (3) - DAWN

CLOSE UP of fast moving train wheels.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (1) - DAWN

The TRAIN sounds a SIGNAL. Stan triumphantly holds up the key for the handcuffs, but Richard is able to snatch it away. Stan then strikes Richard's arm, causing the key to go flying off into the dark. Stan starts screaming in panic.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (3) - DAWN

CLOSE UP of moving train wheels and a loud SOUND of BRAKING.

RICHARD

God bless America and all the
sick bastards like you!

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (1) - DAWN

CLOSE UP of Richard's and Stan's frightened faces.

Pete rushes up and pulls the unconscious Gloria away from the tracks, leaving Richard and Stan behind to face the oncoming train.

In a supreme, last-gasp effort, Richard manages to roll off the track and onto his side, pulling his end of the chain directly over the rails. Stan, on the other end of the chain, is now stuck in the path of the train.

The passing train tosses Stan's body through the air.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS (3) - DAWN

CLOSE UP of one of the moving train wheels cutting through the chain that Richard managed to pull over the rails. He's lying on his side, just out of the train's reach.

Now free, Richard rolls away from the track and into the grass.

EXT. GRASS - DAWN

In a CLOSE UP, Richard can be seen lying in the grass, breathing heavily.

EXT. GRASS - DAWN

In a CLOSE UP, Stan's bloody face can be seen in the grass, his terrified eyes wide open. He is dead.

EXT. BESIDE KATIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Pete is waiting in Stan's car when Gloria regains consciousness. They realize that Stan is dead.

PETE

Don't piss ya pants, let's get out of here.

GLORIA

Steve! Oh my god. Where is Steve?
Bring me to Steve...

Pete STARTS the car and prepares to drive off.

EXT. FBI MINIVAN, SIMI VALLEY STREETS - DAWN

Agent Barlow and Sergeant List are parked in front of 27 High Tree Drive. Barlow is driving.

A car leaves the driveway at high speed. Barlow hits the accelerator and follows the car. She is convinced that it is Stan Sinclair.

SERGEANT LIST

(on car-phone)

Find out the license number of a Stanley Sinclair... Yes, I'm waitin... Yes? That's it! We got 'em! We are in pursuit! Send all available teams! Proceeding along San Remo Drive North. Then Latimer to Katherine Road.

EXT. SIMI VALLEY STREETS - DAWN

The FBI minivan chases Pete and Gloria (in Stan's car).

INT. STAN'S CAR - DAWN

Pete is driving.

GLORIA

Go on, Pete! They're behind us.

Steam is coming out of their engine.

PETE

Shit! Don't need that! Not now!

GLORIA

Stop the car! We're blowin up in a minute!

PETE

Clam up!

More and more steam comes from the engine. Pete can't see anymore.

EXT. SIMI VALLEY STREETS - DAWN

Stan's car is losing speed. Pete turns it into an alley and stops. The car with Barlow and Sergeant List is in pursuit behind them. Pete and Gloria jump out of the car and start running. Barlow and Sergeant List chase them in the car, then Agent Barlow jumps out, pulls her gun and takes cover behind the open car door.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
FBI! Stop! Freeze! Hands up and
hit the ground! Stop or I'll
shoot!

Agent Barlow leaves her cover. Pete pulls Stan's colt, turns around and SHOOTs at Barlow. Gloria disappears through the alley to Katie's house, which can be seen nearby.

Barlow SHOOTs back. Pete is hit and falls down. Barlow and Sergeant List walk over to Pete. Barlow feels Pete's pulse.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
Shit! He's gone.

Barlow searches Pete's pockets, finding an ID. She hands it over to Sergeant List.

SERGEANT LIST
Sinclair. Peter Sinclair. Stanley
Sinclair's brother.

Barlow points in the direction of Katie's house, where Gloria excitedly tries to find Steve.

SPECIAL AGENT BARLOW
27 High Tree Drive. Over there.

Another police car stops behind them.

Several ambulances arrive.

Two paramedics check on Pete. They cover his body with a blanket.

Several other paramedics rush to the railroad tracks in the background to attend to Richard.

FADE TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF KATIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Katie is sitting on the ground leaning her back against the wall. The SOUND of the WIND can be heard. Her face is dirty and smeared with tears.

CLOSE UP of Katie stroking through her hair.

A bit later.

Forgotten by the others, Steve struggles into the picture. He sits down next to Katie.

CLOSE UP of Katie and Steve who is leaning his head on Katie's shoulder, as if he would expect a little love. Maybe he wants to give it.

Gloria appears as in a trance. She dresses Steve's hair and takes him away.

The picture freezes. Roll MUSIC and CREDITS.

// T H E E N D //

Literar-Mechana (Vienna) reg.
WGAW reg.