Checkpoint Charlie (OWC October 2015)  

FADE IN:

INT. TSA BREAKROOM - DAY

Airport TSA officials circle a table. JACK BLICKER (25) sits facing a pyramid-stack of donuts. A candle juts from its apex.

As GRACE (50s) FLICKS her lighter, the lights dim.

JACK
You're not singing 'Happy Birthday' are you?

GRACE
You passed your X-ray operator's certification in twelve months, an office record.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Now you can ogle the silicone implants and trimmed--

GRACE
--and trimmed staff if you disrespect TSA policy.

After Jack blows out the candle, desultory APPLAUSE.

INT. TSA AIRPORT SCREENING AREA - DAY

Jack sits before a monitor, leers at X-ray images of exposed travellers flashing by. Right hand in his lap, he lingers longer than necessary at exposed females.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
My turn.

Voyeur Jack brushes him off.

JACK
My shift ends in ninety seconds.

INT. TSA AIRPORT SCREENING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

VOICE (O.S.)
Time's up, Jack.

Jack stands, looks up, spies a pair of professionals: SUMMER (21) and RAVEN (23) in push-me-down-and-pump-me pumps.

JACK
(to downstream officer)
Pat-down. Those two.

Jack rushes to the Wanding Area, stands abnormally close.
JACK (CONT'D)
What brings you to Vegas, ladies?

SUMMER
We're leaving. Must you pervs search us every time?

The meticulous, slow-moving WANDING AGENT makes certain he inspects all body crevices.

JACK
Where you lovely ladies headed?

RAVEN
Bible study.

WANDING AGENT
No beeps. They're clean.

JACK
Clean? Well, then, thank you, girls. Enjoy your flight.

The two women blurt obscenities under their breath as they strut toward Terminal C with Jack following from a distance.

The pair find seats in a boarding area, the display shows RENO, NEVADA 1:12 PM. Jack reverses, heads to the TSA locker room smirking.

INT. TSA LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Jack disrobes, his sprouting red hair contrasts his blanched skin. He appears underfed and under-loved in his black socks and adolescent white briefs. He changes into street clothes, dons sunglasses.

He removes a box cutter from his locker, stuffs it into his pocket, shuts the locker with a slam.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

JACK
(into phone)
Yeah, I'll be there in a few.

(beat)
Yep, your whiskey and both girls will be prepped and waiting

(beat)
Just like we planned. See you in an hour, lieutenant.

Hangs up phone, adjusts his crotch.

EXT. CHARLIE'S ANGELS BROTHEL - NIGHT

Jack flashes his TSA badge at the perimeter gate camera. He's buzzed in, walks to the flashy entrance.
The timeworn MADAM--a hippo encased in silver lamay--opens the front door. Her teeth and eyelashes glitter.

MADAM
Welcome to Charlie's. Kinda dark for sunglasses, no?

JACK
Lieutenant Ruze will be here in thirty minutes. I need beer.

INT. CHARLIE'S ANGELS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jack seats himself at the bar, several painted angels crowd him.

JACK
Where's Summer and Raven?

The raven-haired babe from the airport--sporting new hair and makeup, a movie star wannabee--wedges herself next to Jack. Her bumpers bump as she schmoozes.

RAVEN
Right here.
(re: his bulge)
I can help with that.

JACK
Where's Summer? She comes, or no deal.

Raven reluctantly moves off.

WORKING GIRL 1
I must be chopped liver.

Jack reaches under her negligee, gropes her midsection.

JACK
Nope, you're liver ain't chopped, but I'm not looking for livers. I'm after hearts and minds.

Jack continues to cop a feel.

WORKING GIRL 1
That's not my liver.

Raven returns, bullies her way back between Jack and the interlopers.

RAVEN
Summer's coming. Buy me a cocktail.

WORKING GIRL 1
(to Raven)
You know the rules.
JACK
Look, girls, I drove up here for
two reasons: Raven and Summer.
(to Working Girl 1)
Next time.

As they disperse, he slaps Working Girl 1's backside.

JACK (CONT'D)
Nice flank meat.
(to Raven)
You changed your face, your hair?

RAVEN
You noticed. Emma Stone look-alike,
right?
(to bartender)
A magnum of Moet & Chandon.

JACK
Nope. Make that two Bud lites. I
know how this game's played. You
get a fifty-percent cut if I buy
this guy's over-priced liquor.

Raven ignores Jack's rebuff, initiates her seduction: she
traces her middle finger around his ear, to the front of his
shirt, unbuttons a few.

RAVEN
So, what name we using tonight?

JACK
How 'bout "a friend of Lieutenant
Ruze"? Or just Jack.

RAVEN
You're skinny for a cop. Take off
those sunglasses...I'm sure you
have beautiful and sexy eyes.

JACK
Drink your beer, sweetie, then go
tell blondie to hustle her ass out
here.

INT. BROTHEL CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT
Raven enters as Summer applies eyeliner.

RAVEN
A real charmer waiting for a
twosome. Jack--one of Ruze's
drinking buddies--looks like a baby
orangutan.

Summer fusses at the mirror, meticulously applies her makeup.
SUMMER
Let's lock the bozo in a loose meat
sandwich, bounce on him, crack a
few ribs. I'll flip you for who
get's top cowgirl.

INT. BROTHEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Arm-in-arm, body parts bouncing, Summer and Raven flounce
toward Jack: a pair of angel caricatures in stilettos.

SUMMER
Here we are. Ready to party?

Jack hands each girl a beer, looks at his watch.

JACK
Let's go.

INT. BROTHEL ROOM 17 - NIGHT

The walls and ceiling are tufted crimson velvet; plush orange
and chartreuse pillows punctuate the room.

Summer and Raven dart to the bed, sit on its edge, embrace
erotically and kiss.

SUMMER
Want some?

Raven pats the bed.

RAVEN
There's a spot for you, right here,
between us.

JACK
I first need to see what I'm
buying. Gotta make sure your rugs
match your curtains.

Summer stands, flashes her blonde landing strip.

SUMMER
See, I match. Now, we can party for
two or three hours...what'll it be,
Jacky Baby?

JACK
How much for thirty minutes?

RAVEN
(impatiently)
Look, you asked for us, we didn't
ask for you. Two hour minimum, sir.

JACK
Whatever. I'll buy three hours if
you can answer a question.
RAVEN
Are we answering in the form of a question, Alex?

Summer's confused as the joke flies over her head.

JACK
To four decimal places, what's the value of pi?

RAVEN
I'll take 'Irrelevant Questions' for two-thousand dollars, Alex.

SUMMER
(brightly)
Oh, Jeopardy! What is forty-two?

RAVEN
Three point one four one six.

Jack pulls a credit card, flings it at Summer like a Frisbee.

JACK
Party time, bitches.

Summer exits.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Summer cruises to the cashier's window, slides the credit card to BONNY (50s) through a tray in the thick glass. As she works, Bonny scans the array of security monitors and eyes ROOM 17, where Jack and Raven tussle.

BONNY
Looks like the party's started. Is that scarecrow really a friend of Booze-booze Ruze?

Bonny swipes the card, punches numbers into the keypad.

SUMMER
Another jerk with a badge. He asked if we knew about pie.

BONNY
Pie? He wants cherry pie? A virgin?

SUMMER
No, like an math-number thing.

Bonny returns the card and receipt.

BONNY
Well, his card number's good-- approved for two grand.

Reluctant Summer trudges back to the room.
BONNY (CONT’D)  
(after her)  
Break a leg.

INT. BROTHEL CASHIER’S ROOM - NIGHT

The Room 17 security monitor behind Bonny shows Raven’s wrists and ankles handcuffed. As Summer opens the door, Jack bear-hugs her from behind, body-slams her to the bed, whips out more handcuffs and secures both victims, who are spread-eagle and struggling furiously.

Bonny turns.

BONNY  
What the...

Bonny dials 9-1-1.

BONNY (CONT’D)  
(into phone)  
This is Charlie’s Angles. A guest is attacking two girls...shit, he sliced her open...she's gushing blood...send an ambulance, now...he's beating the other girl...yes, two girls...yes, they're employees, dipshit. Get the hell over here!

She bolts out of her cage, heads toward Room 17.

BEGIN FLASHBACK (MINUTES BEFORE)

INT. BROTHEL ROOM 17 - NIGHT

We again see Summer exit Room 17 with Jack's credit card, closes door behind her.

Jack immediately assaults and handcuffs Raven. While Raven struggles, Jack plucks a box cutter from his back pocket, straddles her hips, cuts off her bra with a brutal upstroke.

While he fondles her breast, Jack casually slices her torso from sternum to pelvis. Blood seeps, gathers in rivulets.

Raven SCREAMS again as Jack retraces the blade over his first incision, slowly penetrating her flesh a millimeter deeper. More blood drips to the sheets.

JACK  
(lovingly)  
This ain't prom night, Sweetie.  
Girls like you always said 'no.'

Raven SCREAMS with each stroke as Jack continues dissecting. He traces the same incision over and over, through skin, through subcutaneous tissue, through muscle, through the abdominal wall.
He inserts his hands and rips her open the gash like a zipper.

As Summer reenters, Jack springs from the bed, and body-slams her into the blood puddle next to Raven. Blood flies and spackles the sheet, pillows, headboard, walls, everyone.

END FLASHBACK

Raven and Summer SCREAM as he secures Summer in handcuffs. Fists BEATING the door echo the girls' HEARTBEATS.

Jack wedges his body between Summer and the blood-smeared headboard, his thighs straddle her temples, knees pin her shoulders. His crotch dry-humps the crown of her head.

He leans forward, sniffs her navel.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mmmm, Shalimar. Just enjoy this my precious home coming queen. If you struggle, I can't do my job, and if I can't do my job, you die, right here, right now.

SUMMER
I'll fuck you, give you a blowjob...whatever you want!

Jack removes his sunglasses.

JACK
Shhh. Too late, sweetheart. You called me a ginger asshole in the Vegas airport, didn't you?

Summer now recognizes him.

Partially-conscious Raven witnesses the horror. She fades.

The door heaves with the THUMP-THUMPING outside.

Jack humps Summer's face while tonguing her from chest to pelvis. As his eyes close in climax, he plunges the box cutter across her left jugular vein.

LIEUTENANT RUZE (59) shatters the door jam, explodes into the room, gun drawn, a tall EMT TECHNICIAN (23) after.

Jack bolts upright. Ruze shoots, hits Jack's collar bone.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Several looky-loos react in horror.
INT. BROTHEL ROOM 17

RUZE
(to EMT Technician)
Get the stretcher ready, and close that goddamn door.

The EMT resets the broken door, slides a loveseat across.

While the EMT examines Raven, Ruze removes their handcuffs.

JACK
You said a simple flesh wound,
Ruze! You busted-up my shoulder.

RUZE
Let me look at that.

Ruze crosses to examine him, unexpectedly cuffs Jack.

RUZE (CONT’D)
(to EMT Technician)
They alive?

EMT TECHNICIAN
(bass voice)
This torso cut is way too deep.
(to Jack)
Didn't we rehearse this? I gave very specific instructions and it wasn't this.

The EMT stacks Raven atop Summer, easily lifts them together onto the wheeled stretcher.

RUZE
(to Jack)
Let's go. You're doing the perp-walk outta here.

Ruze pulls aside the door, tugging a distressed Jack behind.

RUZE (CONT’D)
(to rubber-neckers in hallway)
You people move, make a path.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The EMT drives, works the radio. The blood-soaked women, Ruze and Jack crowd the rear cabin.

EMT TECHNICIAN
Jack, the hospital's asking your blood type?

JACK
(annoyed)
A. B. Negative.
Ruze and the EMT exchange a look and a smile. Ruze pokes chewing gum into his mouth. It SNAPS as he chews.

EXT. DRIVEWAY GATE - NIGHT

The ambulance halts inches from a Gothic wrought iron gate, which swings open.

Assistants in black hoods yank open the ambulance door, roll out the moaning and squirming girls--strapped and piled like bleeding pancakes--through the gateway.

JACK
Okay, I did my job. Pay up, suckers.

With a downward thrust from behind the EMT plunges a hypodermic needle into Jack's spine, who tumbles backwards onto it. The needle snaps off, the syringe rolls away.

Ruze and the EMT hover over Jack.

The EMT deliberately wipes off thick makeup and peels facial prosthetics.

RUZE
Sorry, Jack. Since you and I have the same blood type, I'm gonna borrow your liver. Mine's totaled.

The EMT continues to pull away latex, revealing a heavy brow, severe scaring, neck bolts: FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER.

EMT/FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER
(amused)
Maybe you should told Jack the whole story?

RUZE
Well, thanks to you, Jack, we just delivered the body parts Franky here needs for a new bride. The brains from the brunette, the heart from Barbie. See, he's trading in his forty-year old for two twenties. In exchange--

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER
--in exchange, my doctor has agreed to transplant your young liver--

RUZE
--into me.

Ruze spits his gum wad into Jack's gaping mouth.

FADE OUT: