

# **DEAD RIGHT ©**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Letters of the "Hollywood" sign cast giant shadows on the hillsides of the Santa Monica Mountains.

Other famous Hollywood landmarks stand out in the foreground. The Hollywood Bowl. Paramount Studios. Grauman's Chinese Theater.

A couple of blocks from the tourist section, a seedy, run-down business section.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

An unattended lot between two older office buildings.

DUNCAN NEWMAYER, 45, short, nerdy, and graying, stands next to an old sportscar. Impatient. Glances at his watch.

Across the street, a narrow alley lined on both sides with wooden crates and garbage cans.

Two MEN lean against a building and watch Newmeyer.

CURTIS CRAIG, 35, husky with a decent build, takes a drag on a cigarette.

Alongside Craig, his companion, SHIVE, 30, tall, thin, pock-marked face. The Washington Monument with ears.

Shive fiddles with a smartphone.

A CAT creeps along the alley.

Shive sniffs.

The animal approaches and MEOWS with curiosity.

Shive's emits a violent sneeze. Hacks, wheezes, and continues to sneeze.

SHIVE  
(between sneezes)  
Son of a bitch...

He attempts to stifle his allergic attack.

The cat slinks up to him. Shive prods the feline with his foot. Shoves it to the other side of the alley with a gentle push.

SHIVE  
Get the fuck away... Damn cat.

The persistent animal sidles over to Shive. The man's sneezing fit returns.

SHIVE  
Cocksucker!

His face reddens in anger, and he dropkicks the unsuspecting cat high into the air.

The cat lands on a stack of crates and HISSES at Shive.

Shive's sneezing resumes.

He draws a large knife from a shoulder scabbard. Flings the weapon at the seething cat.

The weapon pierces the neck of the animal. Impales it against a wooden crate.

Dead.

Craig makes a sickened groan.

CRAIG  
Jesus Christ, Shive!

Shive utters a sadistic laugh.

He goes to the dead cat, removes the knife, and grabs hold of the animal.

CRAIG  
Oh, my fuckin' God.

Shive extends the cat toward Craig.

SHIVE  
How 'bout it, Craig? You want a  
little pussy?

Craig makes a sickened groan. Shive chuckles to himself. Then sneezes again. Tosses the dead cat aside.

CRAIG  
Pussy got her revenge.

SHIVE  
God damn it.

Craig turns, snaps his fingers at Shive, points toward the parking lot.

A late model Ford pulls into the lot, stops in front of Newmeyer, who backs off a step.

MARSHALL EVANS, frail, 35, gets out of the vehicle. The two converse, out of earshot.

Newmeyer reaches through the open window of the sportscar, brings out a small paper bag, and hands it to Evans.

Evans removes a computer flash drive from the bag, looks it over, then tosses it back in the bag.

The two men hug. Newmeyer climbs in the sportscar in a hurry, starts it, and speeds off.

Craig and Shive back further into the darkness.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY - TRAVELING

Newmeyer's sportscar turns onto the canyon road.

Seconds later, a brand-new Buick appears. Follows the sportscar and trails it by several lengths.

The sportscar accelerates. Leaves the Buick far behind. And disappears around a curve.

The Buick speeds up. Tires SQUEAL.

CRASH!

When the Buick catches up, the sportscar lies at the bottom of a canyon, in flames.

The Buick stops along the roadside. Observes for a beat, then drives away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A mild drizzle in a gray, dingy area. Tall buildings and empty streets.

EXT. TEMPLE BUILDING - NIGHT

A decaying, five-story structure borders skid row. A few dim lights from inside.

A woman's SCREAM breaks the silence.

Screams continue.

KEN SANDERS, 24, good-looking, bearded, athletic build, rushes from the building, blood on his overcoat.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Back exits of stores, bars, and restaurants.

Ken sprints down the alley. Stops and looks around.

CRUNCH!

A club hits Ken on the head from behind. He falls onto the ground, face-forward. Unconscious.

A JUNKIE with a wooden club stands over Ken.

He stoops, removes the coat and puts it on. Retrieves Ken's wallet and cellphone from his back pocket.

The Junkie hears a NOISE and scurries down the alley.

A pair of burly arms tosses HARRY FRANCES, 55, a short, chubby man, out the back exit of a sleazy bar.

The intoxicated Harry speaks with a softened British accent.

HARRY  
(slurs)  
Bloody hell!

Harry grabs a garbage can, steadies himself, and staggers back toward the door after it closes.

HARRY  
You, sir... Are a rogue! And, the  
rest of you... bloody vipers!

He raises his fists and glowers at the door.

HARRY  
I've a mind to teach the lot of you  
a lesson in fisticuffs!

Harry makes a threatening gesture toward the exit, more comical than menacing.

A robust LAUGH comes from behind the door.

BARTENDER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
We surrender, Harry! Now, go home  
and sleep it off!

HARRY  
When I was younger, I could have  
taken on a dozen blokes the likes  
of you! Why, I'd --

The inebriated Harry stumbles against Ken's prone figure. Comes close to toppling over.

HARRY  
Oh?... Sorry.

He bends over to get a better view of Ken.

HARRY  
I believe the old boy has expired.  
I apologize profusely for  
disturbing the sleep of the dead...  
Not to worry, I'll be on my way.

He pivots to leave. Stops. Tries to balance himself in his current state of drunkenness.

HARRY  
No! I should be ashamed. Passing  
over a dead man without so much as  
a word of reverence, of pity.

Harry clears his throat.

HARRY

Ahem!... "When I am dead, my  
dearest, sing no sad songs for  
me... Plant no" --

He halts his speech. Scratches his head. Knits his brow  
and searches for the correct words to his eulogy.

HARRY

"Plant no"... Something or other...  
"Plant no"... Bloody tree, or no  
friggin' geranium, or cactus  
flower, or --

Ken moans. Harry stops.

HARRY

Oh, are you trying to tell me  
something, my dear fellow? Speak  
up, now. Don't be bashful... Eh?

The intoxicated Englishman leans forward to hear Ken. Loses  
his balance.

He wavers. Wobbles. Takes an awkward stumble and falls  
across Ken's body. Passes out.

After a beat, an old, dilapidated convertible enters the  
alleyway at one end. It SCREECHES to a halt.

Loud rock MUSIC from the car radio drowns out several  
alarmed yelps from the buffeted passengers.

Two teenagers pour out of the vehicle. ALLIE, a petite  
blond girl in a mini-skirt, and J.C., a black Hispanic male  
who wears faded blue jeans and a "Black Lives Matter"  
t-shirt that fits too loose for his skinny frame.

J.C.

Rachel, you drive this fucking car  
like Jerry Lewis!

ALLIE

Who the hell's Jerry Lewis?

J.C.

Hey, I watch a lot of Me-TV with my  
gramma... Let's get away from this  
piece of shit, before it blows up.

The convertible SHUTS off. RACHEL FRANCES, 19, slithers  
out. A Lady Gaga clone. Rachel sports matching tie-dye  
shorts and a t-shirt that reveals her bare midriff.

Rachel joins J.C. and Allie, and they move toward the  
unconscious Harry and Ken.

The misty rain continues.

J.C.  
You sure that's Harry down there?

RACHEL  
You think I can't spot my old man  
passed out in the street?

The trio reaches Harry and Ken.

ALLIE  
How ya doin', Mister Frances?

J.C.  
How the hell you think he's doin'?  
The man is out!

RACHEL  
Time to go home, Harry. Help me  
get him up, J.C.

J.C. assists Rachel, and they manage to get Harry to his feet. The drunk Englishman comes to and leans against J.C. to maintain his balance.

Allie stares at Ken.

ALLIE  
Rachel? What about this one?

RACHEL  
Who's your friend, Harry?

J.C.  
Leave him.

RACHEL  
We can't do that.

ALLIE  
Well, do something. My hair's  
getting wet.

RACHEL  
Give me a hand, bitch.

Allie exhales a deep sigh and rolls her eyes. She and Rachel can't lift Ken off the ground.

ALLIE  
Uh. He won't budge.

J.C. stands Harry upright and hands the wobbly drunk over to an exhausted Rachel.

J.C.  
Hold this.

Rachel allows Harry to lean against her. She gets a whiff of his breath and screws up her face.

RACHEL

Oh, Harry, you need a mint.

J.C. and Allie pick Ken up.

J.C.

Hey! This sucker's bleedin'!

ALLIE

Ew, gross.

J.C. releases Ken. Allie almost drops him.

ALLIE

J.C.!

J.C.

He got his funky blood on my shirt.  
How can I wear a "Black Lives  
Matter" shirt with blood on it?

RACHEL

He's hurt. C'mon, you two.

J.C.

Oh... Shit...

J.C. looks around. Notices a newspaper beside a garbage can. Peels off the clean pages. Unfolds them.

He leans Ken against a wall.

J.C.

(to Allie)

Hold this.

He holds the newspaper pages in front of him, then gestures for Allie to grab them.

Allie follows his instructions. J.C. punches two holes in the pages. He thrusts his arms through them, making a newspaper "jacket".

J.C. returns to Ken. Wraps him in a bear hug. Drags him along the ground, toward the car.

Rachel and Allie steer Harry out of the alleyway.

J.C.

(to Ken)

If this blood don't wash out,  
you're in trouble, clown.

EXT. FRANCES APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A four-story tenement building. Rachel's clunky convertible parks outside.



## SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Extreme view of a bloody chest wound.

B. Evan's face twists in terrible pain and agony. The wounded man reaches out. Grabs onto Ken's arm. Attempts to speak to him.

EVANS

(weak)

... Orchid...

## BACK TO SCENE

INT. FRANCES APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Drawn curtains block out the light of day. Ken wears pajamas. A bandage around his head.

He sits up in bed with an abrupt start. His eyes appear glazed. Unalert.

Rachel waits on the edge of the bed and stares at Ken's good looks. J.C. and Allie hang by the open door.

Harry, now sober, gazes through the doorway.

Everyone eyeballs Ken.

A blank expression on his face. Then, a wide-eyed look of fright. He tries to focus. Glances around the room.

MIDNIGHT, a tiny, black kitten, hops on the bed and stares at him.

Ken snorts, and it scares Midnight. The animal SHRIEKS. Leaps off the bed and jumps into the large pocket of Harry's heavy and faded jacket.

KEN

Sorry about that, kitty.

RACHEL

Are you feeling okay? Need to go to the hospital?

Ken shakes his head "no". Feels the head bandage.

RACHEL

We're used to taking care of Harry's drinking buddies. He's always bringing strays home... Usually not so good-looking.

They exchange awkward smiles.

RACHEL

You've been out the whole day.

KEN

Who's Harry?

Harry advances to Ken and shakes his hand.

HARRY

Harry Frances. Prince of actors.  
Presently between engagements.  
This is my daughter, Rachel.

RACHEL

Hi.

ALLIE

You're right, Rachel. He's cute.

RACHEL

Shut up. These are my... friends.  
Allie Warner --

J.C.

-- and J.C. Rivera, at your cervix.

J.C. salutes Ken with two fingers.

J.C.

So, what's your name, dude?

Ken ponders for a moment. Rests his arms against his chest,  
then moves his fingers up and down in a rapid motion.

The others notice this mannerism. J.C. arches an eyebrow.  
Allie reacts with a frown. Rachel and Harry exchange  
puzzled glances.

Ken realizes the unwelcome attention and stops. His brow  
knits, and panic sets in his demeanor.

He tries to spring out of the bed in a hurry. Harry and  
J.C. restrain him.

HARRY

Calm down, young fellow.

J.C.

The dude has flipped.

Ken stops his struggle. Stares at Harry.

KEN

I don't know you... In fact, I  
can't even tell you who I am.

ALLIE

You forgot your own name?

HARRY

That's quite enough, Allie...

Harry puts a hand on Ken's shoulder.

HARRY

You got a bump on the head, young man. Your mind is just a bit cloudy.

KEN

My mind is blank... I can remember general things. I'm in L.A. And, it's May --

ALLIE

What year?

The others scowl at Allie.

ALLIE

Just trying to help.

KEN

I know where I am... Just don't know who the hell I am.

HARRY

I'm afraid I can't help you there. In fact, I don't remember us meeting last night either... It's just temporary, I'm sure... You find any I.D. On him?

J.C.

Nope.

RACHEL

Your memory'll come back to you. Just rest a bit.

Ken leans back in the bed. Resumes the nervous finger movements, then catches himself and stops.

HARRY

I leave you in good hands. Rachel, I shall be out late this evening.

Harry leaves the room. An awkward silence.

ALLIE

So... Your beard. Does it itch a lot?

J.C.

Thinkin' of growing one, Allie?

Allie gives J.C.'s stomach a playful poke.

ALLIE

Just wondered, that's all.

Ken feels his beard. Thinks a moment.

KEN  
You didn't find anything in my  
pockets? Nothing?

RACHEL  
J.C. took care of your clothes.

Rachel arches an eyebrow at J.C. The girls give him a suspicious look. He shrugs his shoulders.

J.C.  
Well... Shit. Okay, you had a  
hundred in your front pocket. I  
took it.

J.C. digs into his jeans pocket. Takes out a handful of crumpled bills. Puts them on a dresser.

J.C.  
There's about seventy-five left. I  
figure you owed me for the blood on  
my shirt.

Ken frowns. Forces a smile. Pats J.C.'s shoulder.

KEN  
Yeah, that's okay... So, where are  
my clothes?

Rachel grabs a bundle of clothes from a chair, washed and folded. A frayed, button-down shirt and jeans with holes in them. She hands them to Ken.

RACHEL  
Couldn't get all the stains out.

A ragged pair of shoes leans against a dresser, stuffed with equally ragged socks.

KEN  
Do you think you could show me  
where you found me?

RACHEL  
But, you're still hurt. Maybe you  
should see a doctor?

Ken grabs the shirt.

KEN  
I'm putting these clothes on. You  
can either leave the room or watch.  
I really don't give a damn.

Ken slides out of bed, shirtless and in his underwear.

J.C. and Rachel start out of the room. They notice Allie, who stands at the foot of the bed. She stares. And smiles.

Ken puts on the shirt and buttons it. J.C. and Rachel grab the entranced Allie and drag her out of the bedroom.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Rachel's convertible heads down the street. The radio BLARES a rock song, punctuated by a saxophone solo.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Rachel drives. J.C. and Allie in the back seat, Ken in the front, beside Rachel.

Ken wears Harry's heavy, old jacket and an L.A. Dodger baseball cap. He fiddles with the cap.

RACHEL

Does it rub your bandage?

KEN

Just... Bothers me to wear it.  
I've got a feeling I really hate  
the Dodgers.

J.C.

Shit. Another fuckin' Giants fan.

Rachel laughs. Continues to drive.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The old convertible comes to a stop. At the exact location from the night before.

The group piles out and strolls down the alley.

They pause outside the back door of the bar.

Rachel gestures to the spot. Ken nods, then points to the bar exit.

KEN

Maybe I came outta there?

RACHEL

Could be. But, you didn't have  
booze on your breath. Harry sure  
as hell did.

They hear a soft MEOW. The tiny Midnight pokes its head out of the pocket of Harry's heavy jacket, worn by Ken.

RACHEL

I should have told you about  
Midnight. She likes to crawl in  
there sometimes.

Ken strokes the kitten. He circles the area, inspects and surveys it.

He heads down to the other end of the alley. The others hesitate, then follow him.

The Junkie who mugged Ken and now wears his overcoat, turns into the alley. Bumps into him.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Extreme view of a bloody chest wound.

B. Evan's face twists in terrible pain and agony. The wounded man reaches out. Grabs onto Ken's arm. Attempts to speak to him.

EVANS

(weak)

... Orchid...

BACK TO SCENE

The Junkie stares at Ken for an instant, then quickens his pace and moves off. He turns around to peek at the other three youngsters as they pass him.

EXT. TEMPLE BUILDING - NIGHT

A police patrol car parks in front. Two OFFICERS gather up orange, luminous tape which cordons off the building.

Ken gazes at the impressive office building. The others catch up to him.

ALLIE

Familiar place? You work there?

J.C.

In those clothes?

Rachel digs an elbow in J.C.'s side.

A MAN, 40s, walks by them. Stops and watches the police remove the tape.

He shakes his head in disgust.

RACHEL

What went on here?

MAN

You kiddin'? Didn't you hear about the murder? Guy got killed last night. Up in one of them offices.

J.C.

Cops get the guy?

MAN

Naw! He ran off. Took a knife and split the poor son-of-a-bitch, like gutting a damn fish.

The man moves off. Ken staggers backward and almost falls over, but J.C. catches him.

INT. FRANCES APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ken rests in a chair, calmer. Midnight purrs in his lap.

Rachel enters and holds out a smartphone.

RACHEL

This jar your memory? It happened at that office building.

INSERT - SMARTPHONE NEWS ARTICLE

A headline screams: "Gruesome Downtown Murder". Underneath, a photo of Marshall Evans.

BACK TO SCENE

Ken peruses the article, wide-eyed and stunned.

RACHEL

You know that guy? Evans?

KEN

I'm not sure.

RACHEL

Hey, I just saw your face. It means something to you. What?

KEN

It's nothing.

RACHEL

C'mon. Trust me.

KEN

I tell you, it's nothing.

Ken repeats finger-drumming on his chest.

RACHEL

Nothing? You're a nervous wreck.

He rises up from the chair. Starts to pace around the room.

His eyes widen. A scared look spreads over his face.

Rachel grabs him and stops his pacing.

RACHEL

It's gonna be alright, I promise.

Ken regains his composure.

KEN

You don't know how I feel. It's like I'm wandering in a nightmare.

After a beat, Harry staggers into the room, a bit drunk.

HARRY

Hello, hello, hello! Feeling better, stranger?

RACHEL

Not feeling as good as you are, Harry.

Rachel storms out of the room.

HARRY

Pay her no mind. She's always a bit put out when I arrive home a little piss-eyed... So, did you solve your identity crisis?

Ken shakes his head no. Plops down in the chair.

He glances at one of his shoes. Removes it and examines the bottom. Shows it to Harry.

KEN

The heel's been replaced.

HARRY

Fine workmanship. You must really like those shoes. Most people would just throw them out and buy new ones.

He reads the heel.

HARRY

"The Foot Outlet".

EXT. HOLLYWOOD & VINE - DAY

Late afternoon. Heavy PEDESTRIAN traffic. A bus stops and lets out PASSENGERS, Ken among them.

He walks North along Vine Street.

EXT. THE FOOT OUTLET - DAY

Footwear sale items display in the front windows. Ken enters the store.

INT. THE FOOT OUTLET - DAY

Ken reaches a counter marked, "Repairs". A CLERK behind the counter greets him.



CLERK

Yessir. What can I do for you?

KEN

I had a heel fixed here a while ago. Do you remember me?

CLERK

Sir, I'm bad on faces, but I never forget a shoe. Let's see it.

KEN

No, no, the shoe's okay --

CLERK

So, what's the problem?

KEN

Well, I got cracked on the head a couple of days ago. Can't remember my name --

CLERK

But, you recall getting your shoe repaired here?

KEN

I know I got it fixed at one of your stores. I thought I might find someone who'd recognize me --

CLERK

Like I said, shoes I know. People, I couldn't care less.

KEN

(perturbed)

Thanks for your help.

He turns and leaves. The Clerk watches him.

CLERK

(yells at him)

But, one thing I do recognize is when I meet a nut!

EXT. VINE STREET - DAY

Ken dodges his way through pedestrian traffic in his path. The same ROCK SONG heard in Rachel's convertible comes from a portable ghetto blaster.

The tune causes Ken to stop for a moment and listen. His attention shifts to a page torn from a phone book. Ken checks off the final shoe store branch. Drops the scrap of paper into a trash can.

INT. FRANCES APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ken shuffles into the room. Harry sits on a couch, a sullen expression on his face.

He stares at Ken with a glum look.

KEN

Hi Harry. Rachel home yet?

HARRY

May I have the key, please?

Ken holds out an apartment key. Harry snatches it from him.

HARRY

Now. Get out.

KEN

Huh? What's wrong?

HARRY

Your face made the TV news. And, today's paper.

Harry hands a newspaper to Ken.

When Ken glances at the front page, his body stiffens. He sits, to keep from falling down.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

The headline of an article reads: "Suspect Sought In Downtown Murder". A police composite drawing below.

An accurate rendering of Ken's bearded face.

BACK TO SCENE

Ken's shoulders sag. Dumbfounded, his jaw drops, and he lets the newspaper fall to the floor.

HARRY

Perhaps you really don't know who you are. Nonetheless, you cannot remain here. It's too big a risk.

Ken opens his mouth to protest.

HARRY

Just go. Now.

Ken advances toward the door. It opens, and Rachel steps inside. Sees the look on Ken's face.

He heads for the doorway.

RACHEL

Where are you going?

HARRY  
He's leaving.

RACHEL  
Leaving? What's going on?

Rachel blocks Ken's way. Shuts the door.

Harry picks the newspaper off the floor and gives it to her.

Rachel stares at the front page, then Ken. Her brows knit, in an incredulous look.

She sets down the newspaper.

RACHEL  
Harry, this guy is no killer.

HARRY  
How do you know?

RACHEL  
Midnight scared him!

KEN  
I couldn't murder anybody.

HARRY  
Sorry, but I can't take your word for that. And, I don't want to become involved with the police.

RACHEL  
Don't want to get involved? We're already involved.

Harry throws up his hands in frustration. Realizes he fights a losing battle with his daughter.

He paces about the room.

HARRY  
Well, what do you propose we do?

No reply from a speechless Rachel.

KEN  
Maybe I should just turn myself into the cops?

RACHEL  
Then, how can you prove you're innocent?

KEN  
Maybe I'm not?

Harry stares hard at Ken.

HARRY

You know, I don't think a guilty man would say that.

KEN

Look. Give me a couple of days to find out... The worst that could happen is I disappear, and you never see me again.

RACHEL

Actually, the worst that could happen is you murder us in our beds.

Both Harry and Ken frown at Rachel.

RACHEL

Well, we're all gonna die some day.

Harry ponders a moment. Laughs and smiles. Rachel grins.

HARRY

The minute I have any suspicions, out you go.

Rachel hugs Harry. Ken forces a crooked smile.

INT. FRANCES APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ken stares into the bathroom mirror. Uses scissors to cut off huge chunks of his beard.

A razor and can of shaving cream rests on the sink.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A. Extreme view of a bloody chest wound.

B. Evan's face twists in terrible pain and agony. The wounded man reaches out. Grabs onto Ken's arm. Attempts to speak to him.

EVANS

(weak)

... Orchid...

BACK TO SCENE

Ken clenches the bathroom sink in a tight grip. Stares into the mirror, knits his eyebrows, and concentrates.

KEN

... Orchid?...

INT. FRANCES APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

A clean-shaven Ken appears younger. Wears a different set of clothes that fit loosely.

Rachel peeks in. Admires Ken's new look.

RACHEL

You look younger. Close to my age.

KEN

Yeah. The beard, I guess.

Harry comes into the room.

KEN

Thanks for the clothes, Harry.

HARRY

Quite all right. Didn't fit me anymore. Take the jacket, too.

He indicates his shabby jacket, which hangs on the doorknob.

Harry reaches into the pocket. Pulls out the tiny Midnight. He chuckles.

HARRY

Have to check it periodically for kitties, however.

Harry tosses the animal away, like a piece of lint.

Midnight SCREECHES and lands safe in a corner.

Rachel shakes an accusing finger at Harry to admonish him.

Harry studies Ken.

HARRY

Hmm. Something's missing here...

Harry departs. Midnight saunters up to KEN, who strokes the kitten with affection.

Rachel helps Ken put on Harry's old heavy jacket. Midnight tries to jump back into the pocket, but Ken stops it.

Harry returns. He carries an old makeup case.

He sets the case on the bed. Rummages through it, and takes out a fake moustache.

HARRY

Basic makeup trick. Take away something, add something else.

Harry applies spirit gum onto the moustache. Puts it in place, over Ken's upper lip.

He steps back to admire his work.

RACHEL

You look like a seventies porn  
star.

Harry frowns at her. Hands Ken the tube of spirit gum.

HARRY

For touch up, or before a big date.

Ken grins. Puts the tube in his pocket.

RACHEL

Could you use any help with your  
detective work?

HARRY

You've got school tomorrow, young  
lady. You're already the oldest  
one in your class.

RACHEL

Thanks to you.

KEN

Rachel, I don't want you to get  
involved. It could be dangerous.

Rachel pouts. Gives Ken a friendly pat on the shoulder.

EXT. TEMPLE BUILDING - DAY

No trace of the police investigation from the earlier scene.

INT. TEMPLE BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

Ken makes his way down a corridor. Wears the Dodger cap and  
the fake moustache. A JANITOR accompanies him.

KEN

Before I decide to lease it, I want  
to look it over, inside and out.

The two men arrive at Room #306. The Janitor fiddles with  
keys. Unlocks the door.

KEN

I'll just be a couple of minutes.

JANITOR

Suit yourself. Just shut the door  
behind you. Locks automatically.

Ken steps into the office and closes the door. The Janitor  
continues down the hall.

INT. OFFICE #306 - DAY

A simple old desk. Bare shelves.

Ken waits for a beat, then opens the window.

He stuffs the Dodger cap in his pocket. And climbs out.

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

Ken perches on the ledge. Looks down.

KEN'S POV - CONCRETE PASSAGEWAY

A thirty-foot drop to a concrete passageway between Ken's building and another structure.

BACK TO SCENE

The height causes Ken to wobble.

He loses his balance. Regains his equilibrium. And focuses his eyes on the building wall.

Ken travels along the ledge at a slow, deliberate pace. Passes several office windows.

He pauses. Counts the number of windows he's passed. Peers inside an office window.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

A plush inner office. Luxurious furnishings. Full bar on one wall, huge couch on another.

An EXECUTIVE, 50s, plunks down at the edge of a large desk. Watches his voluptuous SECRETARY, 25, in front of him.

She begins to remove her clothes.

The executive climbs onto the desktop. Leaps at the half-naked secretary.

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

Ken ducks down. Crawls past the window and stops at the next one. Takes a look. Satisfied, he raises the window.

INT. EVANS OFFICE - DAY

Organized clutter. Bookcases encircle the room. File cabinets. A desk and chairs.

Ken opens the window and climbs through. Checks out the surroundings of the office.

INT. TEMPLE BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

The Janitor checks office doors at one end of the corridor. He's approached by LIEUTENANT BERGER, 40, heavy-set, who sports a pin-striped suit.

BERGER

You the janitor?

JANITOR

No. I'm Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy,  
and I just escaped from the circus.  
What do I look like?

Berger snorts, then thrusts a police badge in front of the Janitor's nose.

BERGER

You look like someone who's gonna  
get his ass kicked if he doesn't  
cooperate! Lieutenant Berger,  
L.A.P.D. I want you to open up  
Room three-two-two.

INT. EVANS OFFICE - DAY

Ken rifles through the desk drawers. He comes across several matchbooks from bars and restaurants. Stuffs them into his pockets.

He reaches far into a drawer. Extracts an article torn from a newspaper.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

News item headline: "Former Forbes Aircraft Employee Dies In Car Crash". Below it, a photo of Duncan Newmeyer.

BACK TO SCENE

Ken folds the articles. Puts it in his pocket. Examines the bookshelves.

He glances down at a police chalk outline of a body. Bloodstained.

INT. TEMPLE BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

The Janitor leads Berger to the door of Room #322. Fumbles with the keys.

INT. EVANS OFFICE - DAY

The CLINKING of the Janitor's keys gets Ken's attention. He freezes, unable to move. Beads of sweat on his face.

The door unlocks.

Ken dashes to the open window. Disappears through it. Berger and the Janitor step into the office.

JANITOR

Thought you guys was through  
searching this room?



BERGER

Just wanted to check it out one more time. Might have missed something.

JANITOR

Terrible thing to happen. Mr. Evans was such a nice man, too. Never gave anyone any trouble.

BERGER

What's that window doing open?

JANITOR

I dunno. Not supposed to be.

He goes to the window and shuts it. Berger snoops around the room.

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

Ken hangs onto the narrow stone ledge by his hands. The rest of his body dangles in mid-air.

A WINO stumbles along the passageway below, at the side of the building. Cranes his neck and spots Ken.

WINO

(drunk)

No, buddy! Don't jump! You don't want to end it all!

KEN

(loud whisper)

Shut up...

WINO

You got your whole life ahead of you! Don't throw it away!

KEN

(loud whisper)

Get away from me.

He motions for the Wino to go away. But, he loses his grip on the ledge. Appears ready to fall.

The Wino stations himself directly underneath. Holds out his arms.

WINO

Hold on, buddy! I'll catch you!

Ken re-adjusts his grip on the stone ledge. Inches away from the window. The Wino below shadows him.

INT. EVANS OFFICE - DAY

The Wino's HOLLERING causes Berger to stop his examination of Evans' bookcase and move toward the window.

BERGER

What the hell's going on?

Berger takes a look out the window.

BERGER'S POV - WINO

The detective sees the Wino wave his arms as he hollers and points in Ken's direction.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

Berger flings open the office window. Peers around and notices Ken, several offices away.

BERGER

What the fuck are you doing?

The Janitor sticks his head out the window.

JANITOR

Why, it's Mr. Michaels, that new tenant. What are you doing out there, Mr. Michaels?

WINO

You can make it, Mr. Michaels! You can do it!

INT. EVANS OFFICE - DAY

Berger turns, rushes to the office doorway and runs out.

The Janitor wears a puzzled look. Scratches his chin.

JANITOR

He did say he was going to look the place over, inside and out.

INT. OFFICE #306 - DAY

Ken tumbles back into the office, through the open window.

INT. TEMPLE BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

Ken bursts through the office door. Berger arrives at the same time.

The two men collide.

They sprawl to opposite sides of the hallway.

Ken scrambles to his feet first. Speeds down the corridor, toward the stairs.

A moment later, Berger follows in hot pursuit.

The Janitor peeks through Evans' office door. Ken passes.

KEN  
(to Janitor)  
I guess it's not for me. Ledge is  
too narrow.

JANITOR  
Okay, Mr. Michaels.

The elevator door opens, and a WOMAN gets out.

Ken rushes past her and into the elevator.

BERGER  
Stop! Police!

The door slides closed before Berger can arrive.

Berger's look of disgust changes. The floor indicator shows the elevator heads up, not down.

Berger climbs the nearby stairs.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Ken discovers he's not alone. His fellow passenger is an ELDERLY MAN. He stares at Ken, who fakes a smile.

KEN  
Guess I should have paid those  
jaywalking tickets.

The stoic elderly man backs up and shifts as far away as he can get from Ken.

The elevator stops at the top floor. The elderly man exits.

Ken pauses a moment, then gets out.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Ken shuffles into the hallway. An out-of-breath Berger comes into view.

Before he can re-enter the elevator, the door shuts in Ken's face. He frowns.

He runs to a door marked "Roof". A weary Berger pursues.

EXT. TEMPLE BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Remnants of a large, antiquated TV antenna. Empty beer and soft drink cans.

A MALE and FEMALE, 30s, relax on a blanket and sunbathe in the nude.

Ken dashes through a door. Looks around. The couple spots him and attempts to cover themselves.

Ken ignores them. He sprints toward a ladder on the other side of the roof.

One major problem. The ladder disappears after three rungs.

Berger appears on the roof and takes off after Ken.

Ken checks out the roof of the adjoining building. It's on the same height level, but there's a hefty gap between the two structures.

He jogs to the end of the roof, with his back against the wall. Takes a deep breath. And starts to run toward the next building.

Berger reaches the edge of the roof. Sees Ken.

BERGER

Give it up! You'll kill yourself!

Ken accelerates, and when he comes to the end of the roof, leaps like an Olympic broad jumper.

His momentum barely carries him to the next roof.

Ken scrambles to his feet.

The detective folds his arms and observes Ken, who invites him to attempt the same feat.

Berger gives Ken the "finger". Ken climbs down a ladder on the far side of the adjacent building.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

Late evening. "The Strip". Shops, eateries, and a few popular nightspots.

EXT. RAINBOW BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Ken emerges from the front entrance and holds a matchbook. Stares at it, then stuffs it in his pocket.

He starts down Sunset Boulevard.

EXT. WHISKEY A-GO-GO - NIGHT

Combination dance club/live theater. Loud rock MUSIC blasts from within the club. PUNKERS lean against the outside wall of the club and hang out together.

GINA, early-20s, pretty, and in punk attire, notices Ken. Straightens her posture.

GINA

Hey! Ken!

Ken doesn't respond. Gina struts over to him. His back is to her.

GINA

Ken?

Still no reaction. Gina grabs his shoulders and spins him around to face her.

GINA

What's the matter with you, Ken?  
Are you deaf, or just stuck up?  
Hey, what made you shave the beard?  
I kind of like the moustache.  
Makes you sexier --

KEN

What did you call me?

GINA

(impatient)

Come on, Ken. I know it's been a few months, but don't act like you don't know me.

Ken hesitates for a second, then puts his arm around Gina. Takes her aside, away from the crowd and the loud music.

Gina grins with confidence. Throws both arms around Ken's neck. Kisses him deep and with great passion.

When they break, she closes her eyes for an instant.

GINA

Let's go to my place.

KEN

I got to ask you something.

GINA

When we get to my place, you can ask for anything you like.

Ken grabs her hand and stares at her.

KEN

Listen. I need some answers.

GINA

I said, later, Ken!

She withdraws her hand and sulks.

GINA

I thought we were gonna have some fun.

Ken realizes he has to be nice to obtain information. Not too hard to take. He manufactures a big smile.

He puts his arm around Gina. She likes it.

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small, one-room studio. Ken sits on a bed in the center. The furnishings resemble Frederick's Of Hollywood.

Gina wears a teddy that just manages to cover her body.

She removes the teddy and reveals a rhinestone g-string and frilly brassiere. Two holes cut in strategic positions. Her full, ample breasts burst through the openings.

Gina does a bump-and-grind. Sheds the bra in slow movement and drapes it over Ken's neck.

She pulls him toward her and leans back.

Gina lies on the bed, with Ken on top of her. They make erotic love.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A BAG LADY sifts through a bunch of garbage cans. Trips over something and falls over.

When she gets up, she discovers the obstacle is a person.

She draws closer to examine. It's the Junkie who knocked out Ken and stole his possessions.

His throat slashed, semi-dried blood still oozes from the fresh wound. The bag lady hollers.

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The bag lady's blood-curdling OUTCRIES MORPH into Gina's passionate screams. Gina and Ken continue their violent, love-making session.

The initial rays of the sun stream through the narrow space between a window's flimsy curtains.

Ken increases his pelvic thrusts. Perspires freely.

Gina's screams persist. Then, her orgasm passes.

Ken collapses off to one side. Exhausted. Physically, mentally, and sexually.

Gina kisses him on the mouth. On the neck. She works her way downward. Ken stops her.

KEN

Gina. What do you know about me?

GINA

I know you never fucked me like that before. It's like we just met.

KEN

I'm serious. What do you really know about me?

GINA

Well... You were some kind of big-time athlete in high school, right? You're a musician.

Ken does his nervous finger-pumping and stops himself.

KEN

A musician? What's my last name?

GINA

(jokes)

This the "Final Jeopardy" question?

He gives her an intense look.

KEN

No joke, lady... I got hit on the head. Lost my memory.

GINA

You serious?... Then, you don't remember me, do you?

Ken shakes his head no. Gina lets out a short laugh.

GINA

I met you at the "Whiskey" about a year ago. We went out a few times.

KEN

I've had these head flashes. Of me and a dead guy.

This peaks Gina's interest. She sits up.

GINA

(pointed)

What did he tell you?

Ken arches an eyebrow and gazes at Gina.

KEN

Why you ask that?

His remark catches Gina off-guard. She composes herself.

GINA

Well... I don't know. Maybe if you remember, it might help?

An awkward silence.

KEN

I'm going to check out some places  
tonight. Want to come along?

GINA

Sure.

EXT. PERSHING SQUARE - NIGHT

A small section of downtown Los Angeles with new, modern,  
and chic shops and restaurants.

Ken and Gina exit a restaurant.

He tears a matchbook in pieces. Disposes of it in a trash  
can. The two stroll down the street.

Rachel's old convertible pulls to the curb beside them.  
HONKS the horn. Ken and Gina halt.

Allie in the front and J.C. in the back, accompany Rachel.  
With the convertible top down, all three lean out.

RACHEL

Hey there, handsome!

ALLIE

Who's your friend?

J.C. stares wide-eyed at Gina.

J.C.

(to Gina)

How's tricks, Gloria?

Gina freezes. Panic sets in her face. She shoves Ken, then  
bolts and rushes away.

A puzzled Ken glares at J.C.

KEN

What the hell's going on?

He runs after Gina. She darts across the street. Dodges  
among the traffic.

Ken attempts to follow, but an oncoming vehicle strays into  
his path. It slams on its brakes and SQUEALS to a halt,  
inches from Ken.

KEN

Gina! Wait!

A taxi stops on the other side of the street and unloads a  
passenger. Gina races to it.



She jumps in the vehicle through the open back door. The taxi speeds away.

Ken stands in the middle of the street, hands on hips. Stares at the taxi, as traffic whizzes past him.

J.C. leans over and HONKS the car horn.

J.C.  
Look out, fool! Get out of the street! You want to get splattered?

Ken returns to the convertible. Glares at J.C.

KEN  
What the hell's going on? You drove Gina away.

J.C.  
Take it easy!

Ken's head sags down. Rachel sighs.

RACHEL  
(to J.C.)  
Don't you see how desperate he is?

J.C.  
Okay, okay. First thing is, chick's name is Gloria. At least, that's what she told me.

KEN  
How do you know her?

J.C.  
Hey, I know her in every way.

Ken grasps J.C.'s collar. J.C. stares at him, and Ken releases his grip.

KEN  
And, what does that mean?

J.C.  
It means... She's a hooker, man.

J.C. pushes Ken's hand away and shoves him.

KEN  
A what?

J.C.  
You heard me.

A stunned Ken puts his hands to his head.

RACHEL

I guess you didn't do such a great job with your detective work, huh?

Ken shakes his head, embarrassed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The dilapidated convertible drives past City Hall and other municipal buildings.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Ken and J.C. sit in back, with Rachel and Allie in front. Ken moves his fingers up and down his chest.

RACHEL

She says you're a musician?

J.C.

Aha. Must be a drummer. That explains the nervous fingers.

ALLIE

What fingers?

J.C. rolls his eyes.

KEN

And, she said my name's Ken.

RACHEL

Is it?

KEN

I dunno.

EXT. LA VOGUE BAR - NIGHT

Ken and J.C. approach the concrete building. They try to peer inside, but the darkened windows make it impossible.

J.C. takes out a cellphone. Punches in a number.

RACHEL (V.O.)

(over cellphone)

Yeah, where you guys now?

J.C.

(into cellphone)

At the last place.

(to Ken)

This is the last place, right?

KEN

Last matchbook.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
 (over cellphone)  
 Want me to pick you up when you're done?

J.C.  
 (into cellphone)  
 Naw. This may take a while. We're not that far away. We can walk. Over and out.

He ends the call. Turns to Ken.

KEN  
 Anyone behind us? I got the feeling somebody's following us.

J.C.  
 Take it easy, Captain Paranoia... C'mon, I'm thirsty.

KEN  
 How many drinks you had so far tonight?

J.C.  
 Do I look like a math major?... I don't know how I let you talk me into this. I ain't no detective, neither.

KEN  
 Just let me do the talking. You're only backup.

J.C.  
 Hey, back this up, drummer.

J.C. flips Ken off. They both laugh, as they enter the bar.

INT. LA VOGUE BAR - NIGHT

Half-filled with CUSTOMERS of all ethnic groups. All male, under the age of forty-five. Dressed in leather.

KEN  
 And, I'm not a drummer.

J.C. imitates Ken's finger maneuver habit.

J.C.  
 Clarinet?

A JUKEBOX plays the same familiar rock song, with saxophone solo. Ken hesitates. J.C. gazes around the room.

J.C.  
 Shit. You know what this place is, white boy -- ?

KEN

Shut up. Just be cool.

The two weave their way around the tables.

J.C.

One beer, and this place is history  
for me.

J.C. gazes around the room, tries not to make eye contact  
with anyone.

He loses contact with Ken. A LARGE BLACK MAN steps in his  
path. Leather and spikes decorate him from head to toe.

LARGE BLACK MAN

Hello, sweet pea. Goin' my way?

He reaches around J.C.'s waist and squeezes.

J.C.'s eyes widen, and he makes a loud, whimpering sound.  
The Large Black Man grins in approval.

J.C. jumps away and yelps.

J.C.

Get your fuckin' hands off me!

The room gets very quiet. The Large Black Man backs off.

Ken hurries over to J.C.

KEN

What's the matter with you?

J.C.

I'm straight! That's what!

J.C. turns and heads for the door in a hurry.

J.C.

Later, Jack!

Ken doesn't attempt to stop J.C., as the teen bolts out the  
front door.

He forces a smile at the other customers.

KEN

Well... I thought he was one of us.

A few people laugh and chuckle. The tension breaks.

An EFFEMINATE PATRON glances at Ken.

EFFEMINATE

Rather an awkward way to come out  
of the closet, eh?

KEN

No, I think he really might be straight.

EFFEMINATE

Dearie, he's just in denial. I can spot them a mile away. Care to sit down for a bit?

Ken accepts the invitation. He sits at the bar and nods to the BARTENDER.

KEN

(to Bartender)

Anything on draft.

EFFEMINATE

First time here?

Ken nods yes.

EFFEMINATE

Figured. You're not exactly dressed for the part, are you?

KEN

Spur of the moment thing. Somebody turned me onto this place. An older guy. Marshall Evans.

EFFEMINATE

Oh, you knew Marshall?

(to Bartender)

Leo, this dear boy knew Marshall Evans. You remember Marshall, don't you?

The Bartender serves a beer to Ken.

BARTENDER

Sure I do. What an awful thing to happen to such a sweet guy.

A BULKY MAN next to Ken eyes him.

BULKY MAN

Haven't I seen you before?

EFFEMINATE

Talk about your lame pickup lines. It's his first time here, dearie.

BULKY MAN

I know I've seen that face somewhere.

Beads of perspiration gather on Ken's forehead and stream onto his fake moustache.

EFFEMINATE

In your dreams, maybe.

KEN

I don't remember seeing you.

The Bulky Man continues to stare. The Bartender joins in.

Ken sweats more.

EFFEMINATE

You queens are making the poor boy nervous. Stop ogling him.

BARTENDER

How did you know Marshall?

KEN

Uh... Well, he liked flowers...  
Didn't he?

BARTENDER

What makes you say that?

KEN

I heard him talk about orchids a couple of times.

The Effeminate Man bursts into laughter. The Bulky Man and Bartender glare at him with suspicion.

BARTENDER

What are you trying to pull?

KEN

I don't get you.

EFFEMINATE

Dearie, you must not have known Marshall very well, if he never told you about Orchid.

Ken wipes a bead of sweat from his lip. This disturbs the fake moustache.

EFFEMINATE

Orchid isn't a flower. He's one of Marshall's old lovers.

BARTENDER

Yeah. Used to tend bar in West Hollywood. Now, he's at "Musgraves", in the Valley.

The fake moustache comes unstuck at one corner. Both the Bartender and Bulky Man notice it.

The Bulky Man extends his hand toward Ken and masks off the lower part of his face.

BULKY MAN  
You ever have a beard?

KEN  
(nervous)  
Me? Hell, no.

He gets off the bar stool and backs off a step. The Bulky Man rips off the fake moustache. He shoves Ken.

KEN  
Hey!

BULKY MAN  
I know you! You're the one they're looking for!

EFFEMINATE  
Whatever are you talking about, you silly cow? So, he's got false whiskers? So, what?

BULKY MAN  
Don't you fools read the newspaper, or watch TV? The cops are after him. He killed Marshall Evans!

BARTENDER  
What?

Ken backs off two more steps. Three other patrons gather around him.

KEN  
You're crazy.

The Bartender comes out from around the bar.

Ken attempts to inch his way toward the front door.

Two patrons shove him against the bar. He clenches his teeth in anger.

KEN  
Don't shove me! I'm tired of being shoved!

Ken tries once more to advance toward the entrance. The same two patrons shove him back again.

Ken winds up and slugs one of them. The man reels across the room.

The other patron swings at Ken. He dodges the blow. Plants a fist on the assailant's chin.

## BULKY MAN

Oh boy! There's two things I love  
in this world. Sucking cock and  
fighting!

He charges Ken, who ducks under his attacker and upends him. The Bulky Man crashes into two customers, and the trio falls down in unison.

While this distracts Ken, the Bartender punches him in the face. Ken collapses onto the floor.

He recovers and springs to his feet. Works his way toward the door.

Another group of customers surrounds him.

## BARTENDER

Grab him!

The others are about to take hold of him.

SWISH!

A large knife buries itself into the arm of a patron. Blood spurts out like a red fountain.

Dead silence in the bar. Then, endless screams.

The knife thrower admires his work at one end of the bar, a few feet from the victim: The tall, thin, pock-marked, sadistic Shive.

Craig stands alongside Shive and brandishes a pistol at the rest of the customers.

The recipient of the attack staggers back against the bar. Slides down to the floor in a slow glide.

Shive flashes a broad smile. He strides forward, removes his knife from the man's arm, and wipes the blood from the blade onto the victim's leather vest.

Shive flashes his weapon at the group.

## SHIVE

Back off, ladies.

The customers comply. Shive forces them to open a path for him and Ken.

Craig advances forward. Grabs Ken by the jacket.

## CRAIG

Come with us, kid.

Ken's face whitens. The shocked young man offers no resistance when Craig drags him to the entrance door.



Shive defends the way. The Bartender takes a few steps toward them.

When the Bartender gets too close, Shive responds. Slashes the knife across the man's face.

A deep, bloody gash opens on the Bartender's cheek. He screams in pain. Shive chuckles with a broad smile.

SHIVE

I told you fairies to stay back.

EXT. LA VOGUE BAR - NIGHT

The trio of Ken, Craig, and Shive exit through the bar's front door.

Craig leads Ken to the same new Buick from the opening scenes. The three board the vehicle.

The Buick starts. Burns rubber. SQUEALS down the street.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A small warehouse in the West Los Angeles district. A single light illuminates a loft. The Buick parks next to the building.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Stark interior. A single bare bulb hangs from the ceiling. A seedy couch. Two armchairs. An old refrigerator.

Craig and Shive lounge on the couch. An impatient Ken paces the floor. Shive surfs on his smartphone.

KEN

Why'd you hurt those people? You could have killed somebody.

CRAIG

They would have killed you. We had to do something.

KEN

The cops are gonna be after you. I must have been nuts to come with you. Why'd you guys get involved with this?

CRAIG

Let us worry about the police. We had to get you out of there.

KEN

Why do you care what happens to me?

CRAIG

You're our friend.

KEN

Bullshit. None of this feels familiar. I don't know you.

CRAIG

Look. You're Ken Sanders. You were famous a few years ago, in the Junior Olympics. Now, you're Ken, the sax player.

CRAIG digs into his pocket, pulls out a business card and offers it to Ken.

CRAIG

Here. Look.

Ken takes the card from Craig.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD

A business card reads: "Ken Sanders - Saxophone... Rock, Jazz". A phone number, and email address at the bottom.

BACK TO SCENE

KEN

Saxophone... Yeah...

Ken mimics playing a saxophone with the familiar nervous fingering up and down his chest.

He stares at the card.

KEN

Where'd you get this?

CRAIG

From a junkie. He must have rolled you. And, here's your wallet.

Craig tosses a wallet to Ken.

CRAIG

Nothing else in it, I'm afraid.

Ken wrinkles his brow, still confused.

CRAIG

Ken, you got to remember us. I'm Craig. Curtis Craig. This is my bodyguard, Shive.

Ken stifles a faint grin.

KEN

Shive? That your given name?

Shive looks up from the smartphone and scoffs.

SHIVE  
Nickname, asshole.

CRAIG  
You used to play at my club in West  
L.A. "The Red Lagoon". Shive, can  
you believe he doesn't know us?

SHIVE  
(monotone)  
Yeah, I can hardly believe it.

KEN  
... Ken Sanders... So, Gina --  
Gloria was right.

CRAIG  
I recognized your mug in the  
papers. I knew they pegged the  
wrong guy.

KEN  
Yeah. But somebody murdered Evans.  
(at Shive)  
With a knife.

SHIVE  
Hey, don't look at me, asshole. He  
was gutted. I go for the head.

CRAIG  
Yeah, could have been anyone. But  
you couldn't do it.

KEN  
I don't know for sure... Some of  
this doesn't make sense.

CRAIG  
Think, kid... What happened?

KEN  
What do you mean?

CRAIG  
That night. When the guy got  
killed.

KEN  
How do you know I was even there?

CRAIG  
Somebody saw you. The cops made a  
sketch. Try to remember something,  
it's the only way to clear  
yourself.

Ken tries to concentrate. All he can do is generate nervous perspiration and beads of sweat.

CRAIG  
Get comfortable. Shive, help him  
off with his jacket.

Shive moves to Ken. He touches the garment, then breaks  
into a sneezing fit.

SHIVE  
(between sneezes)  
Shit... You got cats?

CRAIG  
He's allergic to cats.

SHIVE  
(still sneezes)  
I hate fucking cats!

KEN  
They get rid of rats.

SHIVE  
I like rats.

KEN  
Oh.

Shive continues to wheeze. Backs off a step. Reaches  
inside his suit coat to grab a handkerchief.

It exposes the inside label. An insignia of a lion. With a  
pair of crossed swords underneath.

Ken's eyes widen and gloss over, in a trance-like state.  
Craig observes with interest.

CRAIG  
You okay, Ken? Shive, get him a  
glass of water.

SHIVE  
Yeah. He don't look so good.

Shive goes to the old refrigerator. Ken remains mesmerized.  
A blank face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. TEMPLE BUILDING/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Third floor corridor. Ken, in full beard, wears his  
original overcoat and strides down the hallway.

He passes Room #322. Hears a SCREAM from the other side of  
the door.

Ken rushes back to the room. Tries the door. Opens it.

Shive bursts out of the office.

The two bump together. The impact causes Shive's suit jacket to fly open.

It reveals: the lion insignia with crossed swords.

Shive grabs Ken by the collar. Reaches for the knife in his shoulder scabbard.

CLEANING LADY (O.S.)

What's going on there?

Shive stops. Flings Ken through the open office door. Runs down the hall.

Shive vanishes from sight. The CLEANING LADY turns the corner at the other end of the hallway.

INT. EVANS OFFICE - NIGHT

Ken tumbles into the office and falls to his knees.

He lands nose-to-nose with the panicked, blood-spattered face of Evans.

Too stunned to cry out or move, Ken gazes at the grotesque, bloody knife wound in Evans' chest.

Evans moves his lips. No sound comes out.

He grabs onto Ken's arm. Draws the young man closer.

EVANS

(weak)

... Orchid...

The Cleaning Lady appears in the doorway. Sees Ken. And Evans' bloody body.

The woman draws her head back. Delivers a loud scream.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Ken snaps out of his trance. Stares into the face of Shive, who hands him a glass of water.

SHIVE

Christ, you're really out of it.

Ken hesitates, then grabs the glass. Shive suffers another sneeze attack.

SHIVE

... fuckin' cats...

CRAIG

Feeling any better, Ken?

KEN  
(nervous)  
Yeah, yeah... I'm okay.

He gawks at Shive, then at Craig. A frightened shiver inches up his spine.

Craig notices this. Draws closer to the young man.

CRAIG  
Are you sure you don't recognize us?... Me? Or, maybe Shive here?

KEN  
(soft whisper)  
You guys don't look familiar. But, I feel a little dizzy... Can we go outside and get some air?

CRAIG  
Shive, open a window.

Shive escorts Ken to a window and opens it halfway. Ken looks outside, through a mesh screen.

KEN'S POV - DUMPSTER

From the second story window, Ken sees a half-full dumpster on the ground level, located directly below him.

BACK TO SCENE

Ken takes a few deep breaths.

CRAIG  
That help?

KEN  
Yeah, a little.

CRAIG  
Sit down, clear your head.

KEN  
Let me pace a while, it's better.

CRAIG  
Whatever it takes, kid.

SHIVE  
Yeah, did you find out anything about that guy that died? He say anything to ya?

Craig turns and glares at Shive. He composes himself, as he attempts to cover up Shive's remark.

CRAIG  
Yeah, might be a clue.

Ken paces up and down. He stops and stares hard at them.

KEN

You assholes been following me?

Both Craig and Shive sit up, more attentive.

KEN

You know, I think he did say something before he died...

Craig gets to his feet. Glances at Shive.

CRAIG

(eager)

Yeah?

Ken wanders to the open window. Raises it wide open.

KEN

Yeah... He said: "Fuck you!"

He grabs onto the raised window frame. Hoists himself up like a gymnast.

Ken kicks out the screen.

CRAIG

Jesus! Grab him!

Shive puts away his smartphone. Leaps to his feet. Before he can reach him, Ken propels his body through the window.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ken CRASHES through the second-story window.

He drops down. Lands in the dumpster, chest-deep in trash.

Ken scrambles out. Runs through the deserted parking area.

Moments later, Craig and Shive hurry out of the warehouse. They jump into the Buick. It won't start.

CRAIG

Goddamn American cars!

Shive bursts out of the vehicle. Craig continues to try to start the car.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT

Ken crosses the street. The only open establishment, a small liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Ken barges into the store.

Mistake!

Two HOODS rob the CASHIER at gunpoint. A beat.

KEN

I see you're busy.

Before either of the robbers react, Ken gets the hell out of the store.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT

As Ken rushes out, he sees Shive dash toward him.

Ken ducks into an alley. Shive follows.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The alley empties onto a major boulevard, with a twelve-foot high chain link fence on the other side of the street.

The tall Shive takes tremendous strides and gains on the shorter Ken.

EXT. BOULEVARD - NIGHT

On the other side of the fence, a grassy section. The backs of tents. Rock MUSIC in the background.

Ken sprints across the boulevard. Scales the fence with the dexterity of a monkey.

Shive reaches the fence. Ken drops down to the grassy area.

Shive can't climb the barrier. Looks around. Grabs a nearby trash can. Uses it to boost himself higher.

Ken runs deeper into the fenced-in section.

Shive manages to get over the fence.

EXT. CARNIVAL AREA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The grass lot is the setting for a 1950s rock and roll revival and carnival.

Tents contain memorabilia. Food. T-shirts. Old records.

MUSIC gets piped in through a P.A. system.

Festivities wind down. What's left of the audience is a CROWD ranging from their mid-30s to mid-50s.

Ken attempts to blend in with the sparse crowd.

Shive arrives and glances around. A roving PEDDLER approaches him and tries to sell Mickey Mouse ears.



SHIVE

Get the fuck away from me.

He shoves the vendor out of the way.

"The Bunny Hop" PLAYS over the P.A. People start up an enthusiastic single-line dance chain.

Ken hides behind a FAT LADY.

Shive spots Ken and tries to sneak up on him.

Ken sees Shive and moves away.

The Bunny Hop line grows. Ken takes the hand of a PRETTY GIRL, and the two join the dance line.

SHIVE

Asshole.

Shive glares at Ken, who gives him a wave and a big smile.

Ken winds up in the middle of the long dance line.

A TEENAGE GIRL grabs Shive's hand. She drags him into the line. The reluctant Shive goes along with it.

The LEADER of the Bunny Hop line starts elaborate dance patterns. The crowd hops its way past the tents. Snakes around the small grandstand.

When the long line bends around, Shive just misses the opportunity to grab onto Ken.

SHIVE

Damn it!

Ken releases his hold on the person in front of him. He starts a second Bunny Hop line.

KEN

Let's go, folks!

He leads his group up to the main entrance.

When they reach the break in the chain link fence, Ken disengages and sprints away from his partner.

The pretty girl attempts to keep up, but the entire dance line starts to break apart.

Ken hurries through the entrance. At that point, the crowd causes a bottleneck. Some point at Ken.

PEOPLE

(variously)

He messed up the Bunny Hop! What a jerk. What's the matter with you, man? Are you stoned?

Ken smiles and waves them off. Shive tries to get at him, but others block his path.

EXT. SELF-SERVICE GAS STATION - NIGHT

Ken runs into a 24-hour self-serve gas station.

A MALE CASHIER sits behind a counter enclosed by plexiglass and steel bars. Ken goes to him.

KEN

Quick, let me use your phone, it's an emergency!

MALE CASHIER

Yeah, yeah, everything's an emergency. No phone calls, Jose.

Ken looks behind the Cashier. Several items for sale, including lighters, candy, key chains, air fresheners, etc.

He spots a couple of disposable cellphones on display.

KEN

Gimme one of those burners.

Ken spots Shive in the distance. The tall, thin man huffs and puffs, out-of-breath, as he heads for the gas station.

The Cashier hands Ken a packaged cellphone under the plastic shield money tray.

MALE CASHIER

Phone's prepaid for ten bucks.

KEN

And, a lighter. And a dollar's worth of gas.

MALE CASHIER

Oh yeah? Where's your car?

KEN

It's coming. Hurry.

The Cashier adds a cheap lighter to the purchases.

MALE CASHIER

Pump number four.

Ken shoves money at the Cashier and moves off.

MALE CASHIER

Hey, you got change comin'!

Ken tears the plastic off the disposable cellphone. Presses some buttons.

Shive arrives as Ken reaches the gas pumps. He throttles Ken around the throat.

Ken knees Shive in the groin.

The tall man gasps and releases his grip. He doubles over in pain.

Shive makes a quick recovery. He takes hold of Ken's shirt and throws him against one of the gas pumps.

Pump number four.

Shive takes out his knife and laughs. An evil grin on his pock-marked face.

Ken pulls the nozzle from the gas pump. Activates it. And squirts gasoline into Shive's face.

Shive howls. Falls to his knees. Clutches his eyes.

Ken continues to saturate Shive's clothes with gas. Shive chokes on the fumes.

The half-blinded Shive stumbles around and finds a paper towel dispenser. Grabs a handful and wipes his eyes.

SHIVE

You asshole! I'll kill you!

Ken activates the "call" button on the cellphone. Concentrates for a moment.

He punches in a number. Shive rubs his eyes and blinks to clear his vision.

Shive's sight returns. His face beet-red with rage.

He starts toward Ken, who holds the cellphone with one hand, and his new lighter with the other.

He threatens to activate the lighter.

Shive stops short. Ken grins.

KEN

Back off, crater face! I'll turn you into one giant fucking sparkler!

Shive advances a step. Ken flicks the lighter.

Nothing happens.

Panic sets in, as Ken tries again and again.

No luck.

Shive drips gasoline and snarls a wicked laugh.

Desperate, Ken turns up the butane. This time, he gets results. A long yellow flame shoots toward Shive.

KEN  
Just needed a little coaxing. Get away. Or, it's campfire time!

RACHEL (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
Who the hell is this?

KEN  
(into cellphone)  
It's your mystery man, Rachel. I'm in trouble.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
What happened to you? Where'd you get to?

Shive shuffles over to a water hose at the end of a pump island. Washes down the gasoline from his clothes and face.

KEN  
(into cellphone)  
I got a maniac after me!

RACHEL (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
Where are you?

Shive advances on Ken, who flicks the lighter again and thrusts it at him.

KEN  
(into cellphone)  
Ten-thousand, four-hundred block of Pico. Hurry!

Shive's clothes don't catch fire.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
I'm already there.

SHIVE  
Haw!

He grabs Ken's hand and crushes it. The lighter falls to the asphalt.

Shive takes a step toward Ken.

An automobile HORN stops him. He glances back.

The Buick pulls into the station with Craig at the wheel.

The brief lapse allows Ken to slam his foot down onto Shive's toes.

Shive bellows in pain. Ken sprints down the street.

Shive runs after Ken, but Craig sticks his head out the car window and motions for him to get in.

Craig drives the Buick to Shive, who enters the vehicle.

The Buick speeds in Ken's direction.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A one-way alley. No back exit. Ken hides behind a garbage can to regain his breath.

He watches the Buick rush past. Then, he heads back onto the street, in the opposite direction.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Old and rundown. A dozen apartment units. Bush shrubs line the exterior walls.

Ken crouches behind a shrub, under a ground floor window.

A light goes on in the window. Curtains slide open. An OLD LADY, 80s, sticks her head out. Hacks and coughs.

Her eyes wander to Ken. She stifles an outcry. Disappears from view.

The Old Lady returns with a flashlight and walking cane. Shines the light on Ken.

OLD LADY

Get out of there, you bum! I'll call the police!

KEN

Take it easy, lady. I won't hurt you.

OLD LADY

Damn right, you won't.

She smacks Ken with the cane.

OLD LADY

Now, scoot!

Ken retreats, as the Buick rolls by again.

The vehicle stops and turns around.

Ken dashes down the sidewalk.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

He comes back to the dead end alley.

The Buick halts alongside it.

No way out.

Shive leans out the car window.

SHIVE

You're trapped, asshole. Give up.

Like the Lone Ranger, Rachel pulls her convertible between the alley and the Buick. The top is down.

RACHEL

(to Ken)

Need a ride, sailor?

CRAIG

(to Shive)

Grab the bastard!

But, the convertible parks so close beside the Buick, Shive can't get out of the passenger door.

Ken jumps into the open convertible, next to Rachel.

SHIVE

Shit!

RACHEL

(to Shive)

Eat it. Bye, Felicia!

Rachel floors it. The convertible BURNS rubber and leaves in a cloud of dust.

CRAIG

Fuck...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Buick pursues the convertible.

Rachel's vehicle goes into a SKID. Makes a u-turn. Speeds away from the Buick.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The convertible races along the multi-lane highway. It passes cars left and right.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Ken glances at the car speedometer.

It reads: "95".

KEN  
 Rachel. I think we lost 'em.  
 Wanna take us below warp speed?

Rachel lets up on the accelerator.

EXT. MUSGRAVE'S BAR - NIGHT

On busy Ventura Boulevard. In the San Fernando Valley neighborhood of Sherman Oaks.

INT. MUSGRAVE'S BAR - NIGHT

A middle-class type watering hole.

A dozen CUSTOMERS at the bar and at tables. One BARKEEP delivers drinks to tables. The other: ORCHID, 40, balding and meek-looking.

Ken escorts Rachel into the bar. They face Orchid.

ORCHID  
 (to Ken)  
 Okay, maybe you're old enough.  
 (to Rachel)  
 But, this one is not.

RACHEL  
 I'm nineteen.

ORCHID  
 Out!

KEN  
 We don't want a drink.

ORCHID  
 Then, what'd you come in for, the video games?

KEN  
 I think we came to see you. Are you Orchid?

ORCHID  
 That's what they call me. So?

Ken leans closer to Orchid.

KEN  
 I'm a friend of Marshall Evans.

Orchid turns pale.

ORCHID  
 (to the barkeep)  
 Cover for me.

The barkeep nods. Orchid moves out from behind the bar. Motions for Ken and Rachel to follow.

He leads them through a swinging door into another room.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A small grill and sink. Stored boxes.

Orchid gestures for the two to sit on stools.

He trembles and sweats.

ORCHID

How did you... know Marshall?

KEN

I was... there when he died. I saw who murdered him.

This stuns Orchid. He hangs his head.

KEN

He said one word before he died...  
Your name.

Orchid stares hard at Ken.

ORCHID

He must have trusted you. I'm glad you came. I've been in such a state. I gotta get rid of this.

He detaches a set of keys from his belt. Unlocks a cupboard and takes out a small paper bag.

Orchid hands the bag to Ken, who removes the flash drive, gives it a quick glance, then stuffs it back inside.

ORCHID

This is what you came for, right?

Ken nods.

ORCHID

And, you'll know what to do with it, right?

KEN

Don't worry.

ORCHID

You know, after I left Marshall... Changed my lifestyle... I still --

He breaks down. Tears form in his eyes.

ORCHID

I really loved that man...



Rachel puts her arm around the sorrowful man.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Ken holds up the flash drive, while Rachel drives.

RACHEL

So, you really are Ken, huh? Is your brain gettin' any clearer?

KEN

The clouds are starting to fade.

RACHEL

Where to now?

KEN

Your place, I guess. We got to see what's on this.

RACHEL

Not my place. I got no way to play that.

KEN

What? You don't have a computer?

RACHEL

I only got a smartphone. Harry would never allow a computer in his house.

(whispers)

He thinks they're the work of the devil.

She laughs.

KEN

Right... What about your friends? J.C.? Allie?

RACHEL

They went clubbing. Who knows when they'll get back. You don't want to wait until tomorrow, huh?

KEN

Hell no... Where can we watch it? It's too late. All the computer stores are closed by now.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Hmm... I know a place.

EXT. YE OLDE SEX SHOPPE - NIGHT

An x-rated book and sex toys store. Silhouettes of naked women painted on windows.

Rachel and Ken approach.

KEN

You got to be freakin' kidding me.

RACHEL

C'mon. It'll be fun. Maybe you'll learn something.

Rachel and the reluctant Ken go through the entrance.

INT. YE OLDE SEX SHOPPE - NIGHT

Shelves of books and magazines that specialize in x-rated elements. A glass display counter with sex toys and marital aids: dildos, vibrators, love cremes, etc.

Next to the counter, dozens of adult videos.

An unshaven CLERK, mid-50s, waits behind the counter. Rachel and Ken go to the Clerk.

RACHEL

You got video booths in back?

The Clerk nods yes. Ken holds up the flash drive.

KEN

We want to play this on one of your machines.

CLERK

Look, Mac. It don't work that way. You don't bring your own eggs into a restaurant and ask the cook to fix you an omelette, do ya? No!... Now, if you want to rent one of our movies, that's different.

RACHEL

But, we can still watch this instead? It'll fit, right?

CLERK

Let's see.

The Clerk inspects the flash drive.

CLERK

Yeah, there's a slot for it.

KEN

Okay. How much?

CLERK

Ten bucks. Take your choice. But, you'll need some quarters to play it, just the same. Each quarter lasts about two minutes.

KEN

Fine. Then, I'll take five bucks  
in quarters.

He digs into his pocket. Pulls out some bills. Turns to Rachel, who arches an eyebrow at him.

KEN

I'm a little short.

Rachel snorts and chuckles. Hands a twenty to the Clerk.

CLERK

Pick one out from here.

The Clerk points out the collection of x-rated DVDs.

RACHEL

DVDs? I thought those disappeared  
last century?

She checks out the selections, while the Clerk gives Ken a handful of quarters and a five-dollar bill.

Ken walks over to Rachel, who continues to browse.

KEN

What are you doing? Let's go.

RACHEL

I want to make sure we get a good  
one.

KEN

We're not going to watch it.

RACHEL

Well, if we got time left --

KEN

Come on.

Impatient, Ken snatches a movie at random. Takes Rachel's hand and leads her toward the back of the store.

She grabs the adult movie and reads the title.

RACHEL

"Catholic Girls In Bondage. Part  
Two"?

They enter a viewing booth and close the door behind them.

INT. VIEWING BOOTH - NIGHT

A dim overhead light illuminates the tiny room.

Ken and Rachel share the bench seat.

Built into the wall, a viewing monitor. Below it, a video player with mouse accommodates DVDs, includes USB ports, and features a coin slot on the side.

Ken inserts the flash drive into a USB port. Feeds a quarter into the coin slot.

The monitor lights up. Ken manipulates the mouse, and a video comes on.

BEGIN INSERT - VIEWING SCREEN

INT. NEWMeyer LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wide shot of a living room. Sparse furniture: a folding chair and couch in one corner.

Several long pieces of lumber lie across wooden sawhorses and occupy most of the room.

Ten car batteries rest on the makeshift table. Electrical wires interconnect them with various couplers, switches, dials, meters, and circuit boards.

Several motors and generators attach to the setup, and WHIR in continual motion.

RACHEL (O.S.)

What the hell is that?

KEN (O.S.)

Shh...

Duncan Newmeyer walks in front of the camera.

KEN (O.S.)

Hey! I've seen that guy somewhere.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Shh...

Newmeyer addresses the static camera.

NEWMeyer

Good day. This is Duncan Newmeyer. I worked for Forbes Aircraft, as an electrical engineer... I feel my life may be in danger. If the worst happens, I leave this as a record of what I've done the past four years.

KEN (O.S.)

Yeah! His picture was in a newspaper. In Evans' office. This guy's dead.

RACHEL (O.S.)

You're telling me. Boring.

NEWMEYER

Since I left Forbes, I've worked independently on a marvelous device which may solve the energy problem.

The screen goes black.

BACK TO SCENE

KEN

Damn. That's two minutes?

He reaches into his pocket for another quarter.

MOANS come from an adjoining booth. Rachel issues a sly smile and gives a deep sigh.

She places her hand on Ken's knee. He pushes it away.

KEN

Quit fooling around.

RACHEL

Who's fooling?

Ken resumes his nervous saxophone finger rolls. Rachel grabs his hand.

RACHEL

Will you stop that?

KEN

Hey, I'm a sax player. I have to.

Rachel smiles. Continues to hold his hand. Ken drops several quarters into the slot.

The video returns.

BEGIN INSERT - VIEWING SCREEN

INT. NEWMEYER LIVING ROOM - DAY

Newmeyer gestures at the display on his homemade table.

NEWMEYER

What you see here, is a kind of free energy device.

KEN (O.S.)

A what?

NEWMEYER

Of course, nothing is truly free, is it? But, by using microscopic particles of matter, in this case, lead... With very little power, I can convert them into large amounts of usable electrical energy.

He gestures to a battery attached to a running motor.

NEWMEYER

You'd expect the battery running this motor to run down in a few minutes. This motor has run continuously for a month.

Newmeyer points to a meter.

NEWMEYER

And, the battery remains fully charged, as the meter indicates.

KEN (O.S.)

This is big time stuff.

NEWMEYER

I went to Consolidated Power. At first, they tried to buy me off and bury my research.

KEN (O.S.)

Those bastards.

NEWMEYER

Then came selective power outages. Unscheduled inspections. Wiretaps.

RACHEL (O.S.)

The dude sounds cracked.

NEWMEYER

Then, two goons. One enjoyed waving a knife in my face.

KEN (O.S.)

Shive...

NEWMEYER

The other one tried to intimidate me. After I found a stick of dynamite on my car seat, I sold my house and moved here. By April, I could generate all my electric needs internally --

Nearby church bells RING and drown out Newmeyer's voice. He stops and waits until the bells cease chiming.

KEN (O.S.)

What was that?

RACHEL (O.S.)

It's a church.

NEWMEYER

A word of warning for anyone attempting this experiment... You must take care not to allow too much electricity to be fed back into the power source.

Newmeyer steps up to the video camera and repositions it.

The camera focuses on a card table to one side of the makeshift table. Wires from a light bulb in a socket attach to a motor, which connects to a meter with a dial.

Electric cords from the motor hook onto to a small holder.

Newmeyer goes to the card table and leans toward the camera. He holds up a tiny watch battery.

NEWMEYER

A simple watch battery. Not lead-acid. But, it serves for the purpose of this demonstration.

He places the battery into the holder. Turns the dial.

The meter registers at "50%". The motor RUNS, and the bulb lightens. Newmeyer smiles.

He moves out of sight for a moment. Returns with a small metal roasting pan and a lid.

Newmeyer lifts the battery/holder. Puts it in the pan and places the lid on top. Fastens it tight with a metal clamp.

NEWMEYER

So, what if we enlarged the resonant feedback to the power source, by turning up this controller?

RACHEL (O.S.)

No clue what he's babbling about.

The inventor twists the dial up all the way. The meter needle jumps from "green" to "yellow". Continues toward the "red" level.

The motor runs faster and at a higher pitch.

The light bulb grows brighter and brighter. Newmeyer moves out of camera range.

KEN (O.S.)

Oh oh...

BOOM!

A small explosion!

The lid blows off the pan and hurls toward the ceiling.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Look out!

The pan flies off the card table and SMASHES against a wall.

Newmeyer comes back. Picks the pan off the floor. Shows it to the camera.

The blackened pan now assumes a twisted shape. With a good-size hole in its bottom.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Yikes!

Newmeyer tilts the card table toward the camera. The explosion blew a hole through the wooden table. He smiles.

KEN (O.S.)

Damn...

NEWMAYER

So, be careful.

RACHEL (O.S.)

No shit...

NEWMAYER

I will download the documentation of my invention onto a flash drive, along with this video.

The image goes to black.

BACK TO SCENE

Ken removes the flash drive. Breathes a deep sigh.

KEN

It's making sense.

RACHEL

Right... Now, let's look at the movie.

Ken ignores her.

KEN

Newmeyer gave this to Evans. His friend. Maybe, his lover?

RACHEL

And?

KEN

Then, Newmeyer got killed in that car accident.



RACHEL

Maybe it wasn't an accident?

KEN

Yeah... Anyway, Evans got scared. The two goons found out he had it. He gave it to Orchid to keep.

RACHEL

So, now your troubles are over.

KEN

They went to Evans' office that night. He wouldn't give up the flash drive. Shive got mad and killed him. I stumbled onto it somehow... I wish I could remember why I was there.

RACHEL

Just go to the pigs. Play that for them, and you're clear.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Rachel drives. Ken broods.

KEN

I'm still a murder suspect. I can't connect this with Evans. His hideout just looks like somebody's weird science project.

RACHEL

What if we find that dead guy's place? Get evidence.

KEN

Yeah, maybe. But how --

RACHEL

-- The church bells.

KEN

So what?

RACHEL

We used to live in Echo Park. They're from Saint Teresa's.

KEN

You sure?

RACHEL

Yeah, I think so.

KEN

How far's that from here?

RACHEL

You want to cruise around Echo Park  
at two A.M.?

KEN

(sarcastic)

Oh, I forget. You got to get to  
bed early for school tomorrow --

RACHEL

Fuck school!

She giggles and floors the accelerator. The convertible  
lurches forward.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Rachel's convertible travels in the middle lane. A car  
approaches at rapid speed. Craig's Buick.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Ken glances out and catches sight of the Buick, which comes  
up beside them. Shive's head sticks out the window.

KEN

Launch it!

Rachel slams down the gas pedal.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The convertible swerves across the Buick's path, and forces  
it to reduce speed.

Rachel's vehicle enters an exit lane and leaves the freeway.

The Buick can't recover fast enough to follow. It takes the  
next exit.

EXT. OFF-RAMP - NIGHT

Craig's Buick stops at the end of the off-ramp. Turns onto  
a street.

A police patrol car which speeds in the same direction,  
stops behind them to avoid rear-ending the Buick.

Craig sticks an arm out the driver's side window, palm up,  
in an attempt to apologize. He waves the cop car to pass.

The police vehicle continues on its way.

CRAIG

Son of a bitch...

EXT. OLD TUNNEL - NIGHT

The tunnel has seen better days. Part of an abandoned road. Overrun with weeds and ground cover.

The convertible parks in the middle of the tunnel. Rachel and Ken stand beside it.

RACHEL

We're safe here. This was part of the old road, back in the thirties, before they built a paved one.

KEN

Wait a sec... Newmeyer said he disconnected his power in April. If we can find out what places in Echo Park had their service turned off that month --

Rachel snaps her fingers.

RACHEL

I got a friend who could help us. We'll have to wait till school starts in the morning.

KEN

How long's that gonna be?

She glances at her watch.

RACHEL

About six hours.

KEN

How come you're nineteen and still in high school?

RACHEL

Harry dragged me off to England when I was a kid, to show me my roots. I think he just missed his old drinking pals. I lost a year.

KEN

Guess that's better than flunking third grade.

Rachel laughs and gives Ken a playful slap on his shoulder.

RACHEL

Oh, shut up... I'm getting chilly. Let's get back in the car.

The two climb into the convertible, Rachel in front, Ken in the back.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

Rachel tilts the passenger seat back, stretches out, and stares upward.

Ken struggles to get comfortable in the back seat. He sits up and sighs.

KEN

I can't sleep. Too wired.

RACHEL

Me too.

Rachel gazes at Ken, a twinkle in her eyes.

RACHEL

How old are you?

KEN

That, I do know. Twenty-four.

RACHEL

You're still pretty young.

KEN

So are you.

RACHEL

Hmm... So, what can two young and healthy people -- You are healthy, aren't you?

KEN

Very healthy.

RACHEL

Then, what can these young and healthy people possibly do for six hours?

She leans over the front seat. And kisses Ken with passion.

KEN

I didn't say I was that healthy.

The intensity of the kiss increases. Rachel slides the rest of her body into the back seat.

Ken and Rachel make love.

EXT. WESTERN AVENUE - NIGHT

A sleazy section of Hollywood.

A handful of female PROSTITUTES hang in front of the open doors of various bars and strip clubs.

A car pulls up to the curb, under a broken streetlight.

Gina, dressed in a short, tight skirt, low-cut blouse, and cheap makeup, strides over to the vehicle.

It's the familiar Buick.

The door opens, and Shive yanks Gina inside the car.

It speeds away.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

Craig drives. Shive sits in the back seat with Gina.

He pushes the frightened woman against the backrest, his hand to her throat.

GINA

But, I did what you told me!

SHIVE

Where is he, whore?

CRAIG

You'd better tell him. He can get mad real easy.

Shive removes his knife from its scabbard. Presses it against Gina's neck.

GINA

I swear to God, I haven't seen him!  
I don't know where he went!

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Dark, narrow, deserted. The Buick comes into view. Stops a few feet from the curb.

The back door opens. Shive throws out Gina's dead body. It collapses in the gutter.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

The early morning sun's ray filter into the tunnel and illuminate the interior of the vehicle.

Ken and Rachel sleep in the back seat, locked in each other's arms. Harry's heavy, old jacket and Rachel's coat cover part of their nude bodies.

Ken wakes up. Sees Rachel next to him.

He kisses her on the neck several times. She opens her eyes and smiles at him.

He attempts to get amorous, but Rachel pushes him away and uses the coat to shield her nudity.

RACHEL

How can you think of that stuff  
this early?

She puts on her clothes, under the coat.

RACHEL

Uh... About what happened... Don't  
turn it into a big deal.

KEN

Uh huh?

RACHEL

I mean, I wouldn't want you to  
think I'm hung up on you or  
anything.

KEN

(sarcastic)

Oh, of course not. What could ever  
give me an idea like that?

RACHEL

Look, don't get mad... It was late,  
and I was kinda horny, that's all

KEN

(bitter)

Sure... Okay, let's get going.

Ken starts to dress. Rachel turns her back to him and sighs  
to herself.

RACHEL

Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Ken  
Sanders, or whatever your name is,  
that you might have a wife  
somewheres?

KEN

I called the number on that  
business card. Answering machine.  
Just my voice on it.

RACHEL

Yeah? Well, maybe you got a  
girlfriend?

Ken thinks for a moment. Nods to himself. And stares at  
Rachel's bare back.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

YOUNGSTERS mill around. Come in and out of the building.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Crowded with STUDENTS. Ken follows behind Rachel. They navigate their way among the masses.

They meet up with J.C. and Allie and exchange a few words, drowned out by the student chatter.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

A continuous desk top winds around the walls, with video terminals and keyboards at work stations. Half-occupied. By NERDS, PUNKERS, and some normal-looking computer USERS.

Rachel leads Ken into the room where computers line the walls. She strolls to a FAT KID, absorbed in his work.

RACHEL

Hey. Skinhead around?

Without a look at Rachel, he points to the back of the room.

Rachel grabs Ken's hand and escorts him to SKINHEAD. A skinny teenage girl with a gold pierced nose ring and a shaved head.

RACHEL

(to Skinhead)

Hey, clout chaser. You slaying?

Skinhead turns, smiles at Rachel.

SKINHEAD

I'm sick, sis. Hey, you're on fire today.

RACHEL

Do me a solid, Skinhead?

Skinhead checks out Ken.

SKINHEAD

What's him? The solid?

She laughs.

SKINHEAD

He got steez. What you need, big boy?

KEN

Can you get into the billing records of the power company?

SKINHEAD

Bet.. California Consolidated?

KEN

That's the one.

Skinhead snorts. Types at a rapid rate.

KEN

We want to find out, who  
disconnected from them in April.  
In the Echo Park neighborhood.

SKINHEAD

Huh... We'll get this bread.

She bangs on the keyboard like a maniac.

RACHEL

(to Ken)

She's fabulous, isn't she?

KEN

Yeah. I see you speak her  
language.

Rachel shrugs her shoulders.

SKINHEAD

(addresses the room)

Anyone know the Echo Park zip code?

A short MALE NERD gets up from his computer. Moves to  
Skinhead's space. Reaches over her shoulder and types five  
digits onto her keyboard.

She grabs the nerd by the collar.

SKINHEAD

How many times I tell you, keep  
your grubby hands off my keyboard!

The nerd grins and returns to his work station. Skinhead  
scoffs at him.

She types. Then, clicks her computer mouse.

SKINHEAD

One page... Printing out...

She motions to a printer in a corner of the room.

RACHEL

Thanks, Skinhead. I'm your Stan.

Skinhead blows air from her cheeks. Waves them away.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Rachel drives. Ken glances at a list on a page.

KEN

There's more than twenty places  
listed here. And, no phone  
numbers.



RACHEL

So, what do you want to do?

KEN

Well, it's crazy to drive to all these places, it'll take a couple of days. Got your smartphone? We could look up the numbers.

Rachel checks her phone. Holds it in front of Ken's nose.

RACHEL

Drained... Yours?

Ken scoffs. Shows her his cheap cellphone.

RACHEL

Let's go back to my place. Harry's probably worried about me anyway. I'll charge up the phone, we'll grab breakfast. I think we've even got a phone book.

KEN

Jesus, you're low tech. And, how come you call your dad "Harry"?

RACHEL

That's his name.

KEN

Whatever. Drive on, Miss Daisy.

Rachel SLAMS on the brakes and puts it in "park".

RACHEL

I'm tired of being your damn chauffeur. You drive for once. I'll navigate.

They slide over and exchange places. Ken depresses the gas pedal, and Rachel leans back and smiles.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The convertible weaves back and forth and fishtails. Misses parked cars by inches.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

RACHEL

Hey! You can't fucking drive. Stop the car!

Ken brings the vehicle to an abrupt stop.

KEN

I'm remembering more stuff... I'm not married. And, I don't have a girlfriend, either.

RACHEL

And, you drive like crap.

KEN

I never learned.

RACHEL

No shit. Slide over.

Ken obeys. Rachel slides over behind the wheel.

RACHEL

What a doofus.

BANG!

The convertible gets a violent jolt. Another vehicle slams into it from behind.

RACHEL

Jesus!

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY - TRAVELING

Behind them, Craig's Buick. The convertible ROARS into traffic and accelerates.

INTERCUT - CONVERTIBLE/STREET

RACHEL

How the hell they find us, radar?

She maneuvers her vehicle down the street. The Buick follows close behind.

Ken takes the flash drive from his jacket pocket.

KEN

Here's what they want. When you get a chance, make a quick turn. Slow down, and I'll jump out.

RACHEL

What?

KEN

Listen to me. I'll lead them away and lose them. Go home and get Harry. Can you stay with someone? Allie?

RACHEL

Yeah, no problem.

KEN  
Call her. She got wheels?

RACHEL  
Uh huh.

KEN  
Leave your car. Have her pick you  
guys up. Go to her place.

He indicates his cellphone.

KEN  
You got the number for this?

Rachel nods.

KEN  
Call me when you get to Allie's.  
I'll meet you there.

RACHEL  
But --

KEN  
No arguments! Just do it!

RACHEL  
Okay.

She grabs a pen. Writes a number on his hand.

RACHEL  
That's Allie's, just in case... All  
right... Here we go... Get ready.

The convertible makes a fast right turn onto a residential  
street. Slows down. The Buick pursues.

Ken swings up the passenger door. Rachel gives him a quick  
kiss on the lips.

RACHEL  
Be careful.

KEN  
Now. Gun it!

He combat rolls into the street. Rachel's convertible  
speeds away.

The Buick stops. Ken raises the flash drive over his head  
and waves it.

KEN  
Hey, shitheads! Come get it!

Ken dashes across a sidewalk and vanishes between apartment  
buildings. The Buick backs up with a high-pitched SQUEAL.

The car accelerates and heads down an alley.

EXT. GRAND PARK - DAY

A 12-acre urban oasis in the civic center of Los Angeles.

Green lawns, plants, trees. Spectacular fountains. Between two landmarks: City Hall and the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion Music Center.

Palm trees cast afternoon shadows.

Ken huddles between shrubs, bushes, and trees.

He wipes perspiration from his face. Looks at his hand. Takes out the cheap cellphone and punches in a number.

ALLIE (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
Talk to me.

KEN  
(into cellphone)  
Allie, this is Ken.

ALLIE (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
Who?

Ken sighs.

KEN  
(into cellphone)  
The mystery man. Let me talk to Rachel.

ALLIE (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
Get over to Rachel's place.

KEN  
(into cellphone)  
What's going on? Is --

ALLIE (V.O.)  
(over cellphone)  
Just get here! Quick!

The phone disconnects.

EXT. FRANCES APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ken spies Rachel's convertible parked near the building.

INT. FRANCES APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allie lets Ken into the room. Harry and J.C. stand there with glum expressions.

Midnight rushes toward him and tries to jump into his jacket pocket, but Ken brushes the kitten aside.

KEN

What's wrong? Where's Rachel?

J.C.

We got here five minutes after Harry did.

HARRY

I found this.

Harry hands Ken the printout of power company customers. Ken sits in a chair and reads. Midnight approaches him.

KEN

Not now, Midnight...

INSERT - PRINTOUT

Near the bottom of the list, a pen circles a name and address. The name: "Newman, Nacnud".

A line drawn to a handwritten note: "Come alone. No cops. Bring the thing. Or your girlfriend gets what Evans got."

BACK TO SCENE

Ken thinks a moment.

KEN

Damn. "Nacnud Newman. Nacnud...  
Duncan spelled backward... Stupid!  
Duncan Newman... Duncan Newmeyer!

HARRY

I'm scared. She's my little girl.

Ken looks at Allie and J.C.

KEN

I can't drive. Can you take me there?

ALLIE

Try and stop me.

HARRY

You'll have to tie me up to stop me.

KEN

(to Harry)  
You sober?

HARRY

As a judge.

J.C.

Let's go.

KEN

No cops.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A plush office. A MALE EXECUTIVE, 60, relaxes behind a large desk. Only the back of his head reveals.

He talks on a telephone.

MALE EXECUTIVE

(on phone)

Uh huh... Yeah, good idea... Just handle it... And, make sure you get rid of... the evidence... Right.

He hangs up. Written on his partially-open door: "C.C.G.P. - Research And Development".

EXT. ECHO PARK DRIVE - DAY

A cliffside area. Dozens of concrete steps lead to houses high at the top of a hill.

Craig's Buick parks nearby.

A hatchback comes into view and parks behind the Buick.

INT./EXT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Allie sits behind the wheel, with Ken next to her, Harry and J.C. in the backseat.

KEN

Sit tight. If I'm not back in a half-hour, call the cops.

HARRY

She's my daughter, I'm coming with you!

Ken goes out the passenger door. Harry tries to exit out the back, but J.C. grabs onto his belt and holds him back.

J.C.

No, Harry! They said to come alone. You'll screw things up.

Reluctant, Harry sits back down. The three watch Ken climb the concrete stairway.

ALLIE

I don't care. I'm callin' the cops. It'll take 'em a half-hour just to get here.

Allie takes out a cellphone and enters a number.

EXT. TOP OF SLOPE - DAY

Ken reaches the top. He hears a MEOW.

Midnight pops its head out of a jacket pocket.

KEN

Jesus Christ, how'd you get there?

He kneels, extracts the kitten, and sets it on the ground. But, the determined animal hops back into the jacket.

KEN

All right, stubborn. Stay there.  
But, it's your ass.

Ken continues on.

Tall, bushy hedges separate houses.

Each house extends 5-10 feet from a thirty-foot cliff drop to the street below.

Ken makes his way toward a small, run-down, white house, closer to the cliff than others.

A tool shed rests several feet away.

EXT. NEWMeyer HOUSE - DAY

He reaches the house at a cautious pace. Stands on tiptoes and tries to peek through a blacked out window.

NEWMeyer (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

The voice startles Ken. He backs away, slips on loose stones, and almost tumbles down the cliffside.

Midnight SQUEALS.

An ARM reaches out and pulls Ken and the kitten to safety.

The rescuer: Duncan Newmeyer.

NEWMeyer

Sorry I surprised you.

Ken takes a stunned look at Newmeyer.

KEN

You're that guy!

NEWMeyer

Shh!

Newmeyer drags Ken off to one side, away from the house.

KEN  
(whispers)  
You're supposed to be dead.

NEWMAYER  
(whispers)  
Sorry to disappoint.

He pulls Ken over to the shed.

NEWMAYER  
That girl in there... Friend of yours?

KEN  
So, she's there?

NEWMAYER  
I heard them coming in, so I ducked out the back door. Hid in the shed for a couple of hours... Then, I did some snooping around the house. Those two were threatening me for weeks.

KEN  
Yeah, I know 'em too.

Ken pulls the flash drive from another pocket of the heavy jacket and shows it to Newmeyer, who smiles.

NEWMAYER  
My insurance policy. Never got a chance to get it back from Marshall before he got killed.

KEN  
They're gonna kill her if they don't get this.

NEWMAYER  
And, when they do get it, they'll probably kill you both.

KEN  
Cops'll be here in thirty minutes. But, I don't want to wait.

He gestures to the shed.

KEN  
I don't suppose you've got a gun in there?

NEWMAYER  
No... A couple of hammers, maybe.

KEN  
Let's see what there is.



Newmeyer opens the shed door.

CRAIG (O.S.)  
That's it, gentlemen.

Craig points a pistol at them.

INT. NEWMEYER HOUSE/LIVING ROOM

Craig shoves Newmeyer and Ken into the house.

The room appears as it did on the video.

Car batteries on the makeshift table still interconnect with motors and generators.

Rachel sits in an armchair, hands tied behind her.

RACHEL  
Ken!

Shive comes in from another room. Carries a pitcher of water and a couple of glasses.

SHIVE  
(to Ken)  
Hey, asshole.

When Shive sees Newmeyer, his eyes widen.

SHIVE  
Newmeyer!

Craig uses his gun to motion them to an empty couch.

CRAIG  
You two. Plant it there for a while.

Newmeyer and Ken plop down on the couch.

KEN  
You okay, Rachel?

RACHEL  
(sarcastic)  
Sure. I'm having a blast with these morons.

Shive places the water pitcher and glasses on an end table, next to the couch.

CRAIG  
Tie 'em up, Shive. Lover boy first.

Shive takes a rope out of his pocket.

SHIVE  
(to Newmeyer)  
Get your ass away from me. Over  
there.

He gestures toward Newmeyer's experiment.

Newmeyer rises and stands to the side of the table, while Shive grabs Ken by the collar and pulls him off the couch.

Shive ties Ken's hands in front of him. He sniffs.

CRAIG  
(to Newmeyer)  
Well, I don't know how you rigged  
it, Newmeyer, but we're glad to see  
you alive... For now.

NEWMAYER  
A friend in the coroner's office  
provided me with an unclaimed  
body... You know I have experience  
with explosions and fires?

CRAIG  
Clever little bastard.

Shive pushes Ken back onto the couch. Stifles a sneeze.

SHIVE  
Ain't you got that fuckin' cat hair  
out of your clothes yet?

Craig keeps an eye on Newmeyer. Holds the gun with one hand  
and pours a glass of water with the other.

Shive wipes his nose.

SHIVE  
(indicates Newmeyer)  
I gotta find something else to tie  
him up with.

CRAIG  
Yeah, go ahead. He's not going to  
give me any trouble.

Shive heads for another room.

RACHEL  
Hey, fuckhead? Can I have some  
water first?

Shive stops. Pivots and sneers at Rachel. He turns and  
looks at Craig, who pours water into the second glass.

CRAIG  
She looks parched. Give her some.

Shive moves to the end table. Drinks from the second glass. Refills it. Goes to Rachel. Flashes a crooked smile.

He holds the glass against her mouth and tips it toward her. Rachel drinks.

Shive continues to tilt the glass more. Forces her to gulp down the liquid faster and faster.

Water runs out of her mouth and down her chin.

Shive chuckles at Rachel's predicament.

When the glass empties, he takes it away.

He laughs at the drenched Rachel.

SHIVE

Haw! Haw! Want some more?

He leans into her face. Craig chuckles too.

Rachel spits a mouthful of water into Shive's face. Ken lets out a laugh.

SHIVE

Bitch!

Shive makes a beeline back to the end table. Grasps the water pitcher, rushes to Rachel, and throws the entire contents of water in her face.

Rachel resembles a drowned rat.

SHIVE

Like that, do you?

RACHEL

You bastard!

Shive laughs.

CRAIG

That's enough fun and games.

SHIVE

Let's just kill 'em all now.

CRAIG

Excellent idea. First, get that dingus from Sanders.

Shive lifts Ken off the couch.

Newmeyer wanders behind the homemade experiment.

Shive reaches into the pocket of Ken's heavy coat and takes out the flash drive. Crushes it in his powerful hands.

He sneezes again.

CRAIG  
That takes care of that.

KEN  
That's a phony. The real one's in  
the other pocket.

Shive scowls. Continues to sneeze.

Newmeyer flips switches which POWER up his experiment table.  
Ratchets the dial on the large meter to "maximum".

The needle jumps from the "green" level to "yellow" and  
continues to climb toward "red".

The generators and motors run faster and faster. They make  
a loud, high-pitched WHINE.

Craig and Shive turn and stare at Newmeyer.

CRAIG  
What are you doing, Newmeyer?

NEWMAYER  
Maximum resonant feedback. In two  
minutes, there will be quite a  
large explosion in here.

SHIVE  
(still sneezes)  
What!

Craig panics. Goes to Newmeyer.

CRAIG  
Turn it off, God damn it!

Newmeyer grabs the dial and twists it off.

With a calm expression, he tosses at Craig, who catches it.

NEWMAYER  
Here! You try it!

CRAIG  
Shit! Shive! Grab the other copy  
and slit their throats! We got to  
get out of here!

Shive stifles his sneeze. Dips his hand into the other  
pocket of Ken's jacket.

Pulls out Midnight.

The animal SHRIEKS and pounces into Shive's face.

Shive screams.

The kitten claws at Shive's face with amazing ferocity. SNARLS and HISSES.

Shive pulls off the little animal. He throws it onto the floor. Draws his big knife from its scabbard.

SHIVE

Fuckin' cat!

Ken, hands fastened behind his back, charges Shive.

Craig trains his gun on Ken, but Newmeyer comes between the two men.

BANG! Newmeyer gets shot.

Ken plows into Shive. Like a football lineman who throws a cross-body block.

Ken hits the wall and falls down. Shive reels backwards.

The wounded Newmeyer grabs Craig's pistol. They struggle for control of the weapon.

Shive continues his backwards fall. CRASHES through a glass window, along with the lethal knife.

EXT. ECHO PARK DRIVE - DAY

Shive flies out of the window with a horrifying cry.

He plummets down the cliff. Still clutches his knife.

Shive lands thirty feet below, onto the street. Falls face-forward.

Onto his knife.

The large blade of the weapon pierces his chest.

INT. NEWMAYER HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Newmeyer continues to bleed. Tries to wrest Craig's gun from his hand.

Rachel manages to rise off the chair. She goes to the two men. Bites Craig on the leg.

He howls in pain. Kicks Rachel in the head and stuns her.

Ken recovers, gets to his feet, and bolts to Newmeyer's aid.

With his hands still bound, he grabs Craig's gun hand. Forces it onto a high-speed, rotating motor.

Craig screams, the gun flies out of his hand, and lands on the floor.

Ken elbows Craig in the face and knocks him down.

He rushes to Rachel and unties her. She loosens the rope around his hands and tosses it aside.

They go to help Newmeyer.

Rachel supports Newmeyer and gets him onto his feet.

Ken grabs the dazed Craig by the collar.

KEN

Get moving! You're my way out of a  
murder charge! Rachel, help  
Newmeyer!

All four move to the door.

NEWMAYER (O.S.)

(weak)

... Hurry... You must hurry...

Ken flings open the door.

EXT. NEWMAYER HOUSE - DAY

Detective Berger and two OFFICERS reach the crest of the hill and run to the house.

They draw their guns when they see the group in the doorway.

INTERCUT - LIVING ROOM/HOUSE

BERGER

Freeze! Put up your hands!

Ken and the others stop.

BERGER

I said, put 'em up!

Ken, Rachel, and Newmeyer obey.

Midnight scampers out the door in a mad dash. One Officer chuckles at the sight of the scared kitten.

Craig uses this lapse in concentration to break from the group and retreat into the living room.

He snatches his gun off the floor and points the weapon at the others.

Berger and the two officers riddle Craig with GUNFIRE.

Bullets fly into Craig. His body gyrates from side-to-side, in a grotesque convulsion.

Gunfire stops.

Craig drops to the floor. Dead.

Berger approaches the group. Ken motions for them to get away from the house.

KEN

Take cover! There's a bomb inside!

Everyone scatters. Each takes shelter away from the house.

They all drop to the ground.

Ken looks back at the house. Sees Newmeyer at the door.

KEN

(to Newmeyer)

Get out of there!

Newmeyer steadies himself against the door frame. More blood oozes from his body.

NEWMYER

No. Too late for me.

The wounded man staggers and collapses back into the house.

Ken scrambles to his feet. Runs toward the house.

KEN

Come back!

KABOOM!

Ken gets half-way to Newmeyer, when a series of rapid explosions rock the small house.

The concussion throws everybody to the ground.

The explosions BLOW the house apart.

Whatever remains bursts into flames. Bits of debris strewn all over.

Berger assists Ken to his feet.

KEN

What brought you here so fast?

A frantic, out-of-breath Harry scrambles up the cliffside and goes to Rachel.

HARRY

We did.

J.C. and Allie trail behind Harry. Everyone exchanges hugs.

Berger places a hand on Ken's shoulder.

KEN

Look. I didn't kill Evans. But, my alibi just --

He gives a futile gesture toward the remains of the house.

POLICEMAN (V.O.)  
 (on bullhorn)  
 Lieutenant! Everything okay up  
 there?

EXT. ECHO PARK DRIVE - DAY

Two police cars park behind Allie's hatchback.

The POLICEMAN with the bullhorn stands a few feet from Shive, who lies in a pool of his own blood.

Midnight scurries to the fallen man and laps up the blood.

Shive opens his eyes and gazes at the kitten.

SHIVE  
 (gasps)  
 ... fuckin'... cats...

Shive sneezes one final time and dies.

The Policeman inspects the body.

BERGER (O.S.)  
 (from cliff top)  
 We're all right. What happened to  
 him?

POLICEMAN  
 (on bullhorn)  
 Looks like he fell on his knife.  
 He's dead.

BERGER (O.S.)  
 (from cliff top)  
 Be careful with it. Might be a  
 murder weapon.

EXT. NEWMAYER HOUSE - DAY

Officers examine the wreckage of the burning dwelling.

Rachel stares at the bombed-out house.

She looks at Ken. Eyes well up with tears.

She throws her arms around him and weeps.

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

A lab stocked with microscopes, chemical jars, beakers, sinks, computers, and assorted equipment and materials.

A red-haired female TECHNICIAN, late-30s, studies a computer monitor. Lieutenant Berger enters the room.



BERGER

You wanted to see me, Red?

TECHNICIAN

Come over here, Lieutenant.

Berger looks over the Technician's shoulder.

INSERT - COMPUTER MONITOR

Side-by-side comparisons of knife blade patterns. The two patterns move until they merge on top of each other. They appear identical.

BACK TO SCENE

TECHNICIAN

Blade pattern used on Marshall Evans... Blade pattern from that incident in Echo Park.

BERGER

Looks like a match.

TECHNICIAN

Yup.

BERGER

I'm going to ask for indictments against the officers at California Consolidated.

TECHNICIAN

The shit's really gonna hit the fan on this one.

BERGER

They bribed a couple of cops from traffic division, to keep tabs on that girl's car.

The Technician whistles.

TECHNICIAN

So, what's the connection with this guy Sanders?

BERGER

No involvement with Evans' murder.

TECHNICIAN

So, why was he at the scene?

BERGER

He's a musician. Saxophone player. Turns out he was meeting with a booking agent on the the same floor as Evans' office.

TECHNICIAN

Huh!

BERGER

The agent never showed. Sanders was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

TECHNICIAN

And, got amnesia. Poor bastard.

BERGER

Don't feel so sorry for him.

TECHNICIAN

How so?

BERGER

He's a lucky bastard. Played sax on a hit song. It's been on radio stations for about a week.

TECHNICIAN

No kidding? Which one's that?

BERGER

You know...

Berger hums the familiar melody of the rock song heard throughout this adventure.

TECHNICIAN

That one? No shit.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ken runs out the front entrance and down the steps.

Rachel stands beside her open convertible. J.C., Allie, and Harry in the back.

Midnight leaps out of the car and into Ken's arms. He strokes the kitten, then gently tucks it in the pocket of Harry's old jacket.

Rachel and Ken meet.

Allie reaches over the driver's seat and turns up the RADIO. It's Ken's hit song.

J.C.

(to Ken)

Hey! Nice song, asshole!

Allie and J.C. smile. Harry gives Ken a "thumbs up".

Rachel throws her arms around Ken. They embrace and kiss.

Harry, Allie, and J.C. exchange "high fives". Midnight  
peeks out of the jacket pocket and MEOWS.

FADE OUT.

THE END