

The Little Lucky Lunatics Klan Presents

Anomie:
Making a Man of an Alien

HAROLD
(Voice over)
Fade in

FADE IN

INT. TOMB

Intro shot in black and white as if it is an older film, those nasfeurtu type ones where the graininess of it makes the humans look much more... pliable. The intro- a delusional fantasy of self indulgence by the protagonist (Harold)- offers a glimpse into his blood obsessed mind. This is a cheap thrill for this man, so fittingly the production is cheap as well, a feel good vampire slasher film. A room comes into focus: spider webs, dust, and grey concrete. A single coffin sits in the center. Faint scratching can be heard coming from it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Clouds part to show a full moon. Scratching offscreen gets louder.

INT. TOMB

The scratching stops suddenly. Silence. Then the coffin flies open with a loud bang and just as the top slams against the ground just as music starts. The vampire, played by the protagonist of the film Harold, sits bolt upright dressed in the typical vampire attire; a cloak, long claws, and deathly white face. The vampire emerges from his tomb.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The Graveyard is covered by fog. Twisted trees, gnarly vines, decrepit tombs. The vampire glides over to the edge of this graveyard and looks down at the victorian town below.

A short montage of killing commences, over the top with gore to satisfy this man's bloodlust.

INT. HOUSE

Harold slits a coupled man and woman's throats while they sleep. A loud scream from behind him. A young girl stands in the doorway in shock. He leaps on her and eats her throat out. A baby starts to cry in the other room.

Now In the other room the vampire plucks the crying baby from its crib and rips its head off above him, the brain plopping down into his mouth like a juicy grape which he proceeds swallows whole. Looking out the window the vampire sees a woman in a well lit room drop a towel and begin to get dressed.

INT. WOMAN'S ROOM

The vampire bites her neck and blood begins to flow over him. The woman moans. In the mirror all we can see is this nude woman, blood running down in between her breasts oolala. He jumps out of the window still holding the woman's half naked body.

EXT. CITY STREET

The townsfolk begin to come out of their houses like mice out of holes to see what the commotion is. Men smile and nod as they see the mostly naked woman, completely ignoring the bloody mess of a man beside her. That is until the the vampire begins to walk down the street, snapping his fingers to the music, slicing onlookers throats with his claws-scratch-scratch-scratch-scratch-scre-ee-eech. Blood covers him and the street. A mob forms coming down the road towards him with torches and pitchforks. He begins to fly and easily picks them off one by one. Some try to flee. Torches are dropped and fire starts and spreads to the houses.

INT. TOMB

The vampire is completely drenched in blood. He lies back in his coffin with a smile. The music fades out and the word "FIN" is written across the screen. The final black and white shot freezes there and then suddenly turns to an acid wash of oversaturated color as heavy metal plays in the background to show this movie is about to drop off the fucking face of the earth. Lasts a few short seconds then

CUT TO:

TITLE SCREEN. WHITE WORDS OVER BLACK BACKGROUND. THE WORDS FADE WITH THE MUSIC AS THE NEXT SCENE FADES IN.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Type writer types words "Fade In". Opening scene- Over head a fan is spinning loudly cutting through the air in a motel room with a man sitting at a desk, seen for just long enough to catch a glimpse. This quick opening sequence is done a few times in quick succession. Before it replays each time a tearing sound is heard as if paper from a type writer. The camera direction gives the scene a different mood each time (orange and warm, red and blood and dead and... blue and cool) to mimic the protagonist's differing states of paranoia and lucidness seen throughout the film. After several times repeating it stops. Harold types into the typewriter while narrating what he is writing.

HAROLD

Interior- motel room. Action- a man sits at his desk, then begins to speak to no one in particular, hoping in one of the rooms next door a nosy neighbor may hear his deranged ramblings. Character- Harold. Dialogue- My name is Harold. I don't know for sure how old I am, but from the looks of me I must be in my late twenties. My mom was a sock and my dad was a bottle. The three scars on my chest were from tubes stuck in me at birth.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

In a box a monkey sits clinging to a piece of cloth resembling its mother. Camera stays on monkey clinging to cloth while V.O. Continues.

HAROLD

I was part of an experiment, you ever heard of Henry Harlow? A few years back he did an experiment on monkeys, put them in isolation, gave them parents made of cloth and wire to see which ones they would love more. Well he did experiments on humans long before that, I was one of them. Put me in a cage, studied me like a pet. Can someone love a sock? Can people find comfort in a bottle?

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Of course, that was Harlow's sick sense of humor.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Harold stops typing for a moment to take a sip from his glass. A bottle of vodka sits next to it. Getting a better view of the hotel room shows shag carpet, tacky wall paper, and sheets with stains that- given the state of the motel- most likely came from just about every orifice of the body. The shades are drawn and it is impossible to tell what time of day it is. Harold's description of himself is accurate, he looks like he is about 30, but might look younger if he cut off his ragged hair and trimmed his beard. He wears a worn brown jacket and old looking jeans. His appearance is ragged enough it is possible he is homeless but just fashionable enough he could be middle class, left to be open ended of real background. Camera back on typewriter.

HAROLD

And who's body is that, dismembered, shoved into my suitcases? Well, no one could blame me after what that bastard put me through. I couldn't get Harlow, no too risky, but I nabbed the man who helped him. Some real scumbag, probably got off seeing a baby tortured like that.

Harold deletes back to scumbag.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I remember him getting off to seeing me tortured like that.

Harold reads over his script so far, rips it out of the typewriter, and throws it into the trashcan. There are several other balls of paper in it. The fan cuts back in overhead.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DARK

The lights are off now in the motel and there is only a dim outline of the bed. The sheets are moving as Harold masturbates. The sound transitions jarringly from the fan to Harold moaning. After a few seconds it stops. Harold reaches a hand down, picks up a sock, puts his hand under the sheet, and then throws the dirty sock back on the ground. He lets out a sigh.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

The lobby is just as run down as the room looked. It's dark in there despite being early morning. No one is at the front desk. Harold waits at the register looking bored, he's been waiting a while. He rings the bell one more time but there is no answer. There is a cigarette leaning in the ash-tray next to the register, half smoked but no longer lit. Finally he just puts his key on the counter without paying and walks to leave. The bells of the door opening ring, but he comes back in, opens the register, and takes out the money.

EXT. ROADSIDE

Harold is struggling with his two suitcases along the road with the motel shrinking in the distance behind him. The road he is walking on is the only one in sight. In fact there is nothing else around, just a cracking road and a crumbling motel. Everything is covered in fog, just opaque enough to see the dark silhouette of the motel. A pickup truck is seen kicking up dust behind it and coming towards Harold, who holds out a thumb. It comes to a stop and the driver leans out the window.

DRIVER

Where you headed?

HAROLD

San Francisco

DRIVER

(suspiciously)

You one of them hippy types?

HAROLD

Don't let the hair fool you. I'm down on business.

DRIVER

Well I can take you as far as Oakland, but then you're on your own.

HAROLD

I'm supposed to be down there by today, is there anyway we can work something out? I have cash.

Harold hands him the money from the register and the driver nods.

DRIVER

Sure thing, every man's got his price. Don't trust a man who doesn't. That's why I never drive down to 'cisco.

HAROLD

I'm sure they have their price too.

Harold puts his bags in the back and gets in front with Harold. The car takes off again, dust filling the screen.

INT. CAR - NOON

From the car windows we see the sun is slightly higher than before, but the darkness that seemed to have lingered too long in the morning is still there due to an almost unnatural fog covering the road.

DRIVER

So what type of business are you doing down in 'cisco?

HAROLD

I'm a journalist. The paper I work for wants me to report on "the spirit of free love".

DRIVER

(shaking his head)

Bunch of shit. Just like every man has his price love sure as hell aint free, if it was I'd be first in line. Dinner with the wife nearly costs me a whole paycheck.

Silence for a few moments in car then driver starts talking again.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

If you ask me those kids down there, they're just looking for excuses not to grow up. There's a war going on but they're too caught up in living the dream to care about it. If my back wasn't shot to shit you bet your ass I'd be out there fighting in a heartbeat.

HAROLD

(mumbling to himself)

"Living the dream"

DRIVER
(reaching out his hand)
I never caught your name. I'm Jim
Greer.

Harold shakes the mans hand

HAROLD
I'm Indigo.

Indigo looks out window as V.O. Plays

INDIGO V.O.
My name is Indigo. I'm down in
'cisco as a journalist to report on
the spirit of free love. If you ask
me love is never free. These kids
are just down there looking for
excuses not to grow up. Truth is
there was only one road out of that
shitty motel, one way ran to San
Francisco and the other ran back to
Chicago, and I'd much rather be
stuck with some kids who don't grow
up then the types back home. Those
were the types that were grown up
since the day they were born and
expect everyone else to be that way
too. If you didn't pop out of the
womb with a typewriter and being
able to write sixty words a minute
they didn't want you. I have half a
mind to say fuck the journal and
write that script I've been meaning
to get to. Movies are my real
passion, not some story someone
will read on the shitter and forget
before they leave the bathroom.

Looking out window at midday.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - EVENING

The window now shows a waning sun and a sign reading "San
Francisco 20".

JIM

Not far now. I don't know my way around the city so much so I think you'd be better off with a taxi once you get there. You got any cash left on you?

INDIGO

A few bucks

JIM

Tell you what. You've been good enough company, I'll give you half of that money you gave me back. I'm only driving a dozen or so miles out of the way anyhow.

INDIGO

Thanks. Hey do you mind if we stop for a minute for me to take a leak? It looks like there's a shoulder and some bushes up there.

The car pulls over and Indigo steps out.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

PART ONE: THE LITTLE LUCKY LUNATIC KLAN AND THE LOVERS

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In the car Indigo is now in the driver's seat and Jim is nowhere to be seen. Instead of trees and empty roads he is now driving next to some residential type housing. He slows the car to a stop next to a young couple, fashionably- although a little strangely- dressed, walking down the street.

INDIGO

(leaning out window)

Excuse me, can you help me out for a sec?

MAN

Sure thing, what do you need?

INDIGO

I'm just getting into town now. Do you know any hotels I can stay at for a couple of nights?

MAN

What kind of place are you looking for? You're not going to find much here, no place you'd want to stay at least. If you're looking for something quiet head up to Castro, you should be able to find something there. Or if you're looking for something with a little more flavor I suggest heading down to Haight Street, there'll be plenty of places there, though once you're down there I don't think you'll want to be sleeping at all.

INDIGO

Thanks.

In the sideview mirror we see the couple staring after the car as it drives away.

EXT. HAIGHT STREET - NIGHT

View of the car turning onto Haight Street and pulling up to a hotel named Highwayman Hotel. Indigo exits the car with his two suitcases and hands the valet his keys. While pulling out his wallet we see Jim's ID still in it.

INDIGO

Keep the change

Indigo looks up at the hotel. It is tall and thin as if it is being crushed into claustrophobic nothingness between two neighboring buildings.

INT. HOTEL

Indigo strolls into the hotel with bags in hand. The inside looks as if someone looked at a magazine from the 60's, absorbed all the pictures, and vomited it up in a mess of colorful rugs, walls a mix of busy wall paper and faux wood, and a gaudy chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The collection of people seem to fit this interior well. The colorful clothes clash fabulously with the colors of the hotel, one man (HIPPY) in particular stands out with a camouflaged shirt, unbuttoned revealing his bare chest. Another man (MAX), with a face behind a newspaper but peeking out above it, is easily missed, but will make an appearance a little later. Right now he is just observing. Indigo walks up to the counter where he is greeted with a fake smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, welcome to the Highwayman,
how may I help you?

INDIGO

I would like a room please.

RECEPTIONIST

Is this just for tonight?

INDIGO

Yes- uhhhh - no. Undecided. I'm
down on business, I don't know when
I'll be done.

RECEPTIONIST

Not a problem, just come back here
the day you wish to check out.

INDIGO

I need a room overlooking the
street, for my job.

RECEPTIONIST

You bet. Name please.

INDIGO

(after slight hesitation)
Indigo Greer.

RECEPTIONIST

That'll be twelve dollars a night.
You're room number is 199, that's
on the second floor. Thank you for
visiting the Highwayman, enjoy your
stay.

Indigo nods to the receptionist as she hands him a room key.
A concierge clerk tries to take his suitcases but Indigo
pulls them away from the man's grasp.

INDIGO

I'll take them. Don't worry about
it. Fragile equipment.

The clerk nods and walks off. The man (HIPPI) in the
camouflaged shirt is seen staring as Indigo starts to walk
away from the desk. Indigo notices this man who gives a
sudden smile. HIPPI reaches out his hand. Indigo puts one of
his bags down to shake it.

HIPPY

Looks like we're neighbors

INDIGO

How do you mean?

HIPPY

(holding up room key)

Room 198. So what is your job exactly, if you don't mind me asking? I've been trying to pin you since you walked in, I was sure you were a salesman until I heard you needed a window. Wait now don't tell me yet, let me guess first... you're a detective staking out a joint across the street.

INDIGO

Nothing that important. I'm a journalist, well a writer, my story is about the summer of love.

HIPPY

And in the bags?

INDIGO

Just a type writer, no spy gear here.

HIPPY

Well that's a bit disappointing, we got our fair share of journalists here, but I never seen a detective yet. What's your story, if you don't mind the interrogation, I'm just an inquisitive man.

INDIGO

The self proclaimed "summer of love".

HIPPY

(letting out a drawn out whistle)

Well you'll have plenty to write about, although I'm not sure you'll find out much if you're just looking out a window. I'll knock on your door when I'm going out tonight, you can tag along if you want.

INDIGO

Thanks. I'll see how busy I am with work.

HIPPY

Man, going out is working isn't it?
First hand look at that "summer of
love".

Indigo just smiles and then hurries off to the elevator. All of a sudden he has a panicked look on his face and he presses the up button frantically. The elevator dings.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Once again the curtains are drawn and it is impossible to tell the time of day. On the bed sit two suitcases, one of which is still shut- what is in this mysterious suitcase? Could it really be a dismembered body?, but the other is open and the typewriter is on the desk. Indigo is mumbling to himself and rubbing his temples. The fan overhead is spinning fast and the sound gradually grows louder and louder until Indigo finally stands up from the desk, violently throwing his chair back. He opens the mini-fridge and shoves his head in it. He slams the door hard on his head once, twice, three times, the sound finally cuts out on the third time. Indigo stands with a bloody ear and a small bottle of vodka. He sits back down at the desk, staring at the typewriter. Blood is running down the side of his face and he wipes it off using his hand. He takes a sip from the bottle and starts typing, leaving blood on each of the keys of the typewriter.

On the paper: "FADE IN"

We see him typing furiously with a small smile on his face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The camera cut and we still see him typing, although now there is more blood down the side of his face and it is dry. The small vodka bottle is empty. There is a knock on the door and Indigo looks at it.

INDIGO

Who is it?

HIPPY

Room 198

There is a few moments of silence

HIPPY (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

After a few more moments Indigo finally gets up and opens the door.

HIPPY (CONT'D)
(smile turning to a frown)
What the hell happened to you?

INDIGO
Hmm?

HIPPY
Your ear man, it's leaking

INDIGO
(touching ear)
Oh yeah. I fell

HIPPY
Yeah man whatever you say. I see you've started typing already, but you aren't even looking out the windows. Tell me, what do you think this thing thats happening here is about? I don't want you putting some senseless shit in that project of yours. What could you possibly know about anything if you are just sitting here locked up in your room?

INDIGO
Take it easy. I had a rough day.

HIPPY
Yeah yeah, sorry man. I'm just sick of the picture painted by the media today, too 2-D you know? We're either the epitome of love or the poster children for irresponsibility. I don't want you falling into that crap trap my man. So what do you say, come out with me to take your mind off of it?

INDIGO
I really can't. I'm in the middle of something, I think you would like it though, really. I think it captures exactly the tone you are looking for. Tell you what, knock when you get back and I'll read some of it to you.

HIPPY
(nodding)
Alright, but I'm going to hold you to it.

Indigo nods and shuts the door on HIPPY's face. He walks across the room and looks out the window. It is in the evening but there are street lights on and the streets and sidewalks are well lit. As Indigo focuses on different people, a young couple, an older man sitting on a bench, a group of people drunk and cheery, voice over plays.

INDIGO V.O.

I am Indigo. I am a journalist, but I'm trying to be a screenwriter. I want to write for the pictures, I want to write about characters, I want to have dialogue, I want to have plot, I want conflict, I want resolution. I want to be famous. I want to be more famous than Hendrix. I want these people to crowd around the hotel, clawing at each other for a glimpse of me. I want to leave Chicago and those no name fuckers behind. I want...

Indigo sees HIPPY leave and meet up with two people waiting for him by the hotel. Indigo's gaze follows him as he walks up the street.

INDIGO V.O. (CONT'D)

...to kill. Indigo doesn't kill.
Indigo doesn't think about killing.
Indigo cares about free love.
Indigo cares about the war. Indigo cares...

The sound of the fan comes on loud again and drowns out Indigo's voice. The fan is casting shadows now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - LATER

Pan down from fan. Indigo is still in the same room but now HIPPY is tied up on the bed with a sock being used as a gag in his mouth. There is blood coming from his head and pieces of broken glass are in his hair and one piece is stuck in his side. He is making frenzied sounds. The other suitcase is now open too and there are several limbs on the bed with HIPPY.

Indigo is standing, towering, over the bed with his script in one hand. He reads it charismatically, speeding up with enthusiasm as it goes on.

INDIGO

Fade in. Interior- womb. Action- A fetus is growing and growing, it grows too large and the mother's stomach bursts like an over-ripe tomato. The fetus is now a baby, rolling orgasmically in the blood. The baby sees something slithering around in the carcass of his mother, what is it? It crawls, slipping on his mother, loving his mother, until he pulls his twin brother out of the mess. The baby looks into his brother's eyes and plops them out, eating them like gum balls. His brother cries. A large hand from a doctor comes in and throws the dying twin into the trash, carrying the other baby out into the world in a flash of blinding light.

Indigo looks at HIPPY with a smile that slowly fades. He picks up an arm from the bed and starts slapping HIPPY with it. Now sitting on top of HIPPY, arm in one hand, script in the other, he finishes. Indigo is practically screaming now.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Fade in. Interior- hotel room. Action- A man, LUNATIC, looks down at the frightened man underneath him. The man on top is holding a script and an arm, which he swings violently as he speaks. Character- Lunatic. Dialouge- I. Was. That. Baby! Action- The lunatic throws the arm in a fit of rage across the room.

Indigo throws the arm across the room.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

The lunatic now in a frenzy looks down at the bloodied man under him. With his free hand he tears the eye out of his victim.

Indigo, now sweaty with wild hair and eyes open wide, smiles at the man under him with his free hand held up ready to strike. HIPPY makes muffled cries through his gag and then Indigo rips his right eye out. HIPPY starts shaking.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Still holding the eye out for his victim to see, the man watches with glee as the terror seen in that one remaining eye grows. Character-Lunatic. Dialogue- I was born in blood, and I became a murderer before I had even entered this world. I then turned to my brother like Cain and slew him on the spot. No killing can ever match that double homicide in passion, but nevertheless I must try. Action- with a sudden change of expression, to show an almost heavy heart, or maybe just a realization that this kill will mean nothing, the man strangles the life out of his victim, now too much in shock to respond.

Indigo strangles the man and then rolls over beside him on the bed. Indigo picks up the eyeball, tosses it up in the air and catches it a few times as one might a rubber ball. He lets it drop to the ground and slumps back to the desk. The typewriter is now covered in blood and goo as Indigo starts a new story. FADE IN.

INT. PUB

It is a dark and stormy night... death is hanging in the air. In the pub: candle lit torches, many many empty glasses and still more beer coming, and fear. The townsmen are sitting huddled in small groups whispering to each other. Indigo sits at the bar with a glass of his own. 18th century attire.

BARTENDER

I haven't seen such a group of pussy cats like this since my niece adopted that pregnant cat.

Indigo smile up at him from his glass.

INDIGO

Haven't you heard of the beast?

BARTENDER

Aye. I've heard of a dog that's been biting people. I have a dog of my own waiting in my room.

INDIGO

Oh but this is no dog. The remains they find, and there aren't many, are torn to shreds. Mostly eaten or smeared halfway down the road. The survivors say the beast stands on two legs. That doesn't sound like any dog I have seen.

BARTENDER

(shaking his head and cleaning a glass)

If you knew better you'd keep your mouth shut. People around here were never trusting of strangers, now they will run you out of town if they hear too much unpleasantries.

INDIGO

Don't worry about me. I'm having my drink then having my carriage take me as far from here as I can get. I don't want to deal with this beast I'm hearing about anymore than you.

BARTENDER

(suddenly looking scared as his false courage fades)

Leave? Now? At night? No stay, for your sake, stay. For the love of god stay.

INDIGO

Another beer then.

People are starting to look at Indigo and he notices they are whispering about him.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

They really don't trust strangers do they. I may as well be covered in fur, teeth dripping in blood with how they are looking at me.

BARTENDER

No. Then they would kill you. Now they're just talking. Talk doesn't hurt anyone. You aren't the only one passing through anyway, there's always going to be merchants coming and going beast or no beast.

Indigo's eyes get wide open and he starts drooling his drink.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Whoah there mister. Are you
alright?

Indigo starts foaming a bit at the mouth then wipes it
quickly.

INDIGO

Yeah. I'm fine. Maybe you better
hold that drink though. Haha! I
can't hold my beer like I used to.

Bartender just nods his head. As Indigo gets up to go to the
bathroom the bartender stares at him suspiciously. Indigo
throws open the bathroom door and staggers in. There is
another man drunkenly pissing in a urinal and one more
throwing up in a stall which is really just a hole in the
ground. Indigo begins to wash his face with water from the
sink but can't stop laughing and foaming at the mouth.

Out side there come drunken yells from drunk men drunkenly
brave.

DRUNK 1

How do I know you aren't the beast?
I swear I saw you running around
last night.

DRUNK 2

You're just saying that because he
slept with Luanne!

DRUNK 1

No I'm not. I swear he was outside!
I swear! How do you know he wasn't

DRUNK 3

If I was a beast I wouldn't be
drinking my ass off!

Indigo is laughing harder and harder until he collapses on
the ground. There is a window and the moonlight covers him.

The man at the urinal finishes and walks over to the sink.

URINAL MAN

What is your problem son?

INDIGO

(between howls of
laughter)

The moon. It feels. So. Good.

Urinal man stands looking at him and as Indigo begins to change into a werewolf urinal man stands stunned still.

URINAL MAN
You...you're... the beast

Indigo just laughs and laughs as he changes, his clothes ripping off and him lying there in a furry heap.

URINAL MAN (CONT'D)
Please just let me go. I won't tell anyone I swear. I'll go straight home.

INDIGO
(rasping)
It doesn't matter if you tell. No. One. Will. Leave.

Indigo lets out a final howl before changing completely.

INT. HALLWAY

Voice over plays. Indigo puts a "do not disturb" sign on his door and then walks over to the room next to his. He has not rinsed off or changed clothes and leaves bloody footprints on the carpet as he walks.

INDIGO V.O.
My name is... Joseph. I am in hotel number 198. I am here...

Indigo - now Joseph - uses a different key to open this door. He sees a messy room with flamboyant clothes and various drug paraphernalia strewn about.

JOSEPH V.O.
... for pleasure. I am unemployed, but I am trying to write a movie. An autobiography on my life. Some things about me...

Joseph rifles through HIPPY's suitcase and picks up a pill bottle then tosses it aside. He sees a couple of Polaroids on the nightstand with HIPPY and his friends.

JOSEPH V.O. (CONT'D)
I like drugs. I have many friends. I fit in well down here, I have the makings of a man of peace and love, I do not kill.

Joseph grabs some clothes and then walks into the bathroom. We hear the shower running.

INT. BATHROOM

Blood is being washed down the drain of the shower.

EXT. STREET - LATE MORNING

Music plays from radios as Joseph strolls down the street. He is dressed colorfully with a smile on his face. People he passes smile and nod at him and he walks with confidence, but this happiness is about to give way to something else... terror. The music stays the same from each radio he passes, seemingly following him. He walks passed a crowd of people on a stoop smoking with a radio sitting besides them. A car drives passed. He passes an open window with a woman leaning out of it. As he passes people they seem to be staring at him more and more intently, then start to have faces of anger. For a brief moment the woman in the window's throat appears to be slit but Joseph quickly looks away. A crowd is walking down a side street and Joseph follows them, ignoring this increasing paranoia.

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Joseph walks onto a large open field still following the crowd. A band is playing on a stage a few hundred feet away. People are dancing and while Joseph listens and watches he has a smile plastered on his face. He walks to be more centered with the band (although still hanging out at the back of the crowd) and we see he was clenching his fists so tight there is blood coming from them. He stands without moving at all to the music. A man (MAX) dressed in a plain white t-shirt with a large unkept beard keeps looking back at him, this is the same observer hiding behind the newspaper from earlier in the hotel making another quick appearance.

EXT. PARK - LATER, DUSK

Joseph stands in the same still position as before even though it is several hours later. Band members are walking away with their equipment and the crowd is leaving. Joseph turns and sees the man in the white shirt from before peeking out from a bush staring at him. The man turns from the bush and runs when Joseph sees him.

A man off screen (JOHNNY) speaks while Joseph stares at the man running away.

JOHNNY
Hey there buddy. You looking for
anything?

JOSEPH
(still not looking at the
man speaking to him)
What do you mean?

Joseph turns to look at JOHNNY and sees a man and woman
smiling at him.

JOHNNY
You new here?

JOSEPH
Yeah.

JOHNNY
Well welcome then! I think you'll
find this place to be everything
you could have hoped for.

JOSEPH
And what is that?

JOHNNY
What is what?

JOSEPH
What can I hope for?

JOHNNY
(perplexed)
What can you hope for? You can hope
for freedom and love and purpose
and enlightenment.

JOSEPH
Enlighten me then.

The man smiles again.

JOHNNY
Oh no. I don't enlighten, I'm just
passing through man. I couldn't
teach you anymore than you could
teach me. But I have a friend named
Lucy who is a sage, a guru from
another world. Take her by the
hands and when you finally let go
all you'll be able to see is hope.

JOSEPH
Where is she?

The man and woman laugh aloud now.

JOHNNY
Well my man, Lucy is shy, so she's
hiding in my pocket, but I think
she'll come out for you.

Johnny reaches in his pocket and starts thrashing his hand
around in it as if he is trying to catch a slippery fish.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Whoa there Lucy, calm down now
girl.

Joseph looks at him wide eyed, fully expecting a human being
to be pulled out of this man's pocket. The man laughs again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Don't look so worried, I'm just
kidding around.

JOHNNY holds out two tabs of LSD.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Swallow these and in half an hour
you'll start to see something
grand.

Joseph looks skeptical but reaches for the two pieces of
paper. Johnny pantomimes swallowing the tabs and Joseph,
after a moment's hesitation, swallows them.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The man and woman are walking in front of Joseph, but they
are nothing more than a blur under the pulsating street
lights. Music plays in the background and the lights seem to
pulse with it casting vibrant red and purple beams. Joseph
passes the house where the woman was standing before. The
window is now empty but a splash of blood shines neon green
in the window. Head lights come into view from down the
street and become so bright they fill the screen with white
as the car gets closer.

INT. JOHNNY AND DOLLY'S HOUSE

Beads hanging from a door entranceway part as Joseph and the
man and woman walk in the room. Tapestries and tie died
everything occupy the room.

The music continues and laughs cut through loudly. Joseph looks at the people laughing and as he walks in he sees himself in the mirror. The reflection looking back at him is smiling too. Joseph touches his face as if it is a mask, feeling around to see if those muscles are really contracting on their own.

Unnatural moonlight pours in from the windows, bright as spotlights. The man and the woman continue further into the house. There are around five people in the room but voices can be heard echoing from other rooms. Joseph wanders forward following the man and woman. The next room is a dining room where people are eating and drinking from champagne glasses, the feeling of a Gatsby-esque party resonates. The women are wearing cocktail dresses and frivolous hats, the men in hand-me-down suit jackets. Someone puts droplets of some liquid in the punch bowl. The voices are just senseless chatter. Joseph moves forward. He opens a door and again is greeted with another mirror, this one very large. In the reflection he sees the room he was just in, but now the people appear to be demons- red skin, scales, and horns accompany them instead of hats and dresses and suits. They are all fucking furiously, their senseless chatter turns into howls and moans. The door shuts. A few more howls are heard and then just music softly.

The man and woman are sitting together at a small table, looking at each other lovingly, lit up by a candle. The fire reflects in their eyes. On the door that is now shut is another mirror, creating the effect of an infinite series of rooms. Joseph walks forward to touch the mirror, but instead of having his hand stop at the glass it goes right through. He pulls the hand back quickly.

To his right a small group of people sit, passing around joints and looking at a picture on the wall. It is a painting of an airplane coming head on towards the viewers. Sounds of propellers come on, followed by gunshots. The room is smoky, so smoky that lights from the unreal gunfire bounce off the haze. Underneath the painting is a fireplace. Joseph walks passed the people smoking and bends down to the fire, getting very close. Beside him he sees a fire-poker and picks it up. He walks behind the people again who pay him no mind. He swings the poker around, a trail following behind it in his drugged vision. The gunfire grows louder and the fire rages, appearing to start to spread to the walls. Joseph is half in shadow, half in orange light cast from the flames as he raises the fire-poker above a woman's head. He stays like that for a few moments before a hand grabs him. He turns and sees the man from the concert, MAX, the one who was staring at him.

MAX

Not here

JOSEPH

Why not?

MAX

(looking from side to side)

Too many witnesses. You'll get yourself killed. Follow me.

Max drags Joseph by his shirt to an exit.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The two are alone in a cramped alley.

MAX

I know who you are. I could tell the moment I saw you. You're one of us.

JOSEPH

One of who?

MAX

An American who will be damned to let America get burned. I have a group, a group of people like us, you are like us aren't you?

JOSEPH

(after looking unsure for a moment)

Yeah. I'm one of you.

MAX

(getting more friendly)

I knew it! Well I have a group of people like us who know we need to get these hippies the hell out of our country. We're on the inside, we look like them, we talk like them, but we don't think like them. Did they give you something?

Joseph nods.

MAX (CONT'D)

Typical. They're brainwashing you, they're putting things in your head. Those tabs are full of robots, they live in your mind forever. Be careful what you think, they can hear your thoughts.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

You think they're gone but they can come back anytime. They're always watching.

MAX suddenly turns and runs down the alley, before he turns the corner he turns back to Joseph.

MAX (CONT'D)

I didn't catch your name

JOSEPH

Joseph.

MAX

I'm max. I'll talk to you later
Joseph. Don't try to find me.

Max turns the corner and Joseph slides down the wall till he is sitting on the ground. He rubs his temples with his eyes closed trying to focus. In the distance a dog lets out a few barks.

JOSEPH V.O.

Joseph... I am no Joseph. What the hell is that anyway? Joseph.
Joseph. Joseph is nothing. It's a sound. Joseph has no purpose. I am...
I am Kennel. I house dirty dogs and mangy mutts. My dogs don't stay with me for long, families of lovers loving dog lovers pick up the dogs one by one till I am empty empty empty empty empty empty empty. The dogs come and go before I get to know them except for the few dogs whose families never come to take them back home. But these are the most depressed deranged and damaged dogs doing what depressed deranged and damaged dogs do best, howl and bite and whine. I have no interest in getting to know those dogs. But the other dogs have gone away.

A timelapse shot shows the street start to get brighter as Kennel sits still in the street, head in his hands. Somewhere in the background a dog barks and Kennel looks up from his huddle. He slowly stands up and looks back at the door he came out of. It stands out bright red against the grey walls of the alley. On it a black smiley face is spray painted. He begins to walk in the direction of the barking dog.

EXT. SANFRANCISCO STREETS

Calm music plays in the background (The Caretaker's An Empty Bliss Beyond This World, Pink Floyd's San Tropez) as he walks. The morning is overcast and slightly foggy but Kennel has a small smile on his face. A few shots of him walking down sidewalks, all nearly empty. Finally he comes across a small house, very out of place looking among the other apartments and shops. It has a waist high chainlink fence around it. The grass is very overgrown and the house looks like it was abandoned many years ago. The sun cuts through the clouds over the house and it looks like something out of a dream. A dog barks along the fence and Kennel bends over the fence to pet it. It licks his face and looks happy to see him. A flash of a very young child laying in the grass, now much more neatly cut (although still not perfectly maintained) with the same dog running around him. Back to Kennel petting the dog then regretfully standing up and walking away. The dog stops barking and just stares at Kennel until the house is out of screen and then the barking continues.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Kennel is in a state of paranoia. From his perspective we see one of his eye's reflecting off the inside of his sunglasses. It starts darting around frantically searching for something. His breathing is very loud. The camera focuses further out passed the inside of the glasses and zooms in uncomfortably close on several different eyes. Breathing gets louder.

Camera goes out of Kennel's perspective and we see him sitting- looking perfectly normal - in an uncrowded coffee shop with a pastry in front of him. A light rain drips down the window and soft calm music plays from a radio.

INT. HOTEL

Kennel walks into the hotel and as he starts to walk toward the elevator the hotel receptionist at the desk, the same one from before, calls Kennel over. The hotel has a couple people sifting through magazines in the lobby.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me sir.

Kennel keeps walking.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(more forcefully)

Sir!

Kennel turns to look at her and she furiously waves him over.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You are room 199, correct?

KENNEL

Yes that's right.

RECEPTIONIST

Well there are several complaints about your room. Is everything alright? People say they heard screaming last night. Crying.

KENNEL

(pausing for a moment,
then in a monotone voice)

Oh yes! That's right. I had been watching a movie of sorts last night. A horror film. Nasty scenes in it to say the least. I'll make sure to turn the television down more if I watch any other movies.

Kennel starts to walk away but the woman calls him back again.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir! One more minute sir.

Kennel walks back and offers a very forced smile.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

The noise isn't the only complaint sir. People are saying there is a certain... smell coming from your room.

KENNEL

A smell? Well that's embarrassing. I've had some stomach problems lately, and I've been doing some bad bad things in the bathroom.

RECEPTIONIST

(blushing)

I don't think that's it sir. I went to check on the smell myself and... it's unlike anything I've smelled before.

KENNEL

I don't know what could possibly be the cause, but I'll do my best to fix it.

RECEPTIONIST

If you would just let the maid clear-

KENNEL

(frantically then
regaining composure)

No! No that won't be necessary. My line of work requires the utmost concentration and care. If a maid begins snooping around my things... well I won't have it. The smell and sounds will be taken care of I assure you.

Kennel walks away and the woman looks at him defeated as he goes to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL FLOOR 2

Kennel walks down the hall. When he looks at room 199 the door seems to be beating out, almost like a pulsing heart. Blood seeps under the door and a scream echoes. Kennel whistles and rolls his eyes as if to say "I'm not fucking with that" and then walks next door to HIPPIE's old room, room 198.

INT. ROOM 198

Kennel lies on the bed and just as he closes his eyes there is a knock on the door and an envelope is slid under it. Kennel stares at the note on the ground then rolls off the bed. He throws the door open and sees Max running down the hall then throwing the stair door open and runs down the stairs. The door of room 199 still has blood wet all outside of it. He shuts the door and walks back to the bed with the envelope in his hand. On the bed he reads the note sleepily then throws it on the bed next to him and falls asleep as soon as he leans his head back. We see the note says an address on it and is signed with the letters "LLLK"

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kennel walks down the street until he comes to the house. He runs up the few steps leading to the door and knocks.

A voice talks to him from the mail slot. Kennel looks strangely at this talking slot and bends down to see the door's lips.

DOORMAN

Who are you

KENNEL

I don't know, I'm here to see Max

DOORMAN

What do you mean you don't know who you are?

KENNEL

I'm Kennel. But Max doesn't know me as that. He knows me as Joseph.

DOORMAN

I don't know a Max.

KENNEL

He slid his address in a note under my door.

DOORMAN

Did he sign it Max?

KENNEL

No he wrote the letters "LLLK"

The mouth disappears inside. After a moment the door opens and Max is standing there. He greets Kennel with a smile.

MAX

I thought it was you. I knew you'd fit in. We don't use the same names either. If you use the same name they'd know it was you. That's how we escape them all the time.

KENNEL

They don't ever know my name. That's why I always change it. One time one will sound familiar and they'll know me.

MAX

And they haven't recognized one of the names yet?

KENNEL

No.

MAX

Good. Keep it up then. And welcome.

INT. LLLK HOUSE

Max opens the door all the way and Kennel gets a full view inside. There is a small hallway leading into a dining room. Three people are sitting at a table (two men and one woman). A record player sits on the table along with several scattered photographs and notebooks and listening devices. On one of the walls is written "Little Lucky Lunatics Klan" in green paint. The three people at the table all look suspiciously at Kennel who walks in looking at the words on the wall. None of the other people talk and Max still has a smile and stands closely behind Kennel with his hands folded together in expectation.

KENNEL

What do these words mean?

Max puts a finger up to his lips and gestures to the table. Kennel stares at Max a moment and then looks back at the table of people. There's a chair empty at the head of the table and on the side, and although the chair at the head of the table seems to clearly be for Max he sits there. Max gives a quick worried look then his smile returns and he sits at the other chair without saying anything.

Once they are all settled Max nods at the group. With robotic habit the players are set in motion. The one woman (WOMAN), a tight strung librarian type, puts the needle down on the record. One of the men (GENTLEMAN), the oldest one there with greying hair and dignified features, lights up a cigar. The other man (BOY), so young he is hardly a man at all, fidgets in his seat. Simultaneously they all lean their heads in close in the table. They turn to stare at Kennel who looks around unsure for a moment then leans in too. The music plays and they speak in hushed voices.

MAX

We should be able to talk now that music is playing. You must think we're being overcautious but I assure you we're not. You see this device here?

Max points to the listening device.

MAX (CONT'D)

With this someone can listen in from next door with no problem. And that's just the technology that we can get.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

They have all the resources, if we can hear next door you know they can hear across the street or down the block. For all we know they have ways to cancel out the music and we're already found out.

KENNEL

You think your neighbors are listening to you?

MAX

Well we listen to them. They must listen to us too. Sometimes when I put that device against the wall I hear a clunk on the other side and I'm sure it was one of them putting their own device in the exact same spot on their side of the wall. I sit there for hours waiting for them to move it but they never do. Brain wave trackers and thought readers and machines that control your words. But you asked about the name. "The Little Lucky Lunatic Klan." That's what we call ourselves so the others don't find us out. They don't know what the words mean. I suspect you'll understand though. Little cause were a small group of four. Lucky because were four out of four billion who know what's going on in the world. Lunatics because as soon as you think differently than four billion you're definitely insane, at least to them. Klan because were a collective group of same minded people. And you're a Little Lucky Lunatic too, because were you.

KENNEL

You're not me.

MAX

If we're not you than you are us. I've watched you. You may not have noticed me but I was sitting in the hotel the day you came in hiding behind my newspaper. The way you looked so... uncomfortable. So horrified to be there... I knew right away. So I moved my room next door and listened in.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

The things you did, what we heard,
we were very pleased.

WOMAN

Very pleased.

GENTLEMAN

(puffing cigar)

Very pleased.

Camera shows on BOY who is silent. They all look at him and he realizes it is his turn to speak up.

BOY

Very pleased.

MAX

You see, we have everything we need. We have information- names and locations. But we don't know what to do with it. You though, you handled that man from earlier in the hotel with such delicacy I was taken aback.

There is a lull of silence. WOMAN adjusts her glasses and scoffs disapprovingly at Kennel.

GENTLEMAN

Don't say much do you?

BOY

(shifting in his seat)

Come on now, why'd we bring him in here? I told you he wasn't going to be interested. I knew he wouldn't be interested. "Listen here," I'd whispered when he came to the door, "that's the knock of someone who's not interested."

Kennel looks at each of them then smiles.

KENNEL

I have to use the restroom

ALL raise one eyebrow.

KENNEL (CONT'D)

Which way is it?

MAX

Go back down the hall and it's on your right.

Kennel nods and walks to it. WOMAN picks up another record sleeve and looks at it uninterested, Gentleman lets out a puff of smoke, BOY shuffles in his seat. Once in the bathroom Kennel turns on the sink water and opens the window and slides out.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE

The music from inside can be heard faintly. Kennel looks in the window in the connected duplex next door and sees an old couple sitting across from each other on chairs reading books. A fire is lit in the fireplace by them. Looking in through window.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

Fire. Woman. Man. Fire. Woman. Man. Faster cuts between them then cut to Kennel standing with fire all around him as the room turns into a hell. He is naked covered in sweat standing in the center of the room and the two bodies melt on the chairs on either side of him. His face is laughing. Cuts between blaring music, loud fire, loud laughter, and silence interwoven with scene cuts between Kennel's face, melting skin and bone of the two old lovers, and shots of the room burning.

INT. LLLK HOUSE BATHROOM

Kennel finishes washing his hands and turns off the bathroom sink. He looks up into the mirror and stares at his eyes for long time. The bathroom is a washed out blue with a fluorescent tube lighting the room in the most terrible way. He slowly opens his mouth until it is so far open the skin stretches tight. Tears begin to come out of his eyes and his face looks all together too far gone to be human. Then he collapses on the ground laughing but with a look of terror on his face as he looks all around the bathroom for some invisible threat. He crumbles on the ground switching between crying and laughing, terror and glee.

INT. LLLK HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Kennel goes back to his chair. He is slightly sweaty but otherwise looks normal considering the last scenes.

KENNEL

(talking now in an off
kilter way, much more
emotion than earlier
monotone way of talking)

(MORE)

KENNEL (CONT'D)

You don't have to worry about the neighbors anymore.

MAX

What have you done to the neighbors?

KENNEL

They're dead! I killed themmm I went into the house and I killed them and now they're fucking nothing. They'll never ever listen to you again and if you're worried about the houses across the street I'll slit their throats. I'll fucking love it. So you did have the right man for the job. My name is Kennel and I house mangy mutts and if you give me those names I'll do whatever it is you ask.

MAX smiles. WOMAN smiles. GENTLEMAN smiles. BOY smiles.

MAX

Good. Very good.

Last shot overhead of table with pictures of people strewn about and MAX beginning to arrange them on the table.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 199

Kennel is back in the bloodied hotel room. Some flies buzz around the old blood. Limbs are still thrown around the room and Indigo's body lies on the bed. On the wall Kennel is hanging up pictures of men and women (about ten pictures), we will meet all of these people at a fun dinner party later, and putting ripped out journal entries under their pictures. Kennel hangs HIPPY's picture up. KENNEL is now LOVER

LOVER V.O.

My name to them is lover because I am a lover to all. My name is Lucifer because I am here to kill. Lover loves the masses because goodness is in all human beings.

Lover walks over to HIPPY's body and sticks his finger in his empty eye socket. His finger comes back with blood which he uses to make an X over Indigo's picture and then goes back to hanging up the rest of the pictures.

LOVER V.O. (CONT'D)

There is a life-force that connects all of us. Our bodies are merely vessels for Life. I may have been born with more grey matter and my frontal cortex might be larger than yours and maybe my parents didn't hate me like yours did so I seem different than you. But if we were all born with the same brain and had God as our only guardian we would all be the same. We would just be life. So me you and the next guy ought to look after each other, otherwise it's spitting in the face of life.

Close up of flies and blood and gore.

LOVER V.O. (CONT'D)

I am Lucifer. I don't hate or love or have emotions like the rest. My brain is like pulsating blackness, chaotic flashes of tentacle like neurons firing and making my vision a dark dark red. That knife in you looks beautiful and I can feel those black tentacles moving from my body to yours and the red gets just a bit brighter and I see the world and the room and then it gets darker again. It's as useless to teach me about morality as it is teaching my typewriter. The typewriter knows screws and grease and the sound of a pressing key. All I know are things indescribable to someone who doesn't know them, and if you try to tell me what goodness is then you most certainly do not know them.

Lover finishes hanging up the pictures and steps back and stares at them

LOVER V.O. (CONT'D)

I am a typewriter, and you are pressing my keys.

Heavy metal music starts to play. The camera spins around so fast it is just a blur of colors.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -NOON

Lover stands with a scowl on his face. He is standing at the red door from the other night. The music is still playing. Hectic. The door opens and it is the woman (DOLLY) from the other night. She looks like she just woke up but smiles when she sees him. Music stops with this disarming smile. The woman talks in a weary voice.

DOLLY
 (in a moment of
 recognition)
 Hey you.

Lover is caught off guard, ready to kill, but now feeling conflicted.

LOVER
 Hey.

The two stand in silence.

DOLLY
 You want to come in?

LOVER
 Is there anyone else there?

DOLLY
 Do you want there to be?

Lover shrugs.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
 Don't talk much do you?

LOVER
 Only when I have something to say.

DOLLY
 (moving aside so Lover can
 get in)
 Johnny's here, I think a couple of
 his friends stayed the night too.
 Come on in.

Lover nods and walks inside.

INT. JOHNNY AND DOLLY'S HOUSE

Dolly sits down on the couch, looking perfectly relaxed despite a more or less stranger being around. She picks up a half smoked cigarette and resumes smoking.

There is a tiny TV on playing the news. An uneaten bowl of cereal sits on the coffee table.

DOLLY
(nodding head to the bowl)
You want that?

LOVER
I'm not hungry.

DOLLY
Me neither. They show footage of men being killed on the morning news and just because it's happening a million miles away they think we'll still be able to eat. Or maybe they don't want us to eat. What do you think?

Lover is standing awkwardly just inside the doorway. He is perplexed as if no one in the world has ever asked him what he thought before.

LOVER
About what?

DOLLY
(after a moment)
I don't know. The war. Breakfast. Anything at all you think about?

LOVER
You don't want to know what I think about.

DOLLY
Now I really want to know.

LOVER
(hesitating)
I'm thinking about that smile on the door and how when I see it it makes me want to frown and I don't know why.

The news plays in the background but the woman is silent and then all of a sudden starts crying. Lover looks at her unsure of what to do.

DOLLY
That's so goddamn sad.

The news continues to play as Dolly cries. Lover walks over and sits next to her. He picks up the bowl of cereal and starts to eat.

Camera cuts to later.

Lover sits in the same spot with an empty bowl of cereal in his lap. Dolly is asleep. The TV is still on. Johnny walks in wearing just a pair of boxers and slippers. He looks busy despite the lounging attire and starts looking through drawers.

JOHNNY
 (not looking up from the
 drawers)
 Doll. Hey Doll.

He turns around and sees her sleeping and throws a slipper gently at her.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 Dolly.

Dolly wakes up but doesn't open her eyes.

DOLLY
 (tired)
 Hmmmm?

JOHNNY
 You seen my watch.

DOLLY
 No. I didn't touch it.

JOHNNY
 Do you think someone took it?

DOLLY
 Who wants to know the time anymore?

JOHNNY
 Me.

DOLLY
 (smiling)
 For never doing anything you sure
 are always in a hurry.

JOHNNY
 I'm not doing nothing today. I got
 an interview.

DOLLY

Johnny, I love you, but there is nothing you could ever do to convince me you'd actually get a job.

Johnny doesn't respond but goes back to looking through the drawers.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

You know what- sorry what did you say your name was again?

Lover looks stunned for a moment. Can he really tell this woman his name is Lover? Finally he speaks up but with an uncertainty that is easy to see through.

LOVER

(flashing peace sign and a half smile)

Lover.

Dolly just laughs though.

DOLLY

You know what this man said to me earlier?

Johnny finds the watch and turns around with a look of surprise as if he is seeing the man here for the first time. He waves.

JOHNNY

What did he say?

DOLLY

(holding back tears again)
He said... he said that the face on the door made him sad... and he didn't know why. And you know what I did?

JOHNNY

(kneeling down by her)
What did you do?

DOLLY

(half laughing half crying)
I cried. I fucking cried. And then I slept because the news came on and it was all too sad to stay awake for.

JOHNNY

Cryings good. Cryings healthy.
People these days don't cry
anymore. There are worse ways of
dealing with sadness.

LOVER

I can't cry.

JOHNNY

Everyone can cry.

Lover shakes his head.

LOVER

I can't.

Dolly starts crying again.

INT. KITCHEN

Closeup on the stove as food fries and bubbles in a frying pan. Dolly heard humming in background. Zoom out and Lover sits staring at her as she cooks, she doesn't look uncomfortable with him at all in the room. Seeing through Lover's POV we see the nape of Dolly's neck and then slowly move down the ridges of her spine, exposed in her backless shirt. Lover's eyes then move to the food on the stove, to grease shooting over the edge in a pop. To grease sliding down into the burner. Then over to a knife on a cutting board, with tomato guts all over it. Back to the ridges in her spine. In an instant the stove is turned off, the pan is taken off the burner so the sizzling stops, and Dolly stops humming. Out of Lover's POV now and seeing the whole room, Dolly carefree as ever. She dishes out a plate for Lover and herself, and then for a third plate.

DOLLY

(shaking her head)

I thought Johnny would be back by
now. Oh well, he can microwave his
later.

LOVER

Long interview

DOLLY

Johnny doesn't take bad news so
well, if he's not back soon I might
just have to go out looking for
him.

LOVER
I'll go with you.

DOLLY
Oh no, don't worry yourself with
it. I know where to find him
anyway, he wouldn't want you to see
him like he is when he gets upset.
He's just so hard on himself you
know?

Dolly pulls out a joint and lights it, putting it in her
mouth and bringing the plates over to the table.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Not worth worrying about now though
is it? Not when we got my cooking
in front of us.

Dolly winks.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
I've been told it's just good
enough to be edible.

Lover doesn't say anything or smile but looks at the meat in
the stir fry.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS

As if in a nature documentary cheetah in the wild chasing
down and catching a boar. Cheetah eating its body, calmly
ripping at the meat.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Lover takes a bite.

DOLLY
I hope it's cooked enough.

LOVER
(nodding)
I like it rare.

Dolly laughs as if that is the funniest thing ever. Lover
continues to eat without looking up.

DOLLY
I knew you'd say that.

Lover stares into Dolly's eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS

Cheetah having sex with other cheetah. Quick flashes between that and then the other cheetah being replaced with the dead and bloody boar, sex with cheetah, sex with corpse, sex with cheetah, sex with...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN

The front door slams open and doesn't shut. Stumbling footsteps are heard. Dolly looks worried and runs out into the other room.

DOLLY
(gasping)
Johnny, oh Johnny, why do you do
this to yourself.

Sound of a thump as Johnny collapses to the ground. When he hits the ground:

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAINS

Cheetah, this time having sex with the corpse.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Johnny lies on the couch while Lover sits on a beanbag chair. Dolly has her back to both of them as she thumbs through records.

DOLLY
You feeling better today Johnny?

JOHNNY
I am now that I can look at your
caboose deary.

DOLLY
(laughing)
I think I am too skinny to have a
caboose of any kind.

She picks an album and puts it on. It's a rock song and she starts to dance.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
(yelling over the music)
I invited the gang over tonight.

JOHNNY
The gang? Who's the gang? I didn't
realize we had a gang.

DOLLY
Of course we have a gang! Everyone
has got a gang. Well there's Gina,
and Tim, and Twiggy, and Grant, and
Roger, and Linda, and well, there's
everyone we normally see. And of
course Gina will bring a new boy
and Twiggy will bring two! It's
quite a merry gang!

JOHNNY
Hmmmph

DOLLY
Come on Johnny, you've been sour
ever since that interview. You
gotta get back into big boy Johnny
shoes and stop mopping around. Say,
if you got that job I bet right now
you'd be there mopping around and
being sour that you can't see the
gang. Mine as well be happy with
what you have Johnny the grass is
plenty green on both sides.

JOHNNY
You always have to make it so hard
to be miserable don't you?

Dolly just nods while she dances and the dancing continues until:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

There is a light on underneath the bedroom door and LOVER is sitting right next to it against the hall wall listening in. There is muffled talking and some giggling inside.

LOVER V.O.

The players are all coming over tonight. The gang. Let's see who these people are that the Little Lucky Lunatics Klan wishes for me to kill so badly. Do I want them dead? I suppose I will see tonight, but since I am a Little Lucky Lunatic and the Little Lucky Lunatics want them dead I must want them dead too. Or is it Kennel that wants them dead? Is Lover even a Little Lucky Lunatic anyway? All these names are making it confusing. Jumbled lives. Different groups different gangs. There must be hundreds of thousands of gangs just in this city alone. Behind each door. The face outside this one just made it easy to find.

JOHNNY

(behind closed doors,
whispering)

So how much longer do you want him to stay?

DOLLY

(whispering also)

Oh come on, you know as well as I do we can't kick him out, you just want me to be the one to say it.

JOHNNY

Why can't we kick him out? Because I gave him acid one night suddenly he's our best friend?

DOLLY

Friend or not has got nothing to do with it. You think he has anyone else out there to go to?

Lover smiles to himself at this.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

He's obviously a little strange Johnny.

(MORE)

DOLLY (CONT'D)

I bet that poor kid came out here expecting everyone to love him but found this place is just as cruel as any other if you're different. Sure we're all strange here but what if you don't flash peace signs and say you hate the war and you want peace and you just want to love? What if you want to belong but can't even with people like that? The man is calling himself Lover just to fit in for Christ's sake Johnny.

Lover is sitting out in the hall still and is suddenly taken an interest in the backs of his hands, looking them over intently.

INT. KITCHEN

A long table has been set up. There is a grand feast out with candles and flower center pieces. It looks much too nice for a small house like Dolly and Johnny's. Lover sits at the head of the table once again with his hair combed and greased over. He wears a black long jacket with a bright red shirt popping out underneath. He taps on the table with his fingers but sits motionless otherwise.

LOVER V.O.

Now we sit and wait and let the prey come to us. We are an undercover demon and they do not even suspect it. They probably won't even know to look for a monster in here, but once they start dropping like flies they will know there is something... groovy afoot.

There is a sound of a door opening and Dolly's voice coming through greeting them. Lover smiles. There is still a conversation going on in the next room but Lover does not move or strain to hear. Finally after the door opens again and more voices are heard people start moving to the kitchen. These people include our two precious Johnny and Dolly, in addition to them: TWIGGY- a girl thin as a stick and her two boyfriends as promised. GINA- a homely woman of about thirty with unwashed hair and always smiling. TIM- an older man with hair down to his knees wearing necklaces and a lacy shirt. ROGER- a man that might be over 6 foot and 200 pounds, he is covered with tattoos and sticks out from the other hippy types.

And finally LINDA and GRANT- brother and sister with soft voices who share a love for just about everything in the world and will be the first to tell you. Lover takes notes of all of these people, though he thinks more about the blood in their bodies than anything else. Lover rises and raises a glass to them.

LOVER

Welcome friends. Welcome.

GRANT

(yelling and throwing up
his hands)

Hello friend!

TWIGGY

Oooooo Dolly who is you're lovely
man here?

DOLLY

Ask him! He can talk you know
Twiggy.

TWIGGY

(flipping her hair and
winking at Lover)

I don't like men for how they talk.

Lover gives her a big smile.

LOVER

You're in luck then, I'm not known
to talk much.

GINA

No man! Conversation is where it's
at! Twiggy wants all the men in the
world to be naked mutes, but I tell
you if you strip a man of his
clothes he's just such a bore!
We're naked mole rats you know,
really quite ugly when it's just
skin.

DOLLY

I don't think little Lover boy over
here could ever be boring, I tell
you look into his eyes sometimes
and you'll think you took too many
mushrooms. Crazy things behind
those eyes.

ROGER

Be careful Johnny I think Dolly
might be falling for this one.

JOHNNY

(pretending to cry)
My baby! No Dolly no you're tearing
me apart!

Johnny grabs Dolly from behind and rocks her back and forth. Dolly lets out a shriek and begins to laugh. They begin to seat themselves at the table and Lover remains standing with a plastered on smile until they are all seated and then he seats himself. They start dishing out food- fine food such as roast duck, and wine.

GRANT

I'm glad you guys decided to keep
tonight calm, the other night was
wild enough to last me a month.

TIM

You say that now, but if I know you
you're going to be begging for it
again in a week.

GRANT

No my friend, a few more trips like
that and I think my brain really
will be fried.

TIM

You're brain has always been fried!
The first thing this man ever said
to me was "uhhhhhhh which way to
the bathroom mannnn". I thought you
were drunk!

They all laugh.

TWIGGY

(bending down to talk as
if she has a secret to
tell)

That really was quite the get
together you guys had though. There
was so much love in the kitchen
here I swear I never felt anything
like that before.

DOLLY

I certainly heard some interesting
things coming from here.

GINA

Not as interesting as what we heard
from your bedroom Dolly, Johnny
must have been bucking pretty hard
I thought the bed would burst
through the wall it was banging
against it so hard.

ROGER

I don't think anything in this
house ever ceases to be
interesting.

LINDA

I'll raise my glass to that.

She raises her glass and then gulps the wine down.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(tapping the glass with
the fork)

More wine, waiter!

Johnny stands up and pours her some.

GINA

I like it when you guys host, I
like to see Johnny working.

Johnny and Dolly meet eyes quickly then look away.

DOLLY

What's the matter anyway Gina, I
told Johnny and Lover here Twiggy
would bring two boyfriends and you
would bring one. Twiggy came
through with her half where is your
man.

GINA

(getting more serious)

It's the strangest thing. I've been
seeing that guy for awhile, you
know that black man right? Crazy
hair and even crazier in bed.

Lover looks up at her intensely

GINA (CONT'D)

Well he was just about the most fun
person I've ever met.

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

He said he loved me and that I was the light in the dark and all these romantic things and then he just disappeared. I'm worried something bad happened to him.

The people are less jovial now with looks of concern.

ROGER

I'm sure he's fine. I met him, he was a tough guy. I think he could look out for himself.

GINA

I hope you're right it's just so strange. Maybe he decided this life wasn't for him.

LINDA

(sadly and quietly)

I'm worried everyone's going to start going home soon.

DOLLY

(putting her arm over
Linda)

Don't say that Lin.

LINDA

(on the verge of tears)

I'm worried everyone's going to go home and it's just going to be me left alone here with the world back to normal before we know it and I'm not going to know how to handle it.

JOHNNY

That's not going to happen. Because all of us will still be here won't we guys? Maybe the world will go back to normal but this house right here will be stuck in time forever. There will be suits and man made stress all around us but we'll hide in this house till the end and won't let those bastards take us alive.

ROGER

(throwing his glass in the
air)

Here fucking here!

Linda laughs and they all throw their glasses in the air.

ALL
Here fucking here!

INT. ROOM 199

LOVER sits on the bed. The room is a disgusting mess of flies and blood. The pictures hang on the wall still and Lover gets up to look at them as V.O. Plays.

LOVER V.O.
I am Lucifer now. Lover is dead.
Part of me doesn't want him to be
dead. Part of me wants to hide out
with them for this era to come to
an end. I'm not sure if it is
ending soon or if it will live
forever. I don't know what would
come next. I am Lucifer. I don't
want those things. I need to kill
because killing's all I've wanted
to do since I was born. Now that I
am Lucifer it is silly not to kill.
Lucifer is a little lucky lunatic
and he does what needs to be done.
Get you're head in this frying pan
my man, that's the plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lucifer walks strangely down the road as if he is controlled on strings, lit up blue by the moon. Heavy music begins to get louder as voice over is playing

LUCIFER V.O.
Things are black as ever now.
Things will get redder. Things are
not real. This is not real. But I
feel something anyway.

Music blares now. We see Twiggy in a window on top of a man undressing. Lucifer watches then bends down for rock. Cue montage of murder mixed with playing with DOLLY and JOHNNY, music plays during the murder and then there is complete silence for parts with Dolly and Johnny:

CUT TO:

INT. TWIGGY'S HOUSE

Lucifer bashing Twiggy's head with a rock and then the man underneath her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lover lies between Johnny and Dolly as they pass around a joint and look up at clouds.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Roger is pissing in an alleyway behind a bar. Lucifer creeps up behind him with a knife and stabs him in the back over and over until Roger falls, then stabs him some more.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY AND DOLLY'S HOUSE

The three are painting the walls and then Dolly stops painting and flicks paint at the other two, laughing in silence, till they all join in.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lucifer is strangling Gina (sitting in the drivers seat) with a wire from the back seat while another woman passenger lies dead next to her.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY AND DOLLY'S HOUSE

DOLLY and LUCIFER have an empty bottle and a half empty bottle of wine between them. DOLLY comes over to Lucifer and starts to kiss him.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S HOUSE

A T.V. Is on in the background. Tim is shirtless. Lucifer swings at his head with a baseball bat.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

There are several cars parked in the grass. Johnny is talking to a couple of people while Dolly and Lover sit on top of a car. She takes a puff of a joint then holds it out for him to hit. She starts laughing and Johnny glances back at them then goes back to the conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANT AND LINDA'S HOUSE

Grant and Linda are naked in a bathtub tied up and squirming. The tub is filled with water and Lucifer drops a plugged in toaster in with them.

CUT TO:

INT. LLLK HOUSE

The house is completely dark except for some lit candles. Lucifer sits once again at the head of the table and spreads all the pictures out, now all have bloody x's on them.

MAX

Very good. Very good. You're doing everyone a favor you know that?
You're a just man.

WOMAN

A just man.

GENTLEMAN

A just man.

BOY

A just man.

LUCIFER

What now?

MAX

I haven't looked outside yet. How do the streets look? Are they all gone? Are the retches all gone?

Gentleman walks over to the front door and looks out. A smile spreads across his face.

INT. JOHNNY AND DOLLY'S HOUSE

The montage of killing has ended. All that is left is Johnny and Dolly now. Dolly is sitting watching TV with Lover, just as they were that first morning.

DOLLY

I just don't understand it. I thought we were all happy here. I thought we'd stay together to the end. But they're all going home now.

LOVER

Maybe they just changed. People change all the time.

DOLLY

But Linda? Grant? When the others were gone, well maybe I could believe it. But not those two, they lived and breathed this town. It's just all crumbling down Lover. I feel so alone.

LOVER

You're not alone though. Johnny and I are still here.

Dolly looks at him with watery eyes and smiles.

DOLLY

I know you are. You're both so sweet. You wouldn't leave me, not without telling me first at least. I never really talk about where I was before... but Lover everyone I've ever loved has left me one way or another. If anyone else does I don't know what I'd do. Johnny looks happy though doesn't he? We're just two wandering souls him and I. Lost together. But we found each other, I just can't picture what life would be without him.

(MORE)

DOLLY (CONT'D)
 I'd be right back where I was
 before. I can't go back I just
 can't.

Lover goes back to watching the tv with a clenched jaw. Dolly
 puts her head on his shoulder.

INT. KITCHEN

Lover is standing by the sink with a glass of water. He is in
 an undershirt and boxers. Johnny walks in. Dolly is down the
 hall asleep. Johnny looks at Lover. He is clearly drunk and
 dressed up from going out. Johnny lights up a cigarette.

JOHNNY
 What are you doing?

LOVER
 I'm drinking.

JOHNNY
 That's not what I mean. You know
 what I mean. You're not as stupid
 as you act are you? I mean you do
 have a brain tucked away up there
 somewhere don't you?

Lover is silent but keeps sipping his water.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 Yeah maybe not. But listen here, I
 know what you're doing here with
 Dolly. At first I just thought you
 wanted to sleep with her. But now I
 know that's not it. Dolly is a
 freebirdy, she can sleep with who
 she wants. I sleep with who I want.
 But that's not what you want is it
 Lover. Lover what a name you gave
 yourself. You want her to love you
 don't you lover.

Lover is still silent.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 That's okay, you know what you
 don't have to say anything because
 nothing should have to be said. You
 can stay here for another week or
 another year or ten more years but
 she still won't love you because
 she loves me.
 (MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

She thinks you are a freak. I think you're a freak. She feels bad for you man, that's why she talks to you so much. Its more sad than anything, watching you with her. So I'm not going to tell you to leave. Soon you'll figure out what I'm saying is true if you haven't already, and then you'll leave on your own.

Johnny finishes his cigarette while Lover finishes his water. The silence is long.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Welp Lover I'm going to go and fuck Dolly. See you in the morning.

Lover shows the first hint of emotion- he smiles.

LOVER

She likes it in the ass Johnny.

Johnny scowls and walks away. Lover still smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Long continous shot. Shows Kennel in an imagined scene, where only he knows it is a movie and not real life. Setting is an 1800s living room belonging to the upper class. The chairs are the finest carved wood, marble fireplace that is ashen and unlit, paintings adorn the wall, a table setting for tea and biscuits, and of course to further adorn this elegant room we need elegant people. A gentleman (DAD) and his wife (MOM) stand patiently behind a very young and very beautiful woman (JANINE). They all wear plastered smiles. A servant plays the piano on the other side of the room. A man (FATHER) in his 50s stand next to his wife (MOTHER) at the base of a staircase, both looking annoyed and angry.

FATHER

Kennel! You have kept this young woman waiting long enough! You must come down here this instant, not in another minute or five, but right this instant! I mean it, if you do not entertain your guest there will be consequences, money consequences. Consider your allowance dried up if you are not here in the next twenty seconds!

Voice keeps yelling as camera goes up the stairs and then down a hall to a bedroom with an open door. Inside we see Kennel dressed up to be a young gentleman but the outfit clearly is not assembled well. His wig is askew and his black ragged hair sticks out underneath. His clothes are half tucked in half not, but most of all his face is that of a scoundrel and not a gentleman. He sits on his bed reading a script. He rubs his temples and mutters the words to himself.

KENNEL

(quietly)

Action- Kennel, dressed in his finest clothes, goes down to greet the family once they arrive. He sees Janine and his eyes light up- love at first sight. She is young, so young, so fertile, the perfect age where they look prepubescent but can still get pregnant if you stick your dick far enough into her hairless cunt. The two seem to be thinking the same thoughts- of of him stretching her out so far she cries- and blush in unison.

Kennel nods to say he can do this and gets up. He pulls out a modern day vodka bottle from his pocket and downs three deep swallows. He stumbles slightly as he walks down the hall. He walks down the stairs but doesn't see Janine there, only his parents.

KENNEL (CONT'D)

Where's Janine? She's supposed to be standing right here.

MOTHER

You took so long to get down here they're waiting with cold tea in the living room!

KENNEL

(angrily)

Amateurs. Doesn't she know we're making something here? I can't work with someone who doesn't have patience. Time is money! Time is money!

FATHER

How dare you speak like that! You better hope they did not hear you or they will likely be so offended they will leave before even meeting you.

KENNEL

Meet me? I don't want to meet her I want to get this over with then get right down to the fucking. 10 pages. 10 pages of hardcore full penetration hymen busting tear inducing sex turned rape they put in here. Jesus if she takes this long to film a goddamn meet and greet I'm gonna have to fuck her for a day straight to get those ten pages over with.

The parents look horrified but Kennel just wheels with his finger.

KENNEL (CONT'D)

Well come on, let's go. Cameras roll we'll just work with what we've got.

The family walks in and Kennel and Janine's eyes meet. Piano music starts up again sweetly. Kennel still locking eyes and smiling walks over and grabs Janine's hand and kisses it. The script still in his other hand.

KENNEL (CONT'D)

What an honor it is to meet you Janine. I have heard of your...

Kennel glances at the script

KENNEL (CONT'D)

...beauty, but words do not do it justice.

Kennel looks away from Janine and looks to her parents standing behind her.

KENNEL (CONT'D)

Ah, my apologies, I was so enchanted by your daughter I lost my manners completely. It truly is my pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Janine's mom smiles but the dad looks annoyed. DAD feeling, obligated, shakes his hand and MOM offers her hand for Kennel to kiss.

MOM

Oh no need for apologies, you are quite the gentleman no matter how much you might deny otherwise

DAD

(guffawing)

A gentleman would not show up ten minutes late to meet the woman he wishes to marry.

Kennel tilts his head and gives a confused look. He reads the script then looks back at DAD.

KENNEL

No. No no no no no. Camera's are still going. This is a hollywood production. You don't give *me* attitude, you stick to your script. It says right here, DAD - I am honored to finally meet the man I have heard so much about. What the fuck are you doing? Did you not see the performance I just put on? It was goddamn Oscar worthy. The audience was eating that shit up. They were going to call my name in front of all you talentless pretentious pricks for that performance but you decide to throw that line in? It doesn't even make sense in this scene man. You're no actor, you b-list piece of shit, you can't ad-lib, stick to the script. First this bitch doesn't wait at the stairs and now you take a scene that's supposed to show nothing but a perfect love, and you throw in doubt. Well if there is doubt then I can't fuck your daughter and if I can't fuck your daughter the audience isn't going to give a shit about our relationship because they'll call it unrealistic, they'll say I have no chemistry at all. I can't work with these pricks.

The piano stops and everyone looks at Kennel horrified and disgusted. They are shocked to silence. Kennel jumps onto the table knocking over cups and the tea kettle. He squats to be face level with Janine. Kennel lets off non sensical screams at her until she starts crying. Kennel screams at her and she lets off another loud cry, then he screams again and she cries again.

DAD

(spitting he is so
furious)

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)
 You, you, you mannerless
 degenerate, you-

DAD tries to pull Kennel off the table but Kennel picks up the toppled tea kettle and smashes him over the head with it. DAD collapses to the ground. Kennel brings his palm to his face.

KENNEL
 Goddamn it. You have that recorded right? He came at me. I had no choice. If you try to press charges on me I'm going to have the skin flayed right off your fat ass old man. Alright, someone clean this guy up and we'll try this scene again. Take two folks.

CUT TO:

PART TWO: THE KILLERS

INT. MOVIE THEATER

The theater is dark with red chairs. It is completely empty except for Lucifer. Lucifer is illuminated slightly from the brightness of the screen. Gunshots and screams are heard. View switches to the screen and the movie being played is a war movie set in a jungle. It is a type of movie a kid would watch with glee on a Saturday morning, one in which the good guys win. Cowboys killing the Indians, sailors defeating the cannibals, soldiers slaughtering the monsters. On screen:

EXT. JUNGLE - AFTERNOON

A crew of men walk through the woods and come across an enemy bunker. The leader holds up his hand to stop his men. They halt while the leader waits for one of the Vietcong to turn his back then he gives the signal for his men to fire. Voice over begins to play as the Americans kill the enemy forces. The movie is very clean. No blood comes from the enemies as they fall. There are clean holes where the bullets entered and left leaving the bodies looking like a band aid would heal the wounds. More and more Vietcong keep coming only to be shot down by the Americans. Some of the Vietcong fire shots but all the Americans miraculously avoid being hit.

LUCIFER V.O.
 I like the movies. They're simple.
 None of the shit that bogs down
 real life.

(MORE)

LUCIFER V.O. (CONT'D)

Put your faith in the good guys and
don't worry about what they do,
cause they'll always come out on
top. They always know what's right.
They always beat the bad guys. At
least in the good movies they do.

The men on screen are being surrounded by Vietcong on all sides. The voice over fades and the sounds from the movie come back on. An upbeat soundtrack accompanies the violence. Shots are being fired into the bunker but once again all the bullets miss the Americans as they shoot outwards at the Vietcong. The camera flashes back and forth between the movie and Lucifer's smiling face several times before ending up on the movie.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER

In the exact same bunker just with different people inside. Now the bodies on the ground are gruesome. Blood is splattered on the walls with exploded limbs and heads. On the ground several American bodies mix with about five Vietcong bodies, or what's left of them. Lucifer stands among one of four surviving Americans being fired at inside the bunker. Another shot comes through the window and goes through the head of the man standing next to Lucifer. The dead man falls on Lucifer and he is toppled to the ground. He lands in blood and gore. One of the men throw a table to the side revealing a trap door. This part stays hectic, confusion and violence until the end.

SOLDIER ONE

There's a passage here, come on!

Soldier one gets riddled with bullet holes. Soldier two and Lucifer run to the trap door. Soldier two throws soldier one's body out of the way and jumps down. Lucifer follows him just in time as a grenade explodes inside the bunker.

INT. TUNNEL TO HELL

Dust from the exploding bunker fills the tunnel. The space is about two feet high and two feet wide. The two men, Lucifer and SOLDIER TWO, crawl forward with dust still falling. There is very distant sounding yelling echoing around them. They cough as the dust falls.

SOLDIER TWO

Fuck!

Soldier two falls forward with a thump.

SOLDIER TWO (CONT'D)
 (gasping for air)
 Tunnel drops.

Lucifer lowers himself down the drop. Dim lanterns light the hallway, which twists and curves ahead. It is just big enough for them to army crawl through. Claustrophobia.

SOLDIER TWO (CONT'D)
 I think I broke my fucking leg.
 We're done for. Jimmy, Eric,
 Logans, Chip, all fucking gone man.

LUCIFER
 We have to keep moving. I'm not
 dying down here.

As if to emphasize this point voices echo louder around them, coming from everywhere.

SOLDIER TWO
 (freaking out)
 We're all gonna die down here. We
 can't make it out. Have you heard
 what happens down here? These
 tunnels are booby-trapped out the
 ass. I bet there's one route outta
 here and a dozen leading straight
 to hell.

LUCIFER
 Glad you're leading then.

SOLDIER TWO
 Fuck you man.

Blood grime and sweat cover the two soldiers faces as they crawl through the passageway. The tunnel forks in two directions. The echoes are getting louder coming from the right. Soldier Two starts hurriedly crawling to the left.

LUCIFER
 (in a hushed voice)
 Wait! Wait stop.

SOLDIER TWO
 What? We have to hurry the fuck
 outta here.

LUCIFER
 Go right, go right, don't go left.

SOLDIER TWO
You're crazy man. They're coming
from there.

LUCIFER
I know, but if they're coming from
there we know it must be a way out
right?

SOLDIER TWO
(shaking his head)
Fuck.

Soldier two turns around and crawls to the right. The voices
are louder now and shadows are seen flickering ahead.

SOLDIER TWO (CONT'D)
Follow me, there's a room over
here.

Soldier two crawls to his left into a small room that is
pitch black. He lets out a stifled scream and Lucifer crawls
on top as him just in time as Vietcong soldiers run passed.

LUCIFER
They're gone

Soldier two lets out a long cry.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Why are you shaking

SOLDIER TWO
My arm! My fucking arm! It's
trapped. Oh shit it hurts.

LUCIFER
What do you want to do?

SOLDIER TWO
(crying)
I want to get the hell out of here
but I can't get my arm out. I can't
see anything. I think somethings
biting it. Oh god what is that it's
so cold.

Suddenly there is a small light as Lucifer flips open his
zippo lighter. In the red light we see Soldier two's arm
trapped in a bear trap with blood covering the sleeve of his
uniform.

SOLDIER TWO (CONT'D)
Get it off. Get it off for christ's
sake!

Lucifer tries to pry it open but can't

LUCIFER
I can't get it, you're going to
need to drag it with you.

SOLDIER TWO
What the hell is this place?

Soldier Two passes out and Lucifer drags him down the tunnel, clawing his way forward with his one free hand. They pass a lantern and Soldier Two is briefly illuminated showing a bone sticking out of his shin and his mangled arm. The light fades as they go forward and there is only darkness.

LUCIFER
Stay with me man, stay with me.

More echoes come from around them and Lucifer is panting as he goes slowly forward. The echoes stop and there is now a tiny beam of light ahead.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
Gale, Gale, I think I see the light
buddy. I think I see the exit
coming our way.

There is no response. Lucifer keeps crawling.

EXT. JUNGLE - SUNSET

Lucifer emerges from the tunnel dragging Gale's body behind him. Gale is motionless. Lucifer bends over him and slaps him in the face.

LUCIFER
Wake up. Wake up.

After a minute of no response Lucifer finally examines Gale's body closely and sees how battered he is. He feels Gale's pulse and puts his head on his chest.

LUCIFER (CONT'D)
You're still breathing. Wake up
Gale.

From inside the cave yells are coming from down the tunnel like a herd of angry beasts.

The voices are almost on them and Lucifer tries to carry Gale but only manages to stumble a few feet before collapsing. He looks from the tunnel to Gale then pulls out his pistol. He puts it to Gale's head and fires then runs off into a thick jungle. The camera rises over an endless expanse of trees as a walkie talkie is turned on and voice over plays.

LUCIFER V.O.

This is private Morgan Greer, my squad is down. In need of assistance. Location...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

There are dense trees surrounding Morgan. It is so dark we can only make out a dim outline of his body. He is sitting propped up against a tree stump, gun loosely in his hand.

MORGAN V.O.

I'm no stranger to being trapped in jungles, in woods so thick you can't see three feet ahead of you like a fog is covering the world. I know them well, I've ran in them before. I've killed before, I'll kill again. In the wild there are no lies you have to tell yourself. There are no personalities or names. There is the earth, there are creatures, and then theres the flesh and bones and spirit that make up your body, but there is no you. Men call this place hell, I call it reality. Tomorrow men will find me. Tonight I am free.

INT. TRUCK MORNING

Morgan sits in the back of a truck with a blanket covering his crotch. He is naked under it. His skin is dirty and bloody and bitten and scratched. He has a faint smile. Two men drive up front.

MORGAN

Where are you taking me?

PASSANGER leans back to face him. He talks loudly to be heard over the wind from the open car.

PASSANGER

We have to take you to our hospital tent. Shits hitting the fan pretty hard right now so you're going to have to bare with us, the tent is... well you'll see soon enough. You don't look too banged up, we just have to check you for infection, the bugs here aren't something you want to fuck with. Probably would have been better if you kept your clothes on private.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND - MORNING

Military march music plays in the background. The truck drives down a dirt road. Morgan is staring off into the woods as driver and passenger get out of the car.

DRIVER

You gonna make us carry you?

Morgan gets out, leaving the blanket behind so it is just his naked body. The tent stands in front of them. It is so white in the green surrounding them that it seems unnatural. It looms over them. Screams and cries are heard coming from inside along with clanging metal.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

March forward, private.

Morgan walks forward and the two folds of the tent swallow him.

INT. HOSPITAL TENT

Inside is dark with the only light coming through plastic covered windows. The room is packed with screaming men, men in fits, men bleeding, one man throws up blood in front of Morgan. Metal trays with limbs and bloody saws are everywhere. Screen goes black as Morgan passes out.

Morgan's eyes shoot open and everything is quiet except for a moan coming from somewhere in the tent that persists. Morgan is lying in a bed and he sits up slowly, rubbing his head and looking around. The place is packed with patients, some have to sit on the ground because there aren't enough beds. A voice comes from the bed next to him.

PATIENT

Welcome to paradise my friend!
Enjoy this quiet while it lasts
though. I'd say we got another
couple minutes before the latest
dose of Morphine wears off and
these guys start their crying
again.

Morgan looks to his left and sees Patient, a young man,
illuminated by a beam of light from one of the makeshift
windows. He has a content smile.

MORGAN

Morphine?

PATIENT

Hell yes Morphine! First time in
one of these tents? You see, they
set this place up when they
realized it was too hot to get back
to a real hospital. The doctors
here are just kids man, just as
young as me. If I still had both
hands I'd probably be put to work
here myself.

Patient holds up his left hand to show he is missing several
fingers.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

They can't do much more than saw,
bandage, and medicate. They pump
more morphine than we need to stay
alive but they need the quiet just
as much as we do. No one complains.
Gosh, I'm jealous of you you know
that? After a while the amount of
Morphine they give you just doesn't
give you the same feeling. But
those first few times, wooooooo
baby. Heaven on earth.

Patient gives a big smile.

MORGAN

How'd you lose those fingers?

PATIENT

It's more common than you'd think
over here. Bombs, bullets, if it
kicks it can take your fingers
clean off.

(MORE)

PATIENT (CONT'D)

I didn't even realize mine were gone till they brought me back here to tell you the truth. What day is it?

MORGAN

I'm not sure. Tuesday I think.

PATIENT

Shit. I hope it's not Tuesday. That'd mean I've been holed up here for a full week. Don't tell the doctor though.

Patient holds up his hand and puts one of his remaining two fingers to his lips and then laughs.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

They're not technically supposed to keep people here more than two nights, if you survive in these things that long you're golden. That is if amputation or malpractice doesn't kill you first. Those crazy old kook docs musta forgotten about me.

There are screams coming from everywhere now, so loud Morgan tries to cover his ears, but the screams- they getting louder now boy.

MORGAN

Shut up! Shut up!

The screams die down and Patient slips the IV that had been in his arm into Morgan's.

PATIENT

I never thought I'd say this, but I think you are more fucked up than me boss. Aint no one screaming here. Not yet at least.

The only sound that can be heard from the tent is rain starting to fall on the canopy and the moaning man.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

Pain stopped a while ago for me anyway. Let that rock you right off to sleep now.

Morgan lies back and bed and closes his eyes.

INT. TENT - LATER DUSK

Morgan wakes up again and sees a doctor filling his IV bag.

MORGAN
What's wrong with me doc?

The doctor looks at a clipboard hanging off the end of the bed.

DOCTOR
(reading off of paper)
Patient is missing three fingers.

Morgan holds up both hands to show he has all his fingers. The doctor looks confused for a second then sees PATIENT lying with his hands on his chest. The doctor goes over to Patient's bed and reads the clipboard.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Disease. You have a disease?

PATIENT
Only of the mind doc.

The doctor switches the two clipboards.

DOCTOR
(to Morgan)
Disease.

MORGAN
What disease?

DOCTOR
All it says is disease.

The doctor walks away to deal with other patients.

PATIENT
So how long you been over here
anyway?

MORGAN
Just got here. First time in the
jungle was yesterday.

PATIENT
Shieeeeet. Guessing it didn't go too
well?

MORGAN
No.

PATIENT

It happens. Bound to happen actually, they hope you get a couple times out in the jungle before you get shot up too bad but it doesn't always work out like that. I've been here since the beginning man, I've seen the thing turn sourer and sourer each day.

MORGAN

You're too young to have been here for that long.

PATIENT

Hell yeah I'm too young. Came over here when I was fourteen by telling my sergeant I was sixteen. They don't care too much. If they started taking kids younger maybe they wouldn't have to worry about draft dodgers or cowards who flee this country after getting a bullet to the foot. I've been here long enough to know what this war is really about. It's confusing you know, to people who first get here like yourself. But this war is simple. We're here to kill. Cause if we're going to win this war we have to kill every last Vietnamese mother fucker who ever lived. We got to get so many bodies that you can't see the ground. Vietnam is going to be the biggest grave in the world when were done. There's a man over in Cambodia, anyone who's anyone over here is talking about him. He knows what this war is about. Pol Pot's his name. You ever heard of him?

MORGAN

I can't say that I have.

PATIENT

Well if I wasn't telling you about him now you'd be hearing about him soon enough. He's a visionary if I ever seen one. He's going to make his country great you know that?

(MORE)

PATIENT (CONT'D)

That's why were going to start sending him all the guns and money he needs to turn that shit hole country he's in into a grave almost as big as Vietnam is going to be. Then we'll get to go home. One of these days we'll all go home and leave these graves behind us and never send flowers or come to pray.

Patient spits on the ground.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

Fuck Vietnam.

PATIENT looks over at the bed next to his. Everyone is close quarters due to how overcrowded the tent is and he can reach the bed without having to get out of his. He waves his hand over the man's closed eyes and the man doesn't flinch.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

Old kooks been here for longer than I have. Doesn't ever notice his IV's missing till morning.

Patient rips the IV from the man's arm and puts his arm that doesn't already have an IV in it.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

That double dose is feeling just bout right nowadays.

Patient lies back. Morgan stares up at the roof of the tent and sees it start to shake from the wind. Rain hits harder now. The man who had his IV stolen begins to scream.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

No light comes through the windows as it is dark outside. The only lights come from some candles lit in the center of the tent. The storm is stronger now and shakes the tent so much it looks as if the tent might be ripped out of the ground. The man next to PATIENT is still screaming.

PATIENT

Would you shut up man! I gave you your IV back you fucking fiend.

Patient begins laughing wildly.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

You fucking fiend! You fucking fiend!

The candles grow brighter on PATIENTS face lighting it up like a horror jackolantern. The tent starts to rip up and one end goes flying in the air revealing the night sky. All around trees shake wildly in the wind. It is pouring but the candles still grow brighter. PATIENT laughs louder and louder, screaming "You fucking fiend" over and over. The whole tent is ripped up and flies off into the sky.

INT. TENT - MORNING

Morgan wakes up from the terrible dream still under the whiteness clutches of the tent. He sees he has both IVs stuck in him. Patient is sitting up in bed staring at him.

PATIENT

You were screaming again last night. Bubba I am your guardian angel to guide you to the light and away from darkness, I won't ever let you hurt while I can help it.

Patient cracks up.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

You fucking fiend!

He smiles at Morgan's confused face.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

You kept saying that last night, you know that?

MORGAN

Bad dreams.

PATIENT

If you see your dreams as nightmares you aren't going to win this war. It's all in your head, it's the first war of its kind. The Vietcong know how they need to fight. Down, dirty, fuck everything else. The Vietcong aren't even the enemy here. Weakness is the enemy. These people in here, most of them are your enemy.

INT. TENT - LATER AFTERNOON

In a morphine induced haze Morgan watches horror in the tent with a melencholy bliss. There is a warm glow lighting the tent.

Military marching music plays in the background and the sounds from the tent are silent. A doctor grabs a saw and starts removing a thrashing man's leg. Another doctor brings out a large needle and injects a man who is having a fit. He is not the only one in a fit though, close up of several men with terrified expressions and screaming. Close up on morphine drip now. This next man is in a state of bliss like Morgan is. Another man lies on the bed bleeding out from a bullet wound ignored completely. Military music fades and the sounds from the tent start to seep back in, screams of terror and pain.

INT. TENT - LATER NIGHT

The doctors are making rounds now. One stops at Morgan's bed.

DOCTOR

Looks like you're going to be sent out of here tomorrow.

MORGAN

Am I still sick though doctor?

DOCTOR

Everyone goes out after two days, we need the room for those in more danger than you. To answer your question - are you still sick? To be honest we don't know if you ever were sick. Do you feel well?

MORGAN

I can't tell.

DOCTOR

(looking over at patient)
Hey you. Yeah you. How long have you been here? You were here before this man ever came.

PATIENT

Little ol me? No. Oh no doc. I just got in here this afternoon. Was there a sorry sap that had his fingers missing here before me?

DOCTOR

(angrily)
I'm not here to play games with you patient. You know that men die waiting to get in here?

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

How long have you been lying there, how many people did you kill just so you could stay in bed do you think?

Patient is silent until the doctor walks away. Then:

PATIENT

(to Morgan)

Thanks a lot. He never would have found out about me if it wasn't for you. You just had to talk to them didn't you, couldn't fade back into nothingness.

Morgan stares at patient long and hard.

MORGAN

So getting fucked up on morphine's going to win the war you talk so much about? This war means nothing to me, I don't care who wins, I don't care how many die. Does it mean anything to you?

PATIENT

(seriously)

This war means everything to me.

MORGAN

Then why don't you get up and do something about it. You scared of the evil out of this tent? You want to see evil you don't need to go out and stare at the men shooting at you, just take a good long look into my eyes.

Patient is angry now. He jumps out of his bed and looms over Morgan, staring right into his eyes.

PATIENT

You got everything mixed up here. There is no evil to fight. The only evil here is the war. I'm a lot of things, I'm a scoundrel, I'm bitter, I'm completely out of my mind, but I'm not weak. If you say that again I'll go over there and tear your fucking eyes out and no one will see just how evil you are. You know what it was like to be shipped over here when I was still just a kid?

(MORE)

PATIENT (CONT'D)

My friends were playing with toys and action figures still. They were pretending to be soldiers in the woods behind my house using sticks for guns. Then my pop grabbed me aside one day. 'Son, if you had any gumption,' he said, 'you'd stop playing when you can fight for real and save some lives.' And that's just what I did, although saving is not what I am doing. But then you come over here for one day and tell me that I am being cowardly? I'm not on some vacation here. I'm preparing. Tribes have their war dances or paint they smear on their faces or self inflicted pain to get enough adrenaline to kill indiscriminately, here I have to use what I got. If you want to go out there and try to rial up the troops you're not going to have any luck, but if you pump them up with enough shit they'll be ready for anything.

Patient leaves Morgan's side and goes back to his bed.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

You know nothing about this place. And even if I was taking a break who are you to judge? I've been fighting in hell for years, this is the place I get once or twice a year as an oasis. This place with all the blood and all the screaming and all the dying, this is like heaven. If you don't see that then you hadn't been outside long enough. If this tent is a hell to you wait for the jungle again tomorrow and you'll start to see.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Camera overlooks tent then starts to fly up and then pans to the endless jungle outside.

INT. TENT - MORNING

Patient is up and packing a small bag of clothes. He wears a torn and bloody american flag as a small scarf tied around his neck.

PATIENT
 (smiling and much more
 chipper than yesterday)
 You ready for the first day of the
 rest of your life boss.

MORGAN
 Actually I am. I know what waits
 for us outside, but this tent is
 making me nauseous.

PATIENT
 I'm sorry about yesterday. This
 place tests the best of us.

Patient winks

PATIENT (CONT'D)
 And I also lied a bit. Out there,
 well out there is actually a good
 bit of fun. You have to have a sick
 idea of fun, but if you do, its a
 place made just for you.

Morgan smiles now.

MORGAN
 You have no idea.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND

The two leave the tent together. Patient falls on the ground and hugs the earth.

PATIENT
 Oh baby fresh air. I forgot all
 about you.

Morgan starts walking in towards the compound but Patient pulls him back.

PATIENT (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

MORGAN
 Reporting back for duty.

PATIENT

Look, I know you don't know me well, and you got no reason to trust me, but I have to warn you cause I just don't feel right not doing it. And also I got a good feeling about you. I wasn't just pulling your leg when I said most of these men are your enemies. They don't know what they're doing, they come in here and the ones who last the longest get promoted to generals and they have even less of an idea of what they are doing then when they got here. Me and some others though man, we know what's best for America. The military has to play by the rules, and while people say all is fair in love and war, the army still doesn't go the distance. Put troops here, pull back troops there. It's a game on paper for the head honchos. The most equipped to know what to do aren't back in DC, they're the ones who've been here since the beginning man. What I'm saying is come with me. Come with me and you'll grow to understand things here. Stay and you'll die confused and afraid.

Morgan looks from Patient to the compound, where men are running in formation with a drill sergeant barking orders behind them. Morgan puts out his hand for Patient to shake.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

(reaching out for hand)

I'm truly glad, from the bottom of my heart, to have you coming with us. Just so you know, you aren't a soldier anymore. You aren't a private. You aren't a robot. What's your name anyway? Back in the jungle we don't have ranks. Back in the jungle we are just us.

MORGAN

Im Nobody.

Patient lets out a whoop and hollar and jumps in the air.

PATIENT

(estatically)

Well Nobody, let's go have some fun. You got a lot to learn my man, open your mind and maybe when you leave here you'll be a somebody.

They start walking away from the compound and into the jungle. Nobody V.O. Plays

NOBODY

I am nobody. Who is that? Well it is no one. And there is no story for no one. Not yet at least.

EXT. JUNGLE HIDEAWAY

The two enter a small campsite set up in the middle of nowhere. Patient leads. The site is covered with weapons, tents are set up, hanging from trees is strings of ears, strings of fingers, strings of tongues. There are four men in there, they are painted with blood in intricate patterns. They are fearless. They don't look at Nobody with suspicion but instead with smiles. Most are holding weapons, axes and machetes. The blades all have blood on them. In the middle of them an animal is being cooked over a fire. Coming from a tape player music plays, African tribal drum beats.

MAN

Well I'll be damned, look who it is. How was the retreat this time?

Patient kisses his fingers as if he just tasted something delicious.

PATIENT

Blissful. Boys, I've got someone I want you to meet. Well actually its not someone at all. His name is Nobody!

The men laugh at this.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

Nobody, time to meet the crew. This hulk of a man is the biggest baddest killer in the world. He bashes mens skull with his bare hands. Meet Beast.

Beast, the man who greeted them nods towards Nobody.

BEAST

I can't wait for you to watch me kill.

PATIENT

(continuing introductions)
And this man next to him, well he is the quietest of the bunch. He lets the sound of his guns do the talking for him. Meet Bang, he got that name cause that's all most men hear from him before they die.

BANG

(with a big smile)
You might just get to hear me talk yet though, I don't shoot at friends.

PATIENT

Moving right along this man enjoys to kill all sneaky like. He moves quieter than a snake and bites harder too. We call him Ghost cause those little vietnamese bastards never see him.

Ghost waves.

PATIENT (CONT'D)

As I'm sure you noticed, the next little man over here has the face of the enemy. Born right here in Vietnam. Betrayed his friends and family, killed em too believe it or not. Burned down his whole goddamn village. This man is off his rocker but I've never been so glad to have someone on my side. We call this dude Traitor Justice.

Traitor Justice smiles showing mostly missing teeth. He is covered with scars.

NOBODY

All that leaves is you, I never got your name.

PATIENT

Forgive me. I completely forgot to introduce myself. Me, baby, I'm America.

America points to the flag around his neck.

AMERICA

Welcome to the family my man.

GHOST

Ok, we got plenty of time to meet our new boy from nowhere. And what better way then to get right in the thick of it? You want that don't you Nobody?

Nobody nods.

GHOST (CONT'D)

Ho-fucking-ra. Alright, so you came from the tent right? And that means you got a taste for that morphine shit right? Well those sons a bitches back there got a stash of morphine pills enough to kill ten elephants but they're hoarding them all for themselves. We gotta hit em hard. We gotta hit em fast. We gotta get pills for the masses.

AMERICA

Yes yes yes. See Nobody, see now? I was acting as the inside man! Now you are seeing why most of the men are the enemy right? We have to take pills from them, which means we are stealing from them, which means we are fine with harming them, a la they are enemies.

America knocks on his head with his fist.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

Math-e-matics

Nobody shifts around but everyone is staring at him.

NOBODY

Okay. Okay I am seeing now. So we go in hit em hard get the pills.

TRAITOR JUSTICE

(maniacally)

Burn them! Burn them!

BEAST

Bash their skulls in!

GHOST

Slit their throats.

Bang cocks his gun and fires into the air while screaming.

AMERICA

That's why you boys aren't coming.
Me and Nobody know the place. We
know the docs. We know the
patients. That's why it's just
gonna be us two.

BEAST

You got the balls for this job
Nobody.

NOBODY

I may be new in this country, but I
aint new to killing.

Beast nods his head in approval.

BANG

Don't fuck this up, we're just bout
dried up from the last raid.
Whatever happened to those guys
America? The ones who were always
carrying that sweet sweet heroin up
their asses? Good ol country boys.

AMERICA

They got torn to fucking shreds
from that mine, don't you remember?

Bang scratches his chin.

BANG

Oh yeah. Right. But those other
boys, the ones stuck up by the
boarder.

BEAST

Now that was some good god damn
shit.

AMERICA

Well I was just thinking it was
about time to make our way up
there. Help the big man over there
as best we can. What you guys say?

TRAITOR JUSTICE

Burn them! Burn them!

BANG

Oh, well burn em all right buddy.
Just wait to see how many we burn.

AMERICA

(leaning and whispering in
Nobody's ear so the
others don't hear)

They aren't fucking around now. We
go in and get the pills or we don't
come out at all, understand?

NOBODY

Peachy.

AMERICA

(louder now)

Good. Eat up then we better head
back out in two hours or so to make
sure we get there at dark.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND - NIGHT

The two emerge from the jungle armed to the teeth and painted
with mud camoflauge. Once they get out in the open they
crouch.

AMERICA

(whispering)

Just follow me. The guards don't
expect anyone to hit here, there is
no reason to, just dying soldiers
here mostly. They've gotten lazy.
But if the guns start firing in
there and the bodies start dropping
we gotta move fast. Lazy guards
also means bored guards and bored
guards are just looking for a fight
to get into.

NOBODY

Why do we have to hide? Aren't we
americans just like them?

America looks confused for a minute then stands up.

AMERICA

Well shieeet. I never even thought
about it like that. This is gonna
be a hell of a lot easier than I
was thinking, if I can be straight
with you I was pretty sure one of
us was bout to get killed. Now I'm
feeling good about both of us
making it out of here without a
scratch.

They walk down and into the tent.

INT. TENT

They are still armed with an assault rifle each, pistols, and grenades, and are covered with camouflage. They look ready for a war.

AMERICA

Excuse me. Excuse me, who's in charge here.

The two doctors on duty just look at each other and then one nods to the other who stands up a little straighter.

DOCTOR

I guess I am.

AMERICA

(with a dumb confident smile on his face)

Well gooooooooood then. We need pills, morphine pills, and a whole fucking lot of them on the double.

DOCTOR

I'm going to have to see some orders for that.

AMERICA

Orders? Do you know who in the hell you're talking to boy? The goddamn sergeant sent us over here, said 'we need pills, morphine pills, and a whole fucking lot of them on the double.' That is the order, now get em.

DOCTOR

Now just a minute. That's not how I run this operation, I don't care if the president of the United States sent you if you don't have a written order.

America raises the gun to DOCTOR's head.

AMERICA

How about this, I am ordering you to get me the pills, morphine pills, and a whole fucking lot of them on the double.

The other doctor starts to move and Nobody raises his gun at him.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

Keep cool now docs, my friend there got a trigger finger hotter than a Sunday afternoon in Vietnam.

DOCTOR

This is treason.

AMERICA

All the better reason then. Hop to it boss.

The doctor moves to the back with a key and unlocks a cabinet.

NOBODY

All the pills. Put them in one of those tool boxes there.

DOCTOR

You wouldn't want to take half of these. The soldiers need them.

AMERICA

Well I'm a soldier, and I need em something fierce. Cool now doc and do as the man says.

The doctor scoffs and shakes his head as he empties the cabinet into the tool box. He hands it to America who takes it in one hand while still aiming his gun with the other.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

Alright, good. Now stand by the other doc so the killer over there can watch you two.

The doctor slowly makes his way over. America whistles.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

Listen up you sad sappy suckers. Today is your lucky day, I'm feeling flat out generous, like santy fucking clause. And as always, santy is bears gifts.

America takes a bottle and dumps a handful of pills on each of the wounded mens laps. He runs a lap handing them out. The men start to take all of them cheering.

DOCTOR

Don't take them men! Listen to me,
that's way too many, you'll all
die! Stop right now.

America is dancing to music which only he can hear and raises his pistol. Now we can all hear it, music echoing from the jungle itself. He pulls the trigger and executes the doctor on the spot.

AMERICA

No sadness! No bitterness! Men
today is our day to die happy like
it is our god given right to. Now
Nobody, blow this fucker clean out
of his quivering booties.

America unloads his gun into the doctor. Then flash back to the bunker projected on the tent side like a movie. Men are cheering inside.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND

We see the tent lit up from the inside from candles. Cheering is still heard. Then red starts to cover the walls as Nobody starts firing into the crowd, and then America starts to join in.

INT. TENT

The men inside are all dead besides America and Nobody. A bloody mess.

AMERICA

Goddamn, I said die happy, I meant
from the pills, but I suppose that
works too. They were cheering, I
guess they were happy. But now my
man, we are loaded with drugs, low
on bullets, and the most wanted men
on this compound so we bests be
splitting like hairs.

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND

A view from the tree line the two, America carrying the tool box, both running like hell. Sirens are being sounded. From the compound shots are being fired and the earth is being kicked up all around them. They make it into the tree line and disappear off screen.

EXT. JUNGLE HIDEAWAY - LATENIGHT

The two come back and it is night soon to start to turn to morning. The others aren't sleeping though. They have a pig lying on the ground that they take turns stabbing. It's been dead for a while. Music still plays from their tape. They are always playing music, always trying to go hard unless they got enough pills to make them sink to the ground. Which boy oh boy they do now.

America raises the toolbox up and the others smile, still stabbing that pig though, blood spraying up on them overtime.

BEAST

What you got?

AMERICA

(sifting through box)

Lets see. Oh baby. Methadone!
Perks, Morphine pills, hy-dro-codone baby, Gabapentin? Anyone heard of Gabapentin?

BEAST

Give me two and I'll let you know how they are.

America takes two pills and hands them to Beast, who still takes them in between stabbing.

BEAST (CONT'D)

Continue.

AMERICA

Hmmm let's see here. This bag says... saline?

GHOST

Salt water.

AMERICA

Ah that's right. No thank you. Unless dehydration is your fix. That looks like it's about it except... wait a moment what's this?

BANG

Don't keep us in suspense man!

AMERICA

Boys, boys, boys. What we got here is three syringes full of pure adrenaline.

They stop stabbing for a moment. Beast whistles.

BEAST

I'll tell you what, give me one of those next time we come on a village of gooks and... man oh man... oh man.

AMERICA

Oh man is right. No dipping into these now guys, we got to save em for the perfect time. Now I say, just to be fair, me and Nobody here gets one. Seeing as we got the pills after all. That means you guys can fight for the third.

TRAITOR JUSTICE

No! Adrenaline mine.

BANG

No fucking way Traitor Justice. You are off the walls enough already as is. You know I don't get the thrill I used to from killing, it just isn't the same. I need it for medicine just like the pills.

GHOST

I haven't felt from killing for years, I've been killing since you were in diapers. I need it more than you.

BEAST

Have you ever seen a man's spine torn from his body? Do you want to? Then give it to me.

AMERICA

The competition is fierce. I don't know Nobody, what do you say?

NOBODY

I have to say I think Beast has the most compelling argument.

America jumps up on a log so he addresses this clan of killers.

AMERICA

Under the authority of the American public, private, and undecided, I hereby grant the rights to one Adrenaline shot to..... Beast! Under the condition that he rips a man's spine out while under the influence. My ruling is final!

Beast gets up and cheers while the others groan.

GHOST

If he isn't dead by then...

AMERICA

See that's the spirit! Keep your hopes high my man!

BANG

Next order of business! While you two were gone securing the intel we came up with a plan of action. I hear from some soldiers just south of here they're about to plan an excursion into Cambodia, fully backed by the US government. So we get there first, get the rest of those drugs from the men we met stationed there before a whole goddamn platoon shows up and scares em away, and then go undercover with the troops into Cambodia where we will break off and try to get support for our man there.

NOBODY

Your man?

AMERICA

(nodding his head)

I like it. I like it a lot. And our man is Pol Pot, I told you about him Nobody. We don't like rules here but one rule is you have to be on his side. Trust me. He is the best man out there to finish this war.

BEAST

Amen brother.

BANG

If we walk straight through all day
we'll probably be at the border by
night. And *if* those two junkies are
still alive and well we can be
really rolling in the land of the
free tomorrow morning.

Bang begins a chant which the others begin to join in on, at
first Nobody just watches.

BANG (CONT'D)

Hooooooooah. Hoooooooooooooah.

ALL

Hooooooooah. Hoooooooooooooah.

The start to dance a primitive dance.

ALL (CONT'D)

Hooooooooah. Hoooooooooooooah.

Now Nobody joins in. They all are to entranced in their own
movements to notice.

ALL (CONT'D)

Hooooooooah. Hoooooooooooooah.

The chanting gets louder and faster, continues for sometime
then all of a sudden Bang throws up a closed fist and they
all stop, except for Nobody, who continues to dance for a
moment before seeing that everyone else is still.

BANG

Tonight we sleep the hard night,
one night of sobriety before we
indulge. One night to close our
eyes and think long and hard about
the things which plague us and this
place and the human race. Here's to
one nightmare filled night to
transition us into this new page of
exploration in our lives,
exploration into the recesses of
the human mind, to see what these
frail bodies of ours are capable of
when exposed to the right elements.
Goodnight brothers. Bad night
brothers. Horror filled night.

They all nod in agreement and then wander silently off,
disappearing into the jungle around them in different
directions.

Nobody is left alone in this strange encampment and he wanders off in a curious state of the most morbid sort. He examines the strands of tongues, fingers, and ears, going as far as to lick the latter. The pig the others stabbed lies dead and forgotten on the earth. Nobody gets on his knees and lifts the head up. He peels back the pigs eyelids so the lifeless spheres underneath show. Nobody's reflection lies dimly in them and he stares hypnotized at them. The camera gets closer and closer into those pigs eyes till the screen is filled with the blackness and slightly blacker silhouette of Nobody's reflection. Then quick pan out to Nobody who drops the head and nods to himself a few times and then falls back, staring at the sky for a moment then closing his eyes and drifting off to sleep. Up above the stars swirl and melt, the moon drips like a painting, Nobody bursts into a sudden bout of laughter.

EXT. JUNGLE HIDEAWAY - MORNING

In America's hand sits a handful of various pills. Other hands come into screen as they take their share each. Offscreen BANG fires his gun in the air and birds fly off screeching.

EXT. JUNGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

The group walks through the jungle, half of them look jittery and crazed. The other half looks completely at home and relaxed, Nobody included in this camp.

BANG

Where are all the gooks? We haven't had action in ages. I'm bored out of mind out here just walking.

GHOST

Speak for yourself, I'm cruising right now.

Bang fires shots in random directions.

BANG

Come on you mother fuckkkkkkkers!
Were five bad dudes on a mission for trouble, come knocking come knocking!

As the last round of shots someone from buried in the trees screams. All look towards this shout. Nothing moves for a moment and then leaves start to rustle as the unseen enemy runs.

Bang fires after him, hitting him with another quick scream escaping. The rustling stops. With Bang leading they all walk over to it. They find a dead man on the ground.

BEAST

Where there's one there's many, all
the crazy little fuckers travel in
groups.

TRAITOR JUSTICE

Hehehehehe.

BEAST

All the sane ones at least. This
one's probably a scout or
something.

Beast looks troubled till he looks up and sees America with a big grin on his face. Then he smiles too.

AMERICA

Bad news for them huh?

America walks off into the trees. He has his gun lowered and the only weapon he has prepared is a grenade, clip pulled, in his hand.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

(singing)

Come out, come out, wherevvvver you
are.

Gunshots ring out from a little ways out, hitting all around America, but America doesn't flinch, doesn't seem to register them. He has a carefree smile on his face as he chucks the grenade in the shots direction. There is an explosion and the shots stop.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

Damn momma it feels good to be a
killer.

America walks towards where the grenade was thrown and the others follow. In the wreckage of the explosion two men- or what's left of them, lie in the rubble.

GHOST

Follow the breadcrumb trail my
friends.

They walk on till America, still leading, holds up his hand and puts a finger to his mouth.

AMERICA

(whispering)

This aint the jungle much anymore.
There's a whole village from the
looks of it set up here.

They all go to look and sure enough some trees are cleared
and there's a little settlement there, most aren't soldiers
though, there are women and children walking about.

BEAST

Get me my needle.

America is already bent down rummaging through the toolbox.

AMERICA

Any last minute pills? Here's you
adrenaline Beast, do us good with
it. Nobody? You want anything else?

Nobody has a slack jaw face and drool coming down.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Forgot to mention you develop a
tolerance to these pills. If you
try to keep up with us just yet
you'll get like that. Man I'm
jealous, I miss those zombified
days.

Beast takes the needle and injects it into his arm. The
others start smashing up pills and snorting them, Beast joins
them.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

(to Beast)

How's it feel?

BEAST

I feel my heart racing, it's
beating out of my goddamn chest.

AMERICA

(snorting a line)

Copacetic.

They finish up and America ties the tool box around his
shoulder. They move up to the village. It's a small
encampment really, semi permanent homes likely set up when
the war got too close to their original community. It is
hustling and bustling a good deal now though, the wars been
going on long enough for them to settle. They're ready for
another decade of it out here.

They seem to be on high alert now though after hearing the gunshots and explosion. Some men are rushing the women and children into bungalows while others clumsily grab guns and pass them around.

GHOST

These pricks aint ready for nothing. They aint even have a fight in em. Look how scared they look, what they got to live for anyway like that?

BANG

They're just children in bodies of men. Look at em, they're just kids playing house man. 'Oh here's my sweetie poo boohoo hoo please god don't let them get hurt. I don't know what I'd do.' Milk the cows hunt the food draw water from the well love your family raise your kid fuck your wife, these guys have it so good they don't have to contemplate life and existence and the meaning of death. They leave that job for the miserable few retches like us.

BEAST

Well they're about to know a whole new meaning of death baby!

EXT. VILLAGE - DUSK

Beast flies out into the open spraying the small wooden walkways most of the men are standing on. A dozen men fall before they even see Beast hurling towards them. Traitor Justice runs after Beast screaming and firing like a madman. The others provide back up fire, slowly making their way forward, while Beast runs towards the village. Beast is sweating profusely and stumbles a little bit with a look of pain then keeps running. He empties his clip and then raises his pistol killing a few more men with that till about everyone is dead. He grips at his chest and falls to one knee, then sees a boy- age 16 or so- lower his gun to the floor and raise his arms in defeat.

The others make their way to Beast so they are at his side. Beast is wheezing now, the effort to make it to the boy is huge for him, but he finally gets there and twists his neck then tries to rip his head off while having a heart attack.

He keels over on the ground, gasping for air, still trying to remove the head, but isn't able to before his big ticker expires.

AMERICA

What the hell? Beast what happened?

America and Bang go forward to Beast while Traitor justice shoots already dead men on the ground and Ghost skips up and down walkways. Nobody watches everything around him wordlessly in a daze.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

God damnit! That adrenaline must've overworked his heart. Well I'm not letting the best man I've ever known die with this boy's head still attached to his body.

America takes a machete out and then cuts off the boys head. He then tosses it aside and stands up.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

(addressing all of them)

Our man died killing these cowards, this aint right. Men, tonight we pillage and rape and kill just as our Beast would've wanted. His depravity knew no bounds- truly a force to admire. Put on some tunes, get your cocks shooting and your shooters cocked, you'll need plenty of ammo from both.

Ghost pulls out the tape player and puts on music. America begins to dance to the beat, Nobody sways back and forth still so out of it from the pills that he appears half dead. Ghost and Traitor Justice break down a door to a hut, screams erupt, some gunfire, and then more screams and shouts of pleasure from the two of them.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

(with a smile)

Can you guys imagine getting fucked by Traitor Justice? Hoowee that man must be an animal in the sack.

Then America kicks down the door to the hut closer to him and Bang and Nobody. We can see inside, see him unload his gun into the closest women and children. Then he throws his gun aside and grabs the nearest woman and rips her clothes off then begin to rape her. Bang goes in after him and Nobody follows close behind. Bang takes a woman right beside America and begins to rape her too.

He looks at America and smiles and then pulls out his pistol and shoots the woman America has taken in the head. Bang laughs. America starts to crack up, he has fallen over he is laughing so hard, but he does not stop thrusting. This makes the two of them giddy as schoolgirls.

Nobody looks at the terrified faces around him, all kneeling down and huddled together. He raises his two arms in the air and looks to the sky, the women and children in the tent let out a collective scream as he does this and he smiles.

EXT. AZTEC VILLAGE

Yet another fantasy by Nobody, although this one is less far fetched as he is living it. He is at an Aztecan type sacrifice standing atop a temple. A crowd of worshippers stands at the base. He is painted in red and white clay, but otherwise completely naked. The crowd chants under him. He walks over to a table where a man lies tied down. Beside this man is a ceremonial knife. Nobody picks it up then shows it to the crowd. They cheer. He puts his head on the man's chest and listens to his heart beat. Then he raises the blade and closes his eyes, he plunges it down into the man's heart and the crowd goes wild.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Nobody looks down at the woman underneath him, knife stuck in her chest between her breasts. The crowd in the hut is screaming.

A shot of outside, the village is now dark but screams persist.

EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

It's a foggy day down here in Vietnam today. America, Nobody, and Bang emerge from the hut covered in blood. Inside we see a brief shot of everyone massacred. America walks to the hut that Ghost and Traitor Justice entered and knocks on the off hinged door.

AMERICA

Morning neighbors. All goes well?

Ghost rips the door off all the way and we see an even more grizzly sight. Traitor Justice has removed all the limbs and placed them around the floor in an artistic pattern. Several female torsos are propped against the wall. Traitor Justice sits in the center of the room, using the hand from a torn off arm to masturbate with.

GHOST

Sweet Jesus watching this man work
is something else.

America whistles and just stands there watching.

AMERICA

A true artist. Each culture makes
their own breed of artist. Not
everyone has to be a painter, some
a sculptors, some bake cakes, and
well Traitor Justice... This just
so happens to be the kind of art
that comes from this war. Beautiful
in a way.

Nobody sits down and starts smoking a cigarette. The
characters start to walk around lazily, content after a night
of... "indulgence". Then a door is heard opening a little
ways up in the village. Bang and Ghost raise their guns at
the sound while Nobody pays no attention.
Two hippy looking men, long hair and beards, saunter on into
the village, so strung out they do not realize what has
happened. One starts to piss off the wooden walkway while the
other walks right towards the group. Bang and Ghost look at
each other, still having their guns raised.

JUNKIE ONE

Mornin'

Oblivious to anything, even to the stares from all of the
killers now, Junkie One walks right into the hut where
Traitor Justice set up his art piece and is still
masturbating. He walks out a moment later.

JUNKIE ONE (CONT'D)

Ay, uh, you guys see what's in the
hut.

Bang nods his head while the others stay silent.

JUNKIE ONE (CONT'D)

Well okie

He starts to walk back to Junkie Two who has just finished
his piss.

BANG

Hold up a minute.

Junkie One turns around and points to himself with his thumb

JUNKIE ONE
(silently mouthing the
word)

Me?

Bang nods.

BANG
Do you remember us?

JUNKIE ONE
I can't say I do, but I can't
remember my own wife's name, I'm
actually not so sure I even got a
wife now that I think about it.

BANG
We met you guys up around this
area, probably almost two years ago
now. You weren't in a village like
this though.

JUNKIE ONE
Oh yeah. Well these guys up here
like to peruse our wares every once
in a while, me and that one over
there...

Points to Junkie Two

JUNKIE ONE (CONT'D)
... we make our way up here bout
twice a month.

Junkie Two walks over next to Junkie One.

JUNKIE TWO
(to Junkie One)
Did those gooks decide how much
they wanted yet?

JUNKIE ONE
Nah they're all in pieces man.

JUNKIE TWO
Need me to tell em to get their
shit together.

JUNKIE ONE
(smiling)
Sure. Go right in and tell em.

Junkie Two walks in the hut as they all watch. He looks inside then back to the group then back inside and then walks back to Junkie One.

JUNKIE TWO

I don't think they're gonna listen to me.

BANG

Why don't you sell us what you were gonna give to them.

Junkie One nods his head in agreement.

JUNKIE ONE

Sounds good to me. These guys up here got some good taste, they like to get real high man. We got this dope, this heroin man, better than any of the other shit you'll get here. Better than the shit you can get back home man. I'm telling you, ease into it, I've seen too many guys try to act all tough and dose up something big, then not wake up the next morning kinda shindig. Unless that's the kinda high you want, no judgements here. And this other stuff we're selling em, blotter paper man, real potent shit. Make your mind really start to melt.

AMERICA

Let's see it.

Junkie Two takes off a purse he wears around his shoulder. In it he takes out a few baggies of Heroin and a sheet of acid.

JUNKIE ONE

What do you say? What can you give us for that.

AMERICA

We got some real good stuff for you guys too. You ever hear of Gabapentin?

JUNKIE ONE

Gabawha?

AMERICA

Gabapentin. Real good stuff man trust me.

(MORE)

AMERICA (CONT'D)

But we got something even sweeter,
icing on the cake. We got two
needles full of adrenaline. We were
gonna save them for a special
occasion, but if you two want em we
can part with them.

JUNKIE ONE

No shit man? I hear this'll help
get you out of a slump if you go
overboard with the dope.

NOBODY

It'll do a hell of a lot more than
that man.

Nobody walks over and picks up the decapitated head cut off
from the night before.

NOBODY (CONT'D)

Our man ripped this bastards head
clean off on it.

JUNKIE ONE

No shit? Well you know, you're
definitely getting the better end
of the bargain, but seeing as you
got guns and we don't I'll take it.

They exchange the drugs.

JUNKIE ONE (CONT'D)

Ready to go?

JUNKIE TWO

Uh huh

JUNKIE ONE

Alright. Catch you boys later
maybe. Good travels.

BANG

Back at you.

JUNKIE ONE

Where you fellas going anyway?

AMERICA

(smiling)
Cambodia.

JUNKIE ONE

Eh. Good luck over there. Couldn't get me any of the good shit last time I went. Hell of a lot of girls there though.

AMERICA

We'll keep that in mind.

Junkie One waves and walks off into the fog with Junkie Two.

GHOST

We're those guys that out of it last time we saw em?

AMERICA

Nah man. They're gone someplace else now.

GHOST

Lucky fucking them.

EXT. CAMBODIA

Final scene in War sequence. Like a dream that won't end. Slowed down. Pitch black. The only lights come from firing guns and white lights shooting up from the ground. Ethereal. An acid trip that has lost all color and turned into a hellscape that would cripple the minds of the most strong men. America in front, the others right behind, guns raised, firing at enemies in front we can't see. Bullets leave slowly, on the ground there are snakes - but these are just rubber snakes, hundreds of them covering the floor.

Nobody's face can be seen, strung out, pupils dilated huge, drooling, eyes wide open. He opens his mouth and lets out a garbled scream, nonsense, all it means is "fuck you" in the most animalistic language.

NOBODY V.O.

There are, many more days ahead. It seems it will be like this for the rest of my life, either that or I will be killed soon, from bullet or internal combustion of my body from drugs eating their way through my rotting skin. Or I will live out my days in this place forever. All there is left is this Jungle and this darkness. I am Nobody.

Ahead of them lit up bright on a tree is a postcard nailed to a tree reading "Welcome to Cambodia" with a bloodied handprint wiped across it.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

PART THREE: HOME?

If Part One was vivid rainbow colors, and Part two was greens and browns for miles, this part is gloomy, washed out colors, deep contrasting blacks.

INT. MILITARY PLANE

Inside the plane soldiers are returning home. Sitting all in a row is America, Bang, and Nobody. Bang has a completely blank face, America looks from side to side nervously and shakes. Nobody has his face in his hands.

EXT. ROAD- AFTERNOON

Nobody lies in the center of the road, facing towards the sky. Around him is desert. He is emotionless. A roadkill deer lies with flies buzzing around it's carcass just a couple feet from him.

NOBODY V.O.

I am a lie. I am undead. I was the devil and my place was in hell but hell used me up and I find I was no devil. The wild of the woods was unearthed for a whole country to see and everyone was just as much of an animal as I was. Animals with guns and traps and killing machines of all kinds. We were the worlds largest zoo, a spectacle for those who were truly in power, the devils hiding behind binoculars to see the most exciting exhibit on earth.
Now...

A car swerves out of the way and honks its horn as it passes Nobody on the road.

NOBODY V.O. CONT.

... I am waiting.

INT. BAR

Waiting walks into a bar. It is a darkly lit bar with many neon signs. He is sunburned from his time on the road. He walks forward with slumped posture and heavy steps and throws himself down onto the bar stool. Sitting in the one to his left and the one to his right is Bang and America respectively. Those two have been here a little while, Bang shakes his head up and down and America sits passed out his head resting on the counter.

WAITING

(drunk)
Gimme Vodka.

BARTENDER

What kind?

Waiting just throws some money onto the counter then stares down at the counter. A glass is put in front of him and he gulps it without looking up. The voices in the back of the bar are so loud it sounds as if they are screaming at him.

WAITING

I'm going to steal the van out
back.

BANG

(slurring)
Fuck yeah man.

Waiting stands up and hops onto his bar stool, wobbling some as he does it.

WAITING

Who does the white van belong to
outside? I saw someone trying to
break into it.

A tough looking man shakes his head and him and his friend storm out to check.

WAITING (CONT'D)

(to Bang)
Can you get America up and follow
me?

BANG

(eyes closed)
Mhm.

Bang manages to sling America around his shoulder and follows Waiting as they walk outside after the men.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

Waiting walks out and the two guys look back at them and Waiting pulls out a pistol and executes both of them. He fishes the keys out of the owner's hand and unlocks the car, getting in the driver's seat. Bang throws America in the back and then climbs from the back seat to the passenger seat. People start running out of the bar but Waiting throws the van into reverse and then swerves out onto the road.

INT. VAN

America pukes in the back and then falls back asleep. Bang sits with his head against the window. Waiting swerves on the road slightly as he drives.

BANG

What now?

WAITING

Right now: I have some people I know up in San Francisco, we can probably stay there till we plan something else out. What next though, what later, where do we go from there? I've got no idea.

BANG

Back home in the land of taxes and bills and mortgages.

WAITING

It's a nightmare.

Bang cracks up.

EXT. SANFRANCISCO STREETS

Waiting drives down the road looking for something he recognizes, and then stops when he sits outside the LLLK house. He steps outside the van.

WAITING

(talking into the window
at Bang)

Stay in the car for now.

Waiting walks up to the door and knocks. It's a long time before anyone answers, but finally a voice comes from the mail slot.

DOORMAN
What do you want? Who are you?

WAITING
(bending down to mail slot
so he can be seen)
It's me.

DOORMAN
I don't know anyone named me.

WAITING
It's Lucifer.

DOORMAN
Lucifer?

WAITING
I mean Lover.

DOORMAN
Lover?

WAITING
I mean it's Kennel.

DOORMAN
Kennel? Is that really you? You're
eyes aren't the same.

WAITING
I swear it is.

The mouth moves from the mail slot and then the door opens,
still not opening all the way as a chain holds it open only a
crack. Max stands at the door staring suspiciously at
Waiting.

MAX
Kennel, oh kennel, I don't know
that you should be here.

WAITING
What do you mean? Aren't I a Little
Lucky Lunatic?

MAX
Yes. Yes, but... Come in

Waiting walks inside and we can see that inside the house
that paranoid men must have been living there. Scrawled on
all the walls is writing, random names, streets,
descriptions, then things like "I am not me" and "These
thoughts are not your own".

Max leads Waiting to the living room and we see Gentleman and Woman sitting at the table in silence, staring at nothing.

WAITING

Where's the boy?

MAX

He's... gone

WOMAN

(hysterically)

Hung. Hung himself right in his room one day.

GENTLEMAN

Painted his room all black, took everything out but a rope. It was only a matter of time.

MAX

You... where have you been? You ran off, I thought maybe you were really one of *them*. You disappeared when the others started to.

WAITING

Vietnam.

Max's eyes get wider and he embraces Waiting.

MAX

You are a greater man than us. You are the real hero. Forgive me for doubting you soldier.

Max stand backs and salutes.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh we tried to go over there you know. They wouldn't let us though, failed us out of the psychiatric evaluations, just so we couldn't help over there, those androids programmed to weed out the Lucky few.

WAITING

Be glad.

MAX

No! Don't say that Kennel, you helped America, and sure they didn't win, but you tried Kennel you tried.

WAITING

I have America with me, hungover in the back of my van.

Max smiles and nods as if he understands.

MAX

Well if you need anything, a place to stay? Let me know. We have an empty room now...

WAITING

That would be great. We just need some time to figure out what we do next.

MAX

Won't you stay forever here with us? We have new plans, new schemes, the war over there may be over but the war back home is still raging, and Kennel, we're winning.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

Waiting opens the door to Boy's room. Behind him are Bang and America.

BANG

Jesssssus.

AMERICA

I love it.

We see into the room. It's painted all black, the walls the floor the ceiling. The only thing in the entire room is a blanket and pillow, and a noose still hanging from the ceiling. They each have a single bag of stuff and they throw it against the walls.

BANG

Two more pillows and this'll be the nicest place I've slept in years.

AMERICA

In years? What about that brothel we went to back there, when was that?

BANG

Oh yeah. Two months ago?

AMERICA

Couldn't say. Good times though.

WAITING

Say goodbye to that. Here it's all about human connection, I'm sure there's some women you can buy here, but not for the prices we got over there.

BANG

They came free.

WAITING

Exactly.

America walks over to the noose and is just able to fit the top of his head in it if he stands on his tip toes.

AMERICA

Anyone want to place bets on who among us uses this first? I hear suicide is big among war heroes like us.

WAITING

I think Bang's gonna crack.

BANG

(laughing)

I wouldn't doubt it. So what now? We want to just stay here? We'd need some pills and probably more to make this bearable, but I think we could manage.

AMERICA

If there's pills involved I can manage just about anything.

WAITING

I have some business down here I have to attend to, but it shouldn't take long. Then we can figure it out.

America puts his pointer and thumb together as an OK, still playing with the hanging rope. Waiting opens up his bag and pulls out a typewriter and some paper and sets it up in a corner. He begins to type.

EXT. STREETS - DUSK

Waiting drives the van to an animal shelter and gets out of the car. He comes out with five dogs and puts them into the back of the van. He drives down the street and sees another dog tied outside to a tree, barking at him as he drives. He stops and unties it and leads it inside. Voice over while he does this.

WAITING V.O.

My name is X-ray, I see into people in ways most can't. I see people for their bones and organs and blood. I see neurosis of the brain. At one time I was named Kennel. I housed dirty dogs, the worst dogs people would give me. Right now I am no longer Kennel and these dogs in here, these dogs aren't bad.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

X-Ray parks the van in front of the LLLK house. Inside the van he looks back at the dogs. There are big dogs and small dogs, all sit in the back panting and looking content.

X-RAY V.O.

Look at their faces these dogs just want to play. But watch what happens when they're put in a situation like this- locked in a van with no where to go. They'll get cramped first. If something can't exercise or move it'll get depressed, living things don't do well in cages. Isn't that interesting? That I'm changing these dogs brains by simply putting them in a room. Then they'll get hungry, and a hungry animal becomes a mean animal. I'll make them bored then I'll make them depressed and then I'll make them mean, easy as pie. And then I'll make them killers. Not all can be killers, look at this one there

We see a tiny little dog panting away.

X-RAY V.O. (CONT'D)

This guy can't kill. He'll try to disappear, to hide, but he can't. I know he'll go quick.

(MORE)

X-RAY V.O. (CONT'D)

Without much thought. These bigger ones will have a battle, I can't decide who'll win. I can't wait to watch. This is a sort of experiment, just one where the outcome doesn't matter. In the end they will all starve. Who is the winner? The little one to go first? Or the big one to live the longest? Are any of them winners at all?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

X-Ray gets out of the van and locks the doors. He taps on the slightly rolled down window and smiles at the dogs, who let out a few barks, and then walks inside.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

X-ray types at his typewriter. Pages are strewn all about the room, along with liquor bottles, beer cans, and pill bottles. America screams to himself on the ground, yelling at no one. Bang sits unconscious in a slump. After a few moments X-ray gets up to peek outside. He lifts the blinds, revealing a bright morning. He opens the window and hears barks. And then a loud yelp.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

X-ray walks on the sidewalk. No one is on the streets- everything is deserted. He walks down a familiar road- the one he went down to get to the park. The woman's window now has her blinds drawn. And there certainly isn't any music anymore. He gets to the hotel he stayed at and stares at it a while, contemplating, then walks in.

INT. HOTEL

The crazy colors that adorned the wall when he first arrived are gone, replaced by tans and browns. No crazy carpet, no crazy chandelier, no crazy looking people, the world has gone so normal. The only person down there is the receptionist, the same one from before. She smiles as he approaches the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, welcome to the Highwayman,
how may I help you.

X-RAY

I stayed here some years ago. You remodeled.

RECEPTIONIST

Yessir, about a year ago, it really did look silly back then didn't it?

X-RAY

I kind of liked it.

RECEPTIONIST

To each his own, I suppose. Would you like to check into a room?

X-RAY

You know what, sure. Yeah. I'll take room 199 if it's available.

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly. Name?

INT. ROOM 199

X-ray walks in, this room having gotten the same remodel the lobby did. Tan walls, still life of two white flowers in a vase, TV, plain lights from lamps. X-ray sits down at the desk and listens to the fan overhead. It cuts through the air normally. No panic attacks today. He sits there for another few moments then walks right back out of the room.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - AFTERNOON

X-ray stands in front of the red door to Dolly and Johnny's house. He raises a fist to knock, lowers it, raises it again, and knocks. From inside comes a voice

DOLLY

(annoyed, dazed)

Who is it?

X-RAY

It's Lover.

There is silence for a while and then when it seems like no one will answer Dolly opens the door. She doesn't look good, her hair is thinning, she is even thinner than before, and her teeth are yellowed. She wears skimpy clothes and several bruises can be seen on her, as well as some scabs on her arms.

DOLLY

(Smiling)

So after all these years, tell me,
does the smiley face on the door
still make you sad.

X-RAY

Yes. But now for a different
reason.

DOLLY

(smile fading)

Yeah. Yeah I guess that's how it
works, time passing, isn't it?
Still sad but for new reasons.

X-RAY

I was just back in town, visiting,
I don't want to bother you. I just
needed to see if you were still
here.

DOLLY

No. Really I'm excited to see you.
Just a bit speechless is all. This
is such a blast to the past, you
just disappeared one day, I didn't
think I'd ever see you again.

X-RAY

Ghosts always need to make their
way back to houses they want to
haunt.

DOLLY

Very poetic. You turn into a writer
or something?

X-RAY

I've always been a writer. Never
been too poetic though.

DOLLY

I don't know about that. Do you
want to come in?

X-ray looks behind her into the house.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Johnny's asleep in the bedroom if
that's what you're looking for. I
doubt he'll be up for a while now.

X-RAY

Sure I'll come in.

DOLLY

Hey Lover, I have to ask, did Johnny say something to you the night you left?

X-RAY

Why do you say that?

DOLLY

It's just that night, he was a real mess. He's still a mess. But that night he was the messiest he'd been in a while.

X-RAY

Anything that happened is in the past now.

INT. JOHNNY AND DOLLY'S HOUSE

Dolly smiles and then lets him inside. The place has gone to hell. Food and trash are strewn about everywhere. Tapestries have fallen or been moved to windows to block the light from coming in. Much of the furniture is gone, including the couch, replaced with a couple cushions, and the TV stand.

DOLLY

(lighting a cigarette)

It looks bad I know. I'd be lying if I said everything was hunky dory here, but you can probably see that. You look good though, what have you been up to.

X-RAY

Vietnam.

Dolly stares at him.

DOLLY

I'm so sorry.

X-ray shrugs.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

You know something funny? Do you remember the day you came back here, after the party, and we sat and watched the TV.

X-ray nods.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

I was talking about how I cried, I cried at just about everything back then, and you told me something I thought was ridiculous. You said you can't cry. I didn't know such a thing was possible, but now I think I know what you mean. I can't remember the last time I have. There's been times I should have, many many times, but I just don't anymore.

X-RAY

The mark of a lone traveler.

Dolly throws herself down on a cushion.

DOLLY

I'd offer to turn on the TV but the electrics been turned off. They're planning on evicting us Lover. I don't even know who they are. Don't we own this house? I helped pay for it. I helped make all the memories in it. But for some reason it's not mine.

Dolly sees X-ray staring at her arms. She folds them around herself.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

It's stupid of me. I know.

X-ray smiles and takes off his jacket. We see his arms are completely covered in scabs so that there's no normal skin left.

X-RAY

The other mark of a lone traveler.

DOLLY

Johnny was always riding the line with it. Even back then, if things didn't go his way the first thing he'd do is pick up a needle. But I always helped him through it, until everyone left though and I couldn't see a good reason to fight it anymore.

X-RAY

(smiling)

It came real easy over there. It was the currency, if we ran into another squadron we'd ask if they had any, if they did we'd shoot em for it and if they didn't, well we'd shoot em for that.

DOLLY

I really am sorry I'm over here having a pity party for myself while you stand there after going through more than I could imagine. Where are you staying at while you're here? You're not back at a hotel again are you?

X-RAY

No. I am staying with some... some friends.

DOLLY

That's great! I'm so happy you met more people, to be honest I always worried for you, that people wouldn't understand you.

X-RAY

I do fine. I've known them just as long as I've known you actually.

DOLLY

Really? All this time I thought me and Johnny had been your only friends here. Not like that. I just mean... I don't know what I mean, I'm rambling.

X-RAY

When are you being evicted.

DOLLY

It's already happened, they wanted us out a month ago. Everyday now I expect someone or other to come barge in through that door and throw us out. I thought that's who it was when you knocked.

X-RAY

Well, if you need a place to stay while you look somewhere else, you can stay with me.

DOLLY
 Would you be that kind to a
 pathetic woman like myself?

X-RAY
 Of course. Johnny's welcome too.

Dolly stands up and hugs X-ray.

DOLLY
 (in his ear)
 Thank you so much. I wouldn't
 impose if I had any other choice

X-RAY
 Don't thank me yet, you haven't
 seen the house. It's not much to
 look at.

DOLLY
 (laughing)
 Do you see where I'm living now?
 And it sure as hell beats living in
 a box outside. No dead bodies or
 anything right?

X-RAY
 Not currently, no.

INT. LLLK HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Gathered all around, at the table, against the wall, are the
 old and new members of the Little Lucky Lunatic Klan. Woman,
 Gentleman, America, and Bang hang around while X-Ray and Max
 argue.

MAX
 I can't believe we're even
 discussing this... the enemy... in
 our sanctuary... maybe you really
 have flipped sides.

X-RAY
 There are no sides anymore! What
 side? The two strung out ex-
 hippies? What the hell do you think
 they're gonna do here? If anything
 they can help us.

Max snorts laughter and shakes his head and disbelief.

X-RAY (CONT'D)

You wan't to know the real side?
It's been the same for you all
along. America. Well now the
hippies are going, but the war in
Vietnam is lost, everyone's getting
sucked further and further into a
hole of meaninglessness, we need to
look at this thing from all angles.

AMERICA

I- speaking as America of course -
agree with my friend here. They can
help us Max don't you see! And they
might happen to have some of those
drugs on them... if they really are
as strung out as you promise.

X-RAY

Delightfully strung out, cross my
heart and hope to die.

AMERICA

I hope to die everyday but I never
tell the truth.

X-RAY

Goddamnit stop patronizing me!

America holds up his hands in mock surrender.

MAX

(looking at Woman and
Gentleman)

You two, what do you think? You're
the only ones I can trust for sure.

They both look surprised, and as if they haven't been paying
a lick of attention. Woman shrugs. Gentleman grunts.

X-RAY

Bang, how about you.

BANG

There is nothing in this world I
care less about than the topic up
for debate at this moment in time.

X-RAY

Well Max, three abstain, one - you
- votes against, and two vote for.
Don't you want to support democracy
in your utopia you are planning?

Max looks away defeated. There's a knock on the door.

MAX
Is that them? Now?

X-RAY
I think so.

Max walks over to the door and puts his mouth in the slot.

MAX
Who is it?

DOLLY
My name is Dolly-

MAX
I don't know a Dolly.

DOLLY
I'm Lover's friend. I'm here with
Johnny.

MAX
I don't know a Lover. I don't know
a Johnny.

X-RAY
For christ's sake Max let them in.

Max curses under his breath.

MAX
One moment.

Max stands next to the door motionless as if waiting for someone to come to open it, after a moment he nods to himself and opens the door.

MAX (CONT'D)
(to dolly and johnny)
Sorry about that. The doorman never
trusts anyone.

Dolly and Johnny look at the walls unsure then see X-Ray sitting at the table. Dolly waves. Johnny nods his head. They come in and enter the living room with all the others- the Little Lucky Lunatic Klan now as full as it will ever get. There is a minute of awkward silence.

JOHNNY
So Lover, you wanna introduce us to
all your fine friends. They sure
look friendly.

Everyone has been glaring suspiciously at Johnny and Dolly.

X-RAY

Of course. Well you just met Max. This is... well this is a nice woman and this next to her is a very nice gentleman. Over here are my two buddies from the war. Um... that man mine as well be named America for all he did for the country... and the other man there... his name is Bang. Swedish I believe.

They all nod grumpily in turn.

JOHNNY

Good to meet all of you, I have no idea what to expect from this crazy mother fucker's friends, but I suppose we're just as strange as anyone aren't we Dolly?

DOLLY

We're the strangest of the bunch, that's right. What do these words mean here? The... Little Lucky Lunatic Klan?

MAX

Well...

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

Pan down from noose to horrified face of Dolly and Johnny. The room is now covered with blankets and pillows.

JOHNNY

You're kidding me.

DOLLY

Johnny, be grateful. I mean, I could do without the, well the,

JOHNNY

Is that a-

DOLLY

Noose, I could do without the noose.

X-ray is standing with them showing them the room.

X-RAY

Hey, without that noose this room
wouldn't be available.

JOHNNY

(through gritted teeth)
No. No of course not. How silly of
me to be concerned with it then.

X-RAY

(pretending to kid)
Downright fucking stupid if I say
so myself. So Johnny how have you
been doing? Hitting the needle
pretty hard huh? You look like
shit. I don't know how you stay so
pretty while this one turns into a
zombie Dolly.

DOLLY

Aw. That's sweet.

JOHNNY

Charming.

Dolly notices all the papers with writing on the ground, X-Ray's newest work.

DOLLY

What's all this?

X-RAY

Just some things I've been writing.

DOLLY

Mind if I read?

JOHNNY

Can't it wait till after we shoot
up, I can't stand this room any
longer.

AMERICA

(shouting from living
room)
Hey, did I just hear that right?
One second

Heavy footsteps as America runs to door.

AMERICA (CONT'D)

(hurridly, so quick it's
hard to understand him)
(MORE)

AMERICA (CONT'D)

I don't know if he told you this
 but you have to share if you're
 going to live here he is too nice
 to ask but it is what we all have
 been thinking and agreed upon right
 before you guys showed up.

Johnny looks from Dolly to America to X-ray. Dolly gives a
 look that says "whatchu gonna do." X-ray mimics the same
 look.

JOHNNY

Goddamn you.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Everyone, the whole klan, is gathered huddled up in the small
 bedroom, passing around dirty needles, shooting up, while
 Dolly reads X-Rays latest, greatest, last work out loud.

DOLLY

The Animals- A Poem.

A long time ago foxes roamed the
 earth at peace. Hair slicked back -
 black and orange and white, with a
 pointed nose and pointed ears. They
 gathered in groups nodding in their
 own way, strange to some but not to
 them, Voting on where to go, what to
 do. While they were busy hunting or
 sleeping or fucking, They'd see the
 birds and know that in their
 strange chirps, They were voting on
 where to go, what to do.

And then one day an unlucky group
 of foxes would stumble across
 apes, The creatures with hairless
 faces and long dangling arms. These
 animals had their own strange way
 of talking, but there was more. The
 ones with the hairless faces held
 each other, They gestured with their
 dangling arms, Carried their young
 on their back, In their eyes there
 was some deeper recognition. This
 way that was so strange seemed to
 be better than anything the foxes
 knew. So how else could the foxes
 feel, Other than completely insane.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

V.O. Continues while we see one dog left alive bloodied and panting in the car. Then

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

DOLLY CONT.,

A long time ago the apes roamed the earth at peace, But then some began to lose their hair. And learned to fashion the world around them to make coverings for their hairless skin, Their grunts got more and more formed till they were strung in lines, While the other apes still swung from vines, These walked on two feet just fine, These better animals no longer would mate with the apes, Disgusted by them- those who can't understand, How else could watching this ascension of man make the apes feel, Other than completely insane.

Nowadays unless they are so lucky as to never lay eyes on man, The animals roam around knowing they are crazy. Men change the earth around them, They build up to the sky till they touch the heavens. The men look at the other animals in fascination, Knowing that in their own strange way, They are voting on where to go, what to do, Just not as good as men. And how is that to make the animals feel, Other than completely insane.

The foxes see how strange they are with fur coating their skin, How very strange it is to have a long tail trailing behind them, The apes see how strange they are, So close to man but so far, Meanwhile most men walk along in an ignorant bliss, The best of the best, A claim only belonging to those, Who are no longer animals.

(MORE)

DOLLY CONT., (CONT'D)
 But what of the unlucky few, Who
 see men for what they are, The
 beasts of the world who have had a
 glimpse at something far more
 sinister, Those who have seen the
 best at their worst, Those who know
 how strange it is to have no hair
 at all, Those who know that they
 are really animals, How is that to
 make these beasts feel, Other than
 completely insane.

Now they are all staring at X-ray, all half delirious from
 the drugs. They are silent then America breaks through with a
 laugh. He is dying of laughter while the others stare.

AMERICA
 Jesus. Jesus. Is that what we are
 to you? Animals? Are we some fucked
 up chimps, shooting us full of shit
 because we can't stand whatever
 life manmade for us?

America stands up swaying, almost unconscious, but makes the
 effort to walk.

AMERICA (CONT'D)
 I think you're going to lose your
 bet. Bang isn't gonna be the first
 to off himself on this goddamn
 rope.

America brings the chair he had been sitting on and drags it
 to the center of the room. He strings himself up.

AMERICA (CONT'D)
 What should America say, before he
 kills himself? I suppose I'll say
 the truth. I'm not America. My
 name's Tom, I was just a boy
 playing army with friends. I have
 two parents and a little brother.
 They would all hate me now.

He kicks the chair away and hangs. Everyone watches with
 blank faces, no one trying to do anything. Voice over plays
 while we see the noose.

X-RAY V.O.
 There is more to that story, the
 one of the animals. I wasn't done
 yet, great writing takes time.
 (MORE)

X-RAY V.O. (CONT'D)

There is still just a bit more to go, an afterthought really, but maybe it is all that matters in the whole thing after all. It goes like this:

But there is still another type of man, One of the Lucky few, who sees man for what they are, not because they are beasts, but because he has seen something better. He has seen an alien, a celestial being, all that means is it was the one thing most alien to humankind, and that is something better. This being had many names, but he is best known as Zenith.

FADE TO BLACK.

THEN...

FADE IN:

INT. CAR DRIVING ALONGSIDE GRAND CANYON- AFTERNOON

Final scene. In the car we see a newspaper on the passenger side seat, frontpage, an article-

"Manson Family copycat cult - mass suicide"

ZENITH V.O.

My name is Harold. Is that my name? It was long ago, was it something before that? Will it be something after that? The newspaper doesn't know my name. No one ever knew. I know though, and that is all that matters, whether anyone remembers, or believes me when I tell them, I know it. Would you care to hear, one honest truth amongst of life of lies, a definitive name? Will that make you- my attentive audience - will that make you adore me?

FADE TO BLACK:

A sound of a ripping page - as if from a type writer- can be heard.

THE END