

FATA MORGANA

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DENVER - CITY PARK - DAY

DUCK LAKE

Sunny summer weather. LORI ROBERTS, 30, chic business attire, strolls along the lake. She takes a cell phone out of a handbag, holds it to her ear, which has a shiny earring.

In the water splash and quack ducks.

LORI ROBERTS

Hi Bess.... Yes, your room is ready.... I can't wait to finally have you walking beside me instead of in your wheelchair....

(laughing happily)

Are you sure I don't need to pick you up?.... Of course I understand.... I'll be home around six. -- Uh Bess, the round key is from the street door.... See you.

EDGE OF PARK

Lori strides out of the park to a crosswalk.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

Lori waits at the red traffic light of the crosswalk.

A quacking mother duck waggles stately across the street followed by her downy ducklings. A car stops with screeching tires in front of the duck family. Another car coming from the opposite direction also stops brusquely.

Lori smiles at a MOTHER WITH BABY BUGGY.

MOTHER WITH BABY BUGGY

Just look at them.

When the duck family reaches the other side of the road, the traffic starts moving again.

The crosswalk light turns green. As Lori struts to the other side of the road, suddenly a shiny silver Audi SUV crashes into her.

She catapults through the air and her bloody corpse smacks like a puppet on the asphalt right before the Mother with baby buggy, who screams hysterically.

The Audi SUV speeds away and screeches around a corner.

EXT. CROSSWALK - LATER

An ambulance blocks the street. A MALE PARAMEDIC and FEMALE PARAMEDIC palpate Lori's lifeless body. The Mother with baby buggy stands apathetically near the traffic light.

A "DENVER POLICE" car shoots into view with wailing siren and flashing lights. Out of the car hops detective BRIAN ANDERSON, 40s, congenial and keen, but unruly.

He paces to the paramedics. Female paramedic shakes her head.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC
There is nothing more we can do for her. She died instantly.

She points at the Mother with baby buggy.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
That lady saw everything.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Thanks.

Brian paces to the Mother with baby buggy.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Can you tell me what happened?

MOTHER WITH BABY BUGGY
(sobbing)
A car hit her and drove away...
around the corner.

Trembling she points at the corner where disappeared the car.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Do you know what kind of car?

MOTHER WITH BABY BUGGY
It was a pretty family car.

BRIAN ANDERSON
What color?

MOTHER WITH BABY BUGGY
Shiny silver. With rings on the back, like the Olympic symbol. I don't know much about cars.

BRIAN ANDERSON
No problem. Can you describe the driver?

MOTHER WITH BABY BUGGY
Uh... no, it happened so fast.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Were there passengers in the car?

MOTHER WITH BABY BUGGY

I can't remember.... She smiled at me.

(crying)

I talked with her about the ducks... and then she flew through the air. Her face was full of blood. She smacked on the asphalt right in front of me.

BRIAN ANDERSON

I'm sorry, ma'am. Thank you for your cooperation. A female police officer is under way to provide further assistance.

Brian jumps into the police car, speeds past the Mother with baby buggy and disappears around the corner indicated by her.

I/E. POLICE CAR - DECENT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

In his police car, Brian searches a neighborhood with freestanding houses and roads lying in a chessboard pattern.

STREET

He slows down when he sees a shiny silver Audi SUV park on a driveway, the Audi emblem clearly visible on the back of the car.

An OLD WOMAN and OLD MAN get out of the car. The Old woman carries a tote bag full of groceries. When the Old man sees the piercing eyes of Brian in the slowly passing police car, he quickly tries to hide a small bag behind his back.

Brian jumps out of the car and paces onto the driveway.

EXT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN ANDERSON

Let me see your hands, sir.

As the Old man fiddles nervously with his hands behind his back, Brian pulls a pistol. The Old woman utters a cry.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Put your hands above your head... do it.

The Old man drops the bag and raises his hands above his head. Contents of the bag clatter on the driveway.

The Old woman faints on a flower bed of a well-kept garden. Groceries fall out of the tote bag.

On the driveway, the small bag, some DVD cases with pornographic covers and BDSM sex toys.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Brian Anderson waits before the door of Lori's apartment. Door opens, revealing BESS ROBERTS, 20s, a sweet, positive and direct girl. She wears a headscarf that fully covers her hair. Her wan haggard face gets a worried expression.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Good afternoon, miss. Do you know
Lori Roberts?

BESS ROBERTS
She is my sister.

BRIAN ANDERSON
And you are?

BESS ROBERTS
Bess... Bess Roberts.

BRIAN ANDERSON
I came to tell you that Lori has
been involved in a traffic
accident.

BESS ROBERTS
How is she... is she okay?

BRIAN ANDERSON
I'm sorry, but I have sad news.

Bess gazes at him with tremendous fear in her eyes.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Unfortunately she has died.

BESS ROBERTS
... But... I... we...

Bess bursts into tears.

BRIAN ANDERSON
I understand that you are very
upset, but I need you to come with
me to identify the body.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - DAY

Brian and Bess walk to his police car, parked along the street. She moves with difficulty. He slows down his pace.

BESS ROBERTS
I can't walk fast. I just got out
of the hospital.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

A CORONER withdraws the sheet that covers a body on an
autopsy table, revealing the bruised pale face of Lori.

Bess cries big tears, almost in silence.

BRIAN ANDERSON
My condolences, miss Roberts.

Coroner hands Bess a small transparent plastic bag with
finger rings, earrings and a belly button ring.

CORONER
(indifferently)
Her rings and belly piercing.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

WORKING ROOM

Brian leaves his cubicle and saunters into the

POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE

where behind his desk works the POLICE CHIEF, 50s, an
authoritarian reactive manager, but with a small heart.

POLICE CHIEF
I read your report about the dead
girl. Dammit Brian, you scared the
hell out of some oldies doing
nothing more than enjoying their
pension. I hope they won't make a
complaint.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Not all old people are saints. And
everybody carries a gun around
here.

POLICE CHIEF
The behavior training seems to have
been a waste of money. Apparently
you are still not able to control
your impulsiveness.... Think, count
to ten, decide and then act, how
hard can it be?

Brian looks annoyed.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
The case is still yours. Probably
some idiot who was too busy with
his cell phone and now is scared
shitless.... Regarding new cases,
for the time being you will be
assigned standard work only.
Sorry.... Do the girl's parents
need professional help?

BRIAN ANDERSON
Her parents are both dead, sir.

POLICE CHIEF
Then why didn't you include that in
the file?

Brian paces out of the office. Leaves the door open.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Were you raised in a barn?

BRIAN ANDERSON
Yes, my dad grows pumpkins.

INT. ANDERSONS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian Anderson sleeps next to his loving wife MABEL ANDERSON,
40s. In front of the bed sleeps Starsky, an old German
shepherd dog.

A cell phone rings on Brian's night table. He wakes up and
sleepily grabs the cell phone, holds it to his ear.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Yeah.... It's the middle of the
night.... Why me?.... But chief...

Brian clangs the cell phone on the night table. He looks
angry. He slips out of bed.

Mabel wakes up. Starsky lifts his head lazily. Brian lovingly
kisses his wife.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Sorry honey, duty calls. I'll be
back as soon as possible.

He pets the dog.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Bleib, Starsky.

MABEL ANDERSON
Shall I make you some sandwiches?

BRIAN ANDERSON
No, thanks. I'm good.

MABEL ANDERSON
Be careful.

INT. EXTRAVAGANT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

SWIMMING POOL

Guests in bathing suits spatter in the pool or stand in the water around tables, sipping from cocktails. From a balcony above the pool sound screams and shouts.

Brian Anderson takes the stairs to the

BALCONY

A PARTY BOY paces to and fro, screams and shouts. A POLICE OFFICER beckons Brian.

POLICE OFFICER
I can't calm him down. Perhaps you try.

Brian strolls toward the Party boy.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Hello, I'm Brian. Can I ask you something?

Party boy looks as if he sees an ogre.

PARTY BOY
Stay away from me.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Calm down, just calm down... I'll stay right here, okay?

Party boy glances around in panic at visitors and glitter balls and suddenly jumps off the balcony, smashing in half a table in the pool. Women scream.

The Party boy splashes around in the water, screams and tries to hit imaginary monsters with his fists.

SWIMMING POOL

Party boy knocks his head against a table.

Brian and Police officer fish the groggy Party boy out of the water. Out of his upper leg sticks a bloody broken bone.

Party boy shakes his head, then yells and tears his shirt apart as if it is on fire. He bites Brian in his shoulder, who utters a scream and lets go of him.

Party boy frantically tries to wipe the water off his pants, like it is burning lava. Police officer fires a taser gun at the Party boy, who falls to the ground and shakes vehemently as if having a seizure.

Suddenly, the Party boy jumps up and attacks the Police officer, who again fires his taser gun. While the Party boy convulses, Brian jumps on him and handcuffs him behind the back.

EXT. EXTRAVAGANT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brian Anderson and the Police officer drag the Party boy to an ambulance. Paramedics tie him to a wheeled stretcher.

PARTY BOY

The end of days has arrived. Demons
will devour everybody.

The paramedics push the stretcher in the ambulance.

PARTY BOY (CONT'D)

Eternal damnation will fall upon
you all.

Party boy roars with ominous laughter, like the Devil.

The paramedics hop in the ambulance. As it rushes away with wailing siren and flashing lights, Brian rubs his shoulder. An expression of pain on his face.

POLICE OFFICER

This clearly looks like a Fata
Morgana overdose. They first get
high and then go completely mad,
like going from heaven to hell.

BRIAN ANDERSON

This drug is infesting our city.

POLICE OFFICER

I heard the D.E.A. has formed a
special team.

BRIAN ANDERSON

They better hurry. I hate this kind
of nightly work.

POLICE OFFICER

Yeah... me too.

INT. EXTRAVAGANT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

BAR

Brian approaches the timid FRIEND OF PARTY BOY.

BRIAN ANDERSON
So you are his friend.

FRIEND OF PARTY BOY
Yes sir.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Where did you buy the Fata Morgana?

FRIEND OF PARTY BOY
From a guy in the club, sir.
Everybody does it.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Take me to him.

Friend of party boy takes Brian to a FATA MORGANA DEALER, 20s, messy curly hair, who sneaks to the exit as soon as he notices Brian.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Hey you, stop.

Police officer blocks the

EXIT

where he grabs the Fata Morgana dealer.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Who's your supplier?

Fata Morgana dealer remains quiet.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
You have two options. The first is to cooperate with us. The second is that your booty will meet Big Bob in jail.... Now what will it be?

FATA MORGANA DEALER
... Someone called Scarface....

BRIAN ANDERSON
Scarface. Go on.

FATA MORGANA DEALER
... I have never seen him. He calls me where to pick up the pills. I take the dope and leave behind the money.... It's never the same spot.... Can I go now?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

GRAVE

A PRIEST holds a ceremony next to a fresh grave around which mourn a handful of people, including Bess Roberts and a DISTRIBUTION CENTER MANAGER, 40s. We don't hear the words.

ROAD

In a pickup truck sits Albanian NICU TAFAJ, 40, a shady character with a deep knife scar across his left cheek. He peers

THROUGH BINOCULARS

at Bess, who looks grief-stricken.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

A police car patrols through an industrial area in decay.

Police car stops next to a charred car wreckage on the roadside. A partly burned Audi emblem.

INT. POLICE STATION - POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian Anderson stands in front of the desk at which sits the Police chief.

BRIAN ANDERSON

We found the car that killed Lori Roberts. It was stolen in Kansas City the day before.

POLICE CHIEF

Check some large supermarkets in Denver and then the gas stations along the I Seventy.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Nice you make all decisions for me.

POLICE CHIEF

What do you expect? Apparently you need guidance.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Brian parks his police car on the parking lot of a "KING SOOPERS" supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian watches a surveillance video.

ON THE SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

A shiny silver Audi SUV parks on the parking lot of the supermarket.

The Old man and Old woman get out of the car. She carries an empty tote bag.

I/E. POLICE CAR - DAY

I-70

Brian Anderson drives his police car down the I-70 close to Denver. Vast desolate fields. At a

JUNCTION

he leaves the interstate and drives to a gas station.

INT. GAS STATION - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian watches a surveillance video.

ON THE SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

Nicu Tafaj gets in a shiny silver Audi SUV parked before the gas station.

Video image freezes into a photograph of his face.

I/E. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Surveillance photo comes to life, revealing Nicu Tafaj driving his pickup truck through a

MOUNTAIN FOREST

Pickup truck leaves the forest and crosses a

MOUNTAIN MEADOW

to the

DRAWBRIDGE

of a sinister medieval castle surrounded by a moat on three sides and a deep canyon on the other side. At the edge of the canyon rises a separate watchtower.

An IRISH CRIMINAL, 30s, red hair, guards a closed boom barrier. He wears medieval armor and carries a modern submachine gun.

Pickup truck stops. Irish criminal opens the boom barrier. Nicu drives over the drawbridge to the open

CASTLE GATE

A small road runs along the castle wall to the watchtower, before which stands an expensive sports car.

Nicu drives through the gate into the

CASTLE COURTYARD

He passes a cage with several agitated fighting dogs and parks his pickup truck next to a few other cars, including a chick car.

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - DAY

GRAND ROOM

Beside the fireplace, in a medieval armchair sits Lord ADALBERT KAMMIN, 50s, arrogant sadist. He wears medieval clothes.

NICU TAJAJ

I traced the chip to Lori's apartment. Her sister Bess lives there now.

ADALBERT KAMMIN

That Lori bitch got what she deserved.... Bring me the chip. To keep you motivated I want you to watch something. But first put on your castle clothes.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Nicu Tafaj wears a knight costume. He and Adalbert Kammin descend the stairs and step into a

TORTURE CHAMBER

On a throne sits Lady FATIMA, 30s, short and skinny, long black hair, no glasses, a sneaky sadist. She wears a stately medieval dress with round neckline that covers her throat. She holds a morning star weapon like a scepter.

An ARAB CRIMINAL with beard and hawk nose, and a CRIMINAL WITH GLASSES flank the throne. They each wear medieval armor and carry a submachine gun.

The wall behind Fatima has a room-high painting of a prisoner hanging upside down and sawn in half by two executioners.

Next to a table with head crusher stands DRINA KABUZIS, 20s, a vulgar slender gypsy woman with blown-up boobs pushed up in the deep décollete of a medieval dress.

FATIMA

You can start.

Adalbert Kammin bows to her.

ADALBERT KAMMIN
As you command, Lady Fatima.

A man, THIEF #1, tied to a torture rack. A leather strap immobilizes his head. Another man, THIEF #2, stands apathetically close to the rack.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
In the Middle Ages the Church controlled the rabble through bestial cruelty. Her law officers honestly believed that they were instruments of God, fighting against the Devil.... But they were also ignorant. Mentally ill people were put in spiked barrels and rolled down a hill to bloody pulp. After a miscarriage women were placed with their vagina on the Judas chair, until their belly ripped open.... We are also cruel, but not ignorant.
(to Thief #1)
You stole from us.

THIEF #1
I won't do it again. Please give me another chance.

ADALBERT KAMMIN
Your greedy eyes soon will no longer succumb to temptation.
(to Thief #2)
Get the lead sprinkler.

Thief #2 takes a lead sprinkler out of a fire.

THIEF #1
I beg you. Have mercy... please.

ADALBERT KAMMIN
Pour it in his eyes.

With trembling hands Thief #2 pours melted lead in the eyes of Thief #1, who screams in agony.

Adalbert sips from a medieval mug, then empties it on the lead-filled eyes from which rises hissing steam. Thief #1 utters several screams followed by a constant moaning.

Adalbert swings a modern pen case out of his pocket.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
Stop moaning, please. Take your punishment like a man and there is hope for redemption.

With a blue marker pen Adalbert draws a blue circle in the center of each lead eye.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
Body painting.

With a black marker pen Adalbert draws a black dot in the middle of each blue circle.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
Your new eyes.
(to Thief #2)
Aren't they pretty?

THIEF #2
Uh... yes, My Lord... very.

ADALBERT KAMMIN
I said stop moaning.

He snatches a mouth clamp from the wall and uses it to stretch wide open the mouth of Thief #1.

Using the lead sprinkler he pours melted lead in the mouth opening. Thief #1 makes some ghastly guttural sounds. He then stops moving and making sounds.

Adalbert offers Thief #2 a chair and a mug.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
Relax. Drink something. That will make you feel better after such a traumatic experience.

As Thief #2 sips from the mug with trembling hands and lips, Fatima silently hands Adalbert her morning star scepter.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
I recently got a speeding ticket. The police officer said I drove five miles too fast. I asked if he couldn't give me a warning. "Sorry, I can't do that, I'm no market trader", he said.... Our organization also has strict laws. We demand loyalty. If someone steals from us...

He smashes the morning star on the head of Thief #2, who screams.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
... he is not welcome anymore...

Another smash. Thief #2 raises his arms to block the blows.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
... and we don't make exceptions...

Another smash. Thief #2 collapses to the ground.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
... because there is a serious
risk...

Smashes him again.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
... that sooner or later...

Smashes him again.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
... he will do it again.

Adalbert, covered in blood and panting heavily. Thief #2
wriggles on the floor, moans, blood all over his body.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
Give me your panties.

Drina sits down on the table, next to the head crusher. Like
a porn star she takes off her panties from under her dress
and drops them into Adalbert's hands.

Adalbert smells the panties with closed eyes and exhales
ecstatically. He wipes the blood off his face and arms with
the panties and gives them back to her.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
Put them back on.

Like a porn star she puts the panties back on.

ADALBERT KAMMIN (CONT'D)
Kiss me.

She puckers her lips and gives him a French kiss.

DRINA KABUZIS
Ow.

She withdraws with an expression of pain on her face. She
spits on the ground. He chuckles.

FATIMA
Feed them to the bear.

Arab criminal and Criminal with glasses untie the corpse of
Thief #1 from the torture rack.

They throw the corpse in a filthy cage inhabited by a tousled
grizzly bear. Close to the cage, open stairs lead down to the
bottom of a pit with a tar-filled trough and a Judas chair.

Bear sniffs at the corpse.

Arab criminal and Criminal with glasses throw the moaning Thief #2 in the cage.

Bear sniffs at Thief #2, rubs a claw over his trunk and chops off his head with one big bite.

Bear gnaws on the bloody head. Bones SNAP and CRACK.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Faster than the head crusher.

Everybody guffaws.

INT. LORI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bess Roberts wears the headscarf. Brian Anderson shows her the surveillance photo of Nicu Tafaj.

BESS ROBERTS
No, I have never seen him. Lori worked a lot. She didn't have many friends.

BRIAN ANDERSON
A boyfriend?

BESS ROBERTS
She broke up several years ago... the guy cheated on her. After that she met a few men but then stopped dating. She really enjoyed her freedom.

BRIAN ANDERSON
What kind of job did she have?

BESS ROBERTS
Head of department in a distribution center.... She paid my stem cell transplantation. Her blood cells saved my life.... Why do good people always die first?
(sobbing)
And it happened on the very same day that I moved in with her. The first time I have traveled without wheelchair since I was nine years old.... She has not seen me walk... will never see it.

Bess cries.

BRIAN ANDERSON
We will get the man who killed your sister, I promise.

INT. DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

WAREHOUSE

Distribution center manager escorts Brian Anderson along piles of products.

DISTRIBUTION CENTER MANAGER

Lori often went to the City Park during lunchtime.... It's a sad accident. Life can be over in the blink of an eye.

They step into a

SMALL ROOM

Filing cabinets and a desk with an old model computer.

DISTRIBUTION CENTER MANAGER (CONT'D)

This was her room. She did the inventory management.

BRIAN ANDERSON

I have been told that she was head of department.

DISTRIBUTION CENTER MANAGER

(snickering)

Well, you could say that. Of this little kingdom.

(seriously)

Her salary was just above the minimum wage, but she worked hard and never complained.

INT. LORI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bess sleeps in bed. She wears pyjamas. Butch cut hair, no headscarf. Thumping, behind the bedroom door. She wakes up.

She slips out of bed, tiptoes to the door and presses her ear against it. Thumping comes closer. She frantically glances around, then flees outside through an open window.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LEDGE - CONTINUOUS

She steps on a ledge. Pressing her back against the wall she shuffles sideways and slides through the next open window.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bess hurries to a bed in which sleeps neighbor JOE FLETCHER, 20s, friendly technician, neglected hair. She shakes him awake.

BESS ROBERTS
 Help me, please. You must help me.

Joe jumps out of bed. He wears boxer shorts and a T-shirt.

JOE FLETCHER
 You scared the hell out of me. Who
 are you?

BESS ROBERTS
 (crying)
 Bess Roberts, the new neighbor.
 There is someone in my apartment.

Joe switches on the light, stares at Bess and the window.

JOE FLETCHER
 Did you come over the ledge?
 Jezus.... We need to call the
 police. By the way, I'm Joe.

INT. LORI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BEDROOM

Nicu Tafaj sticks his head out of the window, and back inside
 again.

He takes his cell phone, presses it, holds it to his ear.

NICU TAJAJ
 I can't find the chip but it has to
 be close.... No, she's not here....
 Okay.

LIVING ROOM

Brian Anderson and Bess. Room has been turned upside down.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 I don't think this is an ordinary
 burglary. It might have something
 to do with your sister.... Do you
 know someone where you can stay for
 a while?

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe carries a sheet, comforter and pillow and dumps them on
 the couch. He wears shabby clothes. Bess wears her headscarf.

NOTE: Until further notice Bess wears the headscarf.

BESS ROBERTS
 It's really nice of you that I can
 sleep in your bed.

JOE FLETCHER
 You are recovering from blood
 cancer and need to sleep well.

She stares at a used hiking backpack and dusty hiking boots.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 I hike.

BESS ROBERTS
 I love the mountains.

Bess fiddles with her headscarf.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry you saw me without
 headscarf. The chemotherapy --

JOE FLETCHER
 -- No problem. Let's hope your hair
 grows back. And if it doesn't, you
 can always wear a wig. My aunt had
 a synthetic monofilament wig, which
 looked just like normal hair.

BESS ROBERTS
 Hmm, you know something about hair.
 But a wig would be terrible. I've
 always spent a lot of time on
 modeling my own hair. As a kind of
 hobby. I'm a hair stylist.

JOE FLETCHER
 I work at a garden center. I repair
 mowers, trimmers, sprinklers...
 that kind of stuff.... Cutting hair
 or hedges, to me it's all the same.

Bess laughs.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE

Police chief works behind his desk. Brian Anderson enters.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 You wanted to talk to me, sir?

POLICE CHIEF
 I want an update on the Lori
 Roberts case.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Lori lied to her sister Bess about
 her job. She earned way too little
 to pay her sister's surgery....

(MORE)

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I checked her bank account. This and last year there were several transfers from a D.E.A. government account. We are talking about eighty thousand dollars in total. I called them but they don't want to say anything.

POLICE CHIEF

This Lori girl is leading us to a cesspool.... Good job. I will contact the D.E.A. myself.

WORKING ROOM

Brian works in his cubicle. His cell phone rings. He picks it up, holds it to his ear.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Detective Anderson.... Yes I do, you're the Fata Morgana dealer who doesn't appreciate a reamed asshole.... This afternoon.... Fine. Be there and act normal.

I/E. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

PARK - BUSHES

From an unmarked car parked behind bushes, Brian observes the Fata Morgana dealer, who waits on a bench close to a statue of a religious figure until a MAN WITH DOG ambles out of sight.

With a zoom lens Brian photographs the Fata Morgana dealer who, CLICK strolls to the statue, CLICK grabs a package out of the statue, CLICK jumps on a bike and CLICK pedals away.

Brian lays his camera on the passenger seat and waits.

Suddenly, an ALBANIAN MAN saunters toward him. Brian hesitates. Then starts the car.

ALBANIAN MAN

Excuse me sir, can I ask you something?

A deep knife scar across the left cheek. Nicu Tafaj.

As Nicu pulls a pistol with silencer, Brian speeds away with spinning tires across mowed grass. Bullets pierce the body of the police car and shatter its rear window. Brian speeds farther down a

PARK - FOOTPATH

A bumping sound. Police car stops close to a bench on which sits the Man with dog, who gapes at Brian.

Brian hops out of the police car. Kicks calmly against a flat rear tire. In the distance, the sound of a pickup truck speeding away with screeching tires.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bess and Joe watch TV. He hangs on the couch cluttered with bed linen. She relaxes in a cozy easy chair, wearing one of his shirts.

They sip from damping mugs. Joe reads the television guide.

JOE FLETCHER

Next we have Doctor Phil, or do you prefer Toddlers and Tiaras? Tonight, it's all reality crap.

BESS ROBERTS

Those little kids are pathetic. Their mothers dress them up like princesses, making them think they are beautiful and successful. But when they grow up they will discover that they are just ordinary people, and get a huge mental blow. -- But Doctor Phil isn't that bad. He really wants to help people...

JOE FLETCHER

... exploiting their misery. I once saw an episode of a woman who had just confessed she accidentally killed her brother when she was little. When she burst into tears Doctor Phil said "we return after the break". Then after the commercial break he said "so you killed your brother" and she started crying again.... It's like Pavlovian indoctrination. -- And at the end of each show he takes his wife by the hand and together they hop blithely off the stage.

BESS ROBERTS

That's the image of the happy family, the cornerstone of American society. Good for higher ratings.

JOE FLETCHER

Bess and Joe Freud.

They laugh.

BESS ROBERTS

... Joe?

JOE FLETCHER

Yes?

BESS ROBERTS

... Uh... I'm a bit afraid to return to my apartment. Can I stay a few days longer?

JOE FLETCHER

You can stay as long as you need.

A big happy smile on her face. She curls up in her chair.

BESS ROBERTS

Thanks.... I feel well enough to invade the hair salons with a Bess Roberts application talk.

JOE FLETCHER

Good to hear. Your recovery is going remarkably fast.

BESS ROBERTS

It's the power of Lori's blood.
(with tears in her eyes)
She always was full of energy.

INT. POLICE STATION - POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian Anderson stands in front of the desk at which sits the Police chief.

BRIAN ANDERSON

... And we have a database match for Scarface. His real name is Nicu Tafaj, Albanian. One conviction, for dealing drugs in brothel Pink Butterfly.

POLICE CHIEF

We must find this guy.... What about the D.E.A., did they contact you?

BRIAN ANDERSON

Not yet.

POLICE CHIEF

They should cooperate instead of polishing their peacock feathers. I will have to push them.

EXT. BROTHEL PINK BUTTERFLY - DAY

Brian Anderson stands before brothel "PINK BUTTERFLY" in a decayed neighborhood. Door opens, revealing VIOLET, 30s, a voluptuous black girl. She wears hair rollers and a translucent nightgown with deep decollete.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Good afternoon, ma'am. Detective
 Brian Anderson from the Denver
 Police Department. I want to ask if
 you know a man named Nicu Tafaj.

He shows her the surveillance photo of Nicu Tafaj.

VIOLET
 He was our bouncer. His niece Drina
 has also worked here as a kind of
 bouncer. We bounce a lot here.

She laughs like a roaring avalanche, revealing a golden front
 tooth between white teeth.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
 But he started his own business and
 Drina left to work for him. Bighorn
 Adventure Park. She likes them big,
 like me.

Again she laughs like a roaring avalanche.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Thank you for the information,
 ma'am.

VIOLET
 The name is Violet. Do you like
 violets?

She looks at him ardently, thrusts her breasts forward and
 touches her lower lip with the tip of her index finger.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 I love my wife.

VIOLET
 That's all a woman needs. Have a
 nice day, detective Anderson.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Same to you, ma'am.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe enters. He wears his hiking backpack and hiking boots.

BESS ROBERTS
Hi Joe. Did you enjoy it?

JOE FLETCHER
Yes. I went to a mountain slope
with a beautiful view. I can show
you, when you have recovered
sufficiently.

BESS ROBERTS
I would love to.

JOE FLETCHER
Great.

Joe takes off his backpack and boots.

BESS ROBERTS
I found a job in a hair salon. I
can start next month.

JOE FLETCHER
Wow, that's good news.

BESS ROBERTS
And I found this... in your study,
when I was cleaning up a bit.

She shows Joe a jigsaw puzzle of a Chinese mountain scenery.

JOE FLETCHER
Ah. You like jigsaw puzzles? I
spent quite some time on them
during the winter, with my mother.
This one has three thousand
pieces.... Many people find jigsaws
provincial.

BESS ROBERTS
That's their problem.

LATER

Joe enters in boxer shorts and with a towel around his neck.
Athletic body.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
I made you an omelet.

JOE FLETCHER
Give me a minute to put on some
clothes.

BESS ROBERTS
It also looks good like this.

MOMENTS LATER

Joe hangs on the couch cluttered with bed linen. Bess relaxes in the easy chair. Joe enjoys the omelet. Takes a big bite.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
 You never told me, but what does your girlfriend say about me staying here?

JOE FLETCHER
 (with his mouth full)
 Nothing.

She looks at him questioningly.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 I don't have one.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Several police cars and police officers. Brian steps over crime scene tape, which demarcates part of the shore. He walks to a FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER, 50s, who takes photos of the Fata Morgana dealer, vertically impaled on a stake.

CLICK, a photo of the stake leaving the body through the mouth.

FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER
 This is something different than a tongue pulled through your throat. Who on earth would do such a barbarous thing?

CLICK, a photo of messy curly hair with coagulated blood.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Albanians.

CLICK, a photo of the stake entering the body through the anus.

FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER
 Fortunately my stomach has twenty years of crime scene experience.

Suddenly, the throat of the Fata Morgana dealer makes a rasping sound. He moves a leg and some of his fingers.

FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
 My God, he is still alive.

FATA MORGANA DEALER
 Uatuh... uaaatuh.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 He asks for water.
 (shouting)
 (MORE)

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
 Water... somebody get water.... And
 we need a doctor... quickly.

Forensic photographer steps aside and vomits, vomits again.

EXT. BIGHORN ADVENTURE PARK - PARK SHOP - DAY

Brian Anderson parks his police car next to the chick car and enters park shop "BIGHORN ADVENTURE PARK".

INT. BIGHORN ADVENTURE PARK - PARK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Drina Kabuzis works behind the counter. She wears a vulgar outfit and chews bubble gum.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Good afternoon, ma'am. Detective
 Brian Anderson from the Denver
 Police Department. Are you Drina
 Kabuzis?

DRINA KABUZIS
 That's me.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 I am looking for Nicu Tafaj.

DRINA KABUZIS
 Not here.

Through the window behind Brian's back we see park the pickup truck out of which hops Nicu Tafaj, wearing a baseball cap.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Do you know where I can find him?

DRINA KABUZIS
 I haven't seen him for a while.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 But he is your uncle and owns this
 park.

DRINA KABUZIS
 So what?

Through the window behind Brian's back we see Nicu open the tailgate, unload a crate and carry it past the window.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Where does your uncle live?

DRINA KABUZIS
 I have no idea.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 If you continue like this, you can
 be arrested for obstructing an
 investigation.

DRINA KABUZIS
 Whatever.

She blows a bubble with the bubble gum. PLOP.

EXT. BIGHORN ADVENTURE PARK - DAY

PARK SHOP

Brian saunters toward his police car, passing Nicu Tafaj who unloads another crate from the pickup truck. Their eyes meet for a short moment.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 Stop. You are under arrest.

Nicu drops the crate and jumps in the pickup truck.

NICU TAF AJ
 I don't think so, clodsucker.

Pickup truck speeds away with spinning wheels that barrage Brian with sand and gravel.

ROAD WITH HAIRPIN BENDS

Brian chases Nicu downhill in the police car. The tailgate of the pickup truck bangs up and down. Crates bump out of the truck. Brian hooks around a crate but violently hits another.

Brian cuts off a hairpin bend, scraping a rock. He closes in on Nicu.

Brian cuts off another hairpin bend, but this part of the slope is steeper than of the first bend. Front of the police car hits a low rock. The car tips over, lands on its roof, scrapes over the road and crashes into a pile of tree trunks.

As Nicu drifts through a lower hairpin bend, the tree trunks roll off the slope, some of which slam the roof and side of the pickup truck.

As Brian drags himself out of his car, the pickup truck tips on a side and scrapes to a stop against a boulder.

As Brian stumbles down the slope, Nicu climbs out of the pickup truck.

Brian pulls his pistol. He shoots at Nicu who runs away to a

QUAD BIKE POINT

at the bottom of the slope. Nicu starts a quad and races away. Brian starts another quad and chases Nicu over a

QUAD BIKE TRACK

They roar, drift and bounce over the track. Brian shoots at Nicu, hits Nicu's quad, which starts smoking.

Quad track ends at a

ZIP-LINE

that crosses a forest and a lake. Nicu jumps off his smoking quad, zips over the forest, releases the grip above the lake and splashes into the water near some pedalos.

He climbs on a pedalo and pedals toward the other side of the lake.

Brian parks his quad, zips over the forest, releases the grip above the lake and splashes into the water near the pedalos.

LAKE

In a pedalo Brian chases Nicu, who increases his lead. Brian shoots at him. The bullets slice through the water close to the backside of Nicu's pedalo.

SMALL ISLAND

At a small island Nicu exchanges his pedalo for a jet ski and roars away over the water. Brian does the same and chases Nicu over the

LAKE

to a

JET SKI POINT

at the shore. Nicu steers his jet ski onto the shore, jumps off skillfully and runs away to the edge of a forest.

Brian makes a sharp curve close to the shore, crashes his jet ski into a landing pier, catapults through the air and shatters some moored kayaks.

Two kayakers drag Brian out of the water. As he touches a bloody cut on his temple, he sees Nicu gaze at him over his shoulder, and disappear into the forest.

INT. POLICE STATION - POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian Anderson has an adhesive bandage across his temple. He stands in front of the desk at which sits the Police chief.

POLICE CHIEF

You ruined a police car, a quad bike, a jet ski and several canoes.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Kayaks. And thanks for asking if I'm okay.

POLICE CHIEF

From now on I forbid you to do anything on your own. Anything, you hear?

BRIAN ANDERSON

I had never ridden a jet ski before and miscalculated a turn.

POLICE CHIEF

But why are you the only one of the entire Denver Police Department having situations like this? I constantly have to explain this shit to my boss. It drives me nuts.... We're not going to arrest this Drina. I want you to follow her. -- By the way, your Fata Morgana dealer has died, without providing any useful information. Incredible you can live that long when pierced like a meatball on a satay stick.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A female THERAPIST, teenage girl SUSAN, Brian Anderson and insurance agent JOSHUA sit in a circle. Brian has an adhesive bandage across his temple.

THERAPIST

People, we have a new face.
(to Brian Anderson)
Can you tell us something about yourself?

BRIAN ANDERSON

Well, I'm Brian Anderson, I'm a detective of the Denver Police Department and my boss wants to change my behavior.

THERAPIST

Welcome Brian. Brian, why do you think your boss wants to change your behavior?

BRIAN ANDERSON

Missis therapist, why do you think you want your client to give the answer to his own problem?

Susan giggles.

THERAPIST

Okay....

(to Susan)

Susan, your mother complains that you constantly question her authority.

SUSAN

But I don't. Sometimes I just want to do things in my own way.... For example, she wants me to do my homework first and then watch TV. But I want to first watch TV and do the homework later, when I'm more relaxed. What's wrong with that?

BRIAN ANDERSON

Susan has a point. She is an individual person and has the right to reach a goal the way she thinks is best. Her mother should respect that.

THERAPIST

Do you have children, Brian?

BRIAN ANDERSON

... Uh... no. But what's that got to do with it?

THERAPIST

What if there is no agreement about the goal itself?

(to Joshua)

Joshua, can you tell Brian about the issues you have with your wife?

JOSHUA

She says that I treat her the same as my clients... I'm an insurance agent. That I don't show emotion and always demand something in return.

Therapist strides to a whiteboard.

THERAPIST

Resuming, this is all about relationships.

With a black marker, Therapist draws a square on the whiteboard, draws two horizontal lines in the square dividing it into three even rows, and writes "RELATIONSHIPS" above it.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Joshua...

With a red marker she writes "JOSHUA" in the middle of the first row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

... has a personal relationship with his wife...

With a blue marker she writes "PERSONAL" at the left margin of the first row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

... and has a business relationship as insurance agent.

With a blue marker she writes "BUSINESS" at the right margin of the first row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Susan...

With a red marker she writes "SUSAN" in the middle of the second row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

... has a personal relationship with her mother...

With a blue marker she writes "PERSONAL" at the left margin of the second row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

... but also has a personal relationship as an individual.

With a blue marker she writes "PERSONAL" at the right margin of the second row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Brian...

With a red marker she writes "BRIAN" in the middle of the third row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

... has a business relationship with his boss...

With a blue marker she writes "BUSINESS" at the left margin of the third row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 ... but also has a business
 relationship as an individual.

With a blue marker she writes "BUSINESS" at the right margin
 of the third row.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 The two sides of these
 relationships create conflict.

With a red marker she draws a vertical line through the names
 in the square and writes "CONFLICT" right of the square.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 Joshua's wife aspires affection...

With a blue marker she writes "AFFECTION" under the word
 "CONFLICT".

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 ... Susan's mother struggles with
 the education...

With a blue marker she writes "EDUCATION" under the word
 "AFFECTION".

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 ... and Brian's boss has trouble
 imposing authority.

With a blue marker she writes "AUTHORITY" under the word
 "EDUCATION".

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
 Now that we know this, we can work
 on these conflicts focusing on our
 own actions. In other words, what
 is it that we can do ourselves to
 create a situation of harmony with
 the other party.

With a green marker she writes "HARMONY" under the word
 "AUTHORITY".

Brian lifts his eyebrows and grimaces at Susan, who giggles.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bess grabs the bed linen from the couch.

JOE FLETCHER
 I just washed them.

BESS ROBERTS

Yeah right, Doctor Tidy. I have the feeling that you lie under the same sheets until the bugs carry them away. Come on Joe, that's filthy.

Joe gives her a big smile.

JOE FLETCHER

I want to go to the museum. Would you like to join me?... Or we could watch Toddlers and Tiaras. They repeat it over and over.

BESS ROBERTS

I haven't been there for a long time.

INT. PHIPPS IMAX THEATER - DAY

ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN

A 3D microscopic journey through the human body, which

-- starts inside a human red blood cell with dark red deoxyhemoglobin,

-- and continues across the cell membrane into the right atrium of the heart,

-- which contracts and pumps the red blood cell through the tricuspid valve into the right ventricle, whose subsequent contraction forces it out through the pulmonary valve into the pulmonary trunk and a pulmonary artery,

-- which transports it through narrower and narrower blood vessels to an alveolus in the lungs,

-- and squeezes it through a tiny capillary. The red blood cell releases carbon dioxide which passes across the alveolar membrane into the alveolar sac, which deflates.

-- The alveolar sac inflates and oxygen passes across the alveolar membrane into the tiny capillary where it enters the blood cell, which turns scarlet.

-- The blood cell flows through wider and wider blood vessels to a pulmonary vein and enters the left atrium of the heart,

-- which pumps it through the mitral valve into the left ventricle, whose subsequent strong contraction forces it out through the aortic valve to the aorta,

-- which transports it through narrower and narrower blood vessels to a retinal blood vessel.

-- Journey continues across the retina into the vitreous body of the eye, continues across the lens, pupil, aqueous humor, and cornea,

-- and exits the eye of a child holding a red heart-shaped balloon. Camera withdraws from the projection screen

BACK TO THEATER

revealing Bess and Joe sitting between other movie viewers. All wear 3D glasses.

EXT. DENVER MUSEUM OF NATURE & SCIENCE - DAY

Bess and Joe relax on a bench, eat ice cream out of a cone.

When Joe watches an in-line skater swaying by, Bess sneakily takes a big bite out his ice cream.

Joe wants to take a bite, sees that half of his ice cream is gone and gazes at Bess, who smiles sheepishly with her mouth full.

JOE FLETCHER

Hey. You sneaky...

They laugh. She then offers him her ice cream out of which he takes a small bite.

I/E. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

DENVER

Brian Anderson has a scab on his temple. Driving an unmarked car he follows the chick car through the city and the

MOUNTAINS

At a deserted

JUNCTION

the chick car takes a small road uphill in direction of "BIGHORN ADVENTURE PARK". Brian parks behind a bush.

He eats a sandwich. A moose trots across the road and drinks from a puddle. Brian raises his coffee cup in direction of the moose and sips from it.

JUNCTION - LATER

Chick car comes down the small road. Brian follows it back to

DENVER

where it enters a

CHIC NEIGHBORHOOD

and parks at a luxury villa. Brian parks along the street.

LUXURY VILLA - STREET

Drina Kabuzis gets out of the car and struts into the villa. Brian takes his cell phone, presses it, holds it to his ear.

BRIAN ANDERSON

She's back home.... Yes sir.... Do I have a choice?

Brian again presses his cell phone and holds it to his ear.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Hi honey.... I have to work tonight.... Yes, I know. I will take a day off.... No, I promise. I'll grow roots while you are shopping.

(laughing)

Love you too.

I/E. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

LUXURY VILLA - STREET

Drina strides out of her villa and gets in the chick car. Brian follows her in his unmarked car through

DENVER

the

MOUNTAINS

and the

MOUNTAIN FOREST

Unmarked car stops at the

EDGE OF MOUNTAIN FOREST

and its lights switch off. The medieval castle, dark and spooky. He watches the chick car stop at the boom barrier. A guard wearing medieval armor and carrying a submachine gun opens the boom.

BRIAN ANDERSON

A medieval castle... and an armed knight?

Chick car drives farther, through the castle gate.

INT. HISTORY TEACHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A retired HISTORY TEACHER and Brian Anderson.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Thank you for receiving me, sir....
So you were his history teacher.

HISTORY TEACHER

Yes.... My, my, Adalbert Kammin. I
remember him well. Different than
the other kids. An intelligent boy
but with mental problems. He was
the son of a wealthy Polish
shipyard owner.

History teacher takes a scrapbook from a bookshelf.

IN THE SCRAPBOOK

A groups photo of a gloomy looking YOUNG ADALBERT KAMMIN
standing between his classmates.

HISTORY TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You could say that Adalbert was
dumped in the United States... on
our boarding school. His parents
never visited him.

Another photo of Young Adalbert Kammin dressed like a
medieval knight, sitting erect on a horse.

HISTORY TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He wanted to know everything about
the Middle Ages... liked to dress
himself up as a knight. I assume it
was his way to compensate for the
lack of parental warmth.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

HISTORY TEACHER (CONT'D)

But his fascination got out of
hand. He cut worms in half and
taped their parts together, like a
kind of Doctor Frankenstein....
Finally, he was expelled from our
school after crucifying a cat....
Later I heard that he built a
medieval castle in the Rockies with
the money bequeathed by his father.

I/E. POLICE CAR - DAY

DRAWBRIDGE OF MEDIEVAL CASTLE

Brian Anderson stops his police car at the closed boom barrier guarded by the Criminal with glasses, who wears medieval armor and carries a submachine gun.

Criminal with glasses talks through a cell phone. We don't hear the words. He opens the boom barrier. Brian drives over the drawbridge to the open

CASTLE GATE

Before the watchtower stand no vehicles. Brian drives through the gate into the

CASTLE COURTYARD

He passes the cage with agitated fighting dogs and parks his police car next to a few other cars, including the chick car.

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - DAY

GRAND ROOM

Close to the fireplace in medieval armchairs sit Adalbert Kammin and Drina Kabuzis, both wearing their medieval clothes. Arab criminal and Irish criminal sit at a table on which lie their submachine guns. No Fatima.

Drina gives Brian the stink-eye.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Are you Adalbert Kammin, sir?

ADALBERT KAMMIN
Lord Adalbert Kammin.

BRIAN ANDERSON
How do you know Drina?

ADALBERT KAMMIN
She's my fiancée. I met her in a club.

BRIAN ANDERSON
The Pink Butterfly?

ADALBERT KAMMIN
You are well informed, although hers is more salmon...

DRINA KABUZIS
... and also tastes like a fish.

Adalbert and Drina cachinnate.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Do you know her uncle... Nicu Tafaj?

ADALBERT KAMMIN
Never heard of him.

BRIAN ANDERSON
I find that hard to believe, sir.
She works at his shop.

ADALBERT KAMMIN
I understand that as a police
detective you must be distrustful.
But I never talk about family, my
own or other people's... I detest
family.... With Drina I talk
about... juicy things...

DRINA KABUZIS
... that you can lick...

ADALBERT KAMMIN
... and suck.

Adalbert and Drina again cachinnate.

INT. DEA OFFICE - DAY

Like a control room. Present are Brian Anderson and:

FLORENCE JONES - Team leader. 30s. Identical with Fatima
regarding physical appearance and voice. Unsympathetic.

MARVIN O'NEILL - Agent. Surly and harsh.

PABLO ROJAS - Agent. Hispanic. A rowdy.

EDWARD WILMOT - Operator. 30s. Same posture as Florence
Jones. Bald with a rim of hair. Wears glasses.

Florence Jones shakes Brian's hand.

FLORENCE JONES
I'm Florence Jones, team leader of
the Fata Morgana unit. Would you
like some coffee?

BRIAN ANDERSON
Black, please.

FLORENCE JONES
Edward, can you get me two black
coffee?

TABLE

Florence and Brian sit at a table. He sips from his coffee.

FLORENCE JONES (CONT'D)

I can't tell you anything about Lori Roberts or Nicu Tafaj. Internal D.E.A. business. Because of your inquiries Tafaj probably is more cautious now. The guy seems to have eyes and ears everywhere. You better don't interfere more.

BRIAN ANDERSON

What about Lori's sister Bess? She might be in danger.

FLORENCE JONES

Leave it all to us. We are better equipped for drugs related work than you guys.

BRIAN ANDERSON

We think you should cooperate with us. Share information.

FLORENCE JONES

I didn't join the police force to become Mother Teresa.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Brian Anderson stands before the door of Joe's apartment. He shows Joe the surveillance photo of Nicu Tafaj.

JOE FLETCHER

Doesn't look familiar. And the few times I saw Lori, she was alone.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - DAY

As Brian strolls to his police car, he notes a car parked along the street. The driver stares at him. When Brian paces in direction of the car, it speeds away.

INT. JACK MUNROE'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind his desk works DEA department boss JACK MUNROE, 50s, opportunistic. Florence Jones patters into the room.

FLORENCE JONES

We have a problem sir. Some police detective is making waves in our pool.

JACK MUNROE

Damn, we can't have that. Fata Morgana is my project.... Scare him off a bit.

INT. SUPERMARKET KING SOOPERS - DAY

Mabel Anderson saunters through an aisle, completely at ease. She wears trendy clothes.

She arrives at a section with fresh fruits and vegetables. Places a head of lettuce in her cart. Puts some tomatoes in a bag, weighs them and lays them in the cart.

She moves farther down the aisle, strolls around a corner.

She stops at the cereals and browses the boxes. She picks one, reads the text on the cover, puts it back, picks another one and places it in the cart.

As she wants to move her cart, Marvin O'Neill blocks it with his cart, which is empty except for a six-pack of beer.

He grabs a cereal box next to the empty spot left behind by the cereal box taken by Mabel, shakes the box theatrically and puts it back on the shelf.

He pushes his cart past Mabel without looking at her. As he strolls away from her, she follows him with her eyes.

She pushes her cart in the opposite direction, saunters around a corner.

She stops at a section with food cans and browses them. She takes a can, puts it in the cart, takes another can, puts it in the cart, takes another can, creating an opening to the next aisle.

THROUGH THE OPENING

A view of the next aisle. Suddenly, the grinning face of Marvin.

BACK TO SCENE

Mabel flinches. Holds her free hand over her heart and breathes fast.

With trembling fingers she puts the can in the cart. She pushes the cart farther. Suddenly, up ahead Marvin steps into the aisle. He ambles right at her. Just before her, he pushes his cart aside but hits her cart.

MARVIN O'NEILL

Sorry ma'am. Accidents happen so easily.

He passes her. She waits, stares over her shoulder, watches him stop at a toy section.

He glares at her, picks up a toy rifle, aims at her and pulls the trigger various times. He then puts back the toy rifle and strolls away around a corner.

Nervously she grabs her cell phone, paces past the toys and turns the corner as well.

She paces past Marvin, stops right before him, turns around and CLICK, CLICK, bravely takes some pictures of him with her cell phone.

INT. DEA OFFICE - DAY

Brian bursts into the room, looks angry. He shows Florence Jones a photo of Marvin O'Neill.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Do you recognize this ugly face?

FLORENCE JONES
Good day, detective Anderson.
That's Marvin.

BRIAN ANDERSON
I want you to stop following me and
intimidating my wife.

FLORENCE JONES
I have no idea what you are talking
about. Marvin, can you come here
for a second?

She shows Marvin the photo.

FLORENCE JONES (CONT'D)
Do you know this picture?

MARVIN O'NEILL
Yes, I remember. Yesterday some
hysterical woman took a picture of
me in King Soopers.

BRIAN ANDERSON
You're talking about my wife,
scumbag.

MARVIN O'NEILL
I think she forgot to take her
Valium.

Pablo Rojas chuckles viciously.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Next time you won't get away with
it that easily. Marvin O'Neill,
right?

MARVIN O'NEILL
Ooh, now I'm scared.... It was a
coincidence. Everybody buys
groceries in King Soopers.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Yeah, right. You think I'm stupid?

MARVIN O'NEILL
If you say it, I don't have to.

FLORENCE JONES
All right Marvin, that's enough.

She types on her laptop.

FLORENCE JONES (CONT'D)
Dammit Edward, I still get the File
Not Found error.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

On the kitchen table Bess and Joe assemble a jigsaw puzzle of a Chinese mountain scenery. Puzzle is half finished. A side table and chairs, covered with puzzle pieces.

JOE FLETCHER
Next week my summer holidays start.
I don't have plans yet.... I could
visit my father at Crystal River,
Florida. Would you like to join me?

INT. TAMPA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

CONVEYOR BELT

Joe wears his hiking backpack and grabs Bess's suitcase off the conveyor belt. They stroll through the

HALL

and pass a VAGRANT who hangs against a pillar. Bess drops some coins in an empty cup before him.

VAGRANT
Thank you, ma'am.

JOE FLETCHER
Instead of food or clothes he will
buy drugs from it.

BESS ROBERTS
Hopefully not.

JOE FLETCHER
It's like with development aid.
Corrupt governments buy a few bags
of rice and with the rest of the
money they fly business class and
stay in expensive hotels.

BESS ROBERTS
A small bag of food is better than
no food at all.

JOE FLETCHER
Sometimes I wish I had your
optimism.

BESS ROBERTS
(smiling)
You can change.

EXT. TAMPA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Joe's father MR. FLETCHER, 50s, a friendly relaxed man,
shakes the hand of Bess.

MR. FLETCHER
Hi, you must be Bess. I'm Joe's
father. Nice to meet you.

Joe puts his hiking backpack and Bess's suitcase in the trunk
of Mr. Fletcher's car.

I/E. MR. FLETCHER'S CAR - DAY

TAMPA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Mr. Fletcher drives. Bess sits on the passenger seat, Joe in
the back.

MR. FLETCHER
Long time no seen Joe. How's your
work?

JOE FLETCHER
As usual. Still fixing lawn mowers
and water pumps. But I also work in
the shop now. Helping out customers
is more fun than doing repair work
only.

FLORIDA 589 TOLL N.

MR. FLETCHER
Samantha misses you. She drops by
almost every day.

Bess turns around and looks at Joe questioningly. Joe smiles
at her sheepishly.

BESS ROBERTS
You said you don't have a
girlfriend.

Mr. Fletcher chuckles.

MR. FLETCHER
 It's not what you think, Bess. I'm
 sure you will like her, she is
 really nice.

Bess looks dejected.

CRYSTAL RIVER

They enter "CRYSTAL RIVER", drive through a

SWAMP

and park on the

DRIVEWAY

of a freestanding house with porch, lawn, hobby shed and
 boathouse, lying at a bay.

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe puts down Bess's suitcase and his hiking backpack. Bess
 stares at shark jaws mounted on the wall.

MR. FLETCHER
 Ever seen shark teeth?

Bess strides to the shark jaws, observes them closely.

MR. FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 They have several parallel rows of
 teeth.

Bess touches a tooth, cuts her finger and sucks it.

MR. FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 Sharper than a scalpel.

BESS ROBERTS
 It must be horrible when such a
 monster grabs you.

MR. FLETCHER
 It's a gift from a fisherman. I
 cleaned them myself, very
 carefully, but got cuts all over my
 hands and arms.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

As Bess and Joe relax on the porch, enjoying the view over
 the water, Mr. Fletcher cuts a hedge with a hedge trimmer.

Suddenly, the trimmer makes a rattling sound and blocks.

MR. FLETCHER
Dammit.... Joe, could you have a
look at the trimmer?

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - HOBBY SHED - DAY

Joe fixes the motor of the hedge trimmer on a workbench.
He sharpens the teeth of the blades with a hand-held grinder.
He switches on the hedge trimmer and holds it up in the air.
The teeth scrape and shine in the lamplight.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Bess relaxes while Mr. Fletcher works behind a microscope.

BESS ROBERTS
Joe told me you are a marine
biologist.

MR. FLETCHER
Yes, I study marine life in the
Gulf of Mexico. My wife worked here
with me but she died several years
ago.... You remind me of her. You
have the same spirit... and charm.

BESS ROBERTS
Thank you for the compliment.

MR. FLETCHER
Joe left to study mechanical
engineering and then found a job in
Denver.... And you, have you always
lived in Denver?

Joe leaves the hobby shed and ambles toward the porch.

BESS ROBERTS
Yes sir. Both of my parents died
when I was little. I was raised by
my elder sister Lori. She --

JOE FLETCHER
-- Dad, I repaired the hedge
trimmer. As good as new.... Bess,
would you like to go to the beach?

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - SURROUNDING AREA - DAY

SWAMP

Bess and Joe stroll along a path through the swamp.

BESS ROBERTS
Aren't there gators around here?

JOE FLETCHER
Yes there are, but normally they
avoid people.

BESS ROBERTS
Normally.

Joe laughs. They arrive at a

BEACH

Two manatees swim in the clear shallow water of a small bay.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Are these manatees?

JOE FLETCHER
Yes.

BESS ROBERTS
They look like mermaids.

JOE FLETCHER
You want to swim with them?

BESS ROBERTS
Are you sure they don't bite?

SHALLOW WATER

Bess and Joe wear swimsuits and stand in the clear shallow water. One of the manatees approaches Joe. He pets her.

JOE FLETCHER
Meet Samantha.

BESS ROBERTS
So this is your girlfriend.

Bess giggles.

JOE FLETCHER
And the other one is Floyd. They
come here regularly for about three
years now.

Bess cautiously pets Floyd. Bess and Joe make short dives.

UNDER WATER

They swim with the manatees who curiously circle around them, touch them, let Bess and Joe rub their backs and bellies.

BACK TO SCENE

Bess beams.

BESS ROBERTS
Wow, this is great. They are so
sweet.

JOE FLETCHER
Just like you.

Bess blushes and giggles happily.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Bess and Joe relax on the porch. Mr. Fletcher steps out of the house. He carries fishing gear.

MR. FLETCHER
I'm going to catch our dinner.

Mr. Fletcher enters the boathouse.

LATER

A speedboat puffs out of the boathouse piloted by Mr. Fletcher. As it disappears in the distance, Bess removes the headscarf. No longer a butch cut but short hair.

NOTE: As of now Bess no longer wears the headscarf.

JOE FLETCHER
Your hair grows fast. You look
healthier each day and walk like
you have never been in a
wheelchair.

BESS ROBERTS
Lori lives further in me, that's
how I feel it.... I want to cut
your hair. It's a shame you neglect
it.

LATER

Joe sits on a chair, a sheet covers him like a hairdressing cape. Bess skillfully cuts Joe's hair into a trendy style.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Hmm, your hair is hopeless, like a
bird's nest. Perhaps I better use
the hedge trimmer.

JOE FLETCHER
How much do you charge?

BESS ROBERTS
Two hundred dollars... but with the
hedge trimmer, I do it for free.

They laugh.

LATER

Bess removes the sheet with a gracious swing. Holds a hand mirror in front of Joe's face. Joe looks

IN THE HAND MIRROR

He runs his fingers through his trendy haircut.

JOE FLETCHER

Cool, thanks. I think I need new clothes.

BACK TO SCENE

BESS ROBERTS

Yes. With some nice clothes the chicks will fight over you.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LAWN

A low evening sun. Mr. Fletcher, Bess and Joe grill fish on a barbecue. They take their full plates to the

PORCH

where they enjoy the meal.

MR. FLETCHER

I hope you are having a good time. I really like it that you two are here with me.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - DAY

PORCH

Bess and Joe relax on the porch. Mr. Fletcher works behind his microscope.

A large luxury SUV stops on the lawn. The Arab criminal, Criminal with glasses and Irish criminal step out of the car.

Mr. Fletcher looks up and paces to the

CAR OF CRIMINALS

out of which steps Nicu Tafaj.

MR. FLETCHER

Can I help you?

Nicu conjures up a pistol. With the butt he knocks Mr. Fletcher on the head, who falls to the ground. Bess screams.

NICU TAJAJ
No, you can't.

Arab criminal and Criminal with glasses spread out with pulled pistols, covering the sides of the house.

JOE FLETCHER
That's the guy from the photo.

Bess flees into the house. Joe runs to the hobby shed.

NICU TAJAJ
(shouting)
Remember that Fatima wants the boy
and girl alive.

Mr. Fletcher stumbles toward the boathouse.

IRISH CRIMINAL
And the father?

NICU TAJAJ
For extra motivation we will show
them his corpse.... Make it look
bloody.

Irish criminal chuckles.

IRISH CRIMINAL
With pleasure.

Mr. Fletcher stumbles into the boathouse. The Irish criminal strolls toward the boathouse and calmly pulls his pistol.

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - DAY

KITCHEN

Bess flees into the kitchen chased by the Arab criminal, who slaps her in the face with the palm of his hand. She smashes against the sink, gropes around the worktop and falls to the floor, taking with her dishes, pots and cutlery.

He grabs her by the arm. Bess struggles, screams and bites him in his hand. He utters a yell and releases her.

She gets back on her feet and pokes him in the eye with her index finger. He screams, puts a hand over his eye.

He knocks her in the face with his fist. She falls to the floor. As he grabs her by the arm again, she grasps a cooking pot lid from the floor with the hand of her other arm and knocks him on the head with it.

ARAB CRIMINAL
I will teach you, bitch.

He madly kicks her various times. She crawls away over the floor. As he lifts her by her short hair, she grasps a grater from the floor and scrapes it over his hawk nose.

He utters a yell, holds a hand over his nose and withdraws the hand, full of blood. A large piece of bloody skin hangs down his nose. He moans as Bess stumbles out of the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM

Arab criminal with bloodstained nose attacks Bess. He throws her against the wall. The shark jaws fall to the ground.

She moves groggily, but suddenly, she grabs the shark jaws and snaps them shut around his legs. He squeals like a pig and falls to the floor.

In panic Bess opens and snaps shut the jaws several times more, wounding his arms, face and neck. A lot of blood. She drops the shark jaws, cries and trembles all over her body.

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - BOATHOUSE - DAY

Irish criminal sneaks in with pulled pistol. He slinks along a pile of planks, buoys and a fishing net.

Suddenly, Mr. Fletcher jumps against him and smashes him on the head with a buoy. The groggy Irish criminal unsteadily fires his pistol at Mr. Fletcher, who dives away.

MOMENTS LATER

Irish criminal searches further with pulled pistol. Suddenly, an engine switches on. The Irish criminal sneaks to the sound. A speedboat with running outboard motor.

Behind the back of the Irish criminal, the water ripples. Suddenly, Mr. Fletcher rises out of the water, raises a boathook above his head and rams the hook into the neck of the Irish criminal, who screams and drops the pistol.

Mr. Fletcher slashes at the Irish criminal with the hook, until it gets stuck in his back. With a big CRACK, Mr. Fletcher pulls the hook free.

Irish criminal collapses to the ground, where he remains lying while shaking uncontrollably.

LATER

Mr. Fletcher firmly ties a wrist of the Irish criminal to the stern of the speedboat.

MR. FLETCHER
What do you want from us?

Irish criminal moans, tries to spit at Mr. Fletcher but coughs up blood instead.

MR. FLETCHER (CONT'D)
I will get it out of you, Paddy.

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - HOBBY SHED - DAY

The door creaks open. As the Criminal with glasses tiptoes in with pulled pistol, suddenly Joe jumps into sight from behind a closet and knocks the pistol out of his hand with a hoe.

Joe jumps on him, grapples and tackles him. Criminal with glasses loses his glasses, wriggles himself free, then punches and kicks Joe like a professional kickboxer.

Joe slams into the workbench and falls to the ground, where he remains lying, motionless.

Criminal with glasses waits a moment until his heavy panting decreases, then picks up his glasses, bends straight the temples of the frame and puts on the glasses.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - CAR OF CRIMINALS - DAY

Agonizing screams of Arab criminal in the house. Nicu Tafaj paces toward the house.

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Nicu Tafaj paces in. Bess stands unsteadily next to a blood pool in which lie the shark jaws and the mutilated Arab criminal, who moans like a beast. She lurches through the

HALLWAY

and stumbles into the

LARDER

of which she nervously locks the door. She grabs her cell phone, picks a number with an unsteady finger and shakily holds the cell phone to her ear.

BESS ROBERTS
Detective Anderson... help, they
want to kill us... help us...

BANG, BANG, pistol shots smash the lock. Nicu Tafaj kicks open the door.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
... we are at Mr. Fletcher's house
in Florida.

In panic she throws the cell phone at him, hitting him on the forehead.

NICU TAJAJ
Bitch.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - BOATHOUSE - DAY

Mr. Fletcher roars out of the boathouse in the speedboat, dragging the Irish criminal through the bay.

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - HOBBY SHED - DAY

As the Criminal with glasses reaches for his pistol, Joe grasps the hedge trimmer from the workbench and swings its shining teeth right through his hand. Criminal with glasses screams.

CRIMINAL WITH GLASSES
Motherfucker.

He kicks Joe backward, who still holds the hedge trimmer.

As the Criminal with glasses clumsily picks up the pistol with his wounded hand, Joe switches on the hedge trimmer and slashes at him with its shining scraping teeth.

Criminal with glasses screams, moans and collapses to the floor, where he remains lying, motionless, silent, covered with blood. The bloodstained lenses of his glasses hide his eyes from view.

Outside, Bess screams. Joe glances around and takes a flare gun from the wall.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE

PORCH

Nicu Tafaj drags a screaming Bess by her hair onto the

LAWN

Mr. Fletcher roars over the bay in the speedboat, dragging the Irish criminal through the water, comes closer, at full speed, then bumps over the grass toward the car of criminals.

Mr. Fletcher jumps out of the speedboat into the hedge.

The speedboat hits the car with a big explosion which launches the Irish criminal who lands before Nicu's feet like a puppet, burning and partly charred. A charred piece of rope attached to a wrist.

As Bess pulls herself free from Nicu's grip and runs toward the house, Joe bursts out of the hobby shed with the flare gun.

Joe shoots at Nicu. Flare hits the ground close to Nicu who stamps out the flare and shoots back. The bullet whizzes past Joe and pops into the wall of the hobby shed.

Joe shoots again. Flare directly hits Nicu, who catches fire. He drops his pistol and frantically rubs his clothes to extinguish the flames. He doesn't succeed and runs screaming into the swamp.

Joe rushes to Bess.

JOE FLETCHER
Are you okay?

BESS ROBERTS
Yes.

He hugs her tight. She sobs. Mr. Fletcher tumbles out of the hedge, staggers to them.

MR. FLETCHER
Who the hell were those
scumbags?... Good shot, Joe.

BESS ROBERTS
G.I. Joe.

They laugh, like rowdies.

LAWN - LATER

A local police car. A SHERIFF inspects the smoking remnants of the exploded speedboat and car of criminals.

Sheriff closely inspects the charred corpse of the Irish criminal. His DEPUTY steps out of the hobby shed.

SHERIFF
What the hell happened here?

DEPUTY
The one in the shed doesn't look
too good, either.

INT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sheriff sees the gory shark jaws and corpse of Arab criminal.

SHERIFF
Wholy macral. This here is Crystal
River, not the Bronx.

He fishes a gory cell phone out of the corpse's pocket.

I/E. POLICE HELICOPTER - SWAMP - DAY

A police helicopter searches wetlands, circles above a

BANK

with a pile of rubbish next to which sunbathes a big mean
alligator. The helicopter continues, hangs still above

CALM WATER

where floats a rowboat in which sits an ANGLER holding a
fishing rod. He wears a camouflage jacket. A cap and clots of
sunscreen hide his face.

He waves, snatches out a big fish from under a piece of
canvas and holds it up in the air.

EXT. SWAMP - CALM WATER - CONTINUOUS

ROWBOAT

Helicopter flies away, disappears in the distance.

The Angler throws his cap in the boat and rubs the sunscreen
off his face, revealing a left cheek with big scar and a
heavily charred right cheek. Nicu Tafaj.

Nicu calmly rows through the swamp. He passes a great blue
heron assimilated by the reed at the edge of the water.
Erect, dead still.

Nicu withdraws the canvas, revealing a pale blue corpse of a
chubby man in his underpants. Nicu pushes the body overboard.
Throws a gory fisherman's knife in the water.

Alligator eyes sneakily emerge out of the water.

CORPSE

The corpse floats on its back. A large gory cut across the
throat. An expression of agony frozen on the face. Glassy
eyes.

As Nicu calmly rows farther, the alligator floats silently in
direction of the dead body.

SPLASH, SPLASH. Nicu glances over his shoulder. The alligator
violently rolls over several times.

A ripped-off leg emerges next to the alligator, which juggles the leg around in its mouth, tosses the leg down its throat and disappears under water. Bubbles rise to the surface as the water turns calmer.

EXT. TAMPA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

As Joe puts on his hiking backpack and takes Bess's suitcase out of the trunk of Mr. Fletcher's car, Bess hugs Mr. Fletcher goodbye.

BESS ROBERTS
Thanks for everything, Mr.
Fletcher.

MR. FLETCHER
You're welcome. I hope the police
will clear things up soon and that
sometime you want to come back to
Crystal River.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Bess sleeps against Joe's shoulder.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Joe puts Bess's suitcase on the floor.

JOE FLETCHER
Hopefully you had a good time,
apart from those criminals.

BESS ROBERTS
I did. Your father and the manatees
were great...

She struts to him, goes through his hair with her hand.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
... and you are a very nice guy.

They kiss gently with sparks of great passion.

BEDROOM

They lie on the bed, naked. Passionately kiss and caress each other.

He kisses her belly which has a belly piercing with a locket.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JOE FLETCHER
I see a hill with a beautiful
meadow.

BESS ROBERTS
That's private property.

Bess closes her eyes.

JOE FLETCHER
And there's a spring.

Bess moans and sighs of pleasure.

INT. ANDERSONS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian Anderson sleeps next to Mabel Anderson. In front of the bed sleeps Starsky, who wakes up, pricks up his ears and growls.

Starsky pulls on the arm of Brian, who awakes. Brian slips out of bed and quickly puts on his clothes.

EXT. ANDERSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

GARDEN

An INTRUDER wearing a devil mask daubs a window of the house. Brian points at him.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Starsky, fass.

The lazy Starsky suddenly transforms into a snarling hunting machine, which sprints to the Intruder.

The Intruder drops something on the grass and sprints to the road. With a car key he nervously bleeps open the door of a

CAR

After a massive jump Starsky grabs him in the arm. Intruder screams. He swings open the door and jumps in the car, losing his mask and revealing the face of Marvin O'Neill.

Marvin tries to snap shut the door, but the door hits Starsky, who cries while clamping his jaws around Marvin's arm. In panic Marvin tries again. The door knocks Starsky on the head, who releases the arm and smacks on the ground.

Marvin snaps shut the door. As he starts the car, Starsky violently jumps against the side window, scratches it, snarls and snaps.

The car speeds away.

WINDOW OF HOUSE

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Starsky, hier.

Starsky grabs the mask, trots back to Brian and drops the mask on the grass. Brian pets him.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Braver Hund. Retired but still sharp like a razor.

On the grass close to the mask, lie a can of paint and a paintbrush. Brian picks up the mask and observes it calmly. The face of the Devil.

On the window the painted text "FATA MORGANA".

INT. POLICE STATION - WORKING ROOM - DAY

Brian Anderson sits in his cubicle. Police chief stands before him.

BRIAN ANDERSON
I couldn't see his face but I tell you the D.E.A. did it, not the criminals.

POLICE CHIEF
They are arrogant rats but I don't believe they will go that far.... Our raid on the castle will be in a few days, so be prepared. But first I want you to bring here Bess Roberts and Joe Fletcher. We need their official statement that they recognized your Albanian canoe friend at Crystal River... In our own file. -- How are they?

BRIAN ANDERSON
Pretty well, taking account of the circumstances.

POLICE CHIEF
Remarkable what ordinary people are capable of when their life is at stake.

INT. LORI'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Doorbell rings, rings again.

BESS ROBERTS
Wait a second, Joe.

She swings open the door, revealing a big RUSSIAN CRIMINAL and a BLOND CRIMINAL who storm inside and chloroform her.

They pack her in a roll along suitcase.

RUSSIAN CRIMINAL

Next one.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Russian criminal and Blond criminal each pull a roll along suitcase to the elevator. They pass a CURIOUS LADY.

CURIOUS LADY

Have a nice holiday.

BLOND CRIMINAL

Thank you ma'am, we bring gifts for our family.

Russian criminal chuckles.

INT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - DAY

CORRIDOR

Nicu Tafaj points a submachine gun at Bess Roberts and Joe Fletcher. Right cheek of Nicu shows ugly scars of deep skin burns. Joe wears new trendy clothes.

Adalbert Kammin moves aside a tapestry depicting an epic medieval scenery, revealing an elevator door, which opens. They step into the

ELEVATOR

Door closes. Elevator goes down and stops. Door opens to a

FATA MORGANA LAB

where works a CHINESE CRIMINAL who wears a lab uniform.

ADALBERT KAMMIN

Welcome to our Fata Morgana lab.

BEEP, BEEP, Nicu holds a tracking device before the belly of Bess. With a knife Adalbert cuts her blouse and with his fingers he rips the belly piercing out of her belly button.

BESS ROBERTS

Ow.

(crying)

It belonged to my sister. Bastard.

Nicu snickers. Adalbert unfolds the locket. A photo of Lori on one side and a photo of Bess on the other.

He takes out Bess's photo and throws it on the ground. He takes out Lori's photo, revealing a chip. He throws Lori's photo on the ground and grabs the chip, holds it up.

ADALBERT KAMMIN

Your lovely sister stole our latest Fata Morgana formula. Bad for you that it has a transponder.... The new variant is stronger and much more addictive. We are going to conquer the world with it.

TORTURE CHAMBER

Fatima sits on her throne guarded by the Russian criminal.

DRINA KABUZIS

Castle ladies don't wear panties.

Adalbert puts his hand under her medieval dress at the position where must be her vagina. She moans and stares lustfully at Joe.

As Nicu points his submachine gun at Joe, the Chinese criminal gives him an injection.

FATIMA

Embrace the realm of Fatima. Live and die with Fata Morgana.

Joe starts to mumble incoherently. Drina escorts him to the torture rack. She lies down on the torture rack, moves like a porn star, beckons Joe, who lies down next to her.

Drina takes off his shirt and pants, leads his hand to her breasts and under her skirt, sticks her hand in his boxer shorts. Her ardent eyes seduce him. Her wet lips and hungry tongue kiss him, make him wild with desire. Bess cries.

BESS ROBERTS

What are they doing to you?

But suddenly, Drina's eyes turn glazed, her hair changes into sticky strands and her nose grows into a hook with a wart on the tip.

Out of her chin and upper lip grow dark stiff hairs. Her lips get blisters and open, revealing rotten teeth and a black pimples tongue which tries to wriggle into his mouth.

Joe spits, thrashes, then jumps off the torture rack in his boxer shorts. He lurches past the grizzly bear which morphs into a prehistoric *Arctodus simus*, and runs into the spiral staircase, which morphs into an ammonite.

All criminals bellow with laughter.

FATIMA
Release the dogs.

Bess cries.

BESS ROBERTS
Nooooo. Joeeeeeee.

FATIMA
Throw her in the dog cage until the
dogs are back.
(to Bess)
A perfect place to meditate on what
the dogs will do to your boyfriend.

EXT. MEDIEVAL CASTLE - DAY

COURTYARD

Joe runs past a few parked cars, including the chick car,
past the cage with agitated fighting dogs, and through the

CASTLE GATE

The expensive sports car stands before the watchtower. He
reaches the

DRAWBRIDGE

guarded by the Blond criminal, who fires his submachine gun
into the air while roaring with laughter.

BLOND CRIMINAL
Cooshee, cooshee.... Faggot.

The submachine gun morphs into a cannon which fires cannon
balls into the air with earsplitting blasts.

Joe crosses the

MOUNTAIN MEADOW

and rushes along a path into the

MOUNTAIN FOREST

Branches morph into multi-tailed whips that try to flog him.
Fierce barking of dogs, which gets louder. He crosses a

WOBBLY BRIDGE

over the canyon. As he sprints along the

PRECIPICE

fiercely barking fighting dogs pound over the bridge. The dogs morph into prehistoric Andrewsarchus beasts which close in on him. Fear on his face.

When the beasts attack him, Joe jumps into the canyon, falls into a

RIVER

which morphs into a stream of wild whirling lava. Joe screams. Above him thunder the barks of the beasts, which glare over the rock edge, snarl and snap at him. As the lava drags him along, the barking fades away.

From a lava pool Joe climbs on the shore, frantically tries to wipe off the lava, then sprints into a

VALLEY

He runs past big rocks and columbine flowers which respectively morph into medieval churches and pulsating church bells that toll loudly.

Joe screams. He staggers past a mountain marmot on a rock which utters shrill alarm calls and morphs into a monstrous shrieking prehistoric Josephoartigasia monesi. He crosses a

LUSH MEADOW

full of red Indian paintbrush flowers and chirping grasshoppers. As the chirping becomes louder and sinister, the meadow morphs into a hellish terrain with erupting volcanoes.

Grass leaves grow and morph into a forest of razor-sharp sabres which cut Joe's flesh. Steaming hissing blood gushes out of the wounds.

Joe screams and cries. He closes his eyes and puts his hands over his ears. The devilish scene morphs into a vortex with a black center into which disappear all hellish images. The world turns black.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Brian Anderson strolls to Lori's apartment. The door is ajar. He pulls his pistol and pushes the door open.

INT. LORI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian slinks through the

SMALL HALL

into the

KITCHEN

and the

LIVING ROOM

where he finds Bess's handbag.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Brian Anderson stands before the closed door of Joe's apartment. He holds his cell phone to his ear.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Good afternoon. I'm Brian Anderson and am looking for Joe Fletcher.... Hmm, that's what I feared.... All right... thank you, sir... goodbye.

INT. POLICE STATION - POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Brian Anderson stands in front of the desk at which sits the Police chief.

POLICE CHIEF

Kidnapped? Come on Brian, these criminals are not stupid. Lancelot and Guinevere probably took a day off to have fun together and only see lovebirds. My daughter also forgets everything when she has a new boyfriend. Continue with your other work and call them tomorrow.

BRIAN ANDERSON

But they are in danger. We must check the castle.

POLICE CHIEF

Castle day will be end of the week and no sooner. If we don't find drugs we will bust Kammin for illegal possession of fighting dogs. I want you to keep far away from the castle until then. We know damn well where your own judgements lead to. It's a big operation Brian. Don't screw it.

INT. DEA OFFICE - DAY

BRIAN ANDERSON

... But Bess Roberts and Joe Fletcher probably have been abducted... damn.

(MORE)

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
 Why don't you share information
 with us? Is your ego more important
 than their lives?

FLORENCE JONES
 We have everything under control. I
 told you to back off.

Brian paces past Marvin O'Neill, who has his arm in a sling.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 A pity you can't jerk off for a
 while.

Marvin loses control, flies at Brian, who grabs his wounded
 arm. Marvin utters a scream.

FLORENCE JONES
 Hey, hey, stop it.

Marvin snorts in front of Brian, the hand of his healthy arm
 clenched into a fist.

MARVIN O'NEILL
 My elbow has fourteen stitches.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 The more the better. Think of my
 dog each time you see the scar.

Brian ambles to the door.

MARVIN O'NEILL
 Asshole.

BRIAN ANDERSON
 His name is Starsky.

Brian laughs maliciously.

I/E. POLICE CAR - EDGE OF MOUNTAIN FOREST - DAY

Starsky and Brian Anderson in his police car, parked at the
 edge of the mountain forest. He observes the medieval castle

THROUGH BINOCULARS

The Blond criminal guards the draw bridge.

The expensive sports car stands before the watchtower.

In the courtyard Nicu Tafaj pulls a crying Bess out of the
 dog cage and leads an aggressive fighting dog into it. She
 wears a shrew's fiddle.

BACK TO POLICE CAR

Brian takes his cell phone, presses it, holds it to his ear.

INT. POLICE STATION - POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - SAME

Police chief works behind his desk. Cell phone rings. He picks it up, holds it to his ear.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BRIAN ANDERSON
I was right. Bess is at the castle
and Joe probably also is.

POLICE CHIEF
What? Anderson, are you at the
castle? Wait for backup.

BRIAN ANDERSON
But sir, they are in immediate
danger.

POLICE CHIEF
Anderson, listen. I command you to
wait for backup.

CLICK, Brian hangs up the phone. Police chief sighs.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Dammit, Anderson.

EXT. LUSH MEADOW - DAY

Joe in his boxer shorts. He washes his face and arms in a small mountain stream.

He glares at the castle which rises in the distance.

JOE FLETCHER
If they want the Devil they can get
him.

EXT. CASTLE - DAY

DRAWBRIDGE

Starsky swims in the moat along the shore. His forelegs plow through the water fast, SPLASH, SPLASH.

The Blond criminal watches Starsky climb out of the moat and shake the water off his fur.

BRIAN ANDERSON (O.S.)
Starsky, fass.

With a massive jump, Starsky seizes the Blond criminal by the throat, who falls to the ground. He clamps his jaws around the throat and snarls with furious eyes.

Brian handcuffs the Blond criminal with the arms on the back.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Starsky, los.

Starsky releases the throat. As Brian throws into the moat the submachine gun of the Blond criminal, a barking fighting dog runs toward him, coming from the mountain forest.

Starsky sprints to the fighting dog on the

MOUNTAIN MEADOW

They attack each other, snarl and bite fiercely.

Brian runs to them, pulls his pistol at the fighting dog, but doesn't manage to get a clear shot. The dogs fight to the death, of the fighting dog.

Starsky licks his bloody wounds, cries softly, tries to walk but then lies down. Brian closely inspects his wounds and pets him.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Ruhig, Starsky.... Bleib.

Starsky lays his head on his forelegs and cries softly.

INT. CASTLE - DAY

GRAND ROOM

Bess sobs. Fatima unties the shrew's fiddle.

FATIMA

Now you know how whores felt in the Middle Ages.

ADALBERT KAMMIN

What do you want us to do with her?

FATIMA

We're going to reunite you with your boyfriend.

(to Russian criminal)

Throw her in the canyon.

FATA MORGANA LAB

A KNIGHT wearing a medieval suit of armor with closed visor and holding a halberd, steps out of the elevator and clatters to the Chinese criminal, who works with lab devices.

CHINESE CRIMINAL

Damn it man, you can't wear armor here. If Fatima finds out...

KNIGHT

(filtered)

This is just a hallucination. You sniffed too much Fata Morgana.

Chinese criminal chuckles. Suddenly, the Knight furiously stabs him with the halberd spike, several times.

CHINESE CRIMINAL

What... are you... doing?

Chinese criminal collapses to the floor, his lab uniform drenched in blood.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Russian criminal drags Bess upstairs to the top of a tower.

EXT. TOP OF TOWER - CONTINUOUS

He drags her to a battlement and pushes her upper body through a crenel. She screams.

THROUGH BESS'S EYES

The watchtower rises out of solid rock forming the steep wall of a canyon through which flows a river, deep down below.

BACK TO SCENE

Russian criminal stares at Bess's bare belly and gory belly button.

RUSSIAN CRIMINAL

Before I throw you off the tower, you and I are going to have some fun together.

He throws her on the floor, lies down on her and gropes her breasts. She cries, screams and struggles. He chortles.

RUSSIAN CRIMINAL (CONT'D)

Feels better than Drina's silicone tits. You like it, honey?

INT. CASTLE - DAY

GRAND ROOM

Brian Anderson and Nicu Tafaj shoot at each other. Nicu's bullets ricochet off a medieval shield that Brian holds in front of himself.

Brian hits Nicu in the leg who loses his balance and drops his submachine gun.

Brian kicks the submachine gun aside and tackles Nicu. Out of a drapery he pulls a cord with which he ties together Nicu's hands on his back and his legs.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Prepare for a life in prison.

As Nicu spits at him, Drina steps into the room. She holds a submachine gun.

NICU TAJAJ
Kill him Drina.

Drina fires at Brian while advancing to him. Brian dives behind an armchair. Her bullets penetrate the armchair and ricochet off the wall behind Brian.

The Knight clatters into the room.

KNIGHT
(filtered)
Hey, gypsy witch.

Drina turns around. As the Knight clatters toward her, she fires at him. The bullets dent his armor and ricochet off it. From behind the armchair Brian shoots at Drina, hits her.

As she totters, the Knight lifts his halberd above his head and hews it down to split her head. In a reflex she bends backward. The axe of the halberd whooshes past her head and chops off part of her chest with her breasts attached.

NICU TAJAJ
Driiinaaa.

Bloody chest part with attached breasts falls on the floor.

Drina rasps, blood gushes out of her mouth. Her eyes, frozen in tremendous fear, stare at her breasts. Out of one of the breasts bulges a silicone implant, making the breast shrink to cup size A.

As Drina collapses, screams of Bess sound through the door. The Knight clatters away through the door into a

CORRIDOR

Screams of Bess, out of the spiral staircase. The Knight clatters into the

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

and clatters upstairs.

EXT. TOP OF TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Bess lies on the floor, her blouse torn apart and her panties on her knees. The Russian criminal lies on top of her and tries to spread her legs. Bess struggles, cries and screams.

KNIGHT
(filtered)
Hey.

When the Russian criminal looks over his shoulder, the Knight rams the spike of the halberd through his throat and pulls it out again. Blood gushes out of the wound, on Bess.

Russian criminal stretches out on top of Bess, who looks into glassy eyes. She frantically tries to roll the corpse off her. The Knight grabs the corpse by the arm and drags it off her.

The Knight opens his visor, revealing the face of Joe Fletcher.

JOE FLETCHER
Everything okay, Bess?

Bess sobs.

BESS ROBERTS
Joe... he wanted to rape me and
then throw me off the tower.

The corpse has convulsions.

Joe lifts the halberd and with a massive axe hew chops the head off the corpse. The bloody head rolls over the floor and bumps against the battlement, where it comes to a halt.

Joe clatters to the head and picks it up by the hair. A gruesome grimace frozen on the face.

He throws the head over the battlement. Head falls to the bottom of the canyon where it splashes into the river, deep down below.

INT. CASTLE - DAY

GRAND ROOM

Brian Anderson checks the tied hands and feet of Nicu Tafaj, then rushes past the bloody corpse of Drina through the door.

CORRIDORS

With pulled gun Brian slinks through corridors, turns a corner. Fatima. Their eyes meet.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Florence.

Fatima rushes away, disappears around a corner. He chases her through several corridors, fires at her, but misses. His bullets ricochet off the walls.

CORRIDOR

Bess and Joe step out of the spiral staircase. They run into Adalbert Kammin, who fires his submachine gun at Bess. But Joe jumps in between, catching the bullets which dent his armor and ricochet off it.

He pierces Adalbert's abdomen with the halberd spike and then, with a massive hew of the halberd axe, he vertically splits in half Adalbert's head and neck. The axe remains stuck in the torso.

When Joe releases the halberd, the corpse of Adalbert with attached halberd collapses to the floor.

GRAND ROOM

Nicu Tafaj drags himself over the floor, along the corpse of Drina, to the chest part with attached breasts. With his teeth he pulls the silicone implant out of the breast. He keeps it in his mouth and moves farther, to the fireplace.

He presses himself against the fireplace in such a way that his hands reach the flames. The sound and smoke of burning flesh. He bites firmly on the breast implant, which muffles his screams.

He bites through the implant. Silicone gel drips down from the corners of his mouth. SNAP, his hands are free.

CORRIDOR

Brian Anderson chases Fatima past the corpse of Adalbert Kammin. She rushes into the spiral staircase, downstairs.

TORTURE CHAMBER

Brian searches the torture chamber. The grizzly bear paces up and down his cage.

Bess and Joe step out of the spiral staircase.

JOE FLETCHER

I think we got them all.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Thanks for saving my ass, Joe. You fought like Ivanhoe.

BESS ROBERTS

Ivan Joe.

They laugh, like rowdies. Joe takes off the suit of armor.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Florence escaped.

BESS ROBERTS
Who's Florence?

BRIAN ANDERSON
Fatima. Team leader of the Fata
Morgana unit from the D.E.A..

Suddenly, Nicu Tafaj limps out of the spiral staircase. His sleeves burned and his hands full of blisters.

NICU TAJAJ
You three gave me a hard time.
Think of Drina when you die.

He aims his submachine gun at them. Suddenly, a gory Starsky jumps out of the spiral staircase and seizes Nicu by his right arm. Nicu drops his gun and hits the bars of the cage.

The grizzly bear brutally bites Nicu in the right shoulder, ripping off a big piece of flesh and bones. Nicu screams.

Starsky snarls and fiercely pulls at the arm. After several tugs, the arm detaches from the remaining part of the shoulder, out of which gushes blood.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Starsky, los.

Starsky releases the arm. Grizzly bear saunters to the center of the cage where he drops the shoulder chunk. He gnaws on the meat. Bones SNAP and CRACK.

Starsky drags himself to Brian. He pets Starsky, who cries softly.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Braver Hund.

Starsky watches Nicu, who tries to pull himself up along a bar with his left hand. Suddenly, the bear jumps at him, claws through the bars. Nicu catapults over the floor, falls into the pit and smacks in the tar-filled trough.

The bear strolls back to his meal, gnaws on a shoulder bone.

Brian, Joe and Bess descend the stairs to the bottom of the

TORTURE CHAMBER - PIT

Nicu lies like a puppet in the trough, covered with black tar. Blood drips through the tar, out of the shoulder stump.

BESS ROBERTS
Why did you kill Lori?

NICU TAJAJ
Lori.... I loved your sister... but Fatima told me she was a hooker... working for the D.E.A.... hired to collect evidence against me.... I stole a car in Kansas City and killed her... faking a traffic accident.... But then... I discovered that the new Fata Morgana chip was missing. The bitch must have seen me... decoding it... and putting it in my wallet... the evening before I killed her.... I remember the belly piercing. It jingled like Santa's sleigh... every time I banged her.

He chuckles maliciously and coughs up blood. Bess cries.

NICU TAJAJ (CONT'D)
I will meet that filthy whore... in hell.

BESS ROBERTS
(hysterically)
Then burn.

She takes a torch and lights the tar. Flames engulf Nicu who utters horrific guttural screams. Camera zooms in on the flames.

INT. ANDERSONS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camera zooms out of the flames, revealing a cozy log fire that crackles in the living room of the Andersons.

Brian Anderson hangs on the couch, watches TV. Mabel Anderson leans against his shoulder. Starsky lies at their feet, gnaws on a bone.

MABEL ANDERSON
I hope you don't have to work tonight.

He caresses her.

BRIAN ANDERSON
With that boss of mine, you never know. He also keeps nagging about the behavior therapy.

MABEL ANDERSON

I agree that you can be impulsive and stubborn, but always directed at helping others. And that should count with him as it does with me.

She kisses him.

MABEL ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Is it really so bad, the therapy?

BRIAN ANDERSON

It's like a kindergarten. This therapist loves to draw schemes in different colors and with psychological buzzwords. And she treats you like a feeble-minded infant.

MABEL ANDERSON

Poor man.... Tonight I will give you a therapy that will make you feel like reborn. Right after the news, is that a problem?

BRIAN ANDERSON

I think I'll give it a try.

He puts his arms around her and she nestles against him.

ON THE TV SCREEN

A NEWSREADER sits before a screen showing a photograph of Florence Jones.

NEWSREADER

Yesterday, Missis Jones was transferred to a maximum security prison in Cañon City, Colorado, where she awaits trial. D.E.A. Department Chief Jack Munroe stated that he is shocked about the involvement of his unit leader in drugs crimes.

An INTERVIEWER holds a microphone under Jack Munroe's nose.

JACK MUNROE

I have always known Missis Jones as a loyal employee. Ironically, she leads a criminal organization that fabricates and supplies Fata Morgana, the very same narcotic she is supposed to fight against.... We were able to arrest her thanks to the close cooperation we have with the Denver Police Department.

NEWSREADER

Despite the seemingly clear evidence, missis Jones pleads not guilty and firmly alleges that she has been framed.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Brian looks pensive.

NEWSREADER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We will continue to pursue this case closely.

INT. DEA OFFICE - DAY

Jack Munroe en Edward Wilmot sit at a desk with a computer screen on which plays a video.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A VICTIM tied to the torture rack in the torture chamber.

FATIMA

We will record your punishment and show it to new recruits. To instruct them what we do with thieves and traitors.... Do you know the TV program Myth Busters? They test myths using a puppet called Buster.

Fatima operates the handle, which moves the attached ratchet. CLICK, CLICK. The ropes tighten, stretching the body of the Victim, who moans.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

But I prefer a more scientific approach, using real people.

VICTIM

Please Fatima, please, I won't do it again.

FATIMA

It is said that with the rack you can not only dislocate the joints but also completely pull them away from the body.

Fatima again operates the handle. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. The joints of arms and legs CRACK as they dislocate. The Victim screams and cries.

VICTIM

Let me live, Fatima, I beg you, I want to live.

FATIMA

I wonder if this myth is true.
Because they didn't have hydraulics
in the Middle Ages.

Fatima again operates the handle. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. The Victim utters horrific screams.

BACK TO DEA OFFICE

SNAP, SNAP. Face of Jack Munroe expresses disgust and revulsion. CLICK, CLICK. Screaming turns into silence. CLICK, CLICK. SNAP. With a mouse click Jack closes the video window.

JACK MUNROE

Jesus.

EDWARD WILMOT

Myth confirmed.... That Florence is
no nightingale. She must be
severely deranged.

JACK MUNROE

Fatima.... It could be Al-Qaeda
intending to hit us double with
Fata Morgana. Destroying young
American lives at the same time
funding terrorist attacks against
us.

EDWARD WILMOT

Damn bastards.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - VALLEY - DAY

ROAD

A bus twists through a verdant valley and halts at a bus stop.

Out of the bus hop Bess and Joe. Sun-tanned faces. Joe wears his hiking backpack. Bess wears a smaller cute plush animal-shaped backpack. She has medium-length shiny hair.

As the bus drives away, they hike up a trail into a

FOREST

The trail runs up along a mountain river and has a gradual inclination. They leave the forest into a more open

WETLAND AREA

Suddenly, CRACK, WHOOSH, BOOM, like of a cut-down tree falling to the ground.

BESS ROBERTS
What was that?

Joe fishes a pair of binoculars out of his backpack and peers through it in direction of where the sound came from.

JOE FLETCHER
It's a local, chopping down trees.

Straight-faced he hands her the binoculars. She peers

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

A beaver drags a tree across the ground to the water. Bess laughs happily.

BACK TO SCENE

BESS ROBERTS
A beaver.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - MOUNTAIN - DAY

TREE LINE

Bess and Joe hike farther up the mountain. The hiking trail takes them up a

STEEP SLOPE

where they traverse snow fields. They pause at a

GRASSY SPOT

from which they have a spectacular view on surrounding mountain peaks.

On a nearby rocky slope grazes a bighorn sheep family, including a lamb, led by an alert ram with impressive coiled horns.

Bess and Joe drink from a vacuum flask. He plucks a mountain flower and puts it in her hair.

JOE FLETCHER
Your hair is beautiful.

BESS ROBERTS
I want it longer.

They kiss.

JOE FLETCHER
Are you happy?

BESS ROBERTS

Yes. I have a nice man, a job and am hiking through beautiful mountains.... And perhaps one day we will get a real family.

Bess stares at the grazing bighorn lamb.

JOE FLETCHER

Kids?

Bess smiles at him, sweetly, vulnerably.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)

We could work on that right now.

She giggles as Joe grabs her, but when they sit still and slowly move their lips toward each other for a kiss, BANG, a shot. A bullet whooshes between their lips and ricochets off a rock. Bess utters a yell.

As the shot reverberates between the mountain peaks, the bighorn sheep family jumps away to higher ground.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Get down.

As Joe jumps on top of her, BANG, BANG, two other shots. The bullets whoosh past them and the shots reverberate between the mountain peaks. He drags her behind a rock. The flower falls out of her hair.

He tugs the backpacks behind the rock, crushing the flower.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)

These filthy Fata Morgana cowards still want us dead. Will it ever stop?

BESS ROBERTS

It will. We have to fight them with everything we have.

Joe grabs his binoculars and crawls like a soldier through the grass.

BESS ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Be careful.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

An invisible eye methodically searches a rocky slope, glides past a spot with big rocks and boulders, out of which flashes a light.

The invisible eye rockets back to the spot. The image blurs and then becomes razor-sharp, revealing a HITMAN between the boulders who aims a rifle which again flashes in the sun.

The invisible eye searches further, until it has scanned the entire slope.

BACK TO GRASSY SPOT

Joe crawls back to Bess behind the rock.

JOE FLETCHER
There's one hitman. We have to call
detective Anderson.

Bess grabs her cell phone, presses it, holds it to her ear. With trembling fingers she presses it again, holds it to her ear.

BESS ROBERTS
It doesn't work.

JOE FLETCHER
We have to go higher up the
mountain to get coverage.... Follow
me.

They swing on their backpacks and crawl away from the rock through the grass.

SCREE

Bess and Joe zigzag up to a steep and wide

SNOW FIELD

They traverse the snow, sinking into it past their ankles. Halfway, suddenly, BANG, below them. POP, the bullet hits the snow and the shot reverberates between the mountain peaks.

Below on the scree stands the Hitman who aims his rifle at them.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Run to the rocks.

BANG, POP. BANG, POP. Bess and Joe fight their way through the snow, as fast as they can. BANG. They reach the other side of the field, climb between rocks and boulders to the

MOUNTAIN TOP

Bess and Joe pant heavily. She grabs her cell phone, presses it with trembling fingers, holds it to her ear.

BESS ROBERTS
Detective Anderson... this is Bess
Roberts and Joe Fletcher. A hitman
tries to kill us.... On a mountain
top... we are hiking.... Yes,
sir... thank you.

Bess hands over the phone to Joe who holds it to his ear.

JOE FLETCHER

Joe here.... I think he will wait until dark.... My binoculars also have night vision.... Farther below the mountain there's a hut. Perhaps there are people over there.... We will, sir... Bye.

Joe presses the cell phone and gives it back to Bess.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)

He will track down your cell phone and meet us tomorrow morning. Tonight we will sneak past the hitman and sleep in the hut.

Bess stares at Joe's arm, stained with blood.

BESS ROBERTS

Your arm... you were shot.

JOE FLETCHER

Just a scratch. I can still move it.

Bess fishes a towel out of her backpack, tears it into strips using her teeth and hands, and firmly binds the strips around the wound, like an experienced corpsman.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)

G.I. Jane.

They laugh.

Suddenly, stones and rocks clatter, nearby. In panic, Joe grabs Bess and tugs her behind a rock.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)

But... I scanned the entire mountain.

He grabs a stone and jumps forward. Suddenly, on a rock above him appears the bighorn ram. The ram stares at him, standing like a statue, the king of the mountain.

Bighorn ram jumps off the rock and clatters away.

Joe drops the stone and breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

MOUNTAIN TOP

Bess and Joe sneak down between rocks and boulders, to the

EDGE OF SNOW FIELD

Joe touches her arm, gestures at her to stop. He searches the mountain with the binoculars, then points high up the snow field. He hands Bess the binoculars, who looks

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

An infrared image of the Hitman who folds up a piece of canvas, next to a boulder high up the snow field.

BACK TO SCENE

JOE FLETCHER
(whispering)
Just in time.

In the distance rumbles thunder and flashes lighting.

Bess gives the binoculars back to Joe. They descend along the edge of the snow field and zigzag down the

SCREE

onto the

STEEP SLOPE

Howls and barks, from various directions, which come closer.

BESS ROBERTS
(whispering)
Joe... I'm scared.

Suddenly, glowing eyes, very close. Bess strangles a scream. Joe shines a flashlight directly into the eyes.

JOE FLETCHER
Booooo.

The eyes disappear. Whines, which quickly fade away.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Coyotes.

It starts to rain. Thunder and lightning, much closer now.

MOUNTAIN HUT

Through heavy rain, Bess and Joe arrive at a hut. He bounces on the door. No reaction. He opens the door, soaking wet.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Hello.

Nobody answers. A dark empty hut.

INT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - MOUNTAIN HUT - NIGHT

The hut, lit by an oil lamp. Bess and Joe lie in bed.

JOE FLETCHER

Let's try to sleep. We have to get up early.

She presses her body against his. She kisses him passionately. They take off their sleepwear, fast. Touch and kiss hungrily.

BESS ROBERTS

But your arm... sorry...

JOE FLETCHER

... To hell with my arm.

She moves sensually on top of him, moans softly. They roll over. Joe thrusts and twirls rhythmically. Moist bodies.

JOE FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Oh, baby.

She moans louder and louder as he takes her with him to the summit of pleasure.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - MOUNTAIN HUT - DAY

Hut stands in open terrain formed by mountain meadows through which runs a mountain river.

CLANG, like of unbolting. The door swings open. Joe steps out, methodically observes the surrounding area through his binoculars.

Bess steps out. They hike away from the hut down the trail.

Suddenly, out of a ditch jumps the Hitman. Holding his rifle, he strolls to them. Bess gasps of fear. Joe waits meekly, for death to strike.

HITMAN

It was a cold night. I bring you the regards of Lady Fatima.

As he aims his rifle, BANG, his head explodes into bloody pulp. BANG, a big bloody hole blasts into his chest. His body collapses to the ground.

Out of the edge of the forest, downstream, steps Brian Anderson. He carries an old rifle, paces to them. He sweats heavily.

BRIAN ANDERSON

I hate hiking...

Brian kicks the corpse of the Hitman, stretched on the ground, horribly mutilated.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
... and criminals.

Brian holds up the old rifle.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
This thing looks like a cudgel but I grew up with it, smashing pumpkins at my father's patch.

I/E. POLICE CAR - PRISON GATE - DAY

Brian Anderson stops his police car at a gate with a GUARD, leading to the unfriendly buildings of a prison.

INT. PRISON - DAY

ENTRANCE

Brian hands his pistol to PRISON GUARD #1, who scans and frisks him.

CELLBLOCK

PRISON GUARD #2 escorts Brian into a

PRISON CELL

where sits Florence Jones on a bed.

FLORENCE JONES
Detective Anderson.

BRIAN ANDERSON
I see you exchanged your ivory D.E.A. tower for a more modest accommodation.... You lie and intimidate people but somehow I believe that you speak the truth about you being innocent. A hitman tried to kill Bess Roberts and Joe Fletcher.

FLORENCE JONES
I have nothing to do with that. I know it sounds crazy, but someone is impersonating me.

BRIAN ANDERSON
There must be a mole within the D.E.A..

FLORENCE JONES

It would explain why we had so much trouble finding the Fata Morgana lab.... I only know well the people of my own team. You met Marvin O'Neill. And there's Pablo Rojas. It could be someone close to them.

BRIAN ANDERSON

What about the operator? He has your posture and you treat him like shit.

FLORENCE JONES

Edward Wilmot. A part-timer. I don't know much about him, apart from that he has worked for a special effects studio in Denver.... But he's a wimp.

PRISON CELL - LATER

Brian strolls to the door.

FLORENCE JONES (CONT'D)

I should have better protected Bess Roberts.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Sounds like there is hope for you.... More power leads to more abuse. It's a flaw in human nature.

Prison guard #2 opens the door.

FLORENCE JONES

But we didn't know about the chip. I think Lori became greedy.... I'm sorry.

BRIAN ANDERSON

I do this for Bess Roberts and my country.

INT. POLICE STATION - WORKING ROOM - DAY

Police chief paces to Brian Anderson, who works in his cubicle.

POLICE CHIEF

I was in a meeting. You called me.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Yes. I have the feeling that Florence Jones is innocent.

POLICE CHIEF

You have the feeling that Florence Jones is innocent. For God's sake, Brian, you're like a runaway locomotive. I took you off the Lori Roberts case, remember? But no, our detective decides to first compromise the phone company by tracking a cell phone without the proper authorization, and secondly hike to a godforsaken bighorn trail where he shoots a hitman with an ancient nonpolice rifle.... Perfect input for my assessment. Thank you, Brian.

BRIAN ANDERSON

You probably would not have believed that Bess Roberts and Joe Fletcher were in immediate danger. You never do.

POLICE CHIEF

A police force with undisciplined officers is like an unguided missile that can easily miss its target.... My patience has come to an end. I command you to keep out of the Fata Morgana cesspool. Period.

INT. SPECIAL EFFECTS STUDIO - DAY

RECEPTION

On the wall a logo with the text "GR8 FX". A SPECIAL EFFECTS ARTIST enters, stops in front of Brian Anderson.

SPECIAL EFFECTS ARTIST

Follow me, please.

The Special effects artist escorts Brian into an

ATELIER

SPECIAL EFFECTS ARTIST (CONT'D)

Edward was a talented special effects artist and a true wizard with greasepaint. I never understood why he left us.... So you would like to know how realistic our face masks are?

He takes Brian to a makeup practice head with a face mask and a wig that exactly resemble his own face and hair.

He takes the wig off the practice head and lays it on the table. He takes the face mask off the practice head and puts it over Brian's face.

SPECIAL EFFECTS ARTIST (CONT'D)
Comfortable?

BRIAN ANDERSON
I feel like a snake.

Special effects artist grins. He puts the wig on Brian's head.

SPECIAL EFFECTS ARTIST
Have a look.

Brian looks

IN A PERSON-HIGH MIRROR

Brian with the face and hair of the Special effects artist, who stands next to him. Brian laughs.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Amazing.

SPECIAL EFFECTS ARTIST
Not bad, huh. We also specialize in voice mimicking.

BACK TO ATELIER

Special effects artist places a voice changer device over Brian's larynx. Device looks like an ECG electrode attached with a wire to a battery device.

BRIAN ANDERSON
(with voice of Special effects artist)
I'm the master of disaster and work at studio Great Effects.... It really sounds just like your voice.

I/E. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

EDWARD WILMOT'S HOUSE - STREET

From an unmarked car parked along the street, Brian Anderson observes a freestanding house with garage.

Garage door opens, revealing the expensive sports car, which roars out of the garage.

EDGE OF MOUNTAIN FOREST

Brian drives out of the mountain forest, stops the car of which the lights switch off. The medieval castle, dark and spooky.

He watches the expensive sports car roar across the drawbridge to the closed castle gate and along the castle wall, and park at the watchtower.

A short and skinny BALD MAN gets out of the car and patters into the watchtower.

DRAWBRIDGE

Brian crosses the drawbridge and drives to the

CASTLE GATE

sealed with police tape. He continues along the

CASTLE WALL

to the

WATCHTOWER

where he parks next to the expensive sports car.

INT. CASTLE - WATCHTOWER - NIGHT

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Brian Anderson sneaks up the stairs with pulled pistol. Suddenly, above him appears Edward Wilmot who carries a box.

BRIAN ANDERSON

You are under arrest.

Edward throws the box at Brian who shoots at him but hits the box which bumps against Brian's head. Brian loses his balance and bounces down a few treads. The pistol clatters to the ground and the contents of the box land around him.

A long black wig, a stately medieval dress with round neckline, a bra with silicone inserts, makeup, greasepaint materials, a contact lens case, and a silicone face mask that exactly resembles the face of Florence Jones.

Brian picks up his pistol and rushes upstairs into a

SMALL LIVING ROOM

with a barred window and open kitchen. No Edward. With pulled gun Brian rushes into the

SMALL BEDROOM

No Edward.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Where did he go?

Brian pulls open a closet. Some stately medieval dresses with round neckline.

He pulls open the small hinged door of a box-bed. No Edward.

Brian searches the dresses in the closet. Finds a voice changer device and places it over his larynx.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
(with voice of Florence Jones)
Hello, I'm Florence Jones from the D.E.A.. I'm a real bitch, but innocent.

He knocks on the back panel of the closet. No hollow sound.

He lifts the mattress of the box-bed. Knocks on the wooden panel that forms the bed base. A hollow sound.

He closely inspects the wooden panel. No seams. He pushes it downward, tries to slide it aside, but it doesn't move. He puts back the mattress.

Brian crawls into the

BOX-BED

He switches on a lamp, rummages through some pornographic magazines, revealing a dildo.

He knocks on the back panel. A hollow sound. He closely inspects the seam around the panel. With his thumb and index finger he pulls out a long black hair stuck in the seam.

He pushes the back panel backward, but it doesn't move. Then slides it aside, revealing stairs that go down into darkness.

He pushes a knob. At the bottom of the stairs ceiling lamps switch on, which dimly illuminate a low corridor carved into solid rock.

Brian grabs his cell phone, presses it, holds it to his ear.

BRIAN ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Chief, this is Brian Anderson....
You also call me at home, sir.... I was right again. Florence Jones is innocent. Fatima and Edward Wilmot from the D.E.A. are one and the same person.... He lives in a watchtower next to the castle. There is a secret passage in a box-bed.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S HOUSE - HOBBY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Police chief sits at a worktable on which stands a shiny RC police helicopter, partly disassembled. He holds a cell phone to his ear.

POLICE CHIEF
 Leave the area immediately. We will
 get that creep later....
 Anderson.... If you don't listen
 now, you're fired.

CLICK. Police chief clangs his cell phone on the desk.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
 Damn stubborn country boy.

The POLICE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, a teenager, dashes in.

POLICE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER
 Hi dad.

POLICE CHIEF
 Hey. But I thought tonight you
 would go to your new flame.

POLICE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER
 Uh... that flame is out. -- Can I
 get you something... a beer... or
 apple juice?

POLICE CHIEF
 Whiskey.

INT. CASTLE - SECRET PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

STAIRS

With pulled pistol Brian sneaks down the stairs into the

CORRIDOR

Against the wall stands a modern metal army closet. He opens it. Medieval torture devices, including thumbscrews. From a hook hangs Fatima's gory morning star scepter.

He slinks over solid rock along moist walls. Suddenly, SQUEAK, SQUEAK. A rat shoots away before him, flees into a recess.

He reaches the recess in which lies a human skeleton crouched in a scavenger's daughter. Horror on Brian's face. SQUEAK, SQUEAK. Rat slips through a vertical air hole in the back of the recess.

Brian sneaks farther, enters a

CHAMBER

carved into solid rock. From the ceiling hangs a rusty iron cage with a human skeleton inside. Chains hang down from the walls. Shrieking bats crisscross the air. Brian continues through the

CORRIDOR

He squeezes his nose shut.

Several rats squeak and flee out of a dirty puddle into which lies a partly decomposed human body. Its skull has lead eyes with blue iris and black pupil, and a lump of lead between the jaws opened by a mouth clamp.

BRIAN ANDERSON

Holy shit.

Brian reaches another recess with a vertical air hole in the back. This one contains an upright wagon wheel. Clamped spread-eagle to the radial spokes a human skeleton with broken bones.

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

TORTURE CHAMBER

A secret door opens in the painting behind Fatima's throne, revealing Brian Anderson, who steps into the torture chamber.

Brian glances around. Bear cage is empty. There is nobody in the pit. He enters the

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

He sneaks upstairs. CLANG, CLANG, above him. He continues a few treads. The CLANG, CLANG gets louder, then stops.

Brian sneaks into a

CORRIDOR

where he passes a medieval chest on one side and an upright suit of armor with closed visor on the other. Suit of armor leans over with one leg put slightly before the other, and holds a halberd tilted to the medieval chest.

As Brian shuffles to the suit of armor with pulled gun, the lid of the chest slowly opens, ajar.

THROUGH BRIAN'S EYES

With the barrel of his pistol he slowly pushes upward the visor of the helmet. The suit of armor is empty. BANG, the lid of the chest hits the wall behind him. As he turns around, a mace hits his head and the world turns black.

TORTURE CHAMBER

THROUGH BRIAN'S EYES

The world turns visible, revealing the torture chamber. Brian can't move his head, clamped in the head crusher. Blood drips on the tabletop before him. He starts to breathe quickly.

Pattering footsteps, which come closer. Before him appears Edward Wilmot.

EDWARD WILMOT
Detective Anderson.

Edward attaches a container under Brian's eyes.

EDWARD WILMOT (CONT'D)
It's a container to catch the eyes.
They will pop out of their sockets
when the skull is crushed, like
they want to escape, want to live.

BRIAN ANDERSON
You are sick.

SQUEAK, SQUEAK, of a handle turning above Brian's head.

EDWARD WILMOT
It needs some oil. I haven't used
it for a while.

BRIAN ANDERSON
I called my boss from your tower,
everybody knows now that not
Florence is Fatima, but you are.

EDWARD WILMOT
I think it needs a few more turns.

SQUEAK, SQUEAK. Brian screams.

EDWARD WILMOT (CONT'D)
There we are. I will do it slowly.

Brian moans.

EDWARD WILMOT (CONT'D)
Florence treats me like a slave.
But she is a midget herself.

BRIAN ANDERSON
They will hunt you down like an
animal.

EDWARD WILMOT
You suckers think we are Al-Qaeda,
but I don't give a damn about
religion or culture.

(MORE)

EDWARD WILMOT (CONT'D)
I only want to make some money. The lousy D.E.A. salary is hardly sufficient to buy food and pay the bills.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Why did you hire a hitman to kill Bess and Joe? That was stupid.

EDWARD WILMOT
Nobody messes with Edward Wilmot. I will get them.... I'm gonna chain them to the wall in the secret passage, where the rats can eat them alive.... But now it's your turn.

SQUEAK, SQUEAK. Brian screams and moans. His vision blurs.

EDWARD WILMOT (CONT'D)
Let the real fun begin.

SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK. The world turns before Brian's eyes. Bones crack in his head. He screams and moans.

BANG, BANG, BANG, pistol shots. Rummaging. A muffled yell. Heavy footsteps, which come closer. SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK. Brian's vision improves. A SHADOWY FIGURE helps him out of the head crusher.

BACK TO TORTURE CHAMBER

The Police chief.

POLICE CHIEF
Nice castle. I came here myself to keep quiet your stupid actions.

He points at the pit.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Your D.E.A. friend found his last resting place. Perfect spot for assholes.

Head of Brian has a bloody wound. He staggers to the edge of the pit. On the Judas chair sits the lifeless body of Edward.

Brian stumbles down the stairs to the bottom of the

TORTURE CHAMBER - PIT

Chin of Edward rests on his chest. He has several bloody bullet holes in his torso. The point of the chair must be somewhere deep inside his intestines. From his butt drips a mixture of blood and feces down the pyramid-shaped seat.

Above, at the edge of the pit appears the Police chief.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
Better than the electric chair.

INT. POLICE STATION - POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Police chief works behind his desk. Brian enters, a bandage wrapped around his head.

POLICE CHIEF
And?

BRIAN ANDERSON
No permanent damage. They said the skull has some small cracks, but these will heal by themselves.

POLICE CHIEF
I heard we will both get a medal.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Will that do, for your assessment?

POLICE CHIEF
It certainly will. But I sincerely hope one thing.

BRIAN ANDERSON
Being?

POLICE CHIEF
That the head crusher at least created a weak spot in your hardheaded skull.

They guffaw away the stress that has choked their relationship for so long.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Brian Anderson waits patiently next to the fitting rooms. He carries a trendy plastic shopping bag.

Mabel Anderson steps out of a fitting room, wearing new smooth trendy pants. She peeks at herself in the mirror.

MABEL ANDERSON
I don't like the shape of the butt.

She tugs at a wrinkle in the groin area.

MABEL ANDERSON (CONT'D)
And this wrinkle doesn't belong here.

Brian lifts his eyebrows and grimaces at the SALES GIRL.

SALES GIRL

That's how women are, mister. You better get used to it.

MABEL ANDERSON

He's from Mars and we are from Venus. --

BRIAN ANDERSON

-- From another galaxy.

Mabel Anderson and Sales girl titter.

EXT. SHOPPING STREET - DAY

Brian Anderson and Starsky respectively stand and sit on the sidewalk, next to each other, like statues. Brian carries two more trendy shopping bags.

Mabel Anderson strides out of a boutique, wearing a new summer dress. Starsky stands up, wags his tail. Mabel swirls around her own axis.

BRIAN ANDERSON

I like it... but I thought you only needed new pants?

Mabel smiles, kisses him.

MABEL ANDERSON

Come, we are going to drink something and then we go home.

EXT. MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE - SURROUNDING AREA - SHALLOW WATER - DAY

Bess and Joe wear swimsuits and stand in the clear shallow water. Bess has shiny long black hair. They pet Samantha and Floyd, the manatees.

Joe kisses Bess. Both manatees stick their heads out of the water and press their lips against the faces of Bess and Joe.

BESS ROBERTS

This can't be real. Did you give me Fata Morgana?

Bess and Joe laugh happily.

FADE OUT.