

REPO  
MAN

ASX

# REPO MAN

**NOT JUST A JOB -  
IT'S AN ADVENTURE!**

© ALEX COX 1982

EDGE CITY PRODUCTIONS  
322 SUNSET AVENUE  
VENICE  
CALIFORNIA 90291

213 392 - 3977/8

CARTOON ©  
ALEX COX 1982

W.G.A. REG #  
267656

08.25.0 (10-72)

LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT  
VEHICLE REPOSSESSION REPORT

DATE AND TIME REPOSSESSED 3:25 AM 10/15/1983	LOCATION WHERE VEHICLE R ELECTRIC/PS
FINANCE CO.	ADDRESS 1120 ALAMF
	ADDRESS 220 OAK

DESERT HIGHWAY      EXTERIOR      DAY

Dead straight black ribbon of road.

A CHEVY MALIBU with New Mexico plates weaves back and forth across the center line.      It speeds up and slows down.

A MOTORCYCLE COP pursues the MALIBU.      Lights flash and sirens wail.      It takes a long time for the DRIVER to notice the signals and slide off the road --

2      MALIBU      INTERIOR      DAY

J. FRANK waits behind the wheel.      He has a high forehead and shades.      His temples are scarred and freshly shaven.      The MOTORCYCLE COP taps on the window.      J. FRANK winds it down.

COP

Let me see your drivers license.

J. FRANK feels in all his pockets.      Finally the COP points to the license sitting on the dash.

COP

Been drinking, sir?

J. FRANK

No.      Never do.      Unhealthful.

COP

You were weaving all over the road back there, Mr Parnell.

Been driving long?

(no answer)

Where you headed?

(no response)

Okay.      Let's take a look inside your trunk.

J. FRANK

Oh.      You don't want to look in there.

COP

Why not?

J. FRANK

I ... You don't.      That's all.

COP

Give me the key.

Reluctantly, J. FRANK surrenders the trunk key. He remains silent but his eyes implore. Increasingly suspicious, the COP walks round the back. J. FRANK watches in his rearview mirror.

The hood flies up. There is an AGONIZING SCREAM.

HIGHWAY EXTERIOR DAY

The COP crumples to the dirt, his FACE AND UNIFORM IN FLAMES. The hood falls shut. J. FRANK puts the MALIBU in gear and drives away.

*NESMITH SUGGESTION man of 2 JMK*

SAFEWAY INTERIOR NIGHT

Fisheye video of endless aisles. CUSTOMERS being frisked at the doors. Muzak plays TV themes, commercial jingles.

OTTO prices cans of spinach. A massive button on his apron reads, HI! I'M OTTO! HERE TO SERVE! Seventeen years old with a mohawk. His cheerful co-worker KEVIN neatly stacks the cans.

*(ZAVENON!)*

KEVIN  
(singing)  
Feelin 7-Up, I'm feelin 7-Up.  
Sharin smiles, sharin styles,  
I'm feelin 7-Up.

OTTO lowers the pricer. He stares at KEVIN very hard.

KEVIN  
It's a crisp refreshin feelin  
Crystal clear and light  
Havin fun with 7-Up  
And it sure feels right --

OTTO  
Stop singing!

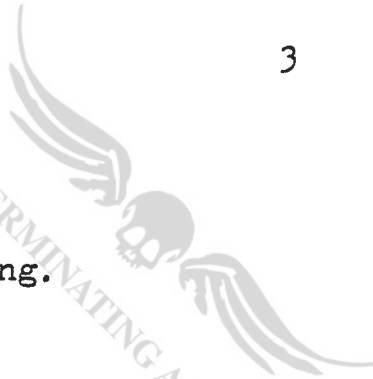
KEVIN  
What?

OTTO  
You heard me. I said stop singing.

KEVIN  
I wasn't singing.

OTTO  
Don't tell me you weren't singing, man.  
I'm standing next to you and you were  
fucking singing. Cut it out.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



KEVIN  
You're crazy, dude. I wasn't singing.

OTTO raises the pricer. KEVIN backs away.  
"DING DONG" over the speaker system.

LOUDSPEAKER  
Bag boy to Checkout Three. Otto  
to Checkout Three immediately.

OTTO turns his back on KEVIN. KEVIN starts singing again.

OTTO slouches down the aisle. Suddenly he stops and stares.

On the far side of the freezer, a TEENAGE YOUTH is stuffing frozen  
pies into his baggy pants. OTTO studies the KID's face.  
He grins and reaches thru the display --

-- grabbing the MALEFACTOR's wrists --

LOOS PIST.

OTTO  
GOTCHA!

DUKE  
Hey lay off man I wasn't doing nothing  
I just couldn't find a cart --  
(focuses thru the cans)  
Otto?

↓  
Start  
MUSIC  
SCENE

OTTO  
How you doin' Duke?  
When'd you get out?

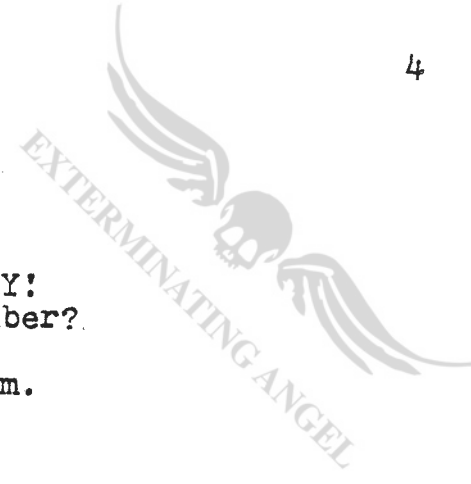
DUKE  
A couple days ago. Got anything  
to smoke?

CAR INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO and DUKE sit in the crumbling front seat smoking reefer.  
The bright lights of Safeway glow beyond.

OTTO  
We're gonna see some bands tonight,  
Duke. Me and Debbi and the gang.  
Y'wanna come?

DUKE  
I don't know. Money's kind of tight.  
They only give you your bus fare --



OTTO

Shit, man, we don't have to PAY!  
We always get in free. Remember?

DUKE frowns. He doesn't. OTTO punches his arm.

DUKE

Don't ever do that to me, man.

OTTO

Okay, okay. Shit, Duke! Know what we're gonna do after the show? We're gonna get you LAID! It's great to see you back, man, real great. I bet your folks were pleased, huh?

DUKE

They threw me out.

OTTO

Fucking assholes! You can stay with me for sure. I'm sleeping in the garage now.

DUKE

We'll see. Know where I can get a GUN?

STARWOOD INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO and his FRIENDS attend a concert by one of their FAVORITE BANDS. DUKE hangs around the sidelines trying to talk to girls. OTTO is often lost amid the swirling slamdancing MELEE.

Missing DUKE, OTTO leaves the dance floor. He grabs DUKE by the shoulders and hurls him across the room. Together, spinning wildly, OTTO and DUKE cut a whirling DOUBLE DERVISH thru the colliding THROG ...

BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO and DEBBI make out on her PARENTS' queensize. DEBBI has a crewcut and an inch of cheekbone rouge.

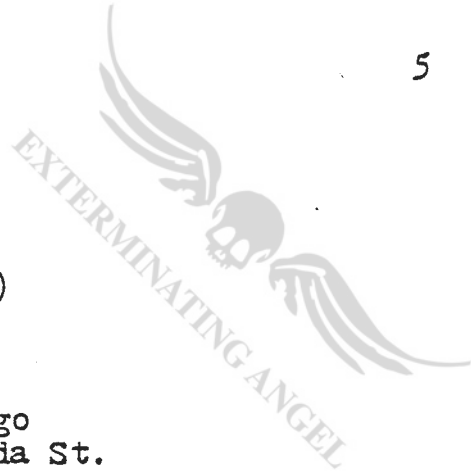
Outside a scratchy record carries on the SONG.

DEBBI struggles with OTTO's kilt and bondage pants. OTTO is preoccupied, unhelpful.

OTTO

I got my notice yesterday.

DRAFT STUFF per DICK PINK & BRANT R:  
"RUBBER ~~LEATHER~~ ~~STRAPERS~~"  
OR WAS IT LEADER RUBBER NECKS?



DEBBI  
(wrestling with his belts)  
Your what?

OTTO  
My Draft Notice. I have to go  
report downtown. 9000 Alameda St.

DEBBI  
Lift your ass.

He does so. She tugs at his pants. One of his CHAINS rips loose.

OTTO  
Careful!

OTTO prissily removes his pants and folds them.  
He lays down listlessly again.

DEBBI  
You don't have to go, you know.  
Why don't you just skip town?

OTTO  
Skip town! I have to stay and finish  
school. My old man's going to pay  
for me to go to Europe...

DEBBI abandons her ministrations. She stares at the door.

DEBBI  
Otto. Would you get me another beer.

KITCHEN INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO emerges from the bedroom. ARCHIE, a spotty kid with a long  
spindly mohawk, reels unsteadily into the bedroom after him.

OTTO heads for the refrigerator. DUKE sits at the table  
loading the bong for SEVERAL PUNKS.

PUNK 1  
Shit, man. Am I high.

PUNK 2  
Me too, man. I'm real stoned.

OTTO's workmate KEVIN changes the record.  
KEVIN is very drunk and vehemently proclaims his PUNKDOM.



KEVIN

You shoulda seen me last weekend!  
Was I out of it! Pulled the doors  
off all the fucking closets! Musta  
drunk a case of beers an a whole bottle  
of tequila gold! I turned a grand  
piano upside down!

DUKE

(to OTTO)

What's going on.

OTTO winks and indicates the BEDROOM DOOR. He takes a can marked  
BEER from the fridge and heads back for the bedroom. DARK INSIDE.

BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO stands in the doorway, peering in.  
MUFFLED SOUNDS rise from the bed.

OTTO

Debbi? I got your beer.

No answer. OTTO turns the lights on.  
DEBBI and ARCHIE getting down. She squints.



DEBBI

Thanks, Otto. Leave it by the door.

ARCHIE

And put the fucking light out!

KITCHEN INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO leaves the light on, slams the door. He wanders over to  
the refrigerator. DUKE hands him the bong.

DUKE

Knock yourself out.

KEVIN

I fucked 'er in the bathroom and  
the kitchen. I fucked 'er in the  
bed and in the shower and on the  
pool table! All before breakfast, too!

DUKE

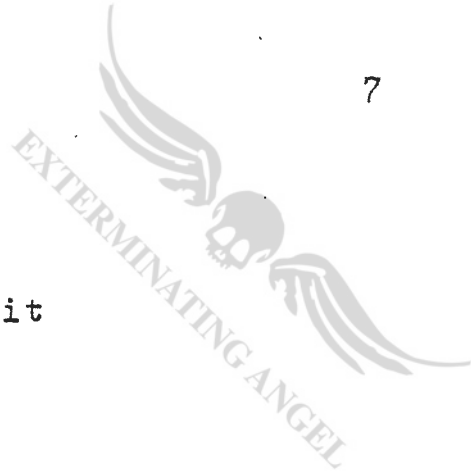
Kevin. Come over here and get stoned.

OTTO sits down miserably. The PUNKS are so high they can't speak.

KEVIN

I don't get stoned any more.





DUKE  
Yes you do.

OTTO  
So how was it in Juvy, Duke?  
I always meant to come and visit  
you, you know.

DUKE  
Thanks, Otto.

OTTO  
No, I really did. I don't know  
why I never got around to it.  
You looking for a job?

DUKE  
Haven't decided. Why?

OTTO  
Maybe I can get you mine. ~~Safeway's~~  
cool and you can rip off liquor.

*WATER SUGAR  
PIC 'N' PAJ  
Apartment  
S. American  
Supermarket!!*

DUKE  
I'm not going to take your job.

KEVIN  
(sucking on the bong)  
It isn't up to him. He's got to  
go and fight the fucking Mexicans.

OTTO  
Guatemalans.

DUKE  
You signed up? What are you, crazy?

OTTO  
I didn't sign up. I registered.  
I thought everyone was going to.

DUKE spits. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees ARCHIE  
emerging from the BEDROOM. DUKE gets up.

DUKE  
I'll be right back.

KEVIN  
I think you done the right thing, Otto.  
I mean, we're all gonna get killed anyway.  
If the Government decides there's got to  
be a war, well, then, there's got to be  
a war, right? I mean, if you can't trust  
your leaders, who you gonna trust? The  
RUSSIANS? Now if I was you --  
(ZAP!)

Oh wow. Am I stoned.

*NB  
KEVIN  
MUST  
say  
this.*

ARCHIE opens the refrigerator. OTTO notices him.

OTTO  
You finished in there?

ARCHIE  
She's all yours.

(cf AP50 & video)  
re SOXISM  
: inappropriate?)

BEDROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO enters with another beer. He turns the light on.

DUKE is making love to DEBBI.

OTTO watches, turns the light off, leaves.

Kevin should appear again.

STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO staggers past factory walls. He carries five beers.  
He has no destination.

OTTO  
(singing)  
We got nothin better to do  
Than watch TV, have a couple of brews

OTTO sits down on the corner. Gray light steals across the sky. The street lights start to flicker out.

OTTO  
We're gonna have a TV party tonight  
All right!  
We're gonna have a TV party all right  
Tonight!  
Don't care about anythin else  
We don't wanna know  
We're gonna watch  
Our favorite shows  
JEFFERSONS! MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL!  
SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE! DALLAS!

The first rays of sunlight catch the metal rails.  
OTTO gets up and starts walking again.

LIGHTS ON BRUKE TO OFF.

ALLEY EXTERIOR MORNING

OTTO shambles along. He won't admit it but he's lost.  
A DOG pads towards him. OTTO extends a hand - then hastily  
retracts it - the DOG already has a HUMAN HAND in its mouth.

OTTO hurries past a nearly-new CUTLASS SUPREME.  
Spits on the windshield en passant.

BUD'S VOICE  
(from nowhere)  
HEY PUNK!

OTTO whirls. The alley is deserted. OTTO continues on his way.

BUD'S VOICE  
Hey, punk! You deaf or something!

OTTO whirls again. BUD leans against the Cutlass.  
Nervous yet nonchalant, he chainsmokes Commanders.

OTTO  
No. Are you blind?

BUD  
Not hardly. See myself a bright  
young kid who wants to make ten  
fast bucks. Am I right?

OTTO  
Fuck off queer.

OTTO stamps indignantly away. BUD falls into step beside him.  
Offers him a cigarette.

BUD  
You got the wrong idea, son.  
Smoke Commanders?

OTTO  
Naturally.

BUD  
HAVE ONE OF MINE. See, my old  
lady's real sick. I've got to  
get her to the hospital.

OTTO  
So take her there.

BUD  
What? And leave my OTHER CAR behind?  
This is a BAD NEIGHBORHOOD. I need  
some helpful soul to drive it for me.  
So I can get my old lady to the  
hospital. She's pregnant, see.  
Could drop (the kid) at any time --

OTTO  
How much you gonna give me?

BUD  
Fifteen bucks.

OTTO  
Twenty.

BUD  
Twenty-five.

OTTO is taken aback. BUD jangles the CAR KEYS.

BUD  
You follow me in my old lady's car.  
It isn't far.

OTTO  
(accepting keys)  
Okay. Where's your old lady at?

BUD  
I'll get her on the way. Right now  
the most important thing is to get  
both my cars outta this BAD AREA.  
Right?

CUTLASS SUPREME INTERIOR DAY

OTTO gets inside. He turns the radio on, hunts for a good station.  
Up the alley, BUD climbs into his CHEVY IMPALA and starts the motor.

RADIO VOICE  
-- confirmed reports that radiation  
levels in Los Angeles have risen  
drastically during the last month.  
A spokesman for the NRC said this  
was normal for the time of year --

BUD hits the horn. OTTO ignores him, switches stations lazily.  
Unseen by him, TWO OLD PEOPLE emerge from the adjacent house.

They point at OTTO in the car. BUD takes off up the street.

ALLEY EXTERIOR DAY

The OLD MAN grabs the door handle. The OLD LADY calls out to  
her neighbors. OTTO gapes and locks the door. He churns the  
engine. It catches and the CUTLASS surges forth.

OLD MAN  
Hijo de puta!

He loses his footing, falls. The OLD LADY hurls her ROSARY  
after the car. It catches on the fender, dragging in the dirt.

BUD turns the corner. OTTO does likewise.

BETTER OTTO FINDS  
IT ON MIRROR, &  
THROWS IT OUT.

10 CUTLASS INTERIOR DAY

OTTO looks behind him. His PURSUERS are nowhere to be seen. A DIABOLICAL GRIN steals across his face.

FREEZE FRAME. Across the screen unfold the dread words,

# REPO MAN

credits roll.

17 REPO OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

MARLENE sits at the dispatcher's desk. A gorgeous black woman in designer attire. She looks like she does not have a social life. She speaks into the phone.

MARLENE

Helping Hand Acceptance Corporation,  
Marlene speaking. Suspected delinquent  
Pinto sighted by ScanCar operatives on  
Broadway and Electric. Why don't you  
check it out when you're thru with  
the Porsche?

OLY's feet are on the table. OLY is very fat and obviously in charge. He always wears a t-shirt advertising beer. He smokes Commanders. His desk is piled with unfiled papers and crushed cans.

Opposite OLY stands MINER, a leather-coated black man with a boxer's build. MINER and his girlfriend DELILAH wait while OLY contemplates a piece of paper in his hand.

OLY

I don't have this car. You  
better try another yard.

MINER

Don't bullshit me. It's  
sitting right outside.

OLY

You think I don't know what I got  
out there? That ain't your car.

MINER

I brought the money, mister.  
Let me have the keys.

PLETTSCHNER, an oily COP, is sitting in the corner. The kind of COP that likes to hang out in the towing yard when he isn't at work.

ORIGIN OF PLETTSCHNER  
 "Piettershner" BADRO (obviously not his name) of LAPD  
 REPORTING AS Police records. MISPRINT = "L"

PLETTSCHNER

You need a hand, Oly, you let me know.

OLY

I don't need a hand.

OLY stares unblinkingly at MINER. MINER stares unblinkingly at OLY. IMPASSE. A squeal of brakes outside.

15 REPO YARD EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO follows BUD into the yard. BUD padlocks the gate and goes into the office. OTTO gets out of the CUTLASS.

MILLER drags an OILY DRUM across the concrete. MILLER is slick with grease and gasoline and always smoking. He pulls wool sweaters, spectacles, sandwiches and such out of the cars and dumps them in his DRUM. The DRUM is labeled PERSONAL AFFECTS.

LITE, a handsome REPO OPERATIVE, sits in the front seat of a BUICK meticulously combing his hair. He ignores OTTO's stare.

19 OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

BUD freezes in the doorway. Electric tension in the air. OLY jingles MINER's keys in his hand. Finally -

OLY

You talking 'bout an LTD convertible?

MINER

Damn right I am. Took me six weeks to raise the money, man.

OLY

(sighing)

Best car in my yard...

OLY grabs MINER's money and give him the keys. MINER registers surprise.

OLY

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

MINER

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

They understand each other. MINER leads DELILAH out to get their car.

PLETTSCHNER

Live in a Cadillac, sleep in a tent...  
 (looks for approval. Gets none)



BUD  
I'm all out of Contract Driver Forms.  
Oly, give me one of yours.

OLY  
Sure, Bud. Gimme a buck.

MARLENE  
(into phone)  
LAPD? I want to report a repo in  
the West Palms District. What  
street was the car on, Bud?

BUD  
Some alley. Hey, punk --  
(as OTTO enters)  
What street was the Cutlass on?

OTTO  
I don't know. What happened to  
your old lady? I thought we  
were going to the hospital.

BUD  
Forgot all about her. She can ride  
the bus. I'm Bud. This here is Oly.  
The lady's name is Marlene. What's yours?

OTTO  
Otto.

OLY  
AUTO? AUTO PARTS! HAHAHAAAA!  
(he tosses BUD a beer)

MARLENE  
You got a driver's license?  
Let me see it.  
(OTTO gives it to her)  
Are you really 21?

OTTO  
It says so, doesn't it?

The phone rings. OLY picks it up.

OLY  
Helping Hand. Whhaahuh? Oh YEAH?  
You're fuckin' right we ripped your car,  
asshole! Wanna know who told us  
where it was? YOUR GODDAMN BROTHER!

He slams the phone down. Favors OTTO with his sweetest smile.

OTTO  
You guys - I think - you're REPO MEN.

THUNDER. Sky grows dark. Dog whines.

OLY  
What if we are.

OTTO  
Well, fuck! Well - shit! Being  
a repo man's like ... being a LANDLORD!

BUD  
Want to know something? When I see  
someone looks the way you do, my first  
reaction is, I wanna REARRANGE HIS FACE.  
Buy y'know what?  
(in unison with OLY)  
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

They laugh and splatter OTTO with their beer.  
He backs towards the door.

OLY  
Hey, where you going? Have a beer.  
Maybe he's looking for a job, huh Budski?

BUD  
Could be. We're always on the  
lookout for a Few Good Men.

OTTO  
Already got a job! Ain't gonna be  
a repo man! No way!

BUD  
It's too late. You already are.

BUD fans out FIVE CRISPY NEW NOTES. OTTO grabs the money and  
jams out the door - pursued by a shower of beer.

REPO YARD EXTERIOR DAY

MILLER removes a RIFLE from the Cutlass, drops it in his drum.  
He beckons to OTTO, holding out a little blue XMAS TREE AIR FRESHENER.

MILLER  
Find one in every car. You'll see.

MILLER presses the AIR FRESHENER into OTTO's hand.  
He grins. He has no teeth. OTTO vaults the fence --

*OTTO is a TUFF  
ENUF - he should  
get back at the  
POOR BSBK  
ON FLOOR.*

STREET            EXTERIOR            DAY

OTTO runs FAST MOTION up the street, kilt flying.  
Storm clouds boil and freight trains howl.            THUNDER.

BEDROOM            INTERIOR            DAY

The TELEPHONE is ringing.            Gradually DEBBI wakes.            She scrapes  
 mascara from her eyes and feels for the phone.            Next door the  
 RECORD NEEDLE scratches endlessly.

DEBBI  
 (into phone)  
 Hullo?

OTTO'S VOICE  
 Hey, Debbi!            This is Otto.  
 How about some BRUNCH!

DEBBI  
 Otto?

Puzzled, she contemplates the LUMPY SHAPE beneath the bedclothes.  
 She prods it once or twice.

DUKE'S VOICE  
 Duke.

PHONE BOOTH            INTERIOR            DAY

OTTO, still somewhat breathless, pants into the phone.

OTTO  
 -- so anyway it's a long story but  
 the thing is I've got twenty five  
 bucks so let's go out and blow it  
 all on champagne brunch whaddyasay  
 hello?

BEDROOM            INTERIOR            DAY

The phone lies off the hook among the scattered clothes.  
 Sounds of action drift down from the bed.

OTTO'S VOICE  
 Debbi?            Wanna go?            Hello?

SAFEWAY            EXTERIOR            DAY

OTTO jumps down from a smoking BUS and sprints across the parking  
 lot.            He tears off his punk attire as he runs.

SAFEWAY INTERIOR DAY

OTTO confronts the TIME CLOCK. His card has not been punched. Cursing, he clocks in late. He pulls his cheerful apron on and marches up the aisle. KEVIN is stacking a PYRAMID OF CANS.

OTTO

Thanks for punching me in, asshole.

KEVIN

We're not supposed to do that, Otto. I don't make the rules.

OTTO

(starting to price the cans)  
Got your DRAFT NOTICE yet?

KEVIN

No. Be careful how you price those cans. You know Mr Humphries likes them equidistant --

(OTTO curses MR HUMPHRIES)  
-- and I think he's right. You can't be too attentive in a job like this - not if you want to be ASSISTANT MANAGER before you're twenty five...

COMBINE  
WITH  
GARLICK  
SCORE?

OTTO considers hitting KEVIN. Suddenly MR ASSISTANT MANAGER HUMPHRIES arrives, accompanied by an ARMED GUARD.

HUMPHRIES

Otto, you were late again today. Normally I'd let it go, but it's been brought to my attention that you're also pricing the cans on the bottoms instead of the tops. Stockboy's Manual clearly states on Page seventy nine that cans are to be priced on the upper --

BIG CU of OTTO. Teeth grinding, veins about to burst...

JUNGLE EXTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO, in full combat gear, pulls the pin out of a HAND GRENADE. He hurls the bomb into the screeching foliage with a banshee cry.

SAFEWAY INTERIOR DAY

The PYRAMID OF CANS collapses from OTTO's KARATE KICK. KEVIN is buried underneath. The GUARD draws his gun. OTTO raises his hands and trudges silently towards the EXIT.:

OTTO'S PARENTS' HOUSE EXTERIOR NIGHT

Another BUS slides past. OTTO approaches a walled, grafitti'd Huntingdon Beach-style bunker. Spotlight and video camera above the door. Rattle of countless KEYS.

OTTO'S PARENTS' HOUSE INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO lets himself in. HIS PARENTS are hunched on the sofa. They wear pastel robes and stare at REV. LARRY FALLOW, a TV evangelist, haranguing the midnight millions from the SCREEN.

REV LARRY

The Lord has told me personally, yea! For I walk with the Lord, amen! Larry, he said, you and your flock shall see the PROMISED LAND! But only if you first destroy the TWIN ABOMINATIONS of Communism abroad and Liberal Humanism at home! Joyous Halleluyah SMASH 'EM DOWN!!

*f*  
*San Yuray Show*  
*Rev Larry =*  
*Sam's cohorts?*

OTTO passes a hand in front of his FATHER's eyes. No response.

GARAGE INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO beds down between his parents' FOURTH AND FIFTH CARS. He lights a joint and smokes it, contemplatively.

REV LARRY

(thru the wall)

I see ... a sickly child, that's weakly and in pain! MY FRIENDS! Bring forth that sickly child and thrust him 'gainst my HEALING HANDS! YEA! Press your child's face against the TELEVISION SCREEN!

*listen to what he says (what?)*  
*Downstairs!*  
*hours!*

OTTO finishes the joint. He puts his walkman headphones on, turns the light out, goes to sleep.

VIDEO ARCADE INTERIOR DAY

DOZENS OF YOUTHS play stand-up VIDEO GAMES. OTTO is one of them. A HAND descends on OTTO's shoulder. An ARMY SERGEANT marches OTTO to a door which bears the SELECTIVE SERVICE LOGO and the word INTERVIEWS. He raps smartly on the door --

INTERVIEW ROOM INTERIOR DAY

OTTO shakes hands with CAPTAIN BELLKNAP. BELLKNAP is blond and friendly and sits behind a desk laden with STAR WARS TOYS.



SIGNUP FOR  
WAR....

The stern female CAPTAIN DANVERS watches from the sidelines.  
BELLKNAP hangs onto OTTO's hand and starts to FINGERPRINT HIM.

BELLKNAP

Otto, isn't it? I'm Captain Bellknap,  
your Service Careers Counsellor. This  
is Captain Danvers. Please sit down.

OTTO looks for a chair. There are none.

DANVERS

TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF!!

BELLKNAP

Do you mind? It seems you made  
out excellently in the tests...

OTTO

(starting to strip)  
I haven't taken any tests.

BELLKNAP

Yes you have. You scored six  
figures in the Master Space Invaders  
and a high 9.99 on Napalm Strike.

OTTO

Those are only games.

BELLKNAP

What else is War, Otto? What else  
is LIFE? Give me your other hand.

OTTO gives it to him. The FINGERPRINTING continues. CAPTAIN  
DANVERS drops his clothes in a chute. OTTO unbuttons his shirt.

DANVERS

Do you take drugs?

OTTO

All the time.

BELLKNAP

Try some of this Thai Weed. You'll  
find there's plenty of drug use in  
the Modern Military. Not just this  
pussy pot, either. Most of our boys  
are strung out on MAN'S DRUGS like  
STP and Heroin. Think you're ready  
to move up to HEROIN, son?

OTTO

No sir.

DANVERS

DON'T BE SO FUCKING CHEEKY!!

... &  
DRUGS!

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



OTTO removes his shirt. Carved on his chest are the words,  
I WANT TO DIE. He waits for the CAPTAINS to react to them.  
 They don't.

BELLKNAP

Take this towel and report to Transit  
 Level Seven. We'll have you on the  
 train to Boot Camp in an hour.

OTTO

What? What about the physical?

DANVERS

You passed.

OTTO

But don't I get to go home first?  
 What about my friends and loved ones?  
 I don't have to leave now, do I?

BELLKNAP

(arm round OTTO's shoulder)  
 Nobody HAS TO do anything in This  
 Man's Army, son. We do things  
 because we WANT TO...

DANVERS

ON THE DOUBLE! HUP! TWO! FOUR!

OTTO

I got to take a pee.

The CAPTAINS lurk outside the BATHROOM DOOR.  
 A TOILET flushes endlessly inside.

FIRE ESCAPE EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO climbs out of a window, hurtles hell-for-leather down the  
 metal steps clad only in his TOWEL. He leaps the last ten feet  
 and runs along the alley - joins the street and starts to walk -

BROADWAY EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO ambles along the busy thoroughfare in bare feet and TOWEL.  
 A CHEVY IMPALA cruises alongside. BUD winds the window down.

BUD

Goin' to a TOGA PARTY? Jump in.  
 I owe you a ride.

(OTTO gets in the car)

So. Did you CHANGE YOUR MIND?

*"Be An...  
 the Capt -  
 in the...  
 CLK CLK  
 CLK CLK"*

CUT TO:

OTTO'S ~~ALTERNATIVE~~ ~~CAR~~ (TIT&)

IMPALA INTERIOR DAY

Crucifixes hang from the mirror. Scraps of paper, cigarettes are scattered on the dashboard, jammed behind the shades.

OTTO

How much does a REPO MAN get paid?

BUD

Some weeks you won't make nothing. Depends how many cars you rip. Most vehicles are worth two or three hundred bucks. Fifty thousand dollar Porsche might make you two grand...

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

BUD is still driving. OTTO sits beside him in his towel.

BUD

First thing to remember is, keep your doors locked at all times. Ripping cars can take you into some BAD NEIGHBORHOODS. Helps if you look like a detective. Detectives, they dress FAIRLY SQUARE. If people look at you and think, this guy's a cop, they're gonna think you're PACKING SOMETHING. That way they won't fuck with you so fast.

OTTO

And are you?

BUD

Am I what.

OTTO

Packing something.

BUD

Don't be silly. Only an asshole gets killed for a car.

PHONE BOOTH EXTERIOR DUSK

OTTO makes like a detective. BUD shouts into the phone.

BUD

I don't believe you, Dolores! If you sent us a money order you can show me a RECEIPT! And right away! It's that or else I'm gonna come and take your wheels, just like last -- HELLO?

The phone is dead. He slams it down and picks it up again.  
 Inserts another dime. Nothing. Another dime. The same.

BUD  
 RIGHT THEN!!

BUD pulls a TIRE IRON from the rear seat of the car.  
 He proceeds to SMASH THE PHONE. OTTO joins in enthusiastically.

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE converse and dine outside the ROSE CAFE.  
 PULL FOCUS to OTTO and BUD snorting lines of CRANK off the glove  
 compartment door.

BUD  
 There ain't a repo man I know don't  
 do this stuff. The guys that make  
 it in the REPO WORLD are the ones  
 that'll get up and get in their cars  
 at any time. Get home at 3 a.m., get  
 up at four.  
 (LAUGHTER drifts over from the ROSE)  
 Ordinary people. How I hate 'em.

OTTO  
 Me too. I hate 'em too.

BUD  
 You got no right to hate 'em - YET.  
 Ordinary person spends his life  
 avoiding tense situations. Repo Man  
 spends HIS life getting into 'em.  
 Let's stop off for a CLUB.

*choose other name,  
 non-product-specific.*

LIQUOR STORE EXTERIOR NIGHT

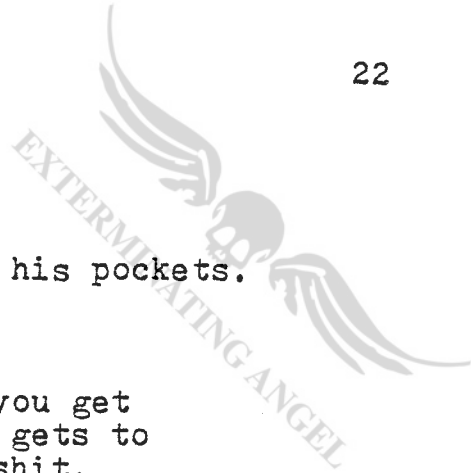
DUKE and DEBBI sitting in a beat-up car. They smoke Shermans.  
 DUKE is spaced. DEBBI is hot and impatient.

DUKE  
 You don't have to. If you don't want to.

DEBBI  
 I want to, Duke. Right now.

The IMPALA pulls up. BUD and OTTO enter the LIQUOR STORE.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL  
 (VENICE, CA.)



LIQUOR STORE INTERIOR NIGHT

Four cans of CLUB on the counter. OTTO digs in his pockets.  
BUD waves OTTO's offering aside.

BUD

Tense situations, kid. When you get into five or six of 'em a day, gets to the point where it don't mean shit. I've seen men stabbed. Didn't mean shit. Guns don't mean shit either. That's when you got to WATCH YOURSELF. A pack of Commanders.

STOREKEEPER

Need a bag?

CAR INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO and BUD drive off. DUKE and DEBBI still sitting in their car.

DUKE

I don't know why I want to do it. Nothing else turns me on, I guess. Music's just shit. It hasn't changed in all the time I was in Juvy. Sex is okay but you can't do it all day and it's kinda boring too. I used to dig the movies. CALIGULA. That was a good flick. They cut a dude's prick off, for real --

*Handwritten notes:*  
4425 M25  
AMMUNITION  
(2 CARTR) W/RY DUES NOW STRIKE

DEBBI

Stop stalling, Duke. Let's GO.

She gets out of the car and dons a SKI MASK. DUKE follows her. They shoulder SHOTGUNS, walk towards the store --

*Handwritten notes:*  
OTTO & BUD

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO is driving now. BUD scans the glittering OIL REFINERIES.

BUD

If it's a new car you can get the keys off of the dealer. Otherwise you have to call the tow truck. It's HEARTBREAKING to be there waiting for the truck and see the asshole come out of his house and drive away. But once you got that baby jacked up --

(DISTANT GUNSHOTS)

-- man, she's YOURS!

VENICE, CA

SPEEDWAY ) EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO is on the telephone to a client. Behind him, BUD stands between MR PACMAN, another client, and the TOW TRUCK. MR PACMAN's Ford Fiesta hangs from the tow truck's crane.

OTTO  
(into phone)  
I don't BELIEVE YOU, Amos! You better make a payment now or else you're gonna lose that car. I know where you live and where you work. I know where your parents live and where your girlfriend's house is. I know --

PACMAN  
(to BUD)  
There's no way you're going to take this car. Absolutely no way.

BUD  
(consulting notes)  
Are you Miss Ann Simmons?

PACMAN  
Obviously not. My name is Arthur Pacman. Ann is my daughter. You'll have to take this matter up with her.

BUD  
Don't think I haven't tried. She hasn't been in touch with us for four months. I've been SKIP TRACING on this car all over town.

PACMAN  
My daughter has been sick. The damn car isn't running anyway. I'm sure that's why she hasn't paid you.

BUD  
She could have called and told us. All I can say to you is call my branch manager. I'll abide by what he says.

PACMAN looks at his car. BUD looks at the seagulls.

PACMAN  
You think I'm stupid? If I go inside you're going to tow my car away.

BUD  
I'm not going to do that, sir. I'm  
going to wait right here until you've  
spoken to him...

PACMAN thinks this over. He nods assent and goes inside his  
house. BUD signals to the driver, jumps in the IMPALA,  
summons OTTO with the horn.

The TOW TRUCK and the CHEVY tear away.

IMPALA INTERIOR DAY

BUD and OTTO toss back Clubs. They follow the Tow Truck east.

BUD  
You may think I broke my word to that  
guy. I don't see it that way.

OTTO  
I don't fucking care --

BUD  
CODE OF THE REPO MAN is what I live by.  
There is only one rule. "I shall not  
cause harm to any motor vehicle, nor  
thru inaction allow that vehicle to  
come to harm." I got no respect for  
somebody that doesn't pay his bills.  
Credit is a sacred trust that shouldn't  
be abused. It's what our Free Society  
is founded on.

OTTO  
You think these people understand that?  
Hell, Bud. They're still living in  
the trees...

The TEMPERATRUE drops suddenly. BUD glares at OTTO. OTTO  
grins. BUD's right arm lashes out and catches OTTO on the nose -

BUD  
Right turn.

OTTO  
Owwwwmmmy nose, man. You hit me  
in the face, man, oowwww ...

BUD  
I guess I forgot to tell you, Otto.  
I won't have any BIGOTS riding in my car.



EXTERMINATING  
WHY DOES OTTO  
SAY THAT?  
THE VIEWER  
(PERHAPS) HAS  
A LIBERAL  
CONSCIENCE --  
BUT DOES  
LAUGHING BOY?

OTTO  
But BUD! You rip their cars off!  
Blacks and Mexicans! If that  
ain't BIGOTED, what is!

BUD  
I repo cars from idiots. I do this  
in the Barrio and in Bel Air. I rip  
cars irrespective of the idiot's  
class, color or creed --

OTTO  
Oh yeah? Well where's the BLACK  
MEN on your team!

BUD  
WANT ME TO LET YOU OFF RIGHT HERE?

He slams the brakes on. Cars hurtle past them, honking.

OTTO  
You're on the FREEWAY, man!

BUD  
Want OUT? DO YOU?

OTTO  
No.

BUD puts the car in gear. They gather speed.

BUD  
Commander.  
(OTTO gives him one)  
There's gonna be some bad shit coming  
down one of these days. Catch all these  
Sunday drivers with their pants down.

OTTO  
(sullen)  
What d'you mean.

BUD  
This whole deal's gonna fall apart.  
Freeways clogged and airports grounded.  
End of the fucking Western World.  
All of a sudden, one fine afternoon.

OTTO  
Oh yeah? And where d'you think  
YOU'RE gonna be? The MOON?

BUD  
 Don't you worry about me. I got  
 my spot all picked out. Somewhere  
 I can hole up when the shit comes d --

A car flashes by in the opposing lane. BUD's eyes narrow.  
 He squints into the rearview mirror --

BUD  
 Quick as you can, ace. Read me  
 the license number on that black  
 Falcon going the other way.

OTTO  
 Falcon ... ah ... uh ... ITT 573.  
 What is it, Bud?

BUD  
 It's the RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS!

CARTOON FREEWAY      EXTERIOR      DAY

The IMPALA cuts across three lanes of traffic and makes a HARD  
 U-TURN straight thru the central divider. Oncoming Autos  
 swerve and collide. A PETERBILT rear-ends a PINTO. BUS  
 carrying CHURCH CHOIR turns over and bursts into flames.

The IMPALA clears itself a lane and burns after the FALCON.

From above, we see it gaining ground...

THE ANIMATION SEQUENCE ENDS.

FALCON      INTERIOR      DAY

The two RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS, NAPO and LAGARTO, stare ahead.  
 LAGARTO is huge and hairy. NAPO is small and suave.  
 Two black dice hang from the rearview mirror.

BUD tailgates them, hooting and flashing his lights.

LAGARTO  
 Accelera, Napo.

NAPO puts his foot down. ← BUD's car disappears behind the horizon.

NAPO  
 Si.

IMPALA      INTERIOR      DAY

OTTO's mouth hangs open. He stares at the receding car.

Post-CARTOON

SEQU...

THEY BECOME

AGENTS AGAIN...

OTTO  
Wo ... fu ... whuh ...  
Where'd they go?

BUD  
FUCKING GYPSY HOT-ROD PUNKS!  
(he beats the steering wheel)  
Let's go get another (CLUB.)

LIQUOR STORE INTERIOR DAY

DEBBI backs towards the door. DUKE holds it open. Both wear ski masks and pack .45s. DEBBI fires a shot into the ceiling. They take off running. The door slams.

It opens again. OTTO and BUD enter and pick up CLUBS. As usual, BUD won't let OTTO pay.

OTTO  
So who are these Rodriguez boys?

BUD  
The Rodriguez BROTHERS. Lagarto and Napoleon. Two notorious delinquents responsible for at least thirty vehicles currently in the field.

OTTO  
THIRTY? How did they manage that?

CAL WORTHINGTON EXTERIOR DAY

(STILL CARTOON)

The RODRIGUEZ BROS are seen talking to CAL. They act gullible and attentive. CAL extolls the virtues of a clapped-out VEGA.

BUD'S VOICE  
What they do is this. One of them buys a hundred dollar junker and they pay it off on time. Never miss a payment. Now they got a perfect CREDIT RECORD. Dig?

RODRIGUEZ BROS again talking to CAL. This time they are studying a gleaming row of top-of-the-line custom sedans.

BUD'S VOICE  
A week later they come back looking for another car. They sign the papers and ride outta there in a brand new Chrysler LE BARON. With no money down.

IMPALA

INTERIOR

DAY

(Action)

BUD

And that's the last the dealer ever sees of 'em. Three missed payments later, it's another job for REPO MAN.

OTTO

The FIENDS!

BUD

You making fun of me?  
(he slams the brakes on)

NO!!

OTTO

[SUDDEN, ABRUPT EXAGGERATED FACE]

LAUNDROMAT

EXTERIOR

DAY

A CADILLAC pulls up outside the ThriftiWash. PEASON, a white aggressive businesstype, opens his trunk and extracts a large wad of DIRTY JOGGING SUITS and ALLIGATOR SHIRTS. He enters the laundromat.

Across the street, BUD hands OTTO the KEYS. OTTO dashes across the parking lot. He opens the door, jumps in, inserts the ignition key. The MOTOR starts first time.

PEASON gets into an argument about the washers. OTTO drives his CADILLAC away.

CADILLAC

INTERIOR

DAY

OTTO experiments with the Cadillac's electric heat controls and windows. The interior is dirty and the plastic trim hangs loose.

OTTO is so immersed in OPULENCE that he fails to notice a dark-haired woman step into the street. LEILA.

She screams. He swerves and brakes.

STREET

EXTERIOR

DAY

LEILA wails and hammers on the hood. OTTO leaps out and tries to stop her damaging his car. She kicks the fender.

LEILA

You almost killed me! MURDERER!

OTTO

I'm sorry - please don't punch my car  
- look - this is a BAD NEIGHBORHOOD -  
can I offer you a RIDE?

CADILLAC INTERIOR DAY

OTTO lights two Commanders, offers LEILA one. She shakes her head. He puts it, lit, behind his ear.

LEILA  
Are you going to be nice?

OTTO  
Of course. I'm not one of those creeps. I'm OTTO.  
(locks the doors)

LEILA  
Leila. Is this your car?  
Are you a gangster?

OTTO  
It's my manager's. I'm in a band.  
We're called VICTIM OF THE STATE.

LEILA  
Do you play the Roxy?

OTTO  
All the time.

LEILA  
WOW! Want to smoke some dope?  
What do your parents do?

OTTO  
(proudly)  
They're both dead. My mother was a child psychologist. She committed suicide. My father was, like, an explorer. He got eaten by a lion --

OTTO'S  
STORY  
OF  
HIMSELF  
(expand  
this  
AOL)

ANOTHER CAR INTERIOR DAY

CLOSING on the CADILLAC - OTTO oblivious up ahead -

CADILLAC INTERIOR DAY

OTTO smokes joint and Commander concurrently. The other cigarette burns steadily behind his ear.

OTTO  
-- of course I'm not saying I can TALK to animals. But I can make 'em understand me. I guess it has to do with me being born in AFRICA, so close to the jungle --

(THESE LINES  
ARE V.  
IMPORTANT  
DON'T, IN THIS  
TURKEY-BURLY,  
FORGET TO  
INCLUDE  
'EM.)

LEILA

Gee, Otto. You've really been around.  
Animal trainer, faro dealer, mercenary,  
spy. Now you're a PUNK ROCK STAR --

OTTO

Well music's where my head is really at.  
I guess I'm in the vanguard of the POST  
APOCALYPTIC SENSIBILITY. You know?

She nods encouragingly. The OTHER CAR draws level with them.  
LEILA glances at it -- and DIVES BETWEEN OTTO'S KNEES --

OTTO

Uh - Leila - what - ?

LEILA

Those people in the car next to us.  
They're after me, Otto. They  
want to KILL ME...

OTTO

Really? Why?

LEILA

Because of THIS.

Her hand appears, holding a PHOTOGRAPH. OTTO considers it.

OTTO

It looks like ... sausage.

LEILA

Otto, it's ALIENS. Four dead aliens.  
Their UFO came down in 1947 in a  
lightning storm. The Air Force kept  
them on ice till a few months ago.  
But now the secret's OUT.

OTTO

What's this got to do with you being  
KILLED?

LEILA

I know too much. I know where the  
aliens ARE. If they see me, I'm  
dead. And you are, too.

OTTO

Oh --

(the Commander BURNS HIS EAR)  
OWWW! FUCKING HELL!!



The driver of the adjacent car looks round. It's CAPTAIN  
 BELLKNAP. CAPTAIN DANVERS sits alongside. DANVERS tries  
 to grab his arm --

OTTO  
 OH SHIT!

He hurls the Cadillac into an alley. BELLKNAP cuts across  
 the lane and follows him. OTTO swings into another alley.  
 A TRUCK is backing out. OTTO cuts past the truck, puts his  
 foot down --

-- from behind him comes an auto-rending CRUNCH!

CADILLAC EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO turns into another alley. LEILA does not reappear.  
 OTTO starts to get distracted. He takes his hands off the  
 steering wheel. He grips the armrests. The lights flash  
 and the windows power up and down...

The Cadillac glides to a halt. OTTO disappears beneath  
 the dashboard too. Random hands and body parts are seen.

LEILA'S VOICE  
 These aliens are in the trunk of  
 someone's car. We were supposed  
 to meet up Tuesday but he hasn't shown.  
 I'm afraid something's happened to him.  
 Otto, I have to find that car. I have  
 to get the bodies shown on NATIONAL TV...

SANTA MONICA CLIFFS EXTERIOR DAY

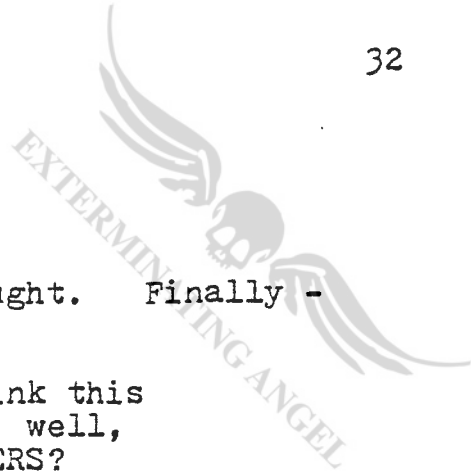
OTTO opens her door. LEILA steps out of the car. They  
 shake hands formally. Totally dishevelled, wearing each other's  
 clothes...

OTTO  
 This friend of yours. What  
 kind of car is he driving?

LEILA  
 A Chevy Malibu. With New Mexico plates.

SWISH PAN to the CHEVY MALIBU gliding thru a CAR WASH.  
 The TRUNK of the car steams...

OTTO'S VOICE  
 Why don't you let me have your number.  
 I know some people in the motor trade.



IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

BUD drives. OTTO sits beside him, deep in thought. Finally -

OTTO

Bud? I know you're gonna think this is a dumb question, but, like, well, do you believe in FLYING SAUCERS?

BUD

Why do you ask.

OTTO

Oh, no reason. Just something to talk about. You know.

BUD

I saw a flying saucer once. On Xmas. I was up on Saddleback, looking for a Buick Skylark. Never found the car. On the way back I got lost. Got out and tried to find my bearings by the stars. Then suddenly there was this noise. And colored lights. I never saw colors like that. I thought I dreamed it afterwards. But it was real.

BUD VTO  
STORY  
COMMODITY  
FLASHBACK  
TO

OTTO moistens his lips. BUD tosses back a Club. He turns and stares at OTTO really hard.

BUD

You ever tell the boys about this, kid, I'll kill you.

OTTO

I won't tell anybody, Bud. I swear -

BUD

YOU FUCKING LITTLE ASSHOLE!  
I NEVER SHOULDA SAID A WORD!

HUGE MON SIGN  
ELECTRICAL  
TRANSFORMER  
Zapping  
BUD w/ ASIAN  
WAVES

REPO OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

OLY and MARLENE stare at the COMPUTER MONITOR. Their eyes glow with avarice. They frown with disbelief. PLETTSCHENER drains coffee syrup from the urn.

OLY

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS for a repo?  
Got to be a joke --

MARLENE

SCAR Central doesn't have a sense of humor. Maybe the decimal slipped.

She punches buttons on the board. The READOUT reappears.

OLY  
Twenty thousand dollars for a Chevy  
Malibu. Who's this Acme Finance?

MARLENE  
I don't know. They're on the level,  
though. I called Sixth Interstate.  
The money's already in escrow.  
Want me to get ahold of Bud?

OLY  
(slowly)  
Nah... He's always bitching 'bout  
his caseload. We'll give him an  
easy afternoon.

MARLENE  
How about Lite and Miller?  
And the Punk?

OLY shakes his head. He presses the ERASE button.  
The READOUT disappears. OLY dons his stetson, lumbers  
towards the door.

MARLENE  
We out of beer, chief?

OLY  
No. Why.

MARLENE  
Oh, I don't know.  
You're going OUT...

OLY grunts and exits. The door slams.

THE ELLISON      EXTERIOR      EVENING

BUD pulls up in the dirt parking lot. He locks the car,  
opens the security gate with his SKELETON KEY. The elevator  
is boarded up. Lugging his briefcase, he starts up the stairs.

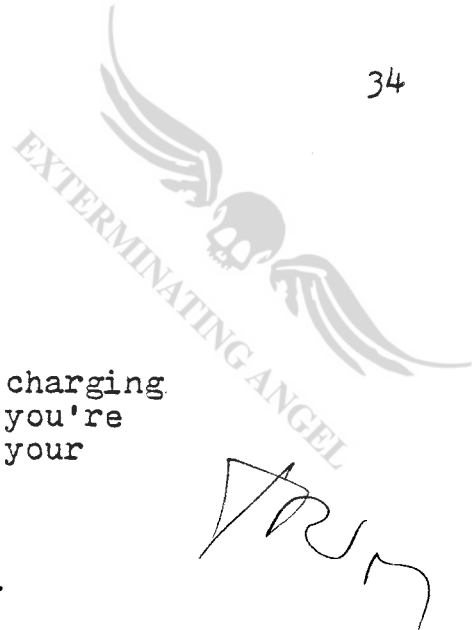
HALLWAY      EXTERIOR      EVENING

BUD stands on the threshold peering past the chain at the  
unseen HOUSEHOLDER within. Halloween decor.

BUD  
Lagarto Rodriguez.

EXTREMINATING ANGEL

Put OTTO IN  
SCENE



HOUSEHOLDER  
Doesn't live here any more.

BUD  
But he's still around. And charging  
gas all over town. I'm sure you're  
gonna see him, seeing as he's your  
brother-in-law.

HOUSEHOLDER  
I don't know. There's been a  
death in the family.

BUD  
Good. Maybe you'll see him at the  
wake. I'm offering \$1000 for his  
Falcon. Know what I mean? A BRIBE.  
A thousand bucks to show me where  
Lagarto's car is at.

HOUSEHOLDER  
I don't know. There's been a death.  
And I been sick. You think maybe \$2000?

A SMALL GIRL squeezes past BUD, thru the door --

DESIGNER APARTMENT INTERIOR EVENING

Venetian blinds. Entirely unseedy. Sea and sunset view.  
The GIRL deposits an AMMUNITION CLIP on the table where NAPO  
is assembling a MACHINE GUN. LAGARTO pats her head.

LAGARTO  
Gracias, niña...

MARLENE stands opposite NAPO. She wears urban outlaw gear.

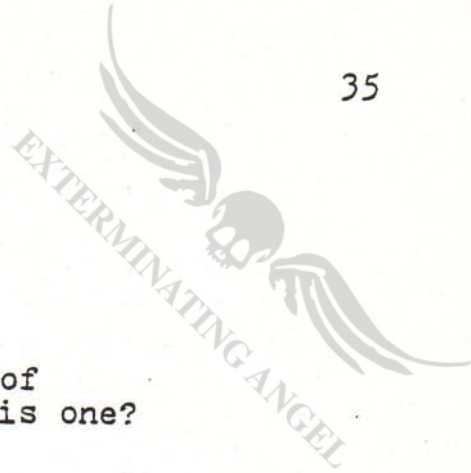
NAPO  
(studying printout)  
I never ripped this car.

MARLENE  
I know. I asked if you can find it.

NAPO  
A sixty seven Malibu with New Mexico  
plates. Hmm. Que dices, Lagarto?

LAGARTO  
No problema. Que vale?





MARLENE  
A little more than normal...  
TWENTY GRAND.

NAPO  
TWE -- !! You could buy ten of  
'em for that! What's with this one?

MARLENE  
It's the one they want.

LAGARTO  
Quien es - "THEY?"

MARLENE  
You know who they are. They is who  
they always are. They never change.

NAPO  
I don't know, Marlene. I like it  
better when we make cars disappear.  
There's something fishy about this.  
Drogas?

LAGARTO  
Rodriguez Brothers don't approve of DROGAS.

MARLENE  
Neither do I. But twenty thousand  
dollars buys a lot of guns and medical  
supplies.

NAPO  
Always thinking about our brothers  
in Central America, aren't you Marlene?  
Why.

MARLENE  
Ask yourself that question.  
Answer's gonna be the same.  
Well? Are you in or out?

NAPO  
Este...  
(looks at LAGARTO)

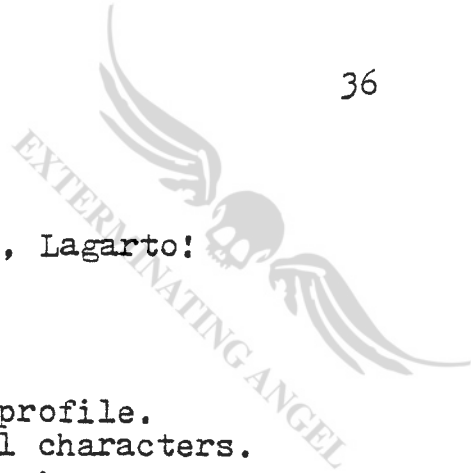
LAGARTO  
Por que no.

They all slap hands. MARLENE bends over the unfinished MACHINE GUN. She assembles it in ten seconds flat. NAPO & LAGARTO stare.

THE ELLISON EXTERIOR NIGHT

BUD is still standing on the landing. It is dark. MOONRISE.

*ISSUES over... reduction of  
MEXICAN ARMED GUN.  
DROGAS cannot work  
NOT GOOD.  
DIOT!  
DON'T TRY  
NAPO  
A MOTHER?  
WHAT DO YOU  
KNOW BE THIS  
ANYWAY?  
SIMPLIFY.*



BUD  
I don't care how long it takes, Lagarto!  
I'VE GOT ALL FUCKING NIGHT!

TV SCREEN

The features of J. FRANK appear in mug-shot and profile.  
Masses of microdata cram the screen like Oriental characters.

(MY IMPRESSION IS: COMPUTER GRAPHICS  
AREN'T AS SCARY. AS THIS ASK SO.  
WHO KNOWS? -- OR --?)

TV VAN INTERIOR NIGHT

GLORIA pulls LEILA towards the VIDEO SCREEN. GLORIA is blonde,  
severe and wears an eye patch. LEILA is shackled to a swivel  
chair. UNIFORMED GUARDS lurk menacingly in the shadows.

GLORIA  
Is that your contact?

LEILA  
I'm not going to tell you anything.

GLORIA  
This man is driving a Chevrolet Malibu.  
He's wanted in connection with the  
murder of a Highway Patrolman out of  
Tucumcari --

LEILA  
That's a LIE! That man would never  
kill anyone!

GLORIA  
So. You know what's going on.

BY NOW  
PROBABLY  
REFERENCES  
CAR?

LEILA clams up, embarrassed. GLORIA makes several MYSTIC  
PASSES with her left hand. LEILA is amazed.

LEILA  
The Secret Signal of Ezekiel!  
But ... how ..?

GLORIA  
Leila. Don't you understand?  
We're both on the same side.

LEILA makes MYSTIC PASSES of her own. GLORIA responds in kind.  
LEILA sighs and rests her head on GLORIA's shoulder...

TO NOW?

DODGE SWINGER INTERIOR NIGHT

OLY pulls into the FULL SERVICE AREA of a gas station.  
He sits knee-deep in garbage.

He grunts uncomfortably. His GUN is sticking in his back.  
He pulls it out and plants it on the dashboard. .357 MAGNUM.

The GAS STATION BOY arrives.

BOY  
Fill 'er up, sir?

OLY  
No gas. Wash the windshield.

Disgruntled, the GAS BOY sets to work. He wipes the windshield clean and sees the GUN. He stares at OLY.

BOY  
A-a-a-anything else, sir?

OLY simply stares. The BOY throws down his rag and bucket and runs off down the road. OLY chuckles, starts the car.

OLY  
Coulda blown the punk away and  
HE KNEW IT! HAHAHAHAHAAAA!

The CHEVY MALIBU glides by. OLY sees it, double-takes, and REVERSES OUT into the street in hot pursuit.

STREET EXTERIOR NIGHT

The SWINGER screeches to a halt - swings forward - stops -

The CHEVY MALIBU is nowhere to be seen.

CAR WASH INTERIOR NIGHT

The SWINGER slides past. OLY fails to notice J. FRANK's MALIBU entering the SUDS BATH. J. FRANK sits behind the wheel. Entranced, he watches the bubbles flow...

REPO YARD EXTERIOR DAY

An LTD enters the yard. MARLENE emerges from the office and spies the vehicle, which does not appear to have a driver. Then - with an electric whine - the front seat angles up and there is OTTO - lighting two Commanders.

OTTO  
Hey MARLENE! Wanna go for a RIDE?

He winks lasciviously. MARLENE walks right on by.

MARLENE  
Not right now.

EXTENDING ANGEL  
S?

Go to  
HAR.

OTTO senses something's wrong. He gets out of the car.

The REPO MEN are gathered round LITE, the handsome dandy. LITE is not so handsome today. He has a broken nose and a black eye. PLETTSCHENER lurks on the sidelines.

LITE

-- the car is sitting in the driveway, right? '79 Cobra with nine payments due. I've got the keys so I get in and fire 'er up. I lock the doors but, like, the driver's window's broken. It won't close. So there I am about to drive away when suddenly I hear a ... CLICK ...

OLY

What kind of gun was it?

LITE

The biggest one I ever seen.

OTTO

Why don't you do something about this, Plettschner? Aren't you a cop or something?

PLETTSCHNER

I'm on my coffee break.

BUD

REPO MAN don't go crying to the MAN, son! REPO MAN GOES IT ALONE!

REPO MEN

You're damn straight!  
Yes siree bob! Hot diggety!

They take huge gulps from a liter of JACK DANIELS.

MARLENE

(cynically)

Just like John Wayne.

BUD

DAMN RIGHT LIKE JOHN WAYNE!  
What's wrong with that!

MILLER

John Wayne was a fag.

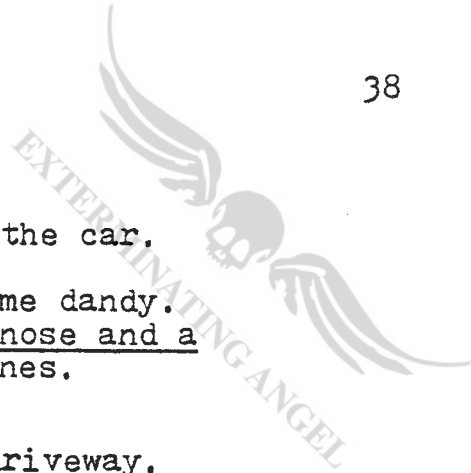
REPO MEN

(in aghast unison)

THE HELL HE WAS!

*LITE not the  
dandy - LITE  
in the original  
film... so original  
BEATEN up?*

OTTO





MILLER

He was too, you guys. I installed two-way mirrors in his pad in Brentwood. He came to the front door in a DRESS.

OLY

That doesn't mean he was a homo, Miller. A lot of regular guys like to watch their buddies fuck. I know I do --

LITE

FUCK JOHN WAYNE! LET'S GO!!

LITE kicks the oily drum over, stamps angrily towards his car. The REPO MEN chug liquor and prepare to follow him.

OTTO

Can I say something? ~~(I know I'm just the MASCOT around here, but I want to say this.)~~ If we go and beat up on this dude, what happens to his car? What if he's IN his car when we arrive? What if we have to BREAK INTO the car so we can kick his ass? According to the CODE --

~~OLY~~

~~Little shit.~~

*& MASCOT for his pickup truck.*

OLY shoves OTTO aside. LITE and MILLER shove him aside too. BUD ignores him totally. The REPO MEN get in the IMPALA. They leave OTTO behind --

FREEWAY EXTERIOR NIGHT

The REPO MEN drive south. It's dark and they're all wearing MIRROR SHADES.

REPO OFFICE INTERIOR NIGHT

MARLENE types. PLETTSCHNER does his knitting. OTTO has his feet on OLY's desk. He reads a gurdy magazine.

RADIO VOICE

-- admitted to a sympathetic House that U.S. planes have napalmed refugee camps in Southern Mexico. The President explained these camps were in fact terrorist bases and went on to attack the Washington Post --

MARLENE turns the radio off. She puts the cover on her typewriter.

MARLENE

That was a good speech you gave, Otto.

OTTO

It didn't do any good.

MARLENE

Speeches never do. My car's in the shop. Want to take me home?

DOORSTEP      EXTERIOR      NIGHT

The REPO MEN are clustered round the body of an UNCONSCIOUS MAN. They pound him with their BASEBALL BATS. They all still wear their MIRROR SHADES.

REPO MEN

- Shoot him in the kneecaps, Lite.
- Stamp on the mother's balls.
- My stick's broke.

BUD

Fuck this shit. Kill him.

LITE

Ah... guys? I think we might have got the wrong address ...

DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE      EXTERIOR      NIGHT

OTTO's LTD is parked outside a renovated loft. OTTO escorts MARLENE to her door. He holds on to her arm.

OTTO

So ... got any beer up there?

MARLENE

No beer. Thanks for the ride.

OTTO

Well ... how about a joint?

MARLENE

You have to take the car back to the yard. Code of The Repo Man.

OTTO

It can sit here for a minute. Let me come upstairs, Marlene. Maybe there's something on TV...

MARLENE laughs and slips thru the front door. He tries to follow her. The AUTOMATIC DOOR pushes him back --

OTTO  
 Marlene, you don't understand. I haven't got much time left. Very soon I could be in the jungle dead. Or with my balls blown off --  
 (the door traps his hand)  
 OWW! SHIT!

He jumps back. The door closes with a CLICK.  
 MARLENE waits inside. She mouths the word, "WHAT?"

OTTO  
 (into the wall mike)  
 It's the truth! I'm getting drafted. They're going to send me down to South America to die for freedom. And me still a VIRGIN! I don't want to --

BZZZZ. The door opens again.

MARLENE'S LOFT INTERIOR NIGHT

MARLENE and OTTO make love in a wide open space filled with ART and packing crates labelled "MEDICAL SUPPLIES." The scene is devoid of the CRASSNESS of ~~OTTO's previous amorous encounters.~~

GLOWING CITYSCAPE OUTSIDE. LATER --

MARLENE  
 Don't stick around. The Repo Game ain't worth the risk. Take off. Don't get involved.

OTTO  
 I don't want to get involved. Especially in something that might get me KILLED.

MARLENE  
 It could be worse.  
 You might kill someBODY.

OTTO  
 Huh. Who cares. If they're trying to kill me, well, they asked for it.

He lights a Commander and considers his biceps.  
 MARLENE sits up beside him. The city hues reflect gorgeously off her glistening skin.

EXTREMINATING ANGEL

SJA.  
 ERSE!  
 Pletter

MARLENE  
 No they didn't. They asked to be  
 LEFT ALONE. People all over the  
 Third World are asking for that right.  
 Fighting for it. Dying for it.  
 Being tortured for it. They're not  
 the TERRORISTS - we are - we and the  
 fascists and the landlords we support.  
 You dig? Forget this army bullshit.  
 Find something that you WANT TO DO  
 and do it --

OTTO  
 What is this, a civics lesson? All I  
 know is, I don't want to die. Who  
 gives a shit about a bunch of COMMIES  
 in a fucking SWAMP!

MARLENE rises. She throws him his clothes.

MARLENE  
 Civics lesson's over, Otto. OUT.

OTTO  
 Hey, Marlene, don't get mad.  
 You haven't blown me yet --

WHACK! MARLENE hits him. WHACK! She hits him again.  
 Bundling up his clothes, OTTO retreats towards the door.

LTD INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO gets dressed in the car. The streetlamp picks out a  
 FOLDED SHEET of PAPER on the passenger seat.

OTTO unfolds the paper. It is the COMPUTER PRINTOUT  
 on the CHEVY MALIBU. He reads it, frowning.

TV VAN INTERIOR NIGHT

A phone rings once. A tape recorder starts to roll.  
 ANSWER MACHINE.

LEILA'S VOICE  
 Hi, I'm not here right now but leave  
 your name and number after the tone.  
 Especially if you're Frank. Okay?  
 Wait for the t --

BEEP TONE. Another tape begins to roll.

OTTO'S VOICE  
Hello, Leila? This is Otto. Remember?  
I think I've got a line on that Malibu.  
I'm in a phone booth now, but --

GLORIA adjusts her eye patch.  
Listens as LEILA picks up her home phone.

LEILA'S VOICE  
Otto. This is Leila. Where are you?

BRATSKELLER INTERIOR NIGHT

LEILA and OTTO sit together at a corner table. Neither of  
them has touched their steak'n'lobster plates.

LEILA  
There is an underground network. We call ourselves the Keepers of Ezekiel. We come from every walk of life. Some of us are soda jerks. Some of us work for the Government. All of us share a single PURPOSE - to tell the people of the world that there are ALIEN INTELLIGENCES watching over us. Intelligences that will be making massive contacts with us real soon.

*SHOW US TONY BO  
THIS CRUSTIAN  
SEEN?  
IT'S OF COURSE  
VERY CREDIBLE  
BUT IT SEEMS  
SO LEFT FIELD.  
JUST AMORPHOUS,  
"UFO-NOTS"  
(NOT X-TIAN)  
BETTER?*

OTTO  
Do you write for the National Enquirer?

LEILA  
Sometimes. It pays the bills.  
That's why I have to find the Malibu,  
Otto. If I can get those corpses  
shown on national TV --

OTTO unfolds the PRINTOUT. LEILA studies it.

OTTO  
Is that the car you're looking for?

LEILA  
Yes. But what is this?

OTTO  
It's a delinquent vehicle repo sheet.  
It means the real owner wants to  
repossess the car. They're offering  
a reward.

LEILA  
How much?

EXTREMELY ANGEL  
SHOW  
BE  
MUN  
FALLEN

OTTO  
\$20,000.00. This guy J. Frank Parnell. You know him personally?

LEILA  
Yes - well, no. But we've all heard about him in the Network. He's a very brilliant scientist. A philanthropist, as well. He believes, as we do, that the Powers That Be have no right keeping this GREAT SECRET to themselves --

OTTO  
All right, all right. Now look. What we have here is a Chevy Malibu you say is full of aliens, but which the Apex Finance Company is offering a fortune for. What does that mean?

LEILA  
It means ... whatever you want it to mean.

OTTO peers at the paper, lost in thought. SUDDENLY --

DUKE'S VOICE  
WELL! If it ain't the REPO MAN!

LEILA  
Repo Man?

OTTO looks up in alarm. DUKE, DEBBI and ARCHIE are weaving towards them. They are out of their heads. They wear designer punk attire.

ARCHIE  
Didn't see you at the PARAPLEGICS GIG YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!

{ SICK AT WHAT? WHO WILL DO IT, & HOW DIFFERENTIATE? }

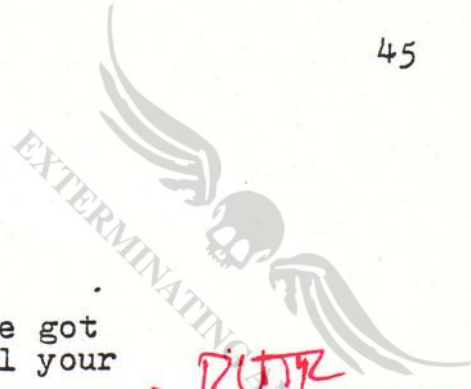
ARCHIE spits on OTTO's shirt. OTTO rises, starts to introduce.

OTTO  
Duke. Debbi. Archie. This is Leila. Leila, these are --

DEBBI  
FUCKING CUNT!!

DUKE reels forward, seizes OTTO's lapels. He tries to drag him round the room.

DUKE  
How you fucking doing buddy? How come you don't hang with your FRIENDS no more?



OTTO  
What friends are those.

DUKE  
Now just a minute, there. I've got  
a PROPOSITION that I wanna pull your  
coat to - want some COKE?

*PUT IN  
NITRA'S  
peter.  
(ANTI-WOOD  
FLUID FOR  
DIESEL  
ENGINES)*

DUKE sticks a VIAL under OTTO's nose. His fingers fumble  
and he drops the POWDER on the floor.

DUKE & ARCHIE  
DUKE! OH JESUS!!

DEBBI and ARCHIE drop to their knees and start snorting COKE  
out of the carpet. OTTO is torn between LEILA and DUKE.  
He follows DUKE to carpet-level and joins in...

DUKE  
We're doing a job - Tuesday night -  
no risk - pay's great - need a DRIVER  
- whaddyasay?

OTTO  
This is good ~~coke~~. *BYOBT.*

DUKE  
Plenty more where that came from -  
on Tuesday - we're doin' a dentist's  
in the Marina - are you in?

OTTO  
No. ~~I think you ought to cool it.~~

*is to answer  
TO REPLY*

DEBBI  
Tell him to get fucked, Duke!

OTTO  
I mean it, man. You're acting like  
you want to get busted again.

DUKE  
Lemme tell you something, kid.  
Nobody cares what the fuck you do  
in this life. As long as you  
can pay for it.

He thrusts a MASSIVE WAD OF BANKNOTES in OTTO's face.  
OTTO gets up. He sees LEILA has gone.

BRATSKELLAR EXTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO runs into the street. The unmarked TV VAN slides by.  
LEILA is nowhere to be seen...



24 HOUR CAR WASH      EXTERIOR      NIGHT

J. FRANK's CHEVY MALIBU is being vacuumed.      J. FRANK buys stuff from the Junk Machines.      He ambles over, eating orange items from a plastic bag.      *KEVIN is WASHING WINDSHIELDS.*

J. FRANK  
Great night, isn't it?      You can almost see the stars.      I never cease to be amazed by those machines.      How unpredictable they are!!

~~VACUUM MAN~~      *KEVIN*  
Mm hmm.

J. FRANK  
Tonight, for instance, I am eating Chitos.      But on any given other evening the machine which gave me Chitos might dispense YoHos, Oreos, Tostidos, Doritos, or Lorna Doones.      Are you with me?

~~VACUUM MAN~~      *K*  
Mmmm.

J. FRANK  
The randomness of it all is appalling.      It is, in fact, TOO RANDOM to be random.      Do you see?

~~VACUUM MAN~~      *K*  
I like Ding Dongs myself.      Want me to do inside the trunk?

J. FRANK  
NO!!

J. FRANK thrusts several banknotes into the MAN's hands.      He jumps into his car and lurches joltingly away...

FALCON      INTERIOR      NIGHT

The RODRIGUEZ BROS cruise the nighttime streets.      NAPO pours over a Thomas Bros map.      LAGARTO drives.

NAPO  
Malibu.      Malibu.      Malibu.  
Ever been to Malibu, Lagarto?

LAGARTO  
Why would I go there.

NAPO

How long's it been now? Five nights?  
Six? Driving around looking for this  
fucking Chevy. I feel like a fucking  
REPO MAN.

LAGARTO

You fucking ARE.

NAPO

Bullshit! I ain't no REPO MAN!  
The repo man's the HEAT, the next  
worse thing to the MAN! He's feared  
and hated by poor people everywhere.  
& THE REVOLUTIONARY & STUDENT MASSES

LAGARTO

So are we.

NAPO

Not in El Salvador. Not in Guatemala.  
They think we're SAINTS down there. They  
name Hospitals after us. ~~Up here we're~~  
~~OUTLAWS. Romantic, atmospheric dudes.~~  
We don't have trouble sleeping nights.

LAGARTO

You think the REPO does?  
(the MALIBU passes the other way)  
MIRA! LA BAMBA...

STREET      EXTERIOR      NIGHT

The FALCON executes a fast U-turn.      The MALIBU turns a corner.  
The FALCON follows it.      They enter a FREEWAY ON-RAMP.

FALCON      INTERIOR      NIGHT

LAGARTO floors it.      The MALIBU looms up ahead.  
J. FRANK does not appear to notice.      LAGARTO flashes his  
headlights, hits the horn.      NO RESPONSE.

They draw level with it.      NAPO leans out, waving a black  
wallet with a heavy metal badge...

NAPO

Pull over! Special Deputies!  
We want a word with you!!

MALIBU      INTERIOR      NIGHT

The HEATER rumbles noisily.      J. FRANK does not notice NAPO.  
His radio is tuned to REVEREND LARRY --

## REV LARRY'S VOICE

Now there's a Very Special Date I'd like y'all to write down on your callendar. The 5th of April 1999. That may seem like a ways away, but that's the date the Holy Ghost has personally told me --

IMPALA INTERIOR DAY

BUD is driving home. He drains his Club, lights a Commander. He glances at the car on his right. A FALCON. LAGARTO is at the wheel. THEY MAKE EYE CONTACT.

BUD veers right and SIDESWIPES THEIR CAR --

FALCON INTERIOR NIGHT

NAPO almost falls out of the car. LAGARTO hauls him back. BUD tries to bump them again. LAGARTO swerves sideways, falls behind the MALIBU --

NAPO  
Don't lose him!

BUD tries to cut them off - J. FRANK cruises on, oblivious - LAGARTO peels into the exit lane - BUD hurtles towards the DIVIDER - forcing LAGARTO off the FREEWAY -

NAPO  
SHITCAKES! NOOOOO!!

BUD misses the concrete post by inches - takes off in FIVE ALARM PURSUIT ...

BELOW THE FREEWAY

BUD cuts against them for the final time. The FALCON scrapes viciously against the wall. It screeches to a stop. NAPO leaps onto BUD's hood. BUD jumps out, wielding his TIRE IRON.

BUD  
You wanna take a swing at me?  
Go right ahead. But it'll cost you.

NAPO dives for BUD. LAGARTO catches him in mid-flight, pulls him back and tucks him underneath his arm. NAPO squirms.

LAGARTO  
No way, Bud. Going to cost YOU.  
See, this ain't a repo car.

BUD  
Sure it is! I got the papers on it.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

LAGARTO  
We paid it off. Liked it so much  
we didn't want to lose it...

BUD  
You -

LAGARTO  
You heard me. It's all paid for.  
Better get yourself a lawyer, bro.

NAPO  
HAHAHAHAHAHHHAAA!

LAGARTO  
Oh yeah. Got a driver's license?

BUD utters a despairing scream and starts to SMASH HIS OWN WINDOWS.

REPO THEME MONTAGE

in which OTTO reposes countless cars - hurling dead rats into convertibles at traffic signals - extorting favors from FASHION MODELS - evading BELLKNAP and DANVERS - building a cheerful necklace of BLUE XMAS TREES...

OLY and the RODRIGUEZ BROS search for the MALIBU...

and DUKE and DEBBI rip off liquor stores and laundromats, growing increasingly flamboyant with each heist until --

GEODESIC DOME      EXTERIOR      DAY

-- DUKE and DEBBI come running up the path carrying TWO TV SETS and pursued by TWO LARGE DOGS. They drop the sets and leap into their CAR and drive --

The IMPALA pulls up scant seconds later. BUD winds the window down and scans the place with his BINOCULARS. OTTO sits alongside.

BUD  
Lotta money to be made outta that DOME.  
The dude's defaulted on his mortgage.  
One night he's gonna wake up and his  
house be gone. Soon as I figure out  
A WAY...

OTTO shakes his head. BUD puts the car in gear.

The DOGS come padding back. They GROWL at the IMPALA.

+  
INSURANCE,  
WHIP LASH, etc.

FEAR

DROME

ask me ~~where~~ location of ~~base~~

SADDLEBACK ROAD EXTERIOR DAY

The IMPALA climbs into the mountains. A strange range of MICROWAVE TOWERS, TWISTED ROCK FORMATIONS and EXPENSIVE HOMES.

OTTO  
This isn't the way back to town.

DUKE  
I want to show you something first.

They pass a crumbling GATEHOUSE and enter an ABANDONED ANTI-AIRCRAFT BASE. Windswept paradeground, grafitti'd bunkers, creaking metal observation towers.

BUD stops the car. MAGNIFICENT VIEW ALL AROUND.

BUD  
This is it, Otto. MY OUTPOST. This is where I'm gonna hole up when the shit comes down. Let me show you around.

BUD gets out. OTTO stays firmly put inside the car.

OTTO  
I don't like the outdoors, Bud. It sucks.

BUD  
Don't be ridiculous! This is GOD'S OWN COUNTRY HERE! Out here is where a MAN'S A MAN! Nothing out here but MANLINESS! No fags, no fucking women either. Only the EARTH! The SKY! And MAN! Right here is where I saw the FLYING SAUCER. It hung above that BUNKER. C'mon inside the BUNKER, son. I'll treat you to a Club.

OTTO  
Don't want a Club. Want to go home. I think a crazy guy lives here.

BUD  
Nobody lives here. This is a SPECIAL PLACE. C'mon, Otto. Hang out here for a while.

OTTO buckles his SEATBELT. Disgusted, BUD gets back into the car. HELICOPTER NOISE.

(could be earlier -  
town and LA  
shoot in LA  
he's driving to  
Cops, or y  
no saw  
APRIL  
M-TNS?)  
MORE  
CREDIBLE

HELICOPTER INTERIOR DAY

GLORIA adjusts the controls of a BLACK BOX on her knee. Beside her the PILOT takes big drags off a joint.

GLORIA  
It's making a noise again.  
D'you think it's him?

He shrugs and offers her the joint. She shakes her head.

PILOT  
Could be. Could also be a pacemaker  
or an x-ray machine. I hope you've  
got a while to find this thing...

REPO OFFICE INTERIOR DAY

BUD stares at an official-looking DOCUMENT in his hand. OLY drinks beer and watches him. MARLENE types noisily. Several big flies drone.

BUD  
Bullshit.

OLY  
That's what I said when the Marshall  
woke me up at four this morning.  
Unfortunately it ain't bullshit.  
It's a SUMMONS.

BUD  
Bullshit. You should have refused  
to accept it.

OLY  
Have you read it yet? We're being  
SUED by the Rodriguez Brothers. For  
harrassment, medical expenses and  
severe damage to a car they fucking own.

BUD  
You know the Rodriguez Brothers, Oly.  
They're a pair of scumbags. Who  
you gonna believe, them or me?

OLY  
You tell me.

BUD  
(taken aback)  
I'll tell you all right. FUCK YOU!

OLY  
(softly)  
You seem a little on the tense side,  
Bud. Work getting you down? Why  
don't you take the rest of the week off.

BUD  
I don't want to take a fucking week off!

OLY  
OKAY! MAKE IT A FUCKING MONTH!

The PHONE rings. BUD grabs it and throws it at the window.  
It breaks the glass, bounces against the bars --

OLY  
On second thoughts, Budski...  
Don't bother coming back at all.

IMPALA INTERIOR DAY

OTTO drives BUD along SKID ROW. The radio plays.  
BUD eyes the sorry-looking BUMS suspiciously.

OTTO  
What did Oly want?

BUD  
Nothing. Told me I'm gonna be in  
a magazine. Repo Man of the Month.

OTTO  
Congratulations!

BUD  
Doesn't mean shit.  
(squinting at the bums)  
Some of these people, you wonder  
how much money they owe. A lot of  
them are on the run, don't even use  
their social security number. If  
there was only some way of finding  
out how much money they owe and  
making 'em pay...

OTTO  
Oh, for Christ's sake, Bud. They're  
WINOS. They don't have any money.  
You think they'd be BUMS if they did?

BUD grabs the handbrake. OTTO looks resigned.

BUD  
Do you want OUT? DO YOU?

OTTO  
No. And anyway, I'm driving.

BUD  
Told you before. I don't like wise  
guys in my car. No wimps, no winos,  
no wiseacres. Commander.



OTTO hands him one. He drives on in silence.

BUD

You happy in your work, ace?  
I get the feeling that we ain't  
communicating like we used to.  
When we started out I felt like I  
was gonna teach you something.  
Share something with you --

~~(JAMS HANDBRAKE ON AGAIN)~~  
ANSWER ME!

THROWS CAR INTO  
REVERSE.

OTTO throws the door open and stalks out of the CAR.

SKID ROW EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO wanders along. BUMS and DECREPITUDE abound.  
He watches people robbed. He pauses to read a flyer  
multipasted to a wall. It advertises the UFOLOGISTS CONGRESS.

He walks on. A CHEVY MALIBU emerges from a CAR WASH.  
Something clicks inside his brain.

THIRD STREET TUNNEL INTERIOR DAY

OTTO sprints after the MALIBU. It weaves from lane to lane.

MALIBU INTERIOR DAY

J. FRANK rolls along. As usual he doesn't notice anything.  
Today he sweats and shakes and seems to be UNWELL.

OVERPASS EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO hurtles uphill. He's about half a mile behind the CAR.  
At the crest he trips and falls. Drags himself up - leans  
over the parapet and BLOWS HIS LUNCH.

The MALIBU leaves the overpass and circles back beneath.  
OTTO staggers down the steps.

CAR WASH EXTERIOR DAY

The MALIBU emerges from the Auto Dry. J. FRANK is at the wheel.  
Steam rises from the TRUNK. J. FRANK rolls towards the street.

OTTO runs up, clutching his side. He sees the MALIBU leaving.  
OTTO collapses on the STREET CORNER and sticks his thumb out.

J. FRANK sees the HITCH HIKER and stops the car.

MALIBU INTERIOR DAY

J. FRANK extends a hand. OTTO accepts it, weakly.  
Crumpled newspapers and money all over the front seat.

J. FRANK  
J. Frank Parnell.

OTTO  
O - o - o -

J. FRANK  
Jogger? Me too. I can always  
tell. Something about us. Like a  
GLOW. What line of work are you in?

OTTO  
R - r - r -

J. FRANK  
Reporter? Used to be one myself,  
back in my college days. I covered  
all the folk concerts and protest  
songs. Michael Row the Boat Ashore,  
Little Boxes. Familiar with those songs?

OTTO shakes his head. He tries to light a Commander.  
His hands shake. J. FRANK's hands do likewise.

J. FRANK  
Pete Seeger and the Weavers, wasn't  
that a time! I almost had an affair  
with Ronnie Gilbert. Stopped myself  
in the nick of time!  
(abruptly)  
I'm a Nuclear Physicist.

OTTO  
Oh. Know anything about DEAD ALIENS?

J. FRANK  
Why, no. It's not my field. Now if  
you ask me about the air-launched  
Vindicator, it's a different story.  
Or would be if it wasn't CLASSIFIED.  
Ask away in any case. I've worked  
for all the Big Boys - Lockheed,  
Rockwell, Hughes --

OTTO  
These aliens are in the trunk of  
SOMEONE'S CAR. Sure you don't  
know anything about them?

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

J. FRANK  
 Afraid I don't. Did you ever  
 see a Hawker Harrier launch a  
 brace of air-to-air in the first  
 stealthy light of dawn?

OTTO  
 No. You ever see a flying sau - ?

he worked for  
 CABER  
 was fired by  
 REAGAN.

J. FRANK  
 THE MX MISSILE! That's something I  
 can tell you all about! I was the  
 designer of the RACETRACK BASING MODE.  
 10,000 miles of railroad tracks in  
 a big loop thru Utah and Nevada.  
 The MISSILES were going to hide in  
 LOCOMOTIVE SHEDS, so the Red Team'd  
 never know exactly where they were.  
 I still go out to Utah, just to think  
 about the way IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...

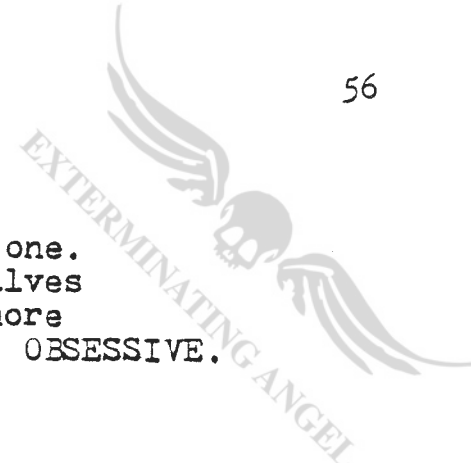
OTTO  
 Sir. I represent Helping Hand  
 Acceptance Corporation --

J. FRANK  
 RADIATION! Yes indeed! You hear  
 the most outrageous LIES about it!  
 Half-baked goggle-box do-gooders  
 claiming that it's bad for you.  
 Pernicious nonsense! Everyone can  
 stand a hundred chest x-rays a year.  
 They ought to have 'em, too.

OTTO  
 (menacing)  
 Get out of the car, man.  
 Take a fucking walk.

J. FRANK  
 When they cancelled the project, it  
 almost did me in. One day my mind  
 was literally bursting with blueprints  
 and incidentals. Next day, NOTHING.  
 Swept away. BUT I'LL SHOW THEM.  
 (blinking)  
 I had a LOBOTOMY in the end.

OTTO  
 LOBOTOMY? I thought that was,  
 like, for LOONIES.



J. FRANK  
 Not at all. Anyone can have one.  
 They simply separate the two halves  
 of your brain. I see things more  
 clearly now. I am no longer so OBSESSIVE.

OTTO  
 (thinking this over)  
 Don't you feel kind of ... funny?  
 Maybe you ought to let me drive.

J. FRANK  
 Funny? What do you mean?

OTTO  
 I don't know. Like, different.

J. FRANK  
 Why should I feel "funny"? The two  
 hemispheres are fundamentally at odds.  
 Most people would be AWHOLE LOT HAPPIER  
 AND SMARTER if they'd -- that's strange  
 -- I DO feel funny -- I --

J. FRANK slumps forward. His head hits the dashboard hard.  
 OTTO brakes. Gingerly he raises J. FRANK's head.  
 Blood flows from J. FRANK's mouth and nose. J. FRANK IS DEAD.

BUS STOP EXTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO sits J. FRANK'S BODY on the bus stop bench.  
 His head lolls to one side. OTTO tries to set it upright.  
 SIRENS. OTTO gets back in the MALIBU and drives away.

REPO YARD EXTERIOR DUSK

OTTO locks the MALIBU behind the gate. The office lights are  
 on. The yard is empty. A sign is taped to the gate:

BIG PARTY AT MILLER'S CU THERE

BUS STOP EXTERIOR NIGHT

A VAN is parked beside the bus stop. A cordon has been thrown  
 around the bench. MEN IN SUITS cluster round J. FRANK'S BODY.  
 FLASHBULBS POP.

LEILA presses a transparent sheet of plastic against J. FRANK's  
 sleeve. She peels it off and slips it in a plastic bag.  
 Carries it carefully into the TV VAN.

TV VAN INTERIOR NIGHT

LEILA sits within. Anxious and attentive.

LEILA  
It's him, isn't it? J. FRANK  
PARNELL. A far-sighted humanitarian,  
murdered by the U.S. Government.

GLORIA feeds the plastic pad into her COMPUTER TERMINAL.  
The screen flickers to life. She punches buttons.

GLORIA  
Our Government doesn't murder people,  
Leila. That is disinformation.

LEILA  
Who DID, then? Tell me that.

GLORIA  
We'll find out in a moment...

ON SCREEN the following words appear:

THANK YOU FOR DIALING <u>TRW PRINTSCAN</u> (r)	
A FULL-SERVICE FINGERPRINT AND I.D.	
RETRIEVAL SYSTEM. INFO FOLLOWS:	
FBI	NEGATORY
LAPD	COMPUTER DOWN
DMV	NEGATORY
IMMIG/NAT	NEGATORY
SELECTIVE SERVICE	<u>POSITIVE I.D.!!</u>

A second later, OTTO's military mug-shot and statistics appear.  
His FILE FINGERPRINTS are supered over the PRINTS from J. FRANK's  
sleeve. MORE FLASHBULBS POP.

LEILA  
Otto!

MILLER'S HOUSE INTERIOR NIGHT

MORE FLASHBULBS. It's PARTY TIME. Merle Haggard on the stereo.  
Woolworths art on walls. The REPO MEN and their WIVES occupy  
opposite corners of the room.

The WIVES are all identical - fixed grins, lots of lipstick,  
drunk and extramaritally horny. All eye OTTO lustfully.

OTTO is in the middle of the room. OLY and LITE and MILLER  
drink his health.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

OLY/LITE/MILLER  
 Here's to the \$20,000 score!  
 Still can't believe it!  
 How'd you do it, punk?

OTTO  
 Aww, shucks, guys. It was nothing.

OLY  
 Of course it won't be 20,000 TOTAL.  
 There's your insurance to be paid,  
 plus depreciation, plus storage,  
 plus Militia Tax, plus your contribution  
 to the Pension Fund ... but you should  
 still break even, more or less.

The WIVES waft over, start feeling OTTO up --

WIFE 1  
 Well here's the YOUNG NEW WAVER we've  
 all heard so much about! I ever tell  
 you OLY had a mohawk when I met him?  
 He was in the service then - a MONSTER -  
 useta hafta tell him "NO" --

WIFE 2  
 (giggling)  
 I thought you met him at a Bowling  
 Tournament. Or the Rose Bowl.

WIFE 1  
 No, it was Better Homesmanship Improvement  
 Classes. Preparing Frozen French Cuisine.

OTTO's eyes are fixed on MILLER's collection of LITTLE BLUE XMAS  
 TREE AIR FRESHENERS - strung on string all round the room.

MILLER  
 Like 'em?

OTTO  
 WOW MAN they're INCREDIBLE! I never  
 dreamed there was so many in the WORLD!  
 How many have you got?

MILLER  
 I stopped counting couple years back.  
 Figure we rip 1000 cars a year.  
 Find one of these in every car...

OTTO pulls out his own necklace, from which a puny THIRTY  
 XMAS TREES currently hang. He shakes his head.

Collection of  
XMAS TAOST,  
memorabilia

MILLER

Way to go. But you're just getting started. Give yourself another TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS...

OTTO frowns. Uncomfortable thoughts half-forming in his brain.

WIFE 3

Stop hogging our guests, Miller! Why don't you go and cut your CAKE!

MILLER

Cut it yourself. It's my party and I'll -- (ETCETERA)

OTTO evades the domestic strife. He finds BUD sitting in a corner watching NIXON on TV. OTTO picks up a Club.

BUD

That's my liquor, Mister Twenty Grand.

OTTO

Huh?

BUD

With twenty thousand I could buy myself a tow truck. Get out of the fucking repo biz for good. How come I never heard about that car?

OTTO

I don't know what to tell you. Where you going?

BUD

Out for more Clubs. You drank my last one.

BUD heads for the door. The WIVES close in. OTTO hurries after him.

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

BUD drives. OTTO sits next to him. Silence for a while.

OTTO

You want to talk about it?

BUD

Talk about what.

OTTO

About why you're so mad at me.



BUD  
(furiously)  
I'm not mad at you!!

FURIOUS SILENCE. Finally --

OTTO  
Well, good. Which of those  
wives is yours?

BUD  
You've seen 'em. Does it make a  
difference? Mine's the one ...  
(he ponders)  
Mine's the one WITH LIPSTICK ON!  
Ha ha. I get so sick of all this  
shit sometimes. That's why I don't  
like carrying a gun. Makes it too  
easy, when you're not thinking straight.  
Gives you ideas.

OTTO  
What kind of ideas?  
(no answer)  
Bud. That Malibu I repoed. There is  
something weird about it. I don't know  
if I ought to say this, but ... I think  
there's ALIENS in the trunk. Out of a  
FLYING SAUCER. Like the one you saw.  
(no answer)  
Are you carrying a gun?

LIQUOR STORE INTERIOR NIGHT

TWELVE CLUBS on the counter. OTTO adds a six-pack of his own.

BUD  
Why don't you get this.

Surprised, OTTO digs in his pockets.

TWO ROBBERS CHARGE INTO THE STORE. They wear ski masks and  
designer punker gear. They point cheap .38 revolvers at the  
OWNER. OTTO recognises them at once.

OTTO  
Duke! Debbi! How you doing?

DEBBI  
Up against the WALL!

DEBBI hits OTTO with her pistol. BUD freezes, thinking fast.  
OTTO realizes what's going thru BUD's mind.

OTTO  
No, Bud! They're my FRIENDS!

(FROM HIS  
DOWN A  
LOT)

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

PUT SHOWS THE DIS?  
ONE OF THE BOB NEM CHASE 61

But it's too late. BUD pulls an automatic and shoots DEBBI. DEBBI shoots him back. She starts to walk towards the door. The OWNER pops up with a SHOTGUN and blasts DUKE. DEBBI shoots the OWNER too. Then she collapses across DUKE's prostrate form.

SILENCE AND SMOKE. OTTO is the only one left standing.

OTTO  
Debbi. Duke.

DUKE's lips move. OTTO leans close to hear his final words.

DUKE  
Otto ... the lights are growing dim.  
I know a life of crime has led me to  
this sorry pass ... and yet ... I  
blame society ... society has made  
me what I am.

OTTO  
Bullshit. You're just a middle class  
suburban punk. Like me.

DUKE  
What difference does that make?  
I'm still hurting...  
(dies)

OTTO moves on to DEBBI. She lies very pale and still.

DEBBI  
Otto ... is it really you? You  
know that it was always you I loved,  
don't you? If only ... you hadn't  
been an asshole at the party ...  
I might be alive and in your arms.  
(she dies as well)

OTTO  
THANKS A MILLION!

DUKE lies amid the shattered KETCHUP DISPLAY. He groans.

~~BUD  
Otto ... that thing you told me ...  
about SAUCERS ... was it true?~~

~~OTTO  
I don't know. It's what I was  
told. I think it MIGHT BE.~~

BUD grips OTTO's hand. He falls back into KETCHUP SHRAPNEL.

SIRENS. OTTO gets up, runs out of the store.

REPO YARD      EXTERIOR      NIGHT

GLOVED HANDS open the padlock with a SKELETON KEY.  
The GATE swings open wide ...

OTTO'S PARENTS' HOUSE      INTERIOR      NIGHT

OTTO lets himself in. His FOLKS are glued to REV LARRY on TV.  
They now wear buttons that say, "FOLLOW FALLOW."

REV LARRY

-- perhaps you know of someone that's  
not FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT! A neighbor  
who won't tune in to REV LARRY FALLOW's  
GOSPEL CALL-UP! Or an idle youth who's  
failed to register for PATRIOTIC CHORES!  
If so, call this toll-free number --

Wasted, lost and miserable, OTTO crosses the dark room.  
He curls up in between his PARENTS, starts to roll a joint.

OTTO'S MOM

Some people came here looking for you,  
son. Some men in uniforms.

OTTO stares at her. Her eyes remain glued to the SCREEN.

OTTO

Did you tell them what I told you?  
Did you say that I was sick?

OTTO'S DAD

No. We gave 'em your address at work.

OTTO crumples. He crawls off the couch.

REV LARRY

-- for there is no escape for UNBELIEVERS!  
No redemption for FAIR-WEATHER PATRIOTS!  
No salvation from the BOILING BLISTERING  
FIRES OF --

REPO YARD      EXTERIOR      NIGHT

The GATE hangs open. The CHEVY MALIBU is gone.  
Astounded, OTTO gets out of his car --

Thru the bright OFFICE WINDOW, he sees TWO MEN ASSAULTING MARLENE.  
They wear blue suits and shades and have blond hair.  
Without a second thought, OTTO runs towards the OFFICE.

Somebody grabs his arm. PLETTSCHNER, the COP.

PLETTSCHNER  
Stay out of this, punk.  
Those are two heavy dudes.

OTTO  
Plettschner! They're beating up Marlene!

PLETTSCHNER  
They can do anything they want to.  
Get lost before I arrest you.

*(either lose or  
expand. Ask  
FORN JY.)*

OTTO spits in PLETTSCHNER's eye. He hurries up the steps --

OFFICE INTERIOR NIGHT

One BLOND MAN slams MARLENE against the filing cabinet.  
The OTHER grabs her hair.

BLOND MAN 1  
I'm gonna ask you one more time.  
Where's the Malibu?

MARLENE  
I don't know. The gate was open  
when I got here. The car was gone.

He slaps her. His PARTNER presses the OFFICE STAPLER to her cheek.

BLOND MAN 2  
Maybe the bitch wants to EAT STAPLE!

She bites his hand. The door flies open, pins BLOND MAN 1  
against the wall. OTTO lands a kick in BLOND MAN 2's abdomen.  
BLOND MAN 1 tries to jump him. OTTO's elbow snaps his neck.

PLETTSCHENER runs in aiming his revolver. MARLENE grabs the  
coffee urn and throws its BOILING CONTENTS in his face. SSSSSS.

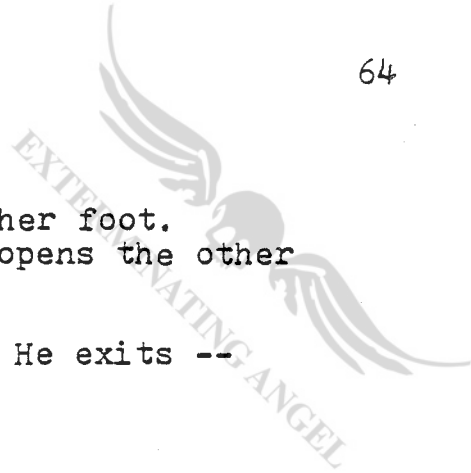
MARLENE  
Nifty karate, Otto. Where'd  
you learn that stuff?

OTTO  
In school. What's going on.

MARLENE  
I don't know. Let's get out of here.

OTTO  
Not till I find out who they are.

*Handwritten scribble*



He rifles thru their pockets. MARLENE stamps her foot.  
He finds a WALLET, opens it. FBI I.D. He opens the other  
BLOND MAN's pocketbook. The same.

He looks around. MARLENE has gone. SIRENS. He exits --

REPO YARD EXTERIOR NIGHT

At the foot of the steps, OTTO meets a MIDGET in a blue suit.  
The MIDGET adopts a martial arts stance. OTTO laughs.  
The MIDGET lashes out and fells him with a SINGLE BLOW --

TORTURE CHAMBER INTERIOR NIGHT

BLACKNESS. OTTO is strapped to a LABORATORY SLAB.  
Electrodes are attached to his nipples and genitals.  
Wires run to his temples and his eyes.

OPERATIVE ~~CARVER~~ steps out of the darkness.  
Elegance personified in evening attire.

CARVER

Good evening, Otto. I am Operative  
Carver. I'm here to ask you a few  
questions. Since we don't have much  
time and you may lie, I'm going to  
torture you. But I want you to  
know it isn't personal.

*Do we  
NEED  
CARVER?  
GURIA  
&  
LEILA  
INSTEAD.*

OTTO

You don't have to torture me.  
I'll tell you everything I know.

CARVER

Good. Where is the Malibu?

OTTO

I don't know. Somebody ripped it --  
AAAAAAAAUUUUUGGGGHHHH!!

CARVER

I told you you were going to lie.  
Think harder. Where's the car?

OTTO

I don't know - I - AAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH!!

CARVER

When you looked in the trunk,  
what did you see?

TV SCREEN

BIG CU of OTTO's face, soundlessly screaming.  
GLORIA and LEILA are reflected in the glass.

LEILA

I don't believe he killed J. Frank.  
I don't think he knows a thing.

GLORIA

It's too early to tell.  
Increase the voltage.

LEILA

But if he's innocent --

GLORIA

He's still our only lead. Proceed.

Reluctantly, LEILA pushes up the VOLTAGE on her monitor console.

ALLEY      EXTERIOR      DAY

OTTO is dragged unconscious out of a door and throw into a  
BLACK CAR.      The BLOND F.B.I. MEN get in and drive away.

BLACK CAR      INTERIOR      DAY

The car heads towards SKYSCRAPERS.      OTTO lies handcuffed in  
the back. He opens a bruised and bleary eye.

The BLOND MEN glare at him.      They wear neck braces and bandages.

OTTO

Where are we going?

BLOND MAN 1

Home.

The OTHER BLOND MAN laughs.      OTTO tries to open the window.  
It will not wind down ...

SKYSCRAPER      EXTERIOR      DAY

The BLACK CAR enters the subterranean parking lot.  
SWISH TILT TO --

ROOFTOP      EXTERIOR      DAY

The BLOND MEN emerge from the emergency stairs.  
They carry OTTO towards the edge of the roof --

BLOND MAN 2

Shouldn't we take his cuffs off?

BLOND MAN 1

Wait until he lands.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

SNIPER SIGHT POV

The TRIO in tight telephoto. CROSSHAIRS center on a  
BLOND MAN's neck.

ROOFTOP EXTERIOR DAY

TWIK! A tiny BARBED PROJECTILE sticks in his throat.  
He pulls it out and studies it. It is a POISON DART.

He passes out. Alarmed, his PARTNER tries to roll OTTO over  
the edge. TWIK! He too crumples to the deck.

ADJOINING ROOFTOP EXTERIOR DAY

MARLENE lowers her SNIPER'S RIFLE. NAPO and LAGARTO grin.

MARLENE  
Let's go find out what he knows...

SKYSCRAPER FORECOURT EXTERIOR DAY

OTTO staggers out the door. A familiar IMPALA screeches to a  
halt. LEILA is at the wheel. GLORIA opens the door.

LEILA  
Otto, there's been a terrible mistake.  
We need your help. Get in the car.

Bemused, OTTO does so. It screeches off. MARLENE and  
the RODRIGUEZ emerge and see it leaving.

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT


OTTO sits between LEILA and GLORIA. LEILA drives.

GLORIA  
I work for a Government Agency.  
This Agency is so secret it has no  
name. Its purpose is to prepare  
the people of the United States  
for the arrival of EXTRATERRESTRIAL  
INTELLIGENCES. Do you understand?

OTTO  
No.

LEILA  
So far the only contacts have been  
isolated. The day is coming when  
these ALIENS will show themselves  
in every major city in the world.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



OTTO

Good. Why don't we leave 'em to it.

GLORIA

A great American once said, MANKIND CANNOT STAND TOO MUCH REALITY. If the news broke too rapidly, there would be panic. Society as we know it would break down.

OTTO

I don't see why.

LEILA

J. Frank didn't, either. He thought he could break the secret on his own. Luckily for us his brain burst first.

OTTO

You've changed your tune.

LEILA

Gloria has explained things to me. We're all on the same side, really. We have to help each other FIND THE CAR.

OTTO

Oh, no. No way. I found it once. Get someone else. There's lots of idiots out there --

GLORIA

We need YOU, Otto. You know Marlene.

OTTO

Marlene? What's she got to do with this?

GLORIA

She's tied up with the RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS. They sell cars and buy arms to ship to Mexico and Central. Arms that kill OUR BOYS...


OTTO

Serves 'em right.

LEILA

Gloria thinks they're working for the OTHER TEAM, Otto. The Russians. She says the Reds would pay a lot of roubles to get hold of our ALIENS. We just can't let them fall into their hands.

EXTREMINATING ANGEL





GLORIA

These ALIENS are a National Treasure of the Free World. They must be stored in sub-zero conditions. The more time they spend in that trunk, the more they're going to DECAY. For the sake of future generations -

OTTO

All right! Shut up! Do I still get PAID?

MONTAGE

in which OTTO, LEILA and GLORIA search for MARLENE and the CAR. Unknown to them, they are being shadowed by the RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS and MARLENE ...

OTTO

I've had knives pulled on me. Didn't mean shit. Guns, too. Didn't give a damn. That's when you've got to watch yourself --  
(he double-takes)  
Oh WOW!

He makes a U-turn. GLORIA tries to grab the wheel.

GLORIA

What are you DOING!

OTTO

Maroon Le Baron, registered to Mrs Nora Parks! Been looking for that car for MONTHS! Oh boy! This is a five hundred dollar rip ...

CLICK. GLORIA's pistol rests in OTTO's ear. He slows...

LEILA

Don't look now but there's a cop behind us. OTTO! DON'T LOOK ROUND!

GLORIA

He's flashing his lights! He must have seen you make that stupid U-turn. Shit! Are you HOLDING anything?

OTTO

Not much. Some pot. A gram of crank. Some opium. Five hits of dynamite L.

GLORIA

Eat it.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

LOVE  
AN?

OTTO  
 WHAT? No way! Unless you're  
 gonna eat these fucking ALIENS!

The COP LIGHTS flicker. GLORIA pokes him with her pistol.  
 OTTO swallows his STASH. The COP CAR hurtles past them.  
 PLETTSCHNER is at the wheel. His face is burned and blistered.  
 He waves.

GAS STATION INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO sits babbling in the back. LEILA and GLORIA study maps  
 and printouts. MARINA MERCY HOSPITAL across the road.

OTTO  
 Kkkk - pppp - unnnngg - car foray  
 paranot - mirrormzzzz - akakak -

GLORIA  
 Why don't you CHECK the oil, Otto.

OTTO gets out and lifts the hood.

ENGINE INTERIOR NIGHT

The dirty motor disappears. It is replaced by the MIRROR IMAGE  
 of the MERCY HOSPITAL. FAST ZOOM IN on one window glowing in  
 the night. BUD'S FACE superimposed. OTTO falls forward -

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

GLORIA and LEILA wait impatiently. GLORIA hits the horn.  
 The HOOD falls shut suddenly. OTTO has disappeared.

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR INTERIOR NIGHT

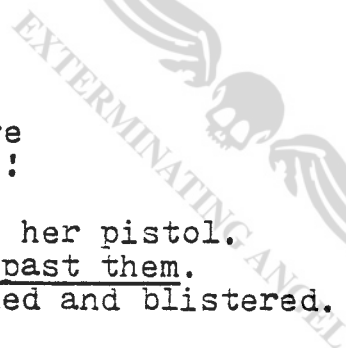
OTTO'S POV. EXTREME WIDE ANGLE. Elevator doors part and we  
 move along an endless hall. PAN LEFT AND RIGHT --

-- a LITTLE BLUE XMAS TREE hangs from one door handle.  
 OTTO's fingers close around it --

HOSPITAL ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

BUD lies in bed. A thick swathe of bandages wrapped round  
 his cranium. He stares unblinking at the TV SCREEN. REV LARRY.

OTTO enters cautiously. He sits down in the chair.



EXTERMINATING ANGEL

REV LARRY  
 -- to tell you all about another  
 wonderful Christian Opportunity: Rev  
 Larry's Ranchstyle Evangelical Community  
 - a lovely tract of retirement homes  
 here on the banks of the Potomac --

OTTO  
 Hey, Bud. It's me, Otto. I guess  
 the guys were here already, huh.  
 (toys with the XMAS TREE)  
 I should have stayed with you the other  
 night. But I thought you were dead.  
 You're not still mad about the Malibu,  
 are you? Budski? Hello?  
 (BUD's eyes don't leave the screen)  
 Well, anyway, it's gone again.  
 Somebody ripped it. Maybe Marlene.  
 Hey, Bud. You ever get the feeling  
 women know something we don't?  
 I don't know what it is ... but, Jesus,  
 Bud. I'M SCARED. Help me, man.  
 Tell me what to do ...  
 (tears roll down OTTO's cheeks.  
 No answer. No response)  
 What am I asking you for. Mister  
 Survivalist. Look at you now.  
 Oughta put you outta your misery.  
 Asshole. Fuckin' asshole.  
 (desperate)  
 Bud. Man. PLEASE ...

OTTO grabs BUD's hand. Electric spark. Shocked, OTTO  
 lets it fall back on the bed.

OTTO  
 Oh. Forget it. Been nice talking  
 with you. Get well soon. Goodbye.

TV SCREEN

REV LARRY beats the pulpit. The CAMERA jerks - travels DOWN -

REV LARRY  
 I'm not talking REAL ESTATE! I'm  
 talking REVEREND LARRY'S GOSPEL ACRES!  
 A place of PIETY and ARMED PATROLS!

The CAMERA judders to a halt below the pulpit.  
 We see REV LARRY's lower torso for the first time.  
 A mass of wires and lights on a tripod stand.  
REV LARRY IS A MACHINE. Fast tilt back up --

VERY IMPORTANT  
 without this.

Rev. Larry  
 means  
 News!!

HOSPITAL ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO exits. BUD's eyes shift sideways, away from the screen.

CORRIDOR INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO trudges down the hall. The elevator doors open.  
MARLENE emerges in a nurse's uniform. She passes OTTO.  
He takes another step and realises it is she --

OTTO  
MARLENE!

She swings and fires a HYPO DART at him. It hits a PATIENT  
who drops to the floor. She ducks into another ELEVATOR.  
OTTO slams against the doors and rebounds thru a door marked  
STAIRS --

STAIRCASE - ELEVATOR - CAFETERIA - SHOPPING MALL

OTTO chases MARLENE thru a NEON MAZE - avoiding darts which  
drop innocent PASSERS-BY - colliding with displays and trays -  
hallucinating thru a swirl of colored light - but never  
losing sight of MARLENE's fleeting form --

PARKING STRUCTURE INTERIOR NIGHT

MARLENE emerges from an escalator. She dashes to the FALCON.  
NAPO throws open the door. Questioning --

MARLENE  
Negative. Let's go!

They take off in a hurry. OTTO plummets from the stairs.  
LEILA dives from behind a pillar, football-tackles him.

The FALCON flashes past. OTTO points after it.  
The IMPALA pulls up. GLORIA drags OTTO inside.  
They take off in pursuit of MARLENE...

Unnoticed, a CHEVY MALIBU with NEW MEXICO PLATES reverses from  
its space and heads for the EXIT.

GLORIA chases LAGARTO into the fluorescent depths.  
Their tires screech and squeal. LAGARTO increases the gap  
between them - swings hard left towards an EXIT sign --

-- and ploughs across SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE SPIKES.

The FALCON's tires expire. GLORIA and MERLENE leap  
out, brandishing ENORMOUS GUNS. LEILA pins OTTO down.

NAPO  
Fucking retreads!

GLORIA  
NSC SPECIAL TACTICS SQUAD!  
You're all under arrest!

LAGARTO  
You can't bust us. We're Special  
Deputies for the D.E.A.!  
(he and NAPO flash badges)

MARLENE  
This is a diplomatic passport.  
UKRANIAN CULTURAL ATTACHE.  
You can't touch me, girl.

GLORIA  
Think I give a shit? Where's the MALIBU!

GLORIA and the RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS stare.

MARLENE  
We thought you had it. We've  
been following you all night...

IMPASSE. They lower their guns.  
In the IMPALA, OTTO is counting on his fingers.

OTTO  
Well. If Marlene doesn't have it,  
and the Rodriguez Brothers haven't  
got it, and the Government hasn't  
got it, and the saucer freaks don't  
got it, then that only leaves...

HOSPITAL ROOM INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO kicks BUD's door in. They all pile in, pointing their  
GUNS. BUD's curtains flutter. BUD IS LONG GONE.

TV VAN INTERIOR NIGHT

The truck is crammed with MONITORS displaying BUD'S PHOTOGRAPH.  
GOVERNMENT AGENTS scan the screens and speak into microphones.  
MARLENE and GLORIA compare I.D.s.

OTTO sits in a corner. He wears a VISITOR'S PASS.  
LEILA sits down next to him. She gives him a Commander.



LEILA  
This partner of yours. BUD.  
Why do you think he did it?

OTTO  
He got shot in the head.

LEILA  
That's no excuse. Plenty of people  
get shot in the head every day. Most  
of them stay useful productive citizens.  
Where do you think he took the car?

Sudden silence. OTTO realises everyone is watching him.  
OPERATIVE CARVER watches him especially hard.

OTTO  
I got to go pee.

VAN EXTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO scrambles head-first out the bathroom window.  
He lands lightly in the parking lot.  
He sees the IMPALA - runs toward it - on tiptoe -

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO is at the wheel. He drives into the mountains.  
A cool wind blows. CLOSE IN ON HIS VISITOR'S PASS.  
It bleeps softly.

VAN INTERIOR NIGHT

The VAN cruises uphill. LEILA and GLORIA at the VIDEO CONSOLE.

GLORIA  
He made a right turn up ahead.  
About a mile. Still climbing.

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO's headlights wash across a row of maliboxes and a sign:  
SADDLEBACK ROAD. He turns right. The road keeps rising.

FALCON INTERIOR NIGHT

LAGARTO drives. MARLENE sits between him and NAPO.  
They follow the taillights of the TV TRUCK.

MARLENE

Put your headlights out.

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

OTTO passes the decaying guardhouse, enters the ABANDONED ANTI-AIRCRAFT BASE. All is silent and still. He stops the car, surveys the scene. Then he drives forward, in between the crumbling BUNKERS --

ANTI-AIRCRAFT BASE EXTERIOR NIGHT

The CHEVY MALIBU is parked on the edge of the paradeground. The cliff falls rapidly away behind.

OTTO's headlights trap the MALIBU like a moth. He gets out and starts to walk towards it...

MALIBU INTERIOR NIGHT

Something glints inside. It is the long blue barrel of a .45. BUD aims it out the window. OTTO keeps walking. BANG!

ANTI-AIRCRAFT BASE EXTERIOR NIGHT

The bullet sings away into the night. OTTO freezes - starts to walk again -

OTTO  
Don't shoot me, Bud. Okay?

BUD  
Why not.

OTTO  
Because we're partners. You really fooled me at the Hospital. I thought you were a vegetable.

BUD  
I am. I only realised it tonight. I came up here and parked the car. I sat here listening. And then I knew. I got no right to be up here. This place is SOMEONE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY. I don't own it, any more than I own a fuckin' REPO CAR...

OTTO  
I don't think it matters, Bud. Nobody owns this place.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL

BUD

Of course somebody owns it! Somebody owns everything! I'm the only one that ain't got shit! Eleven years of repoing and what have I got? NOTHING.

OTTO

Look, Bud. You're sitting in a car worth twenty thousand dollars. I'll - I'll - I'll - OH SHIT! I'll split it with you! Sixty forty! Let's go back to the yard...

BUD

I can't go back. I broke the Code.

OTTO

You did WHAT? Bud!

BUD

It's your fault. I only stole it 'cause of what you said. I got it up here and ... I BROKE INTO THE TRUNK.

OTTO

You broke ... what did you see, Bud? WAS IT ALIENS?

BUD doesn't answer. OTTO runs to the rear of the car. He takes hold of the trunk. IT BURNS HIS HAND.

OTTO

OWW! This thing is HOT!

He starts to raise the lid. A BRILLIANT LIGHT flows out. There is a hissing, ticking sound. He lifts it further - catches a glimpse of a LARGE METAL CYLINDER covered with lights and dials --

Blinded, OTTO lets the lid fall back. MOTORS RUMBLE. Suddenly he's caught in HARD WHITE SEARCHLIGHT. He stumbles, tries to shield his eyes --

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

GET AWAY FROM THE CAR!  
BOTH OF YOU BACK AWAY!  
THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING!

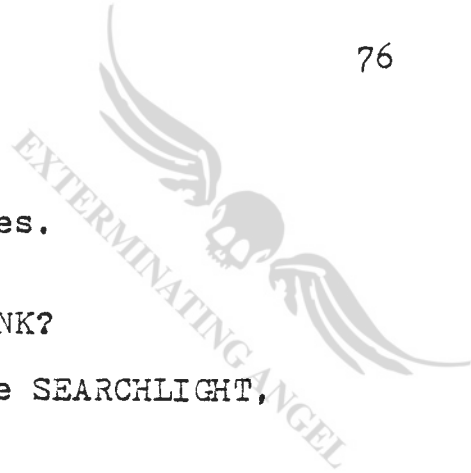
BUD

So. Little Otto brought his friends.

OTTO

I din't tell 'em anything! C'mon. Let's give it back. We'll both be heroes. ONLY AN ASSHOLE GETS KILLED FOR A CAR!





BUD aims his pistol at the gap between OTTO's eyes.

BUD  
You calling me an asshole - PUNK?

OTTO slowly turns around. He walks towards the SEARCHLIGHT, waving both his arms.

OTTO  
Don't shoot! We surrender!  
You can have the car!

IMPALA INTERIOR NIGHT

BUD finds a little XMAS TREE lying on the floor. He picks it up and hangs it from the mirror. He puts the REVOLVER BARREL in his mouth.

*MISSED THIS POINT*

ANTI-AIRCRAFT BASE EXTERIOR NIGHT

BANG. OTTO runs back to the car. He finds BUD dead inside.

*WHY? better sign.*

The semicircle of headlights starts closing in.

OTTO  
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO!

The IMPALA pulls up. GLORIA shouts into her MEGAPHONE.

GLORIA  
Otto! Don't go near the car!

OTTO  
nononononono...

OTTO tries to hold BUD's head. The VAN arrives. MEN in ALL-OVER RADIATION SUITS pile out. They pass GEIGER COUNTERS back and forth across the trunk. LOUD STATIC CLICKING. They point their instruments at OTTO. OTTO clicks loudly too. Firmly, they hustle him away --

CARVER  
Ah, Otto. Can I offer you a ride?

OTTO stares dumbly. CAPTAINS BELLKNAP and DANVERS appear.

BELLKNAP/DANVERS  
He's ours. We saw him first.

GLORIA walks by, donning a RADIATION SUIT.

GLORIA  
Oh, let him go. He's just a punk.  
That's all.

OTTO  
Gloria! Did you find your aliens?

GLORIA  
THERE ARE NO ALIENS. Here.

She hands OTTO a bunch of money. OTTO weighs it in his hand.

OTTO  
This doesn't feel like twenty grand.

GLORIA  
It isn't. See you.

The MEN hustle OTTO away. LEILA is staring at the stars.

LEILA  
Can't you feel it, Otto? An alien  
aurora. They'll be here any  
second - the E.T.s -

OTTO  
No they won't. Let's get out of here.

LEILA  
I can't leave now. I have to  
wait for them. They're coming  
to TAKE BACK THEIR OWN...

She stares with religious rapture at the empty sky.

The SUITED MEN shove him away. GLORIA shouts after him --

GLORIA  
Hey, Otto! Do yourself a favor!  
Take a shower when you get home!  
AND BURN YOUR CLOTHES!

A TOW TRUCK is being shackled to the CHEVY MALIBU.  
A TV NEWS TEAM films the scene.  
BUD'S BODY is dragged from the car and wrapped in plastic.

OTTO  
Why do I have to burn my clothes?

KEVIN'S VOICE  
If you don't know by now, Otto,  
you never will.



OTTO looks round in amazement. KEVIN stands on the sidelines, donning an ALL-OVER PROTECTIVE SUIT.

OTTO  
KEVIN! What the fuck's going on?

KEVIN  
I've got this new job. Hazardous Disposal Duty. Pays good and the fringe benefits are great!

OTTO  
But ... what are you doing HERE?

KEVIN  
You see that Chevy over there? We're going to take it down to Seal Beach and put it on a ship.

OTTO  
A ship? What for?

KEVIN  
I don't know. Maybe it's going somewhere. Maybe they're gonna dump it in the sea. In any case, it's TOP PRIORITY.

OTTO  
Top Priority. Is it worth money, do you think?

KEVIN  
Are you kidding? With all this action, man - I'd say at least a MILLION BUCKS. You like my TRUCK?

KEVIN indicates the TOW TRUCK - gleaming immaculately in the SEARCHLIGHT GLARE.

OTTO  
It's beautiful ...

Do THE AUDIENCE  
KNOW IT'S A NEUTRON  
BOMB? MAKE CLEAR.

#### DRIVER'S POV

Seen thru the thick polyvynyl FACE MASK, the TOW TRUCK looms. The DRIVER's gloved hands grip the doorframe; he hauls himself into the CAB; his fingers turn the key in the ignition.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT BASE      EXTERIOR      DAWN

GLORIA gives the besuited DRIVER the thumbs-up.  
The DRIVER returns the sign.

The TOW TRUCK rumbles forward, pulling the MALIBU.  
TWIN RADIATION SIGNS hang from the rear bumper.

LEILA watches as the tail lights recede.

LEILA

How soon will they get here?  
The Aliens, I mean.

GLORIA

Oh, you can never tell with them.  
They move in such mysterious ways...

Unnoticed, a few feet away, KEVIN lies stripped and senseless  
in the weeds.

MICROWAVE TOWERS      EXTERIOR      DAWN

MARLENE lowers her field glasses.      The TOW TRUCK cruises by,  
gathering speed.      MARLENE and the RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS follow  
the TOW TRUCK down Saddleback Road...

TOW TRUCK      INTERIOR      DAWN

Gray light creeps in around the edges of the cab.  
The DRIVER loosens his OPAQUE FACE MASK and pulls it off.

The DRIVER is OTTO.

A DIABOLICAL GRIN steals across OTTO's face.

FREEZE FRAME.

TITLE:

**REPO MAN**



EXTERMINATING ANGEL

# REPO MAN

PROPOSAL



# EDGE CITY PRODUCTIONS

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



PAGE 2

## SYNOPSIS

OTTO, a young karate-expert punker, is hoodwinked by the wily BOB into participating in a REPO: the repossession of an automobile whose owner owes the bank. OTTO (w initial)

REPO MAN is an action adventure comedy about an eighteen year old 'punk' hoodwinked into working for a seedy repossession company and thrust headlong into an intrigue involving flying saucer cultists, fast cars, exotic women, ruthless intelligence agents and a wayward nuclear scientist ...

thirty vehicles "in the field" -- OTTO becomes involved in an intrigue

A \$20,000 repo bounty is being offered for a '67 Chevy Malibu driven by J. FRANK, a wayward Nuclear Physicist. The mysterious LILLA tells OTTO that the car contains the last remains of three dead aliens whose flying saucer crashed in 1997. OTTO repays the car from J. FRANK, but before he can collect his reward the Malibu is stolen. OTTO is caught in a web of government agents, foreign spies and flying saucer cultists, all of whom want the car. OTTO sets off to solve the mystery alone -- pursued by all and unaware that time is running out.

Whatever sits in J. FRANK's trunk will not rest easy much longer.

PAGE 2.

SYNOPSIS

OTTO, a young karate-expert punker, is hoodwinked by the wily BUD into participating in a REPO: the repossession of an automobile whose owner owes the bank. OTTO is initially horrified to learn that he has helped his natural enemy -- the Helping Hand Acceptance Corporation. However, the time and the loss of job and girlfriend force OTTO back into BUD's path, and OTTO soon falls into the long hours and tunnel-vision of the REPO MAN. While BUD pursues his nemeses the RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS -- who are responsible for at least thirty vehicles "in the field" -- OTTO becomes involved in an Intrigue.

A \$20,000 repo bounty is being offered for a '62 Chevy Malibu driven by J. FRANK, a wayward Nuclear Physicist. The mysterious LEILA tells OTTO that the car contains the last remains of three dead aliens whose flying saucer crashed in 1947. OTTO reposes the car from J. FRANK, but before he can collect his reward the Malibu is stolen. OTTO is caught in a web of government agents, foreign spies and flying saucer cultists, all of whom want the car. OTTO sets off to solve the mystery alone -- pursued by all and unaware that time is running out.

Whatever sits in J. FRANK's trunk will not rest easy much longer...

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



PAGE 3.

PRODUCTION

REPO MAN will be a high-gloss, low budget feature film shot in and around Los Angeles with the mobile technology of Super 16mm. It will be released in wide-format 35mm. (Tests by Du Art Labs in New York show no appreciable difference between films blown up from Super 16mm and films shot in 35mm.) The professional crew will work on a deferred payment basis. A Personal Injury and Property Damage Liability Insurance Policy, L.A. City Filming Permits, sound and recording stages, Chapman cranes, lights, animation camera, and Dolby Sound Mix Facility will be donated by UCLA. Richard Portman, two-time Academy Award winner, will mix the film. REPO MAN will be shot in four weeks with twelve weeks of post-production.

Examples of this independent approach to feature film production include RETURN OF THE SEACAUCUS SEVEN (\$1,800,000 in domestic rentals), PENITENTIARY (\$4,000,000), PINK FLAMINGOS (\$1,700,000), and DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION (\$1,200,000): all shot in 16mm for less than \$100,000. Currently, CHAN IS MISSING (made in 16mm for \$20,000) is grossing \$18,000 a week in one Los Angeles theatre.

It must be emphasized that these rental figures are for theatrical distribution in the U.S. and Canada only.

EXTERMINATING ANGEL



PAGE 4.

PRODUCTION (CONT.)

As such, they represent less than half the income generated by independent features -- the other half coming from foreign distribution and domestic Cable TV licensing.

TALENT

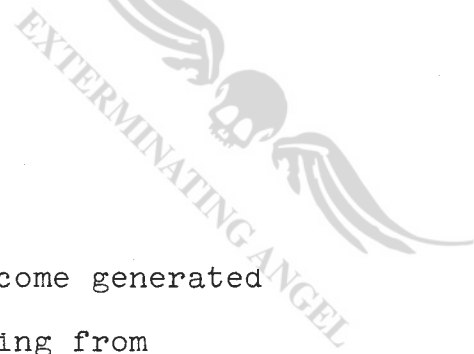
MONIQUE VAN DE VEN, one of Europe's biggest box office draws, and star of TURKISH DELIGHT, A WOMAN LIKE EVE, and KATJE TYPEL...

ELVIRA (alias CASSANDRA PETERSON), L.A. cult TV personality...

FEAR, Los Angeles' premier punk band, currently in the throes of their mammoth U.S. tour...

HARRY DEAN STANTON and EMILIO ESTEVEZ are currently considering the roles of BUD and OTTO...

Auditions have been in progress through July and August under the supervision of Casting Director VICKI THOMAS...



PAGE 5.

PRODUCTION SCHEDULE



AUGUST-SEPTEMBER	Pre-production and final script approval
OCTOBER	Principal Photography
NOVEMBER	Editing - Rough Assembly
DECEMBER	Editing - Fine Cut; Record Music
JANUARY	Mixing Sound Track; Titles; Blow-up
FEBRUARY	Screenings for Distributors: Promotional Mailing
MARCH	Negotiations for Distribution
	Los Angeles Film Marketplace; Distribution;
	Licensing

PAGE 6.

BUDGET SUMMARY

	<u>ACTUAL</u>	<u>DEFERRED</u>
PRODUCERS' FEE	-----	\$ 4,000
WRITER/DIRECTOR'S FEE	-----	<u>4,000</u>
<u>TOTAL ABOVE THE LINE COST:</u>		\$ <u>8,000</u>
-----		
<u>PRE-PRODUCTION EXPENSES:</u>	\$ 2,000	\$ 2,000
<u>PRODUCTION EXPENSES:</u>	31,700	25,200
Crew	\$15,200 (deferred)	
Talent	10,000 (deferred)	
Stock and Processing	11,000	
Art Direction	7,400	
Equipment Rentals	3,800	
Insurance	2,500	
Catering	3,000	
Travel Expenses	2,000	
Lawyer & Accountant Fees	2,000	
<u>POST-PRODUCTION EXPENSES:</u>	\$ 32,300	\$ 10,800
Editor & Assistant Editor	\$10,800 (deferred)	
Editing Room & Supplies	5,600	
Animation & Titles	5,000	
Musical Score and Fx	4,000	4,000
Post-Production Lab	5,700	
Blow-up to 35mm	12,000	
Publicist Fee	1,500	
Production Office	2,000	
1" Video Tape (for Cable TV)	500	
<u>TOTAL BELOW THE LINE COST:</u>	\$ <u>70,000</u>	\$ <u>42,000</u>
<u>TOTAL BUDGET EXPENSES:</u>	\$ <u>70,000</u>	\$ <u>50,000</u>

TOTAL BUDGET (ACTUAL + DEFERRED)... \$120,000

PAGE 6A

UCLA BENEFITS



PRODUCTION EXPENSES:

Art Direction/Sound Stages	\$3,500
Sound Equipment (Nagra IV & Microphones)	1,500
Lights & Grip Package	4,000
Insurance & City Permits	4,000
	<hr/>
	13,000

POST-PRODUCTION EXPENSES:

Animation	2,000
Music Recording Studio	10,000
Screening Room Rentals (35mm & Super 16mm)	2,500
Mix (12-Track 35mm Dolby)	12,500
	<hr/>
	27,000

TOTAL DOLLAR VALUE OF UCLA DONATIONS 40,000

TOTAL BUDGET (ACTUAL + DEFERRED) 120,000

GRAND TOTAL BUDGET \$160,000

PAGE 7.

INVESTORS

The offering of REPO MAN is a Limited Partnership Agreement with Edge City Productions as the General Partner. This financial structure allows the Investor to take an Investment Tax Credit for his or her "at-risk" participation and to depreciate their respective share of the feature entity, without any liability other than the moneys invested. The particular appeal of this offering is that Investors whose venture capital sets the production in motion will receive their percentage of a 50% profit participation, based solely on their 44% capitalization of the overall cost. (This 50% profit participation is customarily contingent upon 100% capitalization of the project cost.) This uniquely advantageous arrangement is made possible by the fact that 31% of the capitalized cost of the film is being deferred with no profit participation, and the balance (25%) is being donated by UCLA. Any other profit participation points deemed necessary in the judgement of the producers to secure name talent, etc., will be taken on a one-to-one basis from the Producers' and Investors' net profits.

The General Partner will provide income statements and balance sheets to the Limited Partners each year, and will set up an individual account with each Partner.



PAGE 8.

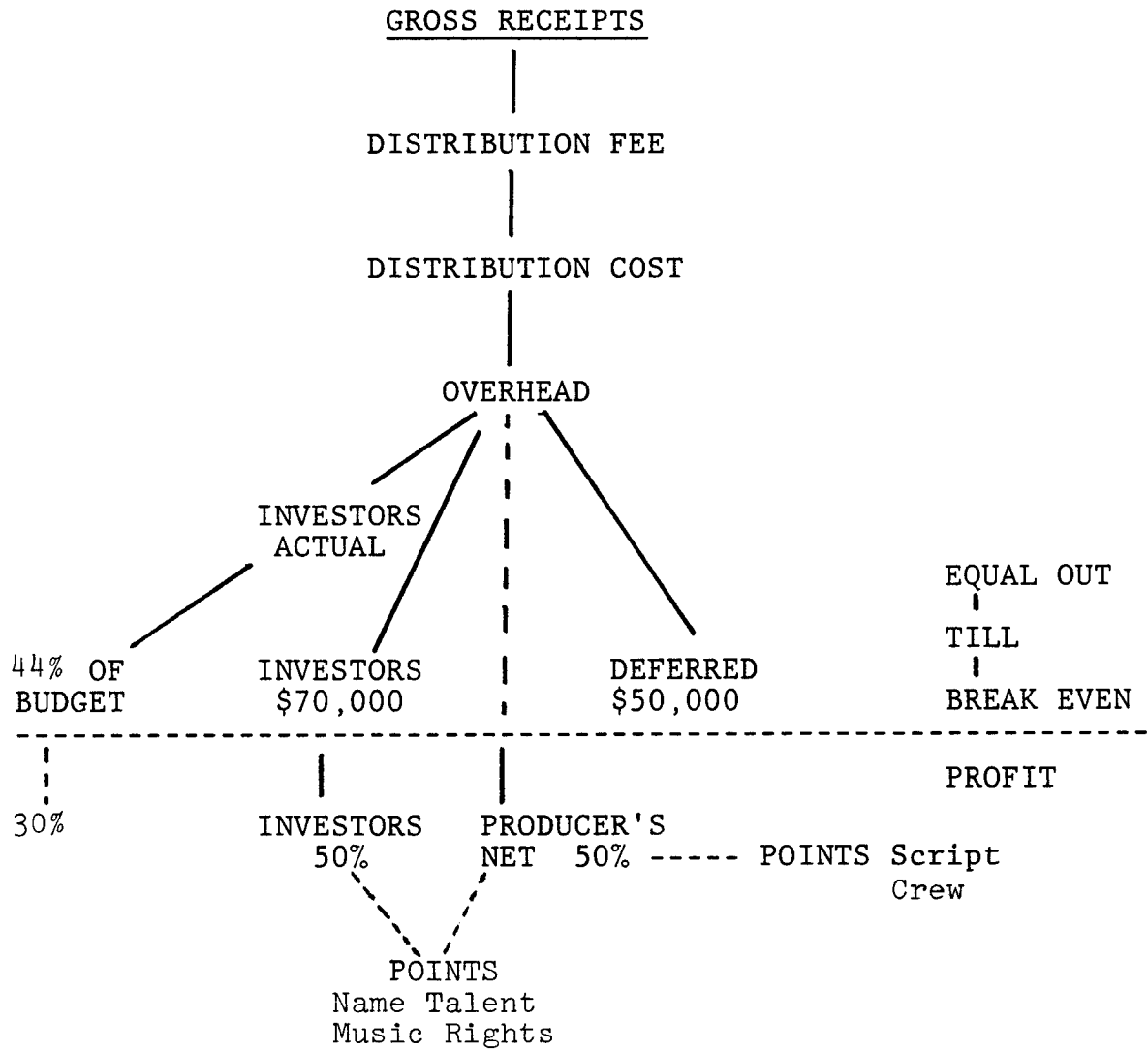
INVESTORS (CONT.)

Film making is, of course, a risky venture even when the production is insured against lab damage and equipment loss. As such, it is best suited to venture capital, since there is always a possibility of project failure and loss of investment funds. However, in the case of REPO MAN, the producers and participants are working on an absolute minimum deferred salary basis and hence have a personal stake in seeing the production completed on schedule, within budget, and realizing a profit. We believe it is exactly this personal interest on the part of cast and crew which makes REPO MAN such a potentially profitable venture.





PROFIT PARTICIPATION





PAGE 11.

DISTRIBUTION MARKETING

Independent feature films are in an advantageous profit position today, partially because they can be produced for drastically less than comparable studio features (whose biggest expense is always salaries), but also because of the rapid growth of exploitable markets. A feature film is no longer susceptible to the whims of U.S. theatrical distribution now that other markets -- specifically Network Television, Syndicated Television, Public Broadcasting, Foreign Television, Pay TV, and the relatively new development of Videocassette and Videodisc markets -- act as additional sources of potential income. Cable TV has a voracious appetite for new product, and is proving a significant component of the independent feature profit profile.

Foreign distribution now makes up more than half of the revenues generated by the average independent feature.

As a result of this broadening expanse of distribution markets, the income-producing lifespan of an independent feature is greater today than it has ever been.

# Injured Fall Guy Gets the Jump on Fear



# REPO MAN

... NOT JUST A JOB  
IT'S AN ADVENTURE!

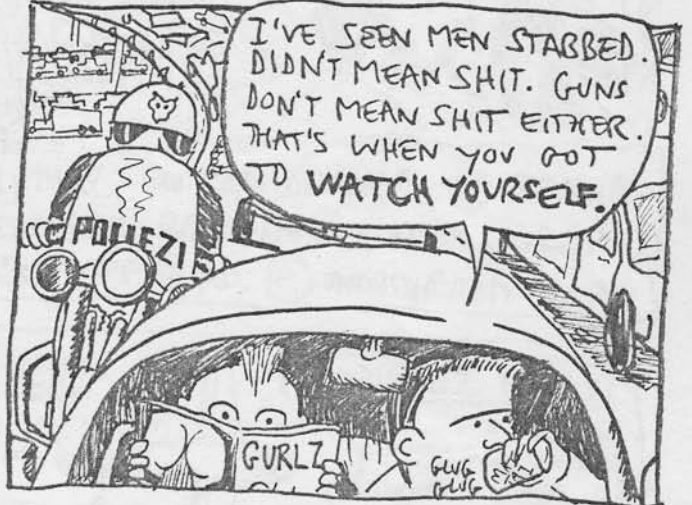
DEAR ABBY: I'd like to comment on the letter from "Going Crazy," whose 7-year-old son still sucks his thumb. I'm 27, and I still suck my thumb. My teeth are perfect and I've never had braces. I have never felt the need to suck my thumb during the daytime. I am a sheriff's deputy and I'm very well adjusted. I find sucking my thumb at bedtime very com-

forting. It helps me to relax. You can lose a teddy bear, but you can't lose a thumb. Sign me...  
SHERIFF'S DEPUTY IN INDI

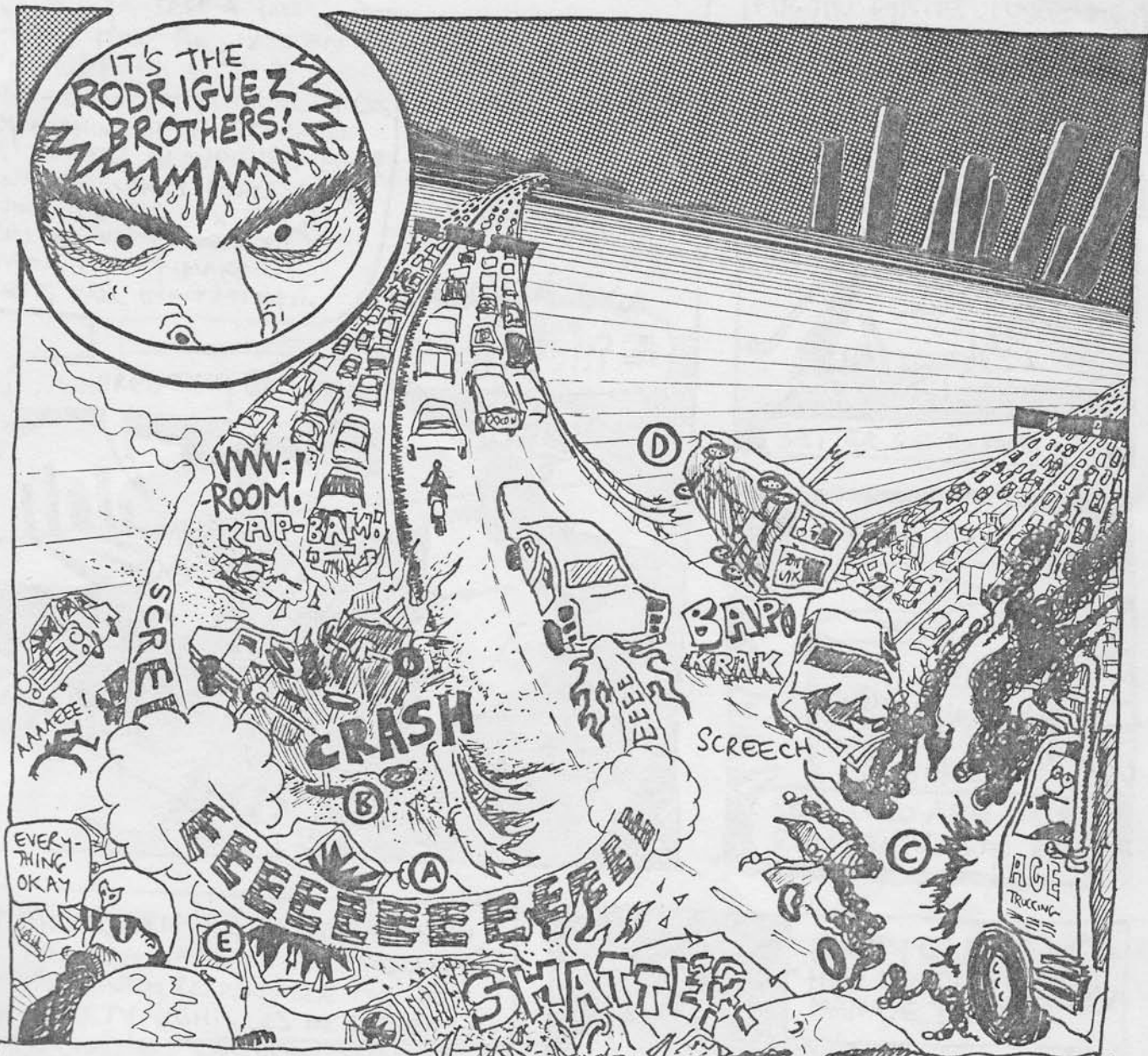
08.25.0 (10-72)

## LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT VEHICLE REPOSSESSION REPORT

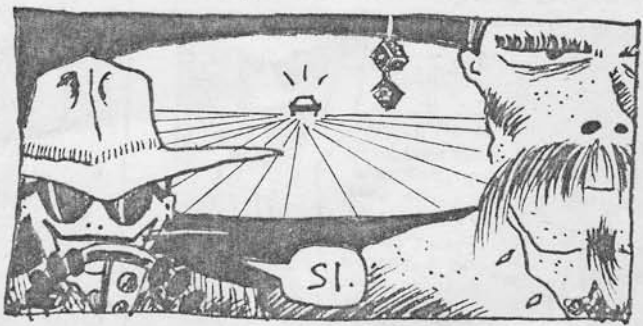
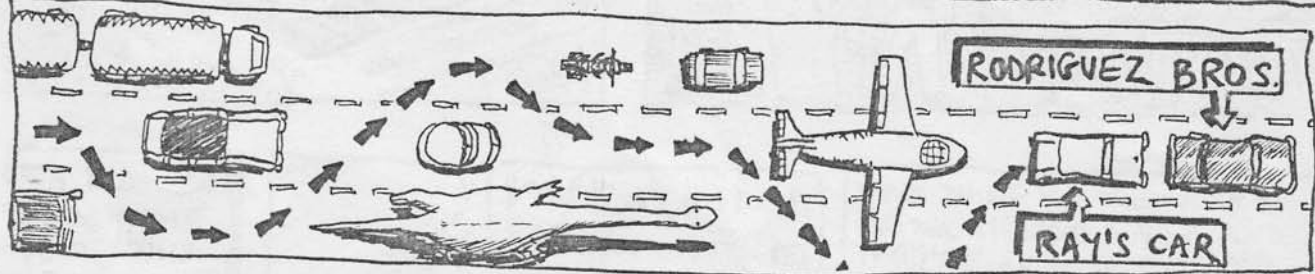
DATE AND TIME REPOSSESSED	LOCATION WHERE VEHICLE REPOSSESSED
OWNER	ADDRESS
	ADDRESS







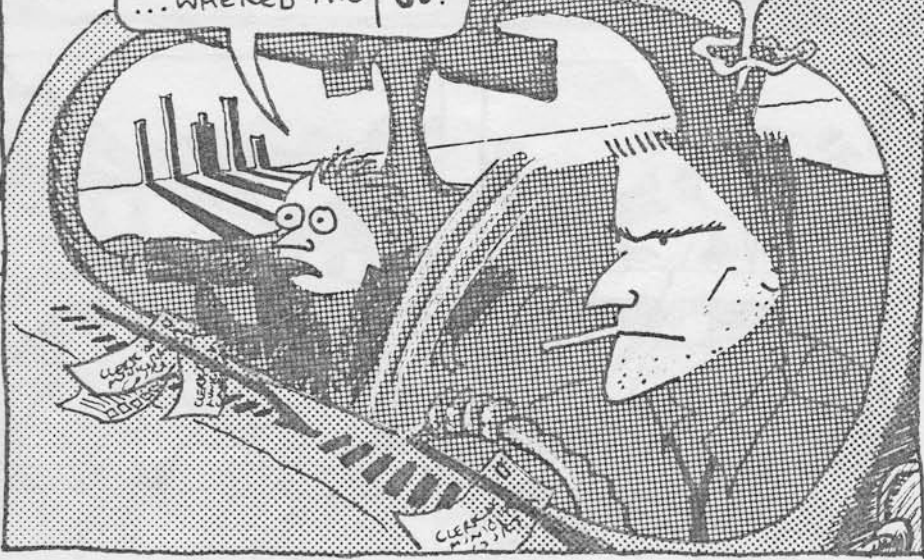
KEY: (A) RAY MAKES HARD LEFT TURN THRU CENTRAL DIVIDER; (B) SEVERAL SMALL IMPORTS COLLIDE & BURN; (C) PETERBILT REAR-ENDS PINTO; (D) RENTED BUS CONTAINING CHURCH CHOIR IS RUN OFF ROAD; (E) UNOBSERVANT COP.



**NOW!** WILL YA TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!! MUST BE SIXTEEN CAM 'N' TURBOED WITH A DOUBLE HEADER 'N' BINELLI SHOCKS T'SAY NOTHING OF THE CARMEN CHIA TRIM 'N' BLAUPUNKT MKII ANTENNA 'N' WHAT LOOKS LIKE GENUINE SILVER FOX FUR INTERIOR UPHOULSTERY ALTHOUGH THEY MAKE A PRETTY FAIR IMITATION...

\*\$69  
~::~~::~~::~  
~::~~::~~::~  
~::~~::~~::~

...WHERE'D THEY GO?



FUGGIN' GYPSIES. MAKES ME MEGA-MAD THE WAY THEY TAKE A PERFECTLY ADEQUATE JUNKER WON'T GO MORE THAN 85 AN' SOUP IT UP SO I CAN'T CATCH IT. SHIT!



BETTER GET ANOTHER CWB

\$3.75, PLEASE



SO... WHO ARE THESE RODRIGUEZ BOYS, RAY?

THE RODRIGUEZ BROTHERS, STU, ARE TWO NOTORIOUS DELINQUENTS, CURRENTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR AT LEAST THIRTY VEHICLES IN THE FIELD.



THIRTY CARS? HOW DID THEY MANAGE THAT??

'YALL CAN'T MAKE A BETTER DEAL THAN WITH 'OL TEXAS JACK BUCKINGHAM, PRE-OWNED AUTO DEALER TO THE STARS ETC.

ALL TOO EASY, KID - TOO GODDAMN EASY, THE WAY THEY GOT THIS COUNTRY SET UP...



MAKES ME MAD! BEEP BEEP BEER

\$488, \$489, \$490, \$491, ALMOST THERE!



THESE BOYS BUY A \$500 JUNKER & THEY PAY IT OFF ON TIME. NOW THEY GOT A CREDIT RECORD.

NEXT THING YOU KNOW IT'S MASTER CHARGE & VISA AND THEY'RE PULLING OUTTA THERE IN AN '83 LE BARON!



'YALL C'MON BACK NOW REAL SOON FOR SOME OF SMILIN' TEXAS JACK'S EXCLUSIVE OPTIONS NOW Y'HEAR Y'ALL COME WE HAVIN' A BBQ 'N' CHICKEN RIBS NO OBLIGAT.



...AND THAT'S THE LAST THE DEALER SEES OF 'EM. THREE MISSED PAYMENTS LATER, THEY'RE A JOB FOR REPOMAN.

THE FIENDS!!

YOU MAKING FUN OF ME?

WHY, NO.

WELL THAT'S GOOD, KID, BECAUSE IT ISN'T FUNNY. I CAN'T ABIDE SOMEONE THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIS PAYMENTS. CREDIT IS A SACRED TRUST THAT SHOULDN'T BE ABUSED. I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.

HELL, RAY. THEY'RE JUNGLE BUNNIES. WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?

WAP!

RIGHT TURN

OW!! RAY!! MY FACE... MMMPH...

THOUGHT I HEARD AN ASSHOLE TALKING.. WEIRDEST THING...

MEANWHILE, ON ALAMEDA STREET

ACME BLDG. GLANG GLANG ACME FREIGHT ACME FREIGHT ACME PARK

NAPO RODRIGUEZ IS CHECKING ON HIS CARS

22, 23...

HEY, NAPO-FREEZE!

WHILE ON THE FREEWAY -

GOT A LONG NIGHT AHEAD OF US - LAGUNA BEACH, ENCINO, ARCADIA -

NOT ME, RAY. I'M OFF TO SEE THE NORTH CENTRAL VAN NUYS GAY YOUNG MEN'S STRING QUARTET IN HOLLYWOOD

NORTH CENTRAL VAN NUYS

**GAY!!!**

YOUNG MEN'S STRING QUARTET DIDJA SAY?

EEEEEE

OUTTA MY CAR Y'LITTLE QUEER!

BUT RAY - IT'S JUST A JOKE - WE'RE ON THE FREEWAY MAN! AAA-EEEE!

TO BE CONTINUED...

# Nuclear Winter Is Already Here—a Cold Winter of the Soul

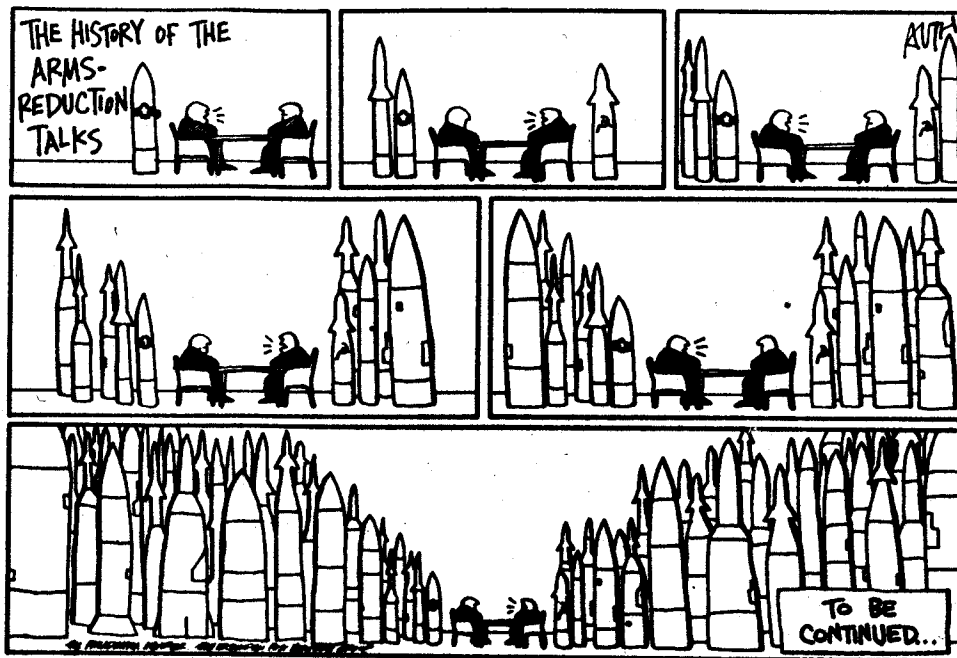
By JOHN E. MACK

There have been a number of films in the last two years—such as “The Day After,” “Testament,” “The Road Warrior” and “Threads”—that confront the threat of nuclear war by providing visions of life after the weapons have been detonated. But it occurred to me while watching “Repo Man” (the title refers to the employees of a fraudulent company that “repossesses” cars) that we live in a post-nuclear world even though the bombs have not gone off. Nuclear weapons already are taking a moral, spiritual, psychological and physical toll.

In the film the character of J. Frank Parnell, a middle-aged scientist, is first seen mysteriously driving a 1964 Chevrolet Malibu across the Southwestern countryside. In the car trunk are four dead extraterrestrial aliens whose matter is capable of disintegrating—in a blast of heat and radiation—anyone who opens the lid, leaving only their boots smoking on the road. The driver weaves along the highway, sweating and drained, as the heat from the matter in the trunk penetrates the car.

Parnell tells Otto, the troubled young punkish hero of the film, in anguished tones that his mind is eroding. He reveals that he has worked on designing the neutron bomb, which drove him mad, after which his project was canceled and he was lobotomized. The neutron bomb, Parnell says, destroys people and leaves buildings standing. “Fits in a suitcase. No one knows it’s there until blammo! Eyes melt, skin explodes. Everyone dead. It’s so immoral, working on the thing can drive you mad.” As Parnell deteriorates further mentally, the heat from the aliens in the trunk exhausts his body until finally he dies, discarded on a bench.

The movie is set in the post-industrial ruins of downtown Los Angeles amid



uncollected garbage, streets littered with trash and debris, deteriorating buildings, and discarded appliances and industrial equipment. Figures in white space suits, aseptically walled off from contamination, pick up the drunk and dead bodies that fall in the streets.

The moral code of the Helping Hands Acceptance Agency, the gang that “repossesses” cars, stealing them “from dildos who don’t pay their bills,” parallels the ethic of the neutron bomb. Cars are not to be damaged but people die meaninglessly, or are murdered without a thought in order to obtain a profitable object. No one seems to care much. “Not many people have a code anymore,” one of the repo men says. Kill or be killed is the dominant ethic. Middle-class punks with bizarre Mohawk haircuts or shaved heads commit crimes for the fun of it, and zombie-like cultists spout

forth a variety of formulas for salvation in a world that is out of their control.

“Repo Man” depicts the physical and moral desecration that results from perpetually committing the planet’s resources to nuclear annihilation instead of to the benefit of mankind. We now even seem to have post-nuclear war zones in New York, Los Angeles and other cities, as whole neighborhoods, sections of our nation that the new prosperity has passed by, disintegrate for lack of basic resources. The poor must do without adequate medical care, and infant death rates rise as health centers close and billions more are devoted to instruments of destruction. The increasing number of homeless in our cities have become the refugees of a potential war for which we are mortgaging our humanity.

In New York recently four mid-town buildings, including two single-room-

occupancy hotels that formerly housed poor people, were demolished without a city permit. The motive reportedly was to beat a legislative deadline that would have placed a moratorium on profitable luxury conversion of such properties. Since apparently no attempt was made to disconnect water and gas lines, much of the block—and the people in it—could have been blown away.

As many of our young people grow older, they become afraid that they may have nothing to look forward to. They are uncertain about making lasting commitments to a future that they doubt they will ever see. For one rock-music group, the Sex Pistols, “no future,” a line from one of their songs, became virtually a motto.

When governments take the lead in planning the systematic murder of millions of innocent people, all other destructive behavior may become permissible. The justification for this—the activity of another nuclear superpower—seems inadequate, especially as the proliferation of nuclear weapons does little to change what is deplored about the alien power’s system or intentions. The nuclear winter is already here; it is a cold winter of the soul. The bombs have not gone off, but are nevertheless affecting our moral and spiritual lives.

A film such as “Repo Man,” even if this is not its intention, reveals to us the degraded human landscape surrounding us. It does not have to be this way. We can still become aware of the violence that we are inflicting on ourselves as we threaten to destroy our enemies and our planet. It is not too late to take responsibility with the Soviet Union and other countries for the world that we are creating. The risk of going on as we are is that the loss of caring may permit the last destructive act.

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