

ALIEN NATION
"One Nation: Invisible"

By
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&
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REVISED DRAFT

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CAST LIST

MATTHEW SIKES
GEORGE FRANCISCO*
SUSAN FRANCISCO*
BUCK FRANCISCO*
EMILY FRANCISCO*
VESSNA FRANCISCO*
CATHY FRANKEL*
BRIAN GRAZER
BEATRICE ZEPEDA

RIDER
SILVESTRI
SALES CLERK*
STORE DETECTIVE
CHIEF HANK SCOGGINS
KYLE WALSH*
BUNDY
HARRIS PATTERSON
ROTHMAN
BARNEY RUTHERFORD
DIRECTOR
HACKER
STUDEVANT
YOUNG MAN

VOICE OVER TELEPHONE RECORDING
VOICE OVER CORPORATE OFFICE RECORDING

* = Newcomer characters

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY
BANK - DAY
WAREHOUSE - DAY
POLICE STATION
- BOOKING AREA - DAY
- GRAZER'S OFFICE - DAY AND NIGHT
- SQUAD AREA - DAY
- PHONE BANK - DAY
SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY
RECEPTION AREA - DAY
OMNICOM CORPORATE OFFICE
- CORRIDORS - DAY
- EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY
SIKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT
FRANCISCO HOME
- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
- KITCHEN - NIGHT
- U.V. ROOM - NIGHT
CASKET FACTORY - NIGHT

EXTERIORS:

DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY (STOCK)
SLAGTOWN ALLEY - DAY
SLAGTOWN STREET - DAY
CITY STREETS - DAY
DESSERTED STREET - NIGHT
PARK - DAY
LATIMER CASKET COMPANY - NIGHT (STOCK)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SLAGTOWN ALLEY - DAY

As an old human BAGLADY, bundled in layers of ratty clothing, pushes a shopping cart while rummaging through garbage. She picks up a worn out 1990 laptop computer, inspects it, then throws it back and moves on rifling through more junk... a beat up camcorder, a worthless Nagel print, etc.

RACK FOCUS ON A CAR AND VAN parked in the distance.

CLOSE ON A BRIEFCASE

being opened, REVEALING stacks of bills. RIDER (A human - late twenties pony tail, jeans, etc.) flashes a smile, as he inspects the, money.

RIDER

Nice.

SILVESTRI, another human, expensively dressed, closes the case and hands it to him.

SILVESTRI

Thought you'd like it.

Rider takes the briefcase back to the van, tossing it in the back...

RIDER

Actually, Money's never appealed to me much...

(smiling back at Silvestri)

It's what you can buy with it.

Silvestri laughs.

on RIDER

leaning into cab. He pulls something about the size of a credit card calculator out of his pocket.

ECU THE DEVICE

in his hand. With his thumb, he presses a digit. A RED LIGHT begins to flicker.

SILVESTRI'S VOICE

Need a hand?

Rider quickly pockets the device.

RIDER

Sure. Sooner we're out of here, the better, right?

As they load the trunk.

RIDER

(loading last box)

Just let me know when you need another score...

SILVESTRI

Sure thing, pal. Take care.

Rider extends his hand. They shake. Rider puts his other hand Silvestri's arm - a gesture of sincerity.

RIDER

You too.

Rider turns, walks away, then, casually...

RIDER

(turning back forgetting something)

Oh, forgot... one more thing...

CLOSE - RIDER'S HAND

in SLOW MOTION FREEZE FRAME he grabs Silvestri's shirt and RIPS it

ON SILVESTRI'S CHEST -

REVEALING wires attached to a small microphone.

ECU - MICROPHONE

CLOSE ON RIDER

Cold emotionless.

ON SILVESTRI'S EYES

with the realization he's been caught.

BACK TO ACTION

Silvestri turns to run away from Rider and is suddenly SHOT from the front.

REVEAL BAGLADY near trash cans, holding an MPK, automatic rifle.

ON SILVESTRI

lying limp against the dumpster. The SOUND of SCREECHING TIRES can be heard in background.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE -ESTABLISH - DAY

INT. STORE - PATIO DEPARTMENT - DAY

as CAMERA MOVES past patio set displays, bar-b-ques, lounges etc, and into a special area that reads "Newcomer U.V. showroom - Ask For Our Decorating Specialists." Several newcomers are browsing at futuristic lounge chairs, U.V. lamp units, fountains, sculptures, Tenctonese garden paraphernalia, sour milk bars, etc...

ON GEORGE AND SUSAN

at check out counter, with a not-so-holpful teenage newcomer CLERK. George is holding what looks like an exotic plant.

GEORGE

Maybe we should get one more rone pad as long as I'm charging --

SUSAN

--Maybe we should see what all this is going to cost us first.

CLERK

(re: sales slip)

Suppose you want this stuff delivered.

GEORGE

That would be nice.

Clerk, irritated, takes a form, and proceeds to fill it out.

SUSAN

How long for delivery?

CLERK

How would I know. Call the number on the invoice.

GEORGE

I didn't see it. Sorry.

CLERK

Explorer Card or cash?

George hands the clerk his credit card. As she run the card over the scanner, Susan pulls George aside.

SUSAN

(under her breath)

Don't apologize. She's being rude. If Emily ever acted like that --

GEORGE

Susan, those are low paying jobs, you have to expect it.

SUSAN

No we don't. We just spent a fortune in here.

ON CLERK

Reacting to something on the scanner. She picks up the phone.

SUSAN AND GEORGE

GEORGE

I wish you would relax Neemu. We need those lounge chairs. And they're the first ones we've seen with graphite philo-flanges.

SUSAN

It's just that we're putting out so much money to install this U.V. room...

GEORGE

(affectionate)

We've waited a long time to do this. And now that we are, I want us to have the best. We deserve it. It's time we diapered ourselves --

SUSAN

--pampered, neemu.

GEORGE

Yes, well, then you agree with me.

SUSAN

(giving in)

If you want, we'll look around.

GEORGE

(re: clerk)

But she's already totaled everything.

CLERK

(suddenly friendly, helpful)

Oh no. Take your time. I'm in no hurry, after all you're the customer.

George and-Susan exchange looks, reacting to her new attitude

CLERK

And don't forget to check out those blue ticket items. They're thirty percent off.

George and Susan start off to look. They're browsing, when suddenly interrupted by a store detective.

DETECTIVE
Hold it right there.

GEORGE / SUSAN
Excuse me? What?

DETECTIVE
(quietly, but firm)
You heard me. Now come with me. You're
under arrest.

Before George can protest, he escorts them away.

EXT. SLAGTOWN STREET - SIKE'S CAR - DAY

SIKES VOICE
Arrested?!

INT. CAR ON GEORGE AND SIKES

GEORGE
It was obviously a computer error.

SIKES
I'd sue their butts off.

GEORGE
That's not necessary, Matthew. A simple
call placed to the proper channels will
have this all cleared up.

George, though still reeling from the experience, is trying
to be positive. Sikes can't believe his naivete.

EXT. SLAGTOWN ALLEY

Police tape surrounds the shooting site, keeping out
spectators. A coroner's truck and several police units are
already on the scene as Sikes and George pull up and get
out of the car.

SIKES
Y'see? It's exactly the reason I don't have
cards.

ON their walk.

GEORGE

The reason you don't have cards Matthew, is that you are irresponsible. For you, credit cards are dangerous. I, on the other hand, have been meticulous in my payments.

CLOSE ON SILVRSTRI'S BODY

the shoot being pulled back for Sikes and George. They recognize the face.

GEORGE

...Not another one.

CHIEF DETECTIVE HANK SCOGGINS joins them.

SCOGGINS

Second man our department's lost to these guys. Sikes, what're you doing here?

SIKES

We got the call.

(re: GEORGE)

And we come as a set.

SCOGGINS

Yeah well the people who got to Silvestri could be staking us out right now, so go on, got out of here.

GEORGE

He's right, Matthew. You could be blowing your cover.

SIKES

What happened?

SCOGGINS

He was in the middle of a buy when they discovered his wire.

SIKES

Jeez Scoggins, he was wired and you guys couldn't --

SCOGGINS

-- Hey I know! We just weren't fast enough!

SIKES

(examining body)

An MPK did this... same thing he was trying to buy. Damn it! They're selling to everyone on the streets, yet the minute it's a cap, they know.

GEORGE

Obviously they have means to detect surveillance devices.

(to Scoggins)

Do we have anything to go on?

SCOGGINS

Nothing.

SIKES

What about the wire? Did it pick up anything?

SCOGGINS

I'll let you hear for yourself. We'll Bond you the tape. Now go on, get out of here.

ON THEIR WALK

GEORGE

Well there's still you, Banks and Jefferson. We'll just hope that someone else will make contact.

SIKES

Yeah. Something to look forward to.

INT. FRANCISCO LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

SFX - POUNDING is HEARD in B.G. throughout

ON GEORGE

on the phone. BUCK, holding VESSNA, is impatiently waiting to use the phone.

RECORDING

(from receiver)

... terminals are busy. Your call will be completed in the order it was received.

(beep, click)

You have reached EXPLORER CARD'S corporate offices. All service terminals --

ON SUSAN

Entering front door, carrying portfolio. She's beaming. She greets George affectionately and takes Vessna in her arms.

SUSAN

Congratulate me. Today wasn't all bad. I was just put on the OmniCom account. You know, those commercials with the chairman of the board, where he --

GEORGE

Shhh! I'm trying to get through to EXPLORER CARD'S offices.

BUCK

Are those the Barney Rutherford commercials? Hey I like those.

(re: his dad)

He's been on the phone for the last twenty minutes.

GEORGE

That's why I can't possibly hang up now.

(preoccupied)

Congratulations Neemu.

Their contractor, a newcomer, KYLE WALSH enters from another room.

KYLE

Okay. We've got your water turned off. Sorry about the mess.

GEORGE

What mess?

(into phone)

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello?

SUSAN

Forget the mess. What can we do about that noise?

KYLE

Not much. Where do you want the coils?

GEORGE

In the center by the moon spheres.

SUSAN

I thought we were separating the moon spheres from the coils?

GEORGE

Shhhh. I think it's ringing.

KYLE

Better decide. They're going in tomorrow.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Yes. My name is George Francisco and I'm calling because --

(beat)

Another recording... more numbers, all right...

He punches in a series of numbers on the telephone. Susan and Kyle walk off, leaving George alone with the phone. She surveys the construction area. Buck's already there. POUNDING is constantly HEARD in B.G.

KYLE

We'll need to talk vent placement for the aqua steam.

BUCK

Aqua steam? I thought we were getting Lun-oc mist.

SUSAN

Too expensive.

EMILY ENTERS from front door. She reacts unhappily to the

noise coming from the back bathroom.

EMILY

Oh no. Why're we putting the U.V. room down here?

SUSAN

What's wrong with down here?

EMILY

It's so geeky -- it's the first thing all my friends'll see -

BUCK

Em, you should be proud of your Tenctonese roots -

EMILY

I'm proud. But if you had your way, we'd be back on the ship, cramped into some tiny little cubicle.

BUCK

Communal living is a Tenctonese custom.

ANGLE GEORGE - still on phone. Kyle approaches.

KYLE

I'm going to need another draw, Mr. Francisco.

GEORGE

So soon?

KYLE

My moonscape guy won't work without upfront money. And I there's the cost for materials.

Still on hold, he takes out checkbook to write check.

GEORGE

(in Tectonese)

He's really that good?

KYLE
(in Tectonese)
The best there is.

GEORGE
(to phone)
Us, hello. There was a mixup at a store
this morning. My card was confiscated and--
hello?

Another recording. George hands check to Kyle, then is suddenly alert, hearing more rings and a click.

GEORGE
Finally! Yes. Hello, I'm George Francisco.
(beat)
Oh great.

And yet another recording. George responds by pressing several numbers on the phone.

KYLE
Thanks Mr. Francisco. Meanwhile, you'll
have to keep the water off, back there.

He starts to leave. George calls out after him.

GEORGE
Wait! What about that noise?

KYLE
Should be done once he finishes knocking
out that wall.

He's OUT.

GEORGE
Wall? What wall?
(into phone)
What? Wait no--!

RECORDING
...sorry, but you have exceeded the time
allotted to make your entry. Please hang up
and call again.

A deep breath, then George starts the whole process again.

INT. COP SHOP - DAY

ON PHONE BANK

which Consists of a row of small telephones booths along a Wall. SOUNDS from a busy switchboard can be heard as CAMERA REVEALS the telephones are in a small, glass-enclosed area, off to one side of the busy station. In contrast, the main switchboard an the other side of the glass has several lines ringing. OFFICER BUNDY's working the switchboard. CAMARA PANS to ESTABLISH the busy station.

ON DESK

as a phone rings. An officer in the middle of booking a hooker, picks up, talks.

ON ANOTHER DESK

where a newcomer punk is being questioned.

ON FRANK FULLER, a slightly pudgy, jovial salesman in his mid-forties, talking to a plainclothes cop who's trying on a shoulder holster.

FULLER

Go on, try it -wear it awhile -- if you like it. My name and number's right on the inside.

Sikes passes him. Casually greets him with:

SIKES

Still around Fuller? Thought you'd be a millionaire by now...

Big mistake. Fuller's on him like glue, following as Sikes makes his way to his desk.

FULLER

You joke. Guess how much I made in commissions last year? Go ahead, guess.

Sikes doesn't want to guess. He's sorry he brought it up.

SIKES
(token guessing)
Hundred thou

FULLER
Hundred and FIFTY thou. Tell you one thing,
it sure as hell beats what I did around
here. At least this way I know I'll die of
old Age

SIKES
Yeah well, for some of us we like the
suspense

FULLER
(sincere)
When are you going to wise up, Matt.
Risking your life for what?
(a moment of genuine
concern, then)
But if you've got to risk your life, let me
show you a line I got on-bullet proof
vests. Latest materials, laser retardant--

SIKES
Later.

Sikes walks off. Frank calls after him.

FULLER
Only got a couple days. I'm in town for the
convention. Got the chief looking at those
new riot helmets... same ones they used
last year in Geneva.
(back to gladhanding)
Hey, how are you?!

ANGLE GEORGE AND ZEPEDA

at George's desk. Sikes JOINS them.

SIKES
What's up?

ZEPEDA

Lucky for you, nothing.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, Matthew. Just chocked Rampart Division. Jefferson and Banks haven't been contacted either.

Sikes angrily takes off his jacket while throwing some files on the desk. Zepeda notices his frustration.

ZEPEDA

Look, it's been what - five, six days now? They gotta contact somebody sometime.

SIKES

There's a whole city of creeps trying to buy those guns. What makes us think they'll contact one of us.

GEORGE

I think you presented yourself admirably as a buyer, Matthew.

SIKES

That's alright. Whatdaya think the odds are on the schmuck who takes the next call... I mean we're like human sacrifices here two guys up - two guys killed and what are we gonna do different for the next guy, huh? Nothing. Not a damn thing.

He slams a drawer, inadvertently knocking over a dirty coffee cup from the night before. George studies his partner for a moment, while Sikes awkwardly dabbles at the mess on his desk

GEORGE

Matthew... if you want, I'll take the call. I'm perfectly capable of being the shrill.

SIKES

Shill. And you can't, Francisco, remember? I'm the pretty face, you're the brain.

GEORGE

Very well.

ZEPEDA

I say you regroup and get a new plan.

SIKES

What - human sacrifice doesn't appeal to you, Zepeda?

BUNDY'S VOICE

Sikes!

ON OFFICER BUNDY BY Phones, motioning him over.

BUNDY

Your undercover line.

ON GREEN LIGHT -

outside row of phones. It lights up. Suddenly the room gets quiet.

ON SIKES

he approaches the glass-enclosed booth. Bundy smiles, Proud

BUNDY

(congratulating him)

Good job... must have said the right thing.

SIKES

(under his breath)

Yeah, lucky me.

He reluctantly walks into the booth, picks up the receiver.

SIKES

Yeah, this is Mr. Johnson...

GEORGE'S P.O.V. - SIKES

talking on the phone, in the booth.

ON GEORGE:

watching from the outside. Concerned.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - CLOSE ON TINY CAPSULE - DAY

FULLER'S VOICE

It's the Micro 500...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Sikes, George, Grazer listening to Fuller. Fuller's slightly patronizing to George.

FRANK

...a wireless micro monitoring device.
Undetectable. Works on the same principles
as a transistor radio.

SIKES

This little thing?

FRANK

Say, once swallowed, these "little things"
can transmit signals within a five mile --

SIKES

Whoa... go back. What do you mean
"swallow"?

FULLER

Well sure, that's how it's planted.

GEORGE

(studying capsule)
Magnesium coating. Seems safe,

FULLER

(to George)
Of course, we're not all as stupid as you
people think --

George bites his lip.

SIKES

You're asking me to swallow something...
electric?

FULLER

It's perfectly safe. It lodges onto your
stomach and after a few days it simply
dissolves.

Fuller hands him the capsule and a glass of water.

FULLER

(impatient)

Just take it like a pill.

SIKES

I hate pills.

FULLER

(to Grazer)

Why didn't you tell me this guy was such a
wuss?

Quickly, Sikes grabs the glass and capsule and swallows it,
trying to hide his reaction.

SIKES

Now what?

FULLER

I check the monitor... make sure we're
getting a reading.

ON MONITOR

in another part of the room. After a moment, we see a small
bleep come across the screen. Out of the speaker box we
hear...

SIKE'S VOICE

Well?

ON FULLER

Now in front of the monitor equipment, he fiddles with some
controls. For remainder of scene, Sike's voice will be
heard in two places.

FULLER

Coming in loud and clear. Say something
Brian.

GRAZER'S VOICE

Testing. Testing.

SIKE'S VOICE

Good Brian. Original.

BACK TO SIKES, GEORGE AND GRAZER

As Fuller comes back to-join them.

FULLER

Works perfectly.

SIKES

Question. If this... thing is so great, why
didn't Silvestri use it?

GRAZER

It's not on the market. That's the beauty
of it, the guys we're after won't even know
to look for it.

SIKES

So, basically I'm your guinea pig.

FULLER

Not necessarily.

GEORGE

I'm sure it's been tested, Matt. Otherwise
they wouldn't be using it.

FULLER

Well, there was that heat-up problem in
Denver. But the guy was a whiner.

SIKES

Heat up?

FULLER

(checks watch)

I'd better got outta here if I'm going to
(MORE)

FULLER (CONT'D)
make that seminar.

He starts out.

SIKES
(stopping him)
Roy, how do I turn this thing off?

FULLER
Off?

SIKES
Yeah, off!

FULLER
You can't turn it off. Not this model
anyway. That would be the Micro 1000... but
you're talking big bucks.

SIKES
Yeah but - I mean if this thing is on all
the time, what about... well, you know, my
private life?

FULLER
Your technicians can turn it off at this
end. 'Course, when you're working
undercover, that's not such a good idea.
(suddenly remembering)
Great story about the guy in Denver, when
he... I'll save it for another time. I'm
running late. Need me? You know where to
reach me.
(checks watch again)
I'm outta here. You're not gonna have any
problem with this.

He's OUT. Sikes feels his stomach.

INT. FRANCISCO ROME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

It's cluttered with building materials for their
remodeling.

ON GEORGE

Stepping over electrical equipment, pipes, tools, etc. in

the living room. He moves papers from the couch to find a space to sit.

SUSAN'S VOICE

George, careful! My storyboard.

ON SUSAN

ENTERING from construction area.

GEORGE

Sorry.

(re: the mess)

Thought the workmen were going to move everything back by now-

SUSAN

I don't think they were here today.

GEORGE

They had to be here today. They have a completion guarantee.

Buck ENTERS, stepping over materials.

BUCK

(irritated)

They weren't here Dad, and the water's still off.

Buck sits, turns on television.

GEORGE

Use the water in our earthquake kit.

BUCK

Can't. We already used it.

GEORGE

That was for emergencies.

SUSAN

Buck do you mind, I've got to work down here tonight.

As he turns it off, annoyed, Emily ENTERS from kitchen just as DOORBELL RINGS.

EMILY

Can someone help me get into the refrigerator? They left something in front of the door.

GEORGE

Buck, why don't you help Emily in the kitchen.

George answers door. Kyle Walsh and two assistants barge into the living room and proceed to take away materials.

GEORGE

Well, this is what I call dedication, when something goes wrong during the day, you're here at night to rectify the situation.

Kyle continues collecting things. He's not happy.

SUSAN

(re: Kyle)

Uh... George-

GEORGE

(understanding)

So... what exactly did happen to everyone today?

KYLE

We're not here to work.

The workers take supplies out of the house.

GEORGE

Wait a minute, Kyle. They're taking these away. They're for our U.V.room.

KYLE

Not anymore. They're my materials now.

GEORGE

What are You talking about?

KYLE

Your check bounced Mr. Francisco.

GEORGE

This is impossible. I've never had a check bounce in my life.

SUSAN

There must be some mistake.

KYLE

I put it through twice... because I trusted you! You're one of us.

Kyle grabs what's left and starts out the door.

GEORGE

This is all a terrible misunderstanding, I have more than sufficient funds in my bank to-

KYLE

--Is that why your account's been frozen?

SUSAN / GEORGE

(simultaneous)

Frozen?!

GEORGE

You can't just leave. Our water is off, our kitchen is a mess-

KYLE

Discuss it with my lawyer, Mr. Francisco.

He leaves. George exchanges bewildered looks with Susan, Emily and Buck.

INT. SIKE'S APARTMENT - ON CATHY - NIGHT

at the door, holding flowers and three bottles of wine and a quart of sour milk. She is wearing a sexy outfit, dressed for seduction. Sikes reacts, impressed.

CATHY

I didn't know what you were cooking so I got red... I got white... I got pink

SIKES
(helping her)
You got flowers?

CATHY
Isn't that the custom?

SIKES
(thinks, then)
Sure... why not.

She watches him as he sticks the flowers in a nearby beer mug.

SIKES
Actually I'm not too hungry. A little indigestion... I was thinking maybe we'd just go out. Catch a movie.

CATHY
(re: the wine)
Why go out, when we have all this? Besides, I brought a movie.

With that she takes out a porno video from her purse.

CATHY
The man at the video store says this is one, of their most popular rentals. You haven't seen it, have you?

SIKES
(pouring drinks)
No. Looks... great.
(staring at Cathy)
So do you.
(sudden panic)
But it's LETHAL WEAPON FIVE. It won't be playing after tonight. Why don't we save the tape for another time... say in a few days.

CATHY
(stares at Sikes a moment, then)
You know, I had a hum dream about you last
(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

night, Matt-

He coughs and tries to make as much racket as possible with the- glasses

SIKES

Yes well, someday we'll have to--

CATHY

--It was very arousing. I even dreamt I could sweat. It made me think, if we're going to have a physical relationship, there's so much I want to know about you - your body...

He coughs again... a little more loudly.

CATHY

...what gives you pleasure, where you like to be touched.

Sikes takes a pillow, clutches it to his stomach.

CATHY

-- where you don't like to be touched. And I want you to know me. Oh I know you already know about our back, but there's so many other places... elbows, upper brows, between the toes-

SIKES

That's all interesting but -- toes?

CATHY

That's why we can't wear thongs.

SIKES

Really?

CATHY

I even went to one of your human sexual paraphernalia stores. They're actually quite interesting. Do you use the mint or fruit flavored orgy jellies?

Really loud coughing now.

SIKES

Sorry. I've got this ... tickle... maybe a cold -

CATHY

Matt, is something about this conversation bothering you?

SIKES

No. It's a wonderful conversation... Wonderful conversation. It's just that-

CATHY

I'm being too direct?

SIKES

No. It's just... well it's just--

She gets up to leave.

SIKES

Cathy, where're you going?

CATHY

I don't think you really want company tonight.

SIKES

I do. I just think maybe we ought to go out instead?

CATHY

(sincere)

It's alright, Matt. Really. we'll do this another time maybe.

She leaves. Sikes flops into the couch, frustrated.

INT. BANK - ON GEORGE - DAY

as we hear:

PATTERSON'S VOICE

... Francisco... Francisco... Here we go.

WIDEN TO REVEAL HARRIS PATTERSON

a polite, conscientious yet rather bland man who's busily

working on the computer. George sits across from him at the desk, waiting.

GEORGE

You found it?

PATTERSON

Right here. George Francisco... Oh my... Goodness, you've Certainly done a lot of business with us - we hold your first mortgage, auto loan, EXPLORER CARD my... And you have an excellent credit record!

GEORGE

Thank you.

PATTERSON

But here, I see the problem.

GEORGE

Finally.

PATTERSON

You're listed as, well, as dead.

GEORGE

Dead?

PATTERSON

Deceased, actually. Isn't that a heck of a thing.

GEORGE

Deceased? How can a thing like that happen?

PATTERSON

Gosh, you know, I really don't know?

GEORGE

Well you can certainly see that I'm not deceased, so do what you have to, to change it.

PATTERSON

Oh, I would if I could, Mr. Francisco, but I can't. To input data is a level five. I'm only a three. Lemme see...

(MORE)

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Level five would be Wong in Seoul. Even then, to change data he'd have to go through our main office in Okinawa. I don't know who you talk to there, I'm sorta low man on the totem pole.

GEORGE

In other words, you can't help me, is that right?

PATTERSON

(handing him a card)

Wong. Here's our Seoul number.

INT. COP SHOP - ON GEORGE - DAY

GEORGE

(on phone)

Well then can you give me the direct dial number of Okinawa?

SIKES still queasy and in a bad mood, walks in. A POLICE DOG suddenly LUNGES at Sikes. He jumps back in fear.

SIKES

Whoa, whoa!!

The dog continues lunging and barking at Sikes. Luckily, a caged detention area separates Sikes from the dog.

SIKES

(to officer)

Tayback! Call off your partner!! Tayback!

Tayback complies, holding back the mad canine.

SIKES

Jeez... ever feed him?

Dog continues barking. Sikes walks on. He suddenly spots

FULLER leaving Grazer's office. Sikes catches up to him. ON their WALK:

SIKES

Fuller, wait up...

FULLER

Can't it wait? I've got a seminar.

(to another officer)

Hey, how's that new holster, huh?

SIKES

Listen, I was up half the night with this pain in my gut... it's kind of a low, intense --

FULLER

-- Didn't you read the pamphlet I left you? What foods to eat, not eat-

SIKES

No! There was no pamphlet! You didn't give me a pamphlet!!

They pass the detaining area. The DOG LUNGES at Sikes again. They ignore him and continue walking.

FULLER

I must've left it back at the hotel room. I'll try to send one over-

SIKES

And dogs. Any particular reason why dogs suddenly react to me? Is this something else I should know?

FULLER

Come to think of it, those highpitched frequencies could attract dogs - Don't know if it's in the brochure though.

(beat)

Try to relax Sikes, you seem jumpy.

Fuller leaves. Zepeda joins him.

ZEPEDA

We finally got a trace on the sting line. Came from a booth on Alameda. We dusted for prints and we're doing a stake out in case

(MORE)

ZEPEDA (CONT'D)

- what? What?

Zepeda realizes Sikes is staring at her feet.

SIKES P.O.V - ZEPEDA'S FEET

Wearing thong sandals.

ON SIKES

recalling his evening with Cathy.

ZEPEDA

What are you staring at?

SIKES

Nothing.

Zepeda's puzzled. Sikes leaves her and walks over to ROTHMAN working at his desk. Sikes joins him.

SIKES

Okay, let's see the transcripts from last night.

ROTHMAN

Last night? There were no transcripts from last night.

SIKES

Yeah, right.

ZEPEDA

(joining them)

You were off duty last night.

SIKES

Zepeda was here, too?

ZEPEDA

Yeah, so?

SIKES

Okay, Just tell me who else was listening.

ZEPEDA

Listening to what?

SIKES

My conversation. My private conversation.
You know... the one coming in loud and
clear from "the Matthew Channel"...

ZEPEDA

Hey, we have a life Sikes, we don't need to
listen to yours.

ROTHMAN

Besides, that would be unethical

ZEPEDA

Not to mention, boring. We're police
officers, not voyeurs.

ROTHMAN

It hurts our feelings you even suggested
it.

SIKES

(beat, then sheepish)

okay, maybe I uh, I over reacted, I'm
sorry. Sorry guys.

ZEPEDA

You should be.

Sikes walks off. Zepeda and Rothman wait a moment, then
suppressed smirks.

ON SIKES at his phone, dialing. (In B.G. George is still on
the phone holding).

SIKES

(to phone)

Cathy, it's Matt... how about trying dinner
again tonight, my place... You know, maybe
take up where we left off... ?

GRAZER

Sikes!

ON GRAZER approaching, motioning him to follow him.

GRAZER

Your line.

George and Sikes both hang up. Sikes, George and Grazer walk over to the phone booth, where the green light is blinking.

GRAZER

Okay, this is it. Zepeda, alert Yates to secure the surveillance truck and stand by. Francisco, you and Rothman are riding in the van.

The room quiets, Sikes goes in.

ZEPEDA AND GEORGE watch from outside the glass booth.

ZEPEDA

You want backup?

GEORGE

That won't be necessary, but thank you.

ZEPEDA

C'mon, you need backup. I mean, none of us know this thing's gonna, work... The department's using Sikes like a lab rat.

GEORGE

Yes. Well. We just have to have faith in the system then, don't we.

Sikes motions a thumbs up to George while he continues talking on the phone. George is not so sure of his own words, however.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - MIDNIGHT

... Around Union Station, with its darkened warehouses, streets void of light's or traffic, and a sleeping derelict in, an abandoned portal. A VAN is parked alone on the street. A tire and Jack lay alongside. A man leans against the van, smoking a cigarette, waiting. REVEAL it's RIDER. He's cool, patient. The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS can be heard. From a distance a figure comes out of the shadows. It's Sikes.

SIKES

Need a hand?

RIDER

Thanks buddy, but I'm waiting for a Johnson, from the Triple A.

SIKES

Yeah, well, I'm Johnson.

RIDER

Why don't we start by telling me what you need.

SIKES

I need MPK's.

Rider nods.

SIKES

Twenty cases.

RIDER

Planning a war?

SIKES

You got 'em or not?

RIDER

I've got them. I believe though, you have something for me?

Sikes roaches in his jacket, brings out envelope.

SIKES

Five hundred up front, right?

RIDER

Right.

He reaches for it. Sikes pulls back.

SIKES

First, I see what I'm getting.

Rider shrugs, leads his over to the van, begins to unlock the back door. As they wait, a MUTT approaches and begins to sniff Sikes. Rider opens the door, reaches into a box

and looks back at the dog whining and jumping on Sikes.

RIDER
What gives?

SIKES
How the hell should I know? Down!

The dog is getting more hyper.

RIDER
He yours?

SIKES
Uh, yeah. Yeah, he's mine

RIDER
I said come alone.

SIKES
Uh, right, well-

RIDER
Lose him.

SIKES
Hey, I can't just -- down! Down! C'mon, I
can't just-

RIDER
(calmly)
I said lose him.

Rider has pulled a gun. He aims it at the dog.

SIKES
Yeah. Sure. Whatever you say.
(pushing dog away)
Scram! Got outta here! Scram!

Sikes grabs him by the scruff of the neck and shoves him away. Rider observes. The gun is still in his hand. He looks at Sikes, then at the dog, running off.

SIKES

(shrugs)

Happy?

Rider walks up, puts the gun to Sikes' throat, and rips open his shirt. Buttons pop, exposing his chest.

CLOSE ON CHEST - bare. No wires.

RIDER nods.

RIDER

Now I'm happy.

SIKES

You owe me a shirt.

RIDER

No problem.

(reaching in van, bringing
out a MPK, tossing it to
Sikes)

You can have these by Friday. The price is
a hundred thou.

Sikes coughs at the price. Rider doesn't blink. He calmly takes back the MPK and throws it back into the van.

RIDER

Maybe you'd like to shop around.

SIKES

No, No, that's... that's alright. Hundred
thou, you'll get it.

(pulls envelope from pocket)
Here's a down payment.

Rider puts envelope in pocket.

RIDER

Friday.

Sikes starts to speak - Rider interrupts, anticipating his next question

RIDER

We'll be in touch.

SIKES

You'll take good care of that five hundred, thae?

RIDER

I'll take very good care of it. Goodnight, Mr. Johnson.

SIKES

Yeah. G'night.

Sikes has been dismissed. He turns, walks off. Rider watches him leave. He throws his tire and jack in the back of the van and closes the door. As he walks to the drivers side, he looks back at

SIKES - walking off, passing the sleeping derelict. Once past, the derelict looks up and exchanges looks with Rider.

They nod to each other.

SIKES walks on, not looking back, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANCISCO HOME - NIGHT

The place is still a mess. George and Susan are sitting at the dinner table eating Tenctonese take out. Susan is sorting and reading their mail.

GEORGE

(looking around)

I can't keep living like this.

SUSAN

(re: note in hand)

Cheer up, according to this, you're not.

Hands him the card.

GEORGE

(reading it)

"With deepest sympathy... for your dearly departed husband"-

(to Susan)

Do we know a "William Sonoma"

SUSAN

It's a store. And I got another one yesterday from the Sharper Image. Along with their catalogue.

GEORGE

It's nice to know I'll be missed.

SUSAN

I still don't understand why the bank couldn't correct the problem.

GEORGE

(weary, frustrated)

They say they can't. The bank and Explorer card are subsidiaries of a company called Techmar. Then I learned THEY are managed by a conglomerate called Ryo-Tec Industries, so now I-

SUSAN

Ryo-Toc? That's owned by OmniCom.

Off George's look-

SUSAN

OmniCom George, the account I'm working on. You know, we're shooting one of their commercials tomorrow. Someone from the company might be there. I'll find out who we can talk to.

GEORGE

Susan, I appreciate your trying to tug ropes on my behalf, but I am responsible for this predicament

(beat)

...somehow. And I intend to resolve it in my own way.

SUSAN

Your way doesn't seem to be working, Neemu.

GEORGE

(the martyr)

I know, and I don't understand why? I've tried to assimilate into this culture. I've done everything they've told us to do. They told us to establish good credit, to carry their credit cards. I did all of that. I don't understand what it is that I have done wrong...

SUSAN

George you're taking this much too personally.

GEORGE

Losing one's buying power has a very profound effect on one's worth in this society, Susan.

SUSAN

Then we'll open a new bank account in my name.

GEORGE

That won't be necessary.

SUSAN

(analytical)

George, I believe I detect a human trait of male ego.

GEORGE

(surprised)

You really think so?

(more thought)

Come to think of it, my droonal nodes are flagging. And the base of it does seem to stem from feelings of inadequacy to you. Hmm. Interesting. An interesting observation of human behavior...

INT. SIKES.' APARTMENT - ON CANDLES - NIGHT

And another observation of human behavior. The candles and light from the television are the only light source in the room. Synthesized percussion and MOANS are HEARD coming from the tv. - RACK FOCUS TO CATHY AND MATT, sitting on the floor in front of the tv. Wine and sour milk on a table nearby.

CATHY

(re: movie)

And this... arouses you?

SIKES

That? Well... it can arouse some people. Not all. Some, yeah.

(watches screen)

I find that kind of arousing.

(caught, a little self-conscious)

Yeah. Maybe under the right conditions.

CATHY

Interesting.

SIKES

(breaking the mood)

No. No see...

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)

you say "interesting" like that... it's not arousing.

CATHY

What do you mean?

SIKES

I mean like that - "interesting"... like your studying it or something.

CATHY

I am studying it.

SIKES

Yeah but, see that takes all the excitement out of it. It's like putting sex under a microscope or something.

CATHY

I'm sorry, Matt. I had no idea your human sexuality was so fragile.

(looks to screen, loud

SCREAMS AND MOANS)

It doesn't look fragile.

SIKES

Well, there's various ways of expressing physical arousal. Some are extraverted, like that ... others are simpler, softer...

CATHY

In what way?

SIKES

Well... more sensual. Maybe a touch, or-

CATHY

What kind of touch? In the book it's not specific. In fact there's very few areas that are listed. And they're mostly for women. Not much for men.

Matt is uncomfortable with this, but proceeds.

SIKES

Sure there is.

(on her look, realizing he's
going to have to be more
specific)

Well like, ears, for instance...

CATHY

She looks at him to continue. Matt
awkwardly does.

SIKES

Blowing in them...

CATHY

Oh. Blowing in them. And you'd like that?

SIKES

Well its... not bad. Actually, there is one
area that gets to me... more than ears...
it's the palm of the hand...

(demonstrating on Cathy's
hand)

Kinda... massaging the area... right
there...

CATHY

You know that's one of our areas too.

SIKES

Really?

(still massaging)

Well... maybe we have more in common than
we think...

ON THEIR HANDS, rubbing together, we RACK FOCUS BACK TO
CANDLE.

POLICE STATION - GRAZER'S OFFICE MORNING

GRAZER

Your paycheck?

REVEAL GEORGE opposite his desk, as Grazer dials the phone.

GRAZER

Should've said something sooner,
Francisco. ...

GEORGE

Yes. Well. I thought I could rectify the
problem myself.

GRAZER

(into phone)

Grazer here. Run a check on Francisco,
George. Says he never received his
paycheck.

(to George)

Probably just a little computer glitch

(into Phone)

Oh really? oh, I see.

GEORGE

They found it.

GRAZER

(into phone)

Oh. Really? Okay. Fine.

(hangs up, to George)

You've been deleted.

GEORGE

(the final insult)

Deleted?

GRAZER

Weird huh? That usually only happens when
someone dies.

GEORGE

Just tell me how I get my check.

GRAZER

Well, they'll have to issue a now one, but
they can't do that until you're programmed
back onto the system. Means forms,
department signatures, verifications...

George is fuming.

GRAZER

Listen, if you need a small loan, I'd be happy to --

GEORGE

No. I'll take care of this myself.

The last straw. He's finally had it. George walks out, angry but determined.

EXT. PARK - BARNNEY RUTHERFORD - DAY

a friendly, mid-western looking, mild mannered man in bow tie and bar-b-que apron, is looking straight into the camera and talking earnestly as MUSIC SWELLS.

BARNEY

Because here at OmniCom, ... you're more than Just a number... you're family.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL BARNEY surrounded by the people he loves. He stands over a grill, flipping hamburgers for a happy crowd all dressed in gingham and calico. They hug. They laugh. They cajole.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

And... cut!

They stop hugging, and laughing and cajoling. CAMERA KEEPS PULLING BACK TO REVEAL cameras, reflectors, booms, etc. in the middle of a Commercial shoot.

GEORGE'S CAR pulls up and into a parking place on the street. George gets out, walks toward the film company. During this we HEAR:

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Print it. Very good folks. Okay, I want to got a pick up on the kid with the rag doll...

SUSAN is in the middle of this, consulting with a co-worker as George, approaches.

SUSAN

George! What a nice surprise

GEORGE

The people from OmniCom, Susan, where are they?

SUSAN

I've seen no one. They must--

GEORGE

Then this... Rutherford fellow Chairman of the Board - does the commercials - he here?

SUSAN

(pointing)

Well of course, he's over in makeup but-

George dashes off.

SUSAN

(calling after him)

George? George --

She starts to go after him, but is intercepted by the DIRECTOR stopping her with a question.

BARNEY RUTHERFORD is getting makeup dabbed on his forehead as George approaches.

GEORGE

Mr Rutherford, I realize you're busy, I'll not take much of your time - but I've tried going through all the right channels and I'm getting nowhere---

BARNEY

Uh... would somebody

GEORGE

(simultaneous)

I've lost my credit, my bank, my contractor, I've been arrested, and now I'm declared dead!

Susan catches up to them.

SUSAN

George, what are you doing?

GEORGE

I'm a desperate man, Susan---

BARNEY

And I'm an actor. What do you want from me?

GEORGE

Oh.

(beat)

Well I know that.

(another beat)

But you're a spokesperson. You represent the company.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

Lance! We're ready for Lance!

Barney (Lance) tries to leave, George stops him

GEORGE

You've been playing Barney a long time, surely you must have some connections with the people at the top

BARNEY

Yeah, I should, shouldn't I?

SUSAN

He's just an actor George, he can't help you.

Barney reacts to this, not sure whether if he's been insulted or not.

GEORGE

A name. Any name. Anybody you can think of--

DIRECTOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

Lance Masters...!

BARNEY

Look, the director's gonna get really mad... I can't help you. I'm sorry, really sorry.

The actor hurries off. As George watches him leave

GEORGE

So there is no Barney Rutherford, Chairman
of the Board...

SUSAN

Lance personifies the family image everyone
seems to want.

GEORGE

You're perpetuating a myth, Susan.

SUSAN

It's what we call a pneumonic device. Like
the mermaid on the tuna.

GEORGE

The mermaid hasn't declared me dead.

He walks off.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - DAY

Zepeda is booking a studious-looking man.

HACKER

(looking around)

You guys use I.B.M. clones or what?

ZEPEDA

Hey, do look like I wanna make small talk?

George, still angry from last scene, WALKS past..

ZEPEDA

Babysit him a sec, will ya George, I gotta
got more forms.

GEORGE

If I must. What's the charge?

ZEPEDA

Fraud. Computer hacking.

She leaves. George sits, studies the hacker a moment.

GEORGE

Computer hacking. I see. How... how exactly
does that work?

Sikes enters the station from the other direction. He can't
help notice that everyone he passes turns their head and
tries to stifle giggles. Grazer approaches him.

GRAZER

(no nonsense)

Soon as you hear from our guy we'll got
Wells up here with the cash.

SIKES

Yeah.

Grazer starts off, then turns back.

GRAZER

Oh... there won't be any "hand shaking"
going on in this deal, will there?

Grazer Miles and walks off. Sikes doesn't get it. He
walks over to his desk Prominently placed on top - a bottle
of hand lotion. He picks it up.

SIKES

Somebody lose this?

Giggles, followed by laughter, followed by roaring from his
co-workers Sikes looks over at:

ROTHMAN trying to suppress a smile.

SIKES

Rothman?

(then, realization)

Rothman! You son of a --

Sikes moves toward him when he's interrupted with

BUNDY'S VOICE

--Sikes!

Bundy is standing by the phone bank, he flips on the green
light.

BUNDY

Johnson's line. You're up.

BACK TO GEORGE now deep in conversation with the hacker.

GEORGE

Now, let's say that person wanted to change things to restore the account to its original status. How much would you think a thing like that would cost?

HACKER

Oh, let's say the cost of bail?

GEORGE

Really?

Sikes approaches, interrupting them.

SIKES

Heard from our friend. It's going down now.

GEORGE

(springing to action)

I'll get Rothman and Studevant on backup and...

George is drawn back to the Hacker, transfixed.

SIKES

George?

HACKER

(to George)

Three or four hours, that person's credit problems would be history.

George weighs it. He looks at the hacker, then at Sikes, then the busy men around him. After a long pause, he calls out to a nearby detective.

GEORGE

Book him.

As the two rush out, George notices Sikes seems very uneasy.

GEORGE

You're nervous, Matt.

SIKES

Why should I be nervous. Even if I got
blown away, it's beats staying here.

George is confused, but follows Sikes out of the station.

SLAGTOWN STREET CORNER - DAY

Sikes carrying a briefcase, keeps pace with the other
pedestrians as he walks along the busy sidewalk. He comes
to a trash bin and purposely crumbles a paper and drops it
in.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

George, Rothman and Studeviant are in van. The tape is
going. We can HEAR Site's voice coming from the monitor,
but it's muffled. Studeviant is fiddling with the levers.

SIKES VOICE

I've made the signal.

GEORGE

There's too much static. Can't we get this
any clearer?

STUDEVANT

What does the manual say?

ROTHMAN

I'm looking, I'm looking... static...
static...

(reading)
interference?

GEORGE

Poor reception.

ROTHMAN

...reception...
(thumbing through)
Did anybody read all the disclaimers in
this thing? Why are we buying this junk.
There's like four pages of disclaimers
here...

EXT. SLAGTOWN STREET CORNER - SIKES - DAY

waiting. Suddenly a limousine pulls up in front of him. A door opens.

RIDER
(inside car)

In.

SIKES
What's this? I thought you said--

RIDER
I said got in.

Sikes complies, getting in. Door closes behind him and the limo speeds off.

ANGLE ON SURVEILLANCE VAN

as, it pulls out from its hiding place, and blends in with the traffic flow.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

ROTHMAN
(still reading)

Do not use near microwaves. Do not use near power lines. Do not use near airports

SIKE'S VOICE
(muffled, cutting out)
So where are we going?

RIDER'S VOICE
(cutting out)
You'll know when we got there.

George is looking over the driver's (Studevant) shoulder, trying to spot the limo.

GEORGE
They're turning left. Don't get too close.
Go one block past then double back.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

as limo makes a left turn into an alley, and van continues

on Limo doesn't complete the turn. Instead it makes a U turn and drives off in the opposite direction.

NEW ANGLE - VAN - CONTINUOUS

as it turns in another street, doubles back and approaches the alley where they last saw the limo. Van approaches slowly.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE
(to Studevant)
What happened? Where'd they go?

ROTHMAN begins hitting the machine.

ROTHMAN
Reception's cutting out. We're losing him.

George hurries over, grabs earphones from Rothman, starts fiddling with nobs...

GEORGE
We can't. It's all we've got now. We've lost visual. Come in Matthew... talk. Something, say something!

STATIC is all that's heard.

ROTHMAN
(throws down manual in defeat)
That's it, man, he's gone.

And ON George, puzzled and concerned, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - ON SIKES - DAY

inside car, as it slowly pulls into the warehouse. Car stops. Driver stays by the car as Sikes and Rider get out. Rider escorts him past a truck that's being unloaded with crates. Sikes looks around, any moment expecting his people to rush in. For their benefit, he chooses words carefully.

SIKES

(clearing voice)

So... this it the place. This warehouse, huh?

RIDER

Just follow me.

Sikes falls back behind Rider, speaking softly-

SIKES

(to himself)

It's going down NOW. NOW guys. Got your ass in here.

Rider turns, looks at him, strangely. Sikes speaks up.

SIKES

Not very many PEOPLE around for all these crates ...

RIDER

(suspicious)

We don't need a lot of people.

SIKES

Just you and... HOW MANY would you say takes to run an operation like this?

RIDER

What is going on?

SIKES

Nothing. NOTHING'S GOING ON.

RIDER
(moves toward him)
You bugged, buddy?

SIKES
C'mon, guy --

WOMAN'S VOICE
That's not necessary.

MISS GRACE - A middle-aged, tough-looking woman (human) with a smoker's voice APPEARS from behind a crate. She's holding the scanning device. We've seen the woman before. She was dressed as a baglady in the alley.

MISS GRACE
He's not wired. I've already checked him. I believe that's ours, Mr. Johnson.

SIKES
Oh... yeah...
(handing briefcase to Rider)
So uh... so this...
(referring to all)
is yours?

MISS GRACE
Why is it so important for you to know?

SIKES
It's not. I just like to know who I'm dealing with.

MISS GRACE
So do we.
(opens briefcase, examines money)
Thank you very much, Mr. Johnson. Enjoy them.

She nods and walks toward limo, Rider toward the truck that's finished unloading. Sikes looks around, still no sign of George or others. His's got to stall.

SIKES

Wait a minute. That's it? Why the cloak and dagger bit?

MISS GRACE at car stops, turns around.

MISS GRACE

We find it difficult to conduct our business on the streets. I'm sure. You understand why...

SIKES

(stopping her again)

Yeah but... I mean, how am I suppose to get this stuff out of here?

MISS GRACE

Really, Mr. Johnson, must we think of everything?

She gets in limo and it pulls out, followed quickly by the truck.

ON SIKES, now alone with crates. He sits on them, takes out a pack of antacids, pops a couple in his mouth, and waits.

SIKES

Way to go, guys.

INT. GRAZER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Precinct's quiet and nearly empty in the late night hour, except for a lot of SHOUTING going on O.S.

REVEAL GRAZER'S OFFICE - Sikes, George, Grazer and Frank Fuller in mid-argument.

FULLER

-- Then you did something wrong!

SIKES

Bull Frank, you're--

GEORGE

--We did nothing wrong. It's your equipment that's faulty.

SIKES

-- two-bit piece of junk!

FULLER

I warned you to go with the newer model,
didn't I? I told you it was a superior-

GRAZER

-The point is we're out a hundred thou.

SIKES

Hey let's not-forget the POOR SLOB who
could've been KILLED OUT THERE!

FULLER

Y'know Sikes, I don't remember your being
such a cry baby-

Sikes starts to go for Fuller, George holds him back,
looking Fuller firmly in the eyes.

GEORGE

We trusted your product. It malfunctioned.
It put a man's life in jeopardy. So you'll
understand if we don't appreciate your
cavalier attitude.

GRAZER

Francisco's right. The department put its
faith in you.

Fuller thinks a moment, then,

FULLER

I'm not going to sell 'em anymore.

SIKES

(moving toward him)

Get out of here, Frank.

FULLER

(backing out)

Or I'll only charge half.

SIKES

Out! Now!

Sikes slam door on Fuller. The three exchange looks.

There's nothing left to say. Grazer's beaten. He dreads tomorrow.

GRAZER

How am I going to explain this to Internal Affairs in the morning?

Not flippant, but honestly trying to find something to salvage from this, Sikes volunteers hope.

SIKES

Well, we do have twenty crates of MPK's.

EXT. HIGH ME - ESTABLISHING - DAY.

An impressive, intimidating mass of steel and glass.

INT. OMMICOM RECEPTION AREA - ON GEORGE - DAY

determined, papers under his arm, steps off elevator and walks over to the reception area. As George approaches, he passes an electric eye, which activates a soothing recording.

RECORDING

Welcome to OmniCom Corporate offices.

A machine resembling a ready teller, spits out a narrow computerized form.

RECORDING

When you've completed this form, please deposit it in Visitor's slot.

George automatically takes it, begins to walk back toward seating area then suddenly stops.

GEORGE

No. No more.

Others waiting, watch as George turns around, and marches past a sign saying "NO ADMITTANCE". He passes the electronic eye setting off the recording again.

RECORDING

Welcome to OmniCom corporate of Offices...

INT. CORRIDOR CONTINUOUS

As George walks through, knocking on office doors as he walks. No response. TRUCK WITH George down corridor.

GEORGE

This is absurd.

He finally stops at an ornate mahogany door with a brass plate READING "Executive Offices - Private"

GEORGE

Finally.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE GEORGE CONTINUOUS

as he bursts, in, not looking up.

GEORGE

I am not a man given to emotional outbursts... but what you've put me through

-

George suddenly realizes there's no one in the room, and he's talking to a large computer. George stands there, stunned.

VOICE

Sir, you're not suppose to be back here.

REVEAL A YOUNG MAN ...stringy hair, blemishes etc.

GEORGE

I want to speak with someone in charge.

(beat)

Is that you?

YOUNG MAN

No, I'm computer maintenance.

GEORGE

Well then where is everyone? The chairman of the board, the president...

YOUNG MAN

Dunno. Nobody here but me. Maybe if you go back out front and fill out one of those

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

forms-

GEORGE

(waving papers)

I've filled out forms, I've written letters, I've been an hold, and I'm getting nowhere.

(at computer)

My life is falling apart all because of this. Now there is a computer error in there and no one seems to have the authority to fix it!

YOUNG MAN

(backing away from George)

No one's suppose to tamper with this machine. It's tied into a international system.

GEORGE

You're saying this can't be fixed? I'm dead, and nothing can be done about it?

George, totally bewilderd what to do next; just stands there.

YOUNG MAN

(taking his papers)

Lemme see, those.

(reads)

Says you're dead alright.

Young man goes over to the computer and types in some information. As he types:

YOUNG MAN

This only happened one other time... wiped out a whole family in Montreal --

(spots something)

Francisco - here you are.

GEORGE

(hopeful)

I'm there? You found me?

George looks on; amazed. He pushes one button on the

computer keyboard.

YOUNG MAN
That should do it.

GEORGE
One button?

YOUNG MAN
Don't tell anyone, okay?

GEORGE
(nodding)
I'll try to erase this entire experience.

INT. POLICE STATION DAY

ON SIKES

At the computer, when George enters, looking pensive. One of the weapons crates is on top of Sike's desk.

SIKES
Where were you?

GEORGE
Let's just say I've been born again. How are we doing?

SIKES
I've put everything we know about this case, on the computer. I know we're missing something.

GEORGE
(reflective)
You're right. We're missing the personal touch -- people helping people -- what happened to people, Matthew?

While Sikes works with the computer, George studies the crate filled with weapons.

SIKES
Age of technology, George. You're a number...

(re.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

computer)

It knows all your secrets. But a simple case like this, and what good are they...

(re: case)

They've got to have a base of operations - a warehouse, factory. Some pattern that links all this together...

GEORGE

(studying the crate)

Matthew, perhaps you're looking too hard in the wrong place.

SIKES

Good George, you gonna tell me there's an address on that crate?

GEORGE

Not an address. But the crate. There's something unusual about it.

SIKES

It's a crate George.

GEORGE

Feel it...

SIKES

(he does)

So?

GEORGE

I keep forgetting your tactile senses are much less sophisticated than ours.

SIKES

The point George...

GEORGE

The wood. This is not cheap wood. The key to this is how those guns are shipped - not who's making the guns. Look at the crate. Look at the hardware. What does it remind you of..?

EXT. FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

Over sign reading "Latimer Casket Co". we HEAR:

SIKES (O.S.)
(whispering)
This is a wild goose chase, George. We're
wasting - George?

INT. FACTORY - GEORGE AND SIKES - NIGHT

quietly walking through long narrow rows of caskets in
various stages of assembly. George surveys them.

GEORGE
(low voice)
Magnificent workmanship on these things...

SIKES
Yeah nice, George.

GEORGE
Still don't understand your human ceremony
of burial...

As they prowl through the isles of coffins, guns drawn.

GEORGE
...Putting a body inside a useless
container like this and letting it rot
away...

SIKES
Yeah well we all don't share your penchant
for recycling...

GEORGE
...A waste of perfectly good nutrients.
(then)
Although this one's quite nice.

Scuffling is HEARD. They spot

RIDER and some men running out.

GEORGE / SIKES

Freeze! Police!

There's a scramble. Rider pulls his gun, darts behind coffins, starts to shoot. Others take cover. Sikes gives chase. More shooting. Sikes pulls up behind some boxes, readies his gun, turns to find:

MISS GRACE holding a gun on him.

MISS GRACE

Tell your people to let us go. Tell them NOW!

Sikes lays down his gun. She doesn't withdraw, instead she cocks the gun, aiming, when:

GEORGE

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

REVEAL the barrel of a gun held at the back of her head, by George.

INT. FRANCISCO HOME - U.V. ROOM - DAY

Everything is finally finished. The room looks like a little bit of Tencton. George is lounging on one of his now chairs, opening his mail, enjoying the U.V. rays, as Susan enters.

SUSAN

I can't believe it's finally finished.

GEORGE

I always told you everything would turn out just fine...

She starts to protest, then says nothing.

SUSAN

It does look wonderful doesn't it?

GEORGE

Yes, but next time we should make it bigger
- add more rone pods and strune stones --

SUSAN

Next time?

GEORGE

Why not. Our house is big enough, I'm due for raise and I Just received a brand new Explorer card...

(proudly handing her the card)

the platinum card... new account number... higher limit...

SUSAN

(reading)

...different name.

GEORGE

What?

SUSAN

(handing it back)

Read it.

GEORGE

(reads)

Jim Francisco?

Susan and George exchange looks.

EXT. SIZES APARTMENT - NIGHT (STOCK)

Sikes and Cathy are snuggled close together, looking at the movie section of the paper.

CATHY

Here's a good one. Starts in a half hour.

SIKES

(seductive)

You really want to go out?

CATHY

(sexy smile)

Not really.

(beat)

What about that thing you swallowed, is it

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)
still there?

SIKES
(taking her in his arms)
Fortunately for us, it's on the fritz. And
even if it weren't, it would've dissolved
by now.

CATHY
In that case, maybe we should stay in...
rent another movie...

INT. POLICE STATION CLOSE ON MONITOR - NIGHT

SIKE'S VOICE
(through kissing)
Good idea... but forget about a movie... I
think we can think of something better to
do...

WIDE ON ZEPEDA AND ROTHMAN

and SEVERAL OTHERS, gathered around the monitor.

ROTHMAN
(reading manual)
Says here, the life expectancy of these
things can actually last up couple of weeks
--

ZEPEDA / OTHERS
(in unison)
Shhh!

As the group grabs chairs and gather around for an evening
of entertainment, we

FADE OUT

THE END