

The 37th Dimension

By Griffin Creech and Tom Kuntz

© Copyright 2007 Griffin Creech and Tom Kuntz

WGA Registered

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT - DAYTIME

Open on a large, traditionally styled Japanese apartment. Simple but high end. Rice screen walls, tatami floors, art. A large bodyguard-type sits by the door to a lavish tea room. He reads a magazine.

INT. APARTMENT - TEA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A handsome 50 year old Japanese businessman sits across a table from a miniature, yet strikingly beautiful Asian girl, TOP 40. (she has all the same proportions of a normal person but she is about 10% as big as a normal person). Her body is exceptionally curvy and sexy. She's dressed in a sexy, stylized version of a schoolgirl's outfit. There is also a younger Japanese man sitting off to the side.

The younger Japanese man lifts a little mini-DV cam. The record light goes on. He nods.

YOUNGER MAN
Do you mind if I film?

TOP 40
(japanese cutesy-girl voice and
accent) No. Not at all. Go ahead.
That's fine.

The younger man smiles and does a small head bow in thanks.

OLDER MAN
Yoroshiku onegaishimasu.

The older man looks at the younger man.

YOUNGER MAN
Mr. Nagaki says it is wonderful to
meet you, TOP 40, that your music
is his favorite. He has enjoyed
your concerts in Tokyo several
times over past year, and is now so
very pleased to spend time with you
here in America. He asks, as first
of three questions per arrangement
brokered with your agents, please,
number one question, if it is
acceptable, how you do you deal
with stress of your career as
international pop star?

She nods.

TOP 40
 Yes. It is stressful. However, I
 try to keep my life as simple as
 possible.

The younger man translates for his boss.

OLDER MAN
 Ah. Boyfurendo ga arimasuka?

YOUNGER MAN
 Hai.

Top 40 looks, waiting.

YOUNGER MAN
 Mr. Nagaki would like to know....
 Do you have a boyfriend?

She smiles slightly.

TOP 40
 No. Not at the moment.

OLDER MAN
 Ah so. Sumimasen, ja antawa ichiban
 sugoidesu. Anatawa kireina tsubo.

YOUNGER MAN
 Mr. Nagaki realizes it is
 unforgivable boldness to say, but
 he cannot stop from telling you
 that you are like a piece of
 pottery from his home prefecture,
 perfect in your imperfections. The
 beauty of nature in a woman. He is
 most pleased by this audience.

TOP 40
 Domo arrigato go zi mas.

The older man nods and smiles.

SFX: A slight rustling sound coming from the older man's lap.

The younger man hears it and quickly tries to keep her
 attention.

YOUNGER MAN
 Ah, Mr. Nagaki wonders if you would
 sing for him.

GIRL
But he didn't say anything.

YOUNGER MAN
He requested earlier that I ask
you.

TOP 40 looks suspicious.

SFX: More rustling.

Top 40 glances down past the edge of the table, at the lap of the older Japanese man, he has his hand in his pants and is furiously masturbating.

TOP 40
Oh my...

She jumps out of her chair and takes a few steps back from the two men. The Japanese man doesn't flinch. In fact, he begins masturbating even more furiously.

OLDER MAN
Gomenasai, neh, watashi wa
fushinsetsunakute.

The assistant keeps the video camera trained on TOP 40.

YOUNGER MAN
(raises voice) Mr. Nagaki
apologizes if this makes you
uncomfortable.

OLDER MAN
Ohhh. Ahhh. Areki hai taki.

YOUNGER MAN
Mr. Nagaki now requests please you
accept his hulking load in your
delicate white palms.

OLDER MAN
Ooh, Ahhh, Ohhhhh.

Top 40 is panicked and appalled. She goes to walk out but the younger man moves in front of her, still filming, blocking her access to the door.

OLDER MAN
Ooh, Ahhh, Ohhhhh.

TOP 40
(to bodyguard) Gerald! Gerald!

INT. OUTSIDE THE TEAROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bodyguard reading his magazine. We can hear the sounds of TOP 40 screaming and of the climaxing Japanese man in the room beyond. He stands up and goes to open the door but it's locked. He begins shaking it. Then throws himself against it, but it holds.

INT. OUTSIDE THE TEAROOM - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly the lights begin to flicker, as if being tampered with.

INT. TEAROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights continue to flicker for a moment and then the room goes completely black with darkness.

The camera stays on the dark room. The sounds of the climaxing old man are quickly replaced with sounds of a struggle.... the sounds of Top 40's muffled scream... duct tape being pulled off the roll... the exclamations of the men being turned into muffled grunts.

TITLE FADES UP OVER DARKNESS: The 37th Dimension

INT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

SMITH DANGEROUS SMITH, mid to late 30s, indy musician looking guy, slightly worse for wear but cool, is asleep in his car on a completely deserted side street near a construction site. His head against the steering wheel. In the passenger seat is an empty bottle of cheap booze.

Smith suddenly wakes up, not sure where he is. He rubs his eyes, stretches.

He starts up his car and pulls away.

EXT. SMITH'S OFFICES - AN HOUR LATER

Smith, looking just as disheveled as when he woke up, is walking into some anonymous building in the diamond district.

Just out front of the building, a middle-aged Russian-looking guy is talking on his cellphone, covering his mouth so no one sees what he's saying. He stops talking.

RUSSIAN GUY

Hey, Smith.

SMITH

Hey, Ronnie. Good, you?

RUSSIAN GUY

Great, great, how'd the piece work out for your girl?

Through the hangover, we see a little glimmer of pain on Smith's face.

SMITH

Unfortunately we're not seeing each other anymore.

RUSSIAN GUY

See, you shoulda let me make you a bracelet to match...

Smith shrugs and heads into the building.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks into his offices, which feel like a contemporary version of a classic film noir detective's offices.

(Think "Chinatown"). His fresh faced assistant Johnny sits at reception.

JOHNNY
Hey Smith.

SMITH
Johnny.

JOHNNY
How ya doin?

SMITH
Alright.

Smith walks through the office toward the coffee maker.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Camera pans to scan the walls of his office, taking in various framed pictures of Smith with celebrities and magazine articles about Smith, headlines about successful investigations for kidnappings, thefts, murders, etc.

Specifically we see a framed magazine cover.

INSERT: "Who the stars call when the ransom note arrives-
Smith Dangerous Smith"

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The camera comes off the wall to find Smith pouring himself some coffee.

JOHNNY
Mr. Mullins is here to see you.

SMITH
OK.

INT. SMITH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks into his private office. A middle-aged man, RAY MULLINS, sits a bit anxiously in a chair.

SMITH
Mr. Mullins, how are you?

MULLINS

Good, Mr. Smith, thank you, and
yourself?

SMITH

Pretty good.

Smith strings it out a little.

SMITH

Coffee?

MULLINS

No, thank you.

SMITH

So...

MULLINS

Yes.

Mullins moves to the edge of his chair.

SMITH

Water?

MULLINS

No. Mr. Smith, I really just...

Mullins motions with his hands, wants to get on with it.

SMITH

OK. (beat, takes a sip) Mr. Mullins, I'm going to cut right to it. (beat) Your wife's not cheating on you. I can see why you thought she might be. I mean, she's a looker. But she's as close to a saint as you're going to find. (beat) I wish I could tell my clients this every time.

Smith reaches into his desk and pulls out a pack of photos. He slides them over to Mullins who eagerly opens them. It shows a lovely woman in her mid-thirties conversing with her colleagues at some cheesy after-work bar.

SMITH

See, she's just hanging out,
nothing major.

Smith pulls out another photo.

SMITH

Here, she's, uh, actually showing some pictures of you to some of her coworkers. And I think it's worth noting that I watched her switch to water after her second drink. It's just not the way an out of control whore operates. If you'll pardon my language.

A few tears come to Mullins' eyes. He pushes the photos away.

The two men just sit there for a second.

MULLINS

God, I feel terrible for doubting her. I'm such a miserable piece of fucking shi...(trails off.

Mullins pulls himself together as Smith nods and generally tries to look sympathetic.

MULLINS

At any rate, it's good to know, Mr. Smith, thank you. I'm going to go now.

Mullins starts to get up to leave.

MULLINS

...Try to patch up what's left of my marriage, if that's even possible, now that it's been ravaged by my pathetic insecurities.

Mullins begins crying.

SMITH

Hey, no judgements here.

Smith pushes some tissues across the desk. Mullins nods and takes one. He wipes his eyes and gets up to go.

Smith also rises, and walks around the desk to shake hands.

Mullins hesitates for a second, then gives Smith a big bear hug.

MULLINS

(a little teary)Thank you.

SMITH
(trying to act embarrassed)
Just doing my job, you know.

Smith holds him out at arm's length.

SMITH
Look, sorry to make you come all
the way down here, I just don't
like to give news over the phone.

MULLINS
Of course. Again, thank you.

Smith walks the man out. He closes the door.

JOHNNY
(leading)
Nice to give somebody some good
news once in a while, huh?

Smith stops and looks at Johnny for a second. A bit blank.

SMITH
Yeah. Definitely.

INT. SMITH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks back into his office. He opens a drawer and pulls out some photos.

INSERT PHOTO: Mr. Mullins' wife, getting air-tightened by three fraternity brothers at Mardi Gras. Everyone is wearing beads. Only beads.

INT. SMITH'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith picks up his phone, dials a number.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Hello?

SMITH
You're still married.

He hangs up without listening further. He takes the picture and feeds it through a paper shredder. He then kneels down on the floor, flips aside a piece of loose carpet, and reveals a floor safe.

He puts in the combination, opens it, and puts a wad of cash into the safe.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks out.

SMITH
Be back in an hour.

JOHNNY
Cool.

Smith is almost at the door.

JOHNNY
Hey, Smith.

SMITH
Yeah.

JOHNNY
Check this out.

Johnny grabs a remote off his desk and turns up the TV. It's a special news report.

Smith walks back in.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tight shot of the television.

NEWS ANCHOR
TOP 40, teen pop star sensation, has been reported kidnapped. Apparently abducted yesterday while making a private personal appearance, this comes as she prepares to launch her upcoming world tour to promote her new album.

The TV shows footage of top 40 in concert, and a clip from a video.

Smith and Johnny shake their heads.

JOHNNY
Wow, pretty crazy, huh?

Smith nods.

SMITH

Yeah. Be nice to get a call for
that.

JOHNNY

It could happen...

Smith just looks at Johnny.

JOHNNY

What, the actress? Hey man, it's
not your fault, you had a disease.
Drug addiction is a disease. It's
in the past.

Smith shrugs, and goes to walk out.

The phone rings.

JOHNNY

Smith Dangerous Smith and
Associates. (beat) Just a moment
please.

Johnny puts the caller on hold.

JOHNNY

It's for you.

Johnny's look tells him it's The Call.

SMITH

Get the fuck outta here.

Johnny raises his eyebrows.

JOHNNY

Line 1.

Smith casually makes his way over to the phone, motions for
Johnny to transfer the call.

JOHNNY

I'll put you through to Mr. Smith
now.

Johnny transfers the call.

Smith looks at the phone and counts to twenty. Agonizingly
long, Johnny is freaking out. Motioning for him to take the
call.

SMITH
This is Smith. Yes. Hello Mr. Greenberg. I'm sorry about the wait, I was just concluding some business with a client. It's quite a busy time for us.

He listens.

SMITH
Yes, of course. We've been watching the coverage. Of course I'll meet with you. (beat) The retainer, yes, in advance. At 2 o'clock, today.
Yes.

A slight smile comes across his face.

SMITH
Johnny, let's go to lunch.

EXT. RESTAURANT - SAME DAY

Roger The Turtle Man, a sixty-something man's head attached to a small turtle's body, is at a table, having lunch with his agent, TODD MILNER, 30s, cocky, well-groomed. They are placing their order with the waiter.

AGENT
I'll have the club steak.

The waiter turns to Turtle Man.

TURTLE MAN
Just soup, please.

The waiter leaves.

AGENT
So, Roger, how's it going?

TURTLE MAN
Well, Todd, pretty damn slow, and it doesn't get any faster when you send me on parts like that Southern aristocrat thing yesterday.

The agent talks as he butters and eats a roll. Mouth full of food.

AGENT

Oh, you were great for that, you should have read for it.

Turtle Man just looks at him.

AGENT

Look, the thing is, there's kind of a glut in the market for turtle men right now. It's the same for anyone unique... Your career will go through phases like this. At first, people are gonna be like "holy shit, a turtle man.". But now.. People have seen you and that initial novelty has worn off... it's a little played out. People don't give a shit that you won an Oscar thirty years ago. But that's just right now... it's like Travolta. Remember Travolta before Pulp Fiction? Remember what a fucking shit storm his career was in? You just have to be patient. Wait for *your* Pulp Fiction. That's all. And in the *meantime*, keep your mouth shut, no more radical political statements, no more standing in solidarity with your socialist brothers in East Timor bullshit. BE an entertainer. That's what we're focusing on here. Entertainment.

TURTLE MAN

So in the meantime you send me on an open call to be a plantation owning shipping magnate named Xavier Thibodeaux?

(beat)

Christ, why do I need an agent for that, I can read it on the back page of the Stage Door.

Agent holds his hand up, with a roll in it, gesturing for emphasis.

AGENT

Look. I think right now you're probably best served regenerating yourself in theater.

(MORE)

AGENT (cont'd)
Look around, it's a goddamn on-deck
circle back into film. And it's The
actor's medium, right? All that
horseshit.

TURTLE MAN
I guess, it's just that after Helen
passed, I-

AGENT
Helen?

TURTLE MAN
My wife.

AGENT
Your wife. Jesus.

The two men look at each other. Conversation stopped.

AGENT
Sorry to hear that.

TURTLE MAN
You did hear it. I invited you to
the funeral.

AGENT
Really?

TURTLE MAN
Yes.

AGENT
My assistant must not have given me
the message, but I've got a new one
now.

Turtle Man just stares at the agent. The agent finally
breaks.

AGENT
(beat) Shit. Roger, I'm sorry.
Well, let's have a drink to her at
least.

The agent motions to the waiter.

TURTLE MAN
No, look, it's fine. It's done.
It's been a year. I don't want to
mourn my wife. I just want to work.

Turtle Man tries to put a smile on his face. But it's faint and strained. There is a silence. The waiter is standing there, just waiting.

AGENT

Two champagnes. No, shit, that's too celebratory. Two, oh hell..

The agent looks up at the waiter.

AGENT

What's a good serious drink, like a somber type of drink?

WAITER

What, like a Scotch or something?

AGENT

Yeah, like a Scotch, but uh, more, you know, serious.

WAITER

Like a single malt Scotch?

AGENT

Yeah, like a single malt. Bring us something like that.

The agent's blackberry beeps. He stands up, puts some cash on the table. Turtle Man looks at him.

AGENT

Shit. I've gotta run. Drink mine for me, will you? We'll talk next week.

The agent pats him on the shell, and walks off.

EXT. OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Turtle Man exits the restaurant. He gets into his car and begins to try to negotiate out of the tight parallel parking situation he's in.

Directly behind Turtle Man's car, only half in frame, we see a white VW van.

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

POV through the front windshield of the white VW van at Turtle Man backing up.

MUSIC IN: a Creole announcer speaks in a deep calm voice.

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

We see the interior of the van.

It's a neat and clean white VW van(circa 1970's). Six young Haitian men are inside. Neat haircuts. Quite dark-skinned, wearing ties and short-sleeved shirts, name tags, etc.

The two men up front are LIONEL and GEORGE.

In the very back of the van is a variety of sales material for business schemes with a Caribbean flair. (A cleanse involving palm syrup. Or a charity on Mont Serrat that helps poor people get jobs making bags out of old cane sugar sacks. Beach houses on the rattiest, shittiest Caribbean island.)

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

The men are on their lunch break, eating stew out of tupperware containers. George looks up at Turtle Man trying to back out of this spot.

GEORGE

Brother, I believe that man is not as in possession of his spatial faculties as he might be.

LIONEL

Indeed, brother, perhaps a gentle toot of the horn would be in order. But softly, for a hostile attitude is not a positive business practice.

Just then, Turtle Man ever so slightly taps their front bumper with his car.

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

The four Haitians in the back all stir expectantly, though George and Lionel up front don't betray any emotion whatsoever.

INT. TURTLE MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Turtle Man is craning his turtle neck, clearly having a hard time seeing what's happened. Looking into rearview. Angrily shifts the car into Park.

TURTLE MAN
Shit.

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

The Haitians get out of the van. At first just Lionel and George, then the four others pile out. One of them is physically much larger than the other five.

INT. TURTLE MAN'S CAR

Turtle Man sees them coming in the rearview, with great effort he shifts in his seat so he can face the window.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

The Haitians walk over to Turtle Man, and lean down to talk to him through the driver side window.

GEORGE
Did you not realize you were quite close to our vehicle, uncle?

TURTLE MAN
What?

LIONEL
Do you require assistance, uncle?
Do you not understand where you are?

TURTLE MAN
(irritated) I know where I am.
Look, you guys were parked pretty goddamn close to my car.

LIONEL
Hey!

TURTLE MAN
What?

LIONEL

I'll thank you to keep the profanity out of it, uncle. What if a child were to walk by?

TURTLE MAN

WHAT? What the fuck are you talking about?

Just then a child walks by. A couple of the lesser Haitians take the child by the shoulders, escort him about ten feet down the sidewalk and give him a dollar bill and a candy. Then walk back over.

TURTLE MAN

Look, I don't remember you being parked here before I went to lunch. You guys pulled up right on my ass. You need to pay more attention. Look, there's no damage. I have an appointment. So can we just forget about it?

Lionel and George and the others just stare at Turtle Man. Turtle Man waits for them to say something. Lionel weighs Turtle Man's words for a moment, and then finally steps back and extends his hand out, granting Turtle Man permission to leave.

GEORGE

Have a pleasant day, Uncle.

INT. TURTLE MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Turtle Man drives away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

LIONEL

I was upset by that man, brother.

GEORGE

Yes, I too. But remember, until they are a customer, they are a potential customer.

LIONEL

Amen, brother.

The other Haitians all nod in agreement.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Smith are eating a big platter of fried food at a really second rate strip club. Smith is doing shots and drinking beers.

JOHNNY
You sure you should be drinking?

SMITH
I'll be fine.

JOHNNY
Seriously, Smith-

Smith silences Johnny with a look. They sit there for a second.

SMITH
(faux sincere)
Alright, look, I appreciate what you're saying, it's just that, I've got some butterflies, you know? I can...WE, can really use this money. I mean, it's been a couple of months since I paid you.

JOHNNY
I'm getting by.

SMITH
Yeah, well.. That's not good enough.

The two men look at one another. It's very sincere.

JOHNNY
Oh shit, Smith, it's understandable, you know, but maybe you just shouldn't...

The seriousness of the moment is broken as Smith signals to the waitress for two more.

JOHNNY
Well, I guess a couple is ok, as long as you can handle it.

Smith motions a couple of the girls over. He looks at them both, then grabs the prettier one, and plops her down in his lap.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SIDE STREET - THAT DAY

We see an exterior of a decent townhouse.

INT. TURTLE MAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Turtle man enters his apartment and fixes himself a Scotch at the wet bar in his living room. His home is nice, but decidedly from the 70s.

He puts on a record album on his antiquated record player.

MUSIC IN: Leonard Cohen's Suzanne

He walks over to an easy chair and eases himself into it. Exhales, letting the day's stress fall away a bit.

He looks up at a picture on the wall.

INSERT: A younger Turtle man holding his wife in one arm, an Oscar in the other, circa 1973.

INSERT ANOTHER PHOTO: A younger turtle man helping to open a restaurant with some celebrity pals.

INSERT ANOTHER PHOTO: Him more recently standing arm in arm with native tribesmen in Irian Jaya, blocking a dirt road in the forest to loggers.

He looks back at the picture of his wife. She was very beautiful. Like Anne Bancroft.

INT. TURTLE MAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Turtle Man takes a sip of his Scotch.

Just then, a black hand reaches into frame and gently takes the Scotch from Turtle Man and lightly tosses it away.

It bounces on the thick carpet but doesn't break. Scotch spills into the carpet.

TURTLE MAN
Jesus Christ.

Cut to reveal all six Haitians standing there in Turtle Man's apartment. Lionel and George stand front and center.

LIONEL
Factory fucking mint.

GEORGE
Fucking shitbag.

LIONEL
Swearin' in front of the
motherfuckin' children.

TURTLE MAN
What the hell are you doing? How
the hell did you get in here?

GEORGE
What do you think we're doing?

LIONEL
Really, it's a silly question.

GEORGE
Clearly we have gained unauthorized
access to your dwelling, and it
seems unlikely-

LIONEL
Highly unlikely.

GEORGE
That we are here on a mission of
mercy.

LIONEL
Unless it were to rid the world of
an old cranky cumwad who smells
like pond water.

GEORGE
And should not have a driver's
license.

TURTLE MAN
Oh, jesus, look, I'm sorry about
your car, I didn't-

GEORGE
As are we, Uncle. And there was a
moment where an apology might have
resolved things.

LIONEL
This moment has passed.

TURTLEMAN
You need to leave. I just hit the
panic button on my alarm system.
The police are coming right now.

Lionel shakes his head. It's the most ridiculous lie he's ever heard.

George turns from examining Turtle Man's wall of photos.

GEORGE
Lionel, this piece of shit is famous.

LIONEL
No.

GEORGE
Yes.

George picks up the picture of Turtle Man's beautiful wife off the wall.

GEORGE
Is this your wife?

TURTLE MAN
Yes.

George grows excited and rubs his crotch.

GEORGE
Where is she. I wish to rape her.
Immediately. I am very excited at the prospect.

TURTLE MAN
She's dead.

Lionel backhands Turtle Man's face, knocking him to the floor.

LIONEL
You sick fuck, my brother does not wish to rape a dead woman. God help you for suggesting it.

At this point, Turtle Man retreats his head, arms and legs into his shell.

GEORGE
Into the bathroom.

INT. TURTLE MAN'S BATHROOM - 10 MINUTES LATER

A couple of the other Haitians have filled up the tub, they are holding Turtle Man underwater. They bring him up.

GEORGE
Had enough?

The old turtle man looks frazzled and scared but not quite as bad as he should.

LIONEL
Brother, it occurs to me that we cannot drown a turtle.

GEORGE
Aha. Correct you are. A silly oversight on my part. To the kitchen.

INT. TURTLE MAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hard cut to a close up of a gas stove burner igniting. The flames ignite with a whoosh.

Cut wider to see that all four burners are on high flame. The sound is roaring loud.

Lionel and George are struggling to hoist Turtle Man onto the stove.

Turtle man shrieks in horror.

SFX: Cracking sounds, like really hot coals in a grill

SFX: Steaming sounds, like clams in a hot pan.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lionel and George grin at one another.

Lionel opens up a pack of Wheat Thins and checks his watch.

Lionel thumps the top of Turtle Man's shell with a kitchen spoon.

LIONEL
(mouth full of food)
Old man, you still in there?

Turtle Man whimpers in pain.

LIONEL
Just checking.

INT. KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Turtle Man's shell is smoking. Smoke fills the kitchen.

Lionel and George still hold him firmly in place.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A couple of the other Haitians are watching a soccer match on TV.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bigger Haitian is trying on old pairs of sunglasses in Turtle Man's bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The smoke detector begins to go off.

SFX: Smoke detector, beeping alternating with an electronic voice that says "fire, fire, fire"

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Boiling liquid begins seeping out of Turtle Man's shell and hitting the burners, sending up steam.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lionel is holding Turtle Man in place using oven mitts.

Turtle Man's head finally pops out. His head is steaming, scalded, blistered. He screams in agony.

LIONEL
An opportunity has made itself known, my brother.

GEORGE
Indeed it has, brother.

With that, George instantly sinks a kitchen knife down into turtle man's neck. Killing him instantly. His head now stuck outside the shell. It's sudden and gruesome.

INT. VW VAN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Driving. The two Haitian men up front smile at one another. The scenario is utterly peaceful and in complete contrast to the last scene.

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE
Beautiful day, eh, brother.

LIONEL
A beautiful day for conducting
business, brother.

GEORGE
In a world ever more free of the
ridiculous constraints of 20th
century trade barriers.

LIONEL
Amen.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see the van change lanes, perfectly executing the turn signal, and smoothly sliding over. Lionel even sticks his arm out the window to make a right turn signal.

EXT. AIRPORT - SAME DAY

A large private jet comes in for a landing.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

A rolling staircase is pulled up to the side of the airplane.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE HATCH - CONTINUOUS

The hatch is opened. A beautiful stewardess opens the door.

J.T. MONAHAN, a powerful Texas billionaire playboy steps into the doorway. Around 35, roughly handsome, cowboy hat, hand-tooled boots, boot cut slacks, and a suede western cut sports coat gets out. He holds what looks like a very fancy leather bowling bag. He walks down the steps.

J.T.
Suzanne, next time we see each
other, I plan to be even RICHER.

He chuckles at his own bad joke, grabs her ass, walks out of frame and down the stairs.

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

The chauffeur tries to carry the bag for J.T. but he hands the guy his hat instead. J.T. sits down in the car, unzips the top of the bowling bag, then pours himself a drink from the mini-bar in the car.

INT. CAR - 10 MINUTES LATER

J.T. looks out the window as the car passes a huge 100 foot high billboard on the side of an industrial building.

The billboard is of two tiny men (10% the size of a normal person) sparring. One of them is in a karate outfit. The other little man is a greased up, very muscular black man with chunky African villager jewelry on.

INSERT: The Little Titan World Championships. DEATH!

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

J.T. puts his hand on his bowling bag.

EXT. PIERRE HOTEL - DAY

J.T. Monahan gets out of the limo and goes inside the hotel.

INT. SUITE OF PIERRE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

J.T. enters his suite. He puts the bag down on the bed. He picks up the phone and calls room service.

MONAHAN (THICK TEXAN ACCENT)
I'd like an ounce of beluga, blinis
and all that shit too.
(MORE)

MONAHAN (THICK TEXAN ACCENT) (cont'd)
I'm also gonna need a pound of
fresh ground sirloin, tri-tip if
you got it. Raw.

J.T. Is interrupted.

MONAHAN (CONT'D)
I want some fuckin' steak tartare,
I'll ask you for some fuckin' steak
tartare. Just the pound of beef.
Don't put no goddamn garnishes on
it. And bring up a magnum of the
1990 Pommery while you're at it.
Thank you.

Monahan hangs up and goes over to the bed and pulls the pillows off of it and throws them on the floor. He then unzips his bowling bag, and goes to take a leak, leaving the bathroom door open.

INT. SUITE OF PIERRE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The bag sits there on the bed as J.T. pisses.

Then the bag RUSTLES.

It rustles again. There's a beat as we wonder what the hell's in it.

A 12 inch tall man climbs out, CHAMP, formally known as VERN CARTER. He is also dressed as a cowboy. He stretches.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

J.T.
(calls out over shoulder)
How you feelin' today, champ?

Champ cracks his neck side to side.

CHAMP
Pretty good, J.T., How 'bout you?

J.T.
Oh, alright.

CHAMP
Fell asleep there when we was goin'
over the Ozarks. Damn, that's
pretty country.

J.T.
Sure as hell is. You need anything,
champ?

CHAMP
Just some grub, J.T.

J.T. zips up and walks over to the bed.

J.T.
On the way, just called down for
it.

CHAMP
(nods) What's the line today on the
fight?

J.T.
You're a three to one favorite, old
son. Some woman by the name of Inez
DeCooper is apparently bringin'
some little Filipino hill fighter
who's just kicked' the shit outta
some people in them overseas
matches. Anyway, he's gettin' a lot
a press. (beat) Sonofabitch wears a
loincloth.

CHAMP
I'll be damned. A Fillypino. Aint
never fought one a them. And what'd
the hell you say he wears?

J.T
A loincloth. Like a little towel,
with a belt to cover his balls and
what not. It's, uh, traditional.

CHAMP
Sounds like some kind of fuckin'
indian. Well, I reckon I'll do
alright. I jus hope he don't get to
try to workin' no black magic or
hexes on me. I don't kin to that
horseshit, gets on my nerves.

J.T.
You'll be fine.

J.T. takes a sip from a highball glass of whiskey.

J.T.

Now let's see the goddamned
reignin' world champ knock out a
couple hunnert pushups before
dinner.

CHAMP

That'd be my pleasure, J.T.

The little man drops down on the bed and starts knocking out one-armed pushups as J.T. watches, nodding in approval and takes a gulp of his drink.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS OF TKG MUSIC- LATER THAT DAY

Smith and Johnny are in Smith's car, pulling up outside the building. Johnny puts the car in park. Johnny looks at Smith. Smith looks out the window, up at the building.

JOHNNY

Good luck, man.

Smith looks at Johnny briefly, then opens the door.

SMITH

Thanks Johnny, 'ppreciate the ride.

EXT/INT. HEADQUARTERS OF TKG MUSIC - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks into the lobby of the soaring skyscraper. He goes through security and heads into the express elevator.

He looks like shit. Weaving a little as he walks.

In the elevator he produces a little baggy of speed and does a quick bump, wipes his nose, and runs in place for a second, then cracks his neck from side to side. Punches the air a couple of times.

SMITH

Alright. Fuckin' on deck.

INT. HEADQUARTERS OF TKG MUSIC - CONTINUOUS

He gets out and is met by a secretary, Avi Greenberg.

AVI (SLIGHT ISRAELI ACCENT)

Mr. Smith, please come this way.

As the two men walk, Avi puts out his hand. Smith takes it, and shakes.

AVI

I'm Avi Greenberg, Mr. Kiberton's personal assistant. We spoke on the phone. Thank you for meeting with us on such short notice. You have a card?

Smith nods. He hands it to him.

INSERT: Smith's card. It's white and simply designed. It says "Smith, Dangerous Smith: Private investigator".

SMITH

You've got my retainer?

AVI

We'll address that in the meeting.

SMITH

Also, I like to keep my involvement in cases out of the press.

AVI

Of course.

INT. BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk into a lavish boardroom. Framed gold and platinum records line the walls. There are four or five people in suits as well as a couple of rumpled detectives. The suits stand. The detectives stay seated. One man walks toward Smith.

MR. KIBERTON

Hello, Mr. Smith, I'm Francis Kiberton, CEO of TKG Music. You come highly recommended. As we understand, these high profile cases are your forte. Or used to be.

SMITH

Yeah, I've diversified a bit.

The cops laugh a little.

MR. KIBERTON

Well, Mr. Smith, let's sit and we can discuss our situation.

SMITH
Fine.

MR. KIBERTON
Coffee, juice?

SMITH
No thanks.

They direct Smith to a chair near the head of the long table. Smith sits.

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kiberton looks around the room.

MR. KIBERTON
Hello, everyone, thank you for coming in. I realize the events of yesterday have come as quite a shock, but I hope that by acting quickly we can minimize our losses.

Everyone sits down.

KIBERTON
Mr. Smith is a private detective we have retained to aid in the rescue of Top 40. He has been involved in a number of high profile cases in the past including the abduction of the Goldberg twins, and their eventual rescue.

The board nods. The detectives look annoyed.

MR. KIBERTON
As you know, our highest-grossing artist, Top 40, was kidnapped yesterday as she made a personal appearance.

There is general murmuring from the board.

MR. KIBERTON
As you may also know, we have invested a great deal of money in Ms. 40. And for the last four years, she has returned the favor, in spades.

Kiberton stops and touches the table for emphasis during the next few words.

MR. KIBERTON

And now we find our precious angel missing. It's very problematic. All our thoughts are towards a quick rescue.

All the executives around the table nod.

Smith nods. Kiberton looks over and slightly raises his voice to get their attention.

KIBERTON

Mr. Smith, I don't want to waste any time. We'll have a short briefing now, and then the police as well as Avi on our side will further elaborate. We're eager for you to get to work. (beat) However. I do want to discuss one thing with you. We understand that in the past there have been a few discrepancies, shall we say, in your methodology. That being noted, I wish to make something clear. It is only a fortunate confluence of events that brings you to this room. That being the unavailability of several of your contemporaries combined with the similarity of this case to some you've solved in the past. And, if I may be frank, our desperation to light a fire under the torpid bottoms of the police department in this matter.

The cops look a little annoyed at this comment.

KIBERTON

Do I have your assurance that reliability won't be a concern, Mr. Smith?

Smith sits there for a minute.

SMITH

Yes.

KIBERTON

Mmmhmmm. And we can trust that this case won't end in you wandering around in the woods with an undelivered bag of ransom, talking to trees, while a girl gets chopped to bits?

Two board members are whispering to one another, they stop cold and look at Smith when Kiberton says this. One of the detectives whistles under his breath.

SMITH

Definitely.

KIBERTON

Good.

Kiberton nods at Avi, who passes an envelope to Smith across the table.

AVI

Retainer, contact numbers, ND
agreement, waiver form of
publication rights.

Smith nods. Signs a few forms. Hands them back.

SMITH

Look, I just want to say that, well, there's not a day that goes by that I don't think about that poor girl.(beat) And if there can be any sort of bright side to a situation like that, I've been clean and sober for 436 days. And I've devoted my life and 5% of my earnings to the service of Jesus Christ.

Smith makes eye contact with some of the board members as he speaks.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Particularly in the inner city.

The board members nod.

KIBERTON

Well, excellent. We also give a small percentage of our corporate earnings to charity.

The brief pause suggests this is not true.

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kiberton nods at Avi. Avi dims the lights and hits a projection machine.

A slide show begins on the far wall.

A ransom note comes up.

AVI

We received this ransom note late last night instructing us as to how we would receive messages from the kidnappers. They are asking for \$20 million. And if we don't comply, as you can see they've issued all the standard threats about death and dismemberment.

INSERT: a piece of a sentence from the note reading "cut out the bitch's vocal cords and use them to make a kazoo"

SMITH

Jesus.

The room murmurs.

SMITH

They sound serious.

KIBERTON

So it seems. (beat) Detective Murray from the police department is here, and has agreed to brief you on some of their findings. Thank you, Mr. Smith. Anything else?

SMITH

Yes. I told your man there, I don't like any mention in the press, it gets in-

Kiberton holds up a hand.

KIBERTON

Mr. Smith, I can tell you, in all seriousness, we have no desire for your name to be publicized anywhere remotely CLOSE to that of our own.

Smith is humbled.

KIBERTON
Just speaking frankly.

SMITH
Sure.

KIBERTON
Thank you, Mr. Smith.

Kiberton turns and begins conversing with the other board members.

INT. SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The detective is talking to Smith. He passes some photos over to Smith of the kidnapping scene. It looks like a Juergen Teller photo series. Flash photography of bound and gagged Japanese men.

DETECTIVE
Private appearance with a Japanese businessman. The Japs say the lights went out, somebody whacks them on the head with something, probably a pistol. They get duct taped and gagged. All the while the bodyguard's stuck outside because the room's locked from the inside. Lights come up, the girl's gone. Building security's got nothing. No witnesses on the street.

SMITH
How'd they get in if they didn't go past the bodyguard?

DETECTIVE
The tearoom also opened onto a service hallway. Which was unguarded.

SMITH
Was the building searched?

DETECTIVE
Thoroughly. Roof to basement, sewer and utility tunnels underneath.

Smith takes all this in. The Detective pushes play on a VCR.

DETECTIVE

This is the videotape the assistant recorded during the appearance.

The detective fast-forwards through much of it, including the now comically hyper-fast scene of the old man beating off.

Smith watches intently. His head bobs a little as he watches.

DETECTIVE

Are you drunk?

SMITH

What? No.

The detective turns off the VCR. Grabs a few folders, hands them over to Smith. Smith looks at them, waiting for explanation.

DETECTIVE

The best leads we have so far.

Smith takes the folders, the detective gets up.

SMITH

Any elaboration on why these guys?

DETECTIVE

It's all in there, I don't have to hold your hand. I just have to give you the information. Not that you're going to do anything with it.

SMITH

(under breath, sort of) Asshole.

DETECTIVE

What?

SMITH

Cocksucker.

Smith puts his shades on and stands up, walks out.

INT. MAGNIFICENT UPTOWN APARTMENT - THAT EVENING

The home of a wealthy socialite, INEZ DECOOPER. Beautiful, older, perfectly dressed. She stands at the window, fingering the drapes, smoking, speaking to her antique dealer, BURTON TIMMS.

SOCIALITE

So you say, Mr. Timms, but I'm not sure I need another priceless ancient Sumerian relic.

Mr. Timms wears a somewhat threadbare yet well-tailored suit, and mops his brow. There is an array of small carved stone items laid out on a velvet jeweler's cloth in front of him.

MR. TIMMS

But madame, it's one of a kind, I purchased it at a considerable cost, to myself, on the assumption that you would be interested, I of course reference our previous arrangement by which you placed-

INEZ

Previous arrangement, Mr. Timms, previous. I find that I have just about all the limestone scarabs and giant pearl scepters that any one woman needs.

(beat)

No, I'm not accepting delivery. I find the sport is gone from collecting the artifacts of dead civilizations, Mr. Timms. I'm putting my money into more...lively entertainment these days. Now get out of here, and take your trinkets with you.

Mr. Timms pauses for a moment, and then begins to gather up his priceless relics and put them in his case. He grabs his hat and turns to walk out without a word.

INT. MAGNIFICENT UPTOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cut to an ankle-height POV shot running straight towards Mr. Timms.

Right as it gets to Mr Timms' ankle...

INT. MAGNIFICENT UPTOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cut to shot of a little Filipino tribesman(10% human size) wielding a sword nearly as long as his body. He swings it above his head, and into the ankle of Mr. Timms.

TIMMS
Ahhhhh, dear God.

Instantly, Timms' pant leg begins turning red with blood.

INT. MAGNIFICENT UPTOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS
Inez attempts to control the little man.

INEZ
Sumpar! Sumpar! No! No!

TIMMS
My god, what is it? What is it?

Inez ignores Timms and begins banging an ashtray on a table to make him stop.

INEZ
Sumpar, get back into the kitchen!
DO NOT make me get Maria!!

Begrudgingly, Sumpar does as he is told. But right before going into the kitchen, he turns and runs back over and takes another hack at Timms' leg.

SUMPAR
Arrrhhhhh!

INT. OFF TRACK BETTING - A FEW HOURS LATER

Smith is at the OTB, a racing form in his hand. He's wasted. He watches a buggy race on the closed circuit television.

His horse loses.

SMITH
Bullshit. Conspiracy.

He throws the racing form down. A couple of heads turn.

INT. OTB - CONTINUOUS

Johnny comes in, looking for Smith.

JOHNNY
Smith, don't you think we should get to work?

SMITH
(drunk) Jesus. Relax, John. I, called, all the usual guys. If anybody's heard anything, they'll give us a buzz.

Smith puts his arm around Johnny. Just as Smith's nose starts bleeding.

SMITH
Work's good, buddy, but don't forget to live. Now. (beat) How much money you got on you? They think this check's a fake. And I got a sure thing in the 7th.

Johnny looks at Smith's bleeding nose as Smith shows Johnny his retainer for \$100,000.

JOHNNY
Jesus, Smith.

Johnny puts it in his own pocket for safekeeping.

JOHNNY
C'mon, Smith, let's go.

SMITH
No.. You go ahead. I'll see you later, buddy.

Johnny shoots Smith a disapproving look. Smith weighs his priorities for a moment, then speaks, looking at the tv.

SMITH
We pay the cable bill at the office?

JOHNNY
Uhm.. Yeah I think so. Why?

SMITH
Ok. Let's go.

Smith begrudgingly get's up and heads out with Johnny.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - HALF HOUR LATER

Johnny and Smith are back at Smith's office. Going over papers, basic investigation stuff. Smith still seems pretty liquored.

Occasionally he looks over at a small TV in the corner where he's got the horse races on.

SMITH

These police leads are weak. Fucking garbage. She had a couple of restraining orders against various nut job stalker types, but none of them did this, waste of fucking time. The ex-boyfriend, Roland, is a possible, he's a crazy sonofabitch, but I can't see him pulling something like this off.

JOHNNY

What about the Japanese guy who paid to meet with her? I mean, the guy's on film whacking off in front of her.

Smith shrugs.

SMITH

What'd the cops say?

JOHNNY

Interviewed by the police and released. Now back in Japan. Along with his personal assistant. Had some pull with the Japanese government so they intervened on his behalf.

SMITH

If he did it, he wouldn't be asking for ransom.

JOHNNY

Maybe just covering himself?

Smith thinks about it for a second.

SMITH

Maybe. But I doubt it. Who whacks off before they kidnap someone? It just doesn't make sense. Not even in this day and age.

Smith looks over at the TV. One horse and buggy is running at least 20 paces back from the rest, losing ridiculously badly.

SMITH
Goddamnit! Does that horse have
herpes or something?!!

He punches the desk. Then turns off the TV. He refocuses on the leads.

SMITH
You have the tape from the
appearance?

JOHNNY
Yeah. Here.

He hands Smith the tape. Smith pops it in the VCR. The tape begins to play. Smith speaks while it plays.

SMITH
So they get into a locked room,
probably through the service
entrance, they turn the lights out,
probably from the building's
control room, maybe even broke in
and did it a couple of days ago,
and put the thing on a fucking
timer. Hard to say. Then, they're
so fucking confident or so hell
bent on not actually HURTING anyone
that they don't just kill the guys
and take the girl, they take the
time to disable each one of them,
in the dark, bind them, grab the
girl and get out. And whoever it
is, whoever THEY are, they do such
a good job that no camera, no
person, in the entire building, or
on the street, before, during or
after the job sees you. (beat) Not
even the one filming in the ROOM.
That's not a fucking job, that's
fucking witchcraft.

Smith throws his pencil down on the table.

There's a call.

JOHNNY
Smith Dangerous Smith and
Associates. (beat) Mr. Greenberg.
Yes. OK. Hang on.

Johnny puts the call on hold.

JOHNY
It's Mr. Greenberg, the kidnappers
have made contact.

SMITH
(routine) Yup, it's about time for
that.

INT. TKG MUSIC - AN HOUR LATER

Smith and the board guys and the cops are all gathered in the board room. They're looking at the next piece of communication. It's a simple typed note.

SMITH
So they've scheduled a conference
call?

KIBERTON
So it would appear.

SMITH
Huh. Fuckin' weird.

KIBERTON
Is this not something you've
encountered before, Mr. Smith?

He looks around at Smith and the detectives. Everybody shrugs.

SMITH
Uh, well, usually, you know it'd be
something like 'be at a payphone at
a certain time,' or 'use this cell
phone only or the bitch gets it,'
or something along those lines. But
a conference call. (nods head in
appreciation) Fucking innovative.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Cut to them all huddled in the conference room around the phone. Avi is dialing the number.

CONFERENCE CALL:
Welcome to the ATX Teleconferencing
Messageboard. The other
participants of your call have not
yet joined. Please stand by.

SFX: Hold music.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They sit in the room looking at one another. Smith eases a baggy out of his pocket and then feigns dropping a pen under the table.

INT. UNDER CONFERENCE ROOM TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Smith dabs a little speed on his hand below the table, then comes back up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smith acts like he's itching his nose, and takes a big snort that makes Kiberton look up from his notepad.

SMITH
Allergies.

INT. CONFERENCE CALL - CONTINUOUS

SFX: The electronic ding sound of another person joining the call.

AVI
Hello?

Silence.

AVI
Is anyone there?

More silence.

KIDNAPPERS
(A pleasant English woman's voice)
We're here.

The room all shoots looks to each other regarding the female and British nature of the voice. The detective sitting next to Smith scribbles a note in his notebook.

INSERT HANDWRITING IN NOTEBOOK: Female...British.

Cut to Smith who watches him write this. He shoots the guy a sarcastic look as if to say, "Impressive work".

AVI

Good. Let me begin by saying who we have on this end. Our CEO-

KIDNAPPERS

(Interrupting) We're going to keep this short, we just bloody hate calls that drag on. We require 20 million American dollars in cash. And you'll forgive us for being partial to English luggage, but we'd like the money in a Globetrotter 30 inch suitcase, extra deep, in black, original collection. The exchange will be in 72 hours. At a location to be given to you before the deadline. It is now 4 pm on Tuesday. The money must be in our courier's hand by 4 pm Friday. When he is safely returned, and it has been established he was not followed, Top 40 will be released. This will not be a simultaneous exchange, I'm afraid. For obvious reasons of security which I'm sure you all appreciate. You will have one person bring the money. It will not be a member of the police. You will tell us who this person is before the drop. We will contact you six hours before the deadline. Oh, and obviously, all the usual rigamarole applies, about her death being a most painful and embarrassingly gory one if any of your people fuck this up. Look at the time, must dash, we'll be in touch. Ta.

Phone hangs up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They all look at one another. The detective looks over at his colleague who looks at his watch and shakes his head.

DETECTIVE MOORE

It just traces back to the conference call company's main line. I can see if they have a source number but I doubt it. If we had been given more lead time we-

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Try anyway.

The other detective makes a call to get it traced.

A bit of annoyance around the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KIBERTON
Interesting, wouldn't you say, detective, that there's a woman involved. Your profile had been several men, was it not?

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Yeah, this could really help us, but it's also possible-

Smith turns in his chair and says something under his breath.

KIBERTON
What's that, Mr. Smith.

Smith turns and puts his keychain on the table, there's a little device attached to it.

SMITH
I was just saying.

He hits a button on the keychain device and holds it up to his mouth.

SMITH
(the same voice as the kidnapper on the call) That the voice you heard is a standard option on several over the counter voice altering devices available just about anywhere to almost any idiot with twenty dollars.

KIBERTON
You didn't think of that, detective?

The detectives look at Smith in anger.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Mr. Kiberton, I was in the middle
of saying that it's possible that
the voice was altered, but-

KIBERTON
Well goddamnit, you didn't spit it
out. This isn't a time for
subtleties and fucking gentleman's
agreements about who gets to speak
first! Find me the goddamn girl!

He bangs his fist on the table.

KIBERTON
Find me the fucking girl!

Everyone sits there, stunned.

KIBERTON
Well, what are we all waiting for?

Everyone walks out of the room.

Smith hits his device again.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE
Sorry about interrupting you,
detective.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF OPPOSITE A SWANKY HOTEL - NIGHT

Smith is lying at the edge of a roof of a building. He has headphones on, and a directional mike. He's taking photos with a telefoto lens.

We see what he's looking at. A super long lens shot of some naked hookers doing drugs on a couch next to a conventional old-school looking DRUM MACHINE, ROLAND, with a big dick and balls growing out of the front of it.

SMITH
(begrudgingly impressed)
You fancy motherfucker with your
fancy fuckin' drugs.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

ROLAND is being sucked off by two white strippers with big tits.

They are both wearing headbands, high heels and g-strings, but nothing else. They are on their knees in front of the couch.

The coffee table is covered with cocaine and sex toys.

One stripper sucks on one of his balls while the other deep throats him. Roland speaks, when he does, the lights on his front console light up.

ROLAND

(a suave, yet slightly computerized voice...Think Ton Loc) Aw yeah, baby. You like them purple chestnuts, don't you?

WHORE

(mouth full) Mhmmmmmm Hmmm.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the hotel suite opens. No one pays any attention.

Smith walks in. No one sees him.

Smith shakes his head.

SMITH

Hello Roland.

The girls pull away.

ROLAND

Well well well... Smith Dangerous Smith. How'd you get in here?

SMITH

It's kind of what I do for a living.

ROLAND

Riiight. Give me a minute to wrap things up here. Cool?

SMITH

Sure.

Roland's bodyguard comes into the room from the bathroom and notices Smith. He makes a move for him.

ROLAND
No, Percy, it's ok, baby. Mr. Smith
is an old friend. Just stoppin' by
for a minute.

Smith makes his way to the minibar and pours himself a Jack and coke and sits down. Offscreen we can hear the whores and Roland all climaxing.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

After a moment, Percy enters frame and places Roland on the couch next to Smith. He then places a towel over Roland's giant dick. Throughout the following interaction, the cock moves from time to time under the towel.

ROLAND
So what's up?

SMITH
Wanted to see if you know who
kidnapped your ex-girlfriend?

ROLAND
That's the big question of the
moment. You ask, the police ask, my
mother asks.... and my answer
remains the same. I don't know.

SMITH
You sure?

ROLAND
Oh I'm sure.

SMITH
And you wouldn't have any reason to
do it yourself, would you? Maybe
annoyed she left your label. You've
got debts, you pick up some fast
ransom money. Maybe you just get
rid of her?

ROLAND
Oh, my.

Smith turns around in his chair. One of the girls is doing a handstand while the girl in the chair eats her out. Smith turns back around.

ROLAND

That'd make things nice and easy on you, but unfortunately Mr. Smith, I've been in this hotel suite for the better part of a week, working my way through this rather large pile of drugs with my friends here. Of course, when the police visited, they had the courtesy to knock, so there were no drugs. Officially speaking. And I'll thank you to uphold that version of things.

SMITH

Glass houses, man.

ROLAND

Exactly. Very amusing, Mr. Smith. So, as I was saying, before that, I was in the studio fairly continuously for the last three months, surrounded by people. One of whom, Percy, I require for purposes of mobility. And in regards to my business, it's never been better, so I don't see why I would have done such a thing. Any future questions can be referred to my attorney. Now, do you care to dabble?

Smith looks at the pile of coke.

SMITH

I'm a simple man, but thanks.

At this point, the bodyguard comes over and picks up Roland and begins to carry him back to the girls.

ROLAND

A pleasure, Mr. Smith. Good luck.

Smith walks toward the door.

ROLAND

Also... Smith... You should get a biteguard. That trucker speed is going to ruin your teeth.

Smith regards Roland's joke with the tiniest of chuckles and walks out.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Smith and Johnny are back at the office going through leads. Smith is recapping his visit to Roland. He has the developed pictures of Roland and girls getting it on in the hotel room. Johnny flips through them as Smith speaks.

SMITH

Roland didn't do it, but let's keep an eye on him anyway.

JOHNNY

(awestruck) These are some pretty crazy pictures.

SMITH

Yup. So what'd you turn up?

Johnny refocuses, pulls out a big stack of research. Reports and pictures of all the police detectives and the TKG MUSIC people etc.

JOHNNY

Everyone's clean. The assistant, Greenberg, the board members, Schultz, Meyer, Morgan, Simmons. One interesting little tidbit.

Johnny flips a few pages to a picture.

JOHNNY

Kiberton's a closet faggot who blows commuters at the train station, but other than that, these guys are clean. I tapped all their phones, had our guy check their email, the works, no large sums of money moved, nothing.

Smith looks at the photo. There's one from a hidden camera of Kiberton kissing a businessman in a train station bathroom.

JOHNNY

Oh... And I did find this.

Smith looks at another folder. A photo of a handsome, impeccably dressed older fellow, like Lawrence Olivier in Marathon Man, before he shaves his head, but more handsome.

JOHNNY

Didn't find it on the first pass
because the lawsuit is in one of
the music company's subsidiary
names rather than her's.

SMITH

(impressed) Interesting.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF EMPTY PARKING STRUCTURE - THAT DAY

The handsome older fellow is perched in the backseat of a convertible Bentley. He's intently working at something in his back seat. He has a beautifully ornate parasol over his shoulder which keeps him in shade. It flutters gently in the breeze. He wears latex gloves and a surgical mask.

Camera moves to reveal that the man is performing surgery on a woman who lies unconscious in his back seat. She is hooked up to an IV and heart monitoring system and despite the obvious peculiarities, the operation seems quite clean and on the level. We watch as the surgeon produces some large fake breasts and begins to insert them under the chest flesh of the patient.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Smith pulls into the parking lot, parks about twenty spaces away, and just watches for a minute. He snaps some pictures off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks up. A well-dressed chauffeur polishes the hood of the car. The doctor goes around to the trunk, he rummages around for some bandages, and return to the patient, bandaging her up.

DOCTOR

(aristocratic English accent) My
dear, you'll forgive me for saying
so, but these are a pair of the
most glorious round mounds I've
ever built.

Patient mumbles through anesthesia.

DOCTOR
Really first rate titties. I could
kiss them, stitches and all. I
really could.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

SMITH
Doctor Blainsley , Hubert
Blainsley?

DOCTOR
Yes.

SMITH
Could I speak to you for a moment,
sir?

DOCTOR
You're not my three o'clock.

SMITH
No.

DOCTOR
Well I don't do walk-ins. I'm
afraid you'll have to make an
appointment.

SMITH
I'm not here to get any work done.

DOCTOR
And you are?

SMITH
My name's Smith Dangerous Smith,
I'm looking into the kidnapping of
Top 40, one of your former
patients.

DOCTOR
Ah yes, her. Well, I'm just
finishing up. I'll need ten
minutes.

SMITH
Certainly.

Smith stands there. The doctor starts to turn away, then
turns back.

DOCTOR

(extremely angry) Bloody irresponsible of you, Smith. Standing here like you're a damn Punjabi. You don't have the skin for this sort of bravado. That's the noonday sun above you, man. It's not to be trifled with. Now, away with you. Go on then, back to your car, take shelter. What is that, a Cooper Seven?

SMITH

Buick.

DOCTOR

Well, alright. Ten minutes, I assume you've got a device for telling time.

SMITH

Sure.

Smith has nodded off in his car. He is awoken to the sound of knocking on the glass. It's Blainsley's chauffeur.

EXT. PARKING LOT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Smith climbs into the back of the doctor's Bentley. While he speaks with the doctor, he admires the intricacy of the backseat's medical set up.

The doctor arranges the parasol so they're both in shade.

DOCTOR

That's better. The sun is a killing machine. Now, how can I be of service, Mr. Smith.

SMITH

You're currently being sued by Top 40's record company, and they've filed a complaint with the state plastic surgery board. They're claiming you molested her while you did her ti-... Breasts.

DOCTOR

Yes, for her tour of the far east.

SMITH

Well, did you?

DOCTOR

Which one?

SMITH

One, both?

DOCTOR

No, yes. I did her BREASTS, and no
I didn't touch anywhere near the
old Mountbatten's tomb.

SMITH

So you don't know anything about her
kidnapping.

DOCTOR

That's right.

SMITH

Any thoughts on who might have done
this? You come into contact with a
lot of powerful people. The kind of
people with resources. Any
theories?

The doctor shrugs.

DOCTOR

Well I know it won't be who anyone
expects it to be.

SMITH

Oh really, How so?

DOCTOR

Mr. Smith, my business is technical
skill and discretion. I work on
some of the richest people in the
world. Occasionally people like
that are kidnapped or assassinated.
Or sometimes they're blown up in
their private jets in what might
have been an accident or an
assassination, or even a kidnapping
made to look like an accident. Do
you follow me, Mr. Smith? You seem
the sort to get confused. No? Good.
In any event, it's just never who
you think in these sorts of things.
And I very much doubt that it's who
you think it is, Mr. Smith. No
offense, I hope.

SMITH
No, none taken.

Smith appraises the doctor carefully with his eyes.

SMITH
Thank you, doctor. Do you have a
card?

The doctor hands him a card. Smith looks at it.

INSERT: Hubert Blainsley, MD, discretion, quality, expensive.

Smith starts to get out of the car.

DOCTOR
Mr. Smith?

Smith turns around

SMITH
Yes?

The doctor is holding out a gimme cap, it's not a ball cap,
it's a round-brimmed hat like old Japanese men wear.

DOCTOR
Well put it on, you bloody fool.
And if I may be of further service,
please call. But do make an
appointment.

SMITH
I will.

Smith gets out. As Smith walks to his car, he walks past a
older blonde woman who has had a TON of plastic surgery.

DOCTOR
Come, Sylvana, we're ready for you,
dear!

INT. CONCRETE ROOM WITH NO WINDOWS - THAT DAY

TOP 40 is in an empty concrete-walled room. She is lying on a
little pad that she's using as a mattress. There are a bunch
of bottles of water nearby. A TV with a stack of DVDs sits in
the corner. It's all porn except The Sound of Music and Rocky
IV.

There is a noise from the door. Top 40 gets up and runs to the door. A fruit rollup is being shoved under the door. It barely fits.

TOP 40
You motherfuckers! What is this shit. Give me some real food! I'm on a very specific diet!

She waits for a response. Nothing.

EXT. CITY - THAT NIGHT

Smith is walking on the sidewalk in front of his office building.

VOICE, O.C.
Excuse me, sir, I'd like to talk to you today about an exciting opportunity to invest in the people and the future of the Caribbean, on the picturesque island of Mont Serrat, do you have a moment?

Smith looks at over, Lionel is walking next to him.

SMITH
Well, actually, if-

LIONEL
Get in the fucking car, Smith.

Smith looks down at Lionel's right hand. Lionel is holding a really gnarly looking shank made out of a wire from a chain-link fence stapled to a broom handle.

LIONEL
Get in the fucking car.

George has pulled up the white VW van alongside them. Smith reluctantly agrees.

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

Smith climbs in.

LIONEL
Watch the sales material.

Smith steps around a pile of brochures.

LIONEL
Sit between Little Jim and Creve-Coeur.

Smith sits down in the first row of the backseat between two other Haitians. One normal-sized, one huge.

LIONEL
You know Little Jim, but I don't think you've met Creve-coeur before, have you, Smith?

SMITH
No.

LIONEL
Our cousin, here visiting from the islands.

Smith nods to the larger of the two men he sits between. The large Haitian nods back. Smith passes an envelope up front.

LIONEL
Look what the man has for us, brother.

GEORGE
A great big wad of cash.

George plugs a wire into the cigarette lighter, he pulls a portable money counter out of the dashboard. It rattles through the money.

LIONEL
Indeed. But not as great or as big a wad as it should be.

Lionel turns around to face Smith. He pulls out another equally crude shank. This one a shard of glass mounted into a BMX bike handle. The other two Haitians grip Smith by each arm.

GEORGE
So why didn't we have this money yesterday, Smith?

SMITH
I just got it.

Lionel jabs Smith with the knife in the arm.

SMITH
Owww! Jesus!

LIONEL
Lazy fucker.

GEORGE
Don't bleed in my fucking car,
Smith.

Lionel slashes him across the arm again.

LIONEL
You heard my brother. Cover your
arm, motherfucker.

Smith covers his bleeding arm.

LIONEL
The three of us have entered into a
business arrangement, Smith, and
you are not complying.

GEORGE
Fucking junkie gambler deadbeat
motherfucker.

LIONEL
Fucking Mr. I've got celebrity
friends.

SMITH
I know what you're about to s-

Lionel slashes him again on the arm.

SMITH
OW! FUUUUUUCK.

LIONEL
No you don't, boy.

GEORGE
You owe us seven hundred thousand
dollars, Smith.

LIONEL
Seven hundred thousand fucking
dollars.

GEORGE
We want the rest.

By now Smith is bleeding from his face and both arms. He's trying to hold some of the cuts, but he's bleeding too bad.

SMITH
I'm gonna pay.

LIONEL
Oh really? How are you going to do
that?

SMITH
I've got a job.

LIONEL
Ha. Another husband desperate to
find out if his wife is getting
fucked by his best friend?

Lionel gets ready to cut Smith again.

SMITH
No.... the TOP 40 case.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The whole van stirs at this news.

LIONEL
Bullshit.

SMITH
It's true, I just got hired.

LIONEL
You? Why would they hire YOU?

Smith shrugs, it doesn't seem so crazy to him.

George rubs his head, in disbelief.

GEORGE
A degenerate fuckhead who is
hopelessly addicted to drugs, and
in massive debt... Who lets
kidnapped girls get chopped to
bits? I tell you, brother, the
music industry is even more insane
than I had previously been led to
believe.

One of the Haitians in the backseat speaks up. It's the big
one. He seems simple.

CREVECOEUR
(Andre the Giant deep voice) If he solves the case, then he can pay us.

George and Lionel both regard the big man, surprised he said something. They find it amusing that he put together such a simple piece of logic.

LIONEL
(patronizing, yet civil) You're quite right, Creve-coeur.

Lionel turns his attention back to Smith.

LIONEL
But really I should kill you right now, because the odds of you figuring out something like this are close to zero.

SMITH
I've got leads.

GEORGE
Whoopee.

LIONEL
We'll be in touch.

GEORGE
Get out of the fucking car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The door of the moving van opens and Smith is pushed out. He hits the pavement and rolls for a good 15 feet before coming to a stop. He is covered in cuts and bleeding pretty bad.

People walking by look at him in horror and then look away. Smith gets to his feet and stumbles away down the street.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Smith and Johnny are going over leads. Johnny stares at Smith's cuts on face and arms. Smith is covered in bandaids and bandages.

JOHNNY
Jesus man. You need to go to the hospital.

SMITH

Fuck that. What do you got?

JOHNNY

What the hell happened to you?

SMITH

Nothing. What do you have?

JOHNNY

Not much. Some amusing phone sex sessions on Kiberton's cell phone but other than that, nothing.

Long pause.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Smith?

SMITH

Yeah?

Johnny looks troubled.

JOHNNY

I'm a little worried we're not getting anywhere. Do you, you know...want me to bring some other guys in, or...

SMITH

Johnny, it's under control.

JOHNNY

Because if you want...

SMITH

It's under control, Johnny. Just keep digging and call me when you find something.

Smith gets up and leaves.

EXT. MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER- THAT DAY

Smith takes photos of various groups of foreign people in front a U.N-esque building that seems to function as a sort of foreign mission. He takes picture of a young college girl walking her dog. He takes pictures of a hot dog vender. If there is a method to his madness, we can't tell what it is. He seems to be just taking pictures of anything and everything.

INT. A BAR - THAT EVENING

Smith walks in, saddles up to the bar and orders a drink. He downs it and orders another. He downs it and orders another. He looks around. He even snaps a couple pictures in here. There's a slightly ragged but sexy barfly at the end of the bar. He gets up and walks over to the jukebox and inserts a bill and puts on a song.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The ragged barfly walks over to Smith. We can't tell if she's a hooker or just wants a drink.

WOMAN

Hi there.

Smith doesn't notice her at first.

SMITH

Hi.

WOMAN

(motioning to cuts) So what happened to you?

SMITH

(wasted) Listen, you seem like a very nice person, but I'm going through something right now, and I just don't think this can happen.

WOMAN

Well why don't you buy me a drink and we can find out?

Smith says nothing, takes out his baggy of drugs and does a bump right in front of her. She gets up, annoyed, and walks away. Smith has second thoughts and begins to yell out to her.

SMITH

Wait, come back.

The woman keeps walking, doesn't even look back at him.

INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Early the next morning, Smith's in bed. There are bottles everywhere. The phone rings. Smith, eyes barely open, answers.

SMITH

Hello.

AVI

Hello, Mr. Smith, it's Avi Greenberg calling.

SMITH

(gravelly) Hey Avi.

AVI

Mr. Kiberton and the board are all quite eager to see what progress you've made.

SMITH

Right... Well, I...

AVI

We'll see you at one o'clock.

INT. TKG MUSIC - ONE PM

Smith walks into the boardroom where the detectives and Kiberton are sitting around.

Smith is completely cut up and fucked up looking.

Everyone stops cold when they see him all cut up.

DETECTIVE

Jesus.

KIBERTON

It looks like you've seen some action, Mr. Smith. Was it in regards to the case?

SMITH

(dead serious) Yes it was.

The room stirs. Kiberton nods in vague approval.

KIBERTON
Sometimes you've got to break a few
eggs, is it? That sort of thing?

SMITH
Exactly.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
The kidnappers sent us a photo.

He slides it across the table to Smith.

INSERT: It's Top 40 standing in a nondescript room, she has a blindfold on, and is holding a sign that says "Fuck today's date"

KIBERTON
Apparently they're not concerned
with assuring us that she's
alright.

SMITH
What do you mean?

KIBERTON
You know, generally, the kidnapped
hold a newspaper in this sort of
photo, don't they?

Smith shrugs, examines the photo more closely.

SMITH
Can I keep this?

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Yeah, it's a copy.

Smith takes the photo and examines it at length.

KIBERTON
Well Mr. Smith, I think we're ready
when you are.

SMITH
Yeah, ok.

Smith opens his brief case and produces a mound of pictures of various suspects and splays them out on the table. From the get go things feel very disorganized. He rummages through the pile aimlessly, finally settling on one of his surveillance shots of Roland.

SMITH

So, let's start here. Roland is the ex boyfriend and former producer, as you probably know. His story checks out.

He puts down that photo, rummages around some more. Produces a photo of Hubert Blainsley.

SMITH

This... is Hubert Blainsley, the plastic surgeon, who is currently being sued by one of your subsidiaries for alleged malpractice against Top 40. Frankly, we were surprised he hadn't been mentioned by the police, but it doesn't really matter because it just isn't him. He was accepting an award and giving a talk the night of the kidnapping and has about 1,000 people who can vouch for it. Of course he could have hired some thugs to do the work but it all seems like a long shot since the malpractice charges will probably never stick anyway.

He flips to a photo of a spanish looking guy.

SMITH

Another lead we're following up on, a top figure in a Mexican organized crime ring.

The room stirs with anticipation. Smith flips right past him.

SMITH

And here are some other guys who I think are possibilities.

He flips some of the random foreign people photos onto the table, the girl walking her dog, the hot dog vendor etc. The room hangs on his words, waiting to hear why. But he says nothing.

SMITH

(unconvincing)

But I can't say why just yet.

The room stirs some more. This is starting to feel like a bunch of filler. the detective picks up one of Smith's photos of the a russian looking guy.

DETECTIVE
To that end, I should tell you all something about THIS man.

He picks up the photo.

DETECTIVE
As a former police diplomatic attache, I can tell you that HE not only works for the Ukrainian consulate, he is a father of four, who spends every minute not at work at the bedside of his cancer-stricken wife, and still finds the strength to actively campaign against the use of land mines.

The detective reaches his breaking point. He slams his hand down on the table.

DETECTIVE
And if I were to go to my boss, and say I was investigating this man, I would HAVE MY BALLS HANDED TO ME!
(beat) Mr. Kiberton, this is just a few vague possibilities smeared with a bunch of bullshit.

The detective stands up, and grabs the dossiers that Smith has been going through, he holds them up.

DETECTIVE
(mocking voice) He 'sort of' investigated this one, he 'maybe' thinks it could be these guys, this other one, oh, he's 'interesting.' 'We'll keep on it.'...

The detective throws the papers down.

DETECTIVE
There's no thoroughness here, no analysis, it's crap.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE (cont'd)
He's just going through his files, and pulling out the biggest oddball weirdos that look suspicious in a meeting, cobbling together some kind of half-wit statement about them, so he can spend more time in some shitty bar full of half-dead freaks. This isn't a goddamned brainstorming session to come up with characters for a board game, Mr. Kiberton, it's a KIDNAPPING investigation. He's grasping at straws here, And we're sick of wasting resources following it up for him.

Smith looks down at the table.

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The detective throws some photos on the table.

DETECTIVE
Speaking of, this is something we're following up on.

The photos are of Smith drinking at the bar full of half-dead freaks.

KIBERTON
I thought you were sober.

SMITH
It's a soda.

The next photo is of the bartender leaving the entire bottle of liquor next to Smith.

SMITH
So, detective. I guess now that you've discredited me, you're going to tell us who did it. Before I go home and stop fucking up your investigation, who is it?

The detective doesn't say anything.

DETECTIVE
We've got some promising leads we're following, Smi-

SMITH
Like what, because I'm sure Mr.
Kiberton would love to hear about
some of them.

Kiberton actually nods at that. The detective shrugs,
actually taken aback a bit at the direct counterattack.

SMITH
You guys are sitting on jackshit.
And you fucking know it. So be
thankful that I'm bringing in any
leads at all.

DETECTIVE
Mr. Kiberton, we've got dozens of
leads like this that we don't bring
to you PRECISELY because they turn
out to be huge piles of shit like
these. They're a waste of your
time.

KIBERTON
I don't know, Detective, quite
frankly, I agree with Mr. Smith
here. At least he's out there
beating the bushes and getting all
cut up and what have you. You men
seem to have your thumbs up your
asses, eating chili dogs or what
not, and convincing yourselves that
you're doing a good job.

He turns to Smith.

KIBERTON
Mr. Smith, no more diplomats and
what have you. But please continue
with your work.

EXT. TKG MUSIC - CONTINUOUS

Smith exits TKG MUSIC after the meeting. His cell phone
rings. It's johnny.

JOHNNY
Smith, I found something.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Johnny and Smith are sitting at a small table in a coffee shop. Johnny produces a clipping from the newspaper, J.T. Monohan in town for Little Titan Championships. (also smaller on the page is an obituary for ROGER THE TURTLE MAN).

SMITH

J.T. Monohan. Jesus. I can't believe the cops missed this.

JOHNNY

Maybe they didn't. I mean, you said they gave you obvious leads. They're probably sitting on a few things they didn't tell us about.

SMITH

True. Where's he staying?

JOHNNY

The Pierre.

EXT. ST. PIERRE HOTEL - A FEW HOURS LATER

Smith is waiting in his car outside the St. Pierre Hotel. J.T. Monohan comes out. Drives away in a chauffeured car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Smith follows J.T.'s limo down a few sidestreets.

EXT. BRIDGE - 15 MINUTES LATER

Smith tails J.T.'s limo across the bridge into a rougher part of the city.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

J.T. gets out at a 24 hour Brazilian restaurant.

EXT. ACROSS STREET FROM RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Smith watches Monohan from across the street as Monohan dines at a Brazilian restaurant, eating the traditional dish of steak, beans, rice and plantains with a fried egg on top. Monohan puts little bites into his bag from time to time.

Locals come over and talk to him like he's the don. A woman brings her son in a wheelchair over for Monohan to inspect. Monohan shakes the boy's hand. Gives him a \$50 bill.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - AN HOUR LATER

Monohan gets back into his limo. Smith follows JT into a desolate warehouse district. Monohan gets out at a windowless warehouse. Goes inside. Smith waits. Takes pictures of the place.

He calls Johnny on his phone.

SMITH
Johnny, how we doin' on those
tickets?

INT. LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - THAT NIGHT

A packed arena, the crowd is going wild. It's like a hyped up vegas boxing match. Cameras are flashing etc.

INT. RING OF LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

A pair of little men (10% human size) fight viciously, tearing each other apart. It is the well-muscled African from the billboard, against a Bruce Lee looking little Asian guy wearing silk pants.

The Bruce Lee guy is all over the African, kicking him, somersaulting over him, and then kicking him.

The African is dazed.

Finally the Bruce Lee guy tries to get too tricky.

The African guy grabs him, and literally rips his head off. He holds it in one hand. The headless body of the Bruce Lee guy falls lifelessly to the ground with a thump. The crowd goes crazy.

The bell rings.

A referee comes into the ring. He holds up the arm of the African in victory.

INT. RING OF LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

The African is swarmed by his handlers. Some EMTs come in and lift the body of the Asian onto a stretcher. They try to get the head back, but the African throws it into the crowd, which goes crazy.

The ring is splattered with blood. A couple of guys in white coveralls run around with squeegees. They just smear the blood around.

INT. RING OF LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

J.T. Monohan's fighter is making his way to the ring, as is the Filipino of the rich socialite, INEZ DECOOPER.

INT. RING OF LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

They both enter the ring, and go to opposite corners.

The Filipino wears a loincloth. The cowboy takes his hat off. Then takes his shirt off. Revealing criss-crossed scars across his torso. He puts his hat back on. He turns to face the Filipino.

His handler crouches down to the cowboy.

HANDLER
What'd ya think, champ?

COWBOY
I think I'm gonna break this boy
over my knee.

Handler gently pats the cowboy on the back.

INT. RING OF LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

The announcer steps into the ring. He is also a little man. But he looks like a retired fighter. Old and scarred.

MC
Ladies and gentlemen, it is my
great pleasure to announce the
final bout of tonight's undercard.
(MORE)

MC (cont'd)
In the red corner, weighing two
pounds, seven ounces, a corn fed,
wolf bred, red meat killing
machine, world champine Vern
Caaarrrrteeeeeerr!!!!

The crowd cheers. J.T. Stands up in the front row.

J.T.
You kill that sonofabitch, boy.
Kill 'im!

J.T. makes eye contact with Inez DeCooper, and raises his hat, chuckling. Inez DeCooper fans herself.

MC
And in the blue corner-

Inez perks up.

MC
Weighing two pounds, one ounce, the
killa from Manilla, Sumpareen
Muhparesian!!!!!!

The crowd cheers again.

The arena lights dim and a Jumbotron above the ring turns on. The screen goes red, as if filling up with blood.

The word DEATH! starts flashing on the red screen.

The crowd goes fucking crazy.

CROWD
Death! Death! Death! Death!

INT. LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

The bell rings. The two men go at each other. They instantly begin to viciously kick the shit out of each other.

INT. LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Smith are at the fights, betting in the concourse, placing bets. Smith takes a gigundo bump of speed when Johnny's looking the other way.

SMITH
This is some gory shit.

JOHNNY
It's fucking awesome.

SMITH
Yup, let's get to our seats.

INT. LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Smith and Johnny settle into their seats. Smith takes out some pocket binoculars and scans the stadium... we see his POV through the binoculars... it settles on Monohan in the front row, cheering his man on.

INT. LITTLE MAN FIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

The first round ends. Champ returns to his corner, he's bleeding badly.

CHAMP
I'm cut pretty bad, coach.

MANAGER
Don't worry champ, we'll take care of it. (turns to assistant) Piss on him.

ASSISTANT
What?

MANAGER
You heard me, piss on him. It'll close the wound.

ASSISTANT
The hell I will.

The manager has no time to argue.

MANAGER
Oh fuck it.

He reaches down and unzips his own fly.

CHAMP
Jimmy, you come one inch closer to me with that shrivelled up green bean and I swear to christ i'll tear it off.

MANAGER
Goddamn it, Champ, you're gonna die
if we don't close this wound up!
Now close your eyes...

Against his better judgement, Champ closes his eyes. The manager leans in closer and begins to piss all over champ's wound. The stream cascades all over him.

Angle on J.T. MONAHAN seeing this from his seat. It's a curiosity, but he shrugs it off and continues to schmooze with other rich folk.

The place is going wild. The manager continues to piss on Champ. Champ's eyes still closed.

MANAGER
I read about this in Roots. Chicken George would do it to his fighting roosters.

He stops pissing and zips up. The cuts really do seem to have stopped bleeding.

MANAGER
How you feel, Champ?

Champ opens his eyes. The manager hands him a towel.

CHAMP
I could fight.

MANAGER
Good. You mad at me?

CHAMP
Hell yes.

MANAGER
Good, use it on that sonofabitch.

They let the little man up, and he goes back into the ring.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The two tiny men fight viciously.

Champ breaks the Filipino's right arm, and uses it to strangle the Filipino, as he repeatedly kicks in the man's ribcage.

The crowd cheers as the beating gets more savage.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Champ takes one of the Filipino's legs and bites it off at the hip, then begins clubbing the Filipino with it. The Filipino is DEAD.

The bell rings. The match is over.

The handlers swarm the ring and raise Champ's arm in the air for victory. The announcer carefully steps into the ring and grabs the mic.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, That concludes this evening's events, but get ready for tomorrow's championship, between tonight's victorious Vern Carter and the European champion, Mukembe Motutu.

The crowd roars, and chants "DEATH, DEATH"

The Jumbotron shows pictures of Champ and the African we saw earlier.

INT. ARENA - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The arena is largely emptied. We notice two men far up in the nosebleeds are still in their seats. It's Smith and Johnny.

Smith is watching Monohan with his binoculars. He watches as J.T. approaches INEZ DECOOPER.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Inez is picking up her things to leave.

J.T.
Hello there.

INEZ
Hello.

J.T.
Sorry 'bout your Filipino. He was a vicious little sonofabitch, I'll give you that.

Inez regards J.T. coldly.

INEZ
Well, I'll just have to get a
better one. Excuse me.

J.T.
Hang on a second, darlin'.

He blocks her path.

INEZ
What is it?

J.T.
I was wonderin' if you might like
to have dinner with me this
evening.

INEZ
So you can gloat about your victory
today? No thank you.

J.T. steps closer and grabs her arm a bit tough.

J.T.
I insist.

INEZ
Fine.

INT. JT'S LIMOUSINE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The car pulls up at the St. Pierre Hotel. We cut inside the
limo.

INEZ
I thought we were going for south
american barbecue.

J.T.
You weren't hungry.

INEZ
Actually, I rather was.

J.T.
No, you wasn't.

Inez looks annoyed.

J.T.
Listen. You wanna get liquored up
and have unprotected sex in more
than one hole, you come on up. If
you wanna go home and count your
antiquities, and comb your hair
with your granny's silver brush,
well then go on.

Inez sits there, frozen by his bluntness.

INT. JT'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

J.T. and Inez are walking into J.T.'s suite at the Pierre. He pours some champagne. J.T. pulls Inez close and kisses her roughly. She tries to pull away a little. He pulls her in again. They begin pulling each other's clothes off.

INT. JT'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Champ stirs in his cage. He's got some bandages on him from his fight. He sees J.T. and INEZ kissing.

CHAMP
I'll be damned.

INT. JT'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

J.T. begins handling Inez a bit roughly, but she seems a little distracted.

INEZ
J.T., J.T..

J.T.
What?

INEZ
He's looking at us.

J.T. looks over where he notices Champ staring at them and growling.

J.T.
Aw, Christ. So?

INEZ
Can't you put a sheet over him or something?

J.T.
He's not a fuckin' parrot, Inez.

Inez pulls away.

J.T..
Alright. Fine.

J.T. takes off his shirt and drapes it over the little man's cage. The little man is growling with desire. We see he has an erection through his pants. J.T. winks at the little man and throws the shirt over him. Then he turns back to Inez. They re-start their rough foreplay.

INT. LITTLE MAN'S CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Champ pulls a switchblade out of his boot, and cuts a slit in the shirt. He peers out at the two.

J.T. is now fucking Inez from behind on the bed. He's still wearing his boots. Waving his cowboy hat in the air.

INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Smith is at home, passed out on the couch.

The TV is on. A Roland video plays on the TV.

His cell phone starts ringing. His home phone starts ringing. He wakes up with a start.

SMITH
Hello?

JOHNNY
Smith, where the hell are you?
These music company guys are all
over me. They want to meet again
today.

SMITH
(in a daze at first) What? Right.
Ok. I'll be there soon.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

Smith is in his office. He's looking at yesterday's pictures up on a wall. He's drinking black coffee. He refills his mug.

He scans a bunch of photos, looking frustrated. Nothing catches his eye.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He picks the photo of Top 40 holding the "Fuck today's date" sign. He looks the photo over, studying it intensely. Camera goes tight on the photo. Specifically on the TV next to TOP 40 in the image. In it, there seems to be a reflection of something.

Smith circles the TV with black pen. Next to the circled TV he writes "Something here?" Johnny looks over as Smith pins the picture up on the wall.

SMITH

Hey Johnny, come look at this picture of the girl. There's this weird fucking reflection or something.

Johnny's across the room, shuffling through some papers.

JOHNNY

(over shoulder)
What do you think it is?

SMITH

I don't know. Looks like maybe a hand or something. Maybe. Hard to tell. See if you can get the original or a high res scan from our buddies in the police force, ok?

Johnny nods.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith moves onto pictures of the warehouse he tailed Monohan too. He's about to look at something else, and then he stops cold.

He takes out a photo loop, and looks more closely at the photo.

SMITH

Johnny, come take a look at this.

Johnny comes over, looks at a picture of a the warehouse Smith followed Monohan to. On the door of the building are signs for several companies. Quite small.

SMITH
Daiichi cleaning services.

JOHNNY
What's going on?

Smith picks up his phone, and dials a number. He uses his little keychain device to do a Japanese accent.

SMITH
Yes, this is Daiichi cleaning services, we are doing our monthly service analysis for your building, has everything been satisfactory?

Smith listens.

SMITH
It has? Oh good. No, I'm the new manager, Takashi-san has left us.

Smith hangs up.

SMITH
The building TOP 40 was kidnapped from uses Daiichi company maids to clean the apartments.

JOHNNY
No fucking way.

SMITH
Yup, let's go.

INT. TKG MUSIC - 20 MINUTES LATER

Smith walks in.

INT. BOARDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Smith has pictures of Monohan splayed out on the table.

SMITH
J.T. Monohan arrived in town three days ago. Officially here for the Little Man fights.
(MORE)

SMITH (cont'd)
His fighter is one of the best.
Amazing to watch actually, if you
ever get a chance.

Stony faces from everyone in the room.

SMITH
Anyway, over the last 10 years,
he's been implicated but never
convicted of activities ranging
from the white slave trade to arms
smuggling. He's a dirty
sonofabitch.

KIBERTON
Why haven't you been following up
on this man, Detective?

DETECTIVE
Mr. Kiberton, Monohan is a scumbag,
no doubt about it, but we ruled him
out days ago. What the fuck does he
want with this girl? She's not some
anonymous 10 year old from Kansas
that no one's going to notice.
Everybody in the fucking world
knows who she is. No one would get
away with having her for a sex
slave. Not even some third world
dictator.

SMITH
(as if talking to an idiot) The
very rich men who buy human beings
to serve them are always looking
for something better, more one of a
kind, it's like art collectors who
buy stolen paintings. Very few
people, maybe no one besides the
collector, will ever see the
painting. It's part of the allure.
A famous beautiful pop star? Now
that's worth paying for.

DETECTIVE
Well why bother with the ransom?
Why not just take her out of the
country?

SMITH

Throws you guys off the trail, keeps you focused on finding her in the city rather than looking for someone to take her out of the country. She'll probably be in the cargo hold of a private jet right about the time you show up somewhere with a briefcase full of money, and no one ever comes to meet you. Or maybe he's setting up a buyer, and if that doesn't go through, he'll try to get the ransom. Either way, he's waiting for the right moment to get her out of the country. He could have done it right after he grabbed her, but it would have been traced back to him. Every day, there are 1200 flights out of the city from three airports, hundreds of cargo ships coming and going, trains come through, tens of thousands of cars, you can't check them all. And every day, the trail gets colder, the possibilities just increase. All of which he knows. No, he's got her in a safe place, he doesn't have to move right away.

We see everyone around the room, Smith is making an amazing amount of sense for a deadbeat.

DETECTIVE

Where then?

Smith throws some photos down of the Daiichi warehouse.

KIBERTON

Alright, Mr. Smith, what is the building's significance?

SMITH

We all know that the kidnappers accessed the room through the service hallway. The development company that manages the apartment building where TOP 40 was kidnapped uses a maid service based out of this warehouse. (a very long beat) Monohan spent six hours here on Tuesday.

Shocked looks around the room.

SMITH

I hope this makes up for last time,
detective, I really want us to be
friends. (softer) cocksucker.

The detective thinks about responding, but composes himself. He turns to his underlings.

DETECTIVE

We'll take it from here. I want to
be in that warehouse and in
Monohan's hotel suite in twenty
minutes.

The room becomes a flurry of activity as a couple of senior detectives get on their cell phones and begin making plans for a raid.

KIBERTON

Nice work, Mr. Smith. I'd been
warned that your technique was a
bit irregular, and it definitely
gave us a scare, but hopefully this
will be it.

SMITH

Well, let's manage our expectations
for now. We don't have her yet. But
I'm pretty confident. Unless...

KIBERTON

Unless...

SMITH

He's already sold her.

Smith nods knowingly.

KIBERTON

Shit.

Smith nods.

KIBERTON

What would they do to her?

Smith shrugs.

SMITH

Concubine, organ harvesting, human sacrifice, pickle her and put her in a big fuckin' jar and drink her essence at New Year's. (shrugs)
It's hard to say. (beat) These aren't normal people like you and me, Mr. Kiberton.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The cops raid the warehouse. Dozens of swat officers, etc. A helicopter.

They break in, throw tear gas into the front office. A couple of little Guatamalan workers come out of the office, hands up.

INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN SPACE - CONTINUOUS

They get into the main warehouse space. SWAT pours in.

They scour every inch of the place. It's empty except for two runty mutt dogs having sex. There's an awkward moment while the two dogs are surrounded by a squad of armed men. The men slowly lower their weapons.

INT. ST. PIERRE HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUSLY

SWAT OFFICERS storming the lobby past old rich people.

INT. ST. PIERRE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

SWAT OFFICERS going up the stairs. Busting into J.T. Monohan's suite. SWAT officers coming in through the fire escape etc.

INT. MONOHAN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Monohan rises up out of bed. Inez is in bed next to him, a bit slower to rise.

SWAT
Get down! Down! Down!

J.T.
What the FUCK is goin' on?

SWAT rushes him, they knock him to the ground and cuff him. Inez is cuffed as well.

INEZ
This is absolutely outrageous, J.T.

J.T.
Well, I didn't fuckin' plan it,
Inez. It's a police raid, not a
dress-up party.

We see Champ in his cage, struggling to get at the SWAT officers. He takes out his little knife from his boot.

CHAMP
I'll cut you!

J.T.
Calm down, Champ! You got a fight
tonight. Relax goddamnit!

Champ ignores J.T. And begins swinging his knife at the hands of the guys handling his cage.

J.T.
This some kind of motherfuckin'
joke? It's Mukembe's people, ain't
it?

INT. MUSIC CONFERENCE ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Smith is sitting there with the police and the executives. The room is dead quiet. The mood is utterly serious.

DETECTIVE
Mr. Kiberton, Monohan is clean. There was nothing of significance in his hotel room, and he has an alibi for every second of his time in New York. This warehouse was used to make plastic molds, and now they just use the front office. Monohan's buying the property and converting it into a state of the art training facility for little men, thus his trip there a few days ago. It is not, nor has it ever been connected to Daiichi cleaning services. Someone stuck a fucking sign up on the building a couple of days ago.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (cont'd)
The manager for the plastics
company told me he'd been meaning
to take it off.

Detective turns to Smith.

DETECTIVE
It's a complete fucking setup. (to
Smith) How could you be so fucking
stupid? Didn't you check it out?

Smith is stunned. He sits there in silence.

DETECTIVE
You washed up piece of shit. There
was nothing in there but two shitty
little dogs fucking.

Smith looks away.

SMITH
I thought-

DETECTIVE
Somebody's been feeding you bad
information, and you've been
bringing it back here like a little
puppy. They've been watching you,
working you. And now they know that
we're back to square fucking one.
With less than 24 hours.

Long pause. The gravity of the current situation overcomes
the room. Kiberton turns to look at Smith.

KIBERTON
This is very disappointing, Mr.
Smith. Very disappointing.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny is alone in the office studying the photo of TOP 40
with the circled TV. He is inspecting the image with a photo
loop.

There's a buzz at the door. Johnny gets up and answers it.
It's the Haitians. They walk in.

GEORGE
Hello.

We can tell Johnny doesn't know who the Haitians are by his
welcoming demeanor.

JOHNNY
Hey, can I help you?

GEORGE
I was wondering if my associate and
I might speak to you for a moment
about an opportunity to purchase
land in a tropical paradise, kissed
by the sun.

LIONEL
Blessed by fair winds,

GEORGE
And with fabulous investment
potential.

JOHNNY
Oh.. uh, sorry, this is a place of
business, we don't allow
soliciting.

EXT. THE STREET - 10 MINUTES LATER

Smith is walking down the street. Shellshocked from the day's events. He dials Johnny at the office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lionel picks up the phone.

LIONEL
Hello, please hold.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Smith is on a busy loud street, he couldn't quite hear the voice. He stops... curious... continues to hold the phone to his ear.

SMITH
Hello? Who's there? Johnny?

SPLITSCREEN - CONTINUOUS

Smith is now on one half. On the other half of the splitscreen is Smith's office, where JOHNNY, Smith's assistant, is now nude and duct-taped to the top of Smith's desk.

Lionel and George are standing over Johnny, whacking Johnny with a Swingline stapler, actually stapling him and jabbing at him with a lucite pyramid shaped Detective award. His body has been stuck all over with brightly colored plastic pushpins. A ballpoint pen is stuck in his leg. The other Haitians are trying to get into Smith's safe.

LIONEL

Brother, this man almost looks too young to be left heading the office while his employer is out.

GEORGE

A mustache, if kept neatly trimmed, can give the appearance of being older, and is thus a potential asset in such a situation.

LIONEL

Very true, brother.

Lionel takes a marker off the desk and begins giving the whimpering Johnny a magic marker mustache.

He steps back to admire his work. He adds something.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE

No practical business application, but humorous.

Lionel has given Johnny a Hitler mustache and a swastika right in the middle of Johnny's forehead. He takes his hand off the receiver and resumes speaking with Smith.

SMITH

Johnny, you there?

LIONEL

Sorry for the long wait time, may I help you.

Smith recognizes the voice instantly and stops cold.

SMITH

Shit.

LIONEL

Hello, Smith.

SMITH

What the fuck are you doing? Leave him alone. He doesn't have anything to do with this.

Johnny gags slightly, disrupting Lionel just as he's going to speak.

GEORGE

(to Johnny) Learn some fucking manners. Your employer is on the phone, motherfucker.

George savagely whacks him with the stapler three or four times. We see the glinting silver staples stuck in him.

SMITH

I have until tomorrow.

LIONEL

Indeed you do, Smith. We were just in the neighborhood so we thought we'd swing by and drop off some self-help materials with your assistant. Motivational literature. That sort of thing.

Crevecoeur (the big, simple one) pulls a small revolver out of Smith's drawer. He cocks it and points it at Johnny. Sort of like he's playing with a toy.

The gun fires and hits Johnny. Neither Lionel or George expected this.

SMITH

Hello? What the fuck was that?

George quickly hangs up the phone.

END OF SPLITSCREEN

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lionel and George turn to Crevecoeur.

LIONEL

My goodness Creve-coeur.

GEORGE

Crevecoeur, Lionel is simply using the threat of death as a business negotiation tactic. He did not wish for this man to be shot.

Crevecoeur says nothing. He just stands there looking dumb. He puts Smith's gun down on the desk. Lionel looks over and regards the now lifeless body of Johnny on the desk. He seems to see the bright side.

LIONEL

Well. I suppose this does leave a succinct message. Let's go.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith runs into his office with gun drawn, but the HAITIANS are gone. He sees Johnny's body.

He walks over to Johnny. Johnny's arms have been folded, tucked in between his arms is a book.

INSERT: "THE SEVEN HABITS OF HIGHLY EFFECTIVE PEOPLE"

SMITH
Fucking devils.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith quickly goes to his safe, flips up the carpet, opens it, and grabs everything out of it and stuffs it in a briefcase.

He then goes to grab his revolver on the desk.

Smith cracks the revolver open, dumps the shells in his hand. Hurriedly he sorts through them, one has been fired.

He dumps them all in his pockets.

SMITH
(to self)
Gun, shell casing-

He turns and looks at the desk where Johnny is lying. It's covered in blood.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith hurriedly tears through a cabinet in the office. He pulls out some cleaning supplies. He pulls on a pair of rubber gloves. He lays a couple of garbage bags out onto the floor. He lifts Johnny off the desk as gently as possible and drags him onto the floor.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith begins shoveling all the blood-soaked papers and desk objects into a big garbage bag.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith is Windexing down the desk. He's just about got it cleaned.

He starts looking around the room for more blood or other incriminating objects. The place looks surprisingly good.

He nods at his own achievement. And then is interrupted by a gasping sound.

Smith turns his head and looks at Johnny.

He stands there, looking at him.

Johnny gasps again.

SMITH
Oh fuck.

Smith is instantly panicked.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The door to Smith's office opens, Smith pokes his head out, we see him look both ways, he reaches back and begins dragging Johnny's body out.

Johnny is on an office chair with rollers. We hear him wheeze periodically.

Smith has his briefcase under one arm, in the other he's holding the garbage bag full of bloody trash.

Smith tries to push Johnny as fast as he can, despite being so loaded down. He does a weird half-run walk.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Smith reaches the service elevator. He bangs the down button. The elevator reaches the floor. The two of them get in.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Smith gets Johnny to his car. He looks a bit frantic. He pops the trunk, inside is some weird surveillance gear, a lot of wires and things and a pair of boltcutters. He pushes it all aside. He spreads some blankets out in his trunk and puts Johnny in the trunk. He closes the trunk.

He looks at the chair, he throws it in the backseat.

Then he stops, thinking.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - A MINUTE LATER

Smith is holding a pair of needlenose pliers. The trunk is open.

He looks Johnny over, trying to figure out where he got shot. He rips open his shirt, and sure enough there's a bullet hole.

SMITH

Johnny, I'm sorry man, but I've got to do this, then I'll take you to the hospital.

Smith douses the pliers with an old bottle of booze.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Smith raises the pliers, seemingly about to go digging for the bullet in Johnny's chest. Then he pauses, something occurs to him.

He pushes Johnny over.

SMITH

Oh thank god.

We see the bullet went through Johnny, and it's literally sticking out of his skin on his back.

Smith grabs the bullet and puts it in his pocket.

Johnny coughs.

Smith slams the trunk and jumps into the car.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Smith drives, obviously a little rattled but starting to regain his odd stoned composure. He sees a speed limit sign, and actually takes the trouble to make sure he's not speeding.

EXT. HOSPITAL - TEN MINUTES LATER

Smith pulls up around the corner from the emergency room. He gets out, pops open the trunk and then reaches into Johnny's pocket and pulls out his wallet and driver's license and puts it in his pocket.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From inside the emergency room, looking past a bunch of various emergency room weirdos, we see Smith carrying Johnny. Smith has a hat on to disguise himself a bit.

SMITH
Help! I found this guy in the road.
He's hurt real bad.

Doctors and nurses come running over.

SMITH
(softly) Hang in there, Johnny.

DOCTOR
What happened to this man?

Smith is gone.

EXT. SIDE OF HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Smith gets in his car and pulls away.

EXT. STREET - 20 MINUTES LATER

Smith pulls off the road next to a dirty canal. He looks around, and throws the gun in the water. He reaches into his pocket and tosses the bullet in too.

Next he pulls out the garbage bag full of bloody papers and douses them with a bottle of booze in his car. He lights the bag on fire and it instantly goes up in a whoosh of flames.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Smith drives, a bit numb, he's out by the airport.

INT. SEEDY AIRPORT MOTEL - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Smith checks in. Behind the clerk are variety packs of little airplane-sized bottles of booze. They look to be 24-packs.

SMITH

And give me one of those too.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smith goes into his hotel room and proceeds to get wasted on the tiny little bottles of booze.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The arena is packed and full of energy. We see J.T. Monohan sitting with INEZ by his side. He says something to her and then gets up and starts making his way through the crowd towards a Spanish don looking guy, ANDREAS MORALEZ, played by John Waters.

J.T.

Mr. Moralez.. J.T. Monahan... How are you? In from the Azores?

MORALEZ

Ah, Yes, Senor Monahan, I am very a-happy to be here. We're very pleased with our prospects.

J.T.

Your man Mukembe is a hell of a fighter.

MORALEZ

Gracias. And how are you?

J.T.

Well, I had a little run in with the police last night which kept us up.

MORALEZ
Oh my. Whatever it was, did you do it?

The two men share a laugh.

J.T.
Normally the answer would be yes, but fortunately this was a mixup. (turns serious) And if I find out you had anything to do with it, I will fucking kill you.

Moralez' grin is wiped off his face.

J.T.
Good luck tonight, you fucking sack of shit.

Monohan turns and walks away.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Monohan settles into his seat for Champs's big fight against Mukembe.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The grizzled old little man fighter announcer shuffles out to the center of the ring.

The crowd is chanting "Death! Death!"

ANNOUNCER
In the blue corner, weighing 3 pounds, one ounce, a severer of heads, a bringer of death, Mukembe Motutu!

The crowd roars.

ANNOUNCER
In the red corner, weighing 2 pounds, 11 ounces, corn fed, kills 'em dead, Vern Carter!

The crowd goes crazy.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Champ raises a fist from his corner. He takes his shirt off. His stitched up cuts from the night before don't look good. He looks tired.

MANAGER

Now you got to keep him away from these cuts, Champ.

Champ just nods.

REFEREE

Fighters ready.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The bell rings.

Immediately Mukembe leaps at Champ and savagely kicks Champ in the chest, right where his stitches are. He is hurled across the ring, and starts bleeding badly.

The crowd goes apeshit.

Angle on Monohan not liking the fight getting off to this start.

Back in the ring, Champ struggles to get up on his feet as the ref holds Mukembe back.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Champ gets up. The ref steps aside. Mukembe rushes Champ again. Champ waits for him, and punches him in the throat.

Mukembe stumbles, gasping for air. Champ kicks him in the mouth.

Mukembe goes down, it looks like Champ has stemmed the tide.

J.T.

Finish him off, Champ!

Champ nods, and starts walking over to kill Mukembe. He stumbles and stops, he looks like he's in pain. He grasps at the stitches on his chest.

The referee goes over to see if Champ is ok.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Champ goes down on one knee, he doesn't look good. He coughs up a bunch of blood.

Just then, Mukembe lurches up, throws the referee out of the ring, grabs Champ by the hair, and punches him so hard in the chest that his fist comes out the other side.

He begins prancing around the ring with Champ's impaled dead body on his arm.

The crowd goes crazy.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

J.T. is upset. Heartbroken. Moralez is clapping excitedly. He looks over and raises his gin and tonic at Monohan. Monohan fumes.

The bell begins ringing, it's over.

The Jumbotron fills with red. The word "death" comes up.

CROWD
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!

INT. CEMENT ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

TOP 40 is sitting on the mattress in utter boredom. Around her is a scattering of empty fruit roll up wrappers. Rocky IV is playing on the TV behind her but she's barely watching. She hears a noise. Something's being shoved under the door.

She goes over, it's a flat piece of jerky like you get at a convenient store.

She goes to the door and bangs on it.

TOP 40
Buy me some decent food, you
bastards!

There's no answer, just the sound of Sylvester Stallone talking on the TV in the background.

INT. TKG MUSIC - THE NEXT MORNING

The executives and the police are gathered around a table.

POLICE

Nothing.

KIBERTON

Nothing?

POLICE

We're sorry to say it, but we feel that you should proceed with paying the ransom at this point and we'll try and set up something that way, that's our best bet now of getting her back alive.

KIBERTON

(holding back annoyance) OK, well who's going to handle the exchange?

POLICE

We've got several undercover officers in mind-

Kiberton shakes his head.

KIBERTON

I don't think that's going to cut the mustard, do you detective? These people were fairly definitive that it should not be a police officer. We have to tell them who we're going to use pretty damn quick and I think we have no choice but to have our man Mr. Smith handle this.

POLICE

I think, with all respect sir, that's an idiotic choice.

KIBERTON

I don't see who else it could be. He's been in this situation before, he's not a police officer, and we've got to give the kidnappers a name.

DETECTIVE

Well what about Mr. Greenberg?

KIBERTON

Avi doesn't have the stones for something like this, detective.

Avi looks mildly offended.

KIBERTON

Sorry, Avi but it's true.

Avi nods.

AVI

But what if Smith won't do it, sir?

KIBERTON

(surprised) We're not giving him any fucking choice, Avi. If he doesn't do it, we'll plant some drugs on him, and accuse of him of trying to steal something.

DETECTIVE

We don't plant drugs on people, sir. And besides, I don't think you'd need to go to that length.

KIBERTON

Fair point. But we're using Smith. (beat) I don't know if I'm the only one thinking this, but it's no great loss to the world or our shareholders if a junkie detective gets killed. (beat) Avi, find Smith.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith Dangerous Smith is now drinking in the bar next to the seedy motel. Morning sun shines through a small window in the front of the bar. He's never looked so ragged. He's talking nonsense to himself.

He gets up and goes over to a postcard dispenser, but it's empty. He comes back to the bar. He starts drumming on the bartop with his hands. He's beyond fucked up.

SMITH

Uh-huh.

BARTENDER

What?

SMITH
Nothing.

Smith produces his bag of speed and empties the remainder of it into a healthy pile right on the bar. He grabs the straw out of his drink and blows in it to get the excess liquid out of it.

BARTENDER
Hey man. You can't do that shit
right there.

SMITH
What? Oh...

He accidentally spills his drink into the pile of drugs, they're instantly useless.

SMITH
Shit.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith gets a call on his cell. He sees it's TKG Music. He debates about answering it. He doesn't answer. It immediately rings again. He picks up.

SMITH
Hello?

KIBERTON
Smith?

SMITH
Yes?

KIBERTON
We need you to make the drop. How soon can you be here?

SMITH
Uhm,...I can't really make it down there right now.

KIBERTON
And why is that?

SMITH
Uh, (improvising.. Looks at the pile of wet drugs on bar) I just had a bit of an accident.

INT. KIBERTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kiberton leans forward in his chair.

KIBERTON

Did you know your assistant's in the hospital, Mr. Smith? Close to death? The police are very curious what you might know about it. And I guarantee you, that if you don't get your ass into this office, not only will we sue you for every penny of the retainer, plus damages, we'll get your license taken away, and we'll make goddamn sure you get nailed for whatever happened to your assistant, even if I have to make up a reason and pay off every goddamn judge in the state to do it. So what's it going to be?

Smith weighs the options.

SMITH

Jail sounds ok. I want to be in solitary though. That many judges should be able to take care of that, right?

KIBERTON

Look goddamn it, you've got to do it. We've already told the kidnappers you're going to do it. There's no changing it now. What do you want?

Smith thinks about it.

SMITH

Seven hundred- (he stops himself) A million bucks.

KIBERTON

Oh fuck you, you fucking lunatic.

Smith waits. He knows Kiberton has no other choice. A long moment passes. He calms down.

KIBERTON

OK. Agreed.

SMITH
Cash.

KIBERTON
That's not possible.

SMITH
Then you and Avi better put your heads together and figure out how you're going to frame me for.

KIBERTON
Goddamn you Smith! Ok. CASH. Now, where the hell are you?

EXT. HIGHWAY - TWO HOURS LATER

Smith is in the back of a police car. As the police car drives into the city, it passes the arena where the Little Man championship bout was being held.

Smith sees a big Jumbotron screen on the side of the arena with an image of the tiny African fighter holding up a gold champion belt over his head, Champ's blood still cascading down his arms.

The cops trigger the sirens and lights to get through the traffic.

INT. TKG MUSIC - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Smith is ushered into the office. Avi meets him. He is decidedly colder with Smith.

INT. TKG MUSIC - CONTINUOUS

Smith is led into yet another conference room.

KIBERTON
Smith.

Smith just nods. He doesn't wait for the detectives to step forward, he turns to them.

SMITH
I'm not wearing a wire, that'll just get me and the girl killed.
(MORE)

SMITH (cont'd)
If you want to get the girl back
alive, you're going to have to pay
these guys their money and play by
their rules.

The room stirs.

KIBERTON
Pishposh, I don't see why we can't
recover the girl and our funds.

Smith shakes his head.

SMITH
Everyone should remember that
they've already said that once
their courier has safely returned
with the money, THEN they'll
release the girl. Mr. Kiberton,
you're not getting your money back.
Not even with the help of the
city's greatest crime-fighting mind
of all time on your side. (looks at
Murray)

Murray looks up from writing a note, he looks tired and
pudgy, not such a great mind.

SMITH
No helicopters, no fancy bullshit,
unless you just want me to take
your 20 million dollars for a ride
around town. Because that's what
it'll be. These guys will pull
back, not make contact, and you'll
find the girl decomposing in a
rented apartment once the smell
gets so bad the neighbors keep
wondering who's cooking old fish
all the time.

Kiberton winces.

KIBERTON
OK. What do we do?

SMITH
One car, way, way behind me. Two
guys, very discreet. They need to
stay a couple of hundred yards
back.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
And we're just going to trust you
to take care of this?

KIBERTON
Unfortunately, I think we are.

The detective starts to argue.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
It's your call, sir, but the odds
that you'll ever see your money or
the girl again are pretty damn
slim.

KIBERTON
So are the odds of you finding the
kidnappers before they make contact
again. Which is in... (turns to
Avi)

AVI
Any second now.

KIBERTON
(quietly) Pretty slim, you must
admit. So this is how we're going
to goddamn well do it.

The detectives shrug.

SMITH
Where's the drop?

DETECTIVE
We're about to find out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Avi hits a button on the speaker phone and slides it closer
to the group.

There is a long pause and some strange shuffling and clicking
sounds. The group exchanges looks.

More silence. Then the kidnapper's voice.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE
Mr. Smith is there?

KIBERTON
Yes. We are prepared to-

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE
(interrupting) He should go
downstairs to his car, and begin
driving. And wait for instructions
on the cell phone under Mr.
Kiberton's chair.

KIBERTON
What?

There are some shuffling sounds on the other end, then the sound of the call being disconnected and then a dial tone.

INT. BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kiberton goes to look under his chair. There is indeed a cellphone taped there. The room stirs.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Better let us have a look first,
Mr. Kiberton.

The detectives cluster around the chair.

The detective cuts the duct tape with a pocket knife. He examines the phone.

KIBERTON
My god. How could they have...

Smith laughs, then pretends to be coughing.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Smith rides down with the detectives.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
I don't know how such a first rate fuckup keeps blundering into gifts from God. You screw up case after case, you get this one, you fuck it up, you get put back on it. Fucking incredible.

Smith just looks forward, not listening. He looks at his watch.

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks out of the building. And stops cold.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A couple of detectives are going over Smith's car, finishing searching the inside it.

SEARCHING DETECTIVE
It's clean.

SMITH
If there's any damage to that car,
detective, it's going to be your
ass.

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Smith and the detective continue walking down to his car, flanked by cops. Avi is there as well. Two security guards are carting the Globetrotter suitcase that the kidnappers requested. They are literally stumbling to carry the bag, it's THAT heavy.

AVI
The money.

SMITH
Jesus. Looks heavy.

It takes both men to put the suitcase in Smith's backseat.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Plug this into the cellphone. That
way we can listen in.

He gives Smith a typical cellphone earpiece-type device that has an extra wire leading to a little antenna box.

SMITH
Don't fuck this up for me.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Ok, let's go everybody. Smith, wait
right there.

Murray grabs Amith and spins him around against his car and pats him down. He takes a gun out of the back of Smith's pants.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Kidnappers said no guns, Smith. Now
get in the fucking car and go get
us a girl.

Avi looks at Smith as he walks away. Smith gets into his car and starts the engine and looks at his watch. There's a crowd of people on the steps in front of the building watching on.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The phone rings almost immediately.

SMITH

Hello.

Silence. Then the voice speaks.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Begin by proceeding straight ahead.
You're coming up on a right turn.
Take it.

Smith does. He's now on a two lane street. Traffic in both directions.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Now go straight. Midway down the block, turn your car into oncoming traffic so you block BOTH lanes.

Smith hesitates.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Do it!

Smith closes his eyes and turns his car into traffic on the two lane street. He's now blocking both lanes. It instantly stops traffic in both directions.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cars honk at Smith as he is stopped in the middle of the street. He sits there for a moment, waiting for further instructions.

SMITH

Now what?

Silence.

SMITH

Hello?

INT. CHASE CAR - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVES
What the fuck's going on.

INT. SMITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The voice finally speaks.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE
Now get out, and grab the money.
There is a silver sedan at the
curb, just ahead, to your right.
The keys are inside.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A van is parked on a sidestreet.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Murray and a technician are in the back. A technician listens to the phone tap.

TECHNICIAN
He's switching cars.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Does our chase car have visual
contact?

TECHNICIAN
They're a couple of blocks back,
traffic is stopped. Smith was
instructed to pull into oncoming
traffic. They're going to lose him.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Well tell them to fucking
improvise!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see Smith physically struggling to get the suitcase out of the first car.

He drags it between the two cars, unable to pick it up, and somehow manages to shove it into the backseat of the other car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cars are honking, people are going apeshit at the traffic jam.

INT. SMITH'S NEW CAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith gets into the new car.

INT. SMITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith pulls away. He looks at his watch.

SMITH

Ok. I'm in the new car. Now what.

Silence.

SMITH

Look, if you guys want me to-

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Now proceed to the freeway along
this street.

INT. CHASE CAR - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVES

He's getting on the freeway.

The cops reverse, go down a side street, follow a road parallel to Smith, they get a visual on him just as he gets ready to get on the freeway.

INT. SMITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith is driving on the freeway.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Take the 2nd exit.

Smith makes his way across lanes and exits.

INT. SMITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith is in a rough neighborhood, as he slows down to go over a bump in the road, the car dies. He moves over to the curb. The house beyond the curb has a VERY SPECIFIC lawn ornament, two concrete cherubs holding up a concrete dove. They are gazing out, almost regarding Smith. He looks at them for a long moment.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

What are you doing, why aren't you moving?

Smith tries to start the engine.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MURRAY

What the fuck is he doing?

SMITH (O.S.)

The car died, I'm trying to start it.

INT. SMITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith has gotten out of the car. He's got the hood up. He's fiddling with some shit. He closes the hood and then gets back in the car, turns the key, it starts.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

Is the car started?

SMITH

Yes.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE

You're running behind. Go straight.

INT. SMITH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Smith continues to drive through the rough neighborhood.

We see a sign advertising calling cards to Trinidad and Tobago.

Smith looks around.

SMITH
(under his breath) No fucking way.

Smith signals to make a left hand turn.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE
Make your first left. Proceed two blocks.

Smith drives. He reaches a desolate area of abandoned old commercial buildings. There is a small cluster of buildings surrounded by empty lots, full of broken bricks and trash.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE
You are about to pass an abandoned car on your right. Parallel park in front of it.

Smith passes the car, and parks in front of it. Smith looks at the building.

SMITH
(to himself) Jesus.

KIDNAPPER'S VOICE
Once parked, get out, take the money. Go to the door of the tallest building in site.

OC-SMITH
You're fucking kidding me.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The detectives listen intently.

MURRAY
What the fuck's going on? Why does he keep saying that? Chase car, what's your visual?

INT. CHASE CAR - CONTINUOUS

From a couple of blocks away, one of the cops has a pair of binoculars.

CHASE CAR
He's parked. Now he's taking the cash out of the car.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Detective Murray and the technician are listening closely.

TECHNICIAN

I just heard the car door close,
he's left the phone in the car. If
he goes inside we're not going to
hear anything.

MURRAY

Fuck.

EXT. BUILDING-CONTINUOUS

Smith is carrying the suitcase towards the building.

EXT. CHASE CAR - CONTINUOUS

COP

Ok, now he's at the door of the
building.

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Through the police officers binoculars we see Smith is
waiting there. Finally, the door opens, it's Crevecoeur (the
large Hatian). The two of them exchange words but we can't
hear what they are saying. Smith motions to the money.
Crevecoeur motions for Smith to come in.

INT. CHASE CAR - CONTINUOUS

COP

He's going in, the door just
closed.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Did you see who opened the door?

INT. CHASE CAR - CONTINUOUS

COP
Black guy, big, early 20's. White
short sleeved shirt and tie.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MURRAY
Can he get closer?

TECHNICIAN
Can you get any closer?

COP (O.S.)
Negative, too exposed, nothing
around the building. We could try
to-

The cop is interrupted by the sound of gunshots coming from
the building. One. Then two more. Then another.

COP
Shots fired! shots fired!

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MURRAY
Send them in! Now!

EXT. THE BUILDING

The two cops start running, guns drawn, towards the building.

Suddenly there's a huge explosion from the building. The
building is engulfed in flames, as is the car Smith was
driving. The cops recoil from the blast. They take cover
behind an old bombed out car.

INT. VAN

MURRAY
What the fuck's going on?

EXT. THE BUILDING

COP

Multiple shots fired... then an explosion... Big one. The whole building's on fire.

EXT. THE BUILDING

The building is completely engulfed in flames, the roof is crumbling already. It's a massive scary fire. The car Smith was driving is horribly scorched and dented in with rubble.

There's a secondary explosion as we begin to hear sirens in the distance.

INT. KIBERTON'S OFFICE - TKG MUSIC HEADQUARTERS

The phone rings. Avi answers.

AVI

Hello? Yes?

KIBERTON

Have they got her?

Avi shakes his head. Listens to the voice on the other line then repeats the info to Kiberton.

AVI

Something went wrong. The drop was botched. There was gunfire.

KIBERTON

WHERE IS THE GIRL?

AVI

They don't have her.

KIBERTON

The money?

Avi doesn't know how to break it to his boss.

AVI

Uhm. It was apparently "blown up." They've recovered a small amount.

Kiberton is stunned, baffled, resigned.

KIBERTON
Blown up.

INT. MUSIC - AN HOUR LATER

The detectives recount the tale for Kiberton et al.

DETECTIVE MURRAY
At 4:24 pm, Smith went into a building with the money, after a short time, there was gunfire heard and then the building exploded. We assume he was killed along with the kidnappers. We don't know the cause of the explosion, could be that a bullet clipped a gas line, but based on its intensity, we think it was explosives. We're not sure if the explosion was triggered by the shooting, or the kidnappers themselves. Our best guess is the kidnappers planned to blow the building as a diversion after they got the money. But that's just a guess. We found a white VW van parked behind the building, which we assume was the intended getaway vehicle. Obviously this is all speculation at this point. The fire department is still on the scene, the rubble's too hot to sort through. They've informed us that any clues to what happened in there have probably, err, melted, at this point.

Kiberton doesn't give a shit about this.

KIBERTON
What about Top 40?

DETECTIVE MURRAY
Nothing yet.

KIBERTON
(disbelief)
And the money?

DETECTIVE
We recovered several thousand dollars, sir-

KIBERTON
(mock friendly)
Oh, well, you should just keep it,
really, I mean it. (angry) for your
legal defense, you incompetent
pieces of shit!

They recoil.

KIBERTON
The money's gone, Smith's dead, the
kidnappers are dead, no sign of the
girl, or any reason to think that a
bunch of dead kidnappers will tell
us where she is!

SUPERINTENDANT
Mr. Kiberton, we have no reason to
believe that others in the ring
won't still make contact to try to
re-ransom the girl.

KIBERTON
Others? Do you really think that's
going to happen, sir? If there even
are "others?" After their
contemporaries have all been blown
into tiny little pieces?

DETECTIVE MURRAY
It's a possibility.

KIBERTON
Is it? Well you'll forgive me if I
don't share your sense of optimism.

SUPERINTENDANT
We'll see what we can do, sir.

Kiberton just mumbles and waves his hand.

AVI
That will be all, gentlemen.

EXT. TKG MUSIC - CONTINUOUS

Murray and his partner walk out with their boss, THE
SUPERINTENDANT.

SUPERINTENDANT

She'll turn up in a field or in a river or a post office box somewhere, but in the meantime, we've got to work this one through. Kiberton wants us to go through Smith's papers, see if there's something he might have had and missed.

Detective Murray gets ready to protest. The superintendant holds his hands up.

SUPERINTENDANT

I know what you're gonna say, but the cocksucker actually came up with a few things on this one. Just go check it out.

Detective Murray nods.

INT. SMITH'S OFFICE - HOUR LATER

Detectives Murray and Moore are going through Smith's papers. He's got a file of possible suspects.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

So he had us both down as suspects.

He holds up a dossier.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Really?

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Yeah. The guy was fucking ballsy.
Gotta give him that.

He throws the dossier down. He's flipping through a notebook of Smith's.

On the wall Smith has a note taped up. It reads "reflection in TV. Ring?"

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Did you see this?

The other detective pops his head in from the other room.

DETECTIVE MOORE

What?

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Bring in the picture of Top 40 from
the kidnappers, will you?

The other detective walks in with it.

It's the photo of Top 40 holding the piece of paper that says
"Fuck today's date" on it.

They look at it. Murray examines it with a photo loop then
points out something in the photo.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Look.

DETECTIVE MOORE

What?

DETECTIVE MURRAY

Right here next to Top 40.

Murray uses the loop to examine the photo. In the TV, we see
a reflection. It's pretty clear that it's of a dark-skinned
hand holding the camera that took the photo. The hand has a
very distinctive ring with a very distinctive "L" on it.

Both detectives seem a bit stunned.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Jesus. How did we miss THIS?

DETECTIVE MURRAY

During the drop, he kept saying "No
fucking way".

He puts the photo down and picks up one of Smith's pictures
which is sitting on top of a pile of photos. It's of the
Haitians, all getting out of a their white VW van in the same
neighborhood the explosion happened.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

That van behind the building at the
drop, it was a 60's VW van, right?

DETECTIVE MOORE

Yup.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

And the ID on the guy who came to
the door was a young black guy with
a white short sleeved shirt and
tie?

DETECTIVE MOORE

Yup.

Detective Moore picks up the next photo in the pile and holds it up for detective moore to see. It's a long lens close up of Lionel. He fits the description exactly and most importantly he has the distinctive gold "L" ring on his right hand.

DETECTIVE MOORE

Jeeeeesus Christ. These are the kidnappers. He was sitting on the goddamned kidnappers. Why the hell didn't he tell us about this?

Detective Moore shakes his head.

DETECTIVE MURRAY

You got me. Maybe because he was a fucking idiot who was hopelessly addicted drugs and awful at his job?

Detective Moore shrugs. It's a perfectly acceptable explanation.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE SIDEWALK - NOON, THE NEXT DAY

Crowded city sidewalk, typical lunchtime NYC cityscape.

The foot traffic parts.

We see a small (10% regular human size) person drunkenly weaving along the sidewalks. It has a sack over its head. And a long tshirt that says "New York Fucking City"

It pulls at the sack on its head. Finally pulling it off.

A crowd has gathered around.

It's Top 40. The crowd gasps. She looks disheveled like she's been living in fairly rough conditions.

Camera cuts wide to reveal that she's standing right in front of TKG Music headquarters.

INT. EVENING NEWS BROADCAST - EARLY EVENING

ANCHOR

Breaking news, TOP 40 is released
five days after her reported
disappearance.

Her release comes on the heels of a
botched attempt to pay her
kidnappers a reported ransom of 20
million dollars, earlier today.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

We cut wider to reveal that the newscast is playing on the TV
in JT's limo. J.T. drives along, staring out the window,
ignoring the newscast. He looks somber. Reflective. On the
seat next to J.T. is a small mahogany coffin.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

JT's limo rides up right along side his private jet. The
stairs are already down for him. His cargo hold is open and
some men are loading his things into the plane.

INT. JT'S JET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

J.T. gets on the plane, all the hot stewardesses fawn over
the little coffin.

STEWARDESS
Oh no, J.T., what happened?

J.T. shakes his head.

J.T..

Well Suzanne, I guess he just
didn't have it for the final.
Mentally, he was just off his game.
Here, let's put our friend
somewhere quiet for the ride home,
ok, sweetheart? We'll bury him
under that big mango tree when we
get home.

He passes the coffin to the stewardess.

INT. JT'S JET - CONTINUOUS

A stewardess helps J.T. select and light a cigar. J.T. stares out his window at the men loading large packing crates into his cargo hold. The stewardess then hands him a phone. He dials a number and puts it to his ear.

J.T.
Inez DeCooper, what the hell are
you doin'?

INT. INEZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Inez is having a handler show her several new little men. She speaks on the phone as the handler has the little men do some shadowboxing.

INEZ
Oh, Why bother, J.T., Really.

INT. JT'S JET - CONTINUOUS

J.T. looks out the window.

J.T.
Well, I know you're sensitive,
Inez, so I didn't want you to think
I'd just leave town without saying
goodbye.

INT. INEZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Inez is dithering between an Aborigine or a long-haired biker gang looking little man.

INEZ
That's very sweet of you, J.T., but
I said goodbye to you when I
flushed your semen down the toilet.

INT. JT'S JET - CONTINUOUS

J.T. chuckles. Then leans forward.

J.T.

The next time I come to New York
I'm gonna break into your apartment
and tie you up and fuck you like a
Korean gymnast in a prison camp.

INT. INEZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Inez pauses. A tiny smile passes across her face.

INEZ

Well, if you promise.

Pause.

INEZ

Goodbye J.T..

She hangs up and turns to the trainer. She points to the
biker gang little man.

INEZ

I'll take that one.

INT. JT'S JET - CONTINUOUS

J.T. chuckles and hangs up. He continues to look out the
window and puff on his cigar.

EXT. SOUTH AMERICA - 8 HOURS LATER

JTs plane touches down and taxis toward a hangar. The baggage
is unloaded and taken into a hangar. J.T. gets out of the
plane and walks into the hangar. J.T. ushers everyone out. He
opens a large wooden packing crate with a crowbar. There are
some paintings and things inside. He pulls them aside and
then goes at the back of the crate with his crowbar again.

He pulls off some planks of wood, revealing Smith inside,
seated in a small hidden compartment. He's drenched in sweat
and eating a sandwich. He gets out and stretches.

J.T.

Well I guess you can add aided and
abetted a known felon to all that
other bullshit you said about me.

Smith nods.

J.T.
Not that a lot of it isn't true.

SMITH
Well, thanks for the assistance.

J.T. nods.

J.T.
For the right price, I'm a very
helpful person. There's your gear
over there, as requested. Need a
hand with that?

SMITH
Sure.

Smith goes over to his stuff and produces the large
Globetrotter suitcase of money from the drop. The two of the
men struggle with the heavy case and put into the trunk of a
small car.

J.T.
Good doin' business with you, Mr.
Smith.

SMITH
Likewise.

J.T. pauses.

J.T.
Actually, there's one thing I gotta
ask. Well, I got a whole damn bunch
of questions, but our time here is
short. How in the hell did you make
sure they'd put you on the case in
the first place?

Long pause. Then Smith speaks.

SMITH
I didn't.

J.T. nods. Thinks about it for a minute.

J.T.
Ready either way, huh?

Smith just stands there and says nothing.

J.T.
I'll be damned.

A tiny smile comes over Smith's face.

J.T.

This could get lonely, Mr. Smith.
You arrange to have a ladyfriend
meet you down here?

SMITH

I haven't had a ladyfriend in a
very long time.

J.T.

Well, I'm sure you'll have time to
remedy that.

The two men stand there.

J.T.

Enjoy your stay here in-

SFX: J.T.'s jet fires up, it's too loud for us to hear him
say where Smith is.

The men shake hands.

EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER THAT WEEK

MONTAGE BEGINS:

MUSIC IN: Jose Feliciano "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right"

Shot of a grey sedan, JUST LIKE the one that Smith drove to
the drop location, but it's not all scorched and destroyed.
The tires have been taken, trim ripped off, about 10
fluorescent orange abandoned vehicle warning stickers
plastered to the windows.

Behind the car, we see the VERY SPECIFIC lawn ornament of the
the two concrete cherubs holding a concrete dove from when
Smith's car broke down during the drop.

INT. HALLWAY OF A RUN DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - THAT DAY

Camera tracks down the hallway, we stop at a door that has
several eviction notices plastered to it.

INT. APARTMENT IN THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Shot of the inside of the front door. The apartment interior is dark. The door has boards nailed across it. Someone clearly never wanted it to open.

INT. WINDOW OF THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The window is spray-painted white. We hear noise and then two guys in coveralls out on the fire escape break the window and come in.

One guy walks to the front door. He examines the nailed-up door.

WORKER #1
Fuckin' weirdo.

He flips the light switch on and off, they don't come on.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

One of the guys walks into the bedroom, there is a sophisticated looking tape machine hooked up to a telephone.

Several of the buttons on the machine have crude labels made of masking tape, with writing on them.

INSERT: we see labels that say #1, #2, #3, #4 etc.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Worker #2 goes to the kitchen. There are a bunch of bottles of generic Irish whiskey, and two cans of spaghetti-Os.

He shrugs and takes a couple of bottles of whiskey, then walks into the bedroom where worker #1 is looking over the phone machine.

WORKER #2
What is that thing?

WORKER
I dunno.. an answering machine? I bet Roberto will give us cash for it.

He pulls the plug out of the wall and throws all the wires and phone gear into his work bag.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - THAT DAY

Johnny is in the hospital recovering, a nurse comes in and hands him a thick envelope which is addressed to him with no return address. He open's it up and reaches in. First he pulls out a small brick of cash. It's modest sized but clearly a LOT of money. He's curious, looks around, doesn't know who sent this. Then he realizes there's more in the envelope. He reaches in and pulls out a distinctive gold ring with the initial "L" on it. Johnny instantly recognizes it from the photo. He looks closer, rubs the ring between his fingers, a dark brown makeup comes off on his fingers. Curious, Johnny reaches into the envelope and pulls out a small tin of brown shoe polish.

Johnny thinks for a minute. He puts the pieces together. He starts to chuckle to himself. He reaches over and opens up the biohazard waste bin and throws the ring and the tin of polish into it. He then sticks the money back in the package and shoves it under his pillow as lays his head back on the pillow.

Past his open door, we see Roland the drum machine get wheeled past on a gurney, his cock oozing pus and groaning in pain.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE UP: THE 37th DIMENSION