

Mothball City

a screenplay

by

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MOTHBALL CITY

EXT. MOTHBALL CITY. NIGHT.

WE are high above a completely deserted Chicago free from all artificial light.

The full moon rides out from swirling black clouds. It casts long shadows between canyon walls, walls peppered with glazed sorrow. Not a single stationary object, nor moving subject defiles the crisp lines of perspective.

Then out of the shadows a pencil of a figure, ALGEBRA, resolutely paces with purpose. As WE draw near from far above, to this giant of a man, WE see the gullies of tortured flesh that makes for a face. Eyes of intensity fixed with peril peer out through an expression of existential angst. He stops, slowly turns around to the direction from which he came. Nothing, nothing but silence.

He raise his head to look into the Godless sky, bitterness dissolved in his moment of enlightenment.

Then a spasm brings him back to mudanity but still he manages to keep his head high through the siren of pain, until finally, it passes.

Shaking a silent fist at the moon, a curse raises in him, manifesting in primitive primate resonance; half scream, half howl, all defiance. Long though it is there is no tail, it is cut dead at the moment of action. He turns and glides on light. His long riding coat covering his steps swirls with momentum.

And finally, his figure recedes into shadow, back into the
topless hallowed halls that is .. Mothball City.

The dark clouds slowly cover the moon and as the screen turns into a swirling mass of black, a powerful peel of thunder cracks the silence, the lightening giving birth to the TITLE, `MOTHBALL CITY`.

Throughout the TITLE SEQUENCE we hear the entire `Doors` classic, `Riders on the Storm` with its peels of thunder.

PULL

BACK TO:

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

The sun has set but a fierce white band separates the dark swirling thunder clouds from the black silhouette of the country side.

Flashes of lightening manifest the TITLES in the clouds.

WE PULL BACK FURTHER until WE are behind a forty something man, NICK, who is driving at great speed on a completely deserted road, highway 40, Arkansas. He is a George Clooney type, rugged and powerfully built. He's wearing an all in one body suit, the same kind that is worn by paramedics. He drifts the battered car - 1990S Americana - across the lanes, leaning on the open widow; it is hot and he enjoys the breeze.

As the TITLE SEQUENCE progresses he searches for his cigarettes and lights up, then opens a can of beer.

The TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS with the last peel of thunder on `Riders on the Storm` and a last flash of the TITLE: MOTHBALL CITY.

His headlights pick out a figure in the distance and he slows his pace. He drifts the car across the lanes towards a girl of about sixteen, wearing only a thin short dress; a school uniform? Her only luggage a `bum bag`. Nick pulls up next to her.

EXT. CAR. NIGHT.

The girl, JAZZ, doesn't move. She is standing back from the car a smile playing just beneath the surface of her questioning expression. She's small, but fit and lithe, and the angle between her high cheek bones and delicate chin make for the promise of great beauty. She speaks with a southern accent.

JAZZ

Are you going my way?

NICK

What the Hell you doing out here?

Nick looks around but sees no signs of a car or anything else.

She ignores his question as he ignored hers and goes around the car and gets in beside him. They drive off.

As the car recedes into the distance a giant figure in a long riding coat comes from behind US and walks out onto the road. Algebra stands and watches them drive out of sight.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

They are both leaning on their window ledges as the car speeds down the road; still no traffic or anything else, just the deserted road.

Nick lights a cigarette, they are already in conversation. Jazz has a southern drawl, in noticeable contrast to Nick's Boston brogue.

NICK

.. listen, listen .. I can understand you want to visit your parents, Jazz, but why didn't you take the shuttle, or catch a freighter?

JAZZ

You shouldn't be all smoken, it ain't good for you.

NICK

You're just avoiding the question, girl.

JAZZ

(feigning indignation)

No sir, I am not .. I just did it on the spur of the moment .. besides .. I felt like a bit of adventure.

NICK

This is red-leg country .. weirdoes, nature freaks .. and not all of them are exactly `down home` types.

Jazz pulls out a Glock fully automatic 9mm hand gun from under her school uniform. It is housed in a holster at the small of her back. And in taking it out of the

uniform it becomes lodged on top of the holster which reveals her knickers as she leans out of the window. The pattern on her knickers is a rabbit with lecherous eyes and a tongue hanging out in sexual anticipation.

Nick looks a little bemused but not overly concerned at her action. Then, his eyes focus in on her knickers.

JAZZ

(not looking but aware)

Would you mind taking your eyes off
my posterior.

Nick grimaces and looks away.

She leans right out of the window and lets off a couple of rounds at a tree in the head lights, snapping off a branch with some accuracy. Then dropping back in.

JAZZ

It`s nice of you to be concerned Nick,
but you really don`t have to, no sir ..
I can handle myself pretty damn well.

She replaces the gun.

NICK

So it would appear.

He keeps glancing at her and she keeps glancing back. After a while she turns to him, looking him over.

JAZZ

(wicked tone)

Like what you eye'n?

Nick feels uncomfortable and doesn`t know what to say. He shakes his head a little and looks out of the window. Jazz is pleased at being able to make him feel uncomfortable.

JAZZ

(seductive tone)

So .. how long is it .. going to take ..
to get to .. Mothball City.

Nick recognises the tone but tries to ignore it.

NICK

A couple of days ..

(then vexed)

What I don't understand is why
anyone would drop a young girl off
in the middle of nowhere .. it was
damn stupid of them.

JAZZ

(smiling slyly)

Shoot, I can be pretty persuasive .. when
I want.

Nick lets out a sigh then grabs another can of beer.

JAZZ

(gazing out of the window)

Do you really think you should be
having another?

Nick looks at the back of her head with guilt and
suppressed anger in equal measure.

NICK

What the Hell am I going to hit out
here .. there ain't no traffic.

Then in frustration hurls the can out of the window, he
gazes out after it.

Jazz glances at him suppressing a smile. She quickly
turns away as he looks back in.

NICK

Hell kid, how long you been on the road?
And what kinda parents...

Jazz turns to him with feigned annoyance, cutting him
off.

JAZZ

Hold it right there, *Mr. Concern*. I
think it's my turn to ask the questions
.. So if you don't mind, perhaps you
can tell me, what *you*, are doing, going to
to Mothball City.

Nick draws long on his cigarette wondering whether to
tell her.

NICK

Ok, here`s what we`ll do .. we`ll play,
I tell, you tell. You tell me something
then I tell you something.

Jazz immediately takes interest, twisting round to face him.

JAZZ

No sir`ry, I have a much better idea.
You guess what size bra I wear and I will
tell you everything you want to know ..
promise.

Nick doesn`t like what he`s hearing nor the grinning countenance now facing him.

JAZZ

(cont)

But .. if you can`t .. you have to
answer all my questions .. ok?

NICK

You`re some game playing little...

JAZZ

Tut tut tut, *naughty boy*. You`re the
one who wants to play games - and I
don`t mind - but I set the agenda
.. now that`s fair .. so it`s my
choice of game.

(she smiles when he looks at her)

You might as well try .. you ain`t got
nothin to loose?

Nick turns to her again and as he does she sticks her chest out.

He can`t help but look and turns away embarrassed.

She`s pleased with her work and relaxes a little but when he turns back she sticks them out again.

He looks and turns away again, frustrated in more ways than one.

JAZZ

I never could bide a man who could not
speak his mind.

NICK

Ahh shit ..

He goes to look at her but checks himself in time; she already has them stuck out and is changing her position so that he can view them from different angles.

JAZZ

Hell boy, I`m giving you every opportunity.

NICK

(resigned)

36 .. C.

JAZZ

(incredulous)

36 C? .. I think Nick that must be your wife's measurements .. and probably the only ones you know.

NICK

(embarrassed)

Hell, what would I know that shit for.

Jazz has an affectionate smile for him, but he doesn` t see it.

JAZZ

Well you lost anyways .. but if the truth were known, it was a trick question .. cos I don` t wear no bra, not ever .. but of course if you want to verify that.

She starts undoing her top buttons.

Nick suddenly realises what she is doing.

NICK

Will you cut it out! For Christ`s sake!

Jazz has enjoyed herself and takes pity on him doing the buttons up. She turns and sits cross legged facing him.

JAZZ

Now, where was we? .. Ah yes, you was just about to tell me everything I want to know.

(Nick gives a resigned sigh)

Let me see .. you`re not from the Midwest, I can tell by your accent .. and you`re not from Mothball City, even though that`s where you are going .. And you must have come from Houston, as that`s the only Volunteer location on the other end of this road. And...

NICK

Hell, what do you need me to tell you anything, when ya can figure it out all by your little ole self.

JAZZ

Go on, humour me.

NICK

(resigned)

Ok ok .. If it`ll stop your crazy antics .. I`m from the east coast, just doing my time in the oil complex.

(Nick sees Jazz looking confused)

Hell, all Volunteers godda do their time in the oil complex .. you should know that?

He gives her a curious look. She responds with an affirmative expression.

JAZZ

And?

NICK

And I thought it was a good time to do mine.

JAZZ

And why would you think that?

NICK

Hey, cut me some slack here. It`s private.

JAZZ

(teasing)

Ok, big boy .. but I bet it was a woman .. I know your type.

NICK

(annoyed)

Well maybe she just died.

Jazz swings her self around and leans out of the window, embarrassed at her own insensitivity.

JAZZ

Whoops.

NICK

(aggressive)

Ya wanna hear why I`m going to Mothball City or what?

Jazz turns back to him looking rather sheepish.

JAZZ

Yes sir, I certainly do, and I am genuinely sorry .. you take no notice of me none, cos I get a little robust at times.

NICK

You`ve got a Hell of a way of talking girl and that`s-for-sure.

JAZZ

I`ve already apologised once .. so without seemin to be rude .. you was sayin?

NICK

I was saying .. I took a `wild card` in Houston.

JAZZ

No sir, you did not say that. What you actually said was...

NICK

(shouting)

Shit! Does it matter! .. I took a `wild card` in Houston.

INT. LARGE OFFICE, HOUSTON. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Busy scene. Lines of people are being processed; they are all dressed in body suits like Nick`s.

NICK (V.O.)

Strangest `wild card` I ever did see.

Nick, who has been queuing, arrives at the front and hands over his ID card to a Woman.

The Woman fills in some details then looks up at him.

WOMAN

You want anything in particular?

NICK

Naa. Give me a `wild card`.

The Woman takes a card from the top of a pile of cards, one pile amongst many. She reads it and gives him a sad smile.

WOMAN

See the man in the office across there?

Nick turns to the direction in which she points.

He sees a Chinese man in a glass sided office looking out at him.

WOMAN

(cont)

He'll tell you what to do.

She hands him the card which he looks at.

WE see the print on the card:

WILD CARD ALLOCATION No. 77357.

Job Description: DETECTIVE

INT. GLASS SIDED OFFICE, HOUSTON. DAY. FLASHBACK.

The Chinese man, JUMP, looks Nick over as they shake hands.

JUMP

Well damn my eyes, if you dont look the part .. sorry, names Ho Lee Fook, they call me Jump for short.

NICK

Nick .. And what`s that supposed to mean, look the part for what? .. Detective?

JUMP

Come with me, it`s best if I show you.

Jump puts his arm out showing Nick the door.

INT. MORGUE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Jump goes along a line of freezer units and pulls out four draws. Each contains the body of a decapitated teenager whose hands have been removed. The bodies glow under the units neon.

Nick walks slowly down the line, shocked.

NICK

What the hell is this?

JUMP

That`s what you`re going to find out buddy .. Let me fill ya in on what I know. One week a go these bodies were found in the deserted outer suburbs, just by chance. A naitcha freak found them.

NICK

A naitcha freak?

Jump nods his head in thoughtful affirmation then goes across to a desk and picks up a file. He hands it to Nick who opens it.

JUMP

Not much to go on I`m afraid. We`ve been in touch with central information.

There simply ain`t four teenagers missing anywhere, not in the whole

Volunteer

in the entire Volunteer Organisation of North America. But, who ever killed them made damn sure it would be impossible for us to identify them.

(Nick looks up)

A conundrum ensconce in men-da-ci-ty.
We have four dead teenagers who don't
exist, they were all wearing body suits
but the tags have been removed. So we
don't even know where they were issued.

NICK

They could be naitcha freaks dressed up
in Volunteer clothes, they've stolen
body suits before.

JUMP

Then why remove the head and hands the
very means by which we could identify
them if they were volunteers. It don't
make sense, they have to be some of ours.

Jump goes back along the freezer unit pushing the bodies
back in. Nick follows confused and disturbed. Jump stops
at the last one, leaning back over the body towards Nick.

JUMP

(with irony)

It's your job to find out who they are.
Why they were killed. And who killed them.
Once you figure it out, we'll get a
posse together and pick them
culprits up.

Nick looks down at the body that Jump is leaning over.

NICK

(with irony)

Yeah sure .. and when I find the
missing parts I'll throw a `mix and
match` party and we'll have a swell
time trying to fit them all back
together.

Nick can't look at the body any longer and pushes the
unit back in. He leans against it.

NICK

(cont)

Hey buddy, how come this is `wild card`
action? Surely this should be for a
response team?

JUMP

I know you like to get out of it Nick,
but we soon realised that who ever did
this could easily have been working in
the oil complex, here in Houston.

NICK

Shiiiiit.

JUMP

You see the problem, if we ask for
response team member to be detective,
they could easily be the murderer ..
had to be a `wild card` and somebody
from outside Houston.

(they exchange wry smiles)

I`m afraid you fit the bill, buddy,
especially now I know you don`t want
the job .. and you know the Volunteer
code.

TOGETHER

Don`t complain
It only causes pain
When all you`ve got to do
Is what the `wild card` gives you.

JUMP

Don`t take it too seriously .. truth is,
none of us here at moment think there`s a
hope in hell of solving it .. I`ll show
you why.

He puts out his hand, showing Nick the door.

EXT. DESERTED SUBURB, HOUSTON. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Nick and Jump drive through a jungle of vegetation in a
beat-up pickup truck. Dilapidated houses make partial
angular protrusions from the dense growth; thirty years
of wilderness in the making.

They come to a stop and get out. Nick can just make out a
bungalow through a mess of giant shrubs.

He looks around at what once was a desirable community
then follows Jump as he zigzags his way through the
undergrowth.

INT. BUNGALOW, HOUSTON. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Nick and Jump are walking around a sparsely furnished dilapidated bungalow. Body shapes have been drawn in white paint on the floor.

WE follow them as they leave the living room and enter the hall passing another body shape on their way to the back door.

WE stop half way down the hall next to a passage way on the right, and watch as they open the back door which leads onto the back veranda.

WE suddenly swing around to the right with great speed, in which time it turns from DAY TO NIGHT.
INT. BUNGALOW. NIGHT. FLASHBACK IN FLASHBACK.

Algebra is standing in the bathroom at the end of the passage. He's standing stripped to the waist dressing cancerous wounds.

WE slowly approach him.

WE are but a few feet away from Algebra as he finishes dressing his wounds. He picks up a needle and injects himself; this is followed by a heroin rush.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK IN FLASHBACK IN FLASHBACK.

Algebra's head nods forward and then he involuntarily jerks it back his eyes opening a little.

He repeats the heroin induced action as a forty something woman, LUCY, watches him with cold deliberation. She waits until his eyes are open again then starts in.

LUCY

It's best if you don't take quite as much of your medication when we're having a counselling session. Remember that in future.

Algebra's head slowly turns towards her. His eyes opening wider develop the intensity of a big cat eyeing its prey.

By the time he`s facing her she`s only too aware of the power of his self control. Still expressionless she gets up and walks out of his manic gaze.

She looks out onto a dark, brooding and deserted Mothball City.

LUCY

I know you said it was your duty ..
but .. it still must have had an
effect .. killing all of those people.

Algebra`s intensity is contorted from within as a primeval response finally howls its way out through his quivering mouth.

INT. BUNGALOW, HOUSTON. NIGHT. FLASHBACK IN FLASHBACK.

The howl reverberates around the bathroom. Then recovering from the rush, he turns and faces US. The mania acute in the intensity of his focus. Then he moves towards US, WE move backwards and with increasing speed.

WE reverse into the passage facing the way WE originally came and look down to where the body shape was marked out on the floor.

Now, there is the body of a teenager wearing a body suit.

Algebra comes out of the passage with an axe and chops the head off the teenager with a single blow; blood sprays up the wall in an arc.

The back door slams shut with a bang and as WE spin around fast.

NIGHT TURNS INTO DAY.

EXT. VERANDA, BUNGALOW. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Nick and Jump are looking out onto a large garden. It has all the signs of recent resurrection and is in marked contrast to the surrounding properties where the undergrowth is as dense as any jungle.

A lawn mower stands on a small piece of patchy lawn.

JUMP

Looks like they were settling in,

don` t it.

NICK

Hell, why would a gang of teenagers resurrect a garden which must have been abandoned thirty years ago?

(looking at lawn mower)

What is this? .. Teenagers who fix lawn mowers so they can cut the grass. What the Hell was going on here?

JUMP

Perhaps they weren` t alone, an for sure they weren` t at the end.

Nick, followed by Jump, walks across to the lawn mower.

JUMP

It`s wiped for prints, just like the house. Real good job. Someone went threw with a fine tooth comb. There ain` t a surface that ain` t been wiped and not a single clue, nor anything else for that matter which could identify them ..

understand now why we think they have to be Volunteers?

Nick grunts, then notices a plastic clip holding the throttle cable to the handle. He twists it around and sees that there are two letters embossed on it. M.C. He takes out a knife from his pocket and cuts it off. Then he holds it up for scrutiny.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

Nick is holding up the plastic clip.

NICK

The one and only clue, a plastic fence clip used exclusively on the perimeter fence of .. Mothball City.

Jazz is looking out of the window deep in thought.

Nick watches her with curiosity then puts the clip away.

Flickering lights in the distance catch his attention.

He slows the car down which brings Jazz out of her reverie.

They watch in silence as they draw near to a tanker jack-knifed across the road; it is burning fiercely. This is the first vehicle of any kind they have seen.

They slowly come to a stop 50 metres from it.

NICK

Stay here, I'll take a look.

He gets out and walks towards the burning hulk. His flickering shadow dances across the road, the car, and Jazz.

Jazz is thinking and looking around, she gets out of the car and looks back down the way they came. Nothing. She pulls out her gun and holding it down by her side she follows Nick.

EXT. HIGHWAY 40. NIGHT.

The entire top of the tanker has been blown off. Flames still emanate from within the pressure vessel and the tyres are burning fiercely.

Nick suddenly becomes aware of Jazz who is standing slightly behind him.

NICK

Hell girl, I told you to stay in the God damn car!

Jazz walks out in front of him heading for the cab of the tanker.

JAZZ

Get real, Nick, you ain't my daddy.

Nick is annoyed but stops himself from reacting; he follows.

They look inside of the burnt out cab but there's no body. They search around the tanker looking for bodies. Nothing, and no other vehicles.

Then one of the tyres explodes and they retreat to the grass verge.

A noise behind them in amongst the grass has Jazz with her gun up and trained on the spot.

Nick looks at her with a mixture of concern and suspicion.

JAZZ

Check it out, I'll keep you covered.

Nick gives her another concerned look as he does her bidding. She follows all awareness.

A MAN, dressed in a body suit like Nick's, is slowly crawling away, he's obviously badly injured. Nick gets to him but the man is in great fear as well as great pain as he rolls over onto his back.

MAN

I ain't done nothing .. I ain't done nothing.

Nick kneels down beside him.

NICK

Take it easy buddy, we ain't gonna hurt you.

The fear in the Man's eyes switches to Jazz, who is now looking down at him from a distance of a few yards, her gun aimed directly at him. Nick turns to Jazz.

NICK

Will you put that fucking thing away!

Jazz thinks for a moment, then against her better judgement puts the gun back inside of her dress.

JAZZ

Has he been shot?

Nick ignores her question and starts examining the Man who can't take his eyes off Jazz.

JAZZ

Nick! I asked you, has he been shot!?

NICK

Yes God damn it! Now shut up and let me see how bad it is!

Nick undoes the Man`s body suit to find a couple of bullet wounds oozing blood.

NICK

Who did this?

The Man collapses back, breathing hard.

MAN

Naitcha freaks .. they chased me from Memphis .. they were after the gasoline .. and when they realised they weren`t gonna get it .. they blew it away.

The Man is dying and he knows it. He grabs hold of Nick to pull him closer.

MAN

There`s Volunteers hold up at the service area at Osceola .. on route 55 .. but be careful how you approach them .. they`re as nervous as hell .. I wasn`t the first.

Nick is only a few inches away from the dying Man`s face, the fear transfers itself to Nick. The Man is gasping and finding it increasingly difficult to talk but he makes a huge effort.

MAN

Watch out .. for ...

He tries to raise his other arm as if he was going to point to something but it is too late, he falls back dead. Nick breaks the hold of the Man`s fingers on his body suit and slowly stands up.

NICK

What the fuck is going on here?

He looks away from the Man and turns to Jazz who is looking in the direction they were going down the road.

JAZZ

Well it sure don`t look like they hung around to appreciate there handy work.

Nick joins her. She turns away giving him a tug on his sleeve as she does.

Nick looks at the place she tugged him then looks after her with an expression of confused emotions, as she heads back to the car.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

Nick gets in beside Jazz who already has a map out and is studying it intensely. He sits thinking for a moment then becomes aware of what she is doing. He turns to her and studies her carefully.

JAZZ

Obviously we can't just carry on,
least ways not on this road .. but looka
here.

(showing him the map)

There`s a road which goes around to,
route 75 .. it`s marked that it is
passable, and it will bring us out near
the service area at Osceola and avoids
Memphis altogether.

Nick is amazed at her calm and directed attention.

NICK

You don't really think we're going to
carry on after what`s just happened?

The look on her face suggests nothing else.

NICK

(cont)

And what about that guy out there, we
can't just leave him for the dogs and
coyotes.

JAZZ

(sarcastic)

My my .. ain't we the all American hero.

She looks back at the map just as Nick`s temper snaps. He grabs the map and screws it up into a ball and throws it back at her.

NICK

Look you silly little bitch .. this ain't a game. That guy out there is shot full of real holes, I know cos I was real close .. close enough to put my God damn fingers in If you're so keen to carry on, maybe first you should have a good look .. Go on! .. Take a look!

Jazz sighs and relaxes back against the seat.

JAZZ

No sir, I seen plenty already. And I apologise profusely. I guess I'm just over reactin.

Nick's anger dissipates as quickly as it came; he leans back mimicking Jazz.

JAZZ turns to look at him. A moment of intense thought is quickly followed by an affectionate smile.

JAZZ

Sir, are you concerned about me? You most surely are - I can tell.

NICK

God-knows-why.

JAZZ

Let's bury our friend and then we can carry on.

NICK

(incredulous)

You want to carry on?

JAZZ

I surely will, with you, or with out you.

Jazz gets out of the car. Nick's lost control of the situation and there's nothing he can do about it. He slams the door as he follows her.

EXT. ROADSIDE ROUTE 40. NIGHT.

The body is covered by lots of stones, reminiscent of western movie graves.

Nick and Jazz look down at the grave. The light from the flames plays tricks with their faces, and for a moment Jazz`s face looks different. Nick picks up on it but she turns away leaving him to a moment of sadness. He looks back to the grave.

NICK

I don`t know what to say buddy .. I don`t know who you were or where you were going .. I hope you make it.

He turns and follows Jazz.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

He starts up the car and drives past the burning tanker.

NICK

You`re good with maps .. you navigate.

Jazz is quietly pleased and picks up the map and unravels it. She speaks even before she`s straightened it out.

JAZZ

Take the first left .. for about 50 miles then hang a right at .. DeValles Bluff.

NICK

DeValles Bluff? .. Wait a minute.

He goes through his pockets and pulls out a note pad.

NICK

Yep, there it is .. That naitcha freak that found the teenage bodies, he belongs to a tribe who have an encampment near there. Maybe we should take a look.

JAZZ

(enthusiastic)

Now that`s more like it .. that`s just what a real detective would do.

interrogate the witness.

NICK

Of course they could be hostile .. could be that all of these tribes are just about to go on the war path and

we`d be heading into deep shit.

JAZZ

Pretty unlikely being as they don`t trust each other anymore than they trust us.

(more to herself)

Of course, if they had a common purpose.

NICK

Like what?

JAZZ

I don`t know .. I was just surmising.

Nick thinks he sees something in the rear view mirror and keeps glancing at it.

Jazz picks up on it and turns around and looks out of the rear window.

EXT. BURNING TANKER. NIGHT.

A car drives up and Algebra gets out. He walks around the burning tanker to the grave and looks down the road where he can see the tail lights of Nick`s car disappearing into the distance.

He kicks at the grave sending rocks flying then turns and gazes into the flames of the burning tanker. He raises his arms to the sky, then howls.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

Lucy waits till the howl dies then goes and sits down opposite Algebra.

He turns his gaze once more to Lucy.

LUCY

Do you think of it as murder?

ALGEBRA

What would you call it?

LUCY

It`s not what I think that counts .. it`s what you know that matters.

ALGEBRA

What I know? .. What do I know?

LUCY

How many were there?

Algebra's focus turns in as he searches for an answer. His hands move involuntarily to his head as he counts.

ALGEBRA

2 .. 4 .. 8 .. 16 .. 32 .. 64 ..

INT. CAR. DAY.

Nick is still driving but Jazz is curled up next to him asleep.

He pulls up next to an old dilapidated wrought iron gate with a wrought iron archway over the top. Written into this archway are the words `DEVALLES BLUFF COUNTRY CLUB`.

Jazz starts to waken as Nick gets out of the car.

EXT. GATE. DAY.

He heads across to the gate and tries pushing them open, but his action is only a display as there is a large rock blocking the gate from the inside.

WE are high up in a tree, looking down the length of an arm. An arm outstretched because it is holding a taught bow with an arrow in it. It follows Nick around as he moves, but as soon as he stops still, the arrow wings its way to the top of his chest. Nick drops to the ground, pole-axed.

Jazz is out in a flash using the car as cover, she searches the trees, keeping her gun trained.

WE are back up in the trees, looking down the naked tense arm with the arrow already for flight.

Jazz runs to Nick. She tries to move him but can't and as she looks up the arrow flies straight to her forehead, the force knocking her backwards.

They both lie motionless with the arrows sticking straight up.

The naked arm comes up once more and aims in between Nick's legs. The arrow flies straight to his crutch and he sits up involuntarily.

Jazz sits up laughing and pulls the arrow with a sucker for a point from her forehead. She pulls the other arrow off Nick.

A crash through the trees is followed by several others as children swing out of the trees on ropes. Nick and Jazz are surrounded by half naked kids dressed like red Indians. The kids don't wait to make contact with them but quickly make their way to the car and then into the car.

Nick and Jazz pull each other up, Nick still holding his crutch.

JAZZ

(grinning)

Would you all like me to give them a rub?

Nick just grunts as they head for the car.

INT. CAR. DAY.

The kids are squabbling over the steering wheel as Nick and Jazz get in. Nick throws them in the back with great speed so that there's a pile of squirming arms and legs. They eventually sort themselves out sitting in an orderly line as Nick and Jazz lean on the back of the seat looking at them.

NICK

So you've captured us .. now take us to your leader.

The oldest kid leans out of the window and whistles.

A four year old appears from the forest cover behind the gate, quickly makes its way around the rock and pushes the gate outwards until it is fully open.

Nick is embarrassed at the simplicity of the removal of the obstacle the gate presented, as Jazz sniggers. He starts the car up and drives up to the where the child is standing, he lifts it in through the window and feeds it

into the back. A great cheer goes up from the kids as they drive into the DeValles Bluff Country Club.

The kids all start talking at once, but it is difficult to understand as it is carried out in a thick patoi, based on English but with many influences. The noise is deafening and Jazz has to shout as she turns to Nick.

JAZZ

Don't it must remind you of old times?

Nick turns to her with a curious look.

CLOSE ON Nick`s face.

INT. CLASS ROOM. DAY. FLASHBACK.

CLOSE ON Nick`s face with a curious expression. WE pull back.

As WE pull back further WE see a noisy class room of sixteen and seventeen year olds all arguing amongst themselves.

NICK

Hold it! Hold it right there!

He waits just a few moments until the class has settled down.

NICK

Emotions, it`s true, do lead to children, and yes, they are a biologic imperative. But that`s on the other side of the emotional equation that we`re talking about here .. Which is?

Silence. Then a girl, MISS SUMRAY, who bears a strong resemblance to Jazz in that she posses the same high cheek bones and delicate chin, speaks up in a seductive tone.

MISS SUMRAY

Romantic love.

The class titter some turning around to look at her.

NICK

Knowing the reason why *Romantic Love* is important biologically, what can

we say about its mechanics?

Silence. Nick picks up a book.

NICK

(cont)

This is called, *The dictionary*, and you will find it very useful in finding out what words mean.

(the class warm to his sarcasm)
Romantic .. imaginative, emotional, remote from experience .. umm .. impractical, quixotic .. and dreamy.

(more banter from the class)
Romantic love looks like something which is not too far removed from a fairy tale. Indeed, most fairy tales contain romantic love, *Sleeping Beauty*, *Cinderella* .. but not *Beauty and the Beast* .. why?

MISS SUMRAY

Because *Beauty* falls in love with the *Beast* because of the person he is and not because of what he looks like.

NICK

Thank you Miss Sumray for that succinct and accurate reply. Romantic love is to do with surface qualities like what you look like, how you act, as in, cute mannerisms .. and of course in terms of self delusion .. we project onto the object of our romantic desire the qualities we wish them to have .. but which rarely bare any resemblance to reality.

The class appreciate his humorous candour.

MISS SUMRAY

Mr. Birkhead, perhaps you could tell us about your romantic experiences.

Nick stares at her while the class clamour for his acquiescence.

NICK

I think not.
Sounds of disappointment. He turns to the blackboard.

NICK

Fu Hsin .. according to the Chinese Ancient Annals, was the founder of civilisation ..

He writes on the board: Fu Hsin, Ancient Annals, civilisation, marriage, and 5000 years.

NICK

(cont)

Why? .. because he invented marriage .. some five thousand years back.

(he swings back around)

Up until then, primitive societies were based on a matriarchal system where the children never knew who their fathers were. Women at that time would seem to have been very promiscuous,

The class break out into banter about slags, tramps etc.

NICK

(cont. with sarcasm)

or .. perhaps they were filled by romantic love, which only lasted a few hours.

(more banter)

Consequently, the men had no stake in the furtherment of society as

they couldn't

Society, that's the point. However, once Fu Hsin introduced marriage, where men knew they alone were the father of their wives' children, this gave them their stake in the future. Thus, one could say, that civilisation only came about through the suppression of romantic love.

(pointing to Miss Sumray)

Something you should bear in mind.

And here's something you should *all* bear in mind..

MISS SUMRAY

But sir, we all have these feelings, which, as you said in the beginning, are biological. Why should we have these feelings if they're not right.

The class wait in anticipation of his reply. He studies Miss Sumray carefully.

NICK

We Homo Superians are walking around with an intelligent sophisticated communication system built onto the primitive instincts of a primeval animal. We, and in that I include myself, and you all, have to use that intelligence to come to an accommodation with these primate instincts. So next time you fall in love ..

WE move down quickly towards Nick as he leans over the desk to meet US. CLOSE ON Nick`s face.

NICK

Beware!!

INT. CAR. DAY.

CLOSE ON Nick`s face.

Nick is looking at Jazz with curiosity, she gives him a quick flash of her eyebrows and a playful smile.

KIDS

Be bare!! Be bare!! Be bare!!

Nick stops the car just in time before it runs over into a big pit filled with stakes, cunningly concealed by its position at the brow of a hill. He reverses and drives where the kids point.

They come out of the forest and drive past a clay court where naked people are playing tennis. They stop and watch as Nick and Jazz pull up and get out.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB. DAY.

A number of tee-pees are camped out along the river bank on what was once a golf course. A number of mixed race adults are doing chores. Those that aren`t naked are dressed like Dakota Sioux.

Nick and Jazz leave the kids squabbling over the driving wheel and walk down towards the encampment. On the way

they pass a totem pole made of TV sets filled with the skulls of animals.

The adults stop what they`re doing and stare.

NICK

Hi .. sorry to bother you folks, we`re Volunteers from Houston .. Nick Altman, and this here is Jazz .. I`ve come about the four murdered teenagers that a member of your tribe found, a John Running Bear .. is he here?

A tall athletic man of great presence, PINTO, comes running up from the river bank. He`s aggressive.

PINTO

Him no right tell urbans .. you go now.

Although he`s facing Nick his eyes are on Jazz.

NICK

Hell .. I just want to speak with him .. I`m not here to cause trouble.

A woman, CHANNU, has followed Pinto up from the river, she comes along side him taking him by the arm.

CHANNU

Pinto, dem talk .. we no problem with urban.

PINTO

Urban alway trouble .. meet alway bad fa naicha folk.

He nods in the direction of the car but his eyes don`t leave Jazz.

There are now as many children on the outside as there are in.

CHANNU

(kissing Pinto on cheek)

Dey worry bout childa .. same as us.

(Pinto grunts)

Jus talk, soon be gone.

Pinto turns away aggressively. Channu quickly takes Nick and Jazz by the arm.

CHANNU

Come .. you come see John.

Jazz glances over her shoulder, nervous, as Channu leads them through the encampment. People watch them in silence.

They approach a group of people gathered around a fire roasting meat on sticks. As they approach the people move away leaving only one man, JOHN. He is dressed differently to the rest in that he is wearing cowboy boots and a cowboy hat.

JOHN

Chow Channu.

He offers her a stick with meat on it which she takes as she squats down. John then offers Nick, and Jazz, sticks, Nick declines, then squats down on one knee. Jazz takes one and nibbles on it, still nervously looking in Pinto's direction.

JOHN

(seeing the focus of her attention)
 Pinto, he mean no harm .. he pure .. he
 tell of you come .. him Great Spirit ..
 (looking intently at Jazz)
 Him not want you here .. great danger
 fallow you .. much death .. and ..
 acts against nature.

Nick looks at Jazz who avoids his attention.

JAZZ

(wanting to change subject)
 How come you ain't havin no problem with
urban.

JOHN

Volunteer people save me life when
 kid .. so know Volunteer not all bad.

The smell has got to Nick, which Channu notices and she offers him one.

JOHN

(cont)

But me can't help .. found the childa,
new they Volunteer childa .. went central
an told dem .. story finish.

Nick is now heavily engrossed in eating his stick and just mumbles in acknowledgement.

JAZZ

Didn't you see anyone else, you know,
while you were in that area?

JOHN

No ...

(then after a moment)

.. well .. before day, I see 2 childa
on bike .. looking. Might same, dat dead.

NICK

Peddle bike?

JOHN

Bike wid engine.

NICK

Hell, that`s strange .. hardly any
bikes left .. did you tell central
about the bike?

JOHN

Err .. not sure .. not think.

CHANNU

Bike on route .. 7 days fore .. Mappa
see ..

She nods in the direction of a young girl.

CHANNU

.. she scare .. see people wid wheels, an
no legs.

John, and Channu, laugh. Nick is thoughtful. Jazz looks back in the direction of Pinto, nervous.

JOHN

When find childa .. me be am scare ..
not stay .. not see nothing.

Pinto comes through the watching naitcha freaks and looks at Jazz with disturbing intensity.

PINTO

You go now! .. You take car, an go!

Channu motions with her head that they should go.

Jazz and Nick shake hands with John and Channu who gives them a big smile of support. Nick turns to Pinto and holds out his hand, but he turns sideways and looks down the river. Nick, disappointed, turns away.

As Nick and Jazz walk back through the encampment, Channu runs up with a few more sticks of meat for them.

CHANNU

You like .. you hungry .. you take.

JAZZ

Well thank you kindly that`s real friendly of you.

Jazz thinks about what she can give her in return, then feels at her neck. A shocked expression comes over her face as she remembers she has a fine chain necklace with a locket attached. She bites her lip and looks quickly at Nick who is taking sticks off Channu. She quickly turns away from them putting the sticks in her mouth, takes the necklace off, curls it into a small mound in the palm of her hand then turns back around to them

Moving between Nick and Channu so that Nick can`t see what she is doing, she takes Channu`s hand and places hers over it, transferring the necklace. She looks at Channu and makes a face letting her know not to say anything in front of Nick.

Channu is a bit confused but doesn`t say anything.

Jazz swings around and takes Nick by the arm.

JAZZ

(whispering)

Best be makin tracks.

I don`t like the way Big Chief

Hurtful Eyes looks at me.

NICK

(sarcastic)
I wonder why.

They walk back to the car and clear the kids out.

Channu looks down at the necklace; the small locket is soon opened.

WE see:

The inside of the locket. It contains the photographs of two people, one of which is Nick, the other is Lucy.

Channu looks back up with a curious smile.

Nick, and Jazz, drive off with the children in pursuit.

EXT. CAR. DAY.

The car pulls out of the entrance to the Devalles Bluff Country club and heads off down the road.

The CAMERA slowly turns from the fast receding car to another car hidden in trees across from the entrance. WE zoom in on the occupant; Algebra.

INT. CAR. DAY.

He watches as Nick and Jazz drive off.

ALGEBRA
2 .. 4 .. 8 .. 16 .. 32 .. 64 .. 128
.. 256 .. 512 ..

INT. CAR. DAY.

Nick and Jazz are half leaning out of their windows lost in their own thoughts. The sun is going down.

JAZZ
Looks like Osceola coming up.

Nick reduces his furious pace and they crawl into a service area where a number of trucks are parked up in a defensive semi circle around a diner and a motel. They pull up and get out slowly.

EXT. SERVICE STATION. DAY.

The silence is complete. Then she jumps as Nick calls out.

NICK

It`s OK, we`re Volunteers, we heard about the trouble!

Silence. They look at each other.

NICK

We saw a burnt out truck .. down near Lonoke!

A man dressed in a body suit emerges out of the diner carrying a gun, he is followed out from various places by others, all armed, and all wearing body suits just like Nick`s.

The first man, SAM FULLER, checks with another man across the other side of the road, who gives an `all clear` signal.

Then he walks up to Nick and puts his hand out, which he shakes.

SAM

Sam Fuller .. sorry, but we`re as nervous as gnats on a Nightjar`s nose. These freaks are real dangerous.

JAZZ

I take it you have sent for a response team?

SAM

Sure kid, but it`s a couple of days drive from Houston. And in the mean time, central have asked us to stay put .. so we can use all the help we can get .. I sure hope you`re gonna stay.

He looks at Nick waiting for confirmation. Nick looks at Jazz waiting for her direction. Sam looks at Jazz. She looks in turn to both a number of times then realises they`re waiting for her decision.

JAZZ

Shoot! It`s all right by me. But then I have a real live detective watchin my sorry arse.

She plays the wicked smile which she turns from Sam to Nick, who just shakes his head and walks off towards the diner mumbling.

Jazz holds out her hand to a confused Sam.

JAZZ

Jazz .. and don't mind Nick, he's real sweet .. I guess I'm just driving him kinda crazy.

She laughs and her good humour strikes a chord in Sam dispelling the last of his nervousness.

INT. DINER. EVENING.

Typical diner, all brushed aluminium, booths and counter stools, but it's old, very old. Six or seven people sit around a couple of the booths talking.

The music is a form of minimalist country and western.

Jazz's laughter rolls over from the last scene as she sits at the counter drinking Rye. She is talking to a middle-aged man, Jose, who looks Mexican and not just because of his hat, who is serving behind the counter. She downs her drink in one.

JOSE

You sure you ain't got hollow legs?

More laughter which catches the attention of Nick who is talking to Sam further down the counter.

SAM

(to Nick)

So you've never been to Mothball City,
Well good buddy, you're in for a treat
.. weirdest place in this weird world
.. it gives me the spooks.

NICK

I have heard the stories.

SAM

Something ain't right, an-ya-can-
feel-it.

Nick`s attention is caught by another burst of laughter from Jazz. Jose is filling her glass.

Nick leans around Sam.

NICK

(to Jose)

Make that the last, she`s just a kid.

Jazz puts on a display, as she looks around searching for the person who he is referring to. Her antics amuse the nervous men. She ends up giving Nick a dirty look then leans back on the counter and beckons Jose to come close. He leans towards her.

JAZZ

Have you got any whiz?

Jose looks towards Nick who can`t hear but understands full well what`s happening.

NICK

Whatever it is .. no.

She puts on annoyance, pulling a face first at Jose then a different one at Nick.

JOSE

Is he your daddy?

Jazz bursts out laughing again, then when she`s calmed down.

JAZZ

Hell no, least ways not in the way you`d think.

Nick is keeping an eye on Jazz as she keeps an eye on him.

NICK

(to Sam)

Hell, I hope this ain`t the start of something big. Since we got over the bio disaster we`ve had a pretty good time of it. We`ve all lived together pretty well up until now. Back home I got to know the local tribe real well, some of them I`m proud to call friends.

SAM

Yeah, but can two cultures live together in the same place. You know there are Volunteers who want to expand the organisation across the whole country, and once the population expands they'll want that even more. So it's gonna happen for sure .. after all .. that's what Mothball City is all about. If the nature freaks ever found out, I reckon there'd be war. I just hope this ain't the start of it.

NICK

What's it with humanity, Sam? We ain't exactly the most tolerant species, now are we?

SAM

It's in our nature buddy, it's like we reflect nature. You know, evolution. We diversify and then we specialise, we become different from each other.

NICK

But different species don't fight, not unless one's a predator.

SAM

But that's just the point, we're still the same species and that means we all have to be the same if we want to live together .. it's nature.

NICK

Stop, stop talkin .. you're depressing me.

SAM

Well now, you just proved my point. Cos you don't want things to be the way I see them, you cut me off and that's the first step on the way to conflict ..
now ain't that just the truth.

JAZZ gets up and saunters across.

NICK

Look out .. here comes trouble.

JAZZ

I heard that ..

(to Sam)

Pray don't let this .. *gentleman*, cast
aspersions on my good character.

She turns to Nick and pulls a face.

The door behind them opens taking them all by surprise. Jazz, Sam, and the rest of the truckers have their guns out and trained on the man who has just entered.

Only Nick hasn't reacted, his attention firmly on Jazz.

A sigh of relief, as they recognise another Volunteer, is quickly followed by nervous laughter as the man puts his hands up in mock surrender.

Jazz replaces her gun and then turns to see Nick watching her. She goes up to him, taking him by the hand and tries pulling him up. But he makes out as the immovable object.

JAZZ

Hell Nick, you won't let me drink, so you
sure as Hell will have to keep me
entertained some other ways. So swing me
round the floor.

She pulls him again; he still won't go. She turns to the men for support which they give, and Nick finally goes, if somewhat reluctantly. Sam and the rest are highly amused.

A slow country and western waltz is playing and Jazz takes the man's lead, stretching out her left arm and making Nick stretch out his right. They start dancing.

NICK

How come you do everything contra wise?

JAZZ

How come it's always the *man*, that leads
the lady?

NICK

Hell, dancing's just like marriage. The man thinks he's doing the lead, but it's the woman's strong right-hand which *always* leads the way.

She shares an affectionate moment with Nick. Then lets her head rest on his chest and they waltz around the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

The room is Spartan, a small decrepit sofa the only furniture besides the bed. A Tilly lamp, the only light, dangles from string attached to the end of the door leading to the bathroom.

The sound of a SHOWER can be heard as Jazz puts her head around the front door. A cheeky grin plays across her face when she realises that Nick must be having a shower. She creeps in and adopts a `reclining nude` position on the sofa.

WE hear the sound of the SHOWER BEING TURNED OFF, then Nick walks naked into the room drying his hair, unaware that Jazz is watching him with real interest.

JAZZ

Well if you ain't in real good shape.. for an old man.

Nick drops the towel down in front of his body and just stares at her.

JAZZ

Maybe we could work out together.

NICK

You're playing a dangerous game, kid.

JAZZ

I hope so.

NICK

What is it with you? Is this some kind of test .. or are you just dumb?

He throws the towel at her and starts getting dressed while she licks her lips.

JAZZ

You`re a real nice man, Nick .. I can tell .. but you`re going to have trouble with me.

He stops dressing for a moment.

NICK

And what`s that supposed to mean?

JAZZ

I bet you haven`t had .. *sexual inter-*
course .. since your wife died?

NICK

(annoyed)

Leave my wife out of this ..

He starts dressing again with Jazz watching with mounting excitement.

NICK

(cont)

.. but you`re right .. so stop coming on to me .. or you just might get more than you bargained for.

Jazz gets up mischievously and goes across to him, running her hands up and down his naked chest. He grabs them, turns her around so that she`s facing the door and slaps her bottom with some force, propelling her towards the door.

She lets out an involuntary cry then turns around in a play full mood but stops when she sees him pointing to the door.

NICK

Out!

She turns and `minces` out.

JAZZ

I know it`s what you need, Nick .. an in the end you`ll see that I`m right.

No sooner has she closed the door than it flies back open. Jazz hurls herself across the room as a HAIL OF BULLETS pepper the walls.

The Tilly lamp SMASHES to the floor setting the room on FIRE.

Nick drops down beside her hiding behind the bed and while she goes for her gun, he puts on his boots.

Lots of GUN FIRE AND SHOUTING can now be heard outside then a figure with a gun appears in the door

Jazz lets off 2 SHOTS and the figure hurtles backward.

Another appears at the window and she lets off another 2 SHOTS sending him spinning away.

NICK

Cover me.

He crawls quickly towards the window at the rear of the room, opens it and warily looks out.

NICK

Come on it`s clear.

Jazz dives through the open window.

As Nick follows another figure appears at the door.

Jazz lets off another two SHOTS over Nick`s back, as he climbs out of the window, and the figure spins off shooting wildly as he does.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT.

Nick and Jazz run down the length of the rear of the motel, peep around the corner, see that it`s clear and quickly make their way to the front of the motel.

Peeping around the front they see 20-30 freaks dressed like renegades SHOOTING the place up. Jose is brought out from the diner and SHOT at point blank range. Others are being machete to death. A teenager is standing amongst them giving directions.

Nick, and Jazz, pull back.

NICK

That`s the end of that, come on kid,
let`s get out of here.

They peep out again then run between the trucks and across to one of the freaks` cars, its doors all-open.

Nick gets in and starts it up while Jazz leans over the boot letting off a COUPLE OF ROUNDS at freaks coming out between the trucks. A teenager appears from between the trucks and Jazz SHOTS, winging her.

NICK

Get in Goddamn it!

Nick jolts the car forward to force Jazz to get in but not before she lets off a couple of SHOTS at a truck's fuel tank which EXPLODES.

JAZZ

Let me load, we got time for a few more.

Nick thinks she`s mad and accelerates away.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

The car that Nick and Jazz have just driven off in is coasting down the road. Then we see that it is driving towards the service area at Osceola, after a few moments WE see that several more cars are coasting behind them.

A man in torn leather comes out from the side of the road, he`s carrying the head of the Volunteers` look out in one hand and a machete in the other. He waves the silent convoy through.

The freaks get out and make their way through the trucks.

Jazz is just coming out of Nick`s room when she spots them, she dives back in through the door as a freak lets off a burst of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE.

A freak quickly mounts the walkway and sprays the room with GUNFIRE through the window, then jumps into the doorway only to be sent hurtling backwards as he is SHOT.

Another freak on seeing this runs to the window and is about to fire into the now burning room only to be sent reeling backwards as he too is SHOT.

Further along the motel Volunteers are being dragged out of their rooms and hacked to pieces with machetes. But some of the

volunteers are putting up STIFF RESISTANCE.

Amongst the freaks is a teenage girl, ROSE, wearing a Volunteer body suit. She`s directing the action.

ROSE

Look for the girl!

A freak hurries to Nick`s room and jumps into the doorway but is sent spinning away, SHOT. His gun, FIRING WILDLY, makes the other freaks hit the ground. Only when his gun runs out of ammo do they approach the room again but this time with greater caution.

The heads of Nick and Jazz can just be seen at the far end of the motel.

Jose is brought out and thrown to the ground where he is SHOT at point blank range.

The freaks rush into Nick`s burning room just as Nick and Jazz make a run for it through the trucks.

The teenager girl catches a glimpse of them and points them out.

ROSE

There they go, quickly, don`t let them get away!

The freaks chase after them followed by Rose.

Emerging from behind the trucks a couple of freaks take HITS from Jazz as she leans over the boot. She SHOOTS Rose in the arm then FIRES at a truck which EXPLODES. Nick and Jazz speed on up the road.

Rose struggles to her feet as a couple of freaks run over to her.

FREAK 1

We follow now?

Rose is just about to reply when Algebra arrives in his car sending them all diving for cover as he does wheelies amongst them firing an AUTOMATIC WEAPON. He takes a dozen of them out at least then he drives back out onto the road, in the opposite direction to Nick and Jazz, quickly followed by the angry freaks.

The teenager tries to stop them but to no avail, they take all the cars.

ROSE

Not him you idiots, I want the girl!

There are only three freaks left.

ROSE

Get a truck ready and go after her!

The three freaks head off towards the trucks. Rose walks out into the middle of the road and watches as cars disappear in both directions.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON Nick`s face as he watches in the rear view mirror.

NICK

We gotta get to Mothball City, Jazz.
We gotta warn them.

He turns to Jazz who is going through her bum bag examining bullet clips.

NICK

(seeing Algebra arrive)

What the fuck is going on!

She looks at Nick and sees the anxious look on his face as he views the mirror. She turns and looks out of the back.

WE see out of the back window, Algebra, arrive, SHOOTING the place up.

NICK

What the Hell`s happening now?

JAZZ

Hell if I know .. but it sure ain't no Baptist meeting.

NICK

And what the hell have you got to do with all this?

JAZZ

Nick .. I don't know nothin.

He's not convinced then goes back to watching the road and the mirror.

NICK

Your story .. and you .. don't add up.
And I could of sworn I saw a teenage
Volunteer back there, with those freaks.

Jazz looks back down the road and sees the teenager in the middle of the road.

JAZZ

If I'd known they were out there,
why would I have tried hitching - I ain't
stupid.

NICK

What the hell does that mean? Are they
after you?

JAZZ

(with sincerity)

I swear, all of this is a complete
mystery to me.

Nick is still suspicious.

NICK

Can you see anything?

Jazz looks back down the road.

JAZZ

No .. looks like they've lost interested.
We better get to a relay point, and
inform central, they've got to be
stopped .. and stopped soon.

NICK

The map .. shit, the map's in my car.

JAZZ

Don't worry Nick, I know this stretch
of road real well.

He watches her with suspicion as she reloads her gun.

INT. SHACK. DAY.

Nick is on the telephone but he's watching Jazz through the open door of the shack as she stands on the bonnet of the car gazing down the road in the direction from which they came.

NICK

Is that Central information ...
where .. Mothball City .. I didn't
realise we were in your area already.
Listen, there's a whole tribe of nature
freaks down on Route 55, near Osceola,
shooting up Volunteers ...
what, ya heard about it ...
oh I see .. and there's a response team
heading down our way now, great ...
and another one coming up from Houston,
looks like they'll need them both,
they're stir crazy .. say look, do you
know a girl, she's mid-teens, Jazz
Cunningham .. You do?! .. Do you know her
parents? ... Well, could you tell em I've
got their *delightful* daughter with me ..
And tell them, I just can't wait to meet
them .. Okay, bye.

He hangs up but keeps looking at Jazz as he says to himself.

NICK

Yes sir, I just can't wait to meet
the kinda people that brought you up.

He walks out to her.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Nick looks up at Jazz.

NICK

I let your parents know.

Jazz looks at him with a blank expression which is quickly replaced with a smile.

JAZZ

Well thank you Nick .. you are thoughtful
.. come on, let's get out of here ..

they may be following us yet.

She pinches his nose as she gets off the bonnet and he watches her with a mixture of suspicion and affection.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

A column of 10, 4x4s, is travelling down the road. It is filled with heavily armed Volunteers all wearing body suits.

At a signal from the lead jeep the column breaks off from the front, each alternative jeep heading off to either left or right; they form an arc across the road with their guns trained on a fast approaching car.

The car stops and Nick and Jazz get out. There`s a general sense of relief all around, except for Nick who is quiet and watchful.

Jazz is greeted by a number of the response team who obviously know her well. Nick notices a few teenagers amongst them.

One of them, JUDY, comes across and hugs JAZZ.

JUDY

Glad to see you Jazz ..
(then with sarcasm)
.. and who`s your friend?

JAZZ

Oh .. just a detective I met on the way
.. he`s very sweet .. and he`s been
taking such good care of me. You-would-
not-believe.

A number of the response team laugh which just makes Nick even more suspicious.

JAZZ

So Judy .. what`s going down?

JUDY

Don`t know .. this is the first time
anyone can remember freaks turning nasty
like this .. but you were there, was it
bad?

JAZZ

They killed at least 6 Volunteers, or so we think.

She turns to Nick.

NICK

There were 8 truck drivers killed, but Sam Fuller got out .. he phoned central.

JUDY

How many freaks were there?

NICK

Hard to tell .. 20 .. 30 .. maybe more, and they`re armed with automatic weapons.

The response team makes noises of concern.

JUDY

(knowing the answer)

And I wonder where they got them.

Jazz pulls a face, blind side of Nick, at Judy to stop her from revealing more, then she changes the direction of the conversation.

JAZZ

We`ll just have to reckon from now on that Naitcha Freaks only pay lip service to doing without technology - they sure as hell know how to use it.

JUDY

You want to come back with us?

Jazz and Nick speak together.

JAZZ

Well of course we ...

NICK

Look, I got a wild card I have to attend to. So I`ll give it a miss.

Jazz looks at Judy and they exchange a knowing expression, which Nick notes, he turns away.

JAZZ

Well maybes not, I`ve had my fun, and besides, I`d better look after our detective and make sure he gets to where he`s going.

She winks at Judy then goes after Nick taking him by the arm which he tries to free himself from. The response team laugh.

Two of the jeeps move making a space for them to drive through.

They drive through as the response team wave.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Jazz is leaning out of the car waving back to the response team.

Nick drives at a more leisurely pace, looking back in his rear view mirror. He lights a cigarette.

NICK

That`s the most professional response team I ever saw .. do they do special training in Mothball City?

Jazz drops back in and sits cross-legged facing him, she`s tired of his questions and it can be heard in her tone.

JAZZ

Nick, we are 1500 miles from the nearest Volunteer centre, up here. And there`s only, at most, a few hundred Volunteers, mostly maintenance and research personnel, ever since they mothballed the City. Naturally we take precautions and after what`s just happened, rightly so.

NICK

Have you had any other trouble with the tribes?

JAZZ

Not really .. oh they come inside the perimeter sometimes .. scavenging .. but

no more than anywhere else.

NICK

So why the paranoia?

JAZZ

Just the isolation .. I guess.

NICK

Huh. And why they letting teenagers take part in a response operation?

JAZZ

Were you always this suspicious .. you know .. before you became a detective?

NICK

Tell me, there`s a big medical research unit, up there, in Mothball.

JAZZ

Yes .. it`s supposed to be the best one left anywhere in the world.

NICK

What do they do?

JAZZ

(innocently)

Now how would I know.

NICK

Hell, you seem to know everything else.

JAZZ

I don`t know much about you.

Nick grunts. Jazz gets all gooey.

JAZZ

Tell me about your wife.

NICK

(annoyed)

What the hell you so interested in my past for girl?

JAZZ

(annoyed)

I just want get to know you .. that`s
all .. you don`t have to be like a
bear with a sore head all the time ..
and my names not, girl! .. and besides,
we had a deal.

She momentarily sticks her tits out. Nick sighs.

NICK

Ah shit .. I`ll tell you once ..
then no more questions .. Ok?

Jazz nods with enthusiastic anticipation.

NICK

Lucy .. my wife ...
(deep breath)
.. got cancer .. and died .. end of
story .. you happy now?

JAZZ

You miss her, don`t you?

NICK

Can we change this conversation.

JAZZ

But it`s good for you to talk about it
.. it`ll help you come to terms with it.

NICK

Huh .. come to terms with it .. I`ll
never come to terms with it .. she was
a hellava woman.

Jazz looks at him with warmth, his emotions are showing
and he can`t look at her. After a few moments he gets
control.

NICK

Hell, you might have met her .. she did
some work up there, for that research
unit .. Lucy Altman?

JAZZ

(hiding emotion)

Can`t say that I remember .. was she a
part timer?

NICK

Yeah .. but anyway .. that`s where she died.

JAZZ

Is that a fact.

NICK

(more to himself)

I wasn`t there when .. when she died .. didn`t even get to bury the body .. didn`t even say goodbye .. like I lost her, and there was no end .. Hell .. what do you want to know this shit for?

JAZZ

It will surely help .. what did she do, anyways .. in Mothball?

NICK

I don`t know .. social interactive psychology, what ever that is.

JAZZ

Didn`t you ever use the information system, Nick?

NICK

Nah .. spend most of my time fishing .. a bit of teaching .. still do .. Hell, I`m border line nature freak myself.. just put enough time in with the Volunteers, to be part.

Jazz smiles and leans over and ruffles his hair which he likes but feigns disapproval.

JAZZ

A 3 month a year man.

NICK

I sure can tell you`re not going to be like that .. what you studying in Houston anyway.

JAZZ

21st century history .. but you should know that .. every Volunteer has to study the causes of the bio disaster, if

they want access to the information facilities.

NICK

(ironic)

So what you going to do when you ..
grow up .. public relations for the
apocalypse?

JAZZ

(suppressing laughter)

Nick, we were supposed to be talking
about you.

Nick slows the car to a stop then looks at her.

NICK

I take it you can drive?

(Jazz nods)

I`m gonna sleep for a while.

JAZZ

Shoot, am I that borin.

He gets out. And she shifts across, disappointed.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

Jazz is curled up asleep on the seat next to Nick.

A sign up ahead reads Tuscola. Nick slows down and pulls
into the deserted town.

He drives through streets of deserted houses in various
states of collapse and over grown with vegetation. The
only signs of life, a few mangy dogs.

Jazz wakes up as they pull into a motel which has
obviously been maintained.

JAZZ

Where are we?

NICK

Tuscola.

Jazz stretches as Nick switches the lights off.

JAZZ

Why are we stopping here?

NICK

Well you said it was the last service
area before Mothball .. and I`m dead
beat .. and you need your beauty
sleep, young lady.

She looks at him with real affection which he tries to
ignore.

JAZZ

You`ve been watching too many of those old
movies, Nick.

NICK

Hell, my wife used to say that.

He looks down sad then gets out of the car as Jazz
reaches over to touch him.

INT. DINER. NIGHT.

The sound of a GENERATOR can be heard in the back ground.

Behind the serving bar of the diner Nick is washing up
while Jazz is frying steak.

JAZZ

How you like yours, no no, let me guess.
Blue to raw.

NICK

And I bet ya like yours hard boiled.

JAZZ

Funnny.

Jazz flips the steaks over by tossing them in the air.
Nick watches her with interest; something in the manner
as much as in the action.

JAZZ

So, Big Boy, what`s your strategy, once
you arrive in Mothball?

Nick finishes washing up and goes around and sits down at
the other side of the counter while Jazz carries on
cooking.

NICK

Beats me .. to tell the truth I
haven't given it a dam thought ..
I guess I`m not really cut out for
this .. detective shit.

Jazz serves up giving the steaks one last flip.

JAZZ

I left a message for delivery, most
of the stuff back there is way out of
date, so I hope I`m not poisoning us.

A scuffling noise at the door has them both reaching for
their guns.

Jazz flips off the lights then drops down behind the
counter her gun trained on the door.

Nick drops low and runs to the side window. He peeps out
and sees a dog sniffing around, he relaxes. Then he opens
the door.

NICK

Just a dog, but I`ll go check anyway.

JAZZ

Don`t you be cruel to it!

Nick stops for a moment and glances back, a trigger to
the memory.

EXT. DINER. DAY.

Nick bends down pretending to pick up a stone and the dog
runs off.

He gets in the car and drives it around the back.

Once he`s gone WE see in the distance the tractor part of
a truck silently cruise past an intersection.

EXT. TUSCOLA, STREET. NIGHT.

The truck parks up and the 3 freaks get out. They huddle
together and talk in whispers.

FREAK 1

We be careful .. walk from here. Dem be at motel if be here.

FREAK 2

Me not trust dem childa .. non dem. Me be am looking round first.

FREAK 1

You an Joss make sure dat place clear .. Me look see Motel.

JOSS

Me be empty stomach .. need ta eat.

FREAK 1

Ya always empty .. time for dis and den fill.

JOSS

Make na sense, fighten wid urban wid empty stomach.

FREAK 1

Gan be toll!

Freak 1 waves the other two away and runs off, crouching as he turns a corner. The other 2 head off in different directions.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

Nick parks the car then searches in the glove compartment then turns around and searches in the back of the car. He finds Jazz's bum bag and goes through it. All it contains are bullet clips. He counts them, 10 in all. He sits pondering the meaning.

INT. DESERTED HOUSE. NIGHT.

Freak 2 enters a deserted house and moves down the hall into a room. He goes straight to the window and WE can see the diner across the road.

Two huge hands grab him around the neck and raise him off the ground.

ALGEBRA

2 .. 4 .. 8 .. 16 .. 32 .. 64 ..
 128 .. 256 .. 512 .. 1024 .. 2048
 4096 .. 8192 ..

His struggles subside as he asphyxiates. Then the sound of his neck snapping under his own body weight ends his spasamic contortions.

Algebra lets him slowly down to the ground but as he straightens up he has a terrible spasm, he staggers to the window his face pressed against the glass making his grotesque expression even more distorted. He reels back rolling against the wall his hands covering his face. A terrible whining is slowly replaced with

ALGEBRA

2 .. 4 .. 8 .. 16 ..

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

Algebra's hands cover his face as he counts.

ALGEBRA

.. 32 .. 64 .. 128 .. 256 .. 512 ..
 1024 .. 2048 .. 4096 ..

LUCY

I can't believe that you killed that many.

Algebra's hands come down slowly and he turns towards her.

ALGEBRA

They were without number ..
 (then surprised)
 do you really think I counted them?

He laughs maniacally and stands up as Lucy looks on with increasing concern.

ALGEBRA

(cont)

But I did give them a number ..
 (he leans on the desk looking directly at her)

part of an arithmetic progression.
It was their number .. the number it
took for them to die on the
infinite progression to Hell ..
And oh how they welcomed my attention.

He swings away from her and goes and looks out onto
Mothball City.

ALGEBRA

As time went on I got much better
at it, there were few in the end who
made it past 8 .. 1 .. 9 .. 2. I even
felt that I had let them down if they
did.

LUCY

Did you learn to enjoy it?

ALGEBRA

Enjoy .. enjoy?

He looks out onto the brooding presence of Mothball City
as if looking for the answer in the shadows. Then he
speaks in a whisper to those hallowed halls.

ALGEBRA

Only a mad woman could ask such
a question.

LUCY

Sorry I couldn't hear.

Algebra leaves the window and walks slowly behind Lucy.
His hands come slowly around her neck.

EXT. CAR, NIGHT.

Algebra's hands come around the neck of Freak 1 as he
watches
Nick get out of the car. Algebra lifts him silently into
the air and back around the corner.

Nick thinks he hears something and turns to where the
freak was, but there is no one there. He heads back to
the motel.

INT. DINER. NIGHT.

The lights come back on as Nick walks through the door.

He throws Jazz her bum bag. Jazz quickly resumes her seat, placing her gun on the counter she starts eating, Nick joins her.

NICK

I hid the car .. just in case.

JAZZ

Well, I do declare, if you are not getting the hang of been a detective.

NICK

Well shoot .. maybe I am at that.

JAZZ

Just think, detectives used to live like this all the time .. in the bad old days. You`ve seen all those Noir movies, Nick, The Big Sleep, Kiss Me Deadly, Deadline Dawn .. Bladerunner.

NICK

Hell yeah. It makes good fiction .. but living like that .. like this .. all the time .. nahhh.

JAZZ

I don`t know, there`s something about fear .. and insecurity, which is kind of exciting .. don`t you think? Like when you do something dangerous on the spur of the moment. Like riding on the roof of a car, at speed ..

The idea, momentarily, stops Nick`s fork on its way to his mouth.

JAZZ

(cont)

.. or changing your personality, just to see what it feels like being wicked.

The fork doesn`t reach his mouth this time.

NICK

Huh. Must be an age thing. Though I sure

as hell can't remember ever wanting to be wicked.

JAZZ

Maybe you should try it. Because if you don't, how can you ever tell whether you were meant to be wicked, or not, as the case may be. You never know, I might be sitting across from a potential serial killer .. or perhaps, a *rapist*.

Then she smiles in a seductive way.

NICK

Maybe that's how it begins, kid .. liking being wicked .. And maybe, that is what free will is all about .. trying it out .. Or maybe, just maybe, choosing not to be wicked, is free will. Because if you did try it, and did like it .. would you then have any free will?

She appreciates his reasoning and they exchange an affectionate moment.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

The room is filled with moonlight.

Nick comes in followed by Jazz they are already in conversation.

JAZZ

Yes sir, I'm always right. And you'd know that .. if only you knew it.
(she laughs)

Nick takes his boots off, she does the same.

NICK

And why you laughing, what you just said don't make no sense, with or without context.

Nick suddenly becomes aware that she is taking her dress off.

NICK

And whoa up there, what do you think

you`re doing?

JAZZ

You don`t expect little ole me to sleep by myself, not with those weirdoes around?

(with a wheedling tone)

After all .. I`m just a little girl.

NICK

You`re some .. scheming .. conniving .. two bit excuse for a .. well .. you just keep your dress on and your hands to your self.

Jazz whips off her clothes and jumps into bed before Nick has finished speaking. She peers out from behind the covers like a `naughty` girl.

He climbs in beside her but immediately turns his back towards her.

JAZZ

Not even a goodnight kiss?

NICK

Shut ya mouth, and go to sleep.

She turns away frustrated while he smiles to himself.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, NIGHT.

The moonlight has shifted across the room.

CLOSE ON Jazz`s face. She is lying on her side facing the window, Nick has turned over and is facing her back.

She`s playing with NICK`S penis behind her back and wickedly enjoying herself.

CLOSE ON Nick`s back, in his sleep he is slowly coming to orgasm.

He suddenly turns onto his back awake wondering where he`s at.

Jazz turns over, but it is no longer Jazz but, Lucy.

LUCY

Are you all right?

NICK

Lucy, that was a hell of a dream you saved me from.

She cuddles into him and soon realises that he`s sexually aroused. She gives a little laugh

LUCY

So it would seem, but no dream can be as good as the real thing.

She starts kissing him and then slowly eases herself on top of him, putting him inside of her as she does. She slowly begins to ride him.

CLOSE ON the top part of her body. She is beginning to climax and looks down at him as they come to orgasm they fuck themselves off the bed onto the floor next to the window, all WE can see is their legs sticking up and the sound of kissing, then silence. Then Nick`s voice, filled with guilt..

NICK (O.O.V.)

Oh shit, you`re a fucking virgin.

JAZZ (O.O.V.)

(giggling)

Nick, that`s a contradiction in terms .. and besides, I`m not anymore .. but don`t you be feelin guilty about it none, you don`t know how much I wanted to give you this.

Moans from Nick and more giggling from Jazz.

Then a noise outside has them both fighting out of their entanglement, they grab their guns and stand either side of the window. They peep out.

EXT. DINER. NIGHT.

The nature freak, Joss, is looking around nervously. He has the diner door open and when he is sure that nothing is a miss he goes inside.

EXT. DINER. NIGHT.

Jazz is crouched down under a window of the diner, around the corner from the entrance. She keeps peeping in the window where WE can see Joss moving around.

Nick comes running up behind her, crouched over. He whispers.

NICK

I can't see anyone else.

JAZZ

He's scavenging .. like the coyote he is.

NICK

I'll take the back, you come in the front when you hear me.

He doesn't wait for an answer but runs back the way he came.

JAZZ

You could have at least said,
'be careful, darling'.

She slips her shoes off and after one more peep, moves around to the front.

INT. DINER. NIGHT.

Joss is behind the counter eating scraps as Jazz bursts in; her gun trained on him.

JAZZ

Stop right where you are! And make like you at the gates of Hell. Cos boy, that's where you is.

Joss drops his scraps even the ones from his mouth. He eyes his gun on the counter but realises he won't make it, So he drops down out of Jazz's view and scurries for the back door on all fours. Opening it he meets a fist coming the other way, it sends him sprawling.

Nick hauls him up and half carries him semi conscious back into the sitting area of the diner and throws him on the floor.

Jazz moves around the back of the counter and switches the lights on then retrieves Joss's gun.

NICK

Don` t you ever listen! I said, come in
after me!

JAZZ

Would you like to do an action replay.

She leans over the counter and looks down at Joss.

JAZZ

Well looka here. He` s returnin from the
land of nod.

Joss is coming around and looks up at her, scared stiff.

NICK

So what are you doing scavenging from
Volunteer supplies?

JOSS

Ya ganna kill me Volunteer? .. ya ganna
kill me?

JAZZ

Hell no .. least not `fore we
eat you up, big starin eyes and all.

JOSS

Dey may me fallow ya .. I didn` t want ..
but dey may me.

NICK

Who!? Who made ya!?

JOSS

Dem childa .. da wans wid da talk.

Nick to Jazz who is sliding across the counter.

NICK

What the hell is he talking about?

JAZZ

(false sympathy)

His mind has left his body .. poor thing.
And it still holdin the thinking gear.

JOSS

Nar .. I be right .. dey come from

Mathball City, tellin bout acts again
naicha .. naicha people, upset .. why
ya do dat? .. look wha happen las time.

NICK

Hell we ain't gonna hurt .. `naicha`
.. who the hell's been telling ya that
crap?

JAZZ

(interjecting)

Looka here Mr. Freak. Why you following
us? Do you intend to kill us?

JOSS

Nat kill .. jus fallo .. tell dem what
ya do.

Jazz puts a hand down to help him up.

He looks at it with suspicion then takes it and pulls
himself up.

But as soon as he`s on his feet he grabs her round the
neck and pulls a knife out.
Nick grabs the wrist that holds the knife and Joss is
forced to let go of a squirming Jazz.

Nick and Joss wrestle over the knife, locked in a
standing
position facing each other. A shot rings out and JOSS`S
brains explode all over NICK. Half his head is missing.

Nick lets Joss go down to the floor slowly. Then stands
back suddenly realising he`s covered in brains. He shakes
himself like a dog.

NICK

Why the hell didn`t ya shoot him in the
leg .. ya didn`t have to blow his
fucking head off!

JAZZ

(upset)

Sorry Nick .. I thought he was going
to kill you.

Nick`s anger disappears as he sees her genuine distress
and goes over and gives her a hug.

Her arms come round his back and her hands find bits of brain stuck to his body suit, she flicks them off as he they hug each other.

Behind them, Algebra can be seen looking in at the window. He turns away, unwanted.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Jazz is driving, Nick is loading guns. The windows are closed as it is raining outside. The swish of the wipers are plainly heard.

They are passing through a suburban landscape of deserted houses. It's getting dark.

JAZZ

So darlin, when shall we marry.

NICK

Don't start that shit again.

Jazz mischievously runs her hand along the seat and feels his bottom. Nick can't handle it.

JAZZ

But sweet thing, I may be with child, and we'll have to think of its future .. Now if it's a girl, I think we should call her .. let me see .. yes of course .. Tuscola .. just to remind you *always*, of our first night of passion.

NICK

God damn it .. you're gonna make my life hell with this.

JAZZ

And if it's a boy .. we'll call him .. Nick, Juniorrrr!

She says this with real enthusiasm ending with bubbling laughter.

Nick turns to her with a sudden realisation.

NICK

You're gonna tell the whole damn world.

JAZZ

Don't worry .. your terrible secrets safe
with me .. but .. well .. I do love you ..
and you did have the choice, free will
and all.

NICK

Free to choose fucking what .. to be
seduced .. seduced by you. You
knew what condition I was in .. Hell,
I was vulnerable, and you knew it ..
But you still came on to me ..

(then more to himself)

.. Are we always responsible for our
actions .. what ever our emotional state

(then back to Jazz)

.. Give me a break .. If you'd left me
alone! .. I'd have left you alone.
Just because you're a .. teenager,
doesn't mean ya haven't responsibilities
.. Jazz, I regret what I did .. but
.. hell .. I'm only human.

(leaning back)

Aw shit.

JAZZ

Don't you love me? You've never once
mentioned your feelings for me .. even
now .. Don't you love me .. even a little
bit?

Nick in a resigned but ironic descending tone.

NICK

Yeah yeah yeah.

JAZZ

Whoop-ee!

She lets go of the steering wheel, grabs him around the
neck and kisses him. Nick has to grab the wheel while
wrestling with her to avoid them going off the road.

NICK

God damn it!

JAZZ

We could be so happy together.

NICK

Will ya get back behind the fucking wheel.

He forces her across behind the wheel.

NICK

Come and see me when you've turned 30.

Jazz takes the wheel but keeps glancing towards him.

JAZZ

Ohhh .. but you'll have found someone else by then .. don't you think I'm mature enough for your taste or .. aren't you attracted to me .. physically.

NICK

Too much .. Hell, how old are you anyway?

Jazz, with a wicked sense of fun.

JAZZ

I'm nearly 15 ..

NICK

(incredulous)

What!!

JAZZ

.. going on 50.

He looks at her in disbelief.

NICK

You don't add up at all, Jazz .. there's something real weird about you .. I've been ignoring what's obvious, and that's a fact .. you ain't no young thing .. hell, you're more mature than me ..

JAZZ

Well that don't take much .. in fact, I'd say in terms of maturity, the average age of most men, is about 13 .. and you probably weigh in at about .. 15, maybe 16 .. see, we're a perfect match.

NICK

You know who you remind me of? .. Lucy ..
my wife.

Jazz stops her jokey manner.

JAZZ

That`s because I am.

She reaches out and pinches his cheek, they look into each others eyes then Nick turns away pained, staring out at the road ahead. Then in a quiet voice filled with emotion.

NICK

Don`t fuck me with that.

Nick sees something ahead, Jazz picks up on it and concentrates her attention.

The perimeter fence of Mothball City, 16 feet high, topped by razor wire, looms out of the gloom and the ensuing darkness.

Jazz slows the car and they crawl in through the open gates. The rain has now stopped and she switches off the wipers; a terrible silence.

They gaze about them but miss a chunk of human flesh on the pavement beside them. There is no one there. Jazz is anxious.

JAZZ

Shoot .. I don`t like this. I don`t
like this one bit.

NICK

So where is the gate crew?

JAZZ

Good question Nick. Pity I don`t have the
answer.

They turn and look at each other, then drive on through.

EXT. GATE HOUSE, MOTHBALL CITY. DAY. FLASHBACK.

WE see the rear lights of a car driving off into Mothball City as the rain starts coming down in torrents.

A Man in an army poncho comes out of the gate house and waits as a car drives in then waits some more as the driver winds down the window. The Man leans in towards the driver.

GUARD

But you`re supposed to be dea...

It takes Algebra a long moment to compute the meaning of his expected demise. And when the man pulls back he`s too late as Algebra pulls him in through the window by his hair and sinks his teeth into his throat. His legs thrash about in the air but not for long, then he`s dragged totally into the car. Algebra spits out the man`s throat onto the pavement.

Then he drives on through into Mothball City as the rain stops.

Nick and Jazz`s car pulls up at the gate house. They look around, then WE watch as it drives on through.

EXT. MOTHBALL CITY (CHICAGO). DAY.

The sky has cleared a little revealing the last of the evening light.

Nick and Jazz drive slowly through Mothball City (Downtown Chicago). There are no cars, no lights, and no people. The place is completely deserted but squeaky clean. The recent rain highlights the effect that this is a Gothic cartoon metropolis.

The car drifts amongst the canyons and through the shadows, finally coming to a stop outside of the Sears Building.

They get out and stand for a few moments effected by the awe inspiring atmosphere that is Mothball City. They enter the building.

INT. SEARS BUILDING. DAY.

Nick follows Jazz into the lobby; it`s deserted. Jazz cocks her gun.

JAZZ

There`s always someone here .. day

or night .. and why ain't the lights
on .. Nick, this worries me, you stay
here, and I'll go seek.

She runs off before Nick can stop her.

NICK

Jazz come back, we should stick together!

But she's gone. He follows in the direction she went but
on rounding a corner is confronted by a number of doors.
He opens the first, listens; nothing. He goes to the
second but it's just a closet.

He opens the third, stairs leading down into total
darkness. But behind the door is Algebra, holding upright
the dead body of a teenager.

NICK

Jazz!!!

Nothing but ECHOES and the tormented presence of a giant.
Nick closes the door.

Nick returns to the lobby and sits down. He lights a
cigarette and gazes out of the windows at the silhouettes
of the office blocks framed by the last light of day.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

Jazz with her gun out slides quietly into Lucy's office.
She flattens herself against the wall and searches the
shadows for a giant. Nothing but silence.

She moves across to a coat rack and takes out a pen
flashlight from a white coat.

She beams it into the corners and darkest shadows.
Nothing.

The light finally comes across to the desk which is bare
except for an open file. She moves across towards it and
beams the light onto it.

WE see:

A picture of Algebra. His name and alias.

Diagnosis: Melanoma.

Prognosis: Terminal.

Life expectancy: 2 months.

Suitability for treatment: Not suitable.

Suitability for transference: On going assessment.

She goes across to the window and looks out onto the black shapes of silent buildings.

The moon rides out from the swirling clouds and her face is lit up like an alabaster relief.

A KNOCK on the door.

She turns slowly and levels her gun.

Another KNOCK.

Jazz drops her southern accent and uses HER OWN.

JAZZ

Come in.

Algebra enters slowly and closes the door quietly behind him. He goes and sits down in the chair opposite the desk without looking at her.

Jazz moves slowly around to her chair still with the gun trained on Algebra. She sits down.

ALGEBRA

The first time was the worst. It was the sound .. Then I remembered what my school counsellor had said about detachment. How I should think that I was lucky because my height had given me this feeling of detachment from everyone. He said it would come in useful in life. Little did he know that it would only come in useful in ..
(turning to face Jazz)
death.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

JAZZ

Go on.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

A teenage Algebra is walking dream like along a suburban road.

There are a few bodies lying on the lawns and on the road, each has an accompanying pool of blood. A car is crashed into a tree and a man is half hanging out dripping blood from his mouth.

ALGEBRA (V.O.)

The swine fever virus had just erupted after 8 years of dormancy. 8 years in which it past itself from the pig implants into the host individuals and then into the rest of humanity. 8 years in which to travel around the world and infect just about everyone. 8 years of my increasing isolation in my adolescence. 8 years of feeling a .. freak. And then have it proved in the most graphic way .. I was to be the only survivor in a community of 513 people. It was then that the numbers became so apparent. 512 dead, one survivor. 8 iterations of a simple arithmetic progression .. 2 .. 4 .. 8 .. 16 .. 32 .. 64 .. 128 .. 256 .. 512 .. it all made perfect sense. Each year marked a doubling of the infection. And only freaks would survive.

A woman comes out of her house screaming. She runs up to Algebra.

WOMAN

Help me, help me please my baby's in such pain.

She pulls at Algebra pulling him pathetically towards her house. Blood oozes from her mouth.

ALGEBRA (V.O.)

I let her pull me .. I just let her pull me. Pull me past the number on the door .. number 4.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

The house is a mess. A man is dead on the sofa. The child is screaming a howl.

The woman won't go near the child. She bites her fist and drops to the floor writhing around in agony.

Algebra is standing detached watching as the woman goes into a death spasm. Her feeble cries are soon extinguished.

ALGEBRA (V.O.)

There was only that sound that terrible howl. What could I do ..

Algebra picks up the baby by the leg and holding it at arms length looks at it as if trying to work out what it is. He turns and looks at US while at the same time he swings the baby around beating its brains out against the wall.

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

Jazz still has her gun trained on him. He is slumped emotionless.

After a long silence.

ALGEBRA

That's what you wanted to know .. isn't it? How it all began.

JAZZ

(she drops the southern accent and speaks in her normal voice - the voice of Lucy)

We never doubted the fact that you were an angel of mercy, there were plenty of them at that time. It was whether it had effected you in some fundamental way.

ALGEBRA

(turning towards her)

I know you don't intend keeping your side of the bargain. What I want to know is .. why?

JAZZ

It was a test. If you'd refused to kill

the four volunteers then we would have helped you. But .. well .. you did kill them and as I`m sure you`ll understand we can`t propagate that kind of pathology indefinitely.

Algebra springs out of his seat and across the desk grasping Jazz by the throat as she pumps bullets into him.

Slowly his grip weakens as she pushes herself in the chair away from him then stands up keeping her gun trained on him. Algebra lies sprawled across the desk blood draining out of him and dropping onto the floor in a stream.

ALGEBRA

.. 2 .. 4 .. 8 .. 16 .. 32 .. 64 ..
 128 .. 256 .. 512 .. 1024 .. 2048 ..
 4096 .. 8192

He sighs and dies.

INT. LOBBY. NIGHT.

Nick gazes out onto the dark cityscape. He extinguishes his cigarette amongst many and walks outside.

EXT. SEARS BUILDING. NIGHT.

He walks out into the middle of the road and looks around in awe as the full moon comes out from behind the swirling clouds, extending his shadow to a life greater than his own.

He wanders alone; the image of the complete Noir hero.

A distant deep rumble of thunder stops him in his tracks, the clouds cover the moon once more and he freezes in anticipation.

Then all of the lights in all of the buildings come on at once. Every where light.

Then a HUGE ROAR goes up, the roar of a huge crowd at a distance.

Nick starts running, running down streets and up stairs, running in and out of shadow. A man close to madness as he trails the sound of many voices in a deserted city.

Then he spots Soldier Field Stadium in the distance; the source of the crowd's voice.

EXT. SOLDIER FIELD STADIUM. NIGHT.

Nick runs up the deserted stairs of the stadium, the sound of the crowd now deafening.

He gets to the top and slowly walks out onto the terrace. Nick, bursts out in manic laughter as he gazes down to the pitch.

A group of teenagers are playing gridiron in a stadium empty except for teenage cheer leaders. The sound of the crowd is coming from the PA system.

His mania passes with his laughter. He slowly walks down to the pitch and the kids stop playing and turn to look at him.

The PA is shut off.

NICK

Where is everybody?

(silence)

There`s nobody down at the perimeter fence, and nobody at central.

(silence)

Haven`t you heard about those weirdoes down in Memphis, Hell, they could walk right in here?

The kids look around at each other, then they turn and run across the pitch at speed, away from Nick and towards the tunnel.

Nick watches them for a while, confused, then realising that the cheer leaders are heading there too and realising he`ll soon be alone, he starts to give chase.

NICK

Hey! Come back here! .. Where the hell you going?

They`re fast and he`s falling behind when a voice calls out, stopping him in his tracks. He turns around to see Jazz running across towards him.

JAZZ

Nick, Nick, wait!

She`s carrying a couple of automatic weapons and a couple of ammo belts. But she stops short of him. She`s upset and angry and talking just like Lucy.

JAZZ

You`re going to need these .. those crazies wiped out the response unit we past, and are heading this way .. I lost some real good friends today, Nick.

She throws him a weapon and a belt, then turns and runs back the way she came. Nick is confused, he looks around at a now deserted stadium, then follows her in haste.

EXT. STADIUM CAR PARK. NIGHT.

Jazz runs up to a pick up truck and opens the cab door but Nick who is right behind her slams it shut.

NICK

What the hell is going on? .. And where have you been?

Jazz tries to be jokey but is not convincing.

JAZZ

So you missed me.

NICK

No more of your bullshit .. you`re gonna tell me what`s going on .. right now!

Jazz leans back against the truck and sighs.

JAZZ

I`ve got to tell you some time .. but it will easier if I show you.

NICK

Show me what?

JAZZ

Show you the bodies.

A terrible moment of silence.

NICK

What bodies?

JAZZ

Human bodies .. the naitcha freaks are right Nick .. we've been messing around with `naitcha` .. you know how you never wanted to know what I was up to, how you'd always change the subject when ever I'd start talking about work .. I wanted to tell you Nick .. because I knew one day that I would have to.

NICK

What the fuck you talking about!?

JAZZ

It's me! .. Lucy! .. your wife!

Nick backs off. Jazz looks at a confused Nick with both affection and sadness.

JAZZ

How can I convince you, without showing you the bodies, come on Nick, let me show you.

NICK

Wait up there a minute girl .. you're fucking with my head.

He grabs her violently by the shoulders and pins her against the truck.

NICK

Now tell me the truth! What the fuck is going on!

JAZZ

I'm telling the truth, Nick .. just let me show you the bodies.

Nick slaps her face. Jazz is both shocked and saddened.

NICK

The truth .. and now!

He shakes her.

NICK

(cont)

You've fucked with me too much .. now
tell me what's going on!

Jazz desperately thinks of a way of convincing him.

JAZZ

You remember the incident with the dog?
You remember .. when we were fishing ..
on the river, near Sebago Lake .. about
18 months ago.

EXT. RIVER BANK. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

Nick, and Jazz, are fishing by the light of a full moon
on a fast flowing river..

JAZZ (V.O.)

I'd been trying to tell you about my ..
condition .. for some time .. but couldn't
say the words.

A dog is swept past in some distress. Jazz jumps to her
feet.

JAZZ

God the poor animal, quick Nick, do
something.

NICK

What the hell do you expect me to do.

Nick looks at the animal but doesn't move. Jazz looks at
him annoyed then runs along the river bank.

NICK

What the .. hell there ain't nothing you
can do .. God damn it!

He gets up just in time to see Jazz dive in the river.

NICK

(cont)

You crazy bitch!

He runs along the river bank desperately trying to catch up.

Jazz has made it out to the dog but it is all she can do to hold onto it in the strong current.

Nick gets a little way ahead of their progress in the river, grabs a length of drift wood and wades up to his waist extending the branch to her.

She just manages to grab hold and he hauls her in. They grasp onto each other the dog in between. When they loosen their embrace Nick is looking at Lucy.

LUCY

Nick .. oh Nick .. I`m so scared .. Nick,
I`m going to die Nick, I`m going to die ..

NICK

What the hell ya talking about?

LUCY

I`ve got real bad cancer .. I`ve got less
than a year to live.

Nick looks down at her in shock and a mounting sadness.

EXT. STADIUM. NIGHT.

Jazz is looking down, the memory painful. Nick has his arms out stretched either side of her, leaning on the cab.

JAZZ

I had only a short time left to live ..
I didn`t want to die, and I didn`t have
to.

NICK

You`re bullshitting me .. she must have
told you that story!

JAZZ

And last night .. who makes love
like that?

He sags so that their heads are almost touching. She reaches up and pinches his cheek affectionately.

NICK

You want to show me bodies? .. Her body?

JAZZ

No Nick .. We don't keep the old bodies.

They stare into each other`s eyes.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM. NIGHT.

A room is filled with large glass tubes filled with liquid. Suspended in the liquid are human bodies in different stages of development, from foetus to teenage.

Nick walks through amazed.

Jazz watches him then she walks across to a tube containing a teenage girl.

JAZZ

Here Nick. Here's a fully formed one except for the brain, which is embryonic .. that`s so we can use it to graft the old brain onto the new brain stem.

A teenage girl, MELANIE, runs in. Jazz turns but Nick is lost in the world of cloning.

MELANIE

They`re here, inside of the perimeter, we`re going to have to set a trap for them, and we need all the help we can get .. Is he with us?

JAZZ

(to Nick)

You can live for ever .. or for as long as you want. And we can be together .. or for as long as .. you want.

NICK

Wow .. you sure know how to deal the cards ..

(turning)

.. but what`s the bottom line? There has to be some catch to this.

MELANIE

There isn't one.

JAZZ

She's right .. and you know I wouldn't lie to you.

NICK

It - don't - feel - right.

Jazz reaches her arms up around his neck and kisses him then gives him a warm smile.

NICK

How come you don't look the same?

JAZZ

A bit of genetic engineering .. you know I always hated my nose, and always wanted higher cheek bones like little Miss Sumray that girl in your class that had a crush on you .. and who you had a crush on, although you'd never admit it .. don't you like the new me?

Nick doesn't know what to say.

Melanie feels sick at the romantic interlude and leaves them looking at each other.

She walks across to a work station and pumps in a few commands.

A map of the city appears on a big screen.

Jazz pulls Nick across to where Melanie is playing with the computer but Nick can't take his eyes off Jazz.

They stand in front of the screen.

A red dot appears on the map, it is marked Dr. WM SCHOL COLL OF PODIATRIC MED.

MELANIE

That's where we are now ..

JAZZ

We've taken great care to make sure the research centre is well hidden, Nick .. there were always 'wild card'

Volunteers coming up to Mothball City,
who didn't have anything to do with the
cloning project .. so we had to take
that precaution from the very beginning.

Melanie points to the west of the city.

MELANIE

They didn't come in through the south
gate, but made an entrance here. We
think they will head for central .. and
we want to make certain they do .. so
we have the task to lead them that way ...

Melanie points out the route. Then she turns to Jazz,
accusingly.

MELANIE

.. only there's a problem ..
(glancing at Nick)
.. you haven't told him yet, have you?

JAZZ

(to Nick)

We know there are a couple of clones with
them, teenagers like us, you saw one
down in Osceola. Well they've turned
against the project, and they know all
about this place. Trouble is, we're not
sure what their .. intentions are.

She can see the confusion on Nick's face.

JAZZ

(cont)

Things are more complicated than we have
time to talk about right now, Nick, but
we know they have their own agenda, and
we don't think it includes getting
rid of all this.

MELANIE

So we expect they won't tell the
nature freaks about this place, but will
get them to attack central, and the
research facilities, down town. Their
agenda, has to be gaining control of
the City and getting rid of us.

JAZZ

It makes sense to allow the freaks to wreck those facilities, which would convince them that they had destroyed our `acts against naitcha`. But which are, in fact, of little importance to this project.

Nick is looking from one to the other in total confusion.

NICK

Let me get this right .. A couple of you .. clones .. have turned against the project, and are leading a bunch of weirdoes up here to attack you .. But they don't want to destroy the work that has been done? .. Hold it, hold it right there. That don't make sense.

Nick looks at Jazz, and Melanie looks at Jazz while she looks at the screen.

MELANIE

Haven't you told him anything?

NICK

Told me what?!

JAZZ

Look, we haven't time for this now.

MELANIE

You can say that again .. Look we've got no time for anything right now .. We have to act as bait. So here's the plan. If we each drive a separate vehicle, and give them reason to believe everybody is moving down to central, then that's where they'll follow us to. It's going to be dangerous, but we have to take the chance. We've just got to locate their exact whereabouts.

Melanie feeds in more commands into the computer and the screen divides into 9 units. Each an image of a different location in the city.

WE see various images of empty streets, these are replaced by 9 more, then a further 9, until one of them contains the picture of 20 odd vehicles filled with heavily armed freaks.

JAZZ

That`s them ..

MELANIE

They`re on West Ohio.

JAZZ

Come on, let`s go.

Jazz and Melanie head out leaving Nick watching the screen, he suddenly realises he`s alone.

NICK

Wait .. god damn it! Hell .. wait for me!

He runs out after them.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

The lights are still on in the deserted city.

Jazz, Nick, and Melanie, each driving a vehicle drive down North

La Salle St. They pass intersections and look down the tangential roads.

They finally drive past East Grand Avenue and see the Freaks convoy.

Jazz, Nick, and Melanie, stop their vehicles for a moment, to let the freaks get a good look at them. Then the trio head on down the road speeding up.

They pass another intersection and see another convoy; they increase their speed a little.

Passing other intersections they see even more Freaks, each new sighting has the Freaks closer to the intersections. And a column has already formed behind them, like a pack of wolves, pacing its prey.

Finally they don`t make it past an intersection as a Freak column is just there before them.

The Freaks try to cut them off but only succeed in delaying the column behind.

A running FIRE FIGHT ensues; general MAYHEM, CRASHES. The trio arrive at the Sears building and make a dash for the entrance.

A VOLLEY from the building cuts down the first wave of Freaks and they retreat to the cover of the buildings opposite or hide behind their trucks.

Melanie takes one in the back and she drops down. Jazz goes to help her but Nick picks her up and carries her into the building as bullets SPRAY UP around them.

Melanie tries to get up and is cut down in a HAIL OF LEAD, her body dancing with the IMPACTS of the bullets.

INT. SEARS BUILDING. NIGHT.

The foyer has been fortified with armed adults and teenagers defending the barricade.

Nick drops Jazz who immediately goes to return to Melanie but she is stopped by a teenager who indicates that Melanie is dead.

TEENAGER

Go down to the basement they`re making
their way out down there.

Nick drags Jazz along and they descend into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

People are milling about carrying things, while others are wiring up metal drums full of explosives.

Jazz breaks away from Nick and runs across to help a teenager, JACK, with a roll of wire.

JAZZ

Jack, I hope you`re ready, because
they`ll be in soon.

JACK

Yeah we`re ready .. give me a hand
.. hey you, carry this.

He pats a large spool and Nick realises that Jack is talking to him.

NICK

Would anyone mind telling me what`s
happening.

JAZZ

Please Nick .. we haven`t got time
for .. anything.

Nick mumbles but picks it up. Jazz starts unwinding it
and they make their way to a tunnel.

A MAN runs down the stairs followed by others. SHOTS can
be heard coming down the stairwell.

MAN

They`re in the building! Let`s get out
of here!

INT. TUNNEL. NIGHT.

They run down the tunnel around a few corners then Nick
puts the empty spool down.

Jack connects the wires to a detonator box, he`s
beginning to wheeze; the onset of an asthma attack.
People rush past them.

NICK

God dam! What are you waiting for?

JACK

The signal that all the Freaks are in the
building .. better go and check Jazz.

Jazz throws her gun to Nick, then follows the speeding
crowd. Jack is now gasping for breath.

NICK

(looking at Jack)

What is it, asthma?

(Jack nods)

Great, just great.

No more Volunteers come past but FREAK VOICES can now be
heard coming from the tunnel. Nick looks at Jack, who is
in a bad way.

NICK

Aw shit .. I`d better go and hold them up.

He grabs his weapon and runs down to the first corner. He
peeps around and is greeted by a WALL OF LEAD.

He drops to the floor puts his gun around the corner and lets rip. The gun is BLASTED from his hands. He runs back to where Jack, gasping, is anxiously waiting for Jazz returning from the other direction.

NICK

Blow the god damn thing! Blow it!

Jack flicks the switch, nothing. Nick kneels down next to him and flips the safety and presses.

A DULL THUD can be heard. Nick picks Jack up and throws him across his shoulder and runs down the tunnel to the next corner.

As the Freaks round the other corner a silent ball of flame engulfs them all.

EXT. SEARS BUILDING. NIGHT.

The first seven floors of the building BLOW OUT. FLAMES engulf the building.

A few Freaks get BLOWN across the road, then a second EXPLOSION erupts under the street where the remaining Freaks are gathered. They're BLOWN to pieces as the road sinks into the ground.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

Jazz, with Nick carrying Jack come running out of a building and leap into the last pickup truck. It ROARS off.

The BURNING Sears building can be seen in the back ground.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTRE. NIGHT.

The pickup truck arrives into a huddle of others. People are standing around in groups.

Jazz and Nick help Jack out of the truck and look back to where they can see the sky lit up by the burning building. Some people come and take Jack from them helping him into a wheel chair.

WOMAN

Where`s he hurt?

JAZZ

No he hasn`t been injured he`s having
an asthma attack .. see you later Jack.

The Woman wheels him away.

NICK

What now?

JAZZ

We have to wait .. we didn`t get them
all, that`s for sure, and we have to
wait and see if the clones bring them
here.

She walks away towards the building exhausted.

Nick finally turns away from the fiery sky line and joins
her sitting on some steps.

NICK

I think I`m going crazy .. what the fuck
has happened to the world.

JAZZ

I guess it was all too good to last ..
perhaps conflict is just part of
our nature, Nick.

NICK

Hell .. we had a perfect world .. 3 months
work a year, do anything you want, and
everything for free .. so what`s all
this shit about?

JAZZ

Eternity.

NICK

(annoyed)

What the fuck`s that supposed to mean?

JAZZ

I`m not just a clone Nick .. I`m an
immortal being.

He turns to look at her, then he laughs, because she doesn't look much like an immortal being, more like a Hogarthian street urchin.

JAZZ

You may laugh Nick, but we found a way of switching the gene off which makes us age .. so it's new rules .. Life becomes even more precious, once you know that you can live forever.

NICK

Hell I don't even know if I want to live for ever. What's wrong with being dead anyway .. can't be worse than the shit I've been through the last couple of days.

Jazz gives a weak laugh and sidles up to him affectionately.

NICK

(cont)

Just look what's happened to you.. I'm married to a teenager, for Christ's sake .. I tell ya the worlds going down the tubes .. hell the twentieth century was better than this .. least then you were too busy surviving to think about .. forever.

JAZZ

Nick .. there's another problem.

NICK

Aww shit .. don't tell me .. just don't tell me.

JAZZ

We have to hunt the 2 clones down.

NICK

Leave that to the response units when they get here.

JAZZ

We can't risk them getting caught .. they'd be bound to tell the Volunteers

about what we have here.

NICK

So what!?

JAZZ

Think about it .. if they find out they can have immortality .. they`re going to want it too.

NICK

So, let em .. if they think it`s so great.

JAZZ

But if we did, nobody would die .. and in a very short time the world would be over populated.

NICK

What are you saying?

JAZZ

Right now the world has a population of 20 million, more or less. But it would only take 8 generations, and that`s if every woman only had 2 children, to get the population back up to what it was at the end of the 20th. century. You see there would be nobody dying, and in just 8 generations, we clones, would number 10 billion plus. And the planet could hardly handle the 6 billion there was before the bio disaster.

NICK

Well that`s definitely Lucy talking, because it always amazed me that you could think like that. You could always abstract away the truth .. when the only truth is .. what you live with day to day.

JAZZ

But for anyone who lives for ever, believe me, it`s pretty real.

NICK

(sarcastic)

So what you saying, we got to kill

these clones, to save the world ..
(then realisation)
.. hold it .. those 4 kids in Houston
.. is that why they were murdered?

JAZZ

(filled with guilt)
I`m afraid so .. there were six clones
who wanted to share immortality with the
other Volunteers .. They`d just
settled into Houston, hoping to figure
out a way of convincing central that
the story they had to tell was real.
It`s difficult to convince anybody
without the bodies, as you know. It gave
us just enough time to track them down.

She tries to define his reaction.

NICK

It wasn`t you that killed them?

JAZZ

It might as well have been .. I was
part of it from the very beginning. And it
was easy enough to make sure you got the
`wild card` to be detective. We always
have people in Huston and naturally they
sent me to .. intercept you.

NICK

Wow .. they wanted to tell the Volunteers
.. and you .. this lot .. stopped them
.. and I helped you. Hell, that`s murder.

JAZZ

6 billion people died in the bio disaster.
6 billion people! I suppose that`s not
murder .. just statistics. Think
about it Nick .. think about it.

NICK

Think! .. I think I liked you better,
dead.

JAZZ

Please don`t say that.

Nick gets up his demeanour turned cold. Jazz holds onto his arm but he aggressively wrenches it free and walks off.

JAZZ

Please Nick .. Please.

Nick walks through the small groups of people ignoring her calls as he heads down the road back towards the burning sky line.

Jazz watches him go, tears flowing down her cheeks, then she raises her weapon to her shoulder and shoots him in the back.

The scene freezes as Nick falls.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM. DAY.

The door opens and Jazz steals in, she goes up to the bed and sits on it looking at a teenager. She takes his hand and he wakes with a start.

TEENAGER

Wow, that was some dream.
(smiling at Jazz)

Jazz, it would make a great movie.

A strange look comes over the teenager's face, and he raises his hand to his throat.

TEENAGER

(cont)

What`s happened to my voice.

He looks at the hand that he brought up to his throat and freaks.

TEENAGER

What`s happened to my hand!

Jazz takes hold of his other hand.

JAZZ

Nick, it will be strange for a few days,
but you`ll be surprised how quickly
it becomes normal, and amazed how much
energy you have.

Nick digests this information with slow realisation, and then he rips his sheet off and examines his body

NICK

God damn an blast! .. Hell! .. I don't recognise my own body.

Jazz leans across and kisses him. Then with exaggerated sincerity masking humour.

JAZZ

Sorry I had to kill you.

Nick is in a state of shock and can't respond, he keeps looking at himself.

JAZZ

(cont)

I know it was selfish of me but I couldn't bear the thought of you not being around. I love you too much. Anyway .. come on .. get up .. try out those new legs.

She can't help but laugh at the expression on Nick's face as the truth settles in.

She helps him up and puts his arm around her shoulder so that he can support himself against her and they walk slowly to the door.

EXT. BALCONY, RESEARCH CENTRE. NIGHT.

Black swirling clouds make a dynamic back drop to Mothball City in total darkness. As this scene progresses so the clouds depart to the horizon leaving a beautiful moonlit night.

Jazz and Nick come out onto the balcony which over looks Mothball City. They lean against the rail.

NICK

So what happened? ..

He gives her a nasty sideways glance.

NICK

(cont)

.. Besides you shooting me.

JAZZ

We were lucky, the 2 clones were killed in the explosion and so our secret's safe .. and the few remaining Freaks went back to the wilderness.

NICK

It don't change things ..

His new voice doesn't sound convincing.

JAZZ

Oh Nick .. we can be together forever, just like in fairy stories, and there won't be any more killing .. I promise. But if you tell the other Volunteers, then all of the trouble will start again and the killing will start in earnest. Now you wouldn't want that?

NICK

Aw Hell ..

JAZZ

Besides .. we can figure out a way to solve the problem .. after all .. we have all the time in the world.

NICK

You promise me that?

Jazz crosses her heart little girl style.

NICK

God damn .. I never could win an argument with you.

Nick turns to her and she puts her arms around his neck.

NICK

So what we going to do forever, anyway.

JAZZ

You'd be surprised how great sex is, in a new body.

She gives him a wicked look and he weakens and they kiss.

JAZZ

Mind, I kind of liked that old craggy one.

NICK

It'll grow back.

Jazz gives him a sad look.

JAZZ

I'm afraid not .. well there had to be a difference some where, Nick.

NICK

Shit! .. you mean I'm going to be like this .. forever!

Jazz laughs at an incredulous Nick and WE zoom off to the swirling black clouds and a massive flash of lightening.

SOUND TRACK - THE DOORS - RIDERS ON THE STORM

CREDITS