

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

TOM FRIEND (cont'd)

You're so high and mighty with your printing press. You've done unspeakable things. You've seen unspeakable things. You've caused unspeakable things. For what, for business men to enrich themselves?

EDITOR

Now wait a minute. Right and wrong are anything but black and white.

TOM FRIEND

For you maybe.

EDITOR

You don't realize how good you have it. You're accountable to nobody and everybody knows it. The whole civilized world shakes in its boots when you come. And you know why? You can make heroes out of bums and villains out of good upstanding people with the stroke of your pen. You've got the right to slander anybody, assassinate anybody's character. You can tell any kind of story you want and you never have to reveal your sources. It's called freedom of the press, first amendment rights. You're a reporter and a reporter looks up to no one. Remember that...

(then)

You're like a son to me. Why do you hate me?

TOM FRIEND

What do you want?

EDITOR

There's a benefit concert.

TOM FRIEND

A benefit concert?

EDITOR

Yeah for medical relief. It's going to be broadcast on the network. The network is government controlled. I wanna know if it's a PR thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

EDITOR (cont'd)

I wanna know if they're trying to make themselves look compassionate. I wanna know if it's some kind of setup. Or if it's some nefarious ploy to weed out the rebels. There's a story there.

TOM FRIEND

Come on. That's no story. That's every story. That is the story.

EDITOR

Make it into something. Or, make something up.

TOM FRIEND

(pause)

How much time do I have to do this? I don't have a lot of time.

EDITOR

A lot of time? Lincoln delivered the immortal Gettysburg Address in under five minutes. Don't tell me about time.

Pause.

EDITOR

OK, here's something else...there's only one performer.

TOM FRIEND

Only one?

EDITOR

Yeah, Jack Fate.

Tom absorbs this information. This has clearly more significance than he anticipated. He is thrown by the revelation then:

TOM FRIEND (cont'd)

OK... I changed my mind.

EDITOR

About what.

TOM FRIEND

About what? About everything.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

15

EDITOR
About everything?

Editor holds up his liquor bottle, invitingly. Tom Friend, takes it and pours a drink.

TOM FRIEND
Everything...

The Editor gives Tom the key to unlock his ankle monitor.

CUT TO:

16 INT. BUS - NIGHT

16

Jack Fate and a SOLDIER sit together. The soldier speaks. As he does, we move down the aisle of the bus, looking at the busdriver, the passengers, their faces, their hope and disappointment and resignation, then out the window at the squalor and remnants of violence and war.

SOLDIER
I'm from a small village in the mountains. We don't even have a doctor. So I joined the rebels. I didn't know what the answers were. I still don't. I just knew you had to take sides. You had to fight. There were no sidelines. There were no innocent bystanders. Only the dead and the living. Pretty soon, I saw the rebel movement was corrupt. The leadership were lying to the people. They wanted to replace the old government with a new government which was just as bad. They were taking money, making promises they had no intention of keeping. A small army of counter-revolutionaries grew to battle the rebels in the mountains where the government forces were ineffective. I changed sides. No one ever noticed. This new movement was fighting for the truth the rebels supposedly believed in but really didn't. Then I realized that this movement was funded by the very government I wanted to topple.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SOLDIER (cont'd)

By that time, I realized I didn't want the government to fall. It would only be replaced with anarchy. I started believing in preserving the republic, so I joined the government forces. I fought bravely for the cause. Suffered wounds, sickness. My own family turned on me. Disowned me. I tried to explain, but they wouldn't listen. Then one day, we wiped out a small village. We were told something about rebels having infiltrated. But it was a lie. The men were already dead or old. All that was left were women and children. It was my village. I couldn't participate. I ran. I was caught and dishonorably discharged. Now, I'm returning to my village, a village that may no longer even exist, disabled, dishonored, shamed.

The camera moves past Jack, listening to the soldier, his face, a mask of loss and pain. He offers Jack Fate a drink. Jack Fate declines. The soldier offers Jack some pills. Jack declines again.

SOLDIER (cont'd)

When I sleep, my dreams become my reality. If only I would live in my dreams. Do you ever dream?

JACK FATE

Yeah, I dream. In my dreams I'm walking through fire with intense heat, but I don't pay any attention to my dreams.

The soldier takes his pills with the liquor and goes to sleep, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. TOM FRIEND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

Tom Friend's woman, PAGAN LACE, kneels before a small shrine. It includes candles, fruit, small totems and fetishes, jars of liquid, red and yellow, a damaged bust of a woman and a painting of the president of this unnamed country in military garb. In a repetitive ritual of sorts she counts, she washes, she pours, she counts again while she prays.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

PAGAN LACE

Lord, how are they increased that trouble me. Many are they that rise up against me...Arise O'Lord: Save me, oh my god, for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone, thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly...

Tom Friend enters and kneels beside Pagan Lace. He is silent and sullen. She ignores him at first until she completes her ritual. Then:

PAGAN LACE

What's the matter, Tom? You look disturbed.

TOM FRIEND

Yea, 'cause there's always something the matter, right?

PAGAN LACE

I don't want there to be.

TOM FRIEND

You don't understand. You can't stay honest out there even if you wanted to.

PAGAN LACE

What do you mean? What's changed?

TOM FRIEND

The pervert is the top man now. Man of the hour.

She becomes distracted, listening to the voice inside her head. Annoyed, He starts to pack. Then:

PAGAN LACE

What did you say?... Where are you going?

TOM FRIEND

I'm gonna be gone for a couple of days. Maybe you shouldn't be here when I get back.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

PAGAN LACE

But I want to be with you. We can have a good time.

TOM FRIEND

Good times don't last long.

PAGAN LACE

Why are you making everything so tragic?

TOM FRIEND

Tragic? What do you know about tragic? Every period in history has been more or less tragic.

He continues packing. He adjusts his boot, and we see a knife protruding from it. Pagan drifts off, repeating the prayer to herself, mumbling, lips moving. Then, she is seized by a new thought; as if she's been told to ask this question.

PAGAN LACE

Tom, if you had to kill somebody, how would you do it? With a gun, a knife, or a club?

TOM FRIEND

With my bare hands.

He embraces her.

TOM FRIEND (cont'd)

Look, it's an overcrowded world, it's hard to get to the top. There's a long line at the elevator.

PAGAN

It doesn't matter, Tom. We'll take the stairs. Let me go with you.

As they embrace, Tom opens an ornate box on a dresser. Inside is a pistol and hypodermic needle. He kisses Pagan Lace on the neck, like a vampire. She fully capitulates, as we:

CUT TO:

18 INT: BUS - NEXT DAY

18

Jack Fate and Soldier, both asleep. On the bus, somebody has a radio. The bus suddenly comes to a stop. There is a commotion outside. Through the window, we see a group of armed men harassing some villages and blocking the path of the bus. The two men awaken and observe.

JACK FATE

What's going on? Who are these guys?

SOLDIER

The Counter-revolutionaries. They've stopped the bus.

JACK FATE

Where are they from?

SOLDIER

Rome, Paris, Vienna, Moscow. Who knows? They're from wherever they're from.

JACK FATE

What now? What do they want with the bus?

SOLDIER

Anything they can get away with. They might just harass us and let us go. They might kill us or force us to join them. They might drug us. Who knows. They don't trust anybody, not even their commander.

We see the soldiers harassment has intensified.

SOLDIER (cont'd)

Violence is the only tool they know, the only one in their box. You can't build a house with only one tool. I've got that tool in my box, too. I'll show them.

He gets up, gets his gun from his bag and jumps off the bus. We stay on the face of Jack Fate. He hears angry words exchanged. The bus abruptly takes off. Jack Fate looks out the rear window as the rebels assassinate the soldier in a flurry of gunfire. Jack, might wince a bit reflexively at the sound of the gunfire.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

The women and children shriek. But Jack's reaction is not of fear or surprise. He's come to expect this in the world he lives in.

BUS DRIVER

They have no ideology. They'd push both Jesus and Judas aside. . .

As the bus rambles on, we

CUT TO:

19 INT. BAR - DAY

19

BOBBY CUPID, young, volatile, reckless, fearless, foolish, devotee of Jack Fate, his main and possibly only remaining apostle is tending bar. It's early in the morning and there's one DRUNK drinking.

BOBBY CUPID.

Sun's coming up.

DRUNK

Big shit. It comes up every day.
Bother me when the sun don't come up.

BOBBY CUPID

I'll do that...

Bobby Cupid walks away.

DRUNK

Hey, do I need to ring a bell to get a refill? You see my glass is empty.

BOBBY CUPID

Your glass is always empty. And so is the space on the counter where your money's supposed to be.

DRUNK

Kid, you keep this shit up and you ain't gonna make it to middle age.

BOBBY CUPID

Put your money on the counter.

DRUNK

I ain't kidding.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BOBBY CUPID

No, of course not.

DRUNK

Tell me, I'd like to know who's
presiding over this slaughterhouse --
you or me?

BOBBY CUPID

Look, tough guy. If you want the
world to be flat, it's flat. If you
want it to be round, it can be round.

DRUNK

You son of a bitch. I know a lot of
things.

BOBBY CUPID

The more you know, the more you'll
suffer.

DRUNK

You got that right.

Phone rings. Bobby Cupid answers it.

BOBBY CUPID

Hello...who? Jack Fate!...hell yeah,
I'll accept the charges...Hey...What's
that?...What am I doing?...You're
shitting me. You're out of the can?
...You're gonna perform?...A benefit
concert? OK...No, I think I can get
away...I got some sick time coming to
me...Shit, I'll be there before you
hang up...Oh, yeah, watch me. Since
when did you start doing benefits from
the lockup?

Bobby hangs up and prepares to leave.

BOBBY CUPID (cont'd)

Hey, man. No hard feelings. But I'm
sure the next guy that serves you a
drink will draw the same conclusions.

The drunk blocks Bobby Cupid's path.

DRUNK

I've had enough out of you.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

The Drunk pulls a gun and lunges at Bobby Cupid. Bobby grabs a large birdcage with the large bird still inside it and smacks the drunk upside the head. The bird SQUAWKS and flies around inside the cage. In short order the man is down and out. Bobby Cupid looks up. There's no one in the bar. He throws on his snakeskin jacket and walks out into the harsh sunlight.

CUT TO:

20 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

20

Two crew guys working on the stage.

ONE

I took my wife to Russia. We had a guide over there named Rudolph.

TWO

You don't say?

ONE

We were leaving, and it started to snow, and I said to my wife, "Look dear, it's snowing." And the guide says, "No, it's raining." And my wife says to me, "It must be raining. Rudolph the Red knows rain, dear."

They exchange a glance.

CUT TO:

21 INT. BUS STATION - DAY

21

It is a bustling station: People come and go on their way to who knows where. Jack Fate hangs up the pay phone and begins to head towards his bus. Another person immediately takes the phone. They check for change. Jack is intercepted by a beautiful but tarted up, vulgarly attired woman. The bus starts its engine.

WOMAN

I know you, do you remember me?

JACK FATE

I don't know, my memory's blocked.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

WOMAN

Down on Coliseum Street, the Inferno Club? I was the lady in red, you made up a song for me.

JACK FATE

Oh yeah. Lady in red. Slow, dreamy ballad.

WOMAN

The Inferno Club burned down. You were there that night.

JACK FATE

Oh was I?

WOMAN

Would you like to go out? Sensuality is my specialty.

JACK FATE

I got a radical hostility towards sensuality.

WOMAN

Oh, do you. How do you feel about bikinis?

JACK FATE

Bikinis infuriate me.

WOMAN

Oh, you sound like a bad man. You got anymore songs in you?

JACK FATE

I don't know.

WOMAN

Let's go find out, shall we?

Jack checks his watch. It's broken.

JACK FATE

All right, let's go see.

They walk away together as Jack's bus pulls out of the station.

CUT TO:

22 INT. PALATIAL MANSION. - DAY

22

A darkly disturbed, voracious and ambitious man, EDMUND, emerges from behind a curtained area. We get a glimpse behind the curtain, of a sick old man being attended to. Edmund is joined by another man, EDGAR, as they walk purposely to some destination, reviewing and signing papers.

EDGAR

Does he have any idea about this concert?

EDMUND

Of course not.

EDGAR

Should we tell him?

EDMUND

Of course not.

EDGAR

You saw who the headliner is going to be.

EDMUND

I like Stravinsky and Beethoven. Schubert's really good. Modern music doesn't do much for me. And, frankly, it doesn't do much for the President, either.

EDGAR

At least it's not some banjo player. Is there anything we should do?

EDMUND

If they had gotten a big star to headline the concert, we might need to take action. Disrupt it. Discredit it. But they couldn't get a big star. Big stars think it's too dangerous here. Big stars like doing benefits, it eases their guilt ridden consciences, but only if the benefit is held someplace where they won't be shot at. Big stars don't understand what's going on here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

EDMUND (cont'd)
 And big stars don't want to put their
 lives on the line for a cause they
 don't understand.

EDGAR
 Except Jack Fate.

EDMUND
 Jack Fate doesn't understand anything.
 And, he's not a big star.

They chortle at this. Then, they stop. Edmund signs the
 last piece of paper and they go their separate ways.

CUT TO:

23 INT. STAGE - DAY

23

Work is progressing on the stage. Nina and Uncle
 Sweetheart stand in the midst.

NINA
 He's not here.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 How do you know?

NINA
 I don't see him.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 Maybe he's like Claude Raines in that
 movie, "The Invisible Man".

NINA
 Who? If he doesn't show up you'd
 better get invisible.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 You gotta learn how to wait. You're
 going too fast. You gotta wait for
 life to unfold sometimes.

NINA
 Wait? Like some animal caught in a
 trap waiting for someone to deliver
 the last blow?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

UNCLE SWEETHEART

No, no, no. Not that kind of wait.
More like a fisherman when he can't go
to sea, he repairs nets.

NINA

Fisherman or not, you don't
understand, we're hanging on by a
thread.

Uncle Sweetheart steps up to Nina Veronica and looks
uncomfortably into her face. She holds her ground.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

I can see my reflection in the pupil
of your eye.

NINA

You have no idea where he is.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

You're exhausting your emotional
repertoire. If all of us are hanging
by a thread we ain't got a chance
anyway.

He gives up and walks away.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)

(sotto)

Why don't you go have your tits
tightened...

Before he exits, he turns to Nina Veronica.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)

I'm going around the corner to get
some fried chicken, grits and sweet
potatoes. If I hear anything I'll let
you know.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. STREET - DAY

24

Dawn approaches as the bus Jack rides on follows its
route through the streets of this unnamed city, past
burnt out buildings, burnt out people. Past signs and
storefronts in a variety of foreign languages. It is
quiet like a Sunday morning.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

We follow the bus on a serpentine trail, down obscure side streets past boarded up buildings and closed warehouses. The distinguishing characteristic that unifies these disparate locations are gigantic Mao-like posters plastered everywhere of an intimidating, mythical, strong-arm leader in the Stalin, Tito, Khomeini, Hussein, Pinochet, Noriega mode. He stares out at us, Big Brother-like, ubiquitously, with accompanying aphoristic slogans.

The bus stops in the middle of a bustling multi-cultured downtown. Signs and speech are in every conceivable language, every conceivable alphabet. Jack Fate exits with his guitar and his bag and walks to a once grand, now dilapidated hotel. THE WHITMAN. He enters.

CUT TO:

25 INT. HOTEL - DAY

25

Jack Fate walks toward the lobby, past the broken down men, who now inhabit this place. On the wall is a Diego Rivera-like mural depicting the great works of the President. He approaches the DESK CLERK and picks up a pen.

JACK FATE

Place looks familiar. I think I stayed here before.

DESK CLERK

Well, welcome back.

JACK FATE

Your pen's still out of ink.

DESK CLERK

Not a problem, sir. You here for the concert?

JACK FATE

Yeah. Isn't everybody?

DESK CLERK

Oh, yes. They're trying to change the social order. Get rid of the ruling class. Get corruption out of this state.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

JACK FATE
That's a worthy ambition.

DESK CLERK
This whole country's preoccupied with waste. Will you be in need of a woman, sir?

JACK FATE
What kind of woman you mean?

DESK CLERK
We got all kinds. We got slave women, immigrant women, white women, black women, young women, old, middle-aged, rich, poor, middle class women, free women, Western women, Northern women, Southern women, educated, illiterate, radical women, modern. They run the gamut. Which kind you like?

JACK FATE
I just wanna sleep. Lemme have a room.

DESK CLERK
I'm gonna give you the same room Nixon slept in the night before he gave that famous speech to the press, "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." Gonna give you that room. It's got the most comfortable bed in the house.

JACK FATE
I'll take that one. What are your politics, anyway?

DESK CLERK
I don't belong to any political party. I guess you could call me a feminist, sir... Your pen sir. It's filled.

Jack Fate signs in. The Desk Clerk dangles the keys. Jack takes them, and heads to the elevator.

CUT TO:

26 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

26

Jack Fate enters the room. It is a sparsely furnished, plain room. Above the bed is a portrait of the President. He throws his stuff down and picks up the phone. He dials. It rings. Then:

(V.O.)

You have reached the official residence of the President. Built in 1714. Burned down in 1809. Rebuilt in 1818. Burned down again in 1841. Rebuilt in 1853. Burned down again in

--

Jack Fate hangs up. He opens his guitar case and pulls out a crumpled piece of paper. It contains another phone number. He dials. It rings. We

CUT TO:

27 FLASHBACK #4 - APPROXIMATELY 1963 - NIGHT

27

This flashback is more ominous, darker. It is purely handheld, hidden footage of the father, being driven in a limousine at night to an unspecified location. The driver opens the door, and exits the limo. He approaches the front door of a modest house. A beautiful YOUNG WOMAN answers. He enters. As he does, a series of stills is snapped...

JACK FATE

...My father controlled a lot of things, a lot of people, but he couldn't control my mother. He sacrificed everything he ever wanted to reach his destiny. But there were things in his head that he could never get out of his head. He had worked himself up from nothing. From the cathouses and gambling joints, he rose to the top rung of civilization. He knew the value of hard work. He knew that if he made one false step, he'd lose his place forever. But when he reached the top, he stopped working.

CUT TO:

28 INT. PALATIAL BEDROOM - DAY

28

The sick old man in the bed doesn't stir when the phone rings. Instead, a caretaker answers.

CARETAKER

Hello...

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

29

Jack Fate hangs up.

CUT TO:

30 INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

30

Uncle Sweetheart sits at the bar, drinking. On stage, a band plays cover versions of Jack Fate songs. Jack enters. Uncle Sweetheart rushes up to him.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Hey, hey, give your Uncle Sweetheart a hug...

Uncle Sweetheart hugs a reticent Jack Fate.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)

Hey, you're all skin and bones.

JACK FATE

Aren't we all. Anyway, I don't have to throw my weight around. Look at you. You've put on a few pounds.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Eating from the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

Uncle Sweetheart takes Jack into the bar.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)

Lemme show you this place. I own a piece of it.

JACK FATE

Which piece?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

UNCLE SWEETHEART

It changes every day. I've been told the profit potential will eventually offset the operating expenses. Could be a gold mine. Who knows? Come on, sit down. There's a chair. Plant your ass in it. You look good. You got the jail pale. It suits ya.

JACK FATE

What do you got cooked up, Sweetheart? What's your angle?

Uncle Sweetheart is happy to oblige.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

This is going to be a patriotic rhapsody, Jack. Here's the deal. You're working for the people. The peasants. The children. Imagine yourself being reincarnated in the civil war in Babylon.

JACK FATE

Civil war in Babylon?

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Come on son, snap out of it. You gotta stand up on your tiptoes to see the future.

JACK FATE

You're the same old sorry sight. Same old baggy-pants philosopher.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Yes. And remember this, if nothing else -- we philosophers cannot change our minds. Look, man, this is our big chance.

JACK FATE.

Another big chance.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Yeah, that's right. You do this show, this benefit, it's gonna be broadcast all over the world. You get your career back on track, maybe a tour, maybe a record, maybe both.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)
 Make a little money AND save the world, all at the same time. It's all politics, Jack; and money is the mother's milk of politics. And we'll be raking it in.

JACK FATE
 You're so crazy. You know you're not gonna make any of those things happen.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 So?

Jack laughs. So does Uncle Sweetheart.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)
 So, will you play?

JACK FATE
 Of course I'll play. You know I'll play.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 Good. I already told 'em you would.

Uncle Sweetheart enjoys his own joke.

JACK FATE
 You couldn't get anybody else, could you?

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 I didn't even attempt it. Didn't even cross my mind. Nobody could be like you, and a great many have tried. I know it'll come off.

JACK FATE
 I need some boys to back me up.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 I got some musicians here, Jack. Some cats who are never late.

JACK FATE
 What do you mean? Late for what?

UNCLE SWEETHEART
 Well, they never play behind the beat.

This fails to get a rise out of Jack.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

JACK FATE

Oh, yeah. That kind of late.

Uncle Sweetheart motions to the stage.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Feast your eyes on The Hand Of Fate.
The best and only Jack Fate cover band
in the world...

Uncle Sweetheart stands up. Ubiquitous whiskey bottle in hand.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, I have a special
treat for you this evening. Not only
do we possess the Hand of Fate this
evening. We possess the whole body!

Attention shifts to a chagrined Jack Fate. The band and the audience are excited at his presence in the club. Reluctantly, he is coaxed on stage. He huddles with the band, conferring for a moment, then kicks into "All Along The Watchtower"

LYRICS:

"There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief,

"There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.

Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth.

None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,

"There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.

But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate,

So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late."

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (4)

30

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view

While all the women came and went, barefoot servants,
too.

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,

Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

When it's over, Jack thanks the band. Everyone responds
enthusiastically. Clearly, the magic exists. But Jack
unstraps his guitar and exits. As he passes Uncle
Sweetheart:

JACK FATE
They play good.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
I told you they would.

JACK FATE
Where'd you get these guys?

UNCLE SWEETHEART
Appeared before my eyes.

JACK FATE
What a pleasant surprise.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
Me too, I was hypnotized.

This is a game they play. A rhyming game. Satisfied, Jack
exits.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY

31

Jack walks past a group of homeless people who stand
around a bonfire, the radio preacher's omnipresent voice
bellows out of the same homeless man's broken boom box.

RADIO PREACHER (V.O.)
The only power the government has is
to crack down on criminals. When
there aren't enough criminals, you
make them. You make so many things a
crime that it becomes impossible to
live without breaking laws.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

RADIO PREACHER (cont'd)

Who wants a nation of law-abiding citizens? What's there in that for anyone? You pass laws that can't be observed or enforced or even objectively interpreted. You create a nation of lawbreakers and then you cash in on guilt. That's the system, that's the game. Once you understand that you'll sleep a lot easier. Remember, life is like riding in a taxi, even if you're not going anywhere, the meter is ticking.

A pickup truck with armed men glides by. They eye Jack warily as if they recognize him.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - MORNING

32

Jack reaches the SOUNDSTAGE and is stopped by an ARMED MAN (in civilian clothes). The man stops Jack, gazes into his eyes, scrutinizing him, trying to look within.

ARMED MAN

How'd they ever get you to do this? I didn't think you performed anymore. They must be scraping the bottom of the barrel.

JACK FATE

I might have a few songs left. How'd they get you into this? You used to be a student. You know how to use one of those?

ARMED MAN

Yeah, they taught me. I can shoot it, clean it, and take it apart. They taught me a bunch of other stuff too. I can tell a military officer's rank just by looking at his insignia. You ever hear of the Brown Bomber?

JACK FATE

Name rings a bell.

ARMED MAN

The only boxer buried in Arlington. Joe Lewis. Great American.

(MORE)

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32 CONTINUED:

32

ARMED MAN (cont'd)
Lived a tough life. You wouldn't try anything, would you?

JACK FATE
I got a lot of respect for a gun.

The Armed Man motions for Jack to enter.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE -- MORNING

33

Jack Fate enters and walks past an ANIMAL WRANGLER, who has his vehicle parked in front of a pen set up for the animals to roam around in. They include a pig, a snake, a goat, a sheep, and a HUMAN who sits quietly amongst them. He and Jack exchange eye contact, as he seems to prepare some sort of barbecue pit. He heats the coals, cleans the grill, sharpens utensils. As he talks we will examine the similarities between the animals and the humans: Their eyes, noses, hair, etc.

JACK FATE
Beautiful animals.

ANIMAL WRANGLER
I'll thank you. But it's God that deserves the credit. They have no time to bother with success or getting rich. They have no fantasies of glory. They don't borrow money to buy things that decrease in value while they own it. See, they're beautiful 'cause they just are. They do what they do. A lion don't try to be a tiger. A rabbit don't do an impression of a monkey. They don't try to be what they're not. Unlike us. Us human beings. I don't care if I ever see another one. I'm not talking about animals, I'm talking about human beings. Every human being, all of mankind. The only reason they're here is to destroy the planet. Human beings have been sent here on some ungodly mission. These animals, they were here first. They roamed freely, each one with its own identity and place. Animals should be cherished. They bring joy to the world.

(MORE)

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33 CONTINUED:

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ANIMAL WRANGLER (cont'd)

The animal kingdom, the greatest kingdom on earth. You know who's destroying the earth? Not the animals. The tiger, the lion, the cheetah, the snake, the monkey, the baboon, the giraffe, the bear, the panther, the dog, fish, the birds, all perfect in their original forms. Then -- man came in. Who created him and for what purpose? Still a mystery. Why is he here? A mystery. He's a trespasser. Doesn't know his place. Of course he doesn't know his place, he doesn't have one. Man, the bear hunter, the fur trapper, the deer chaser. The lowest form in existence. A spoiler, an agitator, stirs up trouble wherever he goes. The zoo, the aquarium, prisons for animals. These animals cannot learn anything from mankind. Man doesn't have a thing to teach them. Man is here to conquer and destroy and after he's done with the animals, he'll turn on himself. You'll see. I avoid looking at human beings. They disgust me so much with all their atom bombs and automobiles. Two shivering bicycle mechanics, from Dayton, Ohio, inventing a contraption called an airplane. How insane. All the forms and shapes. They build hospitals for diseases they create. Human beings? Alone with their secrets. No one truly knows them. If I go through the day without seeing one, I consider that a good day. My soul has not been contaminated. The only righteous human beings in my book are the children and the elderly. Muslim, Jew, Christian, atheist, secular humanist. All these religions, ideologies, titles, all the same. Going down toward the same pit. I look at a crack in the sidewalk and I find it more beautiful than any human being. You know what I mean?

JACK FATE

Yeah, something like a curse, I guess, being born.

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