

Here Comes Trouble

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**PRELUDE EPISODE: ONE DARK NIGHT IN A DARKER ALLEY**

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A couple grinds away against the brick wall of a squalid back alley.

The MAN finishes, catches his breath. Zips up. The woman wraps her arm around him from behind. Spins him to face her. Grabs his face in both hands. Plants a deep, wet kiss.

Her fist flies into his unprotected gut. Uppercut. Elbow. Forearm to the trachea. Knee to the groin. And a flying kick delivers a booted toe to his chin.

The man collapses unconscious in a shallow, muddy puddle.

The woman, KENDRA ST. CROIX, a striking blonde in a waist cut jacket, leather skirt, fishnet stockings and boots with stiletto heels, pulls a compact out of her jacket pocket and checks her make up.

The face in the mirror is young, fresh, winning, with a lot of hard miles behind the eyes. She checks smudged eyeliner. Squints her annoyance. Smiles. The icy, humorless smile of a predator.

PACO (O.S.)  
(Spanish)  
What do we have here?

Three Mexican charmers step into the alley. The point man, PACO, taps a baseball bat with a thick tattooed hand.

Flanked by CARLOS, snappy red leather jacket, do-rag and pristine wife beater.

And MIGUEL, stout and wide, denim jacket minus the sleeves, red leather hat on sideways. Casually spins a short length of chain around his right hand.

The crimson logo of the SENORES DE LA SANGRE, the Blood Lords, a vampire worshiping Hispanic street gang, adorns their clothes.

CARLOS  
(Spanish)  
I think she was too much for Santos.

Miguel grabs his crotch and leers.

MIGUEL

(Spanish)

I hope she's not too much for the  
anaconda.

PACO

(Spanish)

Your little pet snake can have  
what's left of her.

Carlos places two fingers in his mouth. Lets out a shrill  
whistle.

FOUR MORE FIGURES fall in place at the opposite end of the  
alley, blocking any attempt at escape.

Paco's wide, lecherous grin reveals pointed implants.

The color drains from Kendra's face. She screams.

KENDRA

Madre Dios. Vampiros!

The boys high five each other. Laugh.

CARLOS

(Spanish)

At least the bitch knows what she's  
dealing with.

A whirling blur. CRACK.

Carlos lies on the ground unconscious.

A trickle of crimson ekes out from the gash between his eyes.  
Kendra's compact rolls around near his head. Once. Twice.  
Three times. Comes to a stop next to his ear.

Paco and Miguel stare in disbelief at their compadre.

KENDRA

Too bad you bitches don't.

Kendra pushes a button on a tiny remote.

The compact explodes in a blinding flare of magnesium.

Spin. Kick. Roundhouse. Tandem blows to the neck. Miguel and  
Paco join Carlos on the alley floor. Kendra spins the chain  
and the bat.

Moves to the other four. Just as succinctly puts them on the  
ground with their friends. She picks up a discarded commando  
knife.

Paco and Miguel stir. A well placed blow to pressure points and only Miguel remains cognizant.

Shoves her hand in his mouth. SNAPS out the two implants.

A hand between his legs, one on his throat. Miguel finds himself pinned against the wall.

KENDRA  
Where is El Aguila?

MIGUEL  
I don't know what--

Kendra interrupts him with a sharp blow from the butt end of the knife to his forehead. He opens his mouth to gasp and finds the blade between his teeth.

KENDRA  
Don't think for a second that I  
will ask you again.

He nods. She removes the knife.

MIGUEL  
He's at the Marina. He's on El  
Patio Del Diablo.

KENDRA  
I don't need to remind you what  
will happen if you've lied to me.

MIGUEL  
Who are you?

KENDRA  
A snake charmer.

Her forearm presses against his throat. Flashes the knife up. Drops it down against his waist. Cuts through his belt. His pants drop.

KENDRA  
You either get it up, or I take it  
off.

Miguel's eyes go wide.

KENDRA  
You call that an anaconda? I've  
cleaned my teeth with bigger  
toothpicks.

Miguel cries, sobs, begs. Swears on his mother's grave, to God, Santa Claus, as many saints as he can remember and several he makes up on the spot.

KENDRA

Don't you dare piss on me.

An ambulance pulls into the alley, lights flashing. The sirens POP. Miguel's eyes roll to the back of his head. He faints dead away.

JOSEPHINE "CRAFTY" MCGRATH steps out of the driver's seat. Wears an elaborate tri-visor contraption with solar plates and flashing LEDs.

An instantly likable, jovial, voluptuous youth. Long brunette hair wrestled in place with chopstick and pencils. Unbridled energy and unquenchable curiosity in a Ninjas vs. Pirates T-shirt and sapphire blue cargo pants. The visor folds away.

CRAFTY

How'd the Night Eyes work?

KENDRA

Sorry. Didn't need 'em.

Crafty sighs his disappointment.

CRAFTY

Did you get...

Kendra holds a small vial of glowing golden dust.

CRAFTY

Oh, Sexy Jesus. You are so my girl.  
We need to get that bit of  
pharmaceutical love back to the  
boss.

Crafty picks up the compact and smiles.

CRAFTY

At least you use some of my toys.  
You really bedazzled their va-  
jayjays with this. And Captain  
Nasty?

KENDRA

He's on his yacht. The Devil's  
Playground.

CRAFTY

Well slap my ass and call me daddy.  
Let's go get some bad guys.

She glances at the departed Miguel. Her eyes go wide.

CRAFTY

Madonna's clit. That guy's got a  
python between his legs. You did  
not...? Oh, you are bad.

KENDRA

He's a little short sighted for my  
taste.

### **EPISODE ONE: ESCAPE FROM FANDOM**

EXT. ABANDONED PLANT NURSERY - NIGHT

A derelict line shack sits in the middle of a withered, abandoned plant nursery. One half has fallen in on itself. A single light casts a dull glow through the filthy glass of the cracked pane window.

TWO PROFESSIONALS stand guard at opposite corners, machine guns ready. From inside, the flat, wet sound of pounded flesh.

INT. PLANT NURSERY LINE SHACK - NIGHT

A sputtering incandescent light under a rusted shade illuminates the brutal scene below.

A CAPTIVE tied to a chair in the center of the room. Camo pants, shin guard biker boots; blood covers his shirt. Long, thick hair hangs in his face obscuring his features.

THREE MERCENARIES mill in the background, take strategic positions around the captive. Big, dark, armed. Consummate professionals. Outwardly casual. Coiled steel ready to spring.

Black suit, black shirt. No tie. Dark glasses. The INTERROGATOR'S jet black hair, normally slicked back, has worked its way out of its perfect coif to dance about his strained face. And the strain is evident.

His fist drives down again, strikes the captive. Hard.

INTERROGATOR

Where is it?

The captive whispers something.

INTERROGATOR  
I can't hear you.

The captive repeats.

INTERROGATOR  
Speak up.

He removes his glasses. Leans in. Nothing. Closer.

CAPTIVE  
You got nothing I need.

The captive lunges forward. Bites off a chunk of the Interrogator's ear.

The Interrogator comes up screaming, gushes blood.

Wood snaps. The chair falls to splinters. The captive lands on his back. Whips restraints under his boots.

Rolls back, spins, drops the nearest mercenary, as he swings his weapon around. The firing goes wild, sprays the second mercenary.

The captive slams his elbow back. Crushes the first mercenary's nose. Wraps his restraints around his neck. Snaps.

The Interrogator draws a gun from his shoulder holster. He is shot twice before he can return fire.

Door crashes open. The two outside guards rush in, one high, one low.

A short burst catches the first through the door. The gun clicks. The hammer falls on an empty cartridge.

The second guard stops, momentarily relieved at his good fortune. Rewarded by a knife through the chest.

The captive approaches the Interrogator, dying in a pool of blood.

He tries to raise his gun. The captive bats it away.

The captive reaches inside the Interrogator's black jacket. Removes a pack of blood stained cigarettes and a lighter.

Places a cigarette in his mouth. Snaps back his hair. Flame ignites on the lighter. A black eye patch. A snarl.

SNAKE PLISSKEN

SNAKE

Thanks for the light.

Snake stands. Looks at the third mercenary. Chair leg embeds between his eyes. He looks up at it, bewildered. Eyes roll back. He falls.

INT. PLANT NURSERY LINE SHACK CLOSET - NIGHT

A boot splinters and shatters a wooden door.

Shafts of light fall on BIG MAMA, a large black man with a black eye. Beaten, bruised, bound. Shoved in a corner.

Snake steps in. A commando knife glints in the darkness. Slices through his bonds.

BIG MAMA

What took you so long.

SNAKE

Couldn't find a light.

They scoop up abandoned weapons. Scavenge all they can carry.

EXT. ABANDONED PLANT NURSERY - MORNING

Outside the sun breaks over the far horizon.

BIG MAMA

What now?

SNAKE

Plan B.

Instantly they are surrounded by Ninjas. They drop from the trees. Appear from shallow grass traps in the ground. Line the roof of the shack.

The ninjas charge.

Dip to black.

Title card: ESCAPE FROM EARTH flashes across the screen.

INT. THE BUNKHOUSE - DAY

ESCAPE FROM EARTH plays across a large flat panel monitor in the bunkhouse.

The ultimate Geek Bachelor pad. Combination screening room, lounge and movie shrine. Two full-sized faux trees spread from opposite corners fill the walls and vaulted ceiling, twinkle with pinpoints of light.

An amusement park theme restaurant has landed.

Movie posters adorn the wall. A gigantic Buckaroo Banzai insignia hangs in the back. Various creatures, props from sci-fi, action and cult films fill the room.

Against one wall, eerily lit from above and below is a seven foot lanky straw and wood tatterdemalion. Behind it is a movie poster for 'Legend of the Broomstick Men', A Revisionist Western, directed by Bertrem Fleck.

BERTREM 'BERT' FLECK; young, casually tousled sandy brown hair, lean, earnest frame and PAPA BEAR, the large black actor that played Big Mama, sit in front of the monitor.

Papa Bear quietly noodles on a bass guitar.

VRELAND COGNOSCENTI, clean shaven head, neatly trimmed goatee, affable, magnetic, energetic, paces back and forth behind the monitor.

VRELAND

Nobody takes fan films seriously.

Bert looks pained and apprehensive. Papa Bear slaps out a tasty jazz riff. Raises his hands in a 'told you so' gesture.

VRELAND

Look. Alright. You did a great job. I mean it actually makes me want to see it. But that's the point. What if you were to make this. To avoid copping out. So you shoot a feature because you don't want to be a tease, then what? You've spent a good chunk of coin for something you can do nothing with. Literally and legally.

PAPA BEAR

Word.

VRELAND

Otherwise it's just this wanna-be masturbatory film exercise that is ultimately frustrating because it never goes beyond the two or three minutes of cool set up.

BERT  
Fair enough.

Bert queues up another piece.

BERT  
Shane had the costume. I promised  
him we'd do it. But what if?

The same piece comes up. Fast forwards to the reveal.

The cigarette. The hair, but it looks a little different,  
longer, fuller, with a gray streak through it. The eye patch  
is there but black, with orange and red flames. A subtle  
scar. The flame snaps from the lighter to reveal:

A stunning brunette, RACE NUMAN.

RACE  
I told you not to touch my family.

She stands. Draws herself to her full height. Peels off her  
torn jacket, reveals a cybernetic left arm and a form fitting  
military tunic that hugs her curves.

Now we have a different movie.

The title card appears: RACE NUMAN: ESCAPE FROM HELL

Pan up Race, spin around, revel in her tight, toned body,  
clothed only in shadows. She levels a very large and powerful  
looking gun.

RACE  
Son of a bitch will pay.

...and fires. Screen flashes white. Title card flies up:

COMING SOON

Vreland's face lights up.

VRELAND  
Now, this? I can do something with  
this.

**EPISODE TWO: CALL IT A DAY**

INT. WWII MERCHANT MARINE VESSEL - DAY

A gray metal hatch sets firmly locked in a steel bulkhead.  
Strong, impregnable. A tiny bead of water slides down.

The droplet, joined by another, continues its descent.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The hatch EXPLODES OUTWARD.

A perfect blonde steps out of the steam through the hatch, flanked by ASUKURA, a striking Oriental with long, jet black hair neatly restrained in a pony tail.

He brandishes two 9mm Rugers and a samurai sword.

The woman, TEMPEST, nearly naked. Her uniform hangs in tatters, strategically covering the essentials while accentuating her tanned and trim physique.

She holds a very large gun.

TEMPEST

Get your filthy hands off my man,  
you worthless sack of piss.

Her man, SKYLAN SPREE, chained to a generator, bruised, battered, naked from the waist up. The current centerpiece of THE DANE's machinations.

The Dane, a slimy, evil grease ball of a man. Charm and grace, whiplash mustache, wild eyes. He's not all there.

Wires run from a table of unsanitary evil to electrodes attached to Skylan's temples.

HAMMER, an enormous bulk of sinew, gristle and punishing fists wipes his sweaty brow on a blood-splattered towel slung loose around his stout neck.

THE DOCTOR squints through thick muddy glasses. Tries to clean them with his black rubber gloves.

A BADGER in black leather and metal, chained near the Dane's feet.

Beefy GUARDS abound.

THE DANE

Language, Tempest. I see there is still a desperate need to wash out that common mouth of yours. Why bother? Kill them. Now. Please.

TEMPEST

Right. Asukura, fold the tent.

GUNFIRE erupts. Chaos ensues. Bullets ricochet everywhere.

A well placed shot shatters a restraint holding Skylan.

Tempest levels her gun at The Dane. A Doctor-thrown scalpel buries itself the muzzle.

Gunfire thwarts Skylan's attempts to release his second restraint. The Dane moves to end him. Skylan grabs a nearby pipe wrench. Blocks the Dane's sabre.

Hammer rumbles forward. Tempest drops in front of him. She snaps up, gun butt first. Grabs a spanner. Connects it to the already dazed Hammer. He collapses in a heap.

Asukura's guns empty. Resorts to hand-to-hand combat with three of the guards. He spins one of the guards to fire at The Dane and Skylan. The last restraint shatters.

Skylan attacks The Dane. Tempest meets the extraordinary knife wielding skills of The Doctor.

Embroided in fisticuffs with The Dane, Skylan does not notice a guard taking aim at his head. A well-thrown pistol, courtesy of Asukura, takes him out.

The battle of blades between The Doctor and Tempest reaches fever pitch.

The Dane swings a crowbar across Skylan's forehead, knocking him senseless.

Tempest pirouettes over the Doctor's head. Drives two of his knives into his esophagus. He falls to the metal floor. Dead.

This puts her with her back to the Dane; within striking distance. He raises the crowbar.

Without looking, she delivers a killer roundhouse kick to the face. The Dane lands on top of the Doctor.

QUISP (O.S.)

And...Cut!

BERT (O.S.)

Tail slate.

The 2nd AC rushes in. Snaps the sticks in view of the camera.

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief. The set swarms with stunt coordinators and effects personnel.

TIFFANY "Tempest" TAVLARKIS helps CURTIS "The Dane" STOCKTON to his feet. She assists the Doctor. Slips. Crashes into Curtis, sends all three to the floor.

Tries to break her fall. Flips the torture cart over. It collides with a GUARD who weaves out of the way. He knocks over ASHLEY, Skylan's make up artist.

...who trips a GRIP carrying a C stand that inadvertently drives straight through the camera lens.

ACE FISHER, cameraman, walks around his camera where the tail of the C Stand arm protrudes from the camera lens.

ACE

That's a new one.

Equipment GRINDS down. The Badger GROWLS.

BERT (O.S.)

Okay everybody. We're down for a bit. Let's clear the set. Fire the fans. Open the vents.

A petite REDHEAD wraps a robe around Tempest. Curtis helps Ashley to her feet. Along with Asukura, they move off to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible.

QUISP BENTLEY, the director, bespectacled, salt and pepper beard, Chicago Cubs baseball hat, stands in front of the camera aghast.

TIFFANY

Sorry, Quisp.

QUISP

It's okay, Tiffany. What's another fifty thousand dollar lens between friends.

KATHRYN HAYES, actress, diva. The real 'Tempest Sterling' approaches her stunt double, Tiffany. Haughty and aloof. A little too aware of herself.

KATHRYN

Quisp, I really must go. I have to suck up to Neven, and you know how menstrual he gets when I keep him waiting.

She pecks him on the cheek. Waves him away.

KATHRYN

Tiffany. Stupendous, dear. You make me look magnificent as always.

Leans in to whisper.

KATHRYN

But limit your time in the sun. You're making us look like leather. Sunscreen, dearest. Use it.

Kathryn turns to the crew within earshot.

KATHRYN

Tomorrow, team.

The badger growls. Snaps. Kathryn looks disparagingly at the creature, hisses back. Leaves.

QUISP

Like we need this right now. Bert! Bert! Bertrem!

Bert hustles up from the other side of the disaster.

BERT

Yeah, boss?

QUISP

Let's wrap Ms. Tavlarkis, shall we? And our trainer?

BERT

Still puking. And his assistant is still in the hospital.

TIFFANY

It's okay. I've got him.

Tiffany reaches for the badger, which darts between Skylan's legs, knocks him backward through a Styrofoam wall.

The badger sinks his teeth into his arm. He screams. Topples into a dry ice conduit, fills the set with fog.

Quisp raises his arm in a gesture of hopelessness, catches the C stand protruding from the camera. Sends it crashing to the floor. Saved at the last possible second through a valiant effort by Ace.

He trips over Ace, sprawls across the dolly track. Lands in a bag of concrete dust next to Papa Bear, the FX Coordinator.

The stunt coordinator, Asukura, rushes to check on Skylan.

Bert lunges for the badger, grabs him by the nape of the neck. He holds the badger at arm's length. Quisp extricates himself as Asukura escorts Skylan from the set.

ASUKURA

He's probably gonna need a few stitches, maybe some antibiotics.

Quisp, livid, manages to maintain decorum.

QUISP

Mr. Fleck. Why don't we call it a day? Okay? Good, good. We're good? Okay. Good.

The badger SNAPS again. Quisp stands two inches from the badger's jaws.

QUISP

SHUT UP!

The badger complies.

### **EPISODE THREE: BBQ SUSHI**

EXT. DECK - DAY

Bert coordinates several different crews of personnel and tasks simultaneously.

Ace wheels a camera case off the deck and down the gangway.

Asukura and The Doctor, CUTTER GRAFF, depart enraptured with each other. Crew members approach, have quick decisive conversations and depart.

Tiffany, now brunette, sidles up behind Bert, her hair tucked under a baseball cap. Her face, freshly scrubbed and makeup free, allows her natural beauty to shine through.

TIFFANY

Is he pissed?

BERT

Let's just say he's had a really bad day and leave it at that.

Tiffany hangs her head. Turns to leave. A PA runs up to Bert. He waves him off. Devotes his full attention to Tiffany.

BERT

Hey. He had plenty go wrong today without dumping all the blame on you.

TIFFANY

I know, but.

BERT

The shot is in the can. He's got nothing to complain about. Not that it would stop him, but... You nailed it. You always do.

Tiffany lights at this. And her smile is something to behold.

BERT

Speaking of which. Vreland dropped by yesterday. He saw the clip.

TIFFANY

And?

BERT

He's pretty excited.

TIFFANY

Oh my God, that's awesome.

BERT

It's definitely a start.

TIFFANY

Thank you. Seriously. Thanks. What would I do without you?

BERT

Let's not test it anytime soon.

Exuberant, she hugs him. Almost knocks him over. They are saved by Papa Bear's timely intervention.

PAPA BEAR

My turn.

She playfully avoids Papa Bear as he approaches with his tongue fully extended.

He stops, flexes his fingers claw-like, looks back and forth to Tiffany and Bert.

PAPA BEAR

Have you ever noticed how Bert's  
ass fits perfectly in the palm of  
your hand?

Bert checks his rear, cocks his head at Papa Bear's claws.

BERT

You know, if you think about it,  
only a man really knows how to  
touch another man.

PAPA BEAR

Right down to business. In. Out.  
Done. Go grab a beer.

BERT

None of that cuddly shit.

PAPA BEAR

You've got the gear. You know how  
it works. What else do you need?

BERT

You don't have to talk about your  
feelings.

PAPA BEAR

Damn, the Vikings had it good.  
Horns on the hats for handles.  
Everything.

Papa Bear mimes horn helmet held thrusting. Tiffany covers  
her eyes.

TIFFANY

I'm so out of here. I leave you two  
to your Viking Love.

BERT

Banzai's?

TIFFANY

Sure. How much longer?

BERT

A few.

TIFFANY

I won't wait forever.

BERT

Don't I know it.

She struts away, a playful kick in her step. Papa Bear calls after her.

PAPA BEAR  
Don't forget, we're playing  
Catastrophe tonight.

Tiffany waves back. Disappears down the gangway.

PAPA BEAR  
She cool?

BERT  
Hell no. But she will be. You know  
her. Like water off a duck's back.

INT. BANZAI'S BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Banzai's. The de facto after-work hangout for below-the-line industry types.

East meets West. A Japanese Chuck Wagon cowboy bar with BBQ sushi, saddles and banzai trees. Waitresses are geisha and cowgirls; the bartenders, samurai.

Several cosplay girls croon karaoke.

Tiffany sits alone at the end of the bar. Peels the labels from longneck bottles.

She makes eye contact with the BARTENDER. One more? Sure.

The television screen above the bar catches her eye. An upbeat bumper drives us back from commercial.

The info-tainment news magazine, "Destination Hollywood", hosted by NEVEN KELLER. A sparkle in his perfect smile, a twinkle in his eye. Not a hair out of place.

NEVEN  
Tonight on Destination Hollywood,  
we have an exclusive interview with  
none other than the star of one of  
the longest running and most  
successful franchises in Hollywood.  
I'm speaking of Kathryn Hayes, who  
plays Tempest Sterling in the  
popular 'Here Comes Trouble'  
series.

Kathryn perches on an Art Deco couch across from Neven.

KATHRYN

Thank you Neven, it's always a pleasure to come here and let my hair down.

NEVEN

Kathryn, you've been coming here for so long, you're practically family. So tell me true, after six films in as many years, is this really the end of Tempest Sterling?

KATHRYN

Neven. Darling. A girl never tells. You'll have to wait until this summer and find out with everybody else.

NEVEN

But with a title like 'No More Trouble', what can we expect?

KATHRYN

So tenacious. Like a little pit bull. These are brutal little films we do. After a while they wear you down. I don't know how much longer I can keep beating myself up. There is only so much abuse a girl can take.

NEVEN

Are you speaking about the movie or Curtis Stockton?

KATHRYN

You saucy little monkey. I don't want to hash out any more tales of my newest soon-to-be ex-husband. But, I'll let you in on a little secret, I'm not getting any younger. And these film aren't getting any smaller.

NEVEN

I didn't realize you did your own stunts.

KATHRYN

Audiences are so much smarter these days. They can tell. They know if it's really you or some stunt person. I've got to give the people what they want.

TIFFANY

Bitch.

Tiffany throws down several bills. Snaps out of her chair. Directly into a WAITER carrying a tray of brightly colored drinks with umbrellas and excessive fruit garnishes.

The waiter expertly gains control of the glasses without spilling a drop. A mutual bullet dodged.

Tiffany unloads her megawatt smile, spins on heel. Runs dead-on into a WAITER WITH A TRAY OF FOOD. Or almost. She manages to skirt out of the way, but the damage is done.

The waiter with the food weaves, trips, unloads his tray on the waiter with drinks, who dumps them on a table of YOUNG BUSINESS EXECES; falls back into a SERVER preparing Bananas Foster who lights the NEAREST PATRON on fire.

Fire extinguishers unload their precious cargo. Tiffany slips unnoticed out the front door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tiffany pushes through the parking lot, a little angry, a lot hurt.

She does not notice the couple grinding away between cars until she is almost on top of them. She back pedals.

Grunts and groans behind her.

MAN (O.S.)

Bitch.

Something CRACKS into metal. Hard. Tiffany turns. The man is on the ground unconscious. A smallish blonde, bent over, clutches her stomach. Tiffany goes back to her.

TIFFANY

Are you okay?

The woman comes up quick. Kendra. Slaps a chloroform rag across Tiffany's face.

KENDRA

Never better.

Tiffany collapses to the asphalt.

KENDRA

Thanks for asking.

**EPISODE FOUR: SMOKE AND MIRRORS**

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Tiffany comes to lying on a gurney, restrained. In the back of an ambulance. Her eyes try to focus. A gun barrel sharpens.

Behind the gun sits Kendra, folding and unfolding a butterfly knife.

The side door to the ambulance cracks open. In steps SMOKE, a wry, sharply dressed, pleasantly attractive black woman with a tremendous air of authority and grace.

She looks at Kendra and frowns.

SMOKE

Why is she restrained?

Stares at her accomplice a moment longer.

SMOKE

Give me the gun. And the knife.

Kendra complies. Flashes her a look that belies the obvious. Smoke shakes her head. She notices a bulge under her jacket.

SMOKE

This is not what I meant when I asked you to arrange a meeting. Give me that.

She reluctantly hands her the taser.

SMOKE

What else have you got?

She hands over a police baton, a sling shot, and a kubaton.

TIFFANY

What's going on?

Smoke slides closer to Tiffany. Releases her restraints. Tiffany sets up.

KENDRA

She's dangerous.

She ignores her.

SMOKE

Miss Tavlarakis, first of all, let me apologize for the gruff manner in which you were contacted.

She shoots Kendra a damning look.

SMOKE

My associate has an unbridled zest for her work that borders on rank insubordination.

TIFFANY

Who are you people?

SMOKE

I represent an officially unofficial organization that, for the lack of a better descriptor, specializes in damage control and image enhancement.

TIFFANY

You clean up other people messes.

SMOKE

In a word, yes.

TIFFANY

What did she do now?

SMOKE

Pardon me?

TIFFANY

Let's not kid ourselves, lady?

SMOKE

You can call me Smoke.

TIFFANY

Ms. Smoke?

SMOKE

Just Smoke.

TIFFANY

And she must be Mirrors.

KENDRA

Funny. I like her. Kendra St. Croix.

Tiffany simply nods.

TIFFANY

So what did the raging psychopath get herself into now?

SMOKE

Oh! Miss Hayes. Ah. Actually this has nothing to do with her. At least not directly.

Tiffany squints. Shuffles forward.

SMOKE

You are in a rather unique and unusual position. Your skill set, along with your natural ability to look, well, nearly identical to Ms. Hayes affords you a certain latitude of movement not available to many.

TIFFANY

I look like a famous crack pot who gets away with an unusually high amount of abhorrent behavior so I can go anywhere.

SMOKE

Precisely.

TIFFANY

And you need me to do what, exactly?

SMOKE

A certain Congressman's son seems to have gotten himself in a delicate position with several ladies of questionable repute and...

TIFFANY

He got caught banging some strippers and there's a tape.

SMOKE

Direct. I like her too.

TIFFANY

And I get the tape.

SMOKE

You get the tape.

TIFFANY

Seriously? In this day and age?  
We're still concerned with this  
crap? Most people make sex tapes  
with the intention of leaking them.

SMOKE

One of the strippers was his  
father's opponent's daughter.

KENDRA

Seventeen year old daughter.

TIFFANY

Sounds like a set up. Blackmail,  
extortion.

SMOKE

Regardless. We get the tape, the  
whole mess goes away.

KENDRA

Before anything bad happens.

TIFFANY

What's in it for me?

SMOKE

Excuse me?

TIFFANY

What do I get out of this deal?

SMOKE

You get to payback Uncle Sam for  
all that wonderful freedom you  
enjoy.

TIFFANY

Samuel Jackson fan?

SMOKE

No. You really get to pay back  
Uncle Sam for your freedom.

TIFFANY

Seriously?

SMOKE

About the freedom or the Samuel  
Jackson thing?

TIFFANY

And if I say no?

Kendra grabs the back of Tiffany's hair. Yanks back, hard.

KENDRA

You better cooperate if you ever  
want to see your little girl again!

SMOKE

Kendra. Stop it. Let her go.  
Kendra!

Kendra relents. Smoke scratches her head.

TIFFANY

I don't have a daughter.

SMOKE

Why do you do that?

KENDRA

I always wanted to say that.

SMOKE

Again, my apologies. After a while  
you just give up.

TIFFANY

Well how about this? If I do this.  
I work alone.

KENDRA

You can't work alone on this.

TIFFANY

I know, but it does sound kinda  
macho doesn't it?

Smoke settles back into her seat.

SMOKE

This will be interesting.

INT. CATASTROPHE - NIGHT

A cramped, but swinging night club, all neon and flash. The  
tight stage hides behind a black curtain.

Askura and Cutter hover around a table near the stage. Bert  
approaches them in a rush.

BERT

You guys seen Tiffany?

CUTTER  
She wasn't at Banzai's?

BERT  
Oh, she was there. Fire  
Department's there now. We may have  
to find another new hang out.

ASKURA  
Well, it was fun while it lasted.  
Check the hospital?

BERT  
Cute. And yes, but no. And her cell  
is going straight to voice mail.

CUTTER  
Alright, let's go circle the  
wagons.

The boys gather their belongings.

ASKURA  
Saved by the bell.

They follow Askura's pointed finger. Tiffany steps through  
the front door. Bert rushes up to her.

BERT  
You okay?

He notices the cut above her eyebrow.

BERT  
What happened? I went Banzai's. You  
weren't there. I tried your cell.  
It's going straight to...

Tiffany holds up the two separate pieces of her cell phone.

BERT  
...voice mail. Okay. What happened?

TIFFANY  
I'm still working that out.

BERT  
Fire Department was at Banzai's.

TIFFANY  
Did you know Kathryn was on DH  
tonight?

BERT

No.

TIFFANY

She said she does her own stunts.  
On national television. She said  
she does her own stunts.

BERT

I'm sorry.

TIFFANY

On National Television. Don't  
apologize for her.

BERT

I...You want a drink? Let me get  
you a drink.

TIFFANY

Don't patronize me.

BERT

Wouldn't dream of it. Have a seat.

Her parks her next to Cutter and Askura.

BERT

I'll be right back.

Bert shoots Cutter a serious 'watch her' look.

The music dies. The lights dim. A spotlight illuminates KEITH MADISON, mid 40's, weary but light hearted, a man who has accepted the road life has taken him and lets it show in his shoulders but not his eyes.

KEITH

Muy compadres and conquistadores,  
brothers and sisters. Welcome to  
Catastrophe. It is my pleasure to  
present tonight's main event.

He addresses the audience as a born performer.

KEITH

You love 'em. You want 'em. You  
need' em. You can't live without  
them. They put saddles and lasers  
on everything. I give you: THE  
DURANGO ROCKETS.

A hard rock beat hammers down Roger Miller's 'King of the Road'

The black stage curtain pops up and out comes the Western Metal band, THE DURANGO ROCKETS.

Behind the drum set, pounding out a solid back beat is

Delaware St. Croix: "Chaparral" (Drums): youthful blonde Drummer, known for playing in a vest, chaps and thong.

Neland Fleck: "Apache" (Guitar / Vocals) Bert's brother and lead singer.

Papa Bear: "Cochise" (Bass) Black jazz player and actor.

Ed Ross: "Cheyenne" (Lead Guitar) Session guitarist with narcolepsy, currently works as a mechanic.

Squirrel: "Laramie" (Former Drummer) now plays from time to time as their percussionist.

Lem Moon: "Latigo" (Former Guitar): Guitar Hero, often returns to slum as their rhythm guitarist when he's between bands.

Bert returns with Tiffany's beer. She's gone. The boys are gawking at the stage. Bert tries to be heard over the din.

BERT

You were supposed to watch her.

CUTTER

What?

BERT

Where did she go?

CUTTER

Yeah, they are great aren't they.

Bert turns to Askura. He pantomimes breaking a pencil.

ASKURA

Bathroom.

Bert nods and disappears.

Maybe Cutter is Quatro

Papa Bear should be part of Disco and Evil

QUATRO

It's a bella!

CUTTER

You know that's Italian.

QUATRO

The world's greatest lovers!

PAPA BEAR

Aren't you like Mexican or Puerto Rican or Spanglish or something Oriental like that.

QUATRO

I am whatever gets the ladies where I want them to go.

BERT

I can believe that. Show us what you've got.