

Title: "The Rabbi Who Knew Too Much"
by Bryan Adrian

THE RABBI WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

(about the rape of the Sabine Women)

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"THE RABBI WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
(ABOUT THE RAPE OF THE ANCIENT SABINE WOMEN)"

[all names are fictitious and not related to real people]

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by Bryan Adrian

a 1980s East Village punk band musician meets a nefarious gangster rabbi from the Lower East Side and they both ultimately meet again on a volcano rim in Mexico....

TITLES ON A DARK SCREEN

SOUND of the motor of a moving car running smoothly.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, AFTERNOON

The sun filters through the branches of many trees lining both sides of the road. The trees are green and seem to touch the sky.

The reflection of the sun against the windows of the car wipes out the interior view of the car. Nobody inside the care can be seen.

The car, a family car, is driven rapidly but smoothly around a curve and continues cruising on the flat and well kept road.

Suddenly, the car zigzags and skids off the road. It drops from a precipice making several revolutions in the open sky and crashes through many trees. The car lies motionless afterwards, like a turtle on its back.

The sound of the crash fades away leaving the surroundings in total silence except for the spinning of one of the tires.

The creaking of a rear car door as it is opened follows.

A little boy comes running out from the car. He is crying. He is around 6 years old and his shirt is covered with blood that is not his own. His eyes open widely as he discovers the blood on his small hands. He looks at them from behind his large nose with hypnotic blankness. The stillness is broken by his scream, followed by frightened running as he disappears from sight.

INT. ROCK CLUB

Close up of a face with a very large nose and a head of hair matted with sweat shouting into a microphone. The young man is about 20 years old. His name is BRANSTEEN. He is the lead singer of a rock band.

ON THE STAGE

The band behind Bransteen is playing in a rage. The song is titled "Du kannst Mich mal". Three GUITARISTS play next to Bransteen.

A SMALL CROWD of perhaps fifteen people loosely assembled faces the musicians. There are a few drunks seated at the bar. A few people are sipping drinks at their tables. Others are chatting. A small group of people are actually listening to the band.

IN FRONT OF THE STAGE

Three GROUPIES are dancing to the abrasive music.

Bransteen leaps to the edge of the stage in mid-song. A large breasted groupie at front stage grabs Bransteen's leg and wedges it into her cleavage. Bransteen tries to free his leg but the groupie holds it firmly. The other groupies laugh. The Guitarist watches indifferently.

The large breasted groupie continues to clasp Bransteen's leg covetously. Bransteen tries to free it. The girl holds it tighter. Bransteen prods the girl with his mike stand. She resists but Bransteen is determined to break free. Finally Bransteen frees his leg with a more forceful prod and the girl crashes backwards onto a chair and deflects forward, falling flat on her face. Her nose is broken and blood ejaculates from it causing her to scream.

All the people in the room look toward the stage. The musicians stop playing. Some of the crowd rush the stage. The groupie's friends become frenzied at the sight of her blood. The Guitarist approaches Bransteen.

THE GUITARIST

What did you do that for?

BRANSTEEN

What? Are you kidding me? She ...

VOICE 1 (OS)

The lady needs a doctor!

VOICE 2 (OS)

And a new nose!

Bransteen walks closer toward the groupie.

HIS POV

People are gathering around the Groupie, some helping, others merely watching. Large streaks of blood remain on her face.

Bransteen's complexion pales at the sight of her blood and he shows symptoms of vertigo.

THE GUITARIST

(to other band members)

The dog that doesn't bark bites
the meanest bite

Bransteen doesn't hear a word.

THE GUITARIST

(continuing)

I think you went to far with the
Tarrantino style pulp-crap man. She has
some very nasty friends.

Bransteen retreats quickly backstage.

GUITARIST

We'll cover for you man.

Bransteen runs for the rear exit door.

EXTERIOR, SMALL ALLEY, NIGHT

Bransteen staggers outside. He stops and vomits into a garbage can. He then takes a deep breath of fresh air and walks toward the main avenue.

EXTERIOR STREET

Bransteen walks without any direction in mind. He attempts to regain his composure with continuous deep breathing.

ON THE WILLIAMSBURGH BRIDGE

Bransteen is walking and looking down at the East River. He is calm now. In the middle of the bridge he sees something listing against the banisters. He runs towards it.

BRANSTEEN

Hey! Don't jump! Don't do that man, please.

BRANSTEEN slows as he approaches the SOMETHING and laughs to himself when he recognizes the identity of the silhouette.

BRANSTEEN

I'm glad you didn't jump. You might have spoiled all your lovely long golden hair.

The SOMETHING is a DOG with its two front legs raised upon the safety railing of the bridge. Foiled by Bransteen's intrusion, the near suicidal dog lowers its legs with dignity and class.

BRANSTEEN

That's better.
(the dog sits next to him)
Do you want some ...?

Bransteen offers the Dog some gum. The dog looks him over.

BRANSTEEN

Whatever you like Goldie.
I don't know what you're doing here,
but I've really screwed things up!

The Dog WHIMPERS in commiseration.

BRANSTEEN

You too! Life in New York is no afternoon picnic.

The Dog BARKS in agreement.

BRANSTEEN

I'm gonna go. Take a long holiday.
Go someplace far away.

The Dog looks at him sympathetically, pauses a moment as if lost in reflection, then BARKS admonishingly.

BRANSTEEN

You know you're right! There's no
point in running away. The past
casts a long shadow.

Bransteen places a new stick of gum into his mouth and he and the Dog remain quiet for awhile. The Dog suddenly stands up. They look at each other like two old friends about to say goodbye for the last time.

BRANSTEEN

I don't know what to say to you
Blondie. Hasta luego.

The Dog leans affectionately against Bransteen's leg in an invitation for one last pat on the head. Bransteen kindly obliges and the Dog departs at a trot for unknown destinations.

EXTERIOR STREET, BAR

Bransteen stops to look into the window as he passes by the bar. He recognizes a local hang-out guy named SCHMITTY. Bransteen enters the bar.

INTERIOR BAR

SCHMITTY

What's up man?

BRANSTEEN

Schmitty! What's up? A Scotch
on the Rocks better be up soon!

The BARTENDER pours Bransteen a generous whiskey.

SCHMITTY

I heard about you and the bashed up
babe. Bad news really travels fast,
don't it.

BRANSTEEN

What bad news?

SCHMITTY

That girl. She's Needle's girl.

BRANSTEEN

Needle?

Schmitty nods gravely.

BRANSTEEN

Bloody Christ!!

SCHMITTY

Yeah man. Bad break for you ...
and the girl.

(he laughs sarcastically and
then changes the subject abruptly)

Got to go. Time is money in this
gold grubbing town. I'm ten minutes
late for a recording session.

Schmitty finishes his beer quickly and leaves money on the bar counter.

BRANSTEEN

(returning Schmitty's money to him)
This one's on me. Take care.

Schmitty grabs his guitar case and leaves BRANSTEEN alone with his
whiskey. The Bartender turns on the television set as anchorwoman PAULA
PURCHASE begins her newscast.

PAULA PURCHASE

We're in front of the house of the
famous mobster HERMAN WOLFSHEIM,
a.k.a. "THE BERLITZYA". Reputedly,
Berlitzya has drained the life
out of scores of people.

Bransteen watches the television set with heightened interest.

HIS POV, TELEVISION

The anchorwoman, PAULA PURCHASE, reports from the front of a high security gate near a very large mansion in New Jersey. There are other people from the media waiting around.

Paula Purchase looks down the road.

PAULA PURCHASE

Here he is ...

A large black limousine arrives and stops in front of the gate. Paula and the media rush around the limousine. Some of them shout questions. The dark windows of the limousine remain closed.

The high-security gate doors open automatically. The Limousine splits the crowd in two as if it were the Red Sea as it passes through the gate. The gate closes electronically behind the limousine.

PAULA PURCHASE

"Berlitzya" comes home after a five year prison sentence for illegal dumping of chemical wastes, various gas and oil expropriation charges, and fraudulent trading of junk bonds, combined with U.S. tax fraud --- combined to illegal money transfers to Israel, and uh

ON SCREEN, PHOTO OF RABBI ROTMESSER

(continued) Former friend, who later turned informant, RABBI ROTMESSER, is now on the run. It is rumored that Wolfsheim has put out close to a million dollar contract on his head.

The government a few years back, according to insiders, provided Rabbi Rotmesser with a new identity, as part of their witness relocation program. He was seen in Israel some years back with Rabbi Kahane, founder of the JDL, and deep insider of the Lubavitcher Movement. Our investigative reporter was not able to learn anything about Rotmesser's whereabouts or current appearance. Nobody is willing to talk. That's it for tonight. Paula Purchase, Channel 9.

Bransteen finishes his whiskey and heads home.

EXTERIOR STREET, NIGHT

Bransteen enters a Puerto Rican bodega.

INTERIOR BODEGA

As he is entering he notices a boy posting a flyer onto a bulletin board. Bransteen orders a sandwich and buys a quart of buttermilk. After he pays he walks to the board and reads the announcement.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Would you like to cross the country,
at no cost?

Call this number.

212 666 4242

Depart in less than one month.

BRANSTEEN

It's too good to be true!

Bransteen leaves the bodega in a hurry, whistling with anticipation.

INTERIOR BUILDING

Bransteen walks up the stairway. As he ascends the stairwell beneath his floor, he sees the light is dimmed almost to complete darkness. He curses under his breath in exasperation.

ON HIS FLOOR

Bransteen walks like a blind man, groping, toward his apartment door. He tries to find the keyhole in the very faint light. As he fumbles with his key, someone grabs him from behind, turns him around, and slugs him in the gut.

Bransteen's face crumples before he drops down onto the hard concrete floor clutching at his brown bag containing his carry out sandwich and buttermilk.

NEEDLE

Hulk. Put the bulb in the socket. I wanna see
him squirm.

LIGHT, INTERIOR, reveals in full detail the anguish on Bransteen's face.

There are three men revealed by the light. The one that screwed in the bulb, HULK, is very skinny. A large man seated on the steps of the stairway is named SMACK. NEEDLE is the edgy assailant. All of them wear Orthodox Hassidic clothes and Fedora hats.

Needle throws Bransteen's brown bag from the bodega over to Smack.

SMACK

(derisively)

Why thank you Needle. Let's begin our 'little missus' luncheon.

NEEDLE

So you're the idiot who slit my girl's nose half off her face. Guess what I have in mind for you, punk.

Smack gives a knowing look from under his broad brimmed Fedora to Hulk, who is already eating Bransteen's sandwich.

NEEDLE

(continuing)

Here's the first token of my gratitude. Needle kicks Bransteen in the face. Blood runs instantly from Bransteen's mouth and nose.

NEEDLE

Bransteen! You look a little disappointed. Did I hold back a little of my thanks? I detest stingy people.

Bransteen is mute. Needle delivers another kick to Bransteen's face that collapses the bridge of his nose. Ruptured blood vessels splash blood everywhere. Hulk sneers. Smack then walks over to Bransteen and douses buttermilk onto his head from the carton. In great pain Bransteen manages to lift his head and survey his assailants. Needle and Smack are laughing sinisterly.

Needle walks over to Bransteen.

NEEDLE

Well well well. No more luvy duvy afternoons for you at Coney Island. You'd be lucky to get a stinking small part in the Freak Show on the friggin Boardwalk. Maybe a

good Samaritan will give you alms if you take up begging.

Gang! Let's kibbutz. We have other business at Brighton Beach. We gotta buy some Russian dictionaries. They speak Russian better now than Yiddish in that part of town.

Bransteen closes his eyes in delirium. Needle slaps Bransteen several times in rage to revive him. The gang members wait.

NEEDLE

Hey hey hey! I've been calm and understanding and you don't even listen politely to what I'm saying anymore. Maybe I'm hitting on the wrong guy!

SMACK

Yeah Bransteen. Tell him you didn't do nuthing.

Bransteen is close to being unconscious. Needle grabs Bransteen by the collar and jerks him violently up onto his feet. Bransteen is now dimly cognizant of his situation. Needle throws a hefty punch to Bransteen's face. Bransteen dodges it with his last ounce of strength. Needle's fist slams into the wall behind Bransteen, busting several knuckles like chestnuts. He groans louder than an injured animal and falls to the floor in terrible pain.

Hulk and Smack pummel Bransteen with gusto, beating him to a pulp.

VOICES come from below.

VOICES (OS)

They're upstairs Officer.

Surprised by the approaching sound of voices, Hulk and Smack hold Bransteen's head by his hair and lift up his head to talk to him.

SMACK

You're lucky, Bransteen, that we don't stay and explain this to the police. You might serve time for disfiguring Needle's babe. If you snitch, punk, we come back and cut off your balls. Got that! The three Hassidic mobsters EXIT.

ENTER, A POLICEMAN AND A POLICEWOMAN

POLICEWOMAN

Quick! Radio a medic!

Bransteen lifts his bludgeoned face and attempts to look at his rescuers, but after a few seconds he passes out.

INTERIOR, PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE

Bransteen is seen in a mirrored hallway wearing expensive sunglasses, walking towards another corridor made of high gloss black marble leading to the receptionist.

EXTERIOR, DAY, PLASTIC SURGEON'S OFFICE DOOR

Bransteen leaves the office of the plastic surgeon and walks towards a subway entrance. He is wearing a Western Ranch outfit and a large cowboy hat, and has a very petite Gentile nose now.

EXTERIOR, NIGHT, 106TH STREET & AMSTERDAM, UPTOWN

Bransteen buys a little cocaine for personal use from a well known Dominican Jewish street corner gang just south of Columbia University. Schmitty is also there, making his weekly score.

SCHMITTY

(to Bransteen)

What are you doing here? I can't believe it!

You're such a Goy.

Look at your new cute little sniffer. You won't even get enough coke into that small thing.

BRANSTEEN

Maybe that's better for me. I shouldn't even be doing this little bit of blow.

SCHMITTY

It's always a treat to see you guy.

Next time we'll talk. I've got to make it in 5 minutes to a jam session at the recording studio. Later.

EXTERIOR, FRONT OF WOLFSHEIM'S MANSION

The gates to the mansion are unmanned and still.

INTERIOR HOUSE

An attractive blonde WOMAN, in her early twenties, with Swedish features and snow-white skin tone, crosses a large and opulent room. Her name is JENNY. She is the adopted daughter of Wolfsheim. Following her is a 30-something man with a minister's collar. His name is GABRIEL. They disappear around a corner.

SPIRAL STAIRS

They walk down the STAIRS together, holding hands. Gabriel stops her half way down for a kiss. They then descend to the SUNKEN LIVING ROOM.

JENNY'S POV

Her father Wolfsheim is on a conference call with Tel Aviv. He is working a computer very adroitly with one hand and holding the cellular phone with his other hand.

WOLFSHEIM

Yeah yeah yeah. Very funny.
You know more American slang over in Israel than our own kids know here. Guess you guys put those big bucks we send you into education. Using tax money for education is called communism here in the New World, so it's much easier to just slip those billions into our own pockets!
No accountability here in government funding!!

How are things in Jerusalem? And Tel Aviv?

(after a pause and a look of decision)

Look. Let's cut the small talk.
Just transfer the money to the account right away. Clinton needs more dough, Gingrich too, the whole stinking lot of them. The Christian fundamentalists are bellyaching so much, even Our Lobby can't predict or control what happens, like they use to.

I wouldn't know what we'd do without our guys. Very very useful stooges!
Yeah. Sure! They always help with a favor.

Jenny puts her arms around her father in a hug from behind as Gabriel stands alone uncomfortably.

JENNY

Dad?

Wolfsheim hangs up the telephone with a look of pride and triumph.

WOLFSHEIM

What did you find out for me Gabriel?

Gabriel fidgets with his Presbyterian minister's collar.

GABRIEL

I came up with absolutely nothing.

He didn't leave a trace. My contacts are useless.

WOLFSHEIM

Five months on this and you tell me he vanished into thin air?

(looking at Gabriel menacingly)

Nobody just disappears unless they're dead or Jesus Christ or Che Guevara. Even the dead sometimes turn up, it seems nowadays. People can't be mistaken, or can they??

JENNY

Papa. I assisted Gabriel. I wasn't much help either!

WOLFSHEIM

(to Gabriel)

Get Rotmesser!! When Jenny's mother was still alive, I swore I would kill any man that laid a hand on her.

One of those golf types, a Yale grad, took her down to his boat house and tagged her. Doggie style. You wanta know how I killed him?

I cut him up with slashes of a razor
and then threw him to my 20 best
crocodiles, but not before I covered him
with vinegar. Jenny's mother
tried to stop me and she tripped
and fell into the lagoon with the crocodiles.
I adopted Jenny shortly after that.

GABRIEL

Yes ... I've heard it several times.

WOLFSHEIM

I don't want you to forget how much
I want to see Rotmesser devoured.

Let's see ... I said something about the
Washington Post, didn't I?. What was I getting at?

Oh yeah. It's useful to own lawyers and
government officials and to have intelligence
agents do your bidding. Anyway ...
Get that Rabbi Rotmesser!

He gave me to the Feds on a platter and now
he gonna pay. I'll let you have half
of Hollywood if you bring me his head.

EXTERIOR, FRONT OF BAR

Bransteen looks inside through a large plate glass window.

HIS POV

Needle is at the BAR

Bransteen sees Schmitt and many of his friends drinking in a party
atmosphere. Bransteen pulls down the brim of his cowboy hat to hide his
face. He crosses the street quickly and disappears into a crowd.

ANOTHER STREET

Bransteen enters a COFFEE SHOP

INTERIOR, COFFEE SHOP, NIGHT

Very few people are inside. Bransteen sits at a table where someone
before him had recently left a newspaper. He orders a cup of coffee.

Scanning the last page of the metropolitan section, two items catch his interest. BRANSTEEN shows excitement and arousal.

CLOSE UP OF OPENED NEWSPAPER ON A TABLE. LEFT PAGE IS PHOTO OF PRETTY YOUNG LADY. RIGHT PAGE IS A CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION.

Hurriedly Bransteen walks towards a pay phone near the TOILETS.

CAMERA CUTS TO NEWSPAPER AGAIN

There is a caption under the PHOTO of the attractive young lady.

NEWSPAPER

Help Vicki Get Her Dog Back.
Please call 212 733 8982
if you have information

PAGE RIGHT, CLASSIFIEDS

Wanted. Driver/Guy Friday.
Lengthy Trip.
Call 212 666 2731

TELEPHONES, NEAR PUBLIC TOILETS

Bransteen is seen speaking into the telephone.

BRANSTEEN

Hello. I'm calling about the driver's job.
My name? Bransteen. Yes.

(a pause)

Yes.

(continuing)

Meet you in the news shop of the
hotel. Okay, Mort Feind, is it?
Alright, see you soon.

Bransteen returns to the table, collects the newspaper, drinks quickly his cup of coffee on his feet and leaves only a dollar on the table.

A WAITRESS thanks him for his business with the restaurant and then turns to another waitress as Bransteen EXITS

WAITRESS

(with working class Scouse accent)

It's always the same with these young writers.

Thrifty as an old Liverpool gravedigger!

EXTERIOR, FRONT OF A CHEAP HOTEL

A Dog is seen running out of the revolving doors. It looks a lot like Blondie.

Bransteen enters the hotel lobby a few seconds later and looks around for the newsstand. Rabbi Rotmessenger is disguised in a NYNEX telephone repairman's uniform and is looking over the latest issue of PENTHOUSE magazine. Rabbi Rotmessenger's sixth sense tells him the kid is alright. He quickly returns unseen to the elevator and ascends quickly to his floor. Immediately upon return to his room he phones the desk clerk.

ROTMESSER'S ROOM, INTERIOR

ROTMESSER

Page Bransteen please. Put him on the house phone. Yes. I believe he's waiting in the lobby.

HOTEL LOBBY

DESKCLERK

(on PA system)

Bransteen, paging Bransteen.

Bransteen reports to the deskclerk and is handed the phone.

BRANSTEEN, SPEAKING ON HOTEL PHONE

BRANSTEEN

Right Morphy. Take the elevator to 10F. I'll be right up.

Bransteen leaves the front desk and heads for the elevator.

INTERIOR HALLWAY

Bransteen surveys many doors before he finds number 10 F. As he approaches the door, SOUNDS of movement within the hotel room become audible. Bransteen knocks.

INTERIOR, HOTEL ROOM

Rabbi Rotmesser is getting out of his NYNEX uniform quickly and pulling on some bluejeans.

HALLWAY, HOTEL

Bransteen continues to knock and is mildly agitated at the wait.

ROTMESSER (OS)

Come in.

Bransteen enters the ROOM.

INTERIOR OF A HOTEL ROOM

The room is dimly lit, run down, and sparsely furnished. The television is playing without volume. A closed large black leather satchel lays upon an unmade bed. A plain wooden chair is positioned near the window, partially concealed by a heavy dirty curtain.

ROTMESSER (OS)

Please sit down.

Bransteen is somewhat puzzled by the shabby surroundings and appears startled when ROTMESSER pulls the chair away from the window and offers him a seat. Bransteen sits and studies Rotmesser as he walks across the room towards a second hand refrigerator.

ROTMESSER

Beer or Soda?

BRANSTEEN

Give me a beer.

Rotmesser tosses a beer across the room to Bransteen, who manages to catch it artfully and conceal his alarm.

ROTMESSER

I need a young man to drive me out West and who can follow directions easily.

BRANSTEEN

I'm a good driver. When can we leave?

ROTMESSER

What are you running from? You're really in a hurry.

BRANSTEEN

Not really. I've been reminded lately that maybe a trip out of town is just the thing for my health.

ROTMESSER

(scratching the back of his head) Can you pack in one night?

Bransteen nods affirmatively.

ROTMESSER

(continuing)

I'll pay for everything. You'll never worry about dough again. I've got plenty of cash.

Bransteen looks around the room as Rotmesser is speaking.

Emphasizing what plenty of cash looks like, Rotmesser pulls a thick roll of one hundred dollar bills from his jean's pocket and peels off ten \$100s for Bransteen.

ROTMESSER

Here's a grand for getting my car out of the garage for me. It's over on Third Avenue and 57th with a mechanic named BUG EYE. Here's his address.

Rotmesser gives him a slip of paper.

ROTMESSER

(continuing)

Get some sleep tonight and bring the tuned car around here manana, ... at noon. I'll tell you what to do further tomorrow. Be prepared to leave town as soon as you return with the car.

Rotmesser opens the door for Bransteen and places his hand upon Bransteen's shoulder.

BRANSTEEN

(turning around)

Should I bring a gun?

ROTMESSER

Do you have one?

BRANSTEEN

No.

ROTMESSER

(teasingly)

Get outta here!

INTERIOR, ROTMESSER'S ROOM

Rotmesser sits alone smoking one of the expensive Cuban cigars he got through his Venezuelan Castro connections . His chair is back by the window, between the parted dirty curtains. He watches the street below.

HIS POV

Bransteen walks away from the hotel entrance, evidently quite pleased with himself.

Rotmesser pensively puffs on a Castro cigar.

INTERIOR, HERMAN WOLFSHEIM'S SUNKEN LIVING ROOM

Wolfsheim is sitting alone in a high back leather chair. A DISTANT SOUND of laughter comes from the far end of the living room. Wolfsheim looks over in the direction of the laughter as the volume of a conversation becomes louder and louder.

HIS POV

Two unrecognizable dreamlike forms are sitting in a dark corner. They are drinking and laughing, and for all appearances seem to be having a wonderful time.

Wolfsheim reaches abruptly for a thick tax audit and hurls it at the dark corner in anger. The sound of the laughter and conversation quickly fades away. Wolfsheim EXITS the living room in a very troubled state of mind.

INTERIOR, UPSTAIRS, WOLFSHEIM'S MAIN ROOM, NIGHT

Jenny and Gabriel are drinking a nightcap and exchanging pleasantries. Wolfsheim ENTERS unannounced and unexpectedly.

WOLFSHEIM

Gabriel! Get the word out! Half a million dollars to anyone, I said ANYONE, who kills that son of a bitch, Rabbi Rotmesser.

In his own troubled world, Wolfsheim leaves the room just as quickly as he had entered it. Jenny looks at Gabriel with anxiety as Gabriel dials long distance on the telephone.

JENNY

Who this time ... the Fatwah Sisters?

Gabriel adjusts his clergyman's collar and motions yes with a nervous nod.

GABRIEL

This is Gabriel. I have a job for you two. Yes. Enough. Half a million.

Gabriel hangs up the phone and signals confidently to Jenny that all is well.

EXTERIOR, GARAGE ON THIRD AVENUE, NEXT DAY

A taxi pulls up in front of the garage. Bransteen gets out. He walks into the garage.

INTERIOR GARAGE

Bransteen sees a man working on a car and approaches him.

BRANSTEEN

Excuse me. I'm looking for Bug Eye.

BUG EYE

What can I do for you?

BRANSTEEN

Mort Feind sent me for his car.

BUG EYE extends his hand and waits for a courteous handshake in return. They silently acknowledge that they are co conspirators.

BUG EYE

Follow me.

They walk together into another part of the garage where the limo is parked. The limo is in great shape, externally and internally. They stand and admire the machine in silence a moment.

BRANSTEEN

Nice Machine. American made?

BUG EYE

Yeah. One of the few. It'll be ready in an hour. You're a bit early.

BRANSTEEN

No problem. See you in an hour. About 11:00?

BUG EYE

A little after 11:00 and she's ready for anything.

INTERIOR HOUSE, HARLEM, AFTERNOON

The FATWA SISTERS, twins, are sitting around the television set in their panties, bare breasted, watching the news. Their home is furnished in Middle Eastern decor, with many middle class creature comforts. One of the twins, ARA, picks up a black veil. She holds it up for her sister, FATT, to see. Both of the women are remarkably beautiful.

ARA

Do you like this veil, or ... this one?

FATT

I prefer the Syrian model, to the Jordanian.

ARA

Me too.

They both giggle and begin to dress in their traditional wealthy merchant family attire of the ancient trading capital of Baghdad. Several copies of Hong Kong newspapers clutter the coffee table.

TELEVISION SCREEN

ARA

Bejesus! Look at the TV! It's that stinking Rabbi Rotmesser. He's wearing a NYNEX uniform. He's in some cheap hotel lobby in Manhattan. Look!

There's that lost dog that's been on every newscast. Praise be to god!
They're giving the name of the hotel in the report.

Fatt is seen reaching for a pencil and paper.

ARA

(continuing)

Quick. Bring me that! They're giving the name of the hotel now!

INTERIOR GARAGE, SHORTLY AFTER 11:00 AM

Bransteen and Bug Eye are drinking a beer together and talking about the marvels of the limo. Bug Eye is a proud master mechanic. They get along well together. Bransteen says he doesn't have much time and stays only for a short while. He gives Bug Eye a hundred dollar tip.

BRANSTEEN

(laughing)

It's been real and it's been fun Bug Eye, but it hasn't been real fun.

Bransteen takes the hundred dollar bill quickly out of Bug Eye's hand.

BRANSTEEN

(continuing)

I'll just put my name and voice mail number on here and we'll stay in touch. One day I'll need a master mechanic. Deep discounts, you know the deal.

BUG EYE

(taking the hundred back)

Sure man. Hip.

EXTERIOR, STREET, NEAR THE GARAGE

The Fatwa Sisters are cruising by on their high speed motorcycles. They see Bransteen emerging from the garage in the black limo. He stops to ask a pedestrian, an old man, directions to Rotmesser's hotel. The man is almost deaf and Bransteen must ask loudly a second time.

The Fatwa Sisters overhear and give each other a knowing look. Get away car ... paid driver ... same Hotel name as the Rotmesser's Praise

be to god! It must be the Rabbi's driver! They put two and two together.

INTERIOR GARAGE, MINUTES AFTER BRANSTEEN HAS LEFT

Bug Eye is working under a car when he notices the main door close loudly and hears steps drawing nearer and nearer. Someone throws the light switch off and all is dark. He hears unfamiliar FEMALE VOICES in the distance.

BUG EYE

Hey! What's going on here?

There is no reply. An echo of boots approaching makes Bug Eye very nervous.

BRIGHT LIGHT is everywhere as all switches are thrown on. Bug Eye comes out from under the car. He barely gets a glancing look at Fatt before she puts all her weight behind a baseball bat and hits a home run against his head. Somehow he is still conscious as he lay bleeding on the concrete floor.

ARA

Can you hear me?

Fatt grabs Bug Eye's scrotum with a twist from her bony hand. He regains full consciousness and lets out a piercing shriek.

FATT

Where's Rotmesser headed with that big black limo?

Fatt relaxes her grasp of his balls and Bug Eye is almost on the verge of telling everything he knows.

BUG EYE

I ... don't know no Rotmesser. Ain't that a South African wine?

Ara boots him in the face with the toe point of her steel reinforced boots. Blood spews from his face and he passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

Bug Eye regains consciousness. One eye is damaged beyond repair. He opens his good eye and sees the garage from an upside down perspective. Ara looks him in the face from only a few feet away.

BUG EYE

Get me out of this! Let me down!

Bug Eye is tied up like a fish at the end of a fishing pole. He is face down and suspended by his ankles from a motorized ceiling pulley.

FATT

Cough it out Lungfish! What's the Rabbi's plan?

Bug Eye squirms violently and tries to curl up towards the ceiling and grab something to hold on to. He can't move even half a foot upwards, much less turn himself upright or untie his feet. Ara has her hand positioned on the controls of the motorized hoist. She shows considerable impatience with this process.

FATT

(looking at Ara)

Last chance to get off the hook.

Bug Eye is passing out.

(continuing)

What's the Rotmessenger up to?

Bug Eye makes a last feeble attempt to aim himself in such a way so that his body suffers as little damage as possible when he hits the concrete floor. Ara hits the control lever and Bug Eye plunges to the earth. His head bursts like a watermelon upon impact. A car is splattered with blood and brain matter.

The Fatwa Sisters approach the headless corpse. They rifle through his pockets, tip toeing so as to avoid dirtying their Baghdad silk robes in the thick pool of blood. They are still wearing their veils, along with heavy duty combat boots.

ARA

(excitedly)

Look Sis. A hundred dollar bill with a name and a telephone number on it. Must be the driver's!

EXTERIOR, STREET, MINUTES BEFORE NOON

Bransteen is proudly driving around town at in the newly tuned black limousine. He couldn't resist a little joy ride during the minutes remaining before his noon rendezvous with Rotmesser.

INTERIOR CAR

Bransteen is changing a compact laser disc on the beautifully inlaid console of the limo's stereo. He slows for a group of pedestrians.

BRANSTEEN'S POV

Needle and his Hassidic strongmen are waiting to cross the street at the corner, laughing and joking among themselves. Bransteen licks his lips maliciously. He depresses the accelerator and speeds the car towards the gang. As his limo drives dangerously close he blasts his horn.

Smack spins around and sees the limo racing toward him. He dives out of the way, colliding with Hulk, who in turn topples into Needle, and the three of them fall down like a series of dominos.

Bransteen laughs hysterically as he accelerates away from the humiliating spectacle of Needle and his fellow Hassidic henchmen in prostration.

EXTERIOR STREET

Smack is the first to get back onto his feet. He hurls his nearly full 40 ounce malt liquor bottle at the distant limo in vain, as it speeds away. The bottle breaks against a parking meter and sends malt liquor spray and foam into the air.

Bransteen, nearly out of sight now, flips them the bird out of the limo window.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Needle is sitting on the curb and gingerly toying with his gnarled and twisted fingers (from the knuckles that were permanently disfigured when he threw a punch at Bransteen in an earlier scene and instead smashed his fist into the wall).

INTERIOR CAR

Bransteen is singing triumphantly to the beat of pounding rock and roll reverberating throughout the limo, banging his fists against the steering wheel in rhythm to the music.

EXTERIOR, FRONT OF ROTMESSER'S HOTEL

Bransteen pulls in front of the hotel and puts the car in park. He cautiously scans both sides of the street. He then puts a disc in the laser disc player.

Rotmesser appears briefly in the doorway carrying a large black leather satchel. He flits bee like to the corner. Bransteen edges towards him and Rotmesser climbs quickly into the slow moving limo.

ROTMESSER

Quick. Let's get out of here. I have a funny feeling something is wrong. How'd it go with Bug Eye?

BRANSTEEN

Great. Bloody great. He's world class. Where we headed?

ROTMESSER

Thousands of miles from this creepy hotel. Head for Jersey. We're going West.

HOLLAND TUNNEL, EXIT

INTERIOR LIMO

Bransteen and Rotmesser can be seen laughing as the limo blurs through the Jersey industrial landscape.

A sign on the turnpike indicates out of state destinations

CLOSE UP, SIGN "Las Vegas 2,200 miles"

ROTMESSER

Let's get a move on and gamble with other people's money. Not with our lives.

Bransteen accelerates rapidly and the old rock tune "CC RIDER" is playing on the compact disc console.

EXTERIOR, COUNTRY ROAD, EARLY MORNING

The limo drives by farmhouses and farmland at dawn. They are making good time on the rural highway.

INTERIOR, LIMO

ROTMESSER

I'm ready for some jumbo country eggs, fresh salted bacon, and chicory coffee. You too?

BRANSTEEN

I could eat a horse.

INTERIOR, COUNTRY RESTAURANT

Bransteen and Rotmesser are seated at a table, wolfing down their food. The large black leather satchel is conspicuously present on the tabletop.

BRANSTEEN

What's in the giant black bag?

Rotmesser puts his hand on it protectively.

ROTMESSER

It's all the money I have. Yours is in here too. And there's a chunk of insurance laying at the bottom of the bag. No monthly payments.

But don't you worry. You'll get paid and get to see plenty of the Western States, maybe even Mexico.

BRANSTEEN

Mexico. Great! I've never been. I studied Spanish in high school. Always wanted to play with it ... you know, with a senorita.

ROTMESSER

We don't have much time for senoritas now, but you'll get your chance later.

ROTMESSER

(continuing)

You ever been married? Got family?

BRANSTEEN

No wife. Not yet. Lost my family as a boy.

ROTMESSER

Yeah. How?

BRANSTEEN

An accident. We can talk about that later too, ... after business.

Rotmesser gives him a long reflective look, with a barely perceptible trace of suspicion etched on his face.

INTERIOR, VOICE MAIL AGENCY, MIDTOWN MANHATTAN

The Fatwa Sisters are questioning the assistant manager of Bransteen's voicemail company. The assistant manager is a Mid- Westerner in his mid thirties. He appears gay and is wearing a "Baptist Revival" tee shirt.

The company is located in a sleek midtown Manhattan skyscraper near Penn Station. He appears to be nervous in the awkward position into which the Fatwa Sisters have placed him.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Please. I'd rather not. Our policy is never to divulge the confidential information of our clients.

ARA

But perhaps you don't understand. My brother sometimes runs away from the very orderly life his psychiatrist has set up for him. He really hasn't been himself lately.

FATT

He's very unpredictable and has hurt himself in the past when he takes flight like this. All we have to go on is his voice mail service. If you could just listen in on his messages and tell us ...

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Sorry, sorry, sorry ladies.

He looks over their strange Levantine attire and begins to speculate to himself that these two women are not related to Bransteen.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Your names are Ara and Fatt Fatwa. How is it that your brother came to be named Bransteen.

Are you' all born into Canadian dynasties? You know, . . . Seagrams, Tropicana, DuPont . . . or Dow Chemicals?? They all have a huge presence in Canada, don't they? I dimly recall that a lot of Middle Easterners, or was it Bolsheviks, hold sway up there! I own some stock in U.S.

corporate real estate and pension funds. It hasn't helped me. Somebody is benefiting, but not me. I might as well be a Mongolian!

THE FATWA SISTERS

(together)

Oh no! We don't wish mongolianism on anyone! In answer to your question, we don't like the frigidity of Canada. Bransteen's just our helpless baby brother. We gave him the name Bransteen as a family idiosyncrasy to ... to aspire towards universal harmony ... and acceptance, in our adopted community. Also, it helps us to get around in New York City --- with such a name in the family. Bran is ancient Irish, and Steen, well, considerable numbers of Jewish family names have Stein at the end, so we figured we'd ...

ASSISTANT MANAGER (skeptically)

You're quite convincing, but I believe it's against federal law to give out such information. There must be many eavesdropping, invasion of privacy, and communications violations in such an action.

I'm not above the law girls. Why don't you try MOSSAD, the Israeli intelligence spy network. They have agents now everywhere in America and I'm sure they could get around the law and give you what you need. Look in the Yellow Pages.

The Fatwa Sisters smile sardonically at the Assistant Manager.

ARA

Mossad won't help us. We have very few Israeli friends.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I'm sorry to hear that, but I must really get back to work now. Have a nice day, Ladies.

SCENES of BRANSTEEN and ROTMESSER speeding through mountain ranges of Nevada.

EXTERIOR, DESERT, FLAT AND SANDY

Bransteen is getting sleepy at the wheel on a long flat stretch of a superhighway that cuts right through the desert. His eyelids are very heavy. Rotmesser is sleeping in the back seat. Bransteen, his eyes barely on the road, suddenly sits bolt upright.

HIS POV

A superlarge recreational vehicle lurches from a side entrance onto the superhighway. Bransteen thinks quickly and stands on the brakes, freezing the tires in place and skidding the limo dangerously to and fro. The limo stops just inches from the RV. Bransteen exhales a sigh of relief and is not yet aware that Rotmesser has been thrown onto the floor of the backseat.

ROTMESSER

(his head reappearing in the rear view mirror)

Are you crazy Bransteen?

BRANSTEEN

(turning his head back towards Rotmesser)

That recreational vehicle nearly rammed into us!

THEIR POV

The RV is stranded on the shoulder of the road with the main doors slightly ajar.

ROTMESSER digs his hand quickly into his large black leather satchel and draws out an enormous revolver, more like a hand held cannon, affixed with a behemoth silencer. He conceals it between his legs and looks cautiously towards the trailer.

TIPPI FLOSS, a voluptuous woman in her mid forties, with a very wide mouth, is seen first in close up. She walks toward their limo. Rotmesser's fingers lightly caress the trigger very gently. Bransteen rolls down his window. The woman's face is nearly inside his window.

TIPPI

(speaking with a breezy familiarity)

Sorry gentlemen. I didn't execute that turn very well at the entrance ramp.

She can see that the two men are extremely tense and she begins to wonder why Rotmesser is in the back seat alone.

(continuing)

Can you read our sign from here?

They both let up their guards a moment and look out the windshield.

THEIR POV

A large sign reads:

LOVE ON WHEELS. STATE WIDE DELIVERY. EVERYTHING WE DO IS LEGAL HERE IN NEVADA. TIPPI FLOSS REALLY DELIVERS! CHECK YOUR YELLOW PAGES.

Tippi senses their skepticism and whistles in true cowgirl fashion towards the trailer.

ROTMESSER'S POV

The doors of the trailer swing wide open. Jimi Hendrix's STAR SPANGLED BANNER is playing loudly enough to wake the dead. Ten gorgeous and oversexed women leap and land in unison onto the roadside, immediately beginning a dance number. One of the women, the youngest, wears only red white and blue body paint. The cleavage between her breasts is as large as the Grand Canyon.

Rotmesser salivates as he watches the performance.

TIPPI'S POV

She watches Rotmesser while he is distracted and recalls his face from some other time in her life, but she can't come up with his name or where and why they met. She then adeptly conceals her recognition.

TIPPI

Inside our "home" you all can find plenty of booze, waterbeds, food ... and well of course, old fashioned grind and bump entertainment.

The girls dance provocatively and Rotmesser is stirred by his passions beyond control.

ROTMESSER

How much for the whole bunch of them?

TIPPI

One grand each tender vittle.

ROTMESSER

One thousand! Are you kidding?

TIPPI

I can tell an experienced slave trader when I see one! Check out their teeth. Their tits. Everything. Do more than talk with them. It's your poison!

Go on!

She motions generously over towards the spectacle.

Rotmesser bolts out of the car and sprints his way single mindedly towards two large breasty women with full buttocks. He wraps his sturdy arms around each one and carries them both into the trailer like giant sacks of rice, one hanging from the hollow of each arm.

INTERIOR, LIMO

Bransteen opens Rotmesser's large black satchel and even though surprised, acts nonchalant as he shows several million dollars in cash to Tippi. Not visible to Tippi, but glaringly present in Bransteen's view, is the huge canon size revolver, and some miscellaneous items he doesn't have time to identify.

A book, The TALMUD, a few grenades, and several rounds of ammunition are also in the large satchel with the MONEY.

TIPPI

Why don't you lock that in the trunk and come with me for a walk. Have you ever seen a cactus flower?

EXTERIOR, SAND DUNES, BLOOD RED SUNSET

Bransteen follows Tippi to a sand dune comfortable enough for sitting. They make a seat for themselves and sit quietly looking at the awe inspiring sunset for a long meditative time.

TIPPI

What's a young man like you doing on this lonely stretch of road? Won't your boss ... what's his name?

BRANSTEEN

Mort Feind.

TIPPI

Err .. won't he let you have one of my girls for yourself?

Bransteen pauses for a while, sensing that a weakness for women will lose him his job.

BRANSTEEN

Oh yeah, sure! But now he needs me to watch his money. I'd say he's enjoying himself so much now that he's forgotten all about his cash.

Tippi gives a congratulatory pat on her own back and looks pleased.

TIPPI

What's your boss's name, really?

BRANSTEEN

Mort Feind. He's a religious scholar and an author. He was a young boy under Rabin's command when Rabin was in the Palmach, the Jewish Defense Forces commando unit ousting the Palestinians out of Palestine in 1941. Some of the Semitic raced peoples say Rabin was a cold blooded murderer then, especially the evicted people of greater Palestine.

TIPPI

(stifling a yawn)

Oh yeah.

BRANSTEEN

(continuing excitedly)

However, all profits Mort makes from his books he gives to the settlers in Hebron. They are draining water from Arab land for their internal use and for their swimming pools and their settlements. The United Nations declared this illegal, but Rabbi Feind says that God's will is higher than the UN's.

Remember Baruch Goldstein? He was one of Rabbi Feind's best friends in Hebron. His personal doctor too! It's too bad that Baruch went berserk and machine gunned all those Islamics down on their knees praying with their backs to the guns.

TIPPI

I see your license tags are from New York. You from the Apple?

(Bransteen nods yes)

I used to live there too. It's great if you like to spend all the money you earn.

Say! Your boss must have made out pretty well in the City.

BRANSTEEN

Yeah. He's on good terms with them lawyers at Hirsch Weinig Inc. and with their tough looking rabbi associates out in Crown Heights. They are all rolling in money.

They never stop talking about what a schlemiel Victor Ostrovsky is and what they will do to him if he discloses any more Mossad dirty laundry to the press, or exposing Israeli agents through his books about rabbis in the Israeli government making trips to Colombia and Switzerland for cartels and banking.

TIPPI

I had a boss like that once. He was from Punjab, or Transylvania, I've forgotten now since being self- employed. He's the one who got me into this business. I owe all my fortunes and misfortunes to him! It's much better being on my own now.

BRANSTEEN

My boss doesn't confide in me much, he mostly boasts and brags. That's how I learn most of what I know about him. Don't know what I'll do when the rabbi's finished with me in Mexico.

Can you tell me something? Do the Aztecs still make human sacrifices to Baal?

TIPPI

I don't know but I myself could always use a decent young man like you!

BRANSTEEN

(quite surprised and pleased)

How's that?

TIPPI

As they say in Brooklyn, "if dings don't work out poifecktlly" ... come back and look for me. I'll give you da job!

BRANSTEEN

What kind of job?

TIPPI

Any kind you want. You know why they call me cactus flower?

(Bransteen shakes his head to indicate he hasn't the slightest hunch)

Because I'm just an old bristle in Bed at my age, but my mouth blossoms like a cactus flower when it's at work.

Bransteen seems somewhat uncomfortable with the suggestiveness of Tippi's come on, although he feels himself surrendering to the tug of his desires.

BRANSTEEN

That's the kind of job you're gonna give me?

Tippi massages Bransteen's crotch and tongues his ear. He leans back against a solid sand dune.

TIPPI

Just for now because you're so irresistible. But if you return I'll give you a job with rules, responsibilities, and a generous weekly paycheck. I'll be your top dog later too. Now and only now you're in control.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DESERT, WITH MANY CACTUSES IN FULL BLOOM. CLOSE UP OF ECSTATIC JOY ON BRANSTEEN'S FACE.

BRANSTEEN

I once heard ...

(Bransteen slows down because he is out of breath)

I can't seem to concentrate. I'll try again. I once heard, it's from modern Jewish folklore, that when Yitzhak Shamir was a young terrorist, way back in 1948 with the Stern Gang, and they assassinated the Swedish Count Folke Bernadette, who was there on a peace mission ...

(again Bransteen pauses to catch his breath)

(continuing)

in Palestine, ... uh ... that Folke Bernadette died on a sand dune in a similar compromised position.

A long silence follows and then camera cuts to a look of explosive release on Bransteen's face. It is hard to tell if he has been murdered or if he is overpowered by his own orgasm.

TIPPI

(speaking as she lifts her head)

I've heard all about it. My mother was with Count Bernadette around that time. She worshiped Shamir and did whatever she was told.

(she brushes sand out of her hair)

There were so many violent and radical Zionist youth and commando units around at that time that I can never remember all the names!

Tell me if I'm wrong. Ben Zvi and the ha Shomer in 1908. In 1915 the Hehalutz pioneer movement in the USA, Then the Betar movement of Begin in 1938, the Haganah military movement of 1947. Did I leave too many out?

(Bransteen nods no)

No wonder so much money poured from wealthy and influential Jews in the USA into Palestine before even World War I. It's too bad the new homeland wasn't in Uganda near a huge lake, nor in the eastern forests of Russia near Korea, two prospective homelands other than Palestine. Then today we wouldn't have this stinking irreconcilable feud between uprooted Palestinians and Zionist settlers. Maybe we can thank the British for such a diplomatic blunder!

Bransteen quickly zips up his pants.

BRANSTEEN

Well! Enough chit chat. But you did forget to mention the Hasamba, the secret organization of Israeli children trained every year since 1950 to spy for Israel all over the world ... masters of espionage. Nor the mysterious death of James B. Forrestal, Defense Secretary of the U.S., in 1949.

Hey! No more chit chat. I've got to work! Rabbi Feind must be looking for me!

TIPPI

(muttering in an inaudible voice to Bransteen)

There are plenty of people ... looking ... for Rabbi Feind. You got it all backwards.

BRANSTEEN

What's that? What d'ya say?

TIPPI

Don't make your boss mad at ya! Get your gorgeous body back to the limo quickly, or you may never see your share of the Rabbi's cash!

INTERIOR CAR, DAY

Bransteen is driving and looking at Rabbi Rotmesser through the rear view mirror.

HIS POV

Rotmesser is holding two different colored satin panties and sniffing them in a grandiose manner.

INTERIOR TIPPI'S TRAILER, MOVING ON A ROAD, DAY

Tippi picks up a car phone and dials.

TIPPI

Hey! I spotted your man. Yeah ... Sure he was with the kid. The one that knows more about Jewish history than Marlon Brando. Yeah ... he's the one. I don't think the kid even knows what he's getting into. They took Route 66 West. The kid's driving him ... a black limo.

(continuing)

Alright alright alright. Just don't forget my money.

The ADL ... did you say the Anti Defamation League? Oh! The ACLU. Yeah yeah. The American Civil Liberties Union. I often confuse them.

So it's the ACLU that will transfer the money.

Not the ADL. Did I hear you right? From their New York office?

No. Who's sending it then? Okay. Gotcha!

EXTERIOR, NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY, THE FATWAH SISTERS ON MOTORCYCLES

ARA

(speaking into a cellular phone)

Route 66 West ... in Nevada .. I hear you well Wolfsheim. Just don't forget the money.

Ara gives the thumbs up to Fatt, and they accelerate to very high speeds on their motorcycles on the highway.

EXTERIOR, PARKING LOT OF A SUPERMARKET, AFTERNOON

Bransteen is waiting in the car. Rotmesser is inside a large supermarket browsing in the liquor department. His large bulk is framed by the huge plate glass windows of the supermarket. Rotmesser makes a selection, purchases it at the cashier's station, and then returns to the limo carrying his large black leather satchel-suitcase.

ROTMESSER

(as he enters the car, sarcastically)

Deacon Bransteen. You're a lot like Dorothy Parker, and Harrison Ford, aren't you? Half Catholic, half Jewish. As a rabbi I feel I can -- in all justification -- call you a bunch of hybrids!

(pointing to the tequila bottle)

You want to bless this water, hinnie, before I swill it?

Put on a Neville Brothers cassette ... I want to hear some Jewish soul music.

Man, those brothers made it big! They got more riches than Solomon! They learned everything from their cantor.

Bransteen controls his anger after the Rabbi's provocative statements, remains silent, and turns on the ignition key in a rapid twist. He drives the limo recklessly fast on the broad avenues of a typical mid-sized southwestern town, seeking an entrance ramp for the freeway further south.

INTERIOR CAR, LATE AFTERNOON

Bransteen is at the wheel, gazing at the road as it passes under the hood. Rotmesser is drunk and asleep on the back seat. An empty bottle rolls on the floor behind Bransteen. He is annoyed by the SOUND and tries to grab for the bottle, but can't reach it. In an effort to muffle the irritating sound, he plunges a compact disk into the player. Bransteen beats the tune out on the steering wheel as he drives.

HIS POV

The road is seen gliding beneath the car. Rotmesser becomes uncomfortable in his stretched out sleeping position on the back seat. The music begins to stir him from his sleep.

ROTMESSER

Would you turn down that damned noise!

Rotmesser lays stretched out in agitated meditation. The music still plays loudly. Rotmesser swings his heavy body toward the dashboard and punches the stop control of the compact disk player. Bransteen is quite visibly offended.

ROTMESSER

(sitting himself comfortably in the back seat again)

You can't drive safely with so much brain interference in the air.

BRANSTEEN

(defensively)

What you call brain interference ain't half as bad as that lousy bourbon you're drinking. That's stinking brain-acid!

ROTMESSER

(smiling confidently)

Let's sing a song together that ain't no brain-acid or brain interference.

Rotmesser begins to sing the first few bars of Halvah Nagila and Bransteen feels the infectiousness of the song penetrate his heart. He joins him and they both sing the complete story, over and over again.

EXTERIOR ROAD, DUSK

Their limo speeds deeper into the dusk. The car fades out, as do their voices, still engaged passionately in the Hebrew song.

INTERIOR CAR, NIGHT

Rotmesser now sits alongside Bransteen in the front seat. He is drinking down long slow swallows from a fresh bourbon bottle when suddenly something grabs his attention.

ROTMESSER

Stop the car!

Bransteen drives over to the shoulder of the road and stops.

EXTERIOR ROAD

Rotmesser gets out of the car and walks toward a ditch. He pukes his guts out.

ROTMESSER (OS)

When we're in Mexico we won't have to make these little detours.
Nothing better than a large Mexican sombrero to keep the sun off your head
and also the puke out of the car.

Camera shows Bransteen convulsing with laughter first, then the two of
them laughing themselves into stitches.

ROTMESSER

(suddenly)

I'll drive.

BRANSTEEN

You can't drive, you're drunk!

ROTMESSER

Drunk? You must be kidding.

Rotmesser reenters the limo from the driver's door and shoves Bransteen
away from the steering wheel with the weight of his body. Bransteen
offers slight resistance and moves reluctantly. Without warning, Rotmesser
accelerates rapidly and lurches the car back onto the freeway.

The white line in the middle of the road is lit by the limo's
headlights. The line seems to be snaking left and right as the car swerves at
high speed to and fro. Rotmesser is looking for a compact disk in a
frenzy, looting through all the compact disks on the dashboard. The car
continues zigzagging. Bransteen is slouched very low in his seat and takes
occasional peeps at the road with fearful circumspection.

BRANSTEEN

Rabbi. Let me drive! You're going to kill us!

ROTMESSER

No way punk.

BRANSTEEN

(pleadingly)

P-l-e-a-s-e, Mort. Stop running, Rabbi!

Rabbi Rotmesser finds the compact disk he had been seeking. He puts on the old tune One Scotch, One Beer, One Bourbon by George Thoroughgood. He turns up the volume to an unbearable range of decibals.

ROTMESSER

(pleased with himself)

That's a good damned bourbon tune!

Suddenly, Rotmesser's and Bransteen's faces are brightened by HEADLIGHTS of what seems to be a quickly approaching car. Then two motorcycles whiz by going north.

EXTERIOR, TWO MOTORCYCLES ON HIGHWAY, NIGHT

Ara and Fatt are seen signaling to each other, with wildly waving arms, indicating that Bransteen and Rotmesser are going in the opposite direction. They slow just enough to make a skillful and quick U-turn. They go at alarmingly high speeds to catch up with their prey.

INTERIOR, LIMO

Rotmesser is driving and wears a worried look on his face. The whiskey has given him courage, but taken away some of his better judgment. Bransteen is now hiding on the floor, fearing the worst. He looks up and sees that Rotmesser appears completely sobered.

ROTMESSER'S POV

A sign indicates the approach of a dirt road to the left. The exit appears as soon as they have read the blur of the sign at such high speed. Rotmesser swings the car onto the dirt road without slowing. Dust billows in giant clouds.

The Fatwah Sisters next enter the road, following the dust swirls like a yellow brick road.

BRANSTEEN'S POV, LOOKING AT ROTMESSER DRIVING

BRANSTEEN

(screaming from the floor)

Don't drive a straight line until we lose them!

Rotmesser begins to zigzag on the dirt road.

ARA'S POV, LOOKING AT FATT, FIFTY YARDS BEHIND THE SPEEDING LIMO

ARA

Juice 'em now! We might not get another chance. They could get away.

Ara and Fatt pull out their Uzis from motorcycle sidebags. The dust is incredibly thick and their vision is nearly entirely blocked. They make slicing motions in the air in front of their faces to clear dust clouds away from their eyes.

They both take aim with their Uzis and fire in a fusillade of bullets towards the limo. It is not possible to tell if they are hitting their targets.

EXTERIOR LIMO

A few bullets pierce through the back right rear of the limo.

BRANSTEEN

Get completely off the road!

(pointing towards the left)

Look left! I think we can drive on that stretch of land there! Their bikes will never stand up on that surface at this speed. Go go go!!

Rotmesser immediately follows Bransteen's directive. The car weaves and seems to be out of control, but realigns itself and travels wonderfully on the dirt surface.

ARA and FATT ON BIKES

Ara and Fatt are seen losing control and throwing their weapons off to the side so as to use both hands to steer. It is not helpful, they spin out of control and make spills, regardless. They slide across the earth and ball up for safety as they roll chaotically on the earth.

Ara gets up first. She is not injured but badly shaken and scratched. She runs over to Fatt. Fatt is unconscious. After ministering to her sister for some time, Fatt finally regains consciousness and opens her eyes. Ara cries out dramatically in relief as tears flood her eyes and drip down her face leaving huge streaks.

INTERIOR LIMO

Rotmesser is very worried and eats up more and more of the road at ultra high speeds to put plenty of distance between them and their Baghdad vampire-like huntresses. Bransteen, still on the floor, looks up and sees that Rotmesser is swallowed up by fear.

BRANSTEEN

Can I come up now?

ROTMESSER

Stay down a little longer. I'm not certain, but I think they both went down. Thanks for thinking clearly. You may of saved both of our lives when you told me to cut off the road.

Rotmesser looks into the rear view mirror and squints his eyes.

ROTMESSER

You're a real plumber Bransteen!

(pausing for emphasis)

In Israeli intelligence operations school, we were taught to not be poets when the job requires a plumber. Welcome to the plumbers club!

Bransteen looks somewhat puzzled by this lingo.

BRANSTEEN

(picking up the litre of bourbon from the floor)

Yeah. But can I get up now? My legs are asleep. They're killing me!

ROTMESSER

Sure idiot. Get your ass up here.

Rotmesser sees the bottle of bourbon and grabs it out of Bransteen's hand. He takes a giant swill from it and then passes it to Bransteen.

ROTMESSER

Here. Drink your fill. You deserve a good drunk after that close call!

Bransteen takes the bottle and imitates Rabbi Rotmesser's drinking style. They both continue in this manner for several sizable gulps.

BRANSTEEN

(wiping whiskey from his chin)

Who were those maniacs?

ROTMESSER

I think they were what the police call "desert pirates".

BRANSTEEN

Desert Pirates?

ROTMESSER

Yeah. You never heard of desert highway bandits?

BRANSTEEN

No. Never before.

ROTMESSER

Then you don't read Penthouse.

BRANSTEEN

Sorry. Haven't needed to yet.

ROTMESSER

Well. I'm not talking about the girlie pics. Penthouse gives you insider scoops on such things. It was Penthouse that first hinted, indirectly, and before the event, that somebody like Vinnie Voster could be murdered by intelligence agents working within the military-cocaine cartel. Vinnie Voster, I believe it was stated in that Penthouse article -- that exposed the main players involved -- even before Voster's death, knew that U.S. military transports were being used on American soil to carry big shipments of drugs to inner cities. He got in the way, as we say in the trade. He had tried unsuccessfully to block it!

And Penthouse also wrote up the first stories on desert highway bandits. Was that the same issue with Dershowitz's spin doctoring? I can't recall ... Dershowitz performs so often for Penthouse, they must certainly pay him well for his articulate contributions.

ROTMESSER

(continuing)

What do you read anyway, Readers Digest ... or perhaps Catholic Worker?

BRANSTEEN

(defensively)

No. I read USA Today. It has more readers than Wall Street Journal or New York Times. And it's enough Jewish owned for me, so they're okay by me. Oh! And I read Vanity Fair magazine. Is that kosher enough by your standards?

Rotmesser is seen smirking and then begins laughing out loud at Bransteen's naivete. Bransteen gets testy at this outburst.

BRANSTEEN

Mort. Doesn't your name mean Death? How'd you get that name? It looked like Tippi back there almost recognized you as someone else!

Rotmesser glares at Bransteen.

ROTMESSER

(laughing)

What you don't know won't hurt you.

VIEW OF THE NIGHT DESERT

The high beams of the limo slice through the sky, showing various deserted landscapes with massive rocks and numerous sand dunes etched against the night sky. They are both still drinking the bourbon and getting extremely sleepy.

Bransteen notices something distant caught in the range of the lights of the highbeam and points toward it. Rabbi Rotmesser begins to drive surreptitiously toward the SOMETHING.

THEIR POV

A young and quite attractive cowgirl is seen riding atop her horse. She is bare back and bare-breasted. She wears only cut off dungarees a la hotpants mode, a broad brimmed cowboy hat, cowboy boots, and a large Bowie knife attached to her belt at her side. She is pulling two loaded pack mules behind her. She gives a quick kick to the horse and moves out of the parameters of the carlights.

Bransteen and Rotmesser cry out their amazement simultaneously.

RABBI AND BRANSTEEN

Mother of mothers!!

They stop the car and get out for a better view. It is too late. The cowgirl is gone and out of sight.

ROTMESSER

We can follow her tracks in the morning. Come on ... let's finish this bottle.

Rotmessenger guzzles on the bourbon bottle for another endless drink.

ROTMESSER

I'm tired. Let's sleep and figure out how to get a new car in the morning.

BRANSTEEN

Out here they say shut-eye. Don't you read Westerns?

Bransteen throws the empty bottle into the vast expanse of night.

ROTMESSER

Quit pissing up my back ... wise guy.

Rotmessenger plops face sideways onto the back seat and immediately begins to snore.

Bransteen goes off a few feet from the car in order to piss. As he is pissing he sees the distant glow of a campfire.

HIS POV, CAMPFIRE IN THE DISTANCE

Bransteen sees what appears to be several men and the cowgirl dancing around a campfire. He has had as much bourbon as he can handle, the most he ever drank in his life in one sitting. He is not exactly inebriated, but his faculties are slightly impaired.

Bransteen begins to walk through the dark expanse of sand toward the glow in the distance.

When Bransteen is a few dozen yards from the entourage, he can see much more clearly.

HIS POV

Close to ten men are naked and dancing around the campfire. They have erections and this can be seen by the shadows cast from the campfire onto the ground. They are passing peyote pellets to each other, and dried mushrooms. The cowgirl is holding a huge pipe and smoking from it. She passes it ceremoniously around the circle of men, who in turn take puffs from it.

Bransteen walks amiably toward her and no one is startled.

BRANSTEEN

This is much more exciting than the nightclub scene in Manhattan!

Camera caresses COWGIRL. She is beautiful, with blonde hair and olive tanned complexion.

Her eyes are green. She smiles and seems completely unperturbed. Her attire is unchanged. Bare breasted with cut-off dungaree hotpants.

COWGIRL

It is definitely more enjoyable here! I once lived in the East Village of Manhattan. I found it not nearly as interesting as my hometown in the Pampas of Argentina.

But this little family is the best tribe of all! We are an assortment of Indian, New Mexican, Mexican, and Pampas bloodlines here. My father was Norwegian. He died in Alaska some time ago. My mother is from Buenos Aires. How about you?

BRANSTEEN

I'm just a Jew from Jersey. Not anything so exotic as New Mexico. My father is Jewish and my mother was Irish Catholic. She died.

What the hell is going on here?

COWGIRL

My name is Medea. What's yours?

BRANSTEEN

Bransteen.

MEDEA

Well Bransteen. We are modernizing several ancient peyote rituals. Would you like to help us?

Bransteen looks tempted and uncertain. Medea lifts a wooden bowl filled with a potion to his lips.

MEDEA

Here. Drink deeply from this. Then you'll understand.

Bransteen drinks eagerly from the wooden bowl. The potion goes down without duress.

BRANSTEEN

When will I know what is what?

MEDEA

Very soon. Come over here in the meantime.

Medea signals to her compatriots that all is okay. Then she fastens a pistol and gunbelt around her waist, and grabs a rifle that had been standing against a cactus.

MEDEA

Follow me. Let's go for a little walk.

Bransteen and Medea leave the dancing men behind with their still persistent hard-ons. They go away from the campfire, but not completely away from the light of the fire.

MEDEA

First thing you must learn ...
(she points to her weapons)

... that these are the Laws of the West.

Bransteen grins sheepishly and follows directly behind her. Her figure is absolutely fetching.

MEDEA

And the second law of the West is never interrupt a spontaneous pleasure if it seems a natural act.

BRANSTEEN

Spontaneous pleasure. Do you mean what I think you mean?

She takes Bransteen by the hand and runs with him out of view and out of all light cast from the fire. Only gentle moonlight frames the pair.

Medea throws her rifle against a rock and hastily removes her holster and ammunition belt. The Bowie knife falls down as her hotpants are discarded. She falls onto her back, completely nude.

MEDEA

I've never known a man that's been able to say no.

Bransteen quickly undresses. His eyes are dilated and as big as buttons.

MEDEA

Shoot me up. Give me some pump action. Love me!

Bransteen mounts her and begins to copulate furiously.

MEDEA

(with an otherworldly look on her face)

The last time I tripped on peyote was incredible! I dreamed that I was walking with my friend, Tempestina, who is an art historian, and ...

(she groans and pauses a bit as Bransteen mines her shaft)

FLASHBACK, ONE OF MEDEA'S PREVIOUS PEYOTE TRIPS

A beautiful naked woman is seen lying unconscious beneath a very large painting in a major museum. The painting is somewhat damaged.

Tempestina hurries toward the unfortunate woman. She rubs the unconscious and prostrate woman's body to try to awaken her. Several attempts are unsuccessful. The woman at last suddenly awakens. She is in severe shock.

Some of the museum security guards rush over. They question the naked woman but she doesn't answer them. She only shouts out the word "Romulus," over and over.

MEDEA (OS)

My friend, Tempestina, in my hallucination last time I tripped, began speaking Latin with the naked woman in this vision.

BRANSTEEN (OS)

(out of breath and still copulating wildly)

Really?

Tempestina is seen speaking in the FLASHBACK with the naked woman in a mix of ancient Oscan and early Roman-Sabine. The naked woman abruptly begins to cry and cannot stop crying, ... for ages. Tempestina questions her with gentleness but receives no reply.

MEDEA (OS)

And you know what happened?

A VIEW of Bransteen's buttocks moving like pistons up and down.

BRANSTEEN

No. Please tell me.

MEDEA

The naked woman admitted her native tongue was Oscan and that her spirit had been miraculously compressed into both the famous Poussin and Pietro da Cortona paintings "The Rape of the Sabine Women", one of the very same paintings she was lying under in the Met!

CAMERA PANS THE PAINTING IN THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, "THE RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN" DIRECTLY OVERHEAD

BRANSTEEN

So she was one of the Sabine Women! That's incredible!

Bransteen and Medea are fornicating in a dizzying frenzy now.

MEDEA

Yes. Her soul cannot rest until she sees that humanity knows the truth about the trick against the early pre-Solomonic Jewish tribes, and later in history, the rape of the defenceless Sabine women.

She says that before 3050 B.C., the Semitic races of the Mediterranean, from Algeria, to Greece, to Egypt and Israel, Lebanon, Persia and Turkey, were not so warlike. The Jews then, maybe slightly more stubborn than a few dozen other neighboring tribes, were not really very different from other people of the area.

Spiritual and moral leaders came from all tribes during that time. There were no monopolies on trade or god.

Suddenly, among the Hebrews, a cult sprang up around the Red Heifer, which today is known as a scapegoat. It was to ward away a strange new lifeform which was predatory against man.

A superior intelligence, new to humanity.

This superior intelligence needed to partially infiltrate a human race and camouflage itself thoroughly.

For this some Jews were chosen.

BRANSTEEN

(perspiring)

That's incredible!! All this was revealed to you in your peyote vision??!! Are you sure the Oscan was correctly translated?

Didn't Charlton Heston already play the lead in a film about that?

MEDEA

No. Let me continue. Many Jews resisted, those that were most perceptive. But eventually their leaders were compromised and their high priests joined the alien Kabal. The old concept of a Messiah springs forth from the Jews who wouldn't forget this trick against humanity. The hope returns over and over throughout history, but doesn't have much of a chance, unless

.... don't laugh! until we break the language barrier with dolphins ... before nefarious secret police networks accomplish this. Many friends have told me that if you ingest LSD near a school of dolphins, they can telepathically contact humans who are specially gifted and will use audible cries of their as yet never decoded language, in celebration of their breakthrough. It's a kind of harmony of the spheres.

BRANSTEEN

(shaking uncontrollably in his own celebration) Why dolphins?

MEDEA

Because the highest priests of almost all religions since then have been compromised. It's suspected that dolphins were not penetrated during this takeover because they use an echolocation sensory capacity that requires an extraordinarily complex brain ... and they don't sleep like other mammals -- they have two brains and voluntary breathing -- so when they sleep they must keep one brain alert so as to breathe.

This protected them during the trick against humanity and intelligent lifeforms on Earth. Bats have echolocation but were profoundly compromised, they must sleep!

Enough of seataalk. Even Pythagoras spoke often of Atlantis, teaching Socrates and Plato to never forget this crime against humanity. They also taught of a way to identify and kill this foreign alien lifeforce ...

...but all those works and texts have been annihilated. But we do know that some Druid tribes were not compromised and they worked in tandem with

the kindred tribes of Israel that had defected from the monotheistic Hebrew cult of the time.

Astonishingly .. the Sabine people of the time of Romulus, around 700 years before Christ, tried to drive out these invaders with the help of many allies of many different races, Jewish tribes included.

They fought together against this common enemy.

It failed. But one day it won't. I repeat, this is the real crime against humanity. We've already had one themonuclear war on earth ... over twelve thousand years ago ... certainly before the time of the oral legends recorded in the Old Testament.

New cultures sprang from this destruction, and irregular shifts in the Earth's tectonic plate changed military inroads.

One was predatory to Man, and built a capital in Mexico and Egypt and Peru and Tibet and Anyang, among other places, like maybe Moldovia.

The other, friendly to humans ... a guardian angel creature ... settled where it could make a defense against this warlike lifeform that began interbreeding with us, and controlling human history.

The friendly lifeform is more cosmically civilized, and cannot afford to rest. They are vulnerable to the predatory species - that which creates falsehoods out of our deepest wishes and needs, specialists at turning man against man.

(jerkng somewhat)

Hey! Watch out! You're plowing the wrong field now since you slipped out! That's forbidden fruit there, you arrogant Mule!

BRANSTEEN

Oh my god! What did I do? I didn't want to do anything abnormal.

MEDEA

(slowly and contentedly)

Continue my child.

DESERT, NIGHT

Bransteen and Medea get dressed after their love making session. She dresses more quickly than he. Bransteen then struggles with his pants in the sand, standing on one foot.

Suddenly Medea reaches for the rifle and takes aim.

BRANSTEEN (OS)

Hey! Wait a minute! Just because I ...

HER POV

A large southwestern brown rat is scurrying quickly in the sand near Bransteen, looking for flesh. She fires and kills the rat. Running over to her quarry, she grabs the dead animal by the tail and brings it over to Bransteen. She removes her Bowie knife from its leather sheath and skins the rat like a virtuoso.

MEDEA

I hate rats. Do you know how to shoot?

BRANSTEEN

No. I never had cause to learn.

MEDEA

I can sense that you have cause now, so you'd better learn. This is not the only rat. I'll teach you plenty before sunrise.

(she's nearly finished skinning the jackal sized rat)

If all mankind had the economical sensibility of a true hunter, we would have few wars, and those few would end in a hurry!

A good hunter only kills what is lowest on the food chain first, prey that provides little other utility, ... such as clothing, secondary food sources, tool-making potential, or ornamentation.

Animals such as sheep, oxen and cows are fantastically useful, they are large, good for labor, provide dung for heating and cooking, supply milk, cheese, wool, hides ... their excrement is worth more than coal or oil in vast provinces of the world!!! Should they be slaughtered on production-line scales? They have so many other purposes, alive!

Did you know that the ratio of blood to body weight is largest among mammals, and that the ox, wildbeest, elephant, whale, buffalo, sheep, and yes, the human itself, are virtual blood bags with feet?

If there is a Dracula and Bride of Dracula, we know where They and their children would look to slack their insatiable thirst! The large mammals.

BRANSTEEN

(not understanding)

How's that?

MEDEA

You don't get it?

Hunters eat their game and use every bit of their prey for useful and utilitarian purposes. Dead animals that simply rot in the open due to excessive killing are an ugly sight, a complete waste, a crime against the balance of Nature.

If man were forced to eat his victims in warfare, for at least a time on Earth, or required by law to eat entirely another human whenever taking its life away from it, we'd have much less war and murder because there would be an oversupply of meat --- and

(she says laughing)

someone would have to eat that oversupply, in one sitting!

The perpetrators would end up killing themselves through overeating, a quite painful death, I might add. This alone could end the repeated suffering of humanity since the building of the great pyramids in Egypt.

BRANSTEEN

My goodness! A 250 pound man killed by a 95 pound woman, and she must eat her victim! She would die of puking! Absolutely horrible!

MEDEA

(continuing)

A battlefield full of thousands of rotting corpses would bring out a sense of shame in everyone involved. Like wasted food or unsanitary conditions in a restaurant.

BRANSTEEN

I get it. Each soldier would at least value his opponent as food. That's better than giving him no value at all and killing him only out of sheer spite, or in blind obedience to a military officer, or to a slave merchant!

MEDEA

Mighty Osiris! Tu comprendes.

Such moral reasoning would make warfare and murder completely unjustifiable!

Military professionals, in this future world, would have to be highly trained in ethics, in addition to armed struggle techniques, they must be prepared to handle, on their own, sudden hostile incursions into a sovereign state, and assess the situation from a moral standpoint in very little time. This takes a phenomenal amount of education and honor.

Each soldier himself and herself would be under law to hold a democratic vote to judge whether an actual war engagement is preferable, or not preferable.

The generals cannot dictate in this scenario, ... they have one vote also, and only one ... but once war is decided by the majority, the general is the top of the chain of command, and his commands are inviolate until the end of his campaign.

Man's appetite for wealth and power may be nearly infinite. But his appetite for meat has definite measurable limits.

CACTI ARE SEEN IN THE MOONLIGHT. A BEHEMOTH RAT SKIN IS PINNED TO ONE OF THE CACTUS WITH A BOWIE KNIFE.

Bransteen is holding a pistol. Medea is standing behind him, instructing him in the use of the gun. She is quite generous with her body language while giving him pointers on how to be a better shot. He tries several times, again and again, until he gets much better at aiming and firing. Finally he begins to score hits directly into the rat skin target.

There is an air of jolly conviviality and easy compatibility between Bransteen and Medea as they train in weapons together.

MEDEA

So my handsome strong student. I'd say you're ready for battle.

(removing the other pistol from it's holster from her left side)

Here is my other revolver. I'm giving it to you as a gift. It is cold and clean and hasn't been fired in several weeks.

Hide it behind your shirt, in back, wedged between your pants and your waist.

No no! Under your shirt!

Bransteen tucks the revolver into the backside of his waistbelt as instructed.

MEDEA

Now you can appreciate the Wild West.

BRANSTEEN

But I'm years behind the Bloods in the projects for this kind of education. I'll never be fast enough with a gun!

Medea smiles.

BRANSTEEN

I guess out here you never watch television.

MEDEA

No need to. Look. The sun is about to rise. You said you must return to your partner before dawn. Better get moving. Vayate! Me too!

BRANSTEEN

Thanks for the pistol ... and everything.

MEDEA

The pleasure was mine. Until we meet again. Adios. Shalom!

Bransteen walks a little dejectedly back towards the limo. The sun rises and the birds begin to sing. Bransteen enters the car. Rotmesser is still sleeping. Bransteen turns on the radio. Rotmesser awakens.

ROTMESSER

(rubbing his eyes)

Hey. What time is it?

BRANSTEEN

The sun just rose. You asked me to wake you at dawn.

ROTMESSER

Was that a dream last night? Did we see a bare breasted woman riding bareback?

BRANSTEEN

I think you had too much to drink last night, or else you need more sleep, you're hallucinating.

ROTMESSER

Oye vey! What a lovely dream. Let's get outta here.

INTERIOR LIMO, EARLY MORNING

Rotmesser and Bransteen are talking as they drive ever closer to Mexico. Bransteen is at the wheel.

BRANSTEEN

And were you published throughout Europe?

ROTMESSER

Fardammt! Let me finish telling you.

You're an impetuous youth! You're not listening carefully to me. First I was at the Frankfurt Book Fair. Then I was in the Hamburghaffen, one of the largest harbors in Europe, for other commercial purposes. That was before Prinkipo Island, Turkey. So I'm internationally connected, but no ... not published throughout ALL of Europe.

BRANSTEEN

Company business?

ROTMESSER

Err ... yeah. I was doing a job for a shipping company. They own lots of governments.

BRANSTEEN

What was the merchandise?

ROTMESSER

I'll tell you some other time. Meanwhile, let me get on with a joke I learned in Europe.

BRANSTEEN

Is it a Jewish joke?

ROTMESSER

No, much better than one of those.

BRANSTEEN

Let's hear it.

ROTMESSER

Okay. Tell me. Do you know the difference between yogurt and the United States?

There's a long pause.

BRANSTEEN

No. What is it?

ROTMESSER

You really don't know?

ROTMESSER

(laughing to himself)

Alright then ...

Yogurt has more culture!

BRANSTEEN

I never could figure out those Europeans.

I've got a good Jewish joke for you Rabbi. A new one.

ROTMESSER

None of them are new.

BRANSTEEN

Okay, let's just forget it.

But .. have you heard?. Dreamwerks is building a giant studio on the ruins of the former Howard Hughes Aviation headquarters.

Even to a young man of my limited activities, that seems more than spiteful.

ROTMESSER

Did you know their never was a film coming out of Hollywood, to the best of my recollection, showing that Jews also make mistakes ... and have bad apples in their bushel, too?

I'm always having to justify to Gentile friends why so many drunken priests drown themselves in alcohol in Graham Greene stories or, why Hollywood relishes characters like Robert Mitchum's portrayal of a sexually perverted homicidal Christian minister in "Night of the Hunter," or why we don't see blood sabbaths in synagogues and temples, but we do see Harvey Keitel's "Bad Lieutenant" wade through blood pools and vile desecrations within a Catholic Church. Someone even asked me if Keitel was suggesting that he was a new incarnation of the notorious SS Officer for the Nazis named Keitel!

Actor's have responsibilities to themselves ... and to the public too. Playing a role is a responsibility that weighs heavily on the shoulders of an actor ... "he needed money" is a flimsy excuse for bad judgement. We are talking art, not junk bonds!!! Do you know how many times I've heard Spaniards and other Europeans complain bitterly about Burt Lancaster's morally deficient preacher, in "Elmer Gantry"? They utterly detest this Hollywood confabulation based on Sinclair Lewis's novel. I've been asked if this film was a Golem or a Dybbuk creature programmed to destroy American culture!

Blacks, by and large, are given fraudulent film roles in the Hollywood hell ... not only belittling but showing an underlying feeling of superiority from the producers and directors --- it's true that Hollywood insults the intelligence of all Americans by ladling out such cliches and divisive stereotypes to the public. Whenever there is a dignified black portrayed, he or she is such an unrealistic fantasy -- something that does not nor can not exist in any race, not even a race of Gods! ... it's a damned insult to everyone ... I admit it ... it's clear it's damned purgation of guilt --- and no real change of heart or politics --- business as usual!!! Haven't you heard that before!!!

This contemptuous dimension to Hollywood's racial voodoo and black magic is not a token of white supremacy. It's a very ancient religious conceit and it's extended throughout the Middle East too, against non-Jewish Semitic peoples. Ask any middle Easterner walking the streets of London or Jerusalem if I'm wrong!

INTERIOR, THE TWO OF THEM DRIVING, QUITE TIRED, NEARLY ASLEEP

EXTERIOR, USED CAR LOT NEARBY, LATE MORNING

ROTMESSER

Get back to the outskirts of town. We'll ditch this car, walk a ways, and then get a cab to bring us here to the car lot again. I haven't seen anyone staring at the bullet holes in the back, but I don't want to risk it anymore. Step on it.

EXTERIOR, DESERTED WOODSY AREA, VERY CLOSE TO TOWN

Bransteen and Rotmesser collect up their things, most importantly Rotmesser's very large black leather satchel, push the car into some dense foliage between several trees, and then cover it up with lots of leaves and debris.

They head towards town on foot for a short time and then hail a lone passing taxi.

EXTERIOR, SAME USED CAR LOT, NEAR LUNCH HOUR

Through the large easy-view window of the business office of the used car lot, Rotmesser can be seen tendering cash as payment on a red, used Ford Mustang. The manager of the car lot ceremoniously hands the title over to Rotmesser in exchange for bundles of hard currency. Rotmesser departs briskly once business is concluded and strides over to the red Mustang, where Bransteen patiently waits on foot. Rotmesser swings the door open on the passenger side of the Mustang, slides in and gestures to Bransteen to get behind the wheel and drive on.

ROTMESSER

Let's grab a bite to eat.

Bransteen drives away with a flourish.

INTERIOR DINER

They park the car in front of the diner. A waitress seats them and takes their order very quickly. There are bilingual conversations in American-English and Mexican-Spanish going on around them. They are very close to the Mexican border.

BRANSTEEN

(eating strawberries)

Mort. Are you really Rabbi Feind? I'd like some kind of explanation now. Especially since we've been shot at and your Penthouse alibi about desert pirates doesn't convince me any longer.

ROTMESSER

(insincerely)

Explain what?

BRANSTEEN

Fine fine Mr. Feind. You must have been only teasing me, when you told me back in New York City that your name is Mort Feind, Rabbi Mort Feind.

The waitress arrives, serves their main orders, and then moves on to serve other customers.

BRANSTEEN

I'm still waiting for a plausible story. My life is at stake here, so I'm in no mood for bullshit.

ROTMESSER

My name is Rotmesser. They call me "Running Rabbi" because a powerful man in the mob named Wolfsheim would like to see me dead, rather than only running.

BRANSTEEN

Keep explaining!

ROTMESSER

Don't worry kid. Everything in life can be reduced to a matter of money. I'll pay you double our original agreement. Shall we revise our agreement?

Bransteen doesn't look entirely relieved.

BRANSTEEN

I didn't read the papers much when I was playing music in little clubs in Manhattan. Who is this Wolfsheim?

ROTMESSER

Look. We will go so deep into Mexico that we won't even have to wipe our asses carefully. The less you know about this character, the better for you ... if we are found one day. But I won't let that happen, I assure you. Eat your food before it gets cold.

BRANSTEEN

Why didn't you tell me all this in the beginning?

ROTMESSER

Listen. Mainly because I thought if you knew, you'd quit on me and I would be stuck without an excellent driver.

I've been pretty good at concealing my movements for years now. Why should my luck change?

Bransteen picks at his food as it gets colder and colder.

BRANSTEEN

And those two motorcycle mamas with automatic weapons?

ROTMESSER

Maybe they coulda been just desert pirates. It's possible.

(looking firmly into Bransteen's eyes)

Anyway. I got something thata take care of them should they come round again.

EXTERIOR, ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DINER

Ara and Fatt are at the Seven-Eleven convenience store. Fatt buys cigarettes. They are both drinking coffee in styrofoam cups. As they leave through the door to their bikes in the parking lot, Ara catches sight of Rotmessenger in the Diner.

ARA

(pointing)

Over there!

FATT

What? What over there?

Fatt sees Rotmessenger discussing something seriously with Bransteen. The twin sisters both run for their bikes, dropping their coffee onto the pavement in a splash. Ara pulls out a large shotgun. Fatt positions her Uzi as she mounts and starts her motorcycle. They begin cruising toward the diner window.

ARA

We'll wait until they come out into the open.

INTERIOR DINER

BRANSTEEN

Murder is not my business. I'm only a musician. Let's get the hell out of here and down into Mexico as soon as possible.

ROTMESSER

(as radiant as a Lotto winner) We'll get out of here just as soon as I pay the tab!

Rotmesser signals to the waitress for the check. She brings it to him and then pivots on the ball of her foot hurriedly so that she can service a new table of customers that just took a table nearby.

Rotmesser grabs her by her hand and stops her in mid-turn.

ROTMESSER

(coaxingly) Don't go just yet my princess. (plucking a large bill from his shirt pocket) Keep it doll.

WAITRESS

That's a fifty dollar bill sir!

Ara and Fatt are just feet from the diner window now. The sound of motorcycles approaching somewhere in the parking lot arouses Rotmesser's sixth sense of danger. He deftly opens his large satchel and pulls out his canon-like revolver.

ROTMESSER

Get down!!

The shotgun blast rips through the window and kills the waitress instantly. Rotmesser fires rapidly from his automatic handgun and scores a hit on the headlamp of Fatt's motorcycle. She fires her Uzi and a streak of holes appear in the restaurant wall just over Bransteen's head. Rotmesser fires back at them in a raging salvo as the hit women both try to maneuver out of the parking lot on their motorcycles. They turn out of the parking lot in a hurry and onto a main boulevard.

ROTMESSER

(to Bransteen) Get your ass in high gear! We must kill them now and be done with it!

Bransteen gets a handle on himself and they both run quickly to the Mustang. He jumps behind the wheel and they drive in rapid pursuit of the Fatwah Sisters. When they are near enough, Rotmesser lets out another burst of deadly fire from his gigantic handgun.

Ara and Fatt nervously turn around in their motorcycle seats and fire the best they can in the direction of the approaching Mustang. Rotmesser takes deadly aim and Ara's motorcycle bursts into flames after being struck by a direct hit. She leaps from her flaming bike like a circus acrobat and onto Fatt's motorcycle. She then straddles her sister from behind, holding her around the waist with one arm, and repositioning her shotgun with the other. The sky is nearly pitch black from an approaching storm.

The Mustang draws nearly directly behind the single motorcycle transporting the twins.

BRANSTEEN

No way man! They blew away that waitress!

ROTMESSER

They're professionals.

BRANSTEEN

(banging his hand against the steering wheel)

Scheise!

ROTMESSER

Be alert. We're right on their ass.

Ara turns in her seat very adroitly and manages to hold onto Fatt with her free arm and to aim the shotgun with the other, facing the Mustang. She fires the shotgun just as the motorcycle hits a bump and blows the front hood off of the Mustang, just missing both Bransteen and Rotmesser and the higher windshield.

ROTMESSER

(standing tall in the back seat and regaining his firing position) Now it's time for a double play!

BRANSTEEN

They're gonna kill us if you don't

ROTMESSER

Drive! Just drive!

Ara fires again from her shotgun forcing Rotmessenger to duck for cover. The upholstery of the back seat is blasted to bits, leaving a crater sized hole in the backrest. Bransteen loses a little bit of control over the Mustang during the close call.

BRANSTEEN

Oh shit! Can't you do anything?

ROTMESSER

Just keep driving!

I'll make redheads out of those

Baghdad ravens!

Rotmessenger reaches into his satchel and pulls out a grenade. He lobs it onto Fatt's lap. It gets caught in her silk tunic. She tries frantically to remove it.

BOOM EXPLOSION SOUND

Ara and Fatt are thrown onto the road and are left utterly motionless like two disfigured Raggedy Ann dolls.

Rotmessenger gives a victory hoot and fires triumphantly into the dark stormy sky.

ROTMESSER

We got 'em we got 'em we got 'em!

If the turkey buzzards don't eat them, the people who run McDonald's will know what to do with those bodies.

BRANSTEEN

Do you think we should turn around to see if maybe, they're still alive?

ROTMESSER

(climbing into the front seat)

One of them is decapitated, the other is ground round. Keep your head about you and get us to the border. The police will be all over the place soon in this hick town.

Bransteen notices a trickle of blood running down Rotmesser's arm and soaking his shirt.

FLASHBACK, AN AUTO ACCIDENT, BRANSTEEN AS A CHILD, DAY

Standing just outside of the overturned car, little Bransteen is staring at his bloodied hands. His boyish face is transfigured into sheer terror and he begins to scream with abandon.

Bransteen's breathing in the Mustang now becomes heavy and rapid.

ROTMESSER

Maharal Maharal. Guti Lord. What's wrong little red Bransteen, never seen blood before? Never had porphyria?

BRANSTEEN

Not really. Maybe long ago.

Rotmesser looks concerned. Bransteen is meditative as he drives them closer to the border. The clouds are beginning to clear and the sun shines intermittently.

EXTERIOR ROAD, LATE AFTERNOON

Bransteen is driving a Rambler sedan now, on a wide and empty road, near sunset. They are already in Mexico.

ROTMESSER

How do you like the classic Rambler?

BRANSTEEN

It handles well. I kind of like it!

You got a good price on it, didn't you, at that last sleazy used car lot just before the border.

ROTMESSER

Yeah. It's good not to draw much attention here in Mexico.

I didn't want trouble with the Mexican border officials. This Rambler is perfect to travel inconspicuously ... and it's reliable and sturdy.

Just about everyone has an old model American car down here.

BRANSTEEN

I always thought we needed passports and stuff for here.

They just waved us through.

ROTMESSER

You're quite a big international traveler now, aren't you?

This stretch of highway is pretty lonely for quite some time.

We'll eat when we get to the first large Mexican village. Arroz con pollo, isn't that what chicken and rice is called?

BRANSTEEN

Si señor.

INTERIOR RAMBLER, NIGHT

Rotmessenger has a clean tee-shirt torn and tied around his wound on his arm. He is also wearing a fresh shirt, without bloodstains. He is drunk and snoring heavily. His hand still holds unconsciously a half empty litre bottle of tequila.

BRANSTEEN'S POV, ROADSIDE

At the high speed at which he is traveling Bransteen cannot easily distinguish well a blurred shape as he passes it on the side of the road. He slows the Rambler, stops, and then backs up to meet the approaching object.

Bransteen studies the subject intently as it slowly comes into focus. When the features of the object are distinctive, he lets out a shout of surprise.

It is the DOG from the Williamsburgh Bridge. It looks very tired and thirsty. The dog doesn't bother to look up at the Rambler and continues jogging with its tongue hanging out slinging off globules of saliva.

Bransteen pounds his forehead when he realizes for certain that this dog is the same one which the attractive young lady lost in New York City. He drives safely up to a few feet from the dog, blocking its path on the shoulder of the road. After parking, he jumps out of the car and calls out to the dog.

BRANSTEEN

Hey! Blondie?

EXTERIOR, SHOULDER OF ROAD

The dog comes nearer and sniffs Bransteen's leg. Its tongue is moving in and out of its jaws very rapidly. Bransteen leans against the car first and then sits down beside the dog in silence. The dog then rests its chin on top of Bransteen's knee. They resemble for a moment an ancient Egyptian healer with his sacred dog. A blinding light reflects off of a passing car.

BRANSTEEN

Hey pal. Didn't you remember me at first? New York City. Williamsburgh Bridge? Don't I smell the same? Worse, huh?

The dog looks at him with devotion.

BRANSTEEN

You're a long ways from home, Boy. Do I bet you have a hell of a story to tell me. Heading further south like us? Following the dolphins?

The dog stands up and pants, cooling itself more.

BRANSTEEN

I'd like to take you with us, but my boss drinks heavily and lives very dangerously ... it might not be your style.

The dog walks away from the Rambler and begins to head down the road.

BRANSTEEN

Don't go away, please! I could use a trusted friend.

The dog stops to scratch some fleas.

BRANSTEEN

Please. Come back.

The dog returns and Bransteen manifests his unabated delight.

BRANSTEEN

(patting the dog on the head affectionately)

Good Doggie.

They both hop into the car and Bransteen drives further into the cooling evening air. Rotmesser is asleep and lays stretched out across the back seat, like a partially wrapped mummy. Bransteen leans across the front seat to open the dog's window.

BRANSTEEN

(opening now his window too) I could use a shot of that fresh air myself Blondie.

The dog protrudes its head out of the window and respire in short strong snorts.

BRANSTEEN

Great idea!

Bransteen sticks his head out of his window and takes short snorts of air also.

EXTERIOR, FRONT OF RAMBLER

Two heads now protrude, one from each side of the car. They simultaneously pant and breathe in snorts.

INTERIOR RAMBLER

Rotmesser moves around in annoyance and sneezes in his sleep, mainly due to the cool draught whipping around the inside of the car now.

ROTMESSER

(his eyes closed yet speaking with authority)

Would you close that blasted window!

EXTERIOR RAMBLER

Bransteen and his floppy eared friend are enjoying the cool gushing breeze.

INTERIOR RAMBLER

Rotmesser sneezes again.

ROTMESSER I repeat. Close the goddamned window!

No answer. Rotmesser sneezes again.

ROTMESSER

(sitting up)

I told you to --- (seeing Bransteen with the dog he reaches forward and grabs Bransteen by the shirt) Have you gone mad? What's that sack of dog doo and fleas doing here in my car!

Stop the car!

Bransteen pulls the Rambler over to the shoulder of the road. The dog looks at Rotmesser and warningly bares its teeth.

ROTMESSER

What in the hell made you pick up that pooch? You gonna screw it or what?

BRANSTEEN

I ... (hesitantly)

... think it's the same dog that once helped me through a tough night of demons on the Lower East Side.

I can't let him down now.

Rotmesser leans back into the shadows and remains silent.

BRANSTEEN

(looking through the rear view mirror) Something wrong?

Rotmesser is staring into his past. He remembers friends also.

ROTMESSER'S FLASHBACK

Rotmesser hears sounds of laughter. Two forms are somewhere in a dark background. They are young men sitting around a table and drinking. A young Rotmesser and Wolfsheim are chatting together with pleasure.

WOLFSHEIM

(toasting a drink to Rotmesser)

Our blood is like this wine, brother. Our cup shall runneth over as long as we're partners.

INTERIOR CAR

Rotmesser is still staring into his past.

BRANSTEEN

(looking at Blondie and interrupting Rotmesser's
reverie)

We're both hungry.

ROTMESSER

(coming out of his memories)

Yeah. Let's eat.

INTERIOR, MEXICAN DINER

Rotmesser and many Mexican locals at the diner are staring with
astonishment in Bransteen's direction.

AT THEIR TABLE

Bransteen has eaten only half of his food.

ROTMESSER

Didn't your mama teach you to eat all the food on your plate?

Bransteen displays total disinterest in his meal, even though he loves
Mexican cuisine. He slides his plate over towards Blondie. The dog is seated in a chair
and has a napkin fastened around its neck. The plate is licked clean in
seconds flat.

BRANSTEEN

He was starving!

Blondie gives Bransteen a look of fervid appreciation. Bransteen pats
the dog on its head. Rotmesser looks around and sees that all the
Mexicans are staring in their direction.

ROTMESSER

(to all the Mexicans)

Ain't you never seen a dog lick a plate clean?

The Mexicans turn away and ignore Rotmesser's outburst.

BRANSTEEN

What's making you so edgy?

ROTMESSER

(standing up)

Look for me outside.

Rotmesser throws down some bills on the table and walks outside.

BRANSTEEN

(pointing at Blondie and making hand gestures with his free hand to indicate water for the dog.)

Senorita. Por favor. Agua para mi amigo.

Rotmesser glowers as he pushes recklessly through the splintered Dutch doors as he exits the diner. A Mexican waitress is seen bringing water for Blondie and Bransteen.

INTERIOR RAMBLER, ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Rotmesser is puffing on another Castro cigar in the back seat. Bransteen is driving and caressing the dog with his free hand. Blondie licks Bransteen's face. Bransteen then leans over and kisses the dog on the top of its nose.

ROTMESSER

(with a deceptive calm)

If you keep kissing that dog on the lips it just may try to hump you.

BRANSTEEN

Everything's under control Boss.

ROTMESSER

What are you saying Mister?

BRANSTEEN

I'm simply saying don't bug me over the dog.

You haven't heard me complain once about YOUR unusual activities.

ROTMESSER

Some of us have secrets. Nothing unusual in that!

BRANSTEEN

Some of us ain't got much of a future. Some of us ain't got no conscience.

ROTMESSER

(in a sarcastic whining voice)

Your conscience is as puny as your little goy nose. Who do you think you are, Confucius? Words about conscience bore me. I prefer law. It's a far better tool of subterfuge.

Bransteen doesn't say a word. He drives on and ignores the taunting.

EXTERIOR ROAD, RAMBLER BULLETING DOWN THE BLACKTOP

Rotmesser awakens from a nap and rubs sleep away from his eyes.

HIS POV

Blondie has his chin set on Bransteen's shoulder.

ROTMESSER (OS)

Stop the car.

Bransteen shows consternation but pulls over onto the side of the road.

ROTMESSER

(getting out of the car)

I want to talk to you. A-L-O-N-E.

Bransteen leaves the dog penned up in the car and follows Rotmesser a distance away from the car. They stop a few yards away. The dog watches them from the window.

DOG'S POV

Bransteen disagrees. Rotmesser argues. Bransteen and Rotmesser begin gesticulating wildly at one another. Bransteen starts to return to the car. Rotmesser grabs Bransteen and spins him around. Bransteen breaks Rotmesser's hold on him and ignores Rotmesser's shouting. Rotmesser grabs and spins Bransteen around a second time, only this time with much more force. Bransteen turns around and brings his fist curving with all its centripetal force, punching Rotmesser and knocking him instantly to the ground.

DOG'S POV

The dog, still watching, barks supportively.

Rotmesser quickly gets back onto his feet. He draws out his pistol with a silencer attached. Running up to Bransteen, he pistol whips him on the back of the head, knocking him out. Bransteen falls to the ground.

Rotmesser then marches purposefully towards the car. The dog barks loudly and jumps nervously around the inside of the car.

As Rotmesser opens the car door the dog runs quickly to Bransteen's side.

EXTERIOR, BRANSTEEN'S FACE

The dog licks Bransteen's face. Rotmesser steps closer. He gives the dog a hard look, aims, and fires. The dog drops dead instantly next to Bransteen.

There is nothing but dead silence afterwards. Bats fly from a nearby tree.

Rotmesser stares angrily at the two bodies. He then lifts Bransteen, who is still unconscious, and carries him to the back seat of the Rambler. Before getting behind the wheel, he takes one last look at the bleeding corpse of the dog. Some of the bats are already feeding. He then takes the wheel and drives pensively down the dark road.

EXTERIOR ROAD, LARGE MEXICAN TOWN, NIGHT

The Rambler enters the outskirts of the town.

INTERIOR RAMBLER

Rotmesser is driving. He turns his head to look toward Bransteen as he regains consciousness. Bransteen sits up and looks around mutely.

BRANSTEEN

(excitedly)

Where's my dog?

Rotmesser pulls over and studies Bransteen through the rear view mirror.

ROTMESSER

(in a monotone, like Henry Kissinger's)

I killed it.

BRANSTEEN

What?

Rotmesser says nothing. Bransteen looks into Rotmesser's eyes reflected in the rear view mirror and realizes that his dog is really dead. In total emotional confusion, Bransteen reaches for the door handle abruptly and leaves the car in a jolt, slamming the door behind him.

ROTMESSER'S POV

Bransteen walks for about ten yards. He stops to think. Shortly afterwards he returns to the car.

BRANSTEEN'S POV

Rotmesser is grinning maliciously. Bransteen then returns and reaches for the front passenger door. He then changes his direction and reenters the car through the back door. He sits silently in the back seat alone.

ROTMESSER

I'll get you a new dirtball hound when we're settled in down here.

The new one will have Mexican fleas. I hope that's okay by you, maybe you're partial to Big Apple fleas.

BRANSTEEN

Did you bury Blondie?

Rotmesser doesn't answer.

BRANSTEEN

(coldly)

I'll do the same for you should the need ever arise.

ROTMESSER

Do you promise?

Do you know how many times I've heard harmless threats in my travels?

We're not trained to be nice guys in the Hebron settlement as young 'Hets va-keshet', bow-and-arrow lads, nor as 'Sayanim' liaisons for the Mossad military intelligence. So quit your whimpering.

BRANSTEEN

I'm half Jewish by race and fully Jewish through conversion, but I hate you types, like Mick Hararfi and Robert Maxwellhouse.

Did you work with Hararfi too?

ROTMESSER

All I will say is that I admire his work. He was indispensable to Noriega in Panama. Maybe we'll visit him and many other old friends down in Central America. We have over 3500 years of experience there.

You know. You make me feel much better. It will be empowering to see Hararfi again!

BRANSTEEN

(with obvious petulance in his voice)

I'm only familiar with popular history.

Why didn't Hararfi's men know that they murdered an innocent Moroccan waiter, who had a very pregnant Norwegian wife, and that this Moroccan was not one of the Black September liberation soldiers Hararfi's men had been tracking down and executing?

Rabbi ... have you ever had a nightmare over your vengeful acts of retribution?

ROTMESSER

Not even an itsy bitsy little baby one. Retribution is divine.

BRANSTEEN

. . . In your first Midas-sized nightmares, I'll be waiting for you there, ... on the other side.

I never worked for Israeli spy networks, nor Amercian, and I'm no Rabbi, but I did go to Hebrew school in New Jersey.

"Mikrim ve tguvot".

ROTMESSER

Well spoken. Actions and reactions. Like quantum mechanics in physics. We'll find out some day if you're right. But for the meantime, quit sitting there like Joan of Arc. No catharsis for you junior here today.

A series of dissolves shows the Rambler going from the north to the south of Mexico, through the brown northern flat country to the greener mountains deep in the interior of Mexico.

EXTERIOR, A DESERTED MOUNTAIN ROAD, JUST BEFORE DAWN

Bransteen is driving once again. The engine of the Rambler starts to steam. Shortly afterwards, the car clunks to a halt and dense vapor plumes steam from the radiator. Rotmesser and Bransteen get out to survey their bad luck.

ROTMESSER

Try to fix it.

BRANSTEEN

Gimme a break! The car needs water. There's nothing we can do without water.

ROTMESSER

Then we'll walk until we find a village. (he grabs his large satchel)

Then I'll send someone for the car.

The two of them set out without any flashlights by foot for the village.

EXTERIOR, MEXICAN VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS, MANY MONTHS LATER, DAYLIGHT

A view from a distance reveals a small village hanging safely just below the rim of a dead volcano. Straining the eye, one can see an empty main plaza, or Zocalo, with an attractive fountain circulating water. No one is present. On a street in the vicinity, kids are running to play inside the ruins of a rusty and abandoned Rambler. A skinny dog is following on the heels of the kids.

NEARBY, IN THE SHADOW OF A LARGE TREE

Rotmesser is wearing a large sombrero and sharpening a machete. Mexican peasant clothes fit him loosely.

MARIA, a young and presentable earthy Zapoteca Indian girl is snoring softly with the crown of her head resting gently on Rotmesser's lap. Rotmesser reaches down and tickles her feet.

Maria's dreams thus interrupted, she awakens in a state of confusion, until her eyes meet Rotmesser's. Her body shudders with affection and she puckers her lips for a kiss.

ROTMESSER

Why did I ever pick YOU out of all the live-in house help offered to me by the mayor of the village?

Maria shrugs with a triumphant smile. She then wraps her arms lovingly around Rotmessenger's neck.

ROTMESSER

No kisses now chiquita. Go get Bransteen.

MARIA

(obediently)

Si mi Diablo.

She walks into the house. Rotmessenger continues sharpening his machete.

INTERIOR HOUSE

The house is dimly lit and quiet. Maria crosses through the kitchen and into the main room. She passes Rotmessenger's empty bedroom and proceeds to the adjacent bedroom. She hesitantly places her hand on the doorknob, and then with more certainty opens the door very quietly and steps into the room, leaving the door open behind her.

INTERIOR, BRANSTEEN'S BEDROOM

Bransteen is sleeping naked on his bed. Maria tiptoes to his bedside and stops to admire his well formed body. She puts her hand on Bransteen's upper leg and massages it gently, climbing higher and higher towards his crotch. She is biting her lip as if unaware of how unexpected this activity has consumed her.

Bransteen sleeps on undisturbed.

Maria bites her lower lip, with suppressed desire and kneads the flesh of young Bransteen's thigh, reluctant to let go. Bransteen suddenly wakes up and Maria jumps back.

BRANSTEEN

(covering himself with the sheet)

What are you doing Maria?

MARIA

(startled and pointing toward the door)

Uh ... uh ... el Rabbi ...

BRANSTEEN

What does HE want?!

Maria shrugs. Bransteen gets out of bed and puts on his trousers, perplexed and discomforted by Maria's lingering gaze.

BRANSTEEN

Go on. Vayate!

MARIA

Si si si.

She slowly leaves the room, lingering a bit to watch over her shoulder as Bransteen dresses himself. Bransteen follows shortly afterwards, and completes dressing himself while in motion to cross through the room at the same time. Maria stops to drink some water in the kitchen. Bransteen exits the kitchen. Maria hurriedly follows him, water dripping from her chin.

UNDER THE TREE

Rotmesser watches them coming toward him. He continues to sharpen his machete. Maria sits herself next to Rotmesser and looks at him with contrived adoration.

BRANSTEEN

Did you send for me?

ROTMESSER

(still sharpening)

Go get me some tequila.

BRANSTEEN

(displeased)

Ask Maria. Try some water if you're so thirsty. It's in the kitchen.

ROTMESSER

Tequila is more plentiful here than clean water.

Have you ever suffered through amoebic dysentery?

BRANSTEEN

Not yet. But I hear it really helps cure a glutton of obesity.

You might try it.

ROTMESSER

Your employment ain't over yet.

Don't you like working for me, or did you have a long solitary walk back to Manhattan in mind?

BRANSTEEN

You're even more detestable than the biggest red-eyed weasel on a prominent Washington lobby.

I'm getting restive.

Revolution is in the air.

ROTMESSER

Get me my damned tequila or go to hell with your revolution! And take your restive airs with you.

BRANSTEEN

Four months here and you've been only drinking tequila or working on your book or screwing Maria.

What's your book about anyway? I'm bored living holed up with only your ugly face and cut off from everything.

ROTMESSER

My book? It's about the pattern of Judaism following on the heels of Christianity for thousands of years, improving, in a business sense, the structures laid down by the Christian cultures.

Much like Zoroasterians, Sufis, Buddhists, Islamics, and post-Christian Shintos. Those specialist groups too swept in immediately behind the civilization-building theologies. Show me a book today that is authentic Confucian, or tablets from pre-Egyptian Jordan, or from the Elder races of the Druids ... their languages have conveniently been "misplaced".

Look. Here's a map from the Oxford Atlas of World History. See "Diaspora and Christianity"? I'm talking about the Hebrew Diaspora, not the Anyang-Mongolian Diaspora, nor the Portuguese-Irish, nor the Finnish-Magyar Diaspora. There are slight differences.

I myself believe that Moses was a member of the ancient Mongol Hsiung race, that later crossed the Steppes into Bulgaria during the time of that Welsh military intriguer St. Patrick, a Roman "clergyman" who did a lot to bring down the Celts and the last of the Druids. The ripples of that were felt all the way to the remnants of the final few Shintos in Japan.

CAMERA SHOWS CLOSE-UP OF THE OXFORD ATLAS OF WORLD HISTORY

ROTMESSER

(continuing)

Follow all the different colored arrows around Europe, Turkey, India, Tibet and China ... and then ... yes -- to the Americas!

See here, the time around 600 AD had lots of movement. Then again, really lots of activity during the Crusades and again around the 1400 and 1500s, until it culminated in the auto-da-fe public executions of the Spanish Inquisition.

Did you know Torquemada killed less than 2000 Jews? True, they were heinous public displays that drew huge crowds. It was symbolic and dreadful enough, however, to scare all the Jews out of Spain --- those who didn't convert to Christianity. However, as in earlier exoduses, almost all the Jewish high priests in the Spanish Treasury stayed behind, without incident.

Bransteen. Tell me. Have you ever seen a military general crying in the streets, weeping for the dead? Well ... let me remind you of something. The best military strategy books have been written, by not only graduates of national military universities, but also from among the finest theological universities and seminaries.

If only Hitler had shared Torquemada's frugal sense of proportion, he could have spared Jewish, and equally, non-Jewish deaths -- Torquemada never reached into the millions, and withheld his troops from wreaking worldwide destruction -- for this he lost the inevitable reconfiguration of wealth that changed the globe forever after the holocausts of Alexander the Macedonian, and Caesar, and the Mongolian hordes before even the Muslims, and the Templars during the Crusades, and Napoleon, ... need I go on?? They all had their faces minted on coins that controlled vast empires.

BRANSTEEN

Weren't Mao Tse tung and Stalin responsible for over 30 million deaths apiece around the same time?

ROTMESSER

Let's stick with Adolph Schickelgrubber. He was so twisted up by his personal physician, Doctor Morell, and by grossly deformed mythologies about the Aryan Indo-Europeans of ancient India and the sacred swastika of that prehistoric time, ... he confused them with the old Nazirite Israel tribe of the Gutis

... you remember them from Hebrew school? ...

they were forbidden to go near the dead, even their own dead family members. The Red Heifer time ... wasn't that part of your education?

What I started to say --- Adolph couldn't have been more deluded from his private madness run amok than he was from his physician and advisers. .. nearly wasted from all his physician administered narcotic injections and intestinal microorganism preparations ... near the end ... it seems he was used by historical and occult forces that are nothing at all what they seem to be today! ... I believe little Shickelgrubber lost his mind before he lost his soul.

Mierda! Look. Menachem Begin killed more than Torquemada, in Lebanon alone, in his 1980 invasion, against the cries and protests of the entire United Nations!

That was not even two years after winning the Nobel Peace prize!

Listen kid. War has always been an instrument of religion. Technology too. Just look what Intel computers are leading up to now!

First spearheaded by a Hungarian, then plowing through Silicon Valley, Intel went on to Israel, and now virtually shares a monopoly with Microsoft Windows ... together becoming ever so thoroughly the sole owners of telecommunications in France and Germany -- and their telephone and internet connections. I tell you, it really is a net!! The fish will be caught and the net will grow larger. There is no Fisher King, I told you first!

In modern America ... Finally!! No substantial reason for religious revenge or hatred. No ideological pretexts for persecution. Yes, the blacks have grounds for racial animosity, their tragic origins in slavery have never been adequately addressed. Their anger, even today, is well justified. But never before has there been a cultural base so large and so secure, with the enormously powerful potential to turn completely the tables on the sorcerers of this hoax.

And that is why Hollywood is so pivotal in the global dynamics and the political orientation of American energies. Without religious grounds

for war, nor ideological motivations, since Americans are historically apolitical in the true sense of a Polity, dream merchandising is the same as shouting at the top of Mt. Olympus! Mark my words, someday soon Spielbird will make an epic war film! If you see this in your lifetime, then hold your hat. That will be the watershed event!! That is the end, my friend.

CAMERA PANS THE MEXICAN MOUNTAIN VISTAS, FORESTS AND OLD COLONIAL SPANISH ARCHITECTURE

ROTMESSER

Egypt, Baghdad, Armenia, Romania, Turkey, Punjab ... India's coastline and mountain passes, Thailand, Korea, Mongolia, Tibet ... a special breed of nomadic war mongerer has been nearly everywhere since recorded time immemorial ... Galicia, Lithuania, Sweden, ... and now we can stop up! It's a relief! The rest of us can stop taking the rap for their intrigues.

BRANSTEEN

For this load of crap I'm sitting here in the middle of nowhere Mexico and listening to you. Jesus help me!

Look Mort. When you gonna pay me in full. I'm sick and tired of making do on the meager allowance you give me every week, and I'm getting uppity staying here all holed up and never getting laid. Plus, I've got to listen to you humping Maria every night, and making long moral speeches, like you're a good person that should be honored.

ROTMESSER

(back to sharpening his machete) You're whining more than a bellyaching slave. Run and get the tequila or you'll never see your sack of silver. Go!

Bransteen walks slumped shouldered back into the house and retires to his bedroom.

WITHIN HEARING DISTANCE OF BRANSTEEN'S BEDROOM WINDOW

Children are playing marbles.

Bransteen listens to their animated discussions and wants to join them in their fun and spontaneous games. He gets up from bed and leaves the house through the back door. Easily humoring the kids, he kneels down and joins them in their activities.

Rotmesser calls in a terrifyingly loud voice for Bransteen again. There is no reply. Rotmesser laughs sinisterly. Still no response. Rotmesser

turns toward Maria, who is propped against him at his side, and pinches her teasingly on her lush buttocks. Maria giggles submissively and leans into him suggestively.

ROTMESSER

Later little woman. I want tequila. T-E-Q-U-I-L-A!!

MARIA

(with disappointment)

Si tequila, mi jefe.

Maria walks slack postured back into the house. Her feelings of rejection are written on every contour of her sensuous figure. Rotmessenger looks in Maria's direction thoughtfully, and then suddenly remembers Bransteen's impudence. Rotmessenger turns his head away from Maria and stares pensively at the distance where he can hear Bransteen's voice mixing with the laughter of the children.

Rotmessenger resumes his steady sharpening strokes of the machete against stone.

EXTERIOR, A NEARLY DRY BROOK

The kids are following Bransteen along the bank of a brook that is almost empty of water.

A MURKY POND, FAR FROM EARSHOT OF ROTMESSER'S HOUSE

They all reach a large murky pond where a few large slow moving fish are treading water near the surface. The fish don't seem too healthy and make ponderous movements. Their sluggishness defies the dogmas of famed ichthyologist Louis Agassiz when he argued with Charles Darwin over glaciers and survival of the fittest.

Bransteen and the kids' faces are reflected in the water, seemingly photocopied onto the surface, alongside the barely living fish, in a strange pop-art looking montage.

One of the fish, a large one, goes belly up and spreads a brackish cloud of secretions in the water. Its death destroys the artsy effect that had just existed moments before.

KIDS POV

Bransteen unexpectedly draws a revolver from behind his waistband, tucked under his shirt; the same revolver that Medea presented to him in a happier time.

He fires six shots in the vicinity of the large dead fish. It rolls around a bit before breaking into pieces. The pond's water becomes even more brackish.

The kids stare at Bransteen in wonder and fear. He winks at them and they laugh excitedly. Bransteen reloads his revolver. The kids inch closer to the edge of the pond to get a coroner's view of the bits of dead fish. They are so fascinated that they completely forget Bransteen. He tucks the gun behind his shirt and into the back of his pants before heading back home, unnoticed by all.

EXTERIOR, PLAZA, TOWN CENTER

On the way home Bransteen goes through the town center rather than backtracking along the banks of the brook. He stops at the fountain in the square to refresh himself, drawing several splashes of cool water onto his face. He then swallows a few gulps and continues on home.

INTERIOR HOUSE

Bransteen enters the kitchen and looks for something to eat. He hears sounds of moaning coming from his bedroom. He pushes forcefully his door open and sees Maria and Rotmesser making love. She is riding her partner like an Indian warrioress, high on her war horse.

BRANSTEEN

Can't you dirty your own sheets?

Maria quickly reddens in embarrassment and freezes in her stride.

Rotmesser seizes Maria's ass with his large fleshy hands and pulls himself into her again, regardless of the intrusion and loss of privacy.

ROTMESSER

(to Maria)

Bueno. B-U-E-N-O! Como exitante. Oooohhhhhh.

Bransteen walks away in disgust.

EXTERIOR, THE HOUSE

Bransteen exits the house in a major state of aggravation. On his way out the door he sees the machete hanging from a nail and takes it with him toward the big shade tree. He sits beneath the umbrage of the tree and runs his finger along the edge of the razor sharp machete. He cuts himself accidentally and stems the minor bleeding by sucking on his finger.

Rotmesser appears later wearing no more than a large sombrero and a pair of old broken-in Levy jeans and a 'cat just ate the canary' smile. He takes the machete away from Bransteen, tosses his sombrero to one side, and then stands a large ripe watermelon that had been ripening in the sun onto its end. With a swift and powerful stroke of the machete, before the watermelon loses its perpendicular balance, he cleaves the watermelon into two clean halves.

BRANSTEEN

I don't want you screwing in my bed anymore.

ROTMESSER

Maria loves it. Must be the sunlight in your bedroom. She blossoms like a cactus flower in there.

Bransteen remembers with a twinge of regret the stealthy caresses Maria had once applied to the insides of his thighs, and then banishes this sudden surging of desire from his boiling blood.

He then picks up Rotmesser's sombrero from the ground and leaves for the town center wearing the sombrero without saying a word.

VILLAGE, LONG SHOT AS DUSK DESCENDS

EXTERIOR, HOUSE

Rotmesser sits upon a bench eating down the sliced watermelon in loud smacks and slurps, washing it down with generous gulps of tequila from a large open bottle.

EXTERIOR NIGHT, A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR THE OLDEST MAN IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE

The CHIEF is somewhere over 100 years old and still has a marvelous sense of humor. Bransteen, Maria and Rotmesser are present at the party, along with many VILLAGERS.

Many of the villagers are seated around a large table that stands before the village's most prominent adobe home. Women are serving food and drink. A local band is playing regional Mexican ballads. Kids and dogs are present in large numbers. Someone offers a toast to the very old man.

Every man at the party lifts his glass in honor of the Chief, except for Bransteen. Thinking that Bransteen is hard of hearing, an off-duty Mexican policeman looks directly at Bransteen and repeats the toast.

POLICEMAN

(toasting the old chief)

Un brindis para el jefe viejo!

Bransteen joins in the toast. Numerous toasts and testimonies are made, each followed by a shot of tequila and a small glass of beer.

Bransteen toasts and drinks so much that eventually he is drunk. Maria finds his drunken vulnerability irresistible and begins to brazenly flirt with him. In time, Maria is sitting on Bransteen's lap. He gets carried away and kisses Maria passionately, proceeding to uncover one of her breasts and suckle her bosom with a nipple kiss.

Maria is tremendously excited but well aware that others present may judge her poorly, especially Rotmesser. She gets up from Bransteen's lap and takes his hand.

MARIA

(to all)

El necesitara una regaradera fria y una tasa de C A F E.

Maria walks Bransteen as she would a child into the adobe.

THE LARGE TABLE OUTSIDE

The crowd eats, dances and drinks in merriment. Rotmesser comes on to several of the señoritas. The Old Chief is enjoying his party immensely.

Bransteen and Maria are shown showering together as she tries to straighten him out with a cold shower. Then she makes some hot coffee and forces him to drink an entire cup. Afterward, they return to the party from the adobe. Bransteen seems transformed, a new man. His face is radiant and he possesses a newfound strength he had been lacking before.

Maria sits beside Rotmesser again, but now she seems extraordinarily wistful. Rotmesser adds up mentally the changes of behavior in both of his companions and correctly deduces why. He smiles like an old master of love and betrayal.

ROTMESSER

Bransteen. I want you and Maria to go to the market tomorrow and buy the Chief his own television set. (winking at Bransteen) We want to get him used to The Big Sleep. TV will certainly do it for him, especially American TV. Bransteen! Make a toast to the Chief!

BRANSTEEN

(toasting)

Un Brindis al mas viejo aqui!

Bransteen drinks down a double shot of aged tequila. Everyone is feeling merry and offering numerous toasts and stories.

Bransteen passes out during the party in the wee hours of the morning. Rotmesser offers to take Bransteen home. Maria stays behind to chat with her village friends, who she hasn't had much time to see for four months.

Rotmesser props Bransteen up on the saddle of a horse that one of the old villagers had lent him. Bransteen slides downward letting his head rest against the horse's neck every time he is set up straight in the saddle by Rotmesser. To secure Bransteen to the horse for the journey home, Rotmesser borrows Maria's shawl and uses it to tie Bransteen into the saddle.

EXTERIOR PLAZA, TOWN CENTER , NEAR MORNING

Rotmesser is leading the horse by a rope and singing to the melody of 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean' with his own lyrics.

ROTMESSER

My Bransteen lies over the horsey ... My Bransteen lies dead drunk
hee-hee ...

(he continues humming the tune)

Rotmesser ties the horse to the plaza fountain railing and quenches his taste for alcohol from a large bottle of tequila that he carried away from the party.

When alongside the fountain pool Rotmesser stares into his reflection and begins talking to himself.

ROTMESSER

(nearly drunk)

I want to sleep without the help of a bottle. ... without meeting my past at every dark turn of my mind. (in theatrical self pity) Every row of my memories is a hung jury.

Rotmesser begins to swill from his bottle again, catching for a second time his reflection on the surface of the fountain pool.

ROTMESSER

(lowering the bottle from his lips and talking to his reflection)

You've tried everything. Changed your name, change your lifestyle, changed your women. Never changed your religion though. And here you are you drunk bastard ... same as ever!

In a fit of anger Rotmesser throws the bottle violently at his reflection in the water.

ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

The bottle breaks up his reflection into concentric rings.

ROTMESSER

Go away!

His reflection takes form again. Rotmesser turns and looks toward Bransteen who is still unconscious, then turns back to his reflection.

ROTMESSER

Tell me Rabbi, what should I do?

ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

His reflection looks him in the eye and slowly gives a cynical smile. Rotmesser jumps back in total horror.

ROTMESSER

(returning to his reflection)

Do you think I can really do it?

ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

His reflection attains a somber expression of agreement.

ROTMESSER

Should I?

Rotmesser's reflection silently waits. Rotmesser is paralyzed by indecision and drunkenness.

His reflection slowly fades away.

ROTMESSER

Come back! We're not finished. When will we meet again?

His reflection doesn't return.

ROTMESSER

(inebriated)

Alright then. I'll do it!

Rotmesser reaches into his saddle bag and takes a long drink from a fresh litre of tequila.

ROTMESSER

(continuing)

Damn the whole stinking world You're all stinking cowards!

Rotmesser walks back to his horse, takes the rope lead into his hand, and walks the horse and its load across the plaza and on towards his house.

EXTERIOR, FRONT OF ROTMESSER'S HOUSE

An underfed Mexican collie sleeps in front of the door when Rotmesser reaches home. The dog gives him a familiar look of fear. Rotmesser kneels beside the dog. It tenses as Rotmesser's hand comes closer to its head. Rotmesser atypically, pets the dog kindly.

ROTMESSER

Sorry amigo. I didn't mean it before. I was just acting tough.

He walks to the horse where Bransteen is still tied into the saddle with a shawl, and unconscious. Rotmesser unties him and carries him into the house. The stray collie follows them shyly into the house. Rotmesser flops Bransteen onto the top of Bransteen's bed like a sack of stone ground tortilla flour. Bransteen remains unconscious.

ROTMESSER

(looking at the dog sympathetically)

You look hungry.

He goes to the kitchen cabinet and finds a box of dog milk bones.

ROTMESSER

(continuing)

You see pooch, every man has in his heart ... at least a bit of generosity.

Rotmesser then proceeds to remove one single milkbone from the box. He then puts the milkbone onto a very large clean platter on the floor. The dog looks forlornly at this hollow gesture.

EXTERIOR, FRONT OF THE HOUSE, DAWN, MANY HOURS LATER

The house is quiet. There is no dog whatsoever sleeping in front of the house. Hanging from the door nail is the razor sharp machete. The machete blade is dirtied with blood.

INTERIOR, BRANSTEEN'S ROOM

View of Bransteen having an uneasy dream.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INTERIOR CAR, THE ACCIDENT OF HIS PARENTS, DAY

The car is tumbling down a ravine. Bodies are whirling on the inside of the car. Someone's view from inside the car looks through a windshield and at the violently spinning landscape outside. A head collides with the windshield and a web-like design of cracks instantly materializes on the windshield. The cinema screen becomes a massive opaque mosaic of glass.

ROTMESSER

(inside Bransteen's dream sequence)

Finally you've arrived. Now we're both in each other's nightmare. How do you like it here?

INTERIOR CAR, BEFORE THE FALL INTO THE RAVINE

Bransteen's FATHER and MOTHER are sitting in the front of the car, his father driving. Young Bransteen is in the back seat behind his dad. Believing his child's fantasy world is worth sharing, Bransteen cups his small hands playfully around his father's eyes as his father is driving. Now sightless, his father begins to drive dangerously out of control.

ROTMESSER, AGAIN IN THE DREAM SEQUENCE

Rotmesser puts his hands around the eyes of the President of the United States. Wall Street brokers are shown selling off entire industries

(several camera shots of deals, and factories with outraged workers being laid off, shots of auction sales of office equipment, etc.).

Military colonels are then shown supervising shipments of cocaine through military logistics and transport, with Mossad and American intelligence agents looking on from a tall building with zoom lenses, supervising some supplementary MI6 personnel (many shots at different army bases scattered throughout the United States). Arms dealers in London are shown sealing business deals at secret locations with men dressed in Hasidic and Islamic garb (many shots at different locations in London and in Israel). Many Muslims in Muslim countries are shown oppressed by dictators of their same race and tribe.

Most of these dictators are prominent in banking empires. Mounds of shell shattered cheap eyeglasses lay like diamond deposits next to mountains of dead Arabic boys dressed in oversized men's army uniforms. Their dictators are shown withdrawing titantic amounts from Swiss and Canadian and Bermuda banks. Wealthy tourists are shown sunning at Haifa and on Greek islands, the badly dressed local natives cleaning their rooms.

BRANSTEEN, IN HIS BED

Bransteen awakens from his delirium in an extreme state of agitation, compounded by his colossal hangover.

He then walks in obvious pain and discomfort to the kitchen. He opens the fridge and takes deep drinks from a cool water jug. He looks to his left after he has slacked his thirst and then sees the stray collie lying dead in a pool of blood.

It has a deep machete gash on its neck that came close to being a complete decapitation.

BRANSTEEN

What the hell?!

Bransteen drops the water jug onto the floor and it breaks into hundreds of pieces of broken glass. He then races for Rotmesser's room. Rotmesser is not there. Bransteen rushes back to his own room and retrieves the revolver given to him by Medea.

BRANSTEEN

(shouting as he is running out of his room)

You blood thirsting devil!

Bransteen traverses the kitchen again where the dead collie lays and also the many shards of glass.

BRANSTEEN

(continuing)

You'd better forget all about your gold, Rabbi. I'm gonna rob you of the most precious thing on earth to you. Not Maria. Not money. Not your obsessions of sweet revenge

BRANSTEEN

(continuing after a pause)

.....YOUR LIFE!

Bransteen suddenly spots Rotmesser running for his life down the concrete steps of the front porch of the house.

BRANSTEEN

(taking aim at close range)

Now you will understand how 'to serve is to rule'.

Rotmesser turns around and prepares to make a lunge at Bransteen with his machete.

ROTMESSER

(shouting maniacally as he lunges)

Take good care of M-A-R-I-A!

SOUND OF SEVERAL PISTOL SHOTS

Rotmesser keels over and his head bangs against the cement steps.

BRANSTEEN'S POV

Rotmesser lies dead, legs and arms akimbo. Several powder burns are evident on his shirt. Blood oozes from a huge hole in his head and from his chest. Bransteen drops the pistol in utter exhaustion and with a deep and disturbing relief, like the pronouncement of a negative test at an AIDS clinic.

BRANSTEEN

(looking down at Rotmesser's body)

I know you thought of killing me often. It's in your blood and you were trained to operate on that level. Maybe you served Israel well. Perhaps you were always only serving yourself. Who knows? I don't know anything specific about your good deeds on earth. I only know firsthand a few of your bad.

Maybe you've finally found peace ... at last!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXTERIOR, ROTMESSER'S FORMER HOUSEFRONT, NOW BRANSTEEN'S

FIVE YEARS LATER

In the yard, Bransteen looks appreciably older and more authoritative in his bearing. He is helping Maria to hang freshly washed laundry on the line. A YOUNG BOY, a little over four years old, is playing in the dirt. He has blue eyes and many of Bransteen's features.

BRANSTEEN

Miguelito. Go get washed up. It's almost time to eat. Vayate.

MARIA

(looking at her son)

Listen to papa when he speaks, Chiquito. (to Bransteen)

Tesoro. Some scavengers they say find bones on top of hill today. I tell them stay silent and we give them food.

BRANSTEEN

Maria. Don't worry about Rotmesser. I told everybody around here that he went back to the States for his business. Besides, nobody could ever find him in New York or anywhere else when he was a 'most wanted man'.

MARIA

It very good we have no witness, verdad mi amor?

EXTERIOR, HILLTOP

Hundreds of large black turkey buzzards are hulking around some rubbish and a small pile of bones slightly exposed in some turned soil. There is a badly decomposed manuscript of a book partially buried with a barely legible map of the world, exposed, denoting the spread of

Christianity, Islam, Buddhism and Judaism. Rotmesser was never properly buried, it is easy to see.

EXTERIOR, BRANSTEEN AND MARIA'S HOME

Bransteen smiles lovingly at Maria and helps her to grind corn for fresh tortillas.

BRANSTEEN

Maria. Why don't we give ourselves a second chance?

It's not that I'm unhappy here. But ... let's take Miguelito to America and start something new. He's old enough for something like that now.

Maria looks pensive for a while and then slowly breaks into a look of expectancy, as if great good fortune is now suddenly on its way.

MARIA

I like this idea ... and Miguelito. He go to good school in New York?

BRANSTEEN

(persuasively)

Yeah. We might find a good public one. If not, we'll send him to that good Jewish school where Marlon Brando sent his kids ... or some other private school. We'll have to save plenty of money after lots of hard work to afford putting him into a private school.

Maybe we will just keep him at home, away from guns and the public schools, and teach him ourselves, until we have the money for a private school. Is that okay?

MARIA

If you think so. You are my esposo.

INTERIOR, NEXT MORNING, INSIDE THE HOUSE

Bransteen gets out of bed. Maria still sleeps. Bransteen walks across the living room and looks in on his son. Miguelito also sleeps soundly. Bransteen puts some water on the gas burner for coffee. A knock is heard at the front door. Bransteen is not expecting any visitors. He shows a mixture of curiosity and suspicion as he makes his way towards the latched screen door.

BRANSTEEN

(opening the door) Good morning. What can I do for you?

Gabriel and Jenny are standing in the doorway, looking a little uncomfortable standing on an unfamiliar porch in a strange country. A sleek black New Yorker Towncar can be seen in the background. Perspiration has blotched their elegant clothing with swirling ribbons of sweat.

GABRIEL

(making an obvious effort to be friendly)

Hello. Are you Bransteen?

(stammering)

Plea ... pleas ... please don't be alarmed. We're here on a friendly visit. No one else knows we're here except my father-in-law, a dangerous enemy of your deceased partner, Rabbi Rotmesser.

Bransteen eyes them both slowly and suspiciously.

GABRIEL

(continuing)

You see, we've come to give you the reward money for the successful eradication of the former most pressing difficulty in my father-in-law's affairs.

Rotmesser once had him sent him to prison ... and as a result shattered all concept of loyalty-within-friendship that Jenny's father had ever understood. His best friend had turned informant, turning it into profit for himself ... the Rotmesser.

You get the picture?

BRANSTEEN

(after a hesitation)

Is the lady at your side his daughter?

GABRIEL

Yes.

BRANSTEEN Okay.

Come in please.

Gabriel and Jenny enter Bransteen's home. Maria is awake now and helps to seat them comfortably. She gives them a friendly smile, mixed with curiosity, and a little fear. Maria has never seen a Swedish woman before.

GABRIEL

(to Bransteen)

You know. You don't look much like the photograph we had of you. We picked it up from your former music agent. It's from way back in your nightclub career.

BRANSTEEN

Some Hasidic punks beat me badly on the Lower East Side once. You know ... a few bad apples ruin the bushel. I needed a bit of plastic surgery.

MARIA

(to her guests)

I get you beer or soda?

JENNY

I'll have some beer, thanks. It's been a long ride. Do you have Heineken?

Gabriel honey, why don't you tell them why we came so we can leave them their privacy.

Don't forget, dearest. We must meet up with the Spielbirds in Tel Aviv for a conference in just two days, and then on to Mr. Obits' California mansion for the annual black tie dinner.

GABRIEL

We've come here on behalf of my father-in-law. He offered half-a-million dollars over five years ago to anyone who killed Rotmesser. He was quite disappointed when two women were found shot and covered with contusions on a desert highway near the

BRANSTEEN

(surprised)

Those two women on motorcycles!

GABRIEL

I don't think anyone could ever forget two sisters like the Fatwas if they had ever met them.

As I was saying, two women, unidentifiable, were found murdered in the Southwest. They had died in a horrible motorcycle accident. Their faces and bodies were too badly mutilated for a positive identification.

BRANSTEEN

They nearly killed us! (pausing)

But how did you hear that Rotmesser died?

Jenny looks over toward Gabriel and signals that it's alright to tell Bransteen the truth.

GABRIEL

Wolfsheim has contacts throughout most of the world, even many here in these mountains. But none close to your village. Rotmesser was clever in his selection of this little homestead here. It took a few years for even recycled information to trickle down to us.

Bransteen looks anxious and prepared for bad news.

BRANSTEEN

(with tremendous apprehension) So you've come here to ...

GABRIEL

(quickly)

... to ... pay you in cash the half-million dollar reward!

Please accept my father-in-law's largesse and we'll be on our merry way!

Miguelito is walking sleepy-eyed towards the bathroom.

MARIA

(excitedly to Miguelito)

Miguelito! Miguelito! We go to New York and you learn many things in good school.

MIGUELITO

New York? Where's that?

EVERYONE in the room laughs in an uproar.

GABRIEL

Just one more thing.

BRANSTEEN

Yes?

GABRIEL

Did you happen to see Rotmesser at any time working on a diary or his memoirs or his History of Judaism?

BRANSTEEN

(swiftly but without arising suspicion)

No! If Rotmesser had a flair for writing I never got to see him using it ... he was too busy drinking tequila and dispatching of hired killers. I've never seen a manuscript or notebook.

Bransteen gives a sigh.

BRANSTEEN

What a loss!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXTERIOR, EARLY MORNING

Bransteen, Maria, and Miguelito are driving a Mercedes across the George Washington Bridge. Bransteen is at the wheel. He and Maria are childishly excited, even more than Miguelito. The New York skyline looms in Fritz Lang-fashion before their eyes.

Miguelito lunges forward from the back seat and cups his hands around Bunny's eyes. The car swerves into the next lane on the bridge.

INTERIOR CAR, COUNTRY ROAD, BRANSTEEN IN HIS CHILDHOOD

FLASHBACK

BRANSTEEN'S POV

Bransteen's MOTHER is reading a consumer fashion magazine in the front seat, completely oblivious to her surroundings. His father is staring at the road ahead, relaxed and enjoying his mastery of the family car. Young Bransteen impulsively springs toward his father and demonstratively hugs his father's face with his arms, folding them around his father's eyes.

SERIES OF CAMERA SHOTS

In a hallucinogenic frenzy of images Bransteen's FATHER is seen cursing and trying to control the car. His Mother is seen in the midst of turning a page of a magazine, showing no alarm or cognizance of the hopeless emergency that has so cataclysmically befallen them, her thoughts folded like new blouses in a tidy box purchased at an expensive department store.

The forest rushes past the car windows as the car plunges over the mountainside. The Father is next seen with a crushed skull and broken neck, slumped over the steering column. His Mother is shown with her waist caught tightly in the windshield, feet protruding outward, face frozen in death on the floor of the car, facing eye to eye little Bransteen, who is still inside.

BRANSTEEN'S POV

He looks at the bloodied, inert bodies of his parents.

BLOOD on the windshield looms larger and larger on the screen until the entire screen is red, the full screen glowing in red intensity until it materializes into the red tail light of a car in front of their Mercedes on the George Washington Bridge, bringing Bransteen back to the present.

Maria grabs the steering wheel and swings the car away from the menacing tail lights. Bransteen finally grasps the situation and forcefully stands on the brakes with all his might. The Mercedes screeches to the far right hand lane, tires smoking, and gently abuts the guard railing, bumping to a halt.

INTERIOR CAR, BRANSTEEN'S FACE

A small gash on Bransteen's forehead trickles blood. Maria dabs it with a napkin. When the family collects itself emotionally, silence rules the scene. Bransteen then looks into the rear-view mirror. He stares at himself, examining his injury.

MARIA

Honey. Nobody hurt. Let's get off bridge, okay? Rapido!

Bransteen regains his composure, gives a loving smile to Maria, and then gets as quickly as he can back into the express lane feeding into Manhattan.

BRANSTEEN

Thank you Maria. You saved all of our lives. You can't imagine how much you have proven yourself -- an equal, if not a superior to my own mother.

INTERIOR MEXICAN RESTAURANT, LOWER EAST SIDE

Bransteen mixes margaritas behind the bar. The restaurant is nearly full and the customers are very happy.

EXTERIOR RESTAURANT

A majestic sign hangs above the door and reads:

CASA MARIA ON LUDLOW

Maria is seen entering the restaurant with Miguelito. Maria holds Miguelito's hand and he clutches in turn a dog leash. At the end of the leash is a beautiful Great Dane puppy. They all enter the restaurant.

BRANSTEEN (OS)

Dios Mios! What is that?

MIGUELITO

Pepe, Pepe, Pepe ... It's my Pepe. He's mine!

The DINERS chuckle. A table of celebrants drinking several pitchers of margaritas make a toast.

CELEBRANTS

A toast to Pepe! A Dane to remember!

Much laughter follows. A barely audible TELEVISION is anchored high upon the wall. The evening newscast plays. The waiter turns up the volume.

BRANSTEEN, BEHIND THE BAR

MARIA (OS)

Go upstairs Miguelito, and take your new pal with you.

Miguelito walks through a private door behind the bar that provides access to their apartment. Bransteen pets the little Great Dane affectionately on the head as the two pass. Miguelito opens the door without help from his parents that leads from behind the bar to their very large upstairs apartment.

Maria joins Bransteen behind the bar. She assists him in preparing the next round of pitchers of margaritas for the talkative customers.

Bransteen looks up suddenly towards the restaurant's street entrance. Schmitty enters and approaches the happily married co-owners.

SCHMITTY

(as he heads toward the bar)

Bransteen! Bransteen! Quick!

Turn up the volume.

(pointing toward the TV set)

You'll understand soon!

THE TELEVISION SCREEN, EVENING NEWSCAST

TV ANNOUNCER

Tonight ... Tragedy in Arkansas.

Three reputed underlings in the day to day trafficking of cocaine were found washed ashore on the banks of the Arkansas River, near Little Rock. Much talk about Mena is in the air.

Forty six bullet holes were counted by the coroner in the least ravaged of the bodies. An obvious retribution killing, says the Chief-of-Police of Little Rock. Personal identification was left intact on the corpses, much like a calling card.

The three were known by the street names of Hulk, Needle, and Smack. Their deaths arouse long lingering suspicions of international involvement in the supervision and shipping of large cocaine trafficking networks throughout U.S. military bases, on American soil.

Seven heavy-load military vehicles have already been impounded in the escalating scandal.

In Washington, federal agents are reopening the case of the alleged suicide of Vinnie Voster, who had been investigating these cocaine channels for many years after responding to his constituents' complaints in

the State of Arkansas. His untimely death terminated the initial investigations many years ago.

Newest details at 7.

The BODIES of Hulk, Needle and Smack are shown on the banks of the Arkansas River on the television screen.

BEHIND BAR, BRANSTEEN, SCHMITTY AND MARIA

SCHMITTY

(in a sly whisper)

Those three look really drunk on success, huh?

BRANSTEEN

(responding as if he hadn't heard)

Schmitt. The past is behind me now.

I'm looking only at the present ...

You've got a fabulous recording business, and no debts.

(speaking with slang for emphasis)

But it don't mean a thing if you ain't got that swing!

BRANSTEEN

(continuing)

I'm thinking about going back into the industry. Like an outlaw in the old Wild West, ... who can't lay down his guns for too long ... and I can't lay down my guitar for too much time, either.

I've been practicing every waking hour that I'm not working here in the restaurant.

Schmitt awaits Bransteen to get to his point.

BRANSTEEN

I'm ready to make some music, maybe even record an album. Maria loves the restaurant and I think she can manage it alone most of the time. She's very competent.

SCHMITTY

Then what the hell are we waiting for?

The two friends laugh.

MARIA

Esposo ... Schmittie give you a nice break in the music business?

BRANSTEEN

It seems so, chiquita.

SCHMITTY

(toasting)

Friendship ... Over religion and greed.

Bransteen, Schmittie and Maria exude warm hopes for tomorrow.

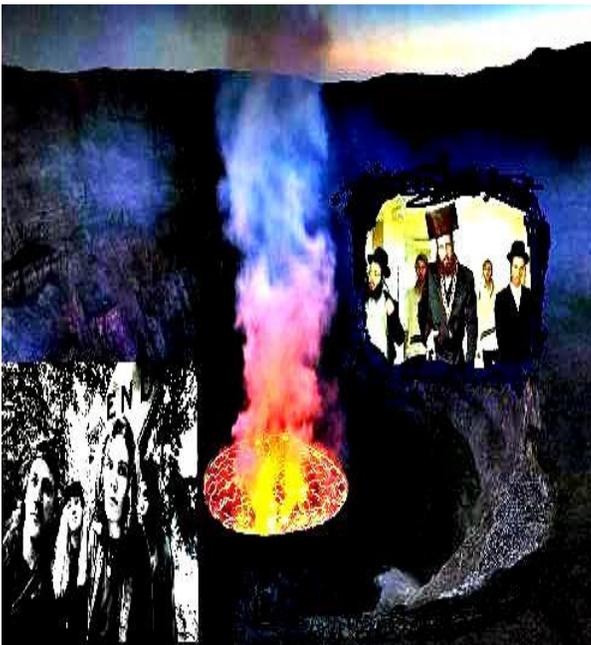
EXTERIOR, RESTAURANT

One last pan shot of the three friends inside the restaurant.

A CHINESE fast food DELIVERY man is shown in the street, pedaling his bicycle at a brisk pace around the corner of the restaurant, happy in his new country.

FADE OUT AND CREDITS

THE END





Other fiction by Bryan Adrian:

Assorted fiction long and short

<http://boudiccaarran.tripod.com/>

Jumping Ship in Batumi

http://carpathian_bronze.tripod.com/Batumi-Boat-Hopping.html

Married to my Spyderco Knife

http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/aisling/Spyderco_Blues.html

“TAKE TWO”, a short story about independent movie making in the East Village of NYC

<http://www.angelfire.com/de/Boiishaft/TakeTwo.html>

“AISLING” QUARTERLY, “New World Order” by Bryan Adrian

http://boudiccaarran.tripod.com/aisling_bryan_adrian.html

Anatomy of a Freebaser

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/aisling/CRACKHEAD.html>

Nature’s Beauty, in City Writers NYC

http://www.angelfire.com/indie/hollywoodtattler/Natures_Beauty.htm

PIG HEADED IN BRASIL, a short story by Bryan Adrian

http://www.angelfire.com/de/Boiishaft/pigheaded_in_brasil.html

TWISTED WHISPERS, a short story about an unusual pharmacist

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Collection of short stories by bryan adrian

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<http://www.angelfire.com/scifi/krakenwarriors/vampires.htm>

best paintings of bryan + assorted fiction

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Old Druid Irish Journal, ARRAN, Bryan Adrian

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Kubrick's Eyes Wide Shut

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keywords & metatags: Gentlemen of the Road by Michael Chabon, The Wind of the Khazars 2003, Azerbaijan. In the 10th century, a young Jew named Isaac is sent to Khazaria by the head rabbi of Cordoba; Canadian Eva Bartlett and the press conference arranged by the Syrian mission to the UN; The Rabbi King:David of Khazaria by Monroe S. Kuttner (Xlibris, 2001); THE POWER AND THE GLORY, by Graham Greene; Priest (2006) by Ken Bruen of the Jack Taylor series; The Eagle Catcher by Margaret Coel; The Edge of Sadness by Edwin O'Connor roger waters pink floyd bds film -- roger waters pink floyd bds film -- Israel Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) campaign, "The Occupation of the American Mind: Israel's Public Relations War in the United States" a prize winning documentary.