

A LOST SOUL
A SCREENPLAY BY
FRANCIS CONNOR

email:
francis.connor@wanadoo.fr

tel International:
0033 563945788

www.liot-literary.com

FADE IN

EXT. A DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

DR ALMA MCKINLEY - 35, an elegant Latina hurries along the sidewalk towards a downtown church with her coat up against the driving rain.

Gargoyles on the church, all facing the way she's coming, seem to watch her progress. A GLIMMER, ever so slight, of a movement among the gargoyles high on the building.

Alma's past the church now and walks away. The gargoyles face the direction she takes.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

A long white corridor stretches to infinity, windowless, antiseptic. Doors lead off.

Alma, in a white coat with white crocs on her feet, sashays a figure that women would die for along the corridor. She stops at a high tech door.

She swipes a card that hangs around her neck through a reader by the side of the door.

The card reads:

"DR ALMA MCKINLEY: SECURITY LEVEL SIX."

Lights flash red then turn to green.

A loud CLUMP as locks tumble.

On the door:

"RESTRICTED: DANGER: NO ENTRY TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL"

TWO MARINES dressed in white CSI style coveralls, armed with rifles, patrol towards her - as they pass, the Marines exchange a nod with Alma.

The door slides open with the sound of an air seal breach.

Once clear of Alma, the Marines:

MARINE#1
(to Marine#2)
She can experiment on me any time!

MARINE#2
Stand in line!

INT. LABORATORY

White. Windowless and long. Cupboards and drawers sit under worktops that line the walls.

The only color visible: a poster on the wall of a Flamenco dancer in vivid red with her movement captured in the moment and a wide petal red rose in her hair. On closer inspection we see the dancer is Alma.

Alma drags a stool to a worktop, sits, slides open a drawer and lifts out a single closed type red rose in a glass vase.

She takes in the scent of the rose, smiles at the poster and lays the rose on the worktop out of its vase.

Alma slips off her stool, a flash of her fabulous legs, pads over to a cupboard and pulls it wide to reveal a safe. She stabs in a code, nothing happens.

She shakes her head, stabs in numbers again and this time the door pops open.

Alma lifts out a 'GIZMO' about the size of a SMARTPHONE and returns to her stool where she carefully places it on the worktop next to the red rose.

Her eyes close in silent prayer, she crosses herself then lifts the gizmo.

She holds it to her, now open, right eye. It flashes on.

With her free hand she lifts the rose, smells it again and replaces it on the worktop.

Now she WAVES the gizmo over the rose. Slowly the rose disappears.

Alma presses a button on the gizmo. The glow fades and the noise stops. She lays it on the worktop, gets up and makes her way to the far end of the lab where she pulls open a cupboard. It's empty and white save for the single red rose.

Alma lifts the rose and takes in the scent, shakes her head, flings the rose across the room and KICKS over the stool.

INT. CONTROL OFFICE - DAY

A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD, built like a Russian shot-putter, sits on a stool at a monitor. Other side of a floor to ceiling window stands something that looks like a shower cubicle.

Alma appears at the outside of the window from the right.

She nods to the security guard, the guard nods back.

Alma, face like thunder, THROWS off her white coat - SHOVES it into a chute with her crocs - she's completely naked save for the ID card around her neck - STEPS into the cubicle - tries to PULL the transparent door closed.

The door sticks. Alma steps out mouthing unheard obscenities and waves her arms in anger at the security guard.

The guard shrugs.

Alma steps back into the cubicle and WRENCHES the door with all her might. It closes.

ON THE SECURITY GUARD'S MONITOR:

An X-ray shows a living skeleton in a full three sixty degree turn.

The security guard presses a button.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

Alma, impatient, opens the cubicle door - steps out still naked - STRIDES off left, bare footed.

EXT. HACIENDA - NIGHT

A Spanish/Californian style residence behind a grand courtyard decked out for a wine festival. A bar area supplies the guests, LATINOS, AFRICAN-AMERICANS and EUROPEANS. Bougainvillea covered walls enclose the party.

On a three by four metre wooden boardwalk, a woman's black, stump heeled shoes CLACK, CLACK in slow rhythm to FLAMENCO SONG and GUITARS.

Bronzed legs FLASH - a red Flamenco dress SWISHES.

A man's heeled black boots CLACK, CLACK next to the woman's.

His boots speed up - almost vibrate on the boards.

Her shoes gather pace.

The music nears crescendo.

Alma, hair tight back in a bun, Spanish eyes ablaze, passion in every move and GITANO - 37, Spanish gypsy, pony tail, cavort in high energy Flamenco.

Arms - Gitano's sweat - Alma's clicking fingers, swirl in the smoky light, feet beat the boards.

On the edge of the boards, TWO GUITARISTS and a CHANTEUSE belt out their haunting music.

Suddenly the music stops - Alma and Gitano freeze - their eyes locked on each other.

Silence then gasps from the audience then applause, whistles.

Alma flashes an expensive smile. Gitano - aloof, haughty, offers his hand - she takes it - he leads her from the dance area through the admiring throng to:

An eight seat table set with white linen and silver. Seven seats are taken.

Gitano glides alma to the vacant seat next to SENOR ANTONIO AZUELOS - 68, at the head of the table in a white tux but more Don Quixote than Don Juan.

She sits - fans herself.

CLAUDIA, 35, skinny and ill in a designer dress that hangs on her, sits opposite Alma.

Next to her DR HELEN CARTWRIGHT, 35, gorgeous, a very well dressed and groomed woman with startling white blond hair sits next to Claudia.

Gitano heads back through the crowd.

RICHARD MCKINLEY, 35, outdoorsy type more at home in a lumberjack shirt and caterpillar boots than his white tux, sits next to Alma. He watches Gitano disappear among the guests.

SENOR AZUELOS
Magnifico!

ALMA
Thank you Pappa.

SENOR AZUELOS
Your Momma would have been so proud.

Alma kisses her father's hand.

RICHARD
You and the gypsy...

ALMA
Jealous Richard?

RICHARD
You know I trust you completely.

ALMA
Why? Don't you think other men find me attractive?

RICHARD
I can't win can I? I say I don't trust you and you go into one of your Latin screaming fits. I say I trust you and you think I'm insulting you. I guess that anger management counselling is a waste of money.

ALMA
Well you're not paying for it. I am!

Alma turns her back to Richard.

SENOR AZUELOS
So, when are you two going to give me a grandson?

Alma FIDGETS with her wedding ring.

Helen and Richard's eyes meet for an instant.

Senor Azuelos examines then tastes his wine while he waits for Alma's response and he watches Richard squirm in his seat. Clearly the old boy is enjoying Richard's discomfort.

ALMA
Or granddaughter?

SENIOR AZUELOS
Si! I'd settle for that.

'HABENARA' RING TONE from Alma's purse on the table.

Alma slides out her SMARTPHONE - punches a key - shrugs at her father and Richard as she lifts the phone to her ear and rises to:

Stroll over to a quieter spot by a magnolia tree away from the crowd.

ALMA
 (into phone)
 It's not ready. I haven't done any
 living tests yet.
 (gently strokes a magnolia
 flower)
 No, I'm telling you it isn't ready!
 (shoves the magnolia flower
 away)
 All right, all right. I'll be
 there.

She snaps off her phone - raises her foot to KICK the tree trunk then changes her mind.

A tap on her shoulder.

She WHIZZES around to see Claudia

ALMA
 Christ Claudia!

Alma gently pats claudia's hand.

ALMA
 How is it?

CLAUDIA
 Don't know, Helen can't say for
 sure.

Alma shakes her head.

CLAUDIA
 I'm worried about Chazz. What'll
 happen to him when I'm gone? Those
 people...

ALMA
 I'll see if he'll listen to me.
 C'mon, you allowed a drink?

CLAUDIA
 Who cares?

A sorrowful smile from Claudia. A desperate shrug from Alma.

AT THE BAR

Claudia and Alma sip red wine and eat canapes. They're joined by Helen.

CLAUDIA
Good year?

ALMA
No.

CLAUDIA
Oh!

ALMA
You know what he was up to and I
think he's at it again.

Helen covers her concern with a sip of wine and a look out into the crowd. The other two don't notice.

CLAUDIA
I meant the wine.

ALMA
Oh! Yes the wine. Pappa says it's
good.

Helen recovers her cool.

HELEN
Not sure you should be drinking
that Claudia.

CLAUDIA
You're the doc, Helen! But...

HELEN
OK, I suppose... I'll have one too.

And Alma pours her a glass of wine while Claudia gives Helen a stare that's hostile.

CLAUDIA
Why is it the same grapes on the
same land in the same climate
produce a different taste each
year?

ALMA
There's something inside them that
makes every one grow up a little
different to their neighbor. Just
like people!

HELEN
You believe that?

ALMA
Well that's what Pappa told me when
I was eight!

Richard joins them.

RICHARD
Better be off.

ALMA
I'm not ready to go yet.

RICHARD
I am.

ALMA
But...

RICHARD
I said we're going!

He tries to lead Alma away. Her demeanour shows she's about to explode. Richard backs off. Alma sips her wine clearly not intending to move at all

Unseen by Alma, he and Helen exchange a furtive look that's not missed by Claudia.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - MOVING

Alma, still in her Flamenco dress and Richard, driving, make their way through the lights of the city.

Ahead, through the windshield, Richard spots a BARBIE DOLL lookalike sashay out of a a green lit bar.

Alma follows Richard's eyes.

ALMA
Mi Dios! Brains between your legs!

RICHARD
Just looking. Don't trust me?

ALMA
As far as I can throw an elephant.

RICHARD
And like the elephant you never
forget!

ALMA
I forgave you didn't I?

RICHARD
Did you?

ALMA
Santa Maria!

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY - DAY

Larger than Alma's lab but the same windowless white walled
appearance. Instead of a Flamenco poster it has the
corporate logo on the wall:

"BODLIA RESEARCH INC" over flaming torches

A PROFESSOR, could be Einstein's twin, in a white coat and
croc fuses around.

TWO MARINES in CSI type coveralls with sidearms stand
motionless at the end of the lab.

Thumbing through a file on a worktop is BLAKE, 50, with a
weedy voice and more oily than the BP Gulf disaster. He
doesn't fill out his white coat. His pale thin legs the
color of his white crocs. Round his neck he bears an ID
card:

"HOWARD BLAKE, SECURITY LEVEL TEN, BODLIA"

The door BANGS OPEN and in MARCHES Alma, white coated and
clearly ready for business and no nonsense.

ALMA
I told you! No teleport of a living
thing until I crack what is wrong
with the rose.

PROFESSOR
Alma, Mr Blake can cut the funding
if we don't comply.

ALMA
Ethics. What about ethics? We do
not do anything that could harm a
living being until we have taken
all steps necessary to understand
(MORE)

ALMA (cont'd)
the problems and if we can't solve
those problems...

PROFESSOR
We shall be replaced.

ALMA
Bullshit! This project is
bionically tuned to me and there's
no way anyone can override that!

BLAKE
No person is irreplaceable Dr
McKinley.

ALMA
I am. I made sure of that just in
case this situation should come up.
Now listen to me... no teleport
until I know the consequences and
that, gentlemen, is final!

And out STORMS Alma.

INT. CLAUDIA'S HOUSE - DAY

Claudia opens the door to Alma from a large lounge with
stairs leading off.

CHAZZ - 17, bad complexion, gangly tall, sits on a sofa.

CLAUDIA
I'll leave you to it.

Claudia painfully climbs the stairs.

Chazz lumbers to his feet and makes to walk out.

CHAZZ
Ain't no use Mrs McKinley. I ain't
in the mood for no 'advice'.

Alma shoves him backwards. Him a good foot taller than her.

ALMA
Listen to me you little shit...

She pushes him on to the sofa. Scared compliance from Chazz.

She sits alongside him.

ALMA
That's better... now... about your
lifestyle.

INT. HELEN'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Helen at the wheel. Claudia in the front passenger seat.

CLAUDIA
Thanks for last night, you know,
talking to Chazz.

ALMA
Not sure it did any good.

CLAUDIA
You scared him. That's good.

ALMA
Let's hope he stays scared for a
while.

CLAUDIA
You okay?

ALMA
What do you mean?

CLAUDIA
Well, is everything okay, you know,
between you and Richard?

ALMA
I love the rat. I know what he is.
When I've made a fortune with my
latest invention he'll come round.

CLAUDIA
Don't be a doormat Alma. You've got
too much to offer. Money isn't
everything.

ALMA
You sound like my Pappa! We're
here.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT

Alma's car pulls into a bay marked 'RESERVED FOR ONCOLOGY PATIENTS'.

Alma helps Claudia out of the car.

INT. HACIENDA SWIMMING POOL - DAY

A big pool set in lush gardens.

Alma floats on her back while her father sits on a lounge under a tree with a glass of wine in his hand and a pile of wine labels at his feet that he picks through.

SENOR AZUELOS
You work too hard.

ALMA
I have to Pappa. I'm on to a major breakthrough. If it works it will make a huge difference. And I will make a lot of money.

SENOR AZUELOS
I just want you to be happy. Work isn't everything. Get rid of that Richard and find yourself a Caballero.

ALMA
Like Gitano, my dancing partner?

SENOR AZUELOS
You could do worse. He's a real man not like that idiot, cheating husband of yours. Gitano has a good heart.

ALMA
Richard has his good side. And I've forgiven him. Anyway, Gitano is a gypsy, not in our social circle.

SENOR AZUELOS
Alma, I don't care where someone comes from, only what is inside them, like the grapes. Some are good and some are not so good and some are bad. You don't get good wine from bad grapes.

ALMA

Yes I know. You always tell me that.

SENOR AZUELOS

Look into a man's heart not his bank account!

ALMA

Pappa, this is America! Unless you make lots of money you are nothing!

SENOR AZUELOS

That's not true Alma. It's just what some politicians and rich people say to keep the poor people in their place!

ALMA

But it is true Pappa. And I've been working my butt off to make it happen for me and Richard. You made your fortune and I'm going to make mine.

SENOR AZUELOS

Well if you are ever in trouble Gitano would be a man you could depend on, not Richard but...

Senor Azuelos puts his hand up in mock surrender.

ALMA

Yes Pappa!

SENOR AZUELOS

Well... you know that whatever you do I am on your side.

ALMA

I know that Pappa. What would I do if I didn't have you to come to when I'm down?

SENOR AZUELOS

Well while you are here, make yourself useful. I don't know which of these to use for the Zinfandel.

Alma climbs out of the pool and towels down. Her father lays out a few wine labels on an empty lounge. She kisses him on the cheek.

ALMA
Back in a minute.

She strolls off to get changed.

A gust of wind catches the labels and two blow into the pool.

Senor Azuelos stands up and gingerly moves towards the edge of the pool. He looks down at the edge of the pool to the labels. They're in easy reach. He hesitates clearly frightened of the water and then fetches the pool net.

Alma comes back, looks at the labels and before her father can fish them out she bends down and pulls them out.

SENOR AZUELOS
It doesn't get any better.

ALMA
I know Pappa. It's all right.

INT. ALMA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Comfortable, big, a queen size bed and tasteful furnishings.

Richard, bare chested showing off his muscled torso, sits up in bed with a magazine on his lap. The magazine has photos of big expensive boats.

On the other side of the bed, on a side table, lie four wine labels.

Alma SLINKS out of the bathroom, a sexy nightie shows her figure.

ALMA
So which label do you reckon for the Zinfandel?

RICHARD
Which boat do you want when the money rolls in?

ALMA
I'd rather look at the labels...

RICHARD
And I'd rather look at the boats.

Alma counts under her breath to ten then smiles.

She slides into bed alongside Richard and nuzzles up close.

Richard DROPS the magazine on the carpet, lies flat on his back.

RICHARD
Gotta catch the plane first
thing... better get a good night's
sleep.

He turns over on his side with his back to her, reaches out and turns off the light.

Alma turns over with her back to him more angry than hurt.

CUT TO:

NEXT MORNING

Richard, dressed, packs a bag. Alma, in a robe, sips coffee.

ALMA
I have time to take you to the
airport.

RICHARD
No need. The taxi will be here in a
couple of minutes.

O.S. TOOT, TOOT

ALMA
Richard. About the clinic.

RICHARD
Not now Alma, that's the taxi.

ALMA
We have to talk about it.

RICHARD
Not now!

He dashes from the room with his bag in his hand leaving a very angry Alma.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Two doors lead off from the room.

Alma sits on an examination couch fastening the buttons on her blouse.

DR MONROE, a big guy, 50, washes his hands.

DR MONROE

No problem with either you or your husband. I guess you're just going to have to keep trying.

ALMA

Are you sure there's nothing wrong?

DR MONROE

Yes, of course I'm sure.

ALMA

Then why this second examination in such a hurry?

DR MONROE

Just a check up. Wanted to clear something up. It's all OK.

ALMA

That's it?

DR MONROE

Come back in six months if you haven't conceived.

Helen pulls on her coat and trudges out of a door, disappointment all over her face.

The second door opens and in strolls Blake.

BLAKE

Success?

DR MONROE

Yes. Look it isn't right, I could get struck off.

BLAKE

That's what your wife would say if she found out you were screwin' one of your under age patients.

INT. CLAUDIA'S HOUSE, GARDEN - DAY

Alma prunes the roses while Claudia sits on a patio chair knitting a scarf. Claudia's fingers have lost their dexterity so she struggles with the knitting but perseveres.

CLAUDIA

You don't have to do that. I do have a gardener... and Chazz.

ALMA
I like doing it. Therapeutic!

CLAUDIA
So how is the anger management
program?

ALMA
I got thrown out. Some asshole
really bugged me!

They both laugh.

CLAUDIA
You're priceless!

ALMA
Chazz?

CLAUDIA
OK for a couple of days after your
visit and now back to his old ways.

ALMA
Well he isn't a child anymore and
he'll have to take the
consequences.

CLAUDIA
How about you... how are you doing?
And I don't mean the anger
management.

ALMA
OK

CLAUDIA
No you're not. Work or Richard?

ALMA
Both.

CLAUDIA
Want to talk about it?

ALMA
No. I've got no right to be
miserable considering what you're
going through.

CLAUDIA
And still no luck in the baby
stakes?

ALMA

No.

CLAUDIA

Sure it's a good idea to have the baby?

ALMA

What do you mean?

CLAUDIA

Nothing, it's just that you and Richard...

ALMA

Oh it's not all bad. Anyway I don't want to talk about it. So... any progress with your... your condition?

CLAUDIA

I need a miracle or a break through in medical science and I don't see either arriving any time soon.

ALMA

Don't give up hope.

Alma hands Claudia a bunch of cut roses.

CLAUDIA

When's Richard back?

She smells the roses and holds them out for Alma to smell.

ALMA

Not for another five days.

CLAUDIA

Where did you say he was?

ALMA

Alaska.

CLAUDIA

Mmm

ALMA

What's that supposed to mean?

CLAUDIA

Nothing. Just mmm. He must be freezing his balls off up there.

A look between them, neither wanting to say anymore.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - MOVING

Alma listens to Flamenco music on the CD while she sits in a traffic crawl.

She looks out at the crawl queued in the opposite direction.

EXT. MULTI LANE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Traffic snarled in both directions.

Alma's car stationary in the lane nearest the opposite flow.

A pink SUV crawls in the nearest opposite lane about a hundred yards ahead but the pink is unusual and it sticks out like a sore thumb.

Alma LOOKS UP and over towards the SUV in the distance.

It slowly draws nearer. Alma seems very interested in the pink SUV.

As the pink SUV and Alma's car pass:

In the SUV she sees: Helen in the driving seat and Richard in the passenger seat.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - MOVING

Alma double takes.

Richard and Helen oblivious to Alma's proximity.

Alma hits a button on her SMARTPHONE.

RING, RING

RICHARD (V.O.)
(on phone)
Yeah?

ALMA
(forced calm)
Hi Richard, still freezing your balls off in the snowy wastes?

RICHARD (V.O.)
(on phone)
Yeah. Everything fine?

ALMA
I guess. Clinic says we're both OK.

RICHARD (V.O.)
(on phone)
Yeah.

INT. HELEN CARTWRIGHT'S CAR - STATIONARY

Richard holds the phone to his ear.

Helen gives him a quizzical look.

RICHARD
(into phone)
Signal's fading... bad reception up
here. See you soon.

He OFFS the phone.

HELEN
I hate all this deceit. She's my
friend. You are going to tell her?

RICHARD
It ain't that simple. You know what
she's like... that temper... I just
gotta choose the right time.

HELEN
Coward!

RICHARD
And you know she's gonna make a lot
of money out of some invention
she's done. I want my share before
I divorce her. Don't know what it
is but I know it's worth millions.

HELEN
Mercenary bastard!

RICHARD
Yeah! But I deserve it... I put up
with the crazy bitch all these
years.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - STATIONARY

Alma looks over at the SUV. Her Spanish blood is up!

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alma's car cruises into a parking lot by a high end apartment block.

She pulls up next to Helen's pink SUV.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - STATIONARY

Alma SEETHES.

"HABENERA" phone RING TONE.

ALMA
Mierda!

She hits the answer button.

ALMA
What!

PROFESSOR (V.O.)
(on the phone)
You gotta come in straight away
Alma. Big problem.

ALMA
I'm busy.

PROFESSOR (V.O.)
(on the phone)
Believe me Alma, you gotta come in,
now.

INT. MEDICAL LABORATORY - NIGHT

The professor, Blake and two armed THUGS instead of marines, stand in the room.

Blake holds the gizmo.

On a gurney lies TANNENBAUM, a fit marine, unconscious but breathing, handcuffed by both wrists to the gurney and in jeans and a shirt.

Blake runs the gizmo over Tannenbaum.

PROFESSOR
It won't work for you. It's tuned
only to Alma.

Alma, in a white coat, STORMS in.

ALMA
What the hell...?

BLAKE
You're gonna do it!

ALMA
Look, I've already been through
this with you. I've tried and tried
but I can't get the scent to
teleport with the rose. Something
is wrong so I am not going to
teleport this guy or anyone else.
Got it!

BLAKE
Oh I really think you are. It don't
matter if he comes out as a goddamn
chicken, do it!

ALMA
Go to hell!

BLAKE
Later! Your father, shame it looks
like he's going to have a swimming
accident.

ALMA
He doesn't swim.

BLAKE
Exactly!

Alma FLIES at Blake, BITING, SCRATCHING, PUNCHING.

The Thugs DRAG her off.

Blake, shaken, pulls himself together.

He looks up at a camera lens in the roof.

BLAKE
The camera there will keep an eye
on you. Do it by nine tomorrow
morning if you want to see your
father alive again. Everyone out.

And Alma is left alone with the unconscious Tannenbaum and gizmo.

She STOMPS around the room kicking cupboards until her energy is expended and she collapses to the floor in tears.

Tannenbaum wakes up.

TANNENBAUM

What, where am I? Am I dead?

Alma climbs to her feet and steps over to the gurney.

ALMA

You're alive... for now.

Tannenbaum STRAINS against his manacles.

TANNENBAUM

Why am I here?

ALMA

Don't you know?

TANNENBAUM

If I knew lady... I wouldn't be asking!

ALMA

What did they tell you?

TANNENBAUM

What? Who?

ALMA

When they took you.

TANNENBAUM

What? I'm Sergeant Nick Tannenbaum, US Marine Corps! What's all this crap about?

ALMA

What's the last thing you remember?

TANNENBAUM

I was in a bar, some lady took me back to her place for... well you know. We had a drink and then I woke up here.

ALMA
The bastards. The conniving,
low-life, sons of bitches.

TANNENBAUM
Who the hell you talkin' about
lady?

Alma snatches up the gizmo.

TANNENBAUM
Hey lady, what the hell you doin'?

Alma waves the gizmo over one handcuff, it disappears. Then
over the second and it disappears.

Tannenbaum jumps to his feet.

TANNENBAUM
Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

ALMA
OK Sergeant I must go now. Speak to
that camera. There are Marines out
there who may help you.

Alma crosses herself and looks up as if to Heaven.

ALMA
God help me. I don't know if this
will work but I won't risk another
human being and I've got to save
Pappa from those bas... sorry
Lord... those people.

Alma waves the gizmo over her body and disappears leaving
Tannenbaum staring at the empty space.

INT. ALMA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alma, now dressed in street clothes, STARES in a mirror. She
feels herself all over.

She looks up again as if to Heaven.

ALMA V.O.
Guess it worked. Thank you Lord.

She stuffs clothes into a bag. Her white coat and crocs lie
scattered on the floor.

She YANKS open a bedside drawer and pulls out a thirty-two
revolver which she slips into her bag.

INT. HACIENDA, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Alma materializes in the room, looks around, runs up a flight of stairs.

INT. HACIENDA, ANTONIO AZUELOS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tasteful and manly.

Alma bursts in.

Empty bed. Clothes strewn around. No sign of her father.

FRANTIC she searches but finds nothing to pin down what's happened to her father as she runs through the house

A BEDROOM

ANOTHER BEDROOM

SITTING ROOM

DINING ROOM

KITCHEN

Nothing! No sign of him or anyone else.

EXT. HACIENDA, POOL AREA - NIGHT

Alma DASHES to the pool.

Face down in the pool floats her father.

In dives alma and drags her father to the side but he's been dead some time.

She props him on the Roman steps of the pool, too heavy to lift out.

Dripping wet she runs to the house.

INT. HACIENDA, ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Alma GRABS the phone and hits 911

EXT. HACIENDA, POOL AREA - NIGHT

Alma sits on the side of the pool holding her father's lifeless body.

ALMA
Pappa! Pappa! Don't leave me. I
need you. I don't know what to do.

She hugs him to her breast and her tears flow.

O. S. POLICE SIRENS

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Alma sits in the front seat of the cruiser, her bag on her lap.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN POLICE OFFICER, LAPD badge on his shoulder, takes the driver's seat.

POLICE OFFICER
We'd better get you down the
hospital for a check up, you don't
look good ma'am.

Computer screen on the console FLASHES on.

ON SCREEN:

PHOTO OF SERGEANT NICK TANNENBAUM FOLLOWED BY A PHOTO OF
ALMA AND THE CAPTION "DR ALMA MCKINLEY, WANTED IN CONNECTION
WITH THE MURDER OF MARINE SERGEANT NICK TANNENBAUM. IT IS
VITAL THAT MCKINLEY IS TAKEN ALIVE"

The police officer and Alma read the screen at the same
time.

Alma LEAPS from the police cruiser. The police officer draws
his pistol then holsters it when he reads again:

"VITAL THAT MCKINLEY IS TAKEN ALIVE".

EXT. DARK STREETS - NIGHT

Alma wanders the streets.

A pickup truck PULLS UP alongside her. A FAT GUY leans out.

FAT GUY
You workin'?

ALMA
Si!

Fat guy nods his head for her to get in.

She climbs into the passenger seat and off roars the pickup.

EXT. DESERTED WOOD - NIGHT

Overlooking Los Angeles with its lights, the pickup pulls up.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Fat guy drools. Slides his hand up Alma's leg. SUDDENLY he stops and looks down at his crotch.

Alma's thirty-two against his crown jewels.

ALMA
Out!

Fat guy stumbles in his hurry to get out.

Alma slides over to the driver's seat and speeds away.

EXT. HELEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alma glides the pickup into the parking lot. She spots Helen's pink SUV.

From her bag she pulls the gizmo.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tastefully furnished and in low light from bedside lamps.

In the bed lies Helen, naked, with Richard, naked, on top giving it his all.

GRUNTS from him -- SQUEALS from her -- BANGS from the bed as it smacks the wall at a rapid rate.

Alma slowly materializes at the foot of the bed.

Helen and Richard totally unaware of her presence carry on their passion.

ALMA

Ahem!

Helen and Richard too engrossed to hear.

ALMA

Ahem!

Still no reaction from the copulators.

Alma, in forced calm, steps over to the door and hits the main light switch.

This interrupts Richard's strokes - he swivels to look over his shoulder to see:

Alma, Spanish eyes wide - teeth bared - a vase in her hand.

She HURLS the vase.

RICHARD

Shit! How?

Alma jumps through the door as Richard leaps out of the bed and Helen screams as the vase smashes above her head.

Richard races out of the room.

Helen lies in bed in shock.

Richard dashes back in.

RICHARD

Gone!

HELEN

Shit!

INT. PICKUP - STATIONARY

Alma sits in the pickup parked up in woodland, tears roll down her cheeks.

HABENERA on her cell phone. She looks at the display. Its Claudia.

She hits the answer button.

CLAUDIA (V.O.)

Alma, sorry to bother you this late but its Chazz. He's gone off with some Irish guys... drug dealers.

Alma manages to pull herself together.

ALMA

What?

CLAUDIA (V.O.)

You know. That Irish guy moved in to that horrendous pad up on the hill. Him and his Neanderthals.

ALMA

Yeah. So he's gone there?

CLAUDIA (V.O.)

No. That old warehouse three blocks down from my place I heard him say on the phone.

ALMA

I'm in trouble Claudia. You'll see it on the news. I'll do what I can for Chazz but I can't promise anything.

CLAUDIA (V.O.)

What's wrong? My God you haven't killed Richard?

ALMA

Not yet!

Alma presses the off button.

INT. PICKUP - MOVING

Alma drives, tears flow. She peers in the rear view mirror.

Her eyes red rimmed, she rubs her forehead like she has a headache.

She cruises the street, the gizmo clipped to her belt.

In the mirror she spots a car's headlights following.

She turns right, the lights follow.

She turns left, the lights follow.

She speeds up, the lights stay with her.

EXT. STREET

The pickup speeds towards a railroad crossing, lights flash red, the barrier slides down.

SMASH. The pickup charges through the barrier a split second before a goods train thunders by.

Other side of the crossing a sedan waits.

EXT. STREET CORNER

Alma's pickup passes a derelict warehouse. Chazz stands on the corner.

Alma sees him, puts her hand to her face as she drives by.

Chazz doesn't notice her. He's too busy shaking with fear and fidgets with a sawn off shotgun under his jacket.

The pickup stops.

Out jumps Alma - she marches back to Chazz. Her sorrow now submerged under her anger.

Chazz spots her.

CHAZZ

Shit!

ALMA

What did I say?

She grabs the shotgun off him and shoves him back to the pickup.

Alma throws him into the front passenger seat.

ALMA

What's going on?

CHAZZ

I'm supposed to be look out.

ALMA

What for?

CHAZZ

Some Irish guys. A deal's goin' down.

ALMA
You wait here and don't dare move a
muscle.

Chazz nods in terror.

Alma holds the gizmo in one hand and the shotgun in the other.

INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two black sedans race into the huge empty space from opposite ends and screech to a stop inches from the front of each other.

THREE COLOMBIANS with shotguns jump out of one sedan. A fourth, RICARDO - 30, over the top flash suit and coat, CLIMBS out.

TWO IRISHMEN, with Kalashnikovs, jump out of the other sedan. SEAMUS - 35, snazzy dresser, climbs out of the rear.

Seamus and Ricardo face each other, serious. Their men point their weapons at their opposites.

Suddenly Seamus and Ricardo burst into laughter.

Both place suitcases on a rickety table in the center of the room and lift their lids.

Seamus' case contains dollars in neat bundles - Ricardo's, plastic bags of white powder.

SUDDENLY - Alma materializes by the table. She fires the shotgun into the air.

The dealers all dive for cover but Seamus gets a good look at her.

ALMA
Assholes!

She grabs the money suitcase and disappears.

The men stare in disbelief - too shocked for an instant to react.

They recover - the henchmen point their weapons at their opposites - this time for real.

SEAMUS
What the...

RICARDO
Where she go?

SEAMUS
Son of a bitch... you set us up.

RICARDO
What you talkin' 'bout?

SEAMUS
Well who else would she be working
for?

RICARDO
How should I know?

Ricardo picks up his suitcase of drugs.

SEAMUS
Where you going with that... it's
mine!

RICARDO
Not 'til you pay for it.

Tense back off by Ricardo's team as they make their way to
their sedan.

The Irish team in confusion.

SEAMUS
Come on! I'm going to find that
bitch and tear her heart out!

INT. PICKUP - STATIONARY

Alma pulls a bundle of dollars from the case. She rummages
around, finds a pen and writes an address on a bundle
wrapper.

Chazz is almost on another planet.

ALMA
Now listen to me Chazz... you take
this money and go to this place.
Don't contact your Mom or anyone
here. Those guys back there will
think you were in on this and will
kill you.

Chazz just stares in sheer terror.

ALMA
Just nod your head if you
understand.

He nods his head.

ALMA
That address is a rehab place I did
some work for a couple of years
ago. You will be safe there.

Alma looks in the rear view mirror. Headlights coming her way.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The lights getting nearer.

Suddenly, out of the warehouse roars Seamus's sedan smack into the side of the approaching headlights.

INT. SEAMUS'S SEDAN

Seamus, in the back seat, SPLATS his nose on the seat in front. Blood gushes.

SEAMUS
Shit!

BANG. The Columbians smash into the back of Seamus's sedan.

Seamus's head cracks forward and then back, WHIPLASH!

SEAMUS
Shit!

EXT. STREET -CONTINUOUS

Alma's pickup takes off at speed.

Gunshots and flashes from the car wreck.

EXT. TV SHOP - DAY

Claudia struggles past an array of TVs that show the news in the window.

She stops.

ON SCREEN: A reporter speaks but mute from the outside.

Beneath the reporter the news line:

"SCIENTIST SPY ESCAPES AFTER KILLING MARINE"

A photo of Alma appears on screen.

CLAUDIA
Shit!

EXT. FISHING COMMUNITY BEACH - DAY

WOMEN mend nets.

Fishing boats lie at rest on the sand.

Pacific rollers crash on to the Californian coast.

Alma weaves her way through the nets, shoes in hand. A shoulder bag - heavy - hampers her progress. She rubs her tummy, obviously in a little pain.

Alma picks her way towards a blue boat.

Gitano, his muscled, scarred torso stripped to the waist, antifouls the keel of a fishing boat.

Gitano looks up.

GITANO
Desperado!

ALMA
You believe that?

He shakes his head.

She takes Gitano by the elbow and leads him to the surf edge.

Their conversation drowned by the rolling surf.

She pulls a bundle of dollars from her shoulder bag and proffers them.

Gitano shakes his head. She stuffs the money back in her bag.

Up the beach TWO SUITS approach. Alma sights them same time as Gitano does.

An old scruffy fishing boat chugs up about to be moored to a rickety jetty by TWO SWARTHY FISHERMEN.

Gitano grabs Alma's hand and runs her down the beach, along the jetty and into the fishing boat.

INT. FISHING BOAT

The fisherman look at Gitano, he points to the suits, grabs a bundle of dollars from Alma's bag and shows it to the fisherman.

Fisherman #1

Si!

Fisherman #2 opens the throttle and the fishing boat chugs slowly away from the jetty. Blue smoke from the tired engine.

EXT. BEACH

The two suits watch the boat pull away. Suit #1 speaks into his sleeve.

Round the point comes a big white gin palace type boat. Port name on the back 'STYX'.

INT. STYX

Blake at the helm. FOUR GOONS with machine guns on deck.

EXT. SEA

The Styx closes on the fishing boat. The goons level their weapons. They're about three hundred yards away from the fishing boat. Looks like Alma and Gitano are trapped. The Styx will cut them off.

INT. FISHING BOAT

Fisherman #2 looks at Alma. Her face shows she knows she's cornered. He beams a smile, hits a button.

EXT. FISHING BOAT

The old fishing boat suddenly rises out of the water on a clean white hull. Off it goes at fifty knots on the plane with spray all around.

INT. FISHING BOAT

Sophia turns to Gitano.

SOPHIA
Drug dealers?

Gitano shakes his head and points in the direction of the bow. Partly visible and partly wrapped lie three pre-columbian statues.

Bullets ping through the air.

INT. STYX

Blake, incandescent with rage, watches the fishing boat pull out of range.

EXT. A COVE - DAY

Alma slouches on a rock in a cove.

Gitano cooks a fish on a fire.

ALMA
They know where I am all the time.

GITANO
How?

ALMA
Must have a tracker.

GITANO
Where?

ALMA
These are clever guys Gitano. It
won't be in any of my things.

GITANO
Where then?

ALMA
In me!

GITANO
What?

ALMA
In me. I knew the bastardo didn't
trust me. That doctor! And he's not
done the job properly, it's giving
me hell!

GITANO
How do we get it out?

ALMA
Unless you are a gynecologist... we
don't! We'd better keep moving.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

The Professor and Blake ponder over a computer in Alma's
lab.

BLAKE
So where does she keep all the
information if it isn't in here.

PROFESSOR
In her head.

BLAKE
What is she? A walking library?

PROFESSOR
Just about the smartest person
you'll ever come across.

BLAKE
You were supposed to keep tabs on
the bitch.

PROFESSOR
You are the one who arranged her
tracker. So you go find her and
leave me to get on with my work.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Alma studies shelves and fills a basket with gizmos and bits of electronic paraphernalia.

EXT. A HILL - DAY

The pickup parked on a hill overlooking the sea with a view for miles around on land.

Gitano keeps watch.

Alma sits on a log tinkering with some electronics in a small plastic box. A small, bright yellow cat collar lies on the sand beside her.

Alma turns her attention to a tiny capsule.

She passes the box over her abdomen. A light flashes.

She fiddles with the box and passes it over her abdomen again. A light flashes and then stops.

A pin hole light comes on in the tiny capsule.

GITANO

You are one smart chica!

ALMA

Just hope I'm smarter than those bastards.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

The lonely refuge hunkers down on the side of a hill that leads to a lake through pines.

Frontier style chairs sit on a boardwalk by a door.

The pickup rolls in to a clearing in front of the cabin.

Alma and Gitano climb out - carry paper shopping bags of supplies into the cabin.

INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

One large room with a cooking range and steps up to a mezzanine. Almost a museum piece for the trek west.

The shopping bags get deposited on a rickety table in the center of the room.

Alma pulls out three big notepads from a bag and tucks them on to a shelf.

Gitano eases a bottle and two glasses from another bag.

EXT. LOG CABIN, BOARDWALK - DAY

The two sit on the chairs, glasses of red wine on a table in front of them. Alma stares out at the lake.

Gitano cleans a Magnum pistol and Alma's thirty-two.

GITANO

Bath.

(he points to the lake)

Toilet.

(he points to a shovel)

ALMA

This place?

GITANO

In the family. They won't find you here.

ALMA

Think I'll go explore.

She trots off towards the lake.

Gitano watches Alma climb down to the lake.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

Alma strolls along the side of the lake. Trees all around. She comes to a thickly wooded patch and has to struggle through the brambles and fallen trunks.

There's an air of menace about this place. Her eyes dart around like she's aware of being followed. Suddenly she stops in her tracks with a GASP.

POV Alma: her eyes fixed on two cloven hooves directly in front of her. She daren't lift her head to see the rest of the body. She's frozen in fear to the spot.

Slowly she gathers enough courage to lift her eyes up the legs from the cloven hooves. She sees its a deer. The deer takes off in fright through the woods.

Alma turns and heads back the way she came, fast. Her imagination plays tricks. Rotten branches take on the appearance of grotesque faces. Vines and brambles tug at her.

She makes it out of the thick wood into the open air and runs for the cabin.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

An oil lamp shines on the table, candles light the recesses.

Alma sits at the table and ponders notebooks full of equations.

Gitano in the corner watches her.

The wind rattles the window panes and rain patters on the roof.

Gitano gets up and puts a log on the roaring fire.

GITANO

There's a storm coming.

ALMA

Thnaks for being with me Gitano. I don't think I could stand being here alone.

Gitano puts his arm around her. She flinches.

GITANO

You're worth waiting for.

He slowly takes away his arm and smiles.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

Alma pulls up in a shiny new SUV. Gitano pulls in with the pickup. They unload both vehicles. A generator, gas, wires, lamps, a computer.

Gitano leans in the pickup, jams a small log on the gas pedal and off it roars hell for leather down the hill towards the lake narrowly avoiding trees.

Airborne into the lake, the pickup lands a few feet from the bank and slowly sinks.

Alma rushes down to Gitano.

ALMA
You crazy...

GITANO
Couldn't let 'em find the truck.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A 'BODLIA' logo fills the wall behind a desk in a highly polished wood furnished room.

At a huge desk with a bank of phones sits Blake, dressed in a very expensive business suit.

Red lights on one of the phones flash.

Blake lifts it, scared.

BLAKE
(into phone)
Yes sir?

THE VOICE is very distinctive, a deep southern drawl with a slight rolling of the r letter.

VOICE (V.O.)
(on phone)
You were not supposed to kill her father yet.

BLAKE
Slight mishap sir, he got violent so they had to deal with him.

VOICE (V.O.)
Blake, he was a sixty-eight year old man. What kind of dumb asses are you using out there?

BLAKE
Sorry sir.

VOICE (V.O.)
Have you found her yet?

BLAKE
No sir.

VOICE (V.O.)
Why not?

BLAKE
Well, sir, we're having
difficulty...

VOICE (V.O.)
I don't care about your difficulty.
Find her and take her alive.

BLAKE
I'll get her if it's the last thing
I do.

VOICE (V.O.)
If you don't get her it will be the
last thing you do!

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

A light rain falls glistening in light from windows high
above the ground.

Along the alley stands a dumpster with a chute leading up to
a second floor by an open window. Sound of crockery and
cutlery being washed and stacked. Steam billows from the
window.

Blake and his two thugs pad along the alley keeping to the
shadows. Blake holds a small direction finder device.

A GPS MAP on the device shows a network of alleys and roads.
A pin light flashes on one of the alleys.

They come to the dumpster. The pin light now stays constant.

Blake looks around, confused.

BLAKE
Come out, I know you're in there!

He peers into the recess behind the dumpster.

BLAKE
Come out. I've orders not to kill
you... but piss me off and I'll
disobey.

MEEOW! A cat, in a bright yellow collar, leaps from the
darkness over the open dumpster.

Blake snatches across the dumpster to grab the cat. He
manages to get hold of the collar. The cat rips his hand
with its claws and escapes leaving Blake with the collar in
his bleeding hand.

From the second floor a rumble comes down the chute.

A thug pulls Blake out of the way as wet garbage tumbles from the chute into the dumpster.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Blake sits in his office wearing an expensive blazer, flannels and cravat like he's got lost on the way back from a cricket match. His hand bandaged.

The phone rings.

He lifts the phone, scared.

VOICE (V.O.)
You messed up again!

BLAKE
She's too clever sir. That trick with the cat...

THE VOICE
And you have no idea where she is now?

BLAKE
Er...

Click on the line.

EXT. LOG CABIN, BOARDWALK - DAY

Alma and Gitano on the boardwalk with glasses of red wine.

ALMA
I've somehow got myself into a nightmare.

GITANO
Well... now you've teleported and found it works why not make a deal?

ALMA
There's something wrong. I don't know what but there's something. I don't feel right. It isn't just the transmitter in me. There's something else, the way I feel, think... I don't know. If I turn the teleport over to those assholes
(MORE)

ALMA (cont'd)
God only knows what will happen to
their victims.

GITANO
It isn't your fault. You've warned
them, if they use it and screw
things up why should you care?

ALMA
Why indeed? But I do.

GITANO
I don't want you to die.

ALMA
Why?

He takes her hand and draws her to him. Their lips almost
meet. She stops.

ALMA
No... not yet. I'm not ready yet
for this. I'm sorry!

GITANO
Your husband? Your class? Me a
gypsy?

ALMA
Maybe all that but... I also have a
pain down there from the implant.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

Blake leans on the alligator compound barrier popping
peanuts into his mouth.

DIABLO strolls up dressed in a football shirt, black
joggers, a baseball cap on back to front and boots. A
miserable attempt at looking cool. At this stage there's no
indication that he's Diablo, that is, no horns or cloven
hooves to be seen.

The two look at the 'gators, not each other.

DIABLO
You let me down.

His voice unmistakable as the one on the phone to Blake
earlier.

BLAKE
She's a smart woman.

DIABLO
If you want your reward ya'll have
to be smarter.

BLAKE
You'll gimme another chance?

A slight nod of the head by Diablo.

A KEEPER throws chunks of meat to the 'gators. The water
BOILS as they feed.

DIABLO
'Gators...love 'em.

BLAKE
So do I. One ate my first wife down
in Florida.

DIABLO
I know. Why d'ya think I chose you.

BLAKE
I won't let you down again.

DIABLO
If you do...

Diablo pulls a knife and apple from his pocket. He cuts the
apple into quarters while looking at Blake.

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alma materializes in the dimly lit 'state of the art' white
room.

She knocks an apple off the top of a pile in a fruit bowl
and just manages to catch it before it hits the floor.

She roots through drawers - pulls out a carving knife.

Then steals through to:

A TASTFULLY FURNISHED SITTING ROOM with parquet flooring.
On the walls framed certificates of awards to 'DR HELEN
CARTWRIGHT, ONCOLOGIST' catch the borrowed light from the
outside street.

Her elbow catches a certificate and squiffs it slightly off
center. Now she pads into:

THE BEDROOM.

Where she stares at the unoccupied bed with its cuddly toys stacked on the pillows. And the mark on the wall above the bed that the flying vase caused.

Alma peers through the gap between the bedroom door and architrave:

SITTING ROOM

The outside door opens, in comes Helen.

Helen slips off her jacket.

BEDROOM

Alma - jealousy - anger all over her face - knife BRANDISHED - waits for the kill while she still peers through the door crack.

SITTING ROOM

Helen now heads for the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Alma waits, knife in hand, face contorted, evil.

SITTING ROOM

Helen stops just before the bedroom door, straightens the squiffed certificate and steps through the door.

BEDROOM

In the shadows, unseen at first by Helen, lurks Alma, knife ready, evil still all over her face.

Helen pauses just inside the bedroom. Behind her Alma raises the knife but doesn't strike.

Helen walks on and opens the bathroom door. A mirror on the wall facing the door reflects Helen and the outline of Alma can just be seen behind her.

Helen dashes into the bathroom. Fear in her face shows she has spotted the intruder. She SLAMS the door. WHACK as the bathroom door gets bolted.

Alma slowly calms down. The evil evaporates. She drops the knife.

ALMA
 (to herself)
 Santa Maria! What am I doing?
 (to the bathroom door)
 Helen, you can come out now. I
 won't hurt you.

HELEN O.S.
 How do I know? You fuckin' crazy
 bitch!

ALMA
 (to the bathroom door)
 You're the bitch. You're the one
 screwing my husband.

HELEN O.S.
 Maybe I am for doing that. But
 you're crazy. You oughta get that
 temper under control.

ALMA
 (to the bathroom door)
 Look, I'm sorry. I won't hurt you.
 You can come out.

The bathroom door bolt slides. The door opens slow. Helen
 steps out with a hair spray ready to discharge at Alma.

ALMA
 I'm having a bad hair day but I
 don't think you'll need that.

Alma puts her hands up like she's not holding anything,
 surrender.

The two women look at each other and just manage a little
 laugh at Alma's last comment.

HELEN
 You look awful.

ALMA
 Thanks!

HELEN
 I'm so sorry. I never meant to hurt
 you.

ALMA
 How long?

HELEN
Six months.

ALMA
And all the time you acted like you
were my friend.

HELEN
I was. I am.

ALMA
So those times he was away on
business, he was with you?

HELEN
Not every time but yes...
sometimes.

ALMA
Do you love him?

HELEN
Alma...

ALMA
It's okay. I came here to kill you
out of jealousy but somehow that
seems to have gone. It hasn't been
right between Richard and me for
longer than that. I knew it was
over but just couldn't...
couldn't...

They hug.

ALMA
You can have him, no more trouble
from me. I'm so sorry for coming
here like this.

HELEN
Alma... I realise what he's done to
you, it'd only be a matter of time
til he cheated on me too. He's
toast!

ALMA
Do you know what really, really,
really gets to me?

HELEN
I've a feeling you're going to tell
me.

ALMA
Guys usually trade in the current
model for a younger one.

HELEN
Ouch!

ALMA
Well I don't want him either. Not
now he's nearly driven me to
murder. Anyway I'm in enough shit
without worrying about that
bastard.

HELEN
You certainly are. I take it that
you didn't kill that man?

ALMA
Of course I didn't.

HELEN
You'd better tell me all about it.

The two women go through into:

INT. HELEN'S APARTMENT, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Helen opens a bottle of red wine and pours out two glasses.

They sit on the couch with their wine glasses and bottle.

The wine glasses now empty and so is the bottle.

HELEN
I don't know what I can do to help.

ALMA
It's just good to be able to talk
to somebody.

HELEN
You're in this all alone?

ALMA
Gitano's helping me.

HELEN
That hunk of a dancer?

Helen raises her eyebrows.

ALMA
No, nothing like that.

HELEN
Why not?

ALMA
He's a gypsy! He's a fisherman for
God's sake.

HELEN
Still the little snob!

ALMA
Don't push it!

HELEN
Looks like he's got everything in
good working order.

ALMA
I guess. But you can keep your paws
off him all the same!

And the two women manage a laugh.

ALMA
There is something you can do... I
think they've put an implant in me
and it's causing me some pain. Also
I want to check out that there's
nothing else they've put in me.

HELEN
That'll be difficult to manage but
I'll do it. Come into the hospital
in the morning, you know where my
office is. But do something about
your appearance there's always cops
about in the hospital.

ALMA
One more thing.

HELEN
Yes?

They stand up.

WHAM! Alma lands a right hook on Helen's cheek.

Helen careers backwards on to her chair.

ALMA
For being a bitch!

HELEN
Fair enough!

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Alma makes her way up a flight of stone steps to a church door. High on the church gargoyles look down on Alma.

Alma pulls a scarf over her head as she opens the door.

Up among the gargoyles they no longer look down, they look straight ahead.

INT. A CHURCH - NIGHT

A Spanish style interior.

Alma kneels in a pew before the VIRGIN.

ALMA
Help me! Please help me! I went out
with murder in my heart tonight.

The Virgin just stares at first, cold stone.

Then her face seems to come alive.

VIRGIN
When you teleported you were
separated from your soul. Now there
is nothing to keep your conscience
on the right side.

ALMA
How could that be?

VIRGIN
You're the scientist, I'm just a
stone statue!

ALMA
What's going to happen to me?

VIRGIN
Nobody knows. It's never happened
before. Perhaps, as your conscience
slowly disappears without your soul
to keep it true, you will descend
(MORE)

VIRGIN (cont'd)
into evil and eventually you will
die to be damned for eternity.

ALMA
How long will that take?

VIRGIN
Don't know. Perhaps two days at the
most.

ALMA
Jesus!

VIRGIN
He can't help you. You have upset
the balance of power. Your soul is
a prisoner of Diablo and the power
of a soul from a living person is
what you would call the nuclear
option. Diablo will take over the
afterlife and this world.

ALMA
That's ridiculous. How can my soul
be so powerful?

VIRGIN
To answer that you must first find
your soul.

ALMA
How?

But the Virgin's face has returned to stone.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Alma lies in bed. Helen, in a white coat, stands alongside
examining X rays. Helen's got dark glasses on to cover the
black eye Alma gave her last night.

HELEN
Well, I got it out. Nasty little
bastards you're dealing with.
Couldn't find anything else.

ALMA
Can I have a look at the X rays?

Helen hands them over. Alma gets out of bed and examines
them against the light panel.

HELEN
Looking for anything in particular?

ALMA
My soul.

HELEN
Your what?

ALMA
My soul. After I left you last night I found out that they've taken my soul.

HELEN
Who has?

ALMA
Diablo.

HELEN
Who told you that?

ALMA
The Madonna

HELEN
Oh, I see. Like you interpreted it from one of her lyrics?

ALMA
Not that Madonna... The Madonna, Santa Maria, Mary... the Mother of Jesus

HELEN
I can get a friend of mine... a psychiatrist... to take a look at you. He'll not tell anyone.

Alma gives her a glare

HELEN
Hmmm. Claudia's taken a turn for the worse.

ALMA
Is she here?

HELEN
No, at home but I'll have to admit her soon.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - DAY

Banks of TV screens with UNIFORMED STAFF watching.

ON THE SCREENS

STREET VIEWS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES AND THE SUBURBS

KLAXON. FLASHING LIGHT over a console.

ON THE SCREEN:

ALMA AND GITANO OUTSIDE AN ELECTRONICS SHOP.

SKINNY MALE SECURITY OFFICER at the flashing console grabs a phone.

SKINNY OFFICER
(into phone)
Got facial recognition Mr Blake!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Alma and Gitano stroll out of an electronics shop. Alma with a bag.

Blake and his two thugs BARGE through the crowd towards Alma and Gitano.

Alma spots them.

She and Gitano make a dash across the road through the heavy traffic.

Blake and his thugs give chase.

Alma and Gitano thread through the crowd.

Blake and his thugs push people out the way.

Alma and Gitano still run. Blake and his thugs still in pursuit.

A WOMAN stops her car by a mail box and climbs out with a letter in her hand leaving the engine running.

Alma and Gitano jump into the car, Alma driving, and roar away leaving the irate woman and an even more irate Blake on the sidewalk.

EXT. LOG CABIN, BOARDWALK - DAY

Alma, in jeans and a long T shirt, has a pile of electronics on the table and busies herself with a screwdriver and printed circuit boards.

Gitano, stripped to the waist, chops wood just below the boardwalk.

GITANO
What magic trick you up to now
chiquita?

ALMA
A listening gizmo.

Gitano rolls his eyes.

She carries on fiddling with her electronics.

He climbs the steps to the boardwalk, steps into the cabin.

She screws more parts together.

Gitano comes out of the cabin. He carries a pair of Alma's Flamenco shoes and wears his own Flamenco shoes. He's still stripped to the waist.

From the cabin emanates Flamenco music.

GITANO
Time out!

He proffers the shoes.

ALMA
Turn around!

He turns his back.

Alma whips off her jeans and slips on the shoes.

The two stand and look at each other. Him bare to the waist, her with a lot of leg showing.

SLOWLY they dance, CLACK, CLACK on the boardwalk. Slow and rhythmic, foreplay.

Gradually they speed up. Sexual tension palpable.

Now a whirl of arms, bare torso and bare legs as they reach climax with the music and stop, breathless.

They stand, not moving, still breathing hard, eyes LOCKED on each other. Both on the verge of wild passion.

Alma tears her eyes away from him.

ALMA
I don't think it would work between
us. We're too different.

GITANO
I'm not ashamed of what I am.

ALMA
I'll make some coffee.

Gitano recovers his composure.

GITANO
I must be crazy getting involved in
this.

ALMA
If you want out... just go!

GITANO
I didn't say I want out... I just
said I must be crazy.

And he sulks off into the trees.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - STATIONARY

Alma in the front passenger seat and Gitano at the wheel.
She has a directional microphone and wears headphones.

GITANO
Picking anything up?

ALMA
Just garbage.

EXT. BODLIA RESEARCH BUILDING - DAY

'BODLIA' logo with the flaming torches on the wall of the building.

Blake comes out of the building and climbs into the back of a sedan driven by one of his thugs. The other thug sits in the front passenger seat.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - STATIONARY

GITANO
Has he said anything?

ALMA
No. Just follow him.

GITANO
All this Diablo business... I'm not
sure Alma... I mean... it's like
not real.

ALMA
The name Bodlia, what does that
mean to you?

GITANO
Nada.

ALMA
It's an anagram for 'Diablo'.

GITANO
Yeah! You a very smart Chica!

ALMA
Follow him. I must get my soul back
before I turn evil and he'll know
where it is for sure.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - MOVING

Gitano drives.

Alma still listens on headphones.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The sedan weaves its way through traffic with Alma's car
following at a safe distance.

The sedan passes a sign for 'BEVERLEY HILLS'

The two cars continue.

The sedan stops outside a dark forboding mansion.

EXT. MANSION

Blake climbs out of the sedan.

Alma's car stops discreetly down the street.

Blake makes his way to the mansion, opens the door with a key and goes in.

INT. ALMA'S CAR, STATIONARY

ALMA
We'll go in tonight. Find out
what's going on in there.

GITANO
I don't like the look of that
place.

ALMA
Drive me to Claudia's house. Just
in case this goes wrong I need to
tell her something.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Alma strolls down the corridor dressed like an old peasant woman with a scarf over her head.

She stops at a door.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Alma steps in.

In the bed lies Claudia, tubes up her nose and in her wrist.

Electronic monitors around beep.

Claudia opens her eyes.

Alma sits on the side of the bed.

CLAUDIA
How did you know?

ALMA
I went by your place. Empty. Had to
tell you about Chazz. He's safe.
I've sent him to that rehab place I
(MORE)

ALMA (cont'd)
did some work for a couple of years
ago.

CLAUDIA
In Nevada?

ALMA
Si.

CLAUDIA
I don't know how to thank you.

ALMA
You don't need to thank me. I'm
your friend. God knows I need a
friend.

CLAUDIA
You've forgiven Helen?

ALMA
Yeah... well why not?

CLAUDIA
I thought you would have gone
ballistic.

ALMA
I did but then, what's the point?

CLAUDIA
Is this the fiery Alma I'm hearing?

ALMA
I've got more to worry about than
that conniving, cheating, low life,
pig, bastard of a man!

CLAUDIA
You sure have. You shouldn't have
come. It isn't safe for you. But
I'm glad you did so I could say
goodbye.

ALMA
How...?

CLAUDIA
Helen says a couple of days... no
sign of that miracle or medical
breakthrough!

ALMA
Oh Claudia!

CLAUDIA
Chazz'll miss my funeral. But at
least I know he's safe.

ALMA
You ain't dead yet girl! Where
there's life there's hope.

The door swings open and in steps Helen, in a white coat and
a stethoscope around her neck. A female NURSE comes in
behind her.

HELEN
Who's this?

CLAUDIA
My grandmother!

HELEN
Didn't know you had a grandmother
to visit you Claudia. That's nice.

And all three women manage a chuckle despite the
circumstances.

The nurse checks the equipment oblivious to the in joke.

INT. RENTED CAR - NIGHT

Gitano, driving, and Alma in the passenger seat.

GITANO
This doctor, the one screwing your
husband...

Alma punches him in the ribs, he swerves.

GITANO
The doctor, you trust her?

ALMA
We've always been friends. Yes I
trust her. Not with men but
otherwise I do!

GITANO
I'm sorry about your friend
Claudia. You're supposed to be
turning evil but you've risked a
lot to see her.

ALMA
 She hasn't got long. She'll go to
 Heaven. If I don't get my soul back
 I'll go to Hell so let's get on
 with it.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The house in darkness.

GITANO
 I do not like the look of that
 place Chiquita.

ALMA
 Stay here.

GITANO
 No woman of mine goes into danger
 alone.

ALMA
 "Woman of mine? Hey..."

GITANO
 I can hope!

EXT. MANSION, GARDEN - NIGHT

A creepy garden in moonlight full of trees, shrubs and
 statues.

Alma and Gitano pick their way through, past a stone angel -
 SUDDENLY - an owl takes off in a flap of white from behind
 the angel.

Gitano is slightly behind Alma and desperately trying,
 unsuccessfully, to hide his fear.

On they go with stealth - suddenly - a stag leaps across
 their path.

GITANO
 Mierda!

ALMA
 Shush!

A huge hairy black spider watches their progress from a web
 across a stone Grim Reaper's scythe. As they pass, unseen by
 them, the eyes of the Grim Reaper and the spider follow.

They reach an ancient wooden door with a massive iron lock.
Alma 'teleports' the door to lie on the ground behind them.

GITANO
What's that smell?

ALMA
Sulphur.

Gitano crosses himself.

INT. GOTHIC MANSION

Alma and Gitano find themselves in a long stone walled corridor with a ten percent downward slope lit by flaming torches. Lots of spiders' webs hang from the ceiling.

They creep on.

The corridor comes to a T. Alma signals that she will take the one to the left and Gitano to take the one to the right.

Off she creeps past little dark alcoves that she can neither see into nor wants to see into.

Gitano creeps down the other corridor. It seems to go on forever with torches lighting the way into the distance.

Movement about two hundred yards in front of him. He turns and hurries back the way he came.

Alma still plods on carefully along her corridor. SUDDENLY - a hand touches her shoulder. She freezes in fear and then slowly turns to see - Gitano.

GITANO
(whispers)
Dead end!

ALMA
Santa Maria! I'll be dead too if
you do that again!

The two set off again - TIP TOE - past flaming torches and a dark alcove where something moves very slowly but they don't wait to see what!

Gitano not sure whether he wants to be in front or behind. The terror on his face shows while Alma's face is set in grim determination.

A movement in the corridor behind them - they SPIN around but there's nothing there.

GITANO

I think we should go back.

ALMA

It's OK if you want to go back but
I'm going on. I have to find my
soul before I become evil.

Reluctantly he stays with her.

They carry on. Some way behind them - hugging the wall and dapping into the alcoves whenever Alma and Gitano look around - follows the stone Grim Reaper with his spider.

Down the slope they creep.

A larger alcove leads off the corridor. Iron bars contain whatever is in there.

SUDDENLY the alcove is illuminated. Alma and Gitano see what appears to be a young woman seated at a table with her back to them. She wears a gorgeous long evening gown and brushes her flowing blond hair.

A tiny ballerina dances on a music box on the table to a sad melody. She's a living being and there is fear in her face as she performs.

Slowly the 'young woman' turns. Her face is beautiful. She smiles kindly. Gently she lifts the ballerina from the music box - and eats her!

Alma and Gitano run.

In their haste they don't spot a hole in the corridor floor. Gitano, in the lead falls into the hole but just manages to grab the side to stop himself falling further.

He DANGLES by one arm over what appears to be a bottomless pit.

Alma siezes his arm and holds on for dear life. She's on her knees leaning over.

Gitano's face turns to sheer terror. He's looking behind Alma but she's too busy holding on to him to look.

The Grim Reaper puts his stone boot on Alma's butt and gives her a push.

INT. A PIT

Both Alma and Gitano tumble into the pit.

They fall and fall.

On the way down they pass windows.

Through one window they glimpse a skeleton on a rack.

Another window has five bedraggled men breaking rocks with huge sledge hammers supervised by a goat on two legs.

Another window has a man stripped to the waist and tied to a stake being whipped by a shapely woman in full sado kit without a mask over her dreadful face.

SPLASH! GURGLE! SUCK! They hit the bottom of the pit and submerge in slimy green mud.

First Gitano bobs up - he's up to his chest in the green slime and on the verge of panic.

Then Alma appears - she's up to her neck.

In the dim light they gaze around. Chained to the walls at various depths are six grotesque bodies, alive, just, being fed upon by horrible pond life.

The slime ripples towards them. The beasties have smelled fresh meat!

ALMA
Mi Dios! Help us!

GITANO
Mierda!

A door in the wall, a few inches above the slime, opens.

In the doorway stands the stone Grim Reaper. Behind him an orange light.

Reaper turns his scythe to offer the handle end to Alma.

The pond life close in.

Alma's in a quandary. Be eaten by the beasties or take her chances with the Grim Reaper. She chooses the Grim Reaper, grabs the handle and he PULLS her clear into the doorway.

She's covered in insects and rips them off her skin.

The pond life are all over Gitano. He desperately tries to shake them off but there are too many.

BLAKE V.O.
(from somewhere behind the
Reaper)
Get the guy out too!

The Grim Reaper extends his scythe handle to Gitano who manages to grab hold and he's pulled clear.

INT. VAST HALL

Edwardian kitsch. Orange light from fireplaces and torches on the walls.

Stone statues of nightmares dot the huge room.

Blake, in an Edwardian smoking jacket, stands by a fireplace warming his butt.

Alma and Gitano desperately SHAKE off insects and stamp on them.

The Reaper grabs Alma and pulls the gizmo from her belt.

He hands it to Blake who slips it into a safe behind a hideous picture.

BLAKE
We'll look after that for now.

The Reaper presses a button in the wall. The wall parts to reveal an elevator. He steps into the elevator, the door closes.

BLAKE
Thought you'd never get here! I
expect you'd like to shower and
change before dinner.

Alma and Gitano are still too full of adrenalin, hyped up and bewildered to respond.

Blake pulls a dangling rope and somewhere far off a bell strikes a mournful tune.

A door opens. A PRETTY MAID in Edwardian servant's uniform appears.

BLAKE
Please show them to their quarters.

The maid beckons them to follow. They see a ball and chain round her ankle as she limps towards a door.

INT. A BEDROOM

More Edwardian kitsch. A huge four poster bed with red velvet curtains and a red quilt. Windowless.

Alma and Gitano stand taking in their surroundings as the maid leaves.

GITANO
What the hell...?

ALMA
Don't need puns at a time like
this!

Gitano looks at the bed and then at Alma. It's bravado and it shows.

ALMA
Not a chance!

GITANO
Teleport us out.

ALMA
He's got the teleporter and I can't
teleport you. You'll lose your soul
like I lost mine.

GITANO
Get it back somehow and teleport
and get help.

ALMA
You wouldn't let me come here on my
own. I'm not leaving you here on
your own. And who's going to help
us? 'Excuse me officer, I'm wanted
for murder but could you just pop
along to that mansion, the Devil
lives there!'

GITANO
But...

ALMA
That's final!

GITANO
So what are we going to do?

ALMA
I don't know. We'll just have to go
along with it until we can do
something.

INT. DINING ROOM

The huge room fitted out in Edwardian kitsch again.

A long table has silver service set.

A CARDINAL, A MULLAH AND A RABBI are seated together with
other diners further down the table.

Alma and Gitano step into the room closely followed by
Blake.

Alma looks at the three religious leaders.

ALMA
Yeah, so what's the punchline?

BUTLER
No joke. How do you think we keep
the tensions between those three
religions?

The pretty maid and a BUTLER wait on table. Alma in a long
white evening gown with Gitano and Blake in white ties sit.

ALMA
So... you are Diablo?

BLAKE
No... no... no... senora. He is
away making war in the After Life.
I am merely his representative here
on Earth. You know... a little like
one of those Hollywood agents.

ALMA
Who's that?

She looks down the table at a contemporary well dressed
MIDDLE AGED MAN.

BLAKE
He's a future president of the
United States!

ALMA
What?

BLAKE
He's sold his soul and in return
gets to be president. Not that it
matters much as we will have taken
over the Earth by then.

ALMA
You can't manipulate the electorate
on that scale.

BLAKE
Of course we can. We've done it
before.

ALMA
Are you telling me...?

BLAKE
Oh yes.

ALMA
Who?

Blake whispers in her ear.

She gasps in surprise.

The butler serves Alma with soup. His jacket falls open to
reveal a twisted mass of snakes for his body.

Blake waves him away.

ALMA
What do you want from me... us?

BLAKE
All that will be revealed in due
course. Now tell me... how does it
feel not to have a soul?

ALMA
You should know.

BLAKE
What? Oh no senora. I still have my
soul. It's in hock to Diablo but I
(MORE)

BLAKE (cont'd)

still have it. In fact you are the first living person in history to be separated from your soul. That's why it is so powerful. Diablo buys lots of souls but he doesn't get them until the person dies. You are unique!

ALMA

I want mine back.

BLAKE

I'm afraid that won't be possible. You see we need the power from it to destroy the After Life and then take over the Earth. You will be well looked after. We can't afford to have you die, your soul would then just be another wanderer with no power. Oh no senora, you are going to be kept like a queen and Gitano here will be your consort.

ALMA

I won't help you.

BLAKE

Ah but I think you will!

GITANO

I wouldn't bank on that.

ALMA

So you set up the laboratory and hired me because of my work on teleporting? You planned all along to capture a soul?

BLAKE

Nothing at all like that senora. We had no idea that teleporting would separate a human from their soul. No, the plan was to undermine Earth governments by infiltrating our people into the most secret of establishments by teleportation and create havoc. But when we discovered that you and your soul were separated and managed to corall it... well that changed everything. World and Heaven domination no less!

ALMA
You're mad!

BLAKE
Maybe! But I'll also be immortal as
a reward when we win. And don't get
too uppity! None of this would have
been possible if you hadn't
perfected teleportation.

ALMA
So Armageddon is my fault?

BLAKE
Guess so!

ALMA
Jesus Christ!

And all the diners, except Gitano and Alma, DUCK.

INT. COZY ROOM

Leather armchairs around a log fire.

Alma, Gitano and Blake, still in evening dress, sit and sip
cognac. The men smoke large cigars.

Blake pokes the fire.

ALMA
So how did you get this job? It
couldn't have been advertised!

BLAKE
It appears Diablo took a shine to
me after my first wife had a slight
accident with an alligator. It
appealed to his sense of humor.

ALMA
He's got one?

BLAKE
Oh yes! Haven't you studied
history? It's full of his little
japes. Take the crusades. He gets a
Pope working for him to promise
Heaven to a bunch of stupid knights
and off they go believing if they
kill infidels and heretics they go
straight to Heaven. Wrong! Straight
(MORE)

BLAKE (cont'd)
down here after they slaughtered so
many men, women and children.

ALMA
I suppose the Spanish Inquisition
was his idea too!

BLAKE
You have studied history! Yes.
Torquemada, what a genius. Of
course he only achieved such
greatness with Diablo's help. That
was a great period for Diablo.
Burning people at the stake,
hanging, drawing and quartering.
Diablo even had a king, Henry VIII,
working for him.

ALMA
I've sometimes wondered about
things in the Old Testament.

BLAKE
Oh yeah! That was Diablo's
greatest. Can you imagine that for
nearly three thousand years people
think that what you call God sent
an avenging angel to kill the first
born Egyptian male children because
the pharaoh wouldn't let the
Israelites go? All those dead kids!
And they think God did it! How
stupid can they be? That lot up in
Heaven, they wouldn't harm a fly
let alone murder children.

ALMA
And I suppose a lot of the trouble
today is a result of his 'sense of
humor'?

BLAKE
Right. The best one, in my humble
opinion, is getting people to blow
themselves up thinking they will go
to Heaven and be treated as
martyrs. Of course, any idiot who
blows himself up and takes a lot of
innocent men, women and children
with him isn't going to get in up
there. They've got rules against
mass murder. Oh no, straight down
(MORE)

BLAKE (cont'd)
here. I tell you, Diablo just
cracks me up sometimes.

ALMA
You are mad, sick, evil!

BLAKE
Why thank you senora. I don't get
many compliments in my line.

INT. A BEDROOM

Alma and Gitano, still in their evening wear, sit on the
bed.

ALMA
We must find a way out.

GITANO
I beg you Chiquita, if you can get
the teleporter, save yourself.

ALMA
Gitano, I've screwed up big time
and I've got to fix it. But I'm not
going to sacrifice you.

GITANO
Well what are we going to do now?

ALMA
I know what we're not going to do.
You, over there!

And she points to a couch.

NEXT MORNING

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR

Alma and Gitano now dressed in jeans and T shirts stride
along the corridor followed by Blake in a ridiculous suit of
plus fours.

INT. CAVERN

They enter a massive space lit by torches. At the far end is a huge corridor with the most enormous skeletal jaws above and around the hole.

A three headed dog guards the entrance to the corridor.

ALMA
Is that what I think it is?

BLAKE
Yes!

Alma and Gitano cross themselves.

BLAKE
There are many ways in. This one in Hollywood and the one in DC are the main ones in the US due to the heavy traffic.

The three enter the portal while the dog snaps at them but is just out of reach on his chain.

INT. HELL

Alma, Gitano and Blake are on a walkway above a gigantic space.

All manner of horrors are below them:

In one section a mass of THOUSANDS OF MEN up to their waists in stinking sewage sip tea from china tea cups supervised by a HALF GOAT/HALF MAN.

SUPERVISOR
Tea break over.

And the mass turn over to stand on their hands with their feet sticking out of the sewage!

In another section flames lick at THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN chained to a wall.

In one section MEN are flayed by DEMONS.

In another, parched and THIRSTY MEN chained to stakes have water pouring down in front of them but just out of reach.

Elswhere a baseball match is on but the RUNNERS' feet are slowed by treacle.

The three cross the walkway and come to a door.

Blake opens it.

They step through.

INT. SMALL CAVERN

In this smaller space stands a telescope.

Blake indicates to Alma to look through it.

Alma bends and looks into the telescope.

POV TELESCOPE

EXT HEAVEN

Clouds. A vast space leading to a wall and Pearly Gates.

On the wall, by the gates, stand JESUS, MOHAMMED, APHRODITE, MOSES, BUDDHA and KRISHNA looking out at a HORDE ready to attack made up from:

ANCIENT GREEKS AND PERSIANS, ROMANS AND BARBARIANS, VIKINGS, RICHARD LIONHEART AND HIS CRUSADERS, SALADIN AND HIS ARMY, GENGHIS KHAN, ATILA, A PAPAL ARMY, ROUNDHEADS AND CAVALIERS, WASHINGTON'S ARMY AND REDCOATS, KLU KLUX KLAN, HITLER AND SS COMPANY, US SOLDIERS CIRCA VIETNAM WAR, MAO, STALIN, SUICIDE BOMBERS, IRA, RWANDAN KILLERS, IRANIAN REVOLUTINARY GUARDS, ISRAELI TANKS, ZOMBIES, VAMPIRES ET AL.

And in the lead, on a DRAGON, still in his uncool football shirt, jopggers and back to front baseball cap is Diablo.

The common denominator of the horde is the eyes. All have black holes where the eyes should be.

Explosions bounce off the Pearly Gates. Each one taking a little more of the gate with it.

BACK TO THE SMALL CAVERN

BLAKE

You see, we will break through and then destroy Heaven. But we need more power and that is where you come in.

ALMA
God will stop you. He will destroy
you!

BLAKE
Your concept of God is quaint.
'He'... very interesting! Let us
just say that if what you describe
as 'God' could destroy Diablo and
the horde then that would have been
done already.

Blake ushers them through a door.

INT. A PILLBOX

The concrete structure resembles a WW2 bastion.

A huge canon like apparatus sticks out through a slit in the wall. At the inside end of the 'canon' is a silver box about the size of a coffin. There's a glass lid on the box and inside it is an ephemeral Alma struggling to get out.

A DEMON handles the canon.

Blake, Alma and Gitano come through the door.

BLAKE
And this is what it is all about.
This canon will blast its way
through the previously impenetrable
Pearly Gates and then the Horde
will be let loose on the inside.

Alma gasps when she sees her ephemeral self in the canon.

BLAKE
Oh yes senora! That is your soul.
Locked in there it creates
tremendous forces that are then
released to batter down the Pearly
Gates.

Alma puts her hands on the glass, the ephemeral Alma does the same from the inside, desperation and sorrow on the ephemeral face.

A huge television screen at the back of the cavern.

DIABLO on his dragon appears on the screen. All around him the horde wait.

Diablo's voice is the southern drawl first heard in Blake's office on the phone.

DIABLO
(from the screen)
Blake.

BLAKE
(in the cavern)
Yes sir!

DIABLO
(from the screen)
Have you got me that other soul yet? I know I have all eternity but I don't want to spend it out here.

BLAKE
(in the cavern)
I'm working on it sir.

DIABLO
(from the screen)
Get on with it man!

The TV screen goes blank.

BLAKE
Come!

But Alma won't leave her soul.

TWO DEMONS dash in and grab her.

INT. VAST HALL

Alma and Gitano are back in the first room they found themselves in when rescued from the slimy pit.

This time, Gitano, stripped to the waist, is handcuffed to a stake in the center of the room.

Alma, Blake and a cohort of DEMONS stand looking at Gitano.

Blake walks over to the safe and removes the gizmo.

Grim Reaper arrives in the elevator and steps out leaving the door open.

BLAKE
Now senora, you teleport your friend. His soul will be
(MORE)

BLAKE (cont'd)
 intercepted and placed with yours
 doubling the power of the canon and
 in no time we will overthrow
 Heaven.

ALMA
 I won't do it.

BLAKE
 I knew you would say that!

He snaps his fingers.

HIDEOUS GARGOYLES, like the ones at the church in the
 opening scene, slither in dragging a large box about the
 size of a fridge.

Blake nods to the gargoyles. One opens the box door to
 reveal a SQUIRMING, SEETHING MASS of centipedes.

The Gargoyle quickly slams the door shut.

BLAKE
 Teleport him or he goes in there
 with my friends!

GITANO
 No Alma. Let me die with my soul.
 Don't let them have my soul.

BLAKE
 It'll take him hours to die,
 painfully!

GITANO
 Don't do it Alma. Alma don't do it!

ALMA
 Give me the teleporter.

GITANO
 No Alma.

ALMA
 Gitano, I must do this.

GITANO
 No!

BLAKE
 At last! You see sense senora.

Blake hands her the gizmo.

GITANO

No!

She points the gizmo at Gitano.

FLASH his handcuffs are off and on the floor in front of him.

ZAP she points the gizmo at the side wall. It disappears and then reappears behind her blocking her and Gitano off from everyone else.

ALMA

Run!

And they dash for the elevator and jump in.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - MOVING

Alma driving, Gitano in the passenger seat still stripped to the waist as they race away.

GITANO

What now boss?

ALMA

I'm thinking.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The car pulls up in front of the log cabin. Alma and Gitano climb out. He's still stripped to the waist.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Gitano dashes into the cabin closely followed by Alma.

GITANO

I'm freezing.

He grabs a jacket and pulls it on before he makes up the fire and lights it.

ALMA

You were very brave Gitano.

GITANO

No I wasn't. I was terrified. I've been scared from the start.

ALMA

But you were prepared to die rather
than let them have your soul.

GITANO

Why did you pick me to help you?
You must have many friends far more
brave than me.

ALMA

Pappa recommended you!

GITANO

Alma, there's something I have to
tell you. I'm not brave at all. I'm
a coward, always have been but I'm
more scared of losing my soul than
my life. I've seen Hell. I don't
want to go there for eternity.

Alma cradles his head in her arms.

ALMA

You were scared but you went into
Hell with me.

GITANO

I couldn't let you go alone.

ALMA

What's that quote from John Wayne?
'Courage is about being scared to
death but saddling up anyway'.

GITANO

I'm not John Wayne!

ALMA

I thought you were an arrogant
bastardo first time we met. Now
I've got to know you... Gitano,
I've fallen in love with you.

GITANO

And I thought you were a stuck up
rich bitch! Perhaps you were.

And she digs him in the ribs.

He fakes pain and laughs

GITANO

But I love you too! And to be honest, even if you were a rich bitch, I fell in love with you the first time we danced together.

He looks up. They kiss. She rises and pulls him to his feet.

ALMA

We've got tonight, tomorrow is another world.

And she leads him to the bed. He undresses her, slowly, no rush, just gentle and then he lays her on the bed and undresses, slowly.

They make love, gently, slowly but with passion until spent, they lay in each other's arms.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - STATIONARY

Gitano at the wheel, Alma in the passenger seat.

GITANO

What're we doing here?

ALMA

The Irish guy living in that house. I need to see him.

Alma holds her listening device and wears headphones.

GITANO

What has he got to do with all this?

ALMA

Nothing! He's coming out. Get ready to follow.

EXT. HILLSIDE HOUSE - DAY

A tasteless pile on the side of a hill.

Seamus the drug dealer marches out of the house carrying a briefcase flanked by two HEAVIES.

They jump into a big SUV and drive off.

Alma's car follows discreetly.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - MOVING

GITANO
Why are we following?

ALMA
Please. Just follow.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The SUV pulls up outside a glass office block.

Seamus and his heavies go into the office building and can be seen from the outside riding the elevator upwards.

Ricardo, the Cuban drug dealer, marches along the sidewalk from the other direction carrying a briefcase flanked by two HEAVIES.

They too enter the office and ride the elevator upwards.

A uniformed police officer STROLLS along the sidewalk away from Alma's car.

O.S. CHANTS of a crowd gaining volume.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - STATIONARY

Alma takes out the gizmo.

GITANO
What're you doing?

In one continuous move she teleports the cop's handcuffs off his belt into her hand where she SNAPS the one cuff on Gitano's wrist and the other through the steering wheel and jumps out of the car before Gitano realises what's happening.

She sticks her head through the open window back into the car.

ALMA
I'm sorry Gitano. I have to do it.
All this is my fault. I have to put
it right. It's the only way. Never
forget that I loved you.

GITANO
No, Alma, no.

He struggles and wrenches but he's firmly fixed to the steering wheel.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Alma dashes across the road and vanishes in mid dash.

EXT. OFFICE ROOFTOP - DAY

On the roof, Seamus with his briefcase on an air vent while Ricardo holds his on another air vent.

A Heavy from each side stands by the elevator.

SEAMUS
No balls up this time.

He opens his briefcase to reveal it stacked with dollars.

Ricardo opens his to show it filled with white powder in plastic bags.

They each lay their briefcases on the floor and back away in a semi circle so that they're moving towards the other's case.

Just then Alma appears.

SEAMUS
Christ! Not again.

Alma grabs the money case, runs to the edge of the roof.

She looks down.

The street is filled with homeless and poor people marching with placards about MEDICAL AID, HOUSING, CORRUPTION.

Alma tips the case so that the money flutters through the air down to the crowd.

Ricardo grabs his case and runs for the fire escape with his Heavy covering him.

Seamus draws a pistol and gets off a shot at Ricardo but has to dive for cover when the Heavy returns fire.

INT. ALMA'S CAR - STATIONARY

Gitano is surrounded by the protest march. He desperately shakes the wheel but can't free himself.

He wrenches open the glove box and grabs his magnum. He blasts the steering column with two shots and yanks off the steering wheel from the column.

He jumps out of the car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The protesters part like the Red Sea as Gitano dashes through them, gun in hand, towards the office.

He crashes into the office.

INT. OFFICE FOYER - DAY

The elevator is guarded by one of Seamus's and one of Ricardo's Heavies, oblivious to the happenings on the roof.

As Gitano storms in they draw their weapons.

He fells one with a blow from the steering wheel still stuck to his wrist.

BANG, BANG! Gitano shoots the other.

He jumps into the elevator.

EXT. OFFICE ROOFTOP - DAY

The elevator opens. Seamus's Heavy draws and fires.

SMACK. The bullet smashes the glass above Gitano's head. He's covered in glass and dazed for a moment.

Seamus comes out from where he dived, gun in hand.

Alma stands out in the open on the roof. She spreads her arms, crucifix like.

SEAMUS

That's it woman. I've had enough!

He levels his gun at her.

Gitano recovers but he's pinned down by the Heavy.

Under fire from the Heavy Gitano ignores the bullets whizzing past him, charges at the Heavy, fires and drops him.

Just as he does this Seamus closes his finger on his trigger facing Alma.

Gitano brings his gun up at Seamus.

GITANO

No!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gunsmoke swirls around.

Through the smoke Seamus crumples to his knees and then falls flat on his face, dead.

Gitano bounds over to where Alma was.

She lies on her back, a bullet hole in her chest oozing blood.

Gitano falls to his knees and cradles her in his arms.

ALMA

I love you but it is the only way.
They won't have the soul of a
living person much longer.

INT. PILLBOX IN HELL

The canon shakes and vibrates.

Through the glass the soul of Alma goes crazy.

SMASH, it breaks out.

SHOOSH it shoots out of the cavern leaving fire behind that engulfs and destroys the canon.

INT. HELL

WHOOSH! The soul flies over the walkway.

INT. VAST HALL

The soul WHOOSHES through the chamber leaving fire and collapsing walls in it's wake.

The soul CRASHES through the door into the pit.

INT. A PIT

The soul FLIES up the pit. As the soul goes up, the walls beneath collapse.

EXT. GOTHIC MANSION GARDEN - DAY

The soul CRASHES out into daylight.

The mansion implodes and is sucked under the earth leaving no trace but a small hole the size of a mouse hole.

EXT. OFFICE ROOFTOP - DAY

The soul hovers over the Alma.

A blinding flash and the soul enters Alma's body.

ALMA

I think... my soul has come home.

Her eyes glaze over. She's dead.

A RED DEMON lands next to her body and bends down over her.

Suddenly it's propelled out of the way by a golden boot in the ass.

And there stands the beautiful GOLDEN ANGEL GABRIELLA. She has a strong French accent and golden clothes.

GABRIELLA

That one is yours!

And she points to Seamus.

His spirit lifts from his body. The Red Demon grabs the spirit and flies off with it downwards!

Gitano still cradles Alma's body. Tears run down his cheeks.

Alma's spirit RISES.

GABRIELLA
You 'ave to come with me Alma.

ALMA'S SPIRIT
Yes, I know. May I just kiss him
goodbye?

GABRIELLA
He can't see or 'ear us... mai oui,
of course.

Alma's spirit kisses Gitano on the lips.

POV Gitano

Still holding the lifeless body of Alma he puts his fingers
to his lips feeling something but not seeing the angel and
Alma's spirit.

BACK TO SEEING THE ANGEL AND ALMA'S SPIRIT

Gabriella takes Alma's spirit by the hand and slowly they
rise skywards.

EXT. CLOUDS

In the clouds Gabriella flies upwards holding the hand of
Alma's spirit.

A HEAVENLY RINGTONE

GABRIELLA
Merde! Oops sorry!
(She lifts a smartphone/iphone
from her pocket.)
Oui?

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
Gabriella?

GABRIELLA
(into phone)
Oui! 'Allo Scotty. I 'ave 'er 'ere
with me. Be there soon.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
Change of plan. Class one miracle
authorized.

GABRIELLA
Oh la la! Magnifique. I 'aven't
done one of those for two thousand
years.

And she pops her phone back into her pocket.

Then she takes Alma's spirit on a victory roll around the clouds to land back on:

EXT. OFFICE ROOFTOP - DAY

Gitano still cradles the dead Alma.

Gabriella lands next to the body with Alma's spirit still in tow.

GABRIELLA

'Ere we are. Now 'ow do we do this.
It is very difficult, very 'ard

ALMA'S SPIRIT

What's 'appening... happening?

From a different pocket Gabriella pulls out a small electronic tablet. She taps away runs her finger over it and then drops it back into her pocket.

GABRIELLA

Bon! Now I remember.

Gabriella gently takes Alma's spirit by both hands and lowers her to the body.

Slowly the spirit and the body become one.

Gabriella runs her hands over the chest wound. The blood evaporates and the hole closes. No sign of the wound now.

Alma's dead eyes slowly come back to life. She blinks.

Gitano looks at her in shock and then hugs her tight then kisses, hugs, kisses hugs.

Gabriella smiles as she flaps her wings.

Between the hugs and kisses Alma manages to look at Gabriella and mouth:

ALMA

Thank you!

Gabriella takes off skywards, alone.

GITANO

How?

ALMA
A miracle. And now I know what I
must do to make things right.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - DAY

'POLICE' sign over the door. Alma and Gitano come out of the police station and down a flight of stone steps into the street.

GITANO
That captain's face when you told
him about Diablo...

ALMA
Thank God for that psychiatrist.
I'm sane and I've got the paperwork
to prove it!

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Claudia lies on a gurney covered by a sheet. Chazz holds her hand.

An empty gurney lies alongside her.

Helen, in her doctor's coat, stands next to Claudia.

Alma, also in a white coat, stands next to Helen.

ALMA
Now I've sorted the problems and
added the medical aspects, I hope,
any doctor can use this thing.

HELEN
You could have made a fortune from
this. You should have kept the
patent.

ALMA
The hospital needs the money more
than me.

She offers the gizmo to Helen.

HELEN
It's your invention. You do it.

CLAUDIA
Yes, I'd like you to do it Alma.

ALMA
Now it can't transport more than
six feet that seems to stop any
chance of the soul being
intercepted. So... are you ready?

HELEN
Go ahead.

CLAUDIA
I'm ready.

Alma waves the gizmo over Claudia.

Claudia slowly disappears from her gurney and then a few
seconds later appears on the other gurney.

A bloody mess is left on the gurney she just vacated.

CLAUDIA
Well?

HELEN
It seems to have worked.

ALMA
It recognises you. The cancer is
alien so it left it behind. I don't
know if it is permanent.

CLAUDIA
I told you that I needed a
breakthrough in medical science or
a miracle. I think I've had both.

ALMA
I can vouch for miracles!

CHAZZ
(to Alma)
Thanks for everything. Thanks for
saving my Mom and for saving me.

Alma kisses him on the cheek.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Alma comes out of the room. Richard stands there with a big bunch of flowers.

ALMA
They for Helen?

RICHARD
No for you. I've been a bloody fool. Can you forgive me? I want to come back.

Alma smiles. She takes the flowers in her right hand.

ALMA
Oh Richard!

They lean in to each other for a kiss. Before their lips meet Alma shoves the flowers in his face and walks away.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Alma strolls along the pathway by the alligator compound. She pushes a pram that holds her baby son ANTONIO.

SUDDENLY, in front of her, Blake steps into her path. He's looking more like a down and out rather than his snazzy previous persona.

BLAKE
You ruined everything. Lost my immortality. I'm not going to kill you. Sometime, you'll never know when, I shall take your baby. Maybe in a week, a year, five years. You'll never know. You'll spend all that time worrying and you won't be able to save him!

ALMA (V.O.)
Remember, don't get angry. Just keep calm. Do your breathing. Count up to ten. One, two, three, four, five. Oh Mierda!

She whips out the gizmo from a pocket, ZAPS Blake, he disappears and reappears two feet the other side of the alligator barrier, in thin air.

ALMA
For my Pappa!

He hangs for a second.

BLAKE
Shiiiiiiiit!

As he plummets to the 'gator pool.

EXT. 'GATOR POOL

SPLASH. He hits the water and goes under.

BOB! He struggles to the surface.

And then Blake gets his just desserts in a swirl of tails and teeth.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - DAY

By the 'gator pool Alma walks away to be met by Gitano holding two ice creams. He's lost his pony tail and is dressed in smart casual.

GITANO
Everything all right?

He proffers an ice cream.

ALMA
Si! An old acquaintance said 'hello'
but had to dash. I think
something's eating him.

On a poster stuck to a wall: Alma and Gitano in Flamenco costume caught in a swirl. the poster has the legend:

"GITANO AND ALMA (A DATE) AT (A L.A. VENUE) FRESH FROM THEIR TOUR OF ANDALUSIA"

FADE OUT