

DULCE

by
Michael Scherer

FADE IN:

EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A quiet, moon-free night. LUXURY VEHICLES awash in a soft-orange glow from street lamps and security lights.

A large black SUV cruises into the lot.

INSIDE THE SUV

Minor government official GEORGE BARTON. 50s, dressed to the nines -- looks more movie star than bureaucrat.

In front, TWO SECURITY TYPES: eyes concealed by sunglasses; long red hair drawn back in pony tails. One drives, the other keeps tabs on their surroundings.

Barton's phone RINGS:

BARTON

Yeah?

Nods in silent agreement:

BARTON

Six months. That's it. Be ready to move, understand? I want this done so fast the government has no time to react.

Hangs up -- looks smug, pleased.

ON A ROOFTOP ACROSS THE STREET

Caleb Hunter, 30s, haggard looking -- but with a predator's eyes -- swings his M40A1 sniper rifle over a short retaining wall. Aims:

CALEB'S POV

TWO MEN exit the SUV -- scan for danger -- move to the back. Driver opens rear door.

As Barton exits cross hairs settle on his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Caleb lowers his rifle. Breathes. Reacquires his target.

PARKING LOT

Barton strides toward the hotel entrance: THUNK!

Barton spins. A small cloud of concrete-dust mushrooms from a parking lot divider.

Two Security types draw their GLOCK 17s: one inspects the rooftops; the other rushes Barton to safety.

CUT TO:

INT. CALEB'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bathed in the soft green glow of dashboard lights Caleb looks like death warmed over. He talks to his contact on the phone:

CALEB

Yes. Yes. Yes. For the umpteenth time I missed on purpose.

VOICE

(filter)

Who authorized you to take out Mister Barton?

CALEB

The usual channels. I can't believe you didn't know. Doesn't matter. I aborted the hit.

VOICE

That... was not a wise choice.

CALEB

All you need to know is I'm done. Finished. I can't do this any more. Assign Barton to someone else in the Company. Someone who doesn't have a family to think of.

VOICE

You are right, of course. Someone without a family.

(beat)

Families can be... such a liability.

CLICK!

Caleb tosses his phone over his shoulder.

EXT. CALEB'S HOME - MORNING

Middle class neighborhood: well kept streets; well kept homes; well manicured lawns.

A late model car pulls to a stop. Caleb exits -- marches toward a well kept bungalow.

INT. CALEB'S HOUSE

Neat and tidy.

Caleb sniffs.

CALEB

Bless your heart. You made coffee.

Strides into the neat kitchen and pours himself a mug of Joe. Parks his ass at the breakfast bar -- takes a sip.

He checks a WALL CLOCK: 7:14 AM -- stands with his coffee and creeps down the

HALLWAY

and makes his way to the

MASTER BEDROOM

and pauses at the door -- admires the room: a wall covered with red rosettes. Caleb whispers:

CALEB

She repapered the bedroom.

Checks the other walls: no rosettes.

Checks the headboard: more rosettes.

His smile morphs into a frown -- drops his mug.

Races into the bedroom -- yanks back the covers: GASPS!

BONNIE HUNTER's black hair frames a distorted and twisted face -- her pillow black with blood.

Caleb collapses -- cradles Bonnie in his arms -- rocks:

CALEB

Nnnnnnnnnnnnoooooooooooooo!

He stops -- turns toward the hallway. Races out into

DAUGHTER LINDSEY'S BEDROOM

Caleb hesitates -- inspects his daughter's room: Lindsey, 11, looks peaceful, asleep. He creeps closer:

CALEB
(softly)
Lindsey?

Closer:

CALEB
(louder)
Sweetie!?

Rushes to her side. Shakes her gently:

CALEB
Lindsey, baby?!

More vigorously:

CALEB
GODDAMN IT, LINDSEY! WAKE UP!

He lifts her limp body -- holds her close: WEEPS.

WAILING sirens breaks the serenity of a house-turned-mausoleum. Caleb kisses his daughter's forehead.

Sirens grow closer.

He tenderly lays her in bed -- tucks her in. Another kiss.

Races out into the

HALLWAY

ransacks a closet: towels; wash cloths; sheets; pillow cases rain down on the carpet.

Lifts a shelf from its brace -- a portion of rear wall comes with it: a secret compartment.

He removes a small duffel bag stuffs it with money; passports; ammunition; and a Ruger P95 pistol.

SIRENS grow louder -- Caleb dashes to the

BACKDOOR

exits. Scurries across his neighbor's well manicured lawn.

CUT TO:

EXT. MESA MONTOSA - CLIFF DWELLING - GRAVE SITE - DAY

A relentless Sun beats down on a rugged and desolate landscape surrounded by mountains: the Jemez to the east; San Miguels to the west.

Caves carved into volcanic tuff pepper nearby hills standing sentinel over thirteenth-century cliff dwellings.

RACHEL MEYERS, 30s, young and vibrant -- Deborah Kerr in khaki shorts -- stands inside one of those caves along with three graduate students: BOB; MIKE; KAREN.

A precise grid of stakes and strings cover the ground.

GRAD STUDENT BOB

When do we start?

RACHEL

Tomorrow morning. When it's cooler.

She observes her team: all have trowels and small brushes gripped in their hands. She remembers her first dig:

RACHEL

Patience Grasshopper.

Grad Students LAUGH.

RACHEL

Probably take two, three days of careful excavating before we know for certain who or what is buried here.

A young man approaches: JASON WILLIAMS, 30s, lanky, smart looking -- stops next to Rachel:

JASON

What are you grave robbers up to?

GRAD STUDENT BOB

Prepping the site.

RACHEL
We start digging tomorrow.

JASON
Cool!

GRAD STUDENT KAREN
Not soon enough if you ask me.

Grad Students LAUGH.

Rachel shoos them away with a flick of her hand.

RACHEL
What are you doing out here? Don't
you have to work?

Jason looks nervous -- waits for Grad Students to leave.

JASON
I need to tell you something.
Something important. About work.

Rachel furrows her brow:

RACHEL
You never talk about work?

JASON
I have to tell some one.

Jason inspects the area:

JASON
Something's going on out there.

RACHEL
Out there? What are you talking
about?

Jason sucks it up -- takes a deep, cleansing breath.

JASON
Archuleta--

Jason doubles over in pain -- hands fly to his temples:

JASON
JESUS!

Falls to his knees.

RACHEL

Jason!

She kneels -- reaches out to comfort him.

RACHEL

What's wrong?

He stands -- backs away:

JASON

I'm okay... really. I'm stressed
out is all.

RACHEL

Work?

He nods -- stands straight, his dignity returned.

JASON

Maybe it would be better if we drop
the subject for now. Okay?

Rachel nods -- still concerned. Jason fingers a ten-dollar
gold coin on a gold chain around his neck.

RACHEL

You should put that someplace safe.

JASON

Huh? What?

RACHEL

Your Grandfather's gold piece.
Worth a lot of money.

Jason jerks his hand from his neck -- marches down the hill
to his

VINTAGE JEEP CHEROKEE

retrieves something from inside -- returns to the

GRAVE SITE

strides past Rachel -- places a small electronic device
inside the grid.

RACHEL

What are you doing?

Jason recovers the device -- shoves it into his pocket:

JASON

Nothing. Just goofing around. Wanna grab some lunch?

Rachel looks around: mountains to the left; mountains to the right. She shrugs:

RACHEL

I don't have time to run into town for lunch. Sorry.

Jason grins -- points to his Jeep:

JASON

Brought lunch to you. Nothing fancy mind you. Some cold cuts, cheese... couple of cold beers. Thought we could take the bikes to the top of the mesa.

Rachel hooks her arm into Jason's:

RACHEL

You sure know the way to a woman's heart.

They stroll down the hill -- Jason peeks back over his shoulder at the ancient grave.

VINTAGE JEEP CHEROKEE

Jason opens the tailgate -- removes a backpack.

Together they cross the rocky terrain toward a weather-beaten

STORAGE SHED

Rachel unlocks the door. Pulls it open with a soul-slicing SQUEEEEEEEK. Inside: two 200CC dirt bikes.

Jason and Rachel mount the bikes -- ROAR off.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - MORNING

Rachel kneels outside the precise grid -- scrapes away layers of soil with a common garden trowel.

Another pass. Her hand meets resistance. An object protrudes from the ancient dirt.

RACHEL
Got something.

Retrieves a large brush -- sweeps loose soil into a dustpan.
Rubs her finger across the protrusion -- frowns.

RACHEL
Rubber.

GRAD STUDENT BOB
A ceremonial ball?

Rachel scrapes away more dirt: carefully; methodically.

RACHEL
It's a shoe!

Uncovers another shoe:

RACHEL
Sneakers!

GRAD STUDENT BOB
Some camper must have buried them.

RACHEL
Doesn't matter. The site is
contaminated. Practically useless.

Pissed, she hacks into the ground: a human steam shovel.

The outline of a human corpse emerges. Khaki cargo pants.
Purple polo shirt.

RACHEL
Go! Call the police. Now!

Grad Student Bob races off.

Rachel takes a deep breath.
Brushes dirt away from the corpse's face.
A nose appears.
A forehead.
A chin.
Eyes.

A SCREAM!

Jason Williams stares into a void -- out there -- terror
forever locked on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MORNING

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

A bearded, long-haired Caleb studies his reflection in the restaurant window.

Across from him sits MASON, 60s. He pokes and pushes his scrambled eggs with a plastic fork like a man looking for something he'd lost.

Between bites Mason's dagger-like gaze zeroes in on Caleb.

Caleb senses trouble -- sets his coffee on the table and studies Mason's gnarled and dirty hands: small tattoos on each knuckle of one hand: D U L C E.

Mason pushes his breakfast away:

MASON

What's in this for you?

Mason's angry voice surprises Caleb.

CALEB

I'm sorry. What did you say?

Mason turns away -- remains silent.

CALEB

Talk to me. I'm not a mind reader.

Mason stabs a plastic fork into cold scrambled eggs -- his gaze locks on Caleb -- his expression hard, curious:

MASON

That's the problem, isn't it? I can't figure out what you are.

CALEB

What?

MASON

For two weeks you been buying me breakfast and not once have you asked me a personal question. Not once asked me how I ended up here on the streets... homeless.

CALEB

We all have our secrets.

MASON

You feed me to learn secrets?

Caleb plays with a packet of sugar. Mason leans back in his chair -- hands folded on the table:

MASON

It's not like I don't want to tell you about myself. I can't.

Stares out the window -- looks tired, fragile. Caleb feels sorry for him:

CALEB

Look. If it makes you feel better, make something up. Tell me about the life you wished you had.

Mason's gaze remains fixed outside.

Caleb watches Mason's gaze follow a beat up '74 Buick creep by the restaurant.

KEEEEEEEERAAACK!

Caleb reaches under his jacket for his weapon.

Mason GASPS!

Caleb pivots -- surveys the restaurant for danger: a YOUNG GIRL picks up her tray from the floor -- places it on a trash container.

Caleb brings his hand back to the table -- his gaze settles on his friend: Mason stares out the window -- posed like a store mannequin. The expression on his face: pure terror.

CALEB

Mason?

Mason responds in a low, agitated voice:

MASON

Is that what you did...? Tell me a bunch of lies about how your family was wiped out in a car wreck...? To get my confidence...? Hoping I would spill my guts?

Mason pushes his chair back -- almost falls over. Stands.

MASON

God! How'd they find me?

Peers down at Caleb:

MASON
You!! You told them.

Paces like a caged animal.

CALEB
What the hell you talking about?

Looks outside: nothing sinister or dangerous.

CALEB
Sit down, Mason. Relax.

MASON
Why? So those red-haired devils can
kill me where I sit?

CALEB
You're talking crazy.

Mason turns on Caleb -- fists clenched at his sides.
Caleb prepares to parry any blows.

Mason relaxes -- unclenches his hands -- spreads his fingers
wide against his legs:

MASON
No. Not you... You don't know who I
am... Never asked any questions...
Can't be you.

Resignation settles in his face:

MASON
I'm so tired.

A tear rolls from his eye -- down his cheek. He straightens
his jacket -- runs a hand across close-cropped hair:

MASON
No more running. No more hiding.

Looks at Caleb:

MASON
I've gotta go. Don't follow...
you'll be safe.

Ambles to the door -- stops -- turns:

MASON
Thanks for breakfast.

Exits.

Caleb fights an urge to follow -- watches Mason cross a parking lot -- shuffle toward South Wilmington Street.

He inspects the surrounding rooftops -- checks shadows for hidden danger. Old habits die hard.

CALEB
Christ. I'm as paranoid as him.

He CHUCKLES -- continues to watch the old man.

Mason stops at the curb. Turns. Waves.

Caleb sense a finality to Mason's gesture -- dashes out to

SOUTH WILMINGTON STREET

TIRES SCREECH!

Old Buick fishtails around a corner.

Mason steps off the curb.

Old Buick accelerates -- slams into the old man.

Mason flips--
--hits the windshield.
Tumbles over the roof--
--rolls off the trunk.
Slams head first into the pavement.

Old Buick never slows -- never stops -- turns the corner.

Caleb races to Mason.

Blood streams from the old timer's mouth -- a shallow lake of crimson surrounds his head. Death certain.

A CROWD gathers.

CALEB
Call nine-one-one!

Mason's pupils dilate as he focuses on Caleb.

CALEB

Take it easy old-timer. Help's coming.

The dying man's lips form a word -- Caleb moves closer.

MASON

Archuleta.

Air GURGLES in his throat: a QUIET BELCH. His head rolls left. His eyes remain open.

Caleb runs his hand across Mason's brow -- closes Mason's lifeless eyes.

CALEB

Anybody get the license?

BYSTANDER

No tags.

CALEB

What about the driver?

Caleb digs through Mason's pockets.

BYSTANDER

Sunglasses... long red hair... all I saw.

Mason's words echo in Caleb's head:

MASON (V.O.)

Red-haired devils.

SIRENS.

Caleb's search grows more frantic. He finds a crumpled piece of yellow paper -- shoves it in his coat. Leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO ARCHAEOLOGY LAB - DAY

Not a neat place. Crates stacked on the floor. Lab tables littered with papers; computers; plaster encrusted bones.

A large white board hangs on a far wall awash in blue, black, red musings.

Rachel sits at a lab table. BLAKE KRANZ, 20s, tall and lanky and -- to be honest -- a nerd, stands next to her. Pottery shards with dark geometric patterns spread before them.

RACHEL

I don't know... maybe late thirteenth century. What do you think?

Blake retrieves the largest piece from the table -- examines the shard more closely:

BLAKE

Definitely Chacoan. Has to be. Yes, definitely. I concur. Late thirteenth.

Rachel rolls her eyes.

A KNOCK.

A COURIER stands in the doorway: package in one hand; electronic tablet in the other:

COURIER

Doctor Rachel Meyers?

Rachel waves him forward. Courier shambles into the lab: awestruck; curious.

Rachel clears her throat: AHHEEMM!

COURIER

Sorry.

Offers Rachel an electronic tablet:

COURIER

Sign here.

Rachel scribbles.

He places her package on the counter -- takes in the artifacts surrounding him -- leaves.

Rachel stares at the package.

BLAKE

What is it?

RACHEL
Jason's things. He had no family. I
asked the police if I might have
them.

She grabs an Exacto knife -- opens the box. Removes the
contents: a wallet; keys; some cash.

She stares for a BEAT. Reaches in -- retrieves a plastic bag:
Ten Dollar gold piece on a chain.

Blake examines the bag: WHISTLES.

BLAKE
Liberty gold piece. 1899. Could be
worth an small fortune... except.

Rachel snatches the bag back:

RACHEL
Except, what?

BLAKE
There's writing on the coin.
Negates the coin's value.

Rachel holds the bag up close -- squints:

RACHEL
Never noticed that. Can't make it
out though.

Opens the bag -- removes Jason's gold piece with a pair of
tweezers -- squints:

RACHEL
Looks like an 'N' followed by a
three... seven... one... two...
three.

She looks up at Blake:

RACHEL
What the hell does that mean?

Blake takes the coin -- examines it. Flips the coin over:

BLAKE
More on the other side... 'W'...
one.. zero... six... five...
seven... four... seven.

Scratches the side of his nose with the coin -- his eyes glaze over. Moves to a computer. Types.

BLAKE
What if these numbers are map
coordinates? 'N' for north... 'W'
west?

Hits enter:

BLAKE
Know anybody in North central
China?

RACHEL
No.

BLAKE
Wait! West... that would be a
negative number.

Types. Hits enter -- stares at the screen:

BLAKE
New Mexico.

RACHEL
That's a big help.

Blake's gaze remains locked on the screen.

RACHEL
What?

BLAKE
Not anyplace in New Mexico...
Archuleta.

RACHEL
Archuleta? There's nothing out
there.

BLAKE
Only a top secret genetics lab.

RACHEL
You don't buy into that conspiracy
crap, do you?

BLAKE
I'm just sayin'.

RACHEL

Wait a minute. Jason mentioned Archuleta... once.

BLAKE

The government denies it exists of course, but it's there--

RACHEL

The day before we found--

BLAKE

Along with stealth choppers, huge black SUVs, and those infamous Men-in-Black.

RACHEL

Christ, Blake... you're suppose to be a man of science... not, not one of those whacko conspiracy nuts.

Blake shrugs:

BLAKE

One has nothing to do with the other. Besides, those 'whacko conspiracy nuts' as you call them... believe aliens actually run the damn place. I don't go that far. I simply believe the government runs a top secret genetics lab under Archuleta Plateau.

Blake stands.

BLAKE

But... didn't your field notes state the excavation site was undisturbed?

Rachel nods.

BLAKE

Then how did Jason's killer get him in the ground without disturbing the soil?

CUT TO:

INT. CALEB'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Empty pizza boxes -- empty beer bottles litter the coffee table. Newspapers litter the floor.

Caleb sits on a sofa -- reads the lone word scrawled on the ragged piece of yellow paper he took from Mason's pocket:

CALEB

Gemini.

(BEAT)

What the hell is Gemini?

Leans back -- runs his fingers through his long hair.

CALEB

You're reading way too much into this, Caleb my man. It was a simple hit and run. Nothing more.

Crumples the paper into a ball -- tosses it toward a small trash can in the corner: misses.

INT. CALEB'S EFFICIENCY APARTMENT - MORNING

Caleb has the local paper spread out before him. He searches the obituary section -- finds what he wants.

CALEB

Mason O'Neil. Sixty-two. Vietnam vet. Green Berets. Homeless.

Caleb strides to the closet. Removes his duffel bag -- digs in the bag -- retrieves a cell phone -- dials.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - CALEB AND MITCHELL

INT. THE NSA OPS ROOM

MITCHELL MILLER, 40s, doughy looking from too many years behind a desk, answers:

MITCHELL

Ace Air Conditioning and Heating.

CALEB

(filter)

Mitch? It's Caleb.

Mitchell fumbles the phone -- looks around the room.

CALEB
Mitch? You still there?

MITCHELL
Yeah, I'm here. I told you
before... I don't know who had the
contract on your family.

CALEB
I know...

MITCHELL
Then what the hell you doin'
calling me here?

Mitch signals TECHNICIANS to put a trace on the call.

CALEB
Need some intel. Guy named Mason
O'Neil. Vietnam vet. Green Berets.

Mitch watches Techs scramble to trace the call:

MITCHELL
Helping you will only put me in a
world of shit.

Caleb checks his watch:

CALEB
I'm hanging up, Mitch. Will you do
it or not?

MITCHELL
Least I can do for a company
legend. When do you want it?

Caleb checks his watch again:

CALEB
I'll call... while you're at it get
all you can on something called
Gemini.

Caleb hangs up.

MITCHELL
Sure, sure--

Mitch gets an earful of DIAL TONE -- SLAMS the receiver down. He looks around the room: Techs shake their heads.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO ARCHAEOLOGY LAB - DAY

Grad Student Mike and Grad Student Karen huddle over a decayed portion of a woven basket.

Rachel and Blake enter.

BLAKE
You can't waltz in there and ask to look around.

Rachel ignores Blake's words.

BLAKE
People disappear... permanently trying to get inside that place.

They slip into

RACHEL'S OFFICE

Books and papers stacked everywhere. A dusty backpack sits in the corner. Blake moves several books from a chair, sits:

BLAKE
It's a fools errand. I won't let you do it.

Rachel crosses the office. Grabs her backpack -- flings it over her shoulder:

RACHEL
Try and stop me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - DAY

Caleb leans against an abandoned building -- observes BUSINESS TYPES march up and down the sidewalk along with an occasional WINDOW SHOPPER. He removes his cell, dials:

CALEB
It's me. What did you find?

MASON
(filter)
You know this guy?

CALEB
You're wasting time.

MITCHELL
Right. Mason O'Neil. Green Beret.
Five tours in Vietnam--

CALEB
I know all that.

MITCHELL
Did you know he spent six years
with the Company?

CALEB
What?

MITCHELL
Is this a secure line?

CALEB
Go on.

MITCHELL
He worked security at a top secret
government base in New Mexico.

Caleb remembers the tattoos on Mason's knuckles.

CALEB
Dulce?

MITCHELL
Ah, yeah, but you didn't hear it
from me. In 2000 he disappeared.

Caleb checks his watch -- grows antsy:

CALEB
What about Gemini?

MITCHELL
I called in a favor...Christ, I
shouldn't be telling you this.

Caleb keeps an eye on his surroundings while walking in
random directions.

CALEB

Mitch!

MITCHELL

The Company has its fingerprints
all over this one. Something about
cloning. God only knows what.

Caleb doubles back the way he came.

CALEB

Thanks.

Hangs up -- keeps walking.

EXT. NASH SQUARE - NIGHT

A city block of colorful flowers, green trees, and SHABBILY
DRESSED MEN and WOMEN on park benches.

A Rescue Mission van idles along Hargett Street where
VOLUNTEERS hand out sandwiches and hot coffee.

Caleb sits on a park bench -- toys with a loose thread on the
zipper of his jacket.

VOICE (O.S.)

Gotta smoke, man?

Caleb tugs the loose thread: SNAP. Looks up into the dirty
face of a HOMELESS MAN.

Caleb shakes his head -- reaches in his pocket -- offers a
five-dollar bill:

CALEB

Yours if you'll answer a few
questions.

Homeless Man reaches -- stops:

HOMELESS MAN

You a cop?

Caleb shoves the money into the man's pocket:

CALEB

What do you know about the guy was
killed two days ago?

HOMELESS MAN

Sneaky? Damn shame 'bout him.

CALEB

His name was Mason.

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah, but the man was always creepin' 'round like he was lookin' for somethin' or someone was lookin' for him. So we called him Sneaky. Gives me the heebie-jeebies thinkin' 'bout it.

CALEB

Where did he live?

Homeless Man gives Caleb a twisted look:

HOMELESS MAN

I hear greens are good for the memory.

Homeless Man holds out his hand -- Caleb offers another five. Homeless Man -- takes the money -- shoves it in his pocket:

HOMELESS MAN

Under an overpass at the end of Martin Street.

EXT. MARTIN STREET OVERPASS

Caleb stands on a small patch of concrete under an unfinished overpass. Barbed wire surrounds a mildewed sofa and a large shipping crate. The crate's makeshift cardboard-door flutters in the wind.

Caleb enters the crate -- emerges with a small canvas bag. He sits on the couch -- dumps the contents: service medals; odd bits of paper.

A FOOTFALL on broken glass.

Caleb looks up: a man silhouetted against city lights.

A HUGE MAN.

CALEB

Ain't you a big boy.

Caleb stands -- backs away. Looks left -- right. Intruder seems to be alone.

He studies the man: Big Boy wears sunglasses; a Carolina Hurricane's cap; a red ponytail dangles from under the cap.

Big Boy moves toward Caleb with a smooth, effortless motion.

Before Caleb can react--

Big Boy grabs Caleb by the throat.
Huge hands squeeze his windpipe.

Caleb gasps for air--
--struggles to regain control.
Punches his attacker in the ribs without affect.

Big Boy tosses Caleb against a concrete support: WHUMP!

Caleb slides to the ground: winded; dazed.
He rubs his throat.

Big Boy snatches Caleb by his jacket lapels.
Pitches him against the support again.
And again -- and again.

Caleb lies face down on the cold concrete.
His hand flutters over the debris covered ground--
--searches for a weapon--
--finds a broken bottle.

Big Boy attacks again.

Caleb slams the bottle-knife into the giant's thigh.

Big Boy lets out a ungodly HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL.

Caleb scurries across the sofa.

Big Boy moves slower -- seems less agile.

Caleb spots a six-foot length of pipe on the ground.

Big Boy makes his move--

Caleb rolls out of his attacker's path--
--snatches the pipe--
--bounces to his feet--
--swings.

Big Boy parries the first three blows.
Misses the fourth--
-- a staggering shot to the head.

Caleb presses his advantage.
Rams the pipe into Big Boy's midsection.

Big Boy drops to one knee.

Caleb tees up the man's head -- swings for the fences.

Hurricane's cap EXPLODES from Big Boys's head--
-- exposes long red hair.
BLOOD pours from his mouth.
He tips to the left--
--crashes to the ground.

Caleb kicks the huge man several times -- bends over the fallen giant:

CALEB
I'm too old for this shit.

He kneels -- examines his attacker's face: an odd olive hue tints the man's skin. Inspects sunglasses held in place by an elastic band: the kind athletes use.

CALEB
Let's see those eyes, pal. Can
always tell what kind of man I'm
dealing with by looking at the
eyes.

Strips away the glasses -- reveals Big Boy's eyes: almond shaped; solid black; staring into infinity.

CALEB
Jesus! What the fuck are you?

Digs through the dead man's pockets -- finds a room key to the Raleigh Grand Hotel. He pockets the key:

MASON (V.O.)
Red-haired devils.

CALEB
Devils. Plural.

Caleb snaps his gaze left -- right -- back: nothing. A sigh escapes his lips -- shoulder and neck muscles relax.