

Title Here

By
Your Name

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Street
City
State
Zip Code

BLACK.

The SMOOTHED OUT SOUNDS OF NEW AGE JAZZ BUILDS.

BREATHING. DEEP INHALES and SMOOTH STEADY EXHALES.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICER'S QUARTERS, AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

The blackness moves. Muscles under very dark skin, a back is now front and center. Lightening flashes.

ZACK RAMIREZ (30'S), tall, and is sporting a Charles Barkley special on his dome. Small beads of sweat make his head shine as he does the slow, graceful movements of Tai Chi. Lightning flashes again, thunder booms, a storm rages.

The sweeping movements of his body are synchronized to the MUSIC. As his massive frame twirls to the side INGA DANNEMAN (30's), tall, blonde, the Yin to Zack's Yang, is revealed beside him. Choreographed lightning, highlights them.

Inga does the movements in unison with him. Both are performing their Asian duet ... in the nude, but shadowed.

THE PHONE RINGS. Zack sneers at it's hysterical nagging. His focus broken, he snatches the receiver.

ZACK

This better be good !!... (Tone changes)
Ooh yes sir ... I see ... Yes that's
fine. I'll be right there ... Yes sir.

He turns to his partner. His demeanor apologizes for him even before he speaks. She is now in front of a full length mirror toweling off the sweat from the workout and she can also see Zack in the reflection.

Probably like military orders. Inga can see the disappointment in his face. He walks over to her and sweetly rubs the open palm of his massive hand across her smooth butt cheek and smiles. Her German accent is thick.

INGA

Hey buddy, don't touch the Mercedes
unless you can drive me home.

She says this kiddingly and playfully brushes his hand off her well sculpted buttock.

ZACK

You just keep that engine warm cuz when I get you back, I'm gonna take you for a nice Sunday romp.

Inga etches figure eight designs on his bare chest using her designer nails. Each 'ocho' getting closer to his 'Sonny Bono'.

INGA

Oh yes ... around the park and ... down by the zoo ... where the wild beasts play.

Inga half LAUGHS, half PURRS her words to him. She kisses his chest.

INGA (CONT'D)

Who was on the phone anyway?

ZACK

That was Captain Diano on the phone. Some special meeting. You can stay here, I don't think it will be long.

Zack dresses while Inga goes to the bed and stretches out. Now it's her turn to watch his butt.

INGA

That sounds good baby. I'm just wiped out. Oh, don't forget to thank Captain Diano for that home cooked Adobo, it was tasty.

Zack's service pants go on over silk boxers, she loses interest in the show and covers up under the linen sheets.

As Zack turns he accidentally knocks one of his numerous football trophies off the dresser. The dresser is stacked with books, most with very technical scientific titles.

He catches his 'Army/Navy Game', MVP cup just before it would have shattered to pieces.

He places it back next to the overflowing pile of football related trophies, plaques, and photos on the dresser.

Inga reads a medical journal and sips an ice tea on the bed.

ZACK

Adobo? That fattening stuff? I can't believe that you're a 'gen- u- ine' sick bay doctor in the United States Navy and you still believe in eating meat, yuk!

Zack scrunches up his mug like Flavor-Flav giving the 'Gas-Face'. He shakes his head in disgust.

INGA

Please.

ZACK

You know it's bad for you. I guess you're feel compelled to make them canine teeth earn their money, huh Chica.

Zack is almost fully dressed now and adjusts himself in the mirror. Inga watches. They both are smiling. She imitates a vampire's voice.

INGA

I love to bite the sweet, tender meat. What can I say? I am a wild woman.

ZACK

Yeah, wild and loco.

INGA

Honey, you need to GET WILD TOO!! All you do is study, workout, study, workout. You need to reconnect with your inner self. We hardly ever socialize anymore.

Inga tosses a throw pillow at him. He ducks it like 'Iron Mike' slides a glancing blow. He gives her an OK-you-want-to-be-a-smart-ass look. She sticks her tongue out at him.

INGA (CONT'D)

If you weren't such a stud I'd swear that you're the biggest nerd I've met since leaving high school in Austria.

Zack rolls his eyes at her and eases out a smile. He smiles, then pounds his chest in a gesture from the hood and smiles bigger.

ZACK

I've already gone through my phase of pack running and bar hopping. It's empty. I'm here to prove my worthiness to God and to myself.

Zack paces as he speaks to her. Determination and quiet strength in his voice. He stops and stands in front of her.

ZACK (CONT'D)

You're right babe, I'm not from Austria. I'm an African American-Chicano from Vietnam, Arizona. I'm serious because I've seen too many homeys die, comprende?

Zack reaches out his massive hand and gently runs his fingers through her hair. A smile eases it's way out.

Zack bends down and gives her a kiss. As he starts to pull away she snatches his starched collar and pulls him back towards her.

INGA

You can do anything you put your mind to. I know it. You convinced me a long time ago. This one is for luck, Big Poppa.

Long kiss with smiling eyes. Zack gives her a wink and slides out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Down the hall, no more than a few feet from him, is RICO SANTANA AKA 'BOTTOMLINE' or just 'LINE' (30's). He walks in front of the clown prince of Compton himself, MICHAEL J. JACKSON AKA 'THE THRILLER' (30's).

They are both Chicano/African American officers, same rank as Zack(Lt.), same stripes and uniform also. They smile widely at their startled friend.

THRILLER

Bro' man, so are you ever gonna give that poor girl time to recuperate.

Thriller is clearly enjoying himself, a smartass look is on his face.

THRILLER

(CONT'D)

She's glad to see your big ass finally out the door, now she can finally get a good night sleep without wrestling your stink ass all night.

LINE

Do you always have to be so nasty?

Everyone laughs. Zack playfully pushes Thriller.

THRILLER

I see why Inga is in such great shape and doesn't need to lift weights ...
Girlfriend is using this mountain gorilla for physical therapy.

Thriller goes into a 'Michael Jackson pelvic thrust move' and ends it with a right-handed crotch pull. They all laugh at the joker again but harder this time.

Zack, just messing with Thiller, puts him in a head lock. The two wrestle around like rambunctious puppies, ... laughing and falling into the walls.

Bottomline just shakes his head at this pitiful sight of grown men acting like little kids.

Just then Zack's door opens and Inga steps out halfway with an iced tea in her hand. Her long blond hair is in disarray and more importantly she is only wearing one of Zack's white dress shirts.

It covers her to the knees but it's very apparent to everyone that no bra is on guard duty at this time. The men freeze all motion at this sight.

INGA

There will always be time to beat the crap out of Thriller ... Now go on before you get in trouble.

THRILLER

You heard the boss, step. I'd hate to see her put your big monkey-ass back in the zoo. It would be a sad day for ape lovers everywhere.

Zack pushes Thriller down the hallway as they all laugh together. Inga gives them a smirk as they leave.

INT. NAVAL STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

Line, Thriller, and Zack sit there as CAPTAIN DIANO (40's) gives narration over a slide show.

It is the same dull, government issue classroom they had been in thousands of times before. This time it is eerily empty except for the four semi-ebony figures in the darkened room.

Diano is their commanding officer and he is much loved by his pilots. His strong Filipino features and dark skin blend in with the looks of his pilots who sit before him now.

For some reason, the normally upbeat, cheerful man is fidgety and uncomfortable.

DIANO

This project is Admiral Leon's (pronounced lay-own), oops I meant to say, Admiral Leon's (pronounced lee-on) baby. He's real sensitive about how you say his name these days.

Diano makes an apologetic gesture in response to strange looks on pilot's faces.

ZACK

That idiot? He almost court-martialed me for playing rap music too loud. He can change his name to Peggy Sue, he's still an asshole to me.

DIANO

I don't have a clue why he changed pronunciation. I don't have a clue why he chose you clowns either.

The Captain takes a deep breath.

DIANO (CONT'D)

To tell you the truth, I'm concerned. We are not exactly going by the book on this one.

The pilots look at each other confused, with a 'what the hell is he talking about?' expression on each face.

LINE

Well, so what kind of mission is this gonna be? Hermanos, I don't like this one bit.

DIANO

Liking orders has nothing to do with following orders.

The Pacific Islander grabs a pointer and goes to the projection screen.

DIANO (CONT'D)

This is our mission gentlemen ... It is called 'Operation De-Claw'.

Scene shown on the screen is a burned out Kosovo village. What follows are pictures that are never shown on the evening news. The carnage is un-friggin-real.

Photos of decaying bodies in mass graves, bodies hung, bodies burned, bodies with things cut off them and bodies with things shoved through them.

One frame shows several nude children on the verge of starvation. Bulging eyes and bones visible through the skin. They look lost, afraid and unloved.

Zack takes a look at his buddies. Line looks mad but that's normal for him. Outwardly moved by this spectacle is our comic relief, Thriller.

One misty eye begins to tear and run. As a tear wells up in Zack's eye, Diano continues. The troops are now primed to kill.

DIANO (CONT'D)

This is the leader of the scum responsible for these crimes against humanity, Radovan Ratovich. Next to him is his brother and right hand man Keyton Ratovich.

A frame shows two men. RADOVAN (50's) is out of place in his Armani suit as he walks through the death camp with his brother KEYTON (40'S).

Keyton is wearing combat gear, grinning like a mad man, and making wild hand gestures. The dapper one studies the animated one closely.

DIANO (CONT'D)

There are rumors that they are secretly funded by Serbs in the U.S..

Standing next to the screen, the Captain opens a soda. Next slide shown is a detailed map of a mountainous region.

DIANO (CONT'D)

This is our target men. All along this major roadway and mountainside, the Kosovo Muslims have been getting butchered and it seems that UN Forces can't stop them.

Our mission, will be to turn back the attacking Serbs, destroy the supply lines and air drop provisions to the civilian population.

Diano gives the men a chance to take notes while he takes a swig of Diet Mountain Dew and pulls up a chair.

DIANO (CONT'D)

Zack, you'll lead the team. After you think we've inflicted damage, drop the goodies and head home by the southern route, over these mountains here.

He taps the pointer against the map.

DIANO (CONT'D)

Remember, this mission is classified.
Keep your emotions on a short leash.
Get back in one piece and the 'San
Miguel' beer is on the house.

THRILLER

When do we leave sir? I have a date with
a young hotty tonight and....

DIANO

On instructions by the Admiral, we are
restricted from all civilian contact.

We are waiting for a report from
Intelligence giving us the OK, then we
go. It should come within an hour or two.

Line stands & CLEARS HIS THROAT. Holds up two fingers.

LINE

Just two little words boss. Why us?

DIANO

Honestly Line, I don't know. Admiral's
orders.

ZACK

What will flight conditions be like? You
know how I hate to fly in the rain.

EXT. KOSOVO SKY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Three F-14 jets flying in formation. Driving rain storm.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

Rain is shown engulfing the cockpit windshield. It pours
down in waves and FIERCE POUNDING is heard against the
reinforced glass.

As lightening flashes on the horizon, it illuminates the rain
as it runs upwards across the glass hood of the aircraft.

ZACK

(o.s.)

Now God ... I thought that you liked me.
Here I am making the world a better
place, see the thanks I get. A Serbian
tsunami to fly around in.

Inside this state-of-the-art, modern killing machine, is finally seen the large, flight-suited form that emitted Zack's voice. Embossed on the dark red helmet is his code name, BIG DAWG.

EXT. VIEW OF THRILLER AND LINE'S JETS - NIGHT

Likewise, Line and Thriller are dressed for action and already airborne. The mood is still playful and smart assed as usual.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT - NIGHT

The name, Thriller, is across the top of this pilot's helmet. The helmet is black with red font that looks like blood dripping. Thriller, the nut, feels the need to entertain and starts to SING in an exaggerated country-western voice.

THRILLER

Where oh where, are you tonight? How
could you leave me here all alone?

Well I ... searched the world over
thought I found a true love, you met
another and (fart sound) you was gone.

The pilots all laugh at this sick person.(O.S.)

THRILLER (CONT'D)

That one goes out to that ole country boy
from down Arizona way. My partner and
and yours. 'Billie Joe' Ramirez...ha ha
lighten up good buddy.

Don't you know this is the cleansing
rains of 'jeez- sus' himself? Rejoice my
brethren, salvation is at hand. Line?
Can I hear an A-Men?

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT - SAME

Solid black, block lettering across a plain white helmet reads the name 'Bottomline'.

LINE

Naw, you ain't gonna hear an a-men coming outta my mouth. Hail Mary either. Ain't no time for joking, Compton boy. And don't be flying so close to me.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

Why?

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

LINE

I might catch whatever disease horribly mutated your brain functions. God have mercy, I might end up like your sick ass.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

Please don't end up like THIS fool Line. The world can barely handle one Thriller as it is.

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

LINE

If I ever become as hopeless as this ... creature, please Bro', just load up the Glock and put me out of my misery. Bet?

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

That's a deal my brother.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

Alright, y'all getting just a little unruly. Don't forget who your daddy is.

This will hurt me more than it will you,
but in the end you'll thank me.

Check this out. Yo Line ... your mama is
so black, if they put her in a bottle,
she'd look like soy sauce ... TEE HEE

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

Everyone LAUGHS HARD except ... Line.

LINE

Mommas? You wanna play mommas? Check it
out Zack. His momma is so ugly, the
gorilla at the zoo paid money, to go look
at her!

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

That's not funny, not even funny.

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

LINE

That beef and bean burrito eating bitch
is so fat, that Greenpeace found her
laying on Malibu beach, and rolled her
back into the ocean.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

Now it's Thriller's time not to laugh, while the others
indulge themselves.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

HA HA HA YEAH ... You got'em good Line.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

What are you laughing at ya' big 'Moby
Dickified' looking, bookworm-assed
thang.

You're so black that when you got in the cockpit the oil light came on.

You're so ugly, that your baby picture photos are only of the back of your head.

Scratch that, you're so ugly, that they let you park in handicapped spaces ...
TEE HEE.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ERUPTION OF LAUGHTER ... except from Zack.

ZACK

I'm gonna park these government issue boots straight up your narrow California ass in about two minutes.

If you want to try out my size '14 and a halves' as an anal suppository, you just keep it up.

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

LINE

Hey Fellas, we're coming up on the target now. Let's take care of business now, then we can kick the shit out of Thriller later.

EXT. KOSOVO SKY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The jets get into battle formation and start to attack the Serb forces on the ground troops who have a mountain side Muslim village trapped. As Diano pointed out, it's surrounded on all sides.

From the air, they can see the Red Cross trucks parked a mile from the village, waiting for the good guys to pave the way.

The attack begins. The 'three amigos' level the enemy camp in minutes, amidst a barrage of bombs, missiles and machine gun turrets. Through the 'smart bomb' camera lens, targets are bulls-eyed and blown to bits.

The pilots CHEER over the ROAR of the F-14 when an accurate hit is made. The infantry is seen retreating into the woods.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

Well fellas, looks like we got the devil
on the run. Good job, ready for part
two?

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

LINE

Black Santa in the house. Just gimme the
word, Mijo.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

'He-al the World ...
make it a bet-ter place, for you, and for
me, and the ent-tire hu-man race'...

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

LINE

Nice voice LaToya, blowing middle aged
white guys has sure mellowed your vocal
cords.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

GENTLEMEN, please can it! ... Follow my
lead.

EXT. KOSOVO SKY - NIGHT

Zack's jet comes down low over the top of the mountain. Old
ladies and children come out of their houses, waving and
CHEERING.

As the jets roar by, a pod with a parachute attached slides
free from the plane's underbelly. The box drifts through the
driving rain down to an anxious audience.

Medical supplies and food rations spill out of the box as it
strikes a tree on the way down. The goody box hangs from a
branch as the few remaining men of the village rush quickly
to rescue it.

Thriller's load is a direct hit in front of what is left of a school. Unfortunately Line's package bounces off a rooftop and rolls down the hill, out of sight from the pilots.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

I'm bad, I'm bad, ya know' it' ya know'
and the whole world has to answer right
now when I tell that bitch again... who's
bad....WHO'S BAD?...

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

LINE

You need to stop boy. You're bad
alright, bad smelling. That was pure
luck and you know that shit. What do
you think Zack?

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

I think you both need to shut up ... I
gotta call in ... Hey come in base, this
is Big Dawg ... Put me through to Diano's
office will ya'... thanks.

DIANO

(OVER RADIO)

I guess things went well Zack?

ZACK

No problem ... Operation De-Claw is a
success. If nothing else sir , we're
ready to head home and drink up all your
beer, ain't that right boys?

Line and Thriller ROAR their overwhelming approval of that
idea on cue.(O.S.)

DIANO

(OVER RADIO)

Be careful guys. I think this southern
route is dangerous and it's kinda
unusual. Watch your ass, I'll put the
San Miguels on ice right now, over.

ZACK

Over ... OK men ... We're taking the southern route home. Diano said keep an eye out, might be trouble.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT - SAME

THRILLER

Keep an eye out, ... That reminds me of a nasty, dirty, joke that will make your intestines jump out your ass, and wrap around your throat, choke ya till you're dead. Ya' wanna hear it?

ZACK & LINE

No!

THRILLER

Well if you insist ... The story goes like this ... there was this welfare ho' from South Central who had a glass eye and big titties right?...

EXT. KOSOVO SKY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The jets pull a hard right and Thriller's voice gets drowned out by the DEAFENING ROAR OF THE ENGINES. The rain is still heavy but there is a great view of the beautiful Balkan countryside through the moonlight that is available.

INT. GYPSY PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

SLOW FADE IN FROM BLACK

Shadowy figures in a darkened room sit in a circle around a shrouded table. In the middle of the table is a shiny object. A closer look reveals that it is a crystal ball.

Suddenly the ball glows brightly. Smoke billows inside the ball at it's base. Multi-colored sparks ricochet to and fro within the glass orb. A few seconds later the light show dies down. All silent. A very, very old man speaks.

VERY OLD MAN

People ... The time has come.

EXT. KOSOVO SKY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The three jets are headed for a mountainous region which will eventually lead to the sea, then to the aircraft carrier, then to an ice cold mug of Manila's finest... San Miguel Beer.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

...So the Nun asks her, 'Did you swallow it, or spit it out', ha ha.

Thriller let's out a belly laugh. The other two Pilots emit a half laugh, half repulsion reflex. He rolls his eyes.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

Even a joke that bad, can't ruin this day. Did you see the joy those villagers showed us. That's why I joined up, to make a difference in people's lives.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

Here goes his 'I wanna save the world' speech again.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

Shut up fool. Did you see how happy they were to see us after we kicked some ass for them, it was cool. I could get used to it.

It reminded me of playing in the Army/Navy game when I intercepted that ball in the fourth quarter to seal the win and ...

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

... See Line, this is what happens to ya'
 ass in old age ... Sad ain't it?
 (Sings) 'Do You Remember The Time?

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

Look LaToya, don't make me park this
 aircraft and beat your crusty Black ass
 in front of all of Kosovo.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

Hear that Line? Old country ass boy is
 cranky. Must be homesick for them down
 home Arizona hoot-a-nannies. Don't worry
 baby, the King Of Pop is in the house,
 I'll hook ya up my brother.

Thriller CLEARS HIS VOICE to sing again.

THRILLER (CONT'D)

'Where oh where are you tonight...' Join
 in with me Line, you can be Buck and I
 can be Roy ...

Line joins in.

THRILLER/LINE

'How could you leave me here, alll alone,
 ... yeee-heee ... Weelll ... I searched
 the world over and I thought I found true
 love ... you met...

During the song Zack is MUMBLING to them.

ZACK

Funny, very funny.

After Buck and Roy finish SINGING the words 'you met',...

INT. LINE'S COCKPIT

A strange HIGH PITCHED BUZZ fills the cockpit of Line's Tomcat Jet. The red button on the control panel is lit up and blinking. Line can't seem to believe his eyes, momentarily frozen.

He turns his head very slowly in order to see the radar screen. He also sees, to his horror, the projectile which is hurdling towards his plane. Softly and almost silently he says one word.

LINE

... no ...

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

Zack sees the radar screen from the corner of his eye ... he gasps and grabs for his controls.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

Thriller sees nothing but a good joke played on a good friend.

THRILLER

... another, and ...

EXT. OUTSIDE VIEW OF LINE'S AIRCRAFT

A ball of fire RIPS through the side of his jet. The impact of the rocket knocks the jet out of formation and sends it spinning.

In a second, his plane is aflame and plummeting to the Earth. Driving rain and hungry gray clouds swallow the jet whole ... It is gone from sight.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT - SAME

ZACK

LINE ... LINE ... COME IN ... Damn it
Bro'... EJECT ... EJECT ... COME IN ...
PLEASE ...SHIT ...FUCK ...

PULL UP THRILLER, WHERE THE HELL DID SHIT
THAT COME FROM? ... THRILLER, COME IN.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER
'... BOOM ... you was gone...'

His voice sounds like a zombie. Clearly he's in shock.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK
THRILLER ... THRILLER ... YOU SHITHEAD,
DON'T FLAKE OUT ON ME NOW. WE'RE GONNA
GET THEM FUCKERS AND I MEAN STOMPING ASS.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

The pilot shakes his head a few times to fight back the shock of the moment, and the tears.

THRILLER
I'm with ya' boss. I'LL PISS FIRE ON
THESE MOTHER FUCKERS ... YO' LINE, THIS
ONE IS FOR YOU KID.

EXT. TWO FIGHTER JETS - SAME

The Tomcat jets pull up and away from each other. The two F-14s sound like volcanos erupting.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

Through the infa-red, night vision goggles, Zack can see where the rocket was launched from.

INSERT - VIEW THROUGH INFRA-RED LENS

The area is hot and looks slightly illuminated through the lenses. It seems like it's surrounded by a large compound with vast amounts of ground troops who are now, scrambling around in vehicles and on foot.

As Zack studies the area, another rocket is launches from the sight. This time, the rocket is directed towards Zack.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ZACK'S JET

He does a barrel roll in mid air and the rocket barely misses his plane.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK
Follow me baby brother, it's time to regulate.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER
I'm with ya' big daddy. You bend her over, I'll stick it in.

EXT. TWO JETS, SIDE BY SIDE

The planes take off for a bombing run. The cloud cover helps the F-14s remain undetected. From the sky they unleash a barrage of firepower which rips the missile base apart.

EXPLOSIONS light up the dark Kosovo mountainsides as fireballs replace rocket launchers and craters replace barracks.

All through the attack Thriller is SCREAMING like a maniac but Zack handles the stress with surgeon-like steadiness. The jets pull up after the third run.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER
Did you see any sign of Line down there?

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK
No ... I didn't get any signals but I called for help already.

Let's do a few more runs so we can fly closer to the ground and search better. I'm sure he's just keeping radio silence to avoid ground troops.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

No man, FUCK THAT, he might be hurt, I'm going to get him NOW! ...

'So You Wanna Be Startin' Something,
Always Gotta Be Starting Something, You
Wanna Be Startin' Something, Well I'm
Gonna Finish off Somethin' ...

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

Before Zack can speak, Thriller's jet speeds back towards the mountain fort.

ZACK

NOT YET ... OH... YOU'RE SUCH A DICKHEAD!

EXT. TWO JETS, SINGLE FILE

Zack soon follows. The duo make another successful sortie.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

As Thriller pulls up, a red light goes on in his cockpit. It is not a 'locked target' light but it's not good news either. The fuel light. The Tomcat is running out of gas at a dangerous rate. His voice, tense.

THRILLER

I HAVE A PROBLEM. Losing fuel man, bad.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

You've got to head back then. I called in for back-up and a rescue team already. There is nothing to prove here. Get your ass home.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

Well, what about you? I'm not leaving here till ...

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

You are leaving now and that's an order.
I'm staying to help look for Line. Good
luck, 'homes'. Don't worry about me.

EXT. TWO F-14S VEER OFF

The jets go separate ways. Rain still pounds the countryside
and lightning fills the sky.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

No sooner has Thriller left his sight than a red light is
flashing on his control panel. This one is the bad light. A
blip appears on his radar. He does an evasive maneuver in
the jet but the damn thing keeps coming.

ZACK

Shit ... It's a heat seeker!

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ZACK'S JET

The Tomcat pulls up and swings to the side but it isn't fast
enough. His body jolts from the IMPACT on the back of the
plane. It is not a direct hit but serious damage is done and
a fire starts back there.

INT. THRILLER'S COCKPIT

THRILLER

Hey Bro ... You OK? ...Did you say
heatseeker?

The smoke starts to get real thick, real fast. The radio
signal is breaking up.

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

ZACK

They got me Bubba ... I gotta bail ...
Hey, um ... tell my folks an Inga I love
them all ... you too, mi Amigo'...vaya
con Dios, I gotta GGGOOOOO!!

The gagging pilot grips the hood latch lever and pulls.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ZACK'S JET

The windshield over head pops off and an instant later, A wall of rain beats him in the face. Zack looks over the side of the jet and sees the Earth spinning beneath him.

A SMALL EXPLOSION is heard from behind him. A jet turbine is burning out of control.

Frantically he turns and pushes the eject button. In a heartbeat he is hurling through a rain filled sky searching wildly for his ripcord ... and then, his gun.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The pilot lands with a sick sounding THUD against the thickest branch on the old tree ... spine first.

He can audibly hear the SOUND OF BONES IN HIS BACK AND RIBS 'SNAP' right through his helmet. He tries to not to SCREAM but his shredded neurons force him to.

ZACK
AAAHHHWWW!!! GOD!!!

He is somewhat laying on his back against the hefty branch that just assaulted him. Propped on his elbows, his vertebrae is seemingly fused to the wood by the brutal Balkan super-breeze.

Zack's face tilts towards the heavens and rainwater builds up in his helmet.

Somehow he slips off the helmet and unties his chute. The parachute sails several hundred yards away on it's own. The rain falls so hard on his bare face now that it's difficult to breathe without drowning.

He tries to get balance and push himself up with his hands, he cannot move. Facial features are wildly contorted due to the extreme pain. He blacks out.

LATER

Zack awakens with a hand over his mouth. He realizes that he hears waves of Serb troops. A convoy is passing under the very tree he is perched on.

The direction they were heading in, is where the parachute had eventually blown to, over half a mile away. He ceases his struggle but not before he has a look at his restrainer and consequent lifesaver.

At first Zack isn't quite sure if he is dreaming. Rain is still pouring down hard and when it hits Zack's eyes it creates a kaleidoscope effect.

Mix that effect with the incredible pain he feels and it makes it hard for him to focus. That's why it is hard for him to believe his eyes at first.

The people around him were wearing the peasant dress of Europeans ... But they seemed to be dark-skinned people, but perhaps it was the dark night, or the intense pain.

The kind expression on the faces around him put him at ease, somewhat. He reaches for his gun just in case, but it is gone. After the last troop truck passes, the one holding him speaks first.

STRANGER

I need to give you something so that
it's easier to move you silently.

The dark European with the good english fixes up a hypodermic needle and jabs it into his leg. Zack feels nothing. Before he could ask the man's name his body goes limp and he slips into a world of dreams.

INT. ONE ROOM COTTAGE - NIGHT

Zack's mind floats in and out of states of alertness. Through his eyes, things seem blurry, out of focus, and very strange.

He sees that he's in a large, one room, civilian dwelling. It's darkly lit but colorfully decorated. The STORM RAGES on outside but the SOUNDS ARE DISTORTED as he hears it.

The CONVERSATIONS going on around him are also distorted as well as hard to understand. It seems the people are SPEAKING some English but also slipping in words from other languages.

His head begins to feel like the way Keith Richard's kidneys look ... then out.

LATER

There are only eight people in the room when he passes out the first time. When he awakens, there are at least thirty in the room now and they are wall to wall.

This time he is more alert. He remembers why and how he got here. He tries to move his legs but no luck. Since he can't go anywhere, he just decides to pretend like he is sleeping and find out more about his hosts.

Sneaking a look around he sees people who seem like they might be farmers. Only thing is they seem to dress a little too flashy to be shoveling piglet turds.

Lightning flashes outside, get brighter and closer to the house. At first, because of the medication and extreme pain, he can't see faces.

They are just blurred images that vocal sounds come from. With a clearer head and a somewhat bearable discomfort, his perceptions are more attuned and sharp.

At first, he can hardly believe what his eyes tell him. If people were watching him they would have seen a repressed LAUGH escape from his face like a Shawshank Redemption. He sees that all his host's faces are Black.

ZACK

(whispers to himself)

I'll be damned.

Maybe not Joe Frazier, Wesley Snipes black, more like a cafe latte, Colin Powell, Huey P. Newton complexion. Not only were they Black, but also many of them were wearing the Rasta colors of red, green, gold, and black.

The facial muscles quickly return to the pseudo-sleeping pose, but with a where-the-hell-am-I look across the eyebrows he can't hide.

A dull ache is starting to build behind his eyes and in his gut. When the lightning lights the room again he sees something that takes his mind off his aches.

She is devastating. Lena Horne has cloned herself and found a time machine too, mercy. Her hair is in dreads for the nineties this time.

Watching her walk from the back is like watching the sunrise on a Jamaican beach, he is mesmerized. Now he knows why she reminds him so much of Lena. This lady looks like that 'Carmen Jones' character.

Okay, maybe that was Dorothy Dandridge's part actually. Either way, he is hooked.

Her jewels catch the light and it appears that sparks shoot out from her, in every direction. She quickly turns her head towards him when she feels his eyes tugging down her panties. Busted.

He tries to avert his stare suddenly and experiences skull thumping pain. Holding back no longer, he CRIES OUT in agony.

ZACK (CONT'D)
AAAARRRRRRWWWW !!!!!!!

All CONVERSATIONS cease as everyone turns to acknowledge the house guest. Zack puts his hand just above his hip because it feels warm. It comes back covered with blood. In shock, he can only stare at it.

Two hefty LADIES rush to him with towels, water, and a bag of something, hopefully medicine. They SPEAK to each other in what seems to be German.

Zack has a brief look of bewilderment at the Black Bavarians as they minister to him in the language of der fuhrer.

The pilot doesn't notice the needle in his dead leg or the red warmth that is making puddles under his fanny.

Carmen Jones has come forward to help in bandaging his wound. Up close, her eyes sparkle and her breath smells like spring berries.

Like Inga, she shows no fear of blood or wounds. He tries to be macho and not shriek like a baby as the puncture wound is being cleaned but he is not successful.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Ump ... YEEEEOOOWWW!!! OH GOD ... HELP
ME PLEASE, help me ...

His words and eyes are directed at Carmen Jones. A look of compassion is in KENYATTA'S (20'S) eyes as she tries to still this heaving mass.

KENYATTA

Just hold on baby. You'll be OK. We're taking good care of you, just hold on.

The young lady tries to divert his eyes from the bloody sites as her friends try to help him.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

My name is Kenyatta. Zack, you were in a crash, you'll be fine but you must hold still so we can treat those wounds.

He comprehends her good english but the pain overrides all else. He squints and grimaces.

ZACK

Lady, am I ... gonna die?

Kenyatta's eyes smile at him. She has lied to strangers by the millions during her 25 years as a Gypsy princess. This is the toughest ever. She takes a moist, cool towel and gently rubs the pilot's forehead.

KENYATTA

You'll be just fine, handsome.

Zack smiles at her for the first time. She smiles back but a tear wells up in her eyes.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

You better get well mister, real soon too. You owe me a dance for messing up my dress.

ZACK

You ... are beauuuutifilll ... haha,
yesss ...

The drugs have taken effect and grogginess is taking over. The hefty woman and Kenyatta have no luck in stopping the blood flow.

The CROWD divides to let an older man step forward. His name is GARVEY DUMAS(40's), great respect is given to him. Obvious he is an authority figure.

GARVEY

Well ... Is he gonna live or are we
messing up a perfectly good bed for
nothing?

Kenyatta swings her face towards her father's outburst.

KENYATTA

Daddy,... Be nice.

His daughter says in a defensive voice. She is clearly sad and upset.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

He might not even make it through the night. His back is broken in several places, and ... and he had a tree branch stuck into his back. He looks bad.

GARVEY

Well ... That's all I wanted to know.
Don't get upset at me girl, I didn't
shoot em' out of the sky.

Garvey looks down at his daughter and smiles in sympathy.

GARVEY (CONT'D)

When he dies give him to your brothers.
Tell Miles, Langston and Cassius to dump
the body far away from here. We don't
want to raise suspicions about us or our
involvement with him.

Kenyatta studies the face of the G.I. beside her.

She gets up and leaps to her father's feet, head down, holding his hand and SOBBING bitterly. His eyebrows show shock at her display of emotion.

KENYATTA

FATHER, father, please don't let him die.

GARVEY

It is not my choice daughter. Fate has dealt him this destiny. It is unfortunate but we ...

Kenyatta jumps up and clutches her father in a tight embrace. She looks down and then directly into his eyes.

KENYATTA

Father, ... I could save him. I could give him the Spirit of the ...

Garvey breaks from her grasp. He looks at his daughter, shocked.

GARVEY

WHAT?? WHAT? Are you mad? This is not a little stray puppy. This is a U.S. pilot and a damn big one at that.

Garvey and a few others laugh at the tension breaker. Especially the two very old men in the shadowy corner.

KENYATTA

Daa-ad, be nice.

She is starting to get that whiney, sing-song voice she uses on him to always get her way.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

We've patterned our whole lifestyle after the African Americans. Pride in our Blackness, our struggles and triumphs. How can we turn our backs on this man?

The CROWD grumbles and mumbles. Kenyatta has hit a chord, or perhaps raw nerve.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

Think of how he can help out during raids.

Garvey looks at the heap of a man who is now starting to COUGH up blood in his sleep. Death can't be far away. Tears stain Kenyatta's face.

GARVEY

You know he probably won't want to stay here after he's fixed up. Then what? Send a stranger to the U.S. with our 'powers'? How would he use it?

KENYATTA

The same way WE use it if we teach him right. They have the same 'problem' we have here.

You spoke of destiny Papa, maybe it's his destiny to go back home and help us fight this battle on an international stage.

Garvey in deep deliberation as he rubs his temple. He sneaks a quick look at the old men in the corner. In unison they wink at him.

GARVEY

I see your point. If you agree to 'bring him in', and, agree to terminate him if it goes wrong.

And, if the rest of the caravan doesn't mind, ... then, I'll follow the people's will.

Garvey says this matter of factly and without emotion but up close he is fighting back a smile.

KENYATTA

HEY PEOPLE!!

CROWD responds with a polite answer.

CROWD

yyeeaaahh.

KENYATTA
I CAN'T HEAR YOU ... HEY PEOPLE !!!!

CROWN ROARS back it's response with undeniable volume. With the spiritual power of a Baptist church on Sunday morning and the excitement of a SRO rock concert, the GYPSIES answer as one tribe.

CROWD
YYYYYEEEEEEEEAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!

KENYATTA
MY PEOPLE, what do you say. Do we take our war to the next level OR WHAT?

The small house ERUPTS with approval. Father looks at daughter. They both look at Zack, the chosen one.

INT. ONE ROOM COTTAGE - LATER

After the cottage is empty, a strange thing happens. Zack's calm face, seen up close. Suddenly he starts to blink harshly. Hot steamy breath is blowing in his face, but can't see from where.

A GROWLING SOUND starts to crescendo, and grow in horrible intensity. Chunks of spit and mucus land on the face of the slightly comatose pilot. Whatever is on top of his chest must be huge.

The dark shape is as big or bigger than Zack's own body. It is some sort of Beast. Leaning forward, it's only inches from his face.

It is hard to see through the shadows that partially hide the creature. The room is only lit by the tiny flame of the several candles which surround the room. The beast is very muscular. The figure is clearly some type of ... wolf?

As Zack's eyes finally open wide, the vision in his face paralyzes him with fear. Mouth agape, no sound is uttered. Stark terror consumes his facial expression.

The beast shows no emotion but studies the pilot intently. The room is dead silent.

The RAIN IS STILL POURING down but even harder now. The THUNDER BOOMERS have been getting closer and now sound like they are right on top of the dwelling.

Outside a window we see a tall, strong tree, holding it's own against a merciless monsoon. Inside, the monster puts it's huge paw firmly over the mouth of the helpless human.

Lightning flashes reveal the details of the creature closer. Long, sharp, ivory fangs are showing themselves to the pilot and making quite an impression.

Again, lightning flashes outside. This time it hits the mighty tree directly on the trunk. The bolt slices the tree down the middle with an EXPLOSION of fire, smoke and sound.

The wolf's nostrils flare as it tilts it's head back to the sky. It's lungs fill up with air as Zack helplessly watches.

A HOWL comes from the animal that must have originated in it's very soul. It pierces the air and rattles every window and every metal thing in the house.

WOLF

YAAAAAAA-OOOOOOOEEEEWWWWWWW!!!!

As the animal inhales to prepare for the next blast Zack can hear the same type of howling sound from all directions outside. Realizing that his fate is sealed, a tear runs from his eye and down his cheek.

The strong smell of urine burns his nose. He's not sure who pissed on who, but he's damn sure that he just shit on himself. His body shudders and gets weaker.

WOLF (CONT'D)

YAAAAAAA-OOOOOOOEEEEWWWWWWW!!!!

As other similar beasts CRY OUT in the general area, Zack's wolf looks him directly in the eyes, sniffs, and makes a face. The wolf tilts it's head back again this time. The pilot prepares his ears for another DEAFENING BLOW.

Instead of a flood of sound, he sees a flood of blood. The wolf's fangs come down ripping into the chest of the pilot.

Massive jaws pick up the body two feet in the air and then slams it back down, hard against the mattress. His eyes can just watch in horrific amazement as his carefully chiseled body is bitten into by this "'Cujo' on crack".

ZACK

Noooo.

The wolf's mouth leaves a hole in his chest the size of a grapefruit. Blood gushes out of the wound like a geyser for a few seconds.

The hellhound tries to catch the life-fluid in it's mouth much like it is getting water from a drinking fountain. The beast removes it's paw from Zack's face.

Both paws are now on either side of the deadly wound. The claws on the paws grow a half an inch instantaneously. They dig deep into the flesh and securely hook themselves up under his rib cage.

With a mighty tug, the creature opens up the chest cavity of the pilot like an experienced coroner.

The left ribcage is pulled back farther to reveal the heart area. The wolf seems to smile.

WOLF

Grrrrrrr.

A bolt of lightning brightens the night, and seen even clearer is the bloody pulsing mass, that used to be Zack's chest.

Zack can only blink his teary eyes in protest to the savagery. His life starts to ooze away as he looks down to his chest and sees his heart still beating.

The beating heart captivates the attention of the beast also. With one paw pulling back the ribcage farther, it sticks it's massive head over the heart.

A bright red tongue slips out of the wolf's mouth and begins to macabely lick the quivering tissue. Each pumping of the heart gets slower and slower.

Zack's eyes start to blink slower and slower ... then, finally stop. In a few more seconds, so does his heart. The orally fixated wolf stops giving the pilot 'chest' and sits up over the bloody heap.

With one claw it rips a rather deep gash in it's wrist area. As blood pours forth it drips directly onto the lifeless heart. As it hits the coronary area, puffs of smoke rise up and the sound like BACON SIZZLING is heard.

Through the smoke, we can see as the miracle happens. The heart muscle quivers, then contracts, and ever so slowly begins to beat again.

The beast leaps to it's feet and straddles the once dead body that lies on the bed. Excited canine lungs suck in a huge gust of air and let loose a blood curdler of a HOWL, louder than it was before.

WOLF (CONT'D)

YAAAAAAA0000000000WWWWW !!!!!!!!! YAAAAAA
YAAAAAAOOWW !!!!

This communication is met by spontaneous feedback in the form of YOWLS, HOWLS, and YELPS from an unseen audience.

Out the window, the tree that caught the lightning bolt's fury is finally getting it's fire put out by the downpour. Figures dance around the tree as the flames now give way to smoldering coals.

The wolf moves an ancient caldron closer to the bed. It has been kept warm near a cooking fire that is relatively close to the area where he lay.

The ancient bowl has mysterious writings on it and is made of some type of shiny black rock. The carvings on the sides of the urn show cycles of the moon.

Inside the basin is a substance that looks like honey. It is warm, the steam rises from it's surface. The creature tips the caldron and pours the goo into the open chest cavity.

The wolf drains the mixture out of the bowl and then licks out the inside of the bowl with it's over-active tongue. It then packs down the rib cage, back to it's pre-dissected position.

That busy, busy tongue goes back to work. This time licking any excess blood or potion from the lines of incision. Instantly, the skin began to heal itself.

LATER

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

More than likely it is the first rays of the morning sun as it just begins to peak over the Kosovo mountains. The torrential rains have finally ceased and ambitious early rising birds are rewarded by big juicy earthworms as they SING lone songs.

ON THE BED

Suddenly Zack's eyes dart back and forth under the lids. It is a new day and a new life for a sleeping giant named Zack Ramirez. In a few hours he will awake to face his destiny.

EXT. GYPSY CAMPGROUNDS - EARLY MORNING

As Kenyatta leaves the cottage, she turns to look through the window at Zack as he sleeps. She pauses and smiles.

KENYATTA

What a night.

She appears tired and in need of a good sleep. She walks towards a trailer near the edge of the woods.

A long black shawl is over her shoulders and her normal multi-colored outfit is replaced by a more conservative gray wrap-around dress. Her scarves and jewelry are also very modest.

While crossing the campgrounds she is greeted warmly by her kinsmen in the midst of their daily agricultural and parenting duties. Some speak to her in French, Spanish, German, Croatian, Italian, English and of course, in the Kosovo dialect.

She understands them all and they give her the respect due to a Princess.

At least fifty people are scurrying about the square but from a distance many others are seen in the fields, orchards, and barn areas.

Kenyatta goes to a trailer. Pauses for a moment and goes in.

INT. ELDERS TRAILER - SAME TIME

Seated around the table are the elders of the sect, women included. The only non-elder there is her brother MILES(early 30'S), the stranger who saved Zack.

GARVEY

All right girl, let's hear what you've got to say. I've got things to do today.

Kenyatta pulls up a chair and looks around the room. She pours herself a water and begins with a business type manner.

KENYATTA

Phase one of the project is complete. The subject is very strong and quite suitable for our needs.

Next to Garvey is an older man. He is HANNIBAL DUMAS(80'S). His strong eyes speak for him before he opens his mouth.

HANNIBAL

I founded this community in 1943 under the worst conditions our family has ever seen. We can't afford to risk our future on a unknown outsider.

KENYATTA

Yes grandfather. Deep down, I have the feeling that he is going to be OK.

On the other side of Hannibal is an even older man. Scratch that, he is an ancient man. He is ALEXANDRE DUMAS IV (110's). With help from Garvey, he stands to address Kenyatta.

ALEXANDRE

We love you child but we cannot endanger the lives and secrets of many generations based on your feelings.

Ask him tough questions and if he is judged suitable, you may give him the final initiation.

Remember, this is your choice. If you bring him in, be responsible for him also.

Kenyatta steps forward to accept a scroll that Alexandre extends to her, head bowed.

KENYATTA

Thank you for your trust in my opinion great-grandfather. I will follow your instructions to the letter.

She lifts her head, looks directly into his gaze.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

And ... if he isn't someone that we need or desire?

A cloaked figure comes out of a backroom. He is carrying something that is securely wrapped in a brightly colored Gypsy cloth with tassels hanging down.

The mysterious hidden man hands the package to Alexandre and departs back into the room. Alexandre passes the bundle to Hannibal. Hannibal unwraps enough of the material to expose what is inside. A dagger.

A dagger with a hand grip made of the same strange black rock that the basin in the cottage was made from. It is a very old knife but a very sharp blade.

The blade is fashioned into the shape of a lightning bolt. The jagged points sparkle in the morning light. At the very tip of the shaft is a shiny razor sharp point of pure silver.

ALEXANDRE

If you can't bring him in. Then you must take him out.

Hannibal re-wraps the hand sabre and passes it to Alexandre, who then bestows it on Kenyatta. Kenyatta accepts the cutlery and bows as she steps away from the table.

Alexandre sits down with the help of his son, Hannibal.
Garvey addresses his daughter.

GARVEY

Langston, Cassius and little Alex ... are taking the pilot out to the clearing and setting up a bed for him. Your sisters will help clean him up. Keep an eye on them.

KENYATTA

Did we find out anything else about him?

MILES

I went through his things. We have an Arizona driver's license, and of course his Navy ID and dogtags.

Kenyatta's face is perplexed.

KENYATTA

Arizona? I didn't know that Blacks lived there.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

A sunny day in the forest. A rabbit darts, hesitates, then dashes quickly past a scene in the background as human eyes turn to follow it's scent.

A makeshift bed is set up in a clearing of a pine forest. Shadows and light beams through the trees mix together for a surrealistic effect. On the bed is Zack and around him are five attractive women. Two of which are twins.

The oldest woman, ARETHA DUMAS (mid 30's), is making jokes and her little sister ZORA DUMAS (mid 20's) is having a good LAUGH. Also, Aretha's three cousins are present and adding to the SNICKERS.

The cousins are ALTHEA (late 20's), and her younger twin step-sisters BILLIE and ELLA (late teens). The teenagers GIGGLE and hide their mouths with their fingers when they GIGGLE. Aretha lets it all hang out.

It seems that while cleaning Zack off, some parts got rubbed more than others.

Under the sheets is now an obelisk of dynamic proportions. This biological function is referred to but not seen.

ARETHA

Let's have another look before old stinky Kenyatta comes, I can smell her butt odor from here.

The ladies move to Aretha's side of the table. Aretha lifts up the white sheet so that all the ladies can see. The twins go on another giggle spree.

The three older women look like car enthusiasts at an auto show. They are transfixed as they study every detail and imagine the smooth ride.

Just then Kenyatta walks up to the phallic fellowship of females.

KENYATTA

Excuse me ladies.-- I SAID EXCUSE ME LADIES!!

They all turn like they are startled and step away from the table. All except Aretha that is. She continues to view the fleshy landscape that is losing it's rigidity.

ARETHA

Can I help you with something little sister? I'm kind of busy right now and--

KENYATTA

Yeah, I'll get busy in your ass if you don't backup off that man's dick. You and your crazy self. Corrupting these three poor virgins. Shame on you!

Aretha finally drops the sheet. She puts her hand on her hip and gives her head a swivel as she locks eyes with Kenyatta.

ARETHA

You can make that TWO virgins, miss-know-it-all.

Althea stops grinning and looks for a place to hide her face. Kenyatta looks at Althea and then back at Aretha and just shakes her head.

KENYATTA

You women know how sick you are, I don't even have to tell you. Well, is everything where it is supposed to be?

Aretha, Zora, and Althea just smile blankly. The twins start and stop GIGGLING simultaneously. This makes them all LAUGH.

ARETHA

Your Yankee has his stuff where it's supposed to be and in abundance. Come on over here and sneak a peak.

All eyes are on Kenyatta as she moves towards her sister and the comatose pilot. She wears an all white blouse and long dress that is worn tight around the hips on purpose.

As she walks, the gold coins that she wears as jewelry on her scarves and headband, CLINK together in unison with her many gold bracelets, necklaces, and anklets. Her expression is calm but intense.

KENYATTA

This is business. Serious business. You know that I am not jealous about some man, but THIS man could be critical to our future.

ZORA

What can this American do for us, that makes him so damn critical?

Kenyatta walks over to Zack and gently rubs his cheeks. She then places her bundle, minus the scroll under pillows that are on the bed. She smiles to her sister.

KENYATTA

When the American is found he will have a worldwide audience. He can relay the message of the plight of Gypsies, Muslims, and other immigrants who still face the same racist attitudes that brought about those asshole nazis.

ZORA

The world has known about the slaughters here but they don't care.

I don't think that they will care because of him either. Just Muslims and darkies getting killed.

KENYATTA

That's my point sister. In twenty years, there will be no more Muslims, or dark-skinned people, or Gypsies for that matter. We need international help and we need it now.

An idea strikes within Zora's head.

ZORA

Like the fight against apartheid right? Yeah, yeah, I see what you mean. Get the Black Americans into it with us.

ARETHA

Why would Black people in America join in our struggle against ethnic cleansing when they don't even have equality in their own country?

Kenyatta sits on the bed beside Zack.

KENYATTA

It's a strange thing. Black Americans have fought and died for the rights of Vietnamese, Panamanians, Kuwaitis, and now Kosovo citizens ... and for what?

Aretha shrugs. Zora smiles at her sister's fire.

ZORA

Hey, I don't know, I doubt that they know either. But ... if they can help end our holocaust, maybe they can help end theirs too.

ARETHA

Whoa, you're starting to sound like Dad.

KENYATTA

Since we pattern some of our lifestyle after African Americans, giving THEM a superman and US a spokesman, might be a good way to say 'thank you' ...

A salute to their unconquerable spirit
and grace under pressure.

ARETHA

What do you mean 'some' of our lifestyle.
In case you haven't noticed, I'm named
after the Queen of Soul.

We speak better english than most homeys
in Detroit, and we wear more red, black,
green and gold than a Rastaman in bloom.

ALTHEA

In other words, we are all one. But, I
wonder if they feel that way too or even
know that Blacks in Europe even exist.

ZORA

They do. One God, One Aim, One Destiny
... Marcus Garvey style!

KENYATTA

Well, I need you ladies to act like
Marcus Garvey right now and sail your
butts home to Mama. I got work to do.

Kenyatta watches the last of the ladies leave the area then
sniffs the air for detection of unwanted spectators. None.
She looks over the left shoulder, then the right.

Coyly she lifts the edge of the sheet covering Zack's bottom
half ... and smiles ... wide.

She swings her body onto the bed. Zack is on his back and
she is on her side next to him. Gently, she puts her hand on
his chest and tries to shake him awake. Shakes turn into
rubs and rubs turn into caresses.

Soon she is asleep with her head on his shoulder just like an
old married couple. The hour hand on her wristwatch spins
several hours ahead.

Zack awakens. The wind has picked up and bedding and sheets
are being blown by the wind creating an alien white
landscape. The long shadows of early evening adds to the
eeriness of the environment.

His eyes open for one blink. In that slowed down second we
can that his eyes have changed.

They are now a yellowish green color with a black vertical sliver of a pupil. Again a blink. Same eyes except the pupil is wider.

The next blink shows his normal eyes. Zack tries to assess where he is and how he got to this strange place. He notices he is not alone. His eyes slowly look down at who's arm is currently locked around his chest.

He twists his neck around to get a good look. Whispers to himself in relief.

ZACK

Thank God it's a girl. Oh, Carmen Jones, cool. Maybe this is Heaven.

The memory of the last day comes back. This is definitely not Heaven. Kosovo! Shit ... not even close.

He places his hand on his back where the wound is ... was?!? What the? He looks at his wrist where his watch should be. Gone. He has questions, big ones.

Just as he is about to shake her awake, he pauses to absorb her beauty, to languish in her scent. Zack gently brushes her long raven black hair from her flawless face.

Although the eyes are shut, they appear deep, strong, and fearless. Oh yeah, sexy too.

Zack bends his head down to kiss her on the crown of her head. Since his eyes are closed during the kiss, he doesn't see her eyes flutter open. They are the same as Zack's were at first, then back to normal.

She closes them again and pretends to be sleeping. Zack rubs her back and looks around and sees the ancient looking scroll. It is between Kenyatta's knees.

As Zack reaches for it, Kenyatta tactfully moves her leg and drops it to the ground on the side of the bed. She cuddles against his shoulder tighter. A moment later, she pretends to wake up.

She PURRS as her back is rubbed down by the big man. It honestly feels good and she starts to caress him in return.

Soon they kiss passionately and Kenyatta slips under his sheet.

KENYATTA

Oh yeah.

The wind swirls around them, blowing leaves and ivory white sheets from the makeshift bed up into the air in a ghostly dance. The extraordinary environment adds to the erotica of the moment.

The lovemaking is serious and fierce. Zack is not aware that his eyes are changing back and forth, from human, and back to whatever. While straddling him, her eyes are closed.

Now in her favorite position, doggy style, she can open her eyes so that he cannot see them. Though the eyes may not look human, her orgasm definitely does.

Dusk has now settled on what's left of the bed and the lovers who rearranged it. They CHUCKLE and smile at each other as she plays with Zack's chest hairs.

It is too dark for Zack to see the faded scar that runs down the middle of his chest. It is not too dark for Kenyatta's night vision though. She sees the scar and immediately thinks of the scroll.

She forgot to ask him the questions first, OH SHIT. Bolting up in bed, she startles Zack right out of his after glow.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD!!! I'M DEAD. OH GOD!!!

Zack gets a little taken back by the sudden outburst. His eyes are now wide open and searching for an explanation. Kenyatta WEEPS bitterly.

ZACK

What's wrong baby. Is there anything that I can do?

He puts his arm around her bare shoulders and she swipes it off. She gets off the bed, wiggles into her tight white dress, and picks up the scroll.

KENYATTA

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME? HA HA HA.
It's what you have to UNDUE for me that's
important right now. Damnit, how could I
be so stupid.

Sensing a fatal attraction in the making, Zack starts looking
for some clothes. None are in sight.

ZACK

I hate to be even more of an annoyance
but, ... have you seen my pants?

An angry Kenyatta storms Zack, shaking the scroll in front of
his face and breathing fire.

KENYATTA

YOU DON'T GET YOUR PANTS TILL YOU ANSWER
MY QUESTIONS!

Zack stares at her strange.

ZACK

You're some kinda spy?

Kenyatta has no expression on her face at first, then she
bursts out in laughter. He has seen enough, this broad is
bugging out. It's time to slip on out. He gets up and ties
the sheet around him toga style.

ZACK (CONT'D)

I don't know what you're up to lady but
I've had a rough couple of days lately.

I appreciate your loving, but this
situation is getting a little too
freakish for me. I gotta go.

KENYATTA

Go where? You don't even know where you
are right now.

Zack doesn't bother to look around, they both know that she
is right. He walks up to her and towers over her.

ZACK

Look lady, stop playing games. I'm a pilot in the United States Navy. Sooner or later my buddies will come looking for me and they WILL find me.

I don't need you, or your questions, or your pussy. Is that clear?

Kenyatta smiles at his display of bravado. Confident in her powers, she is not intimidated.

KENYATTA

Clear? You bet'cha it's clear. Now, let me make something clear to you, Mr. Big Daddy.

She takes ten steps away from him and slips out of her dress. Smiling at him, she carefully hangs it on a tree branch. He smiles back at her and now he feels like a big mouth jerk.

ZACK

Hey, listen, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You just started acting a little too wild and I ...

KENYATTA

Believe me, boy, that wasn't wild. But this is!

Kenyatta's smart ass grin is the first thing to change, it's now a sneer and the teeth in her mouth get longer by the second.

Zack's feet seem to be nailed to the floor of the pine forest. The Gypsy woman speaks but her voice is several octaves lower and raspy.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

YOU WANT IT WILD BOY??? I AIM TO PLEASE.

Kenyatta is transformed, right before Zack's eyes. Her face twists and her body sprouts thick hair. It only takes 15 to 20 seconds for the complete change. She stands on her hind legs and now she towers over Zack.

The pilot tries to step backwards and trips on his toga. The beast salivates profusely and GROWLS a little louder each step it takes towards the kneeling American.

The monster lifts it's right paw into the air. One by one, six inch claws spring out like switchblades from the hairy hand. The Yankee begs for mercy silently, but to no avail.

He gets picked up off the ground by the upper cut punch to the back that the werewolf delivers. The super wolf impales the pilot from behind with the lethal nails.

The creature now holds the pilot over it's head in a scene reminiscent of 'Roots'.

BEAST/KENYATTA
YAAAAA00000000WWWWWWWW !!!!!!!

Then, slam goes the body, full force, into what's left of the bed. Feathers and shredded linen from the bedding goes flying up, obscuring Zack's body from view.

As the feathers settle, not a sound is heard. Suddenly Zack sits up, GASPING FOR BREATH AND COUGHING. His body calms down and he checks his body for injuries. Holes are in his toga but his skin is non-blemished.

His eyes get big as he remembers what did this to him. He jerks his body around quickly in case of an blind side attack. He hears nothing, sees no one.

Easing his way off of the bed, he is suddenly kicked in the chest by a foot that comes from nowhere. Standing in front of him is Kenyatta, smiling.

KENYATTA
You're not in Kansas anymore, Dorothy.

Zack scrambles backwards trying to get some distance from her. She smiles and blows a kiss at him. Zack lashes out.

ZACK
All right, what the hell are you, and what did you do to me.

KENYATTA
It's called love at first bite Big Daddy.

The pilot is so pissed off at her, he cannot think of words. He growls his disgust at her. It doesn't sound like his normal voice, it's deeper and more guttural.

ZACK

GGRROOOWWL ... AARGG ... YAAOOWW.

KENYATTA

I'm sorry baby, could you repeat that?

ZACK

AARRRG ... YAA ... YAAOOOWW?

KENYATTA

Sorry, your new fangs will take a while to break in. In the meantime, you need to work on your annunciation. Ha Ha.

Kenyatta mocks him, he is still in shock.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

The Rain, in Spain, breaks mainly on the plain. C'mon, form your words.

Zack eyes are magnified by the horror he sees. His hands are now a hairy paw. Thick fur is growing out of his arms and chest. The only SOUNDS he can make are GRUNTS and GROANS. Helplessness is in his eyes.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

We need to talk. First of all, let's get you back to human. Think of something peaceful or a thing that relaxes you. See, now it's working.

Zack breathes in deeply, exhales smoothly. Repeats cycle several times. Hair begins to recede from Zack's body.

His eyes are closed but his arms are doing slow Tai Chi motions. Within seconds his body is back to normal again.

ZACK

What's going on here lady? Am I like in Hell or something?

Kenyatta walks over and takes his hand.

KENYATTA

If your skin is black, yes, you are already in Hell. Ha ha, Okay, seriously?

Zack nods his big head up and down.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

First, let's sit down. That changing back and forth quickly can really wear you out.

Kenyatta goes back to the bed and plops down. Zack wearily sits next to her.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

Miles, my brother, saw your jet go down. Later that evening they came back with you. Zack, your spine was shattered. You only had movement from the waist up.

Zack tilts his head to the side as he tries to remember.

ZACK

Yeah, I was stuck up a tree and troops went right underneath me.

KENYATTA

Anyway, a seven inch limb was stuck in your back also. Bleeding real bad. In a couple more hours, you'd have been a deadman.

ZACK

Holy shit. Then how did I survive that?

Kenyatta puts her arm around him, kisses his cheek.

KENYATTA

Actually, You didn't. Baby, you're not the same man you were yesterday.

He turns to face her, smiles, turns away, faces her again, starts LAUGHING.

ZACK

So like you turned me into a werewolf? Is this the deal here?

She smiles back at him, nodding her head matter of factly.
Zack STOPS LAUGHING slowly as it starts to sink in.

ZACK (CONT'D)
You're bullshitting, right?

KENYATTA
What? Don't you believe your eyes?

Kenyatta picks up the scroll from the ground and discreetly covers the bundle with the dagger in it with some bedding.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)
I was upset earlier because I made a mistake. We weren't supposed to make love until after you answer the questions from the scroll.

ZACK
So now what Kenyatta? Do I ever see home again? How does this scroll have anything to do with my life?

Zack's frustration level is building.

KENYATTA
Look, answer yes to all these questions, smile alot during a little ceremony for you, and you can be out of here in a few days. Here, read it over.

He takes the scroll from her and unrolls it carefully. The calligraphy is beautiful and elegant.

In the dying light of evening, his new 'night eyes' glow in the dark as reads the words.

INT ELDER'S COUNCILROOM - NIGHT

The room is wall to wall with Gypsies, all wearing their finest Rasta clothing and jewelry. The MUSIC is being played by ESTEBAN(40's), the best Flamenco guitarist around. Everyone is dancing, drinking and having a great time.

As the last SONG ENDS, Garvey stands at the council table and addresses the AUDIENCE. He wears a brightly colored, kente designed satin outfit. It is a warm evening.

GARVEY

OK, OK, ORDER ... Let's get down to business. We are here to welcome Zack Ramirez into the family. Zack, c'mon out.

The audience applauds as Zack comes out of a backroom with Kenyatta by his side. He wears the traditional garb in red, black, green and gold that everyone else has on, he looks very comfortable in it.

A specially designed chair has been prepared for him. It sits directly opposite of the council table. Miles leads him there and sets him down. Kenyatta sits with her sisters.

GARVEY (CONT'D)

First let's find out a little more about our guest. Zack, why not give us a brief history of yourself before we start.

Zack stands and tells his tale.

ZACK

Well, I was born on a hot August night, much like tonight. My folks are not rich, they both work for the State of Arizona.

My dad is from Central America. Mom was born in Phoenix and that is where I grew up. I had many chances to be a bully because of my size. Instead I took joy in crushing these so-called tough guys.

Miles ushers in a few late comers.

ZACK (CONT'D)

All I wanted to be was a pilot and a football player.

I happened to get lucky ... and do both at the Naval Academy till I was injured in a game. Now I just fly, I love it.

A smattering of APPLAUSE gets louder. Garvey stands.

GARVEY

Now that we learned a little about you, it's your turn to learn about us. You have already learned a first lesson. We are not always what we seem to be.

Garvey grins at him. He looks at Miles, gives him a signal. The lights dim, the air conditioner comes on, and a large screen TV with VCR is unveiled sitting near the council table. Zack is in momentary shock as his mouth falls open.

GARVEY (CONT'D)

Like it? You missed some great closeout sales in the final days of Sarajevo.

Miles pops in a video tape and the room QUIETS down. Zack watches intently.

INSERT - FILM

The movie starts out with graphics and a freeze frame of the Great Pyramids. Garvey's voice does the NARRATION over the maps, sketches and photos. The visuals correspond to the voice over.

NARRATION

Gypsies are believed to be originally from the Nile Valley region in Africa. These developers of science and builders of pyramids were a peaceful people who openly educated students from around the world.

The Greeks took the information they learned and used it to eventually kill off their African teachers, destroy their society, divide up the land and rename things through Greek eyes.

It was at this time that the nation once known throughout the world as Kemet or Mizraim, was now known as Egypt, a Greek word.

The refugees from this once mighty paradise were now called Gypsies, short for Egyptian.

That one raises Zack's eyebrows.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

Many settled in India where many new customs and languages influenced their society.

About 1000 AD the Gypsies began to move in large numbers throughout Europe. Many were brutalized, enslaved or slaughtered on their trek through Europe.

Gradually, these farmers, musicians, artists, and scholars began to get a reputation for stealing, begging, fortune telling and overpowering sexuality.

Some of the more drunken Gypsies in the council room CHEER for that last line. Garvey's narration over the old photos and maps gets the point across well.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

Our tribe settled in Paris for a time. That's where the association with famous author Alexandre Dumas started.

Alexandre's light brown complexion was the result of his Haitian grandmother being raped by a French soldier. Just before he published 'The Three Musketeers', he befriended our ancestors.

The picture of the great author shows a jovial soul.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

After success with this book, and 'The Count of Monte Cristo', he hired many of them in his theater troupe and newspaper.

Things were good for a while, then after Alexandre's death, things got ugly.

Just before the turn of the century, the estate was burned down by arson. The remaining Dumas family took their fortune and joined the caravan.

ZACK

Damn.

NARRATION

The tribe was in Germany near the Black Forest when Hitler took over. Death camps ran knee deep with Jewish and Gypsy blood.

Europe's final solution to the 'problem' of dark skinned people, extermination. Almost half of our clan was wiped out by nazi demons.

While being chased by stormtroopers, Hannibal Dumas runs into a cave in the Black Forest. In the cave he meets a great but kindly sorceress named Madame Lupina.

KENYATTA

(Whispers to Zack)

This is how we got started.

NARRATION

After hearing of the nazi atrocities, she is deeply moved. She decides to give him a gift that will insure his survival, and also give his people power to fight back successfully.

It is called 'The Spirit of the Warrior Wolf'. At that moment he takes an oath to only use this power for good purposes.

Since that day in 1942, our tribe executed many successful raids against nazis, until they eventually fell.

The film stops using old still photos, sketches and maps and incorporates modern live-action video. Some scenes are news footage but some of it is homemade with hand-held shots.

NARRATION (CONT'D)

Today we use this power to combat other two-legged vermin such as skinheads, aryans, and any other fascist who wants kill folks because of skin color.

Since W.W.II some have gone around the world but the core of the tribe has stayed in Europe.

We have adopted an African-American type culture because they are proven champions in fighting the good fight. A fight that the evil ones, will always lose.

BACK TO SCENE

The video ends and the ASSEMBLY APPLAUDS on cue. Zack stands and gives a STANDING OVATION directed towards all his hosts. The cheering dies down a little.

ZACK

Wow, I'm very, very impressed by your people, and your history. To think that you all will bring me into your family is a honor that leaves me speechless.

Garvey stands, grabs scroll from ceremonial pillow.

GARVEY

You can be speechless AFTER you take the oath. Right now, we need all our family members to please rise and recite the oath along with our new brother.

The scroll is unrolled, the room gets QUIET, and a camcorder goes on in the corner. Everyone is standing respectfully. Hannibal walks towards Garvey's microphone.

GARVEY (CONT'D)

Conducting the oath and induction, is original receiver of the 'Spirit of the Warrior Wolf'. Our rescuer from those that would have slaughtered us, my father, Hannibal Dumas.

The room is awash with CLAPPING.

HANNIBAL

First let me thank the ONE TRUE GOD, for bringing us here safely today. In His blessings, may we all prosper.

The congregation adds a scattering of 'A-Men' as a final touch.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

In 1942, scared for my life, I was given a priceless blessing.

Today we gather to bestow this gift on one man who almost lost his life, only to find that this same blessing, spared his life. Hopefully, it will enrich him too.

Zack feels the love and returns it with a smile. Flyers with the words to the oath are passed about.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Everyone, repeat the words after me.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I pledge ...

CONGREGATION

I pledge ...

HANNIBAL

that from this day forward ...

CONGREGATION

that from this day forward ...

HANNIBAL

I will try to love my brother, as I love myself.

CONGREGATION

I will try to love my brother, as I love myself.

The rest of the pledge is done in the same call response type of style.

HANNIBAL/CONGREGATION

I pledge, from this day forward, I will strive to improve myself spiritually, mentally, physically, politically, socially and economically.

I pledge, that from this day forward, I will use my special powers, only to promote good in the human race.

I pledge, from this day forward, to help the helpless and defend the defenseless.

Zack really likes that last statement and it shows.

HANNIBAL/CONGREGATION (CONT'D)

I pledge, from this day forward, to show respect for the entire human family and hate no man.

I pledge, that from this day forward, I will live and die by this oath, so help me GOD.

The ASSEMBLY APPLAUDS, SHOUTS and even WHISTLES with glee after the reaffirmation of faith. Hannibal motions Zack to come forward to the council table. The old man has a ring.

HANNIBAL

Zack Ramirez, with this ring, I bring you into our family circle.

Zack places the ring on his large finger carefully, it's a good fit. The ring burns him, bad, but he does not flinch. Small puffs of smoke come from the sides of the ring and it makes a sizzle sound.

The inductee raises his newly adorned fist, straight up over his head in a sign of solidarity and power. The Gypsies love the gesture and shower him with APPLAUSE.

LATER

A feast follows the ceremony. Esteban again supplies the MUSIC. The food is mostly meat dishes. Zack experiments with the food he once hated, then starts to devour it.

After dinner Kenyatta does a special Flamenco dance just for Zack. Her eyes as important to the dance as her feet. Her seductive powers are immense. She ends up in his lap, smiling. Kissing.

EXT. KENYATTA'S TRAILER - MORNING

As Zack awakens in Kenyatta's elaborate bed, his eyes are trained directly on the mysterious ring. He SNIFFS, looks over and sees Kenyatta putting breakfast on the table.

They both devour the American style breakfast. They slurp down the food with some iced tea and Zack lets out a tremendous BELCH that scares the cat. They LAUGH.

KENYATTA

We haven't had an American join us since Hendrix. It's good to have that vibe here again. I could get used to this.

ZACK

Excuse me, do you mean Jimi Hendrix?

KENYATTA

Yeah, he joined up with us in London, right before he went to the Monterey Festival and made it big.

ZACK

Oh please.

KENYATTA

Did you ever notice the way he dressed? Was that typical gear for Black guys in the sixties, huh?

Ever hear the song 'Gypsy Eyes'? That was about us. He even named his last group 'Band of Gypsies'!

Most people think he's dead. Ha ha ha, fooled em all.

Zack's eyes are jumping straight out of his head, jaw agape.

ZACK

HOLY SHIT! HENDRIX, ALIVE? WHERE IS HE?
IS HE HERE? CAN I MEET HIM? HOW DID ...

KENYATTA

Hold on Big Poppa, hold on. The brother is out of the country on a mission right now, just relax. Are you a fan?

Zack's voice jumps three octaves.

ZACK

Am I a fan? She-iiitt girl, the man is my straight up hero. Come on, you were just kidding, right?

KENYATTA

No, for real. He made us all proud by using his gift in a positive way. He faked his death when Hollywood got crazy.

Lived and traveled with us until the Ethiopia famines. He went to Africa then and now only stops back on special occasions.

ZACK

Wow ... That's amazing. I really would like to meet him someday. Faked his death huh? Will you teach me that trick, it might come in handy.

Kenyatta starts to clean up the kitchen, smiling at him.

KENYATTA

Actually I set aside all day today to teach you our tricks, powers, and weaknesses.

You may not be here with us much longer so we want you to know as much as possible. Are you ready to start?

In a smartass voice, Zack reponds.

ZACK

If you teach me this, like you 'taught' me last night, well ...

KENYATTA

Very funny, ha ha. Anyway, the wolf-spirit is pretty simple to live with.

Forget what you saw in the movies, most of it's crap.

Remember to stay calm at all times. The wolf power comes out when intense stress is felt. It is all controlled by your mind.

ZACK

That's cool. How do I monitor my stress level? I'd hate to lose it by accident.

The teacher sits down with her student.

KENYATTA

Use the ring, it's like a mood ring, it gauges your anger level for you. Now it is black. As stress increases the colors get lighter.

Right before the final phase, the stone turns clear, and then, the gem fills with blood, sometimes it sparks.

Zack looks at the ring and makes a face.

ZACK

Dag girl, now that's a bad ring! What kind of stone is this made from?

Kenyatta studies his face and hesitates before answering.

KENYATTA

It is from the stone that was rejected. You know, like in the Bible, the stone that will eventually be the head cornerstone.

It is the Black and rejected who will build a brighter day, it is our fate.

EXT. GYPSY COURTYARD - DAY

The sun is very bright as it shines down on the couple in the livestock area. Zack is in full Gypsy dress, likewise Kenyatta.

KENYATTA

Really, there are only two things to worry about. Silver, and full moons.

ZACK

I saw that in the movies, it's real?

KENYATTA

HECK YEAH. Best thing to do on a full moon, is a fist full of valiums ...

As far as silver goes, stay far away from it. It can burn the skin and just plain kill us if we are exposed too long.

Zack shakes his head in disbelief of the situation. The children greet them as they run past in their brightly colored outfits.

ZACK

So you guys all just, what, medicate yourselves and pass out for the night? Ha ha ha, that's fucked up, ha ha ...

KENYATTA

Hey Zack, you gotta do what's cool for you. That Moon isn't playing. It will rip your mind apart.

During it, we have very little control, of anything. The body is painful and you awaken with total amnesia.

ZACK

Well, it's a drawback, I'll learn to cope with it. At least, I'm alive. What's cool for me is that I'm still sucking air. Know what I'm saying?

That's something I can't thank you enough for. I'm really, really glad you made the decision to save me. I'll make you proud of me.

Kenyatta hugs his massive body. He stoops over and kisses her gently. They smile. She leans against a corral fence in the livestock area, not facing him.

KENYATTA

Zack Ramirez, I could get used to days like this. Please don't forget about me, when you go home. Wolves mate for life you know.

She says this with a shaky voice. Zack smiles widely, picks her up from behind, she laughs like a little girl. Gently she lands.

ZACK

Hey girl, I love you, we'll be together after I get back and the media settles down. No way could I forget you. There just ain't no way.

KENYATTA

Some how I believe you. You must have a girlfriend already though. Love her?

FLASHBACK

Inga grabs him by the collar and pulls him to her. She looks radiant, long hair blowing slightly. She gives him a long kiss with smiling eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

They begin walking around the compound again. Zack takes a DEEP BREATH. He looks at the ground as he answers her.

ZACK

WHEEW. I don't really, I mean, I guess I still do, but now with you. I love you both, to be honest.

Kenyatta grabs his hand, smiles and pulls him tighter as they walk on. In the distance, several figures approach the camp from the main road. They are on foot and they are dragging along a cow.

As they get closer, an OLD MUSLIM COUPLE AND THEIR DAUGHTERS are seen clearly. The family approaches Zack and Kenyatta. Garvey, Hannibal and several men who are nearby walk over to the strangers.

GARVEY

Greetings Brother, how can I help you?

OMAR

My name is Omar, this is my family. We have come a long way and been through much peril in order to sell our cow. Please make an offer.

GARVEY

My name is Garvey Dumas, king of this Gypsy tribe. We travel often, we are not farmers and not in the need of cattle, I'm sorry.

OMAR

Oh please sir, our lives are in danger. We just want to leave Kosovo alive. This cow is the only thing we have to sell.

GARVEY

I see, okay, we'll buy it, but, you must join us for a meal, you look famished.

OMAR

Well, thank you sir. We've had a long day, I appreciate it.

GARVEY

Good, good. Miles, you pay the man, Kenyatta, get some of the ladies to conjure up some food for our guests.

LATER

Empty plates and bowls line the outdoor tables where the guests have dined. They look refreshed now. The Gypsies sit around them

HANNIBAL

So, you are in a hurry to leave, why?

OMAR

This stupid war. I hate it. The pain, the disease, the evil it has brought out in people, the death. I can't take it anymore, I must leave.

ZACK

It's that bad? Have you seen any war crimes or atrocities?

Omar rubs his pain filled face with his hands. He avoids eye contact and looks at the ground.

OMAR

Atrocities, yes, today as a matter of fact, my brother's village. We went there first to sell the cow, it was horrible, a mass grave, dead bodies--

GARVEY

WHAT? We must go there at once, there could be survivors in hiding.

HANNIBAL

Exactly. Zack, I want you to see the handy work of this war so that when you go home, you can tell the world what is going on.

EXT. ON WILDERNESS TRAIL TO VILLAGE - DAY

Thick clusters of leaves are turning colors as fall approaches. The Muslim family is escorted by Zack, Kenyatta, Garvey, Hannibal, Miles and several other Gypsy men. The path is narrow but they can walk two-by-two.

OMAR

It was a good idea to take these backroads, we nearly got caught walking in the open with the cow. Last week was even worse.

Those damn Serbian soldiers were everywhere. They had our whole village surrounded.

Thank God those American fighter planes blew them straight to hell the other night. We came outside and cheered them on we were so happy.

GARVEY

Yeah, well one of those pilots is this big fellow here. Take a bow Zack.

ZACK

Well, I just---

The Muslim's daughters throw themselves at Zack. The kiss him and hug him and shout with joy.

FEMALES

Oh Zack ... Thank you ... You're our hero
... What can we do to repay you.

Kenyatta glares at the young, attractive peasant girls hugging up on her man.

KENYATTA

You can start by shutting the hell up so we don't get shot by an Army patrol. The second thing is, he's taken, clear?

The young Muslim girls back-up, off of the pilot. Zack looks embarrassed but loves the attention. Miles scrunches his eyebrows, something is strange. He then cups his ear to hear a bit better.

MILES

Speak of the devil, sister. I think I can hear soldiers approaching. Quick, behind those fallen trees.

The entourage dashes away from the main drag and hunkers down behind the natural camouflage of the forest. They wait a while but soon a small detachment of soldiers appears on the trail. The soldiers look unprofessional.

ZACK

I recognize one of those soldiers from my briefing for this mission. It's President Ratovich's brother. What's that war criminal doing out here.

GARVEY

Yes. That's General Ratovich and his right hand man Uri Grenkov. My guess is that they are looking for you.

The only jeep carries the grey haired General. Ratovich smokes a cigarette and chats with URI, his second in command. He is a baldheaded man with cold eyes.

The soldiers who walk behind the jeep have two Muslim women with them. The women have on handcuffs and are pulled by a leash that is around their necks. They are gagged also but their whimpers can be easily heard.

Soldiers taunt them. When they stumble they are yanked by the leash and screamed at until they begin to walk.

Miles, Kenyatta and Zack have seen enough and are ready to dart out there and start a fight. They are ordered to stay-put by Garvey, who firmly signals them not to move.

Soon the soldiers pass by and are out of sight. Miles is upset with his father.

MILES

Dad, you should have let us go.

GARVEY

There is a time and place for everything.
We have innocent villagers who need us
now. We'll get them some other time.

LATER

They walk on but soon stop and start sniffing the air. By the look of upturned noses, something doesn't smell good. Soon they are at the gates of the forest village.

HANNIBAL

I know this smell.

They walk into the village, it is abandoned. Buildings and houses still burn and smolder from the deadly Serbian raid. The Gypsies cover their noses to deflect a pungent odor.

Overstuffed rats run back and forth in a corner of the village. They follow the rats and the stench to the corner. There, they find a mass grave.

When they reach the open pit they chase off the wild dogs and rats. One dog flees into the woods with an arm in his mouth. As they stand around the mound of twisted, bloody bodies there is much weeping ... and ANGER.

ZACK

This is as sick as it gets.

HANNIBAL

The Holocaust should have been the last time, ever, that I see such things. Here we are again!

The Muslim family falls to their knees as they grieve. Garvey pats the father on the back compassionately. Miles walks over and grabs some shovels and hands one to Zack. They start to cover the bodies with dirt.

GARVEY

I am very sorry, Omar. Somehow those devils will pay for this.

Omar points to the pile of corpses with tears in his eyes.

OMAR

See that man with the large beard near the side? That is my cousin, there is his wife and there, wait ... Did you see that?

Everyone turns to look. Just inches from the father, a girl's fingers squirm then try to dig it's way from under the dead bodies. Life!!! The men rush in and help uncover her.

She is a teenager. Her hair is matted with caked blood and she has the shakes very badly.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Hannah? Hannah, is that you? Oh my poor child, come here.

The Muslim family goes to her and comforts her. They put a blanket around her. Give her water. She begins weeping.

ZACK

Good Lord, how did she survive in there?

OMAR

She comes from good stock. This is my cousin's daughter, Hannah. We'll take her back with us.

GARVEY

She looks pretty shook up. Think she can tell us what went on here?

OMAR
Hannah, what happened?

The shivering child with sad eyes looks into the distance.

FLASHBACK

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

The teenager is awakened to the sound of screams and gunshots. She springs from bed and cautiously stares out of her bedroom window.

HANNAH
(v.o.)
I woke up and soldiers were everywhere,
screams, beatings.

Serb soldiers run around in the street, herding her neighbors outside and abusing them while lining them up. A loud blast is heard behind her and she twirls around. A gloved hand snatches her roughly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
Soon they grabbed us all and carried us
outside in the night.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

Uri beats one man after another asking the same questions over and over again to them.

URI
Where is the American? Where is he? I
know he's here, who is hiding him? We
found his parachute here, in your town.
For the last time ... WHERE IS HE???

Uri pulls out his .45 and grabs a nearby man. He puts the gun to his head.

HANNAH
Please, don't hurt him. There is no
American here.

URI

Last chance! (pause) Okay then.

CLACK!! The gunshot rings out and the man slumps to the ground. Next, Uri grabs Hanna's dad. She screams.

HANNAH

Noooo!!!

URI

Let's try that again.

Hannah bends down and picks up a rock fast and hurls it at Uri. It hits him just above the eyebrow and causes some bleeding. He walks towards her.

HANNAH

You bastard, leave us alone.

URI

Die bitch!!!

The spiked ring on Uri's finger glimmers in the moonlight. As Uri backhands Hannah, the pronged ring slices into her neck and blood squirts out.

In slow motion, she falls to the ground as she sees her father rush towards her.

BOOM! The sound of a loud gunshot, then blackness.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The teenage girl weeps into her hands as her tale concludes. Omar's wife gives her a drink from a flask.

HANNAH

It was horrible. I was so scared. I will never forget it. NEVER!!

OMAR

Hannah, don't worry, we're here for you. You will stay with us from now on. We will protect you.

HANNAH

Thank you, I love you all very much. The reality is, and with due respect, no one can protect their family from an army. We're doomed.

Zack looks at Garvey. He notices all the other Gypsies are staring at him too.

GARVEY

We will escort you to your village. You must pack your bags tonight and meet us at our camp in the morning. We will help you get to Switzerland.

OMAR

Thank you, oh thank you so much. We can only afford to pay you--

GARVEY

Don't worry about money now. Just be on time. (Addresses Gypsies) Let's get these folks home before dark, move it people, time is wasting.

LATER

Zack and Miles throw the last shovel full of dirt onto the mound that covers the mass grave. A weeping Hannah kisses the earth and must be helped away. The Gypsies comfort their new friends as they leave the village.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Shadows grow long on the country road as night approaches. Blank looks or angry looks are on the faces of the Gypsies and Muslim visitors. Zack, boils with outrage. He walks beside Kenyatta.

EXT. EDGE OF THE VILLAGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The group comes upon the gates of the mountainside hamlet. The view of the valley below is spectacular. The manicured lawns and town square look like golf course turf. They proceed to walk down Main Street.

Although the American food lift/bombing raid helped, the people still look hungry and afraid. Omar greets some of them as they walk.

MAIN STREET

The crew walks down a ways then stops in front of a well kept cottage-type house. Enough room is in the backyard for a small farm.

OMAR

Thank you again for all of your help.

GARVEY

Our pleasure, just pack and meet us tomorrow morning.

Omar nods and smiles. The group turns to head home but gives Omar's family hugs first. The hug Miles gives Omar's daughter is more than just brotherly. Their eyes connect and smile at each other. The Gypsies go home.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

The last few minutes of sunlight gasp for breath as the Gypsies make their way back to camp. Hannibal falters a little then stops walking. The elderly man leans against a tree and takes a deep breath. Everyone is concerned.

KENYATTA

Grandpa, are you okay?

HANNIBAL

Yes child, I'm fine.

GARVEY

I'm sorry dad, I shouldn't have volunteered us to walk them home.

HANNIBAL

Nonsense, you did the right thing. It's not just the walking. It's that damn mass grave. Shit, I never thought I would have to see that again.

During World War II, I saw mass grave after mass grave.

Women, babies, everybody. You never get used to it. I saw enough to last a lifetime.

ZACK

Tell me about it.

HANNIBAL

I'd rather not.

ZACK

Uh, sure. I understand sir.

GARVEY

Tell him dad, let the world know.

HANNIBAL

What does the world care? They continue to let these massacres happen. They never learn. Look at Rwanda right now.

ZACK

I want to learn sir. You are part of my heritage now, family. If you were a hero in WWII, I would like to hear about it.

HANNIBAL

I wasn't a hero. I was Blessed by God to have found someone to give me the power to fight back, so I fought.

ZACK

Maybe I could learn something about surviving genocide that I can share with the Brothers when I get back home. Many feel marked for death.

HANNIBAL

Yes, the African American people have suffered greatly too. Maybe you are the chosen one who will lead the new fight against extinction, in America.

Fine then, as we walk, listen to my tale. I want you to remember it, and this night reinforces the fact. The Holocaust can happen again, anywhere, beware.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A small community in the midst of a thickly forested area. Children laugh and play in the courtyard.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

It was the late 1930s. We lived in a small village outside of Stuttgart, Germany, near the Black Forest. I was a teenager and life was great.

A young shirtless man with brown skin is chopping wood. His muscles do not go unnoticed by the ladies who pass by. Villagers seem happy and get along great with each other even though there is diversity.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Our village had all the people there that Hitler hated. Jews, Gypsies, Muslims, Communists and even a homosexual couple.

There was no strife between us and we all seemed to coexist in peace.

Being so close to the Black Forest, many people there, including my dad Alexandre, were herbalists.

The teenager stops chopping wood and looks around the town. He stands next to a building that has a sign reading, 'DUMAS HERB EMPORIUM'. Up and down the main street are other storefronts touting specialties.

JEWISH GIRLS walk by him with their DAD and smile. One girl, REBECCA, locks eyes with him and walks slow. She smiles at him in a special way.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

I had a girlfriend named Rebecca, she was from a nice Jewish family. They let us see each other, but never let her forget that school came first.

Hannibal waves to the protective father and he waves back. Hannibal gathers his wood and heads into the Herb store smiling.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

As the 1940s came, we began to hear terrible stories about nazis. More and more of their trucks would pass our town on the way to Stuttgart.

One day, the trucks stopped. After that day, things were never the same.

EXT. VILLAGE MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A couple nazi trucks stop at the village and soldiers get out. A NAZI OFFICER WITH A SCAR is the leader. His ASSISTANT is a short dumpy guy with very short hair.

They line the villagers up and force them into trucks. Soldiers destroy Jewish stores and savagely beat those who fight back. Charred storefronts with broken windows line the avenue.

EXT. THE BLACK FOREST - DAY - ESTABLISHING

In the forest, Hannibal walks along a footpath. He comes to the small cabin.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

I didn't even know an attack was happening. I was in the forest harvesting produce for the family's herb emporium.

EXT. OUTSIDE SMALL HUNTING LODGE - DAY

He carefully looks around the shack before entering.

INT. HUNTING LODGE

Hannibal takes the empty bags off of his shoulder and spreads them out on a table.

LATER

INT. HUNTING LODGE

Hannibal comes through the door huffing and puffing. He slams the full bags down on the table where the empty bags were just hours ago. He then lays down on the bed under the window and stretches out.

LATER

INT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

The Gypsy awakens in a cabin that is completely dark, completely. Even worse, voices are heard outside, voices of nazi soldiers. Hannibal holds his breath and tries not to move a muscle.

MALE VOICE

(o.s.)

You dog, I said keep walking or else I'll take you in that cabin and let the boys have some fun. You are lucky Hitler will resettle you. I think we should kill you like pigs. NOW MOVE!!

A loud SLAP sound is followed by the sound of a lady whimpering and falling to the ground. Hannibal winces.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

MOVE!!!

Another SLAP sound, another whimper. Then the sound of feet marching off into the wilderness. Hannibal is covered in sweat, but dare not move till all is silent. After a while he peers out the window, all are gone.

EXT. OUTSIDE HUNTING LODGE

Hannibal goes outside and climbs the chalet style cabin and gets on the roof. He looks in the direction of his village. Pillars of smoke fill the sky.

HANNIBAL

Oh God ... Nooo!

LATER

Hannibal dashes out of the cabin with his bags over his shoulder and his dagger in his hand. He hits the dark, scary forest trail with fearlessness and purpose.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Hannibal sneaks up behind a big bush and hunkers down to stay out of view. The town has almost been burnt to the ground. Huge columns of smoke pour up from the earth. There are no signs of life other than soldiers.

Near the square, Scarface is in the back of an open jeep addressing his troops which are in military transport vehicles. Buildings still burn in the background. Hannibal is close enough to hear them clearly.

SCARFACE

Men, you did a great job today. This village of Jews, Gypsies, faggots and mongrels has been wiped off the face of the earth.

CROWD

Yeahhhh!!!!

The look of painful loss covers Hannibal's face. He pounds the earth hard with his fist. Rain begins to fall.

SCARFACE

Those pigs that we sent off on trucks earlier will be used as slaves, then be exterminated in Dachau, the same camp that they help to build.

Hiel Hitler!!

CROWD

Hiel Hitler!!!

THUNDER ROLLS and becomes louder drowning out the nazi monsters. Lightening hits a nearby tree and it falls on top of a nazi on a motorcycle. Another nazi looks at him, checks his pulse, shakes his head. Rain pours.

SCARFACE

Poor Bastard. I will meet you all in
Stuttgart and we will drink a beer in his
honor. Driver, let's go, now.

The transport vehicles follow the jeep out of the village
and back towards the city.

Hannibal pounds the now muddy ground with his fist several
times. As rain runs down his face and mixes with tears, he
looks to heaven.

HANNIBAL

Why God? WHY?

He stumbles over towards the Square. While still near the
edge of the woods, his foot slips into a hole. He looks down
amid the lightning flashes to see a horror.

The Gypsy can't believe his eyes because this hole didn't
exist when he left this morning, nor was it filled with the
disgusting sight he sees now. What he sees are the twisted
bodies of most of his neighbors.

Hannibal scrambles to try to get out of the hole, but the
slippery mud sends him hurling down onto the pile of corpses,
face first.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Awwwwww!!!!

As he struggles to get up he sees the colorless faces of the
gay couple, the Rabbi, and Rebecca's father. He turns to the
side, vomits. He wipes his mouth and pulls out his dagger.

He finally gets himself out of the mass grave by sticking the
dagger into the earth and pulling with arm strength. After
he is out, he lays on his back and tries to catch his breath.
Soon he is on his feet going to town square.

TOWN SQUARE

The teenager looks at the devastation and shakes his head in
sorrow. He looks at the downed motorcycle nazi and goes to
him. He stares at him for a moment, then starts kicking his
corpse, then he falls down and sobs.

Hannibal searches the body and finds two pistols. He puts them in the back of his belt. He is about to leave, then looks at Main Street again. The family store is burned badly and collapses into itself.

He takes out his dagger, runs his finger along the blade, then stabs it into the nazi's chest ... Again, and again, and again. He screams at the stiff.

HANNIBAL

You bastard, I hate you, I'll kill you all, you damn devils, I'll kill you all for this.

ALEXANDRE

I thought I taught you better than that, son. Put the knife away.

Hannibal hears a familiar male voice and spins around, blade still dripping blood. It is his dad, Alexandre somehow survived. Eyes fill with tears.

HANNIBAL

Dad? Dad, is that really you?

ALEXANDRE

Yes, boy. Come here.

The father and son hug. Several other people from the village are with Alexandre. The rain begins to let up.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

My dad and a few others survived. He told me that the Nazis took Rebecca and were sending her to Dachau. I had to go save her. Had to.

The teenager picks up the motorcycle and tries to start it. With a little manipulation, it works. He waves goodbye then takes off down the road.

ALEXANDRE

Be careful boy. You are messing with the devil himself.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

Hannibal rides the motorcycle while still wearing his Gypsy clothes. His bright scarves and fringed sashes flutter in the wind flamboyantly. His eyes show determination and fury.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The bike is now covered with foliage as Hannibal stares down at the nazi patrolled train station below. His hilltop vantage point allows him to see Rebecca get moved from a truck to a box car.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

Hannibal sneaks over a wall and just misses being caught by patrolling soldiers. He hides behind crates and barrels as he makes his way closer to the boxcar. Finally escapes detection and climbs atop the boxcar.

INT. INSIDE TRAIN - NIGHT

Rebecca is inside trying to comfort small children. The boxcar is packed with people shoulder to shoulder.

A knock is heard coming from the roof. People look towards a hole. Hannibal manages to stick his face through the hole and look around. He calls out.

HANNIBAL

Rebecca? Is Rebecca there?

REBECCA

Hannibal? Is it really you? My God, you've come.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

I came back alright. I had a plan for these nazi bastards too.

Rebecca grabs his face with two hands and kisses him with all of her soul.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

I love you.

REBECCA

I am yours ... Forever.

Rebecca is lowered to the ground but her arms are still outstretched towards her lover up above. He smiles, waves good-bye, and vanishes into the night.

EXT. BLACK FOREST, NEAR RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

Hannibal heaves a big ax into the air and chops into a thick tree with force. Again and again, the hungry blades rip out chunks.

INT. INSIDE BOX CAR OF TRAIN - SAME

The train is now moving. The crowd of people get jostled around as they try their best to stay on their feet.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - LATER - ESTABLISHING

A large tree falls across railroad tracks. Dirt and debris fly in the air.

INT. INSIDE BOX CAR OF TRAIN - SAME

Suddenly all the occupants are thrown forward as the sound of the locomotive's screeching brakes are heard. Rebecca picks herself up and smiles.

REBECCA

Hannibal.

A few seconds later, gunshots shoot off the outside lock. The train door swings open. The smiling Gypsy sticks his head in.

HANNIBAL

Ladies and gentlemen, your tour guide is here. Next stop, Black Forest, let's move, hurry.

Hannibal helps unload people from the train, but his eyes are focused on Rebecca. She runs to her man and hugs him with tears in her eyes.

REBECCA

I LOVE YOU.

Men are yelling in German, gunshots are heard. The box car is almost empty now.

HANNIBAL

I love you too babe. Let Go.

EXT. BLACK FOREST, NEAR RAILROAD TRACKS - SAME

Hundreds of men, women and children rush towards the woods as nazi riflemen try to pick them off. Hannibal sees a German atop the train.

Hannibal throws his axe at the soldier. It flies through the air, end over end and lands in the soldiers chest, the gunshot goes stray. Hannibal and Rebecca run for the dark cover of the Black Forest as gunfire resounds.

EXT. INSIDE THE BLACK FOREST

Many are killed as they dash to the thick trees. Several nazis are right on Hannibal's heels. Pulling Rebecca along, they finally make it to the woods. One gunshot is close. Hannibal turns and shoots the gunman down.

Hannibal locates the motorcycle he had hidden and the pair get on it. As he is starting it, he sees an old dark-skinned woman standing near a tree, when he looks back, she is gone. Hannibal is puzzled.

HANNIBAL

Did you see ... Oh, never mind. Hang on tight, girl.

Hannibal peels out and heads down the logging road. Rebecca puts her arms around Hannibal's waist and holds on for dear life. She kisses the side of his face.

REBECCA

Okay hero, you win, lets get married.

HANNIBAL

Do you mean that?

REBECCA

With all of my soul.

Scarface, frustrated and angry, grabs a rifle and draws a bead on the cyclists as they speed through the forest.

HANNIBAL

I LOVE you Rebecca.

REBECCA

I love you t---

A single shot rings out. It catches Rebecca in the back and her sentence is cut short. The bike goes out control and they wipe out.

Hannibal pulls himself up. He sees the old woman again, she waves for him to follow her. He gives her a 'one moment' hand signal, then goes to Rebecca. The bullet has gone through her chest, blood is in her mouth.

HANNIBAL

NOOOO! NOOOO! God PLEASE!!

REBECCA

It is my time darling, save yourself.

HANNIBAL

Nooo!! I have no life, without you.

Her head turns to the side, Hannibal shuts her eyelids to cover the blank stare. He kisses her on the lips.

He looks up to find approaching nazi soldiers. Hannibal gets the gun from his jacket and fires at the nazis without cover, right out in the open. Tears are in his eyes as he blows away several troopers. More are coming.

He then starts running towards the old woman, but she's no longer there. He zigzags as bullets whizz by him. He stops, suddenly a hand is on his shoulder.

Hannibal turns, it is the woman, she motions for him to follow. They slip behind thick trees and even thicker bushes until they get to a boulder filled hill. They climb a third up the hill, then stop.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

That's when I met this strange old woman.
She was like no old woman I'd ever seen.

The old woman shocks Hannibal by moving one of the huge boulders to the side and points for him to enter a hole. Hannibal sees that a ladder runs down from the hole and quickly descends it. The old woman follows.

INT. CAVE - DAY

She picks up a chain. The other end of the chain is attached to the boulder. Again, Hannibal is amazed at the strength of the woman as she pulls the chain and moves the stone over the opening.

She is a dark skinned woman, even darker than himself. He looks around to see a tunnel lined with torches. The old woman leads the way and Hannibal follows.

HANNIBAL

Who ...

VERY OLD WOMAN

Who am I? Ha ha, I am Madame Lupina. Do not fall behind, these caves are not safe. Not safe at all.

Hannibal walks slowly by a cave painting that describes a massive hunt. Wolves predominate the mural.

THE DEN

Hannibal has a seat as the woman pours them both some wine. She sits across from him.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

I told her every thing that night.
Nazis, Germany's ethnic cleansing program
and the love that I lost.

LATER

The wine bottle is totally drained. Hannibal sobs as Madame Lupina rubs his back. Tears stain her cheeks also.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

She comforted me. Told me how I must think of the future now. My family, the Gypsy people need me.

Madame Lupina said she could make me an invincible warrior. I jumped at the chance.

She made me promise only use these powers for good purposes. That purpose, helping the defenseless fight back against the evil. I agreed.

CEREMONY ROOM

Hannibal is tied down to the cave floor. Behind him on the wall are torches and another wall mural featuring two eyes. They are huge wolf eyes. The little old lady hobbles over to the painting and kneels before it.

He turns to see the woman's body grow larger and hairier. He struggles against the knots.

The once kindly old spinster turns her head to reveal a horrid beast with long fangs and piercing eyes. Hannibal screams and struggles wildly.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

It was the most horrifying, and the most beautiful, moment of my life, and they both happened at the same time.

Things were never the same after that day. Soon my body felt stronger than ever. My senses were sharper than ever and so was my mind.

LATER

She is normal again. He hugs the old sorceress and they look at each other with tears in their eyes.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

I thanked that old woman.

I Thanked her with all of my heart and
promised I'd make it up to her.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - NIGHT

Hannibal walks out of the cave, inhales deeply and then looks at his ring, it starts to sparkle. He morphs into an adult wolf. He bounces around excitedly then lets out a howl. He then jets off into the woods.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

I then gave the power to my family and
other survivors from the village. Soon,
WE were the predators.

EXT. NAZI CHECKPOINT - DAY

The area is heavily wooded and the four soldiers look bored. Hannibal and Alexandre walk down the road in human form, talking and joking. They walk towards the roadblock, the nazis have a 'bully look' in their eyes.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Swine, why are you so happy? Don't you
know we are ridding the country of your
kind? Arrest them.

HANNIBAL

Ha ha, actually, you are the ones under
arrest. Fellas.

Huge wolves with fangs dripping lunge out of the woods in seconds. The Germans are stunned.

COMMANDING OFFICER

What the hell is this?

HANNIBAL

(mock German accent)

We are ridding the earth of your kind.
Instead of genocide, its scumocide, bye-
bye. Clean up on aisle five!

The wolves are on the nazis before they can draw weapons. The huge beasts knock them to the ground and go for the throat, they don't miss. Hannibal and his dad gather the weapons and steal their jeeps.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Get those pigs for what they did to our villages, and the hundreds of other villages, whose sole crime was not looking like this so-called master race.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A dozen Nazi soldiers raise their guns to shoot some blindfolded villagers in the back. A black blur descends on the unsuspecting troopers. Screams echo.

The villagers remove the blindfolds and are pleasantly surprised to see a dozen decapitated nazi soldiers. They celebrate and jump for joy

INT. DACHAU BAR - NIGHT

The atmosphere is very festive and loud. The place is packed with nazi soldiers, drinking and SINGING. Among the revelers is Scarface, the man in charge of the raids. The MUSIC STOPS as a senior officer(more medals) speaks.

COMMANDING OFFICER

We are here to celebrate the birthday of one of the Fatherland's finest. Igor Schumacher, take a bow son.

Scarface stands and bows graciously. His troops shout for him loudly.

CROWD

Yeah ... Way to go... Happy Birthday.

COMMANDING OFFICER

He has done a fantastic job of rounding up the Jewish and Gypsy dogs and sending them to the concentration camps, or to their maker, ha ha ha.

CROWD

Ha ha ha ... Good man, good man.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Our Father, Adolph Hitler himself, gave me this birthday gift, to give to you. Come down here Igor.

As Scarface makes his way to the front of the bar among applause, the Officer pulls a clear round object from a bag and presents it to him.

SCARFACE

Thank you sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER

This is a globe of the world, made of pure crystal. It signifies Igor's efforts to purify our motherland and eventually, the entire planet.

A world inhabited by only the master race is a real possibility. You are one of our best eliminators of the Jew problem ever. Germany salutes you.

Scarface smiles proudly and holds the fragile globe above his head in victory.

SCARFACE

Let's redouble our efforts to rid this wonderful planet of the unclean races and undesirables. Let's make our Aryan world as pure as this crystal.

Let's hear it for the master race ... Mas-ter race ... Mas-ter race ...

The voice of the crowd drowns out his own voice which is screaming. Veins stick out on the foreheads of soldiers.

CROWD

Mas-ter race ... Mas-ter race ... Mas-ter race ... Mas-ter ra...

Suddenly a huge explosion happens on the roof. The ceiling is blown to bits and the night sky peers down on them. In slow motion, Scarface is blown backwards. The crystal globe falls and shatters into 6 million pieces.

All bar inhabitants are at least badly dazed by the blast. Scarface looks over to see the senior officer dead. He looks at the hole in the roof. Out of nowhere, what seems to be basketballs comes through the gap.

One of the globes rolls over to Scarface. Upon closer inspection, it is the severed head of a nazi soldier. Scarface screams, as do others who also make the discovery. Scarface grabs his gun and fires into space.

EXT. NEARBY WOODED AREA - SAME

Up close, Hannibal's face is sweating and his eyes are concentrating. Then he hops, a look the side, then another hop. The look, the hop. As more is seen, it seems like he is shooting hoops. He uses the same form.

Alexandre is passing him the rock and it looks like he is in a three-point shoot-out competition. Catch and shoot, catch and shoot. On closer look, Alexandre tosses the ball to him by the ear. Severed heads?

The basketball hoop is the recently ventilated roof of the bar where the nazis are. In front of the inn are Gypsy werewolves in human form, shooting any soldier that tries to leave or fire back.

Once the last 'head has been given', Hannibal then starts to do his jumpshots with handgrenades. Of course, they have an explosive effect on the home team.

Scarface staggers out, barely able to stand. He fires wildly at the retreating wolf pack, injuring no one. He touches several sharp, glass shards from the explosion which have lodged themselves in his stomach, blood drips.

SCARFACE

Help, I need a doctor!

HANNIBAL

(o.s.)

Poor baby, allow me.

Scarface turns to Hannibal behind him. Hannibal slaps the gun away from him.

SCARFACE

Who the hell are you?

Hannibal's hand instantly grows razor sharp nails that must be eight inches long. Scarfaces eyes grow big.

HANNIBAL

I'm the doctor.

In one quick lunge, Hannibal penetrates Scarface's back with the claws. The tips of the claws clasp the glass shards as they stick through his stomach. A sick sound is heard as he pulls his hand back through his torso.

Hannibal holds the bloody glass slivers up to his face and smiles. Scarface's expression is pure horror.

SCARFACE

Oh Nooooo!

HANNIBAL

Oh Yessss. I got the glass out, what are you complaining about?

Scarface falls to his knees, then on his face. Alexandre pulls up in a jeep.

ALEXANDRE

Good job son. Come on, we have to go.

Hannibal gets in the vehicle and morphs his hand back to normal. He puts the pieces of glass in a scarf and puts it in his pocket. They drive off.

HANNIBAL

I'm going to keep this for Rebecca, our village, and all the other innocent people those bastards killed. In the end, evil will be defeated.

ALEXANDRE

He wasn't the last genocidal maniac, in this country, or this world.

HANNIBAL

Bring them on.

FADE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Werewolves in half human form attack nazi soldiers marching in the woods.

HANNIBAL

(v.o.)

Over ten million Jews, Gypsies and others died in Hitler's genocide frenzy. More may have died if it wasn't for us.

2. Nazis drive people from their homes. On the roof watching are huge wolves. One wolf howls and they all pounce on the nazis from above. They rip them to shreds.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

We fought those devils, literally, tooth and nail.

3. A wolfman knocks a nazi off of his motorcycle as he is driving by and bites his neck. A close shot of the long fangs digging in is seen.

4. A Gypsy being pushed by two nazi soldiers. The Gypsy turns around, it is Hannibal. He grows his long claws in an instant again and slashes both of the soldier's throats in one smooth motion.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

We never lost one encounter with them.

5. More scenes of werewolves kicking ass, all jumbled together. Scene after scene. Kill after kill.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Not one.

6. Hannibal shows newspaper around proclaiming that the war was over. All the werewolves jump up and cheer.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Happy days at last.

We figured that since the nazis were destroyed, we were done. Now here, in the 1990's. Mass graves again.

7. A shot of the Muslim village that the new werewolves had just visited with Zack. The mass grave is seen from different angles.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

The Gypsies are walking through the woods. Zack listens attentively as Hannibal speaks.

HANNIBAL

I have dedicated my life to seeing this type of senseless killing stopped. I took an oath, and I make all new people take the same pledge.

There still is a lot of work to do when it comes to civilizing the human race. If our powers help in some way, use them. By all means.

GARVEY

Hey everybody, look out, Serbian troopers up ahead. I've got a plan but we'll need your help Zack.

Zack nods that it's okay. They huddle up.

LATER

Zack walks towards the soldiers with no shirt on and all signs of Gypsiness removed. A Uri and General Ratovich are with them.

ZACK

Help, help. Thank God you guys found me. I am American, a pilot. Bring me back home, please.

GENERAL

It is you. The American. The African American. I detest your people.

After we clean out Europe, you are next,
Blacky. Kill him.

Several soldiers level rifles at the Yankee. Zack backs up
in fear.

ZACK

Hey man. You need to chill.

GENERAL

You're right, don't waste bullets. I
have to leave now, use my knife. Slit
his throat with it, I need to get it
broken in, ha ha ha.

I stole it from some old Muslim house ...
It's made of solid silver.

ZACK

Silver?

GENERAL

That's right and I hope it's edge is dull
too, ha ha. Use it well Captain. I have
another village to eliminate.

The General gives the knife to Uri who immediately puts it in
Zack's face. Ratovich takes off in a jeep driven by a
soldier. Zack struggles to keep the knife from touching him.

URI

Is the big American scared of a little
old knife? Poor baby.

The captain slowly puts the knife up to Zack's neck. As it
touches skin, it sizzles and smokes. Zack screams.

ZACK

Awwwwrg!

URI

What the ...

Just then, the armed soldiers are pulled backwards and out of
sight. Their muffled cries do not last long. It is enough
distraction for the Captain to be taken off guard by Zack.

He kicks the knife away from him and snaps Uri's arm. Bone and tissue are shown. He screams. The Serb lunges for the knife. Zack's ring starts to sparkle and his fingernails grow six inches long.

ZACK

Don't play with sharp objects son. You might get hurt.

Uri grabs the knife and faces Zack. The big man bends down and smiles at him. The sight of his long sharp fangs paralyzes the soldier.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Are you stupid or can't hear. I know, maybe you've got earwax build up.

Zack jams his whole index finger into the Serb's earhole, long nail and all. The tip of the nail is seen sticking out of the other ear canal. A wet sick sound is heard as he pulls his finger back through the inner ears.

Uri's body goes limp and crumples to the ground. Earwax, blood and brain tissue drips off of Zack's finger.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Use a Q-tip next time.

The Gypsies, in various stages of morphing, all come out of the woods and attack the stunned soldiers. Zack takes on several by himself. Kenyatta is fierce also. Garvey, Hannibal and Alexandre nod their approval.

Soon, all troops are dead. The Gypsies leave the troops to decay in the forest as they head back to camp, again victorious.

Zack looks around himself, lots of bodies. He touches his painful neck wound, it hurts bad. He looks down to see his shirt covered in blood. Zack starts to stumble, then collapses.

GARVEY

Miles, quickly. I think some of the silver got into his bloodstream. Let's get him back to the camp. He needs our help or he will die.

Kenyatta fights back tears as they load him into a Serb jeep. She jumps into the back with him as they speed back to the camp.

FADE TO BLACK

SLOW FADE IN

EXT. LIMBO - DAY

Zack rubs his eyes and bats them so he can focus. Everything is covered in thick fog. He lies on a bed as he looks around. He sits up and touches the wound on his neck. It's stopped bleeding. Zack is puzzled but happy.

ZACK

Whoa! That's cool.

LINE

Well not that cool, partner. It will be kicking your ass when you REALLY wake up.

The fog rolls back a bit and Line is shown sitting against a tree. His body is twisted. Zack can't believe his eyes.

ZACK

What? Line? Is that you?

LINE

Si, amigo. I got that psycho with me too.

ZACK

You mean ...

Thriller appears in the fog. He has a head wound. A sharp rock protrudes from his scalp. Sometimes when he moves his head, a patch of scalp flops to the side and exposes his pulsing brain underneath. He flops it back.

He sits against a tree near the other two. He sings his introduction in his usual over the top style. Usually irritating, this time Zack smiles as his goofy friend belts it out.

THRILLER

I'll be there. I'll be there. Just call
my na-ame, I'll be there.

ZACK

Well alright! My homies! How did you
find me, yo?

THRILLER

It's like this 'G'. We didn't find you,
it's more like this place, found us. All
of us.

ZACK

What?

LINE

I don't really know what's going on. I
think that we're in between life and
death. Like some kind of limbo.

Thriller uses a Jamaican accent.

THRILLER

Lee-embo? Hey mon, how low can you go?

LINE

Shut up fool! Look Zack, I think that we
are all in comas at the present time. Me
and stupid got shot down. We're
somewhere in the Kosovo woods.

THRILLER

Yeah, we need to be rescued, Fido. Hurry
your furry ass up.

Zack looks over to his friends with shock.

ZACK

You mean, YOU KNOW?

Thriller cocks his head back and lets looses a howl. Not
only is his expression comical, but a slice of his scalp
flaps open and exposes the pulsing, blood-covered brain
underneath again. He pays it no attention.

THRILLER

Yeeeoow!!!

LINE

Yeah man, we've been watching the 'Ramirez Dog and Pony Show', or should I say 'Wolf and Pony Show', ever since they pulled you out of that tree.

Thriller swings his head so that the flap of scalp meat falls back into place.

THRILLER

Yo man, you gotta introduce me to Kenyatta's sitters. I'd be like, "Yo Princess, I gotta bone for YOU!! Come and get it poochie!!".

In the words of Dr. Suess : The flap flips forward again. Thriller flings his forehead backwards, so that his flesh flops from off his face, and finally goes back to it's place.

ZACK

You need to shut your puny-little, punk-ass up. Fliptop! They'd be sharpening their claws on your throat and wiping their butts with your face.

THRILLER

The claw part, I can skip. But, I planned to get up in that booty anyway. Head first don't bother me.

As long as I get my face in the place, and my meat in her seat, yo baby, I'm all set. I'll get def like Hugh Hef.

LINE

Shut up, fool. Look, Zack, let me tell you something important before I get rescued and come out of this coma.

THRILLER

Wait a minute. I'm gonna get rescued first. Do you know how many fine, hotties are missing me now?

Line slowly turns his head in Thriller's direction and gives him a ice water stare.

LINE

This is the third time I've told you to SHUT UP!! Next time I'm gonna snatch that skin flap off your head and stuff it down your throat.

ZACK

Forget his stupid ass. What's up?

LINE

It was the Admiral. Admiral Leon. He set us up. He tried to kill us.

ZACK

Come again.

LINE

It's true, he tried to off us. Close your eyes. We'll let you see exactly what went down.

Zack stares at them for a few seconds. Finally he closes his eyes. Splotches of color are seen. The colors blend and finally form a complete vision.

EXT. ADMIRAL'S HOUSE - DAY

The Admiral is sitting on his patio listening to country music and doing shots of Stoli. His white hair makes him look like Cesear Romero, only meaner.

ADMIRAL

Yes sir, I'm sure they are dead by now. We have a rescue team of misfits out there, just to make it look good. Good riddance to those 'ghetto rats'!

Rather than be happy and conform like me, they want to embrace the ways of those, those Blacks. They're an embarrassment. They got what they deserve.

BACK TO SCENE

The scene turns into color splotches again, then fades into mist. Zack shakes his head in disbelief and anger.

ZACK

That 'Tio Taco' bastard! He's mine!!

LINE

So busy trying to be loved by white folks, he's willing to kill off other Chicanos to that don't want to fit in. That's a sick-ass boy!

THRILLER

Lots of our people look down on dark skin and I'm about sick of it myself. We need to wake up. Instead of Malcolm X, we need a 'Malcolm Equis'. What's your take on things Brother?

ZACK

It's so stupid. That's what this ethnic cleansing bullshit in Kosovo is all about. Same stupid shit.

I'm fighting for Muslims, then turn around and see that the same genocide game is being played on me. To make it worse, it's my own people.

Zack buries his face in his hands. Despair and anger find a temporary home in his psyche.

THRILLER

Helluva irony, huh Bro'?

LINE

It's an irony, but it's to be expected. Spain was the first to go buck wild with the whole slavery thing.

Spaniards hate Blacks, Spaniards brainwash Chicanos, now Chicanos hate Blacks. Simple. It's time to stop that shit right now.

LINE (cont'd)

Fuck Spain!!! All they did was exploit us, steal our land and our history. In spite of that, we hang on to that language and that culture like it was a Blessing.

ZACK

You got that right.

LINE

We need to redefine ourselves for this new millenium. Rebel against the old ways of doing things. Embrace all of our colors and backgrounds. Unite.

ZACK

Amen to that. We can ever be ashamed of our African blood. Naw, not even a little bit. If that asshole wants a war, I'll bring it to his front door.

He can ethnically cleanse my nuts while he's licking out my asshole.

THRILLER

Whewww!! My Brother's getting raw up in here.

LINE

Hey, I got your back, Mijo.

THRILLER

No fear over here either. I don't let nobody talk bad about my people. Understand?

From little baby sized, all the way up to Line's momma and her double-wide, trailer sized ass.

LINE

Don't start with me, as fat as your momma is. She's so fat, everytime she tries to get out of bed, she rocks herself back to sleep.

Zack and Line laugh at that one.

ZACK

Yo Line, she's so fat, her measurements are 36-24-36, and her other arm is just as big. Yeah man, she won't even take asprins unless she can put guacamole on them first.

Thriller tries to give them the finger, but his wrist is broken. The 'bird' flops over limply. The guys bust up laughing at him.

THRILLER

Fine!! I don't need no finger to tell y'all to go fuck yourselves. You should know it instinctively by now.

LINE

I always thought you were a limp wrist faggot, but isn't this extreme?

Zack and Line rock with laughter. Thriller rolls his eyes at them. The sound of a helicopter gets closer. The fog around Line gets thicker, he smiles.

THRILLER

Hey, HEY!!! Pick me up first. I'm prettier. Leave that rough looking Puerto Rican out here in the woods. Nothing will touch his ugly ass.

LINE

Y'all talk shit among yourselves, my limo is waiting. See ya, damn sure wouldn't want to be ya.

The fog gets thicker, Line disappears in it.

THRILLER

Ain't that a bitch! Good thing we won't be able to remember this shit or I might have an attitude problem later.

ZACK

We won't remember this?

THRILLER

You'll be able to remember because you are 'Wolf Boy from Planet Butt Cheese'. Us normal folks won't remember this though.

ZACK

If I'm out here killing Serbs for wiping out strangers, you best believe that our Admiral is gonna pay out the ass for fucking US up!!

I'll remember this shit alright. That sick little Benedict Arnold bitch will be getting a visit from me. Believe it.

Fog starts to get thicker around Thriller's body. He gets a huge grin across his face. He comically pats his afro with his broken, floppy wrist.

THRILLER

You go get him big guy. I think I have an appointment with a sickbay nurse who has big titties and a bad attitude. How do I look?

ZACK

Rico Suave, homes. Rico fucking Suave!

The sound of the helicopter gets closer.

THRILLER

Damn straight. Be careful Brother. I'll see you on the other side.

The fog covers Thiller's body and he quickly disappears. The thick vapors make their way over to Zack. He closes his eyes as the mist crawls up his body.

INT. OUTSIDE KENYATTA'S TRAILER - DAY

Kenyatta grinds up a mud-type mixture and adds in fresh herbs with it. She applies it to Zack's throat area which still shows a nasty wound. He opens one eye and looks at his Gypsy lover.

He gives her a coy smile. She sits down next to him with a deck of Tarot cards. She shuffles them carefully and hands the deck to Zack.

KENYATTA

Hold these cards over your heart. Clear your mind.

Zack follows her instructions. After a few seconds Kenyatta takes the cards and starts doing Zack's reading. The first card is the 'PRINCE OF SWORDS'. Next is 'DEATH', 'THE STAR', 'THE MOON', then the 'SIX OF WANDS'.

The 'PRINCE OF SWORDS' shows a man with a sword and a book. 'DEATH' shows a skeleton with a rising sun behind him. 'THE STAR' shows a nude girl by a midnight lake, star above. 'THE MOON', lunar reflection on water. 'SIX OF WANDS', a young man stands over a prone lion, wearing a crown.

Kenyatta stretches her hands across the spread. Closes her eyes. Her ring, similar to Zack's, starts to change color. A gentle breeze from nowhere blows through her hair.

Eyes still closed, Kenyatta speaks.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

This is the clearest reading I've ever done in my life. The Prince of Swords is your past. The studious warrior.

ZACK

Direct hit baby. You got me on that one.

KENYATTA

Death represents your transformation, with us. The Star is your future, it is limitless and bright.

Your dreams will come true and you will help many on your way.

The Moon is showing that some secret is being held from you. Possible betrayal. Those that grin most, trust least.

Six of Wands shows ultimate victory, success, love.

Zack reaches over to her and caresses her hand. She slowly opens her eyes and smiles at him. Her ring, black again.

A knock is at the door. Zack swings it open. It is Miles, he's upset about something.

MILES

The Serbs just wiped out another village, Omar's village. It was horrible, kids and everyone, dead.

Garvey is calling for a retaliation raid. He'd like Zack to come along with us.

KENYATTA

Miles, he's still healing, he not ready.

ZACK

Count me in. I'm still a fighting man. Don't worry about the kid. I'll show you all how to give an ass whipping, Buffalo Soldier style.

EXT. MUSLIM VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Gypsies are all dressed in black from head to toe. Including Zack and Kenyatta, there are fifteen Gypsies, no weapons. Garvey, Miles, Zora, Aretha and the teenage twins are also present.

Through the fog and smoke, the fifteen silhouettes march powerfully in unison. The SOUND of each BOOT LANDING REVERBERATES.

They stop in the middle of what once was a beautiful hillside village with a panoramic view of the valley. Now it looks like a den of the diabolical. Death is everywhere, none pretty deaths.

Mutilated bodies line the manicured streets. Many look as though they've been shot in the back while running. Some obviously killed execution style. Hands tied behind back, shot in the head.

Three dark haired teenage girls lay near each other naked, spread eagle, and dead.

Pools of blood are showing under tattered and ripped up skirts. Eyes blank, mouth twisted in horror. They are Omar's daughters.

MILES

Oh no. God, why?

The Gypsies walk up to a half burnt school. In the front is something familiar to Zack. It is the remains of the rations box that Thriller had parachuted down to them from the last mission.

Omar and his wife lay dead near the school. Zack GROWLS with hatred and outrage. His ring starts to change color. He is ready for vengeance.

They walk past the half burnt school and over the half burnt small bodies on the path.

At the end of the path, the Gypsies have a clear view of the Serb camp in the valley below. The ninja like figures huddle and conjure a plan.

EXT. SERB OUTPOST - NIGHT

Ten Serb soldiers are standing around in an isolated part of the forest. They are loud and disorderly. One of them is raping a young girl and the others are drinking, LAUGHING, and waiting their turn.

A STRANGE SOUND is heard in the background. It is women SINGING. The soldiers freeze in place when they look over to see three dark skinned ladies gathering firewood. The women see them and run.

Six soldiers who think they just hit the lottery, scramble after them. They are too excited to notice Miles and Zack behind them, moving stealthily.

Four soldiers are left to desecrate the poor peasant girl. Suddenly the top branches of the trees above the soldiers shakes wildly. The three girls reappear in front of the four soldiers.

Before they can react, the bodies of their six comrades fall from the trees above them. They hang suspended in the air, from the high tree branches, by their intestines.

ZACK

You friends said they'd rather just hang out rather than fight. I hope you don't mind.

One by one the Gypsies jump from the trees and surround the soldiers. The three ladies, who are Aretha and the twins, attack the two soldiers who try to shoot back and run. The seven inch claws rip limbs from torsos and flesh from bone.

Kenyatta walks up to the soldier that is frozen in place. She smiles, punches him in chest with her razor sharp claw, breaks through his skin. She then spits in his eye, pulls out his heart, and smushes it in his face.

The present rapist is grabbed off the girl from behind, Zack's turn. The long nails have punctured the rapists lower back and pimply ass and now Zack holds him off the ground by one hand.

RAPIST

NNNOOOOOO!!!!

He slams him, picks him up by the back of the head. Zack GROWLS loudly as he sticks the rapist's head inside the opened up belly of one of his friends. He suffocates him there as the rapist's body jerks violently, then stops.

EXT. SERB BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Fresh craters dot the landscape of the base. Jeeps, rocket launchers and armored vehicles which did not survive Operation De-Claw lay about, burned and twisted. The wolf clan is undetected among the scattered debris.

INT. SERB MILITARY MESS HALL - NIGHT

The largest building on the base is the dining hall. Tonight it is packed in celebration.

Celebration of revenge for the bombing of the base by the Americans, complete with an ole time flag burning.

Celebration of a damn good job of 'ethnically cleansing' that pesky Muslim village on the hill. A full party is on. General Ratovich is the master of ceremonies.

Inside, the warpigs of the power, LAUGH, DANCE TO MUSIC, and drink to excess. The mean, rugged faces stick up above the camouflage collars.

One Muslim girl who is being sadistically tortured and sexually teased in the corner makes an unsuccessful break for the door. Her SCREAMS bring LAUGHTER to the soldiers. It is Hannah.

The one hundred or so two-legged swine-like soldiers, laugh so hard, that they don't notice the fifteen or so four-legged shadows that slip into the mess hall.

The last one through, Zack, transforms to human and bars the one exit in the whole building with wood planks. The others hide themselves.

ZACK

Just like the Roach Motel. Nobody gets out alive.

Six cuddly little puppies work their way past the angry men and affectionately play at the feet of the petrified teenager. She stops CRYING long enough to pet one.

A SLAP crashes down across her face and she recoils in pain. The puppies BARK in protest and protectively encircle the wounded, half naked girl.

The soldier that slapped her LAUGHS and starts to un-do his belt. A puppy jumps on the Serb's foot and bites him on the shin. The tough guy YELLS like a punk and hops around on one leg as his comrades CHUCKLE loudly.

He stops jumping and kicks the puppy. A painful sounding YELP is heard when he is kicked, and a WHIMPER is heard as he lands.

The WHIMPER in the dark distance gets louder and deeper. Soon the WHIMPER is now a GROWL. A GROWL which is loud, seems louder, when the MUSIC is mysteriously TURNED OFF.

Suddenly, the GROWLING stops, complete quiet. The soldiers inch over to where the sounds came from, stretching their necks to try to get a clearer view.

Out of the SILENCE comes a huge dark figure hurdling through the air with a ROAR.

BEAST
AARRRRRGGGRRR!!!!

An eight foot long shadow with gnashing teeth lands on the soldier who slapped the girl. The cowardly soldier lands on his belly with the beast on his back.

The huge animal almost smiles as the terrified bully mimes a pitiful request for mercy. None given. The beast starts to feed on the back of his head.

Amidst the SCREAMS and WRETCHING, some soldiers try to pull their weapons. As they aim at the huge hound, another GROWL is heard. A GROWL many times louder than the first one, coming from directly behind them. They fire their guns towards it.

They turn to see five figures just as large as the one who is now using a Serbian skull as an ALPO filled dog bowl.

Five battle worn heads are whacked off in unison by razor sharp claws as the beasts wade through the shocked crowd. A soldier sneaks up from behind and pumps all six rounds from his pistol into the back of one monster.

The target falls down, then turns around to face the marksman. The wounds heal instantly. The soldier pulls the trigger of his empty gun in disbelief. The wolf takes the gun from him and caves in his head with it.

A panicking crowd rushes towards the lone door. Eight more gigantic figures block the exit. All around, scenes of carnage and werewolf vengeance. All around, sounds of impotent weapons ejaculating harmless blanks.

General Ratovich almost gets through the barricaded door. He gets grabbed from behind by the largest of all the wolves, it is Zack. He growls out a message to him.

ZACK
It's your turn to be cleansed now.

Suspended in mid air by one hand, the werewolf sticks the entire head of the whimpering officer into his mouth and makes a chewing motion. The body slowly stops twitching.

When the corpse is thrown to the floor, the cranium is picked clean of meat. The remains of the General are discarded like a half eaten Buffalo Wing.

Body parts fly through the air as the warm blood of one hundred war criminals soaks through floorboards and baptizes the sin soaked Kosovo soil.

The drops run fast at first, then slow down. A stream of blood runs from under the hall.

EXT. OUTSIDE MESS HALL - NIGHT

The night is now QUIET. The stars are brighter than ever. The door to the mess hall slowly swings open. Hannah emerges, covered in blood and trance-like.

Fifteen German Shepard sized wolves soon join her as an escort away from the massacred village. She stops, looks back at the mess hall, looks at the dogs. She starts CRYING & LAUGHING as she pets their heads.

One by one the dogs gather around her and try to give comfort. Mission complete.

INT. INSIDE GYPSY COUNCILROOM - NIGHT

As Zack and Kenyatta enter the councilroom door, they are greeted with a party already in session. The hall is packed with people.

It is quite late but people are eating, drinking and dancing to MUSIC. That MUSIC, very loud, whips the dancing Gypsies into a frenzy. Even Hannah, now with the tribe, forces out a smile as she joins the dancing.

ZACK

Go Hannah, it's your birthday. Go
Hannah, it's your birthday.

They move through the loving crowd and dance a little. Garvey and Miles make sure Zack's wine glass is always full.

The big man gets a little wobbly. The extra large sized wine drinker wanders into the woods.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Zack is laying on the makeshift bed that he and Kenyatta first made love on. Kenyatta finds him there and can't help but smile.

KENYATTA

I knew I'd find you here. Wake up
sleepy, it's only 4 AM.....

Zack squints at her with one eye. His voice is hoarse and groggy sounding.

ZACK

I think I'm paralyzed ... From the
nipples, down.

KENYATTA

Ha ha, right, just take my hand pretty
boy , ... Take it!

Zack reluctantly takes her hand and they instantly transform into German Shepard sized young wolves.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

In the distance two canines are running, full stride, over rolling hills on a half moon night.

They run past a moonlit lake and up a mountain to see a glorious natural landscape. The feeling of complete freedom is projected as they roam the wide open spaces.

EXT./INT. LIVESTOCK AREA - NIGHT

Two young wolves walk into the barn-type place where the animals of the compound are kept. They find a corner with lots of hay and start to play in it.

Soon the smaller dog is mounted from behind by the bigger dog. As they 'go at it', the eyes on both animals glow and change colors.

Slowly they begin to transform back to human, just in time for simultaneous orgasms. Zack goes cross-eyed just before he falls straight back, fast asleep.

Amid the farm animals and hay piled-high, Kenyatta grabs a homemade Gypsy blanket and cuddles next to her lover. She kisses his sleeping face as a tear runs down her cheek.

EXT./INT. LIVESTOCK AREA - DAY

Zack's face, up close. Still, unmoving. A drop of liquid hits his face and makes it twitch. Then another and another. He finally awakens.

He sits up and sees that he is completely alone. No Kenyatta, no animals, no barn, no Gypsy campground. The place is now abandoned and empty. Confusion and a small flash of fear forms on his face. As does the rain.

ZACK

What the fuck ... Where? ... This is crazy.

Next to him are two bundles. The first bundle is his flight suit. It had been washed and patched. He is still nude so he puts it on right away.

The other mound contains Gypsy clothes, a couple books about fortune telling, some food, and an old Gypsy style box. It is colored red, black, green, and gold and decorated intricately.

Inside the small box is a Memorex tape with 'Hendrix' written on one side and 'Gypsy music' on the other. Wrapped in a bandanna are a few Polaroids Miles took.

INSERT

Some show him after the wreck, some at the ring ceremony, and some of himself and Kenyatta strolling on the compound.

BACK TO SCENE

As the rain picks up, Zack wraps the bundle up in the Gypsy blanket. He must find shelter. The sky is dark and the wind is whipping.

EXT. MOUNTAIN AREA - DAY

Zack climbs a ridge to see if he can see the caravan, or perhaps some other way out of this mess. Just as he reaches the summit, a US Navy helicopter pops up on the opposite side of the mountain at the same time.

Both pilots scare the shit out of each other. They can't believe their eyes. Zack smiles, grins wide, he is elated. A rope ladder is lowered to him. He climbs it a ways and holds on. He looks lovingly at his old home.

Zack hovers for a moment. Howls are heard from below, many of them. Zack waves to their unseen source as only the back of his head is seen. As he turns, his ring starts to sparkle and his eyes start to glow.

He does one last piercing howl as the helicopter pulls away. Zack and the chopper disappear over the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK

The words, "One Month Later", appear and dissolve.

FADE IN:

INT. ADMIRAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The white-haired officer has his feet up as he talks on the phone. His den is filled with expensive European art and elegant furniture.

ADMIRAL

Yeah, I know. Well, even though those monkeys survived, I try to look on the bright side. I've been on TV, got my name in the paper.

I might even get another Admiral's star to go with my other two. (Pause) Sure, sure. If I had my way, I'd rather have all three dead. They are nothing but an embarrassment.

A commotion is heard in the patio area. The Admiral stands up and peers over. He picks up a large, sharp letter opener. Dog sounds and scratching is heard. He puts down the letter opener and picks up the phone.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

I've got to go now. That stupid dog of mine is acting up. (Pause) Alright, see you later.

The Admiral hangs up the phone and walks over to the sliding doors that lead to the patio. He looks around. A fancy door that leads to the backyard pool shows very deep claw marks. The Admiral's face explodes with anger.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

DIABLO!!! You fucking mongrel. Oh, your ass is mine, hound.

The Admiral rolls up a magazine and goes through the sliding doors. He reaches around the wall to turn on the outside light. He flicks the switch several times, but no light comes on.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

The Admiral curls his lip in rage as he goes over to the old wooden, mission-style door. He runs his fingers over the deep, gouged out claw marks that are now prominent on its surface. He barks out the dog's name again.

ADMIRAL

DIABLO!! You godamm canine cocksucker! You know how hard it was to steal that door from that church in Panama? You'll pay dearly my friend.

(Pause) Where are you?

A black Doberman with sad eyes slinks out from underneath some lawn furniture. As soon as he looks up, he is whacked across the nose with the rolled up magazine. The dog whimpers. Three more whacks crush into its face.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

You stupid ass dog. I ought to beat you to death right now. If you ever do that again, I'll kill you!

The Admiral winds up and kicks the dog in the hindquarters with all of his strength. The dog cries and whimpers loudly. It runs back underneath the lawn furniture. Suddenly, the dog is silent.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)

You faggot dog. I should have bought a poodle. Come out here and take your whipping like a man.

Instead of whimpering, the doberman growls loudly as he exits from his hideaway this time. His eyes are glossed over, the hair on his back stands up, and he bares his teeth. Big teeth. The Admiral backs up.

ZACK

(O.S.)

You're right. You should have bought a poodle, ha ha ha.

ADMIRAL

WHAT? WHAT? Who was that?

While keeping one eye on the dog, the Admiral looks around the patio. He sees nothing. The dog prepares to spring at him. Fear overcomes his face.

ZACK

The last person to see you alive.

Zack is hanging upside down from the roof of the patio. His fangs sparkle in the moonlight as he grins at his former boss. The Admiral's mouth moves but no sound comes out. The dog barks loudly. The Admiral jumps.

A wet stain forms down the front of his trousers. A small puddle appears around his ankles. Zack laughs so hard he almost falls off the roof. The C.O.'s once strong voice, now crackles with fear.

ADMIRAL

What do you want from me?

Zack's eyes turn red and start to glow. He smiles. He answers in mock military style.

ZACK
Sir, your last breath, sir.

The doberman's eyes start to glow red like Zack's. Saliva drips from the abused dog's mouth.

ADMIRAL
No! Don't! Por favor!

ZACK
Oh, so now you want to be from the Barrio, yeah Mijo? As we say in the hood, vales madre, bitch!

The muscular doberman jumps on the old hate monger and knocks him to the ground. The sound of screaming and flesh being ripped apart is heard.

Zack makes Jim Carrey-like faces, as he watches the carnage. At certain points he covers his eyes. Soon the screams stop, but the sound of chewing doesn't. Zack gives him a military salute, followed by a Bronx cheer.

INSERT

The magazine that the Admiral used to beat the dog with, lies on the floor. It unravels as blood squirts across it. On the cover is a picture of Zack after being rescued. He comically flexes for the camera.

The caption over the photo reads, "Zack Comes Back with a Vengeance". The sound of Diablo chomping away is heard in the background. More blood splashes on the page until the photo is totally covered in red.

FADE OUT.