

"INSANITY REQUIEM":
PILOT EPISODE

Written by

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Address

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INT. ASYLUM (CONTINUOUS SHOT)

Doctor and Nurse walking down a hallway.

Doctor is carrying a clipboard in his left hand, Nurse has clipboard and pen, shuffling between looking at the clipboard and Doctor.

DOCTOR

(serious & annoyed)

I tell you, if there is one thing
I've learned about being a shrink,
it's that patients don't fully
crack; the pieces are there, you
just have to help them put
themselves back together.

They turn left corner, Nurse now behind.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There is no such thing as an
impossible case.

NURSE

Well, then maybe you can solve
this.

DOCTOR

(smugly, snickers)

I have four Ph.Ds in psychology.
(looks at clipboard)
I can tell you one thing: this is
nowhere near impossible. He's been
here for two years.

He gives the clipboard to Nurse, both of them stop.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

TWO years. That's barely even
close to terrible. If I'm called
in...

(continues walking)

That means you people are
incompetent.

NURSE

(frantic)

Sir, you've never met him before.

DOCTOR

(laughs)

I don't need to...

Doctor hits his foot on a laundry cart, and grabs his leg.
Nurse and others watch.

NURSE
Sir, are you all right?

DOCTOR
(angry, pointing at cart)
Who left this cart here!?

LOOKING INTO CART

DICKSON pops out of cart, holding a colorful tank-top.

DICKSON
I think this needs more starch. It
doesn't feel right.

DOCTOR
What the-

DICKSON
(looks at a watch)
Well, I hate to run...
(pulls out what looks like
a flare)
But I have a flight to catch.

Every backs away. Dickson lights flare.

REAR OF CART

Fire comes out of rear. The cart begins to move down the
hall. Dickson begins to start singing "Finiculi, Finicula".

The cart crashes through wall, falling, Dickson still
singing. Seconds pass, it lands in ocean.

OUTSIDE HOLE IN ASYLUM

Doctor and Nurse look out the hole.

CART IN OCEAN

Fire still comes out, the cart begins to move like a motor
boat, Dickson still singing.

HOLE SHOT

Nurse and Doctor baffly watching.

DOCTOR
 (dumbfounded)
 Nurse... Can I see the staffs
 credentials?
 (pause)
 I think I'm in over my head.

Wide view of cart still going & Dickson still singing.

FADE TO BLACK.

Title sequence

FADE IN:

INT. NEWS CHIEF'S OFFICE

Close-up News Paper

CHIEF (O.S.)
 "Crash Course Escape"

News paper moves, News Chief and DAISY DALES, red-hair, 80's style hair, tennis shoes, tucked in shirt & blue jeans.

Office has multiple plaques with news articles, file cabinets behind desk, one chair.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
 (reading newspaper)
 "Mental Hospital patient escapes by
 Jerry-rigging a laundry cart to
 plow through wall and act as a
 motor boat."
 (sits down behind desk)
 "Saint Peter's Hospital, located on
 the shores of Washington state,
 claims to have had no idea of such
 action."
 (stops reading)

DAISY
 (concerned)
 You didn't finish reading.

CHIEF
 Oh, yes I am. Daisy, many
 reporters go into the field and try
 their best to find a story. You're
 trying your best...
 (MORE)

CHIEF (CONT'D)

(puts newspaper away)
Which isn't good enough to get you
on the pages of a newspaper in the
middle of nowhere.

DAISY

Are you saying my work is garbage?

CHIEF

I'm saying you are at you're best,
(sterner tone)
Which is terrible for most in the
field.

DAISY

Chief, if you just wait for me to
get more information-

CHIEF

(interrupts, gets up)
You been a reporter for three years
and you haven't even written
something a child would even look
at! I don't know why I keep you
around! I should just fire you
right now!

DAISY

(calm, depressed)
Chief, just give me one more
chance.

Pause. Chief crosses his arms, look intently at Daisy.

CHIEF

You're barely holding on right now.
(slowly sits down)
If I give you one last chance, you
won't last long. I may be you
chief, but others have a final say
besides me. You can go out right
now and chase a story... but don't
expect the door to be open for you.
One last payment. Choose where
you're last destination is, 'cause
it maybe the last decision you
make.

DAISY

Okay. If this is my last job, then
I'd like to go west.

SMALL TOWN IN CALIFORNIA OUTSKIRTS - DAY

"Funiculi, Funicula" plays

Close-in on a moving beetle with Dickson on top, drinking a can, with headphones on, wearing a hoody and shorts

Car hits a bump, Dickson rolls off the back of the beetle.

BEHIND BEETLE

Dickson falls off camera. Pause. He gets up, headphones off, unphased, and sips his can. He gets up fully and walks away.

FOUR-WAY INTERSECTION

Low car drives in. The car turns left, parks on roadside.

Daisy gets out, different clothes but same style, walks into a small store.

INT. GROCERY STORE

Local grocery store with only one check-out counter, fruit and veggies on display tables.

Daisy heads to an stand of oranges. She starts to smell them standing straight, Cashier is watching her. She gets closer and deeply inhales. Cashier, confused, gets from behind the counter and walks to her.

CASHIER

Excuse me...

Daisy looks up and gets up.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Are you okay, miss?

DAISY

Oh, sorry. I just really love oranges. How much?

INT. HARDWARE STORE

Shelves lined with tools. Employee walks down the aisle to Dickson, squatting down looking at the tools.

H.W. EMPLOYEE

Can I help you?

DICKSON
 (looking at Employee,
 still squatting)
 Ah, yes. Do you have an bagels?

H.W. EMPLOYEE
 (confused)
 Bagels?

DICKSON (TO EMPLOYEE)
 I don't like donuts. They make me
 see everything like a kaleidoscope.

H.W. EMPLOYEE
 Sir, this is a hardware store.

DICKSON
 Ah! No wonder I didn't find
 anything edible. I need to find a
 soft-bakery.
 (at Employee, grinning)
 Well, at least I know where to find
 a crash-proof suit.
 (gets up with a jump)
 Thank you. Here's a sucker.

Dickson puts the sucker in the Employee's hand, pats his
 head, then walks off.

Employee turns around, entirely dumbfounded.

H.W. EMPLOYEE
 (completely confused)
 Bagels...?

INT. GROCERY STORE

Cashier is checking out five bags of oranges, Daisy is
 waiting and taking notes of what he says

CASHIER
 So far, I haven't seen anybody that
 crazy before. In this town,
 everybody knows everybody. The
 closer person I can think of Carlos
 Vellelobos, but he's only crazy
 after a couple of you-know-whats.

Daisy look up, distressed, and stops writing.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
 Drinks, ma'am, drinks.
 (Daisy is reassured)
 (MORE)

CASHIER (CONT'D)

He's the local drinker. Only on Friday nights, though.

DAISY (TO CASHIER)

Has he ever been to a mental hospital?

CASHIER

No, he's not that crazy. Not to sound rude, but you would definitely be the craziest person in town if you lived here. No one buys this many oranges around here.

DAISY

(getting purse)

Can't help it. I could a hundred a day and still never get sick of them.

CASHIER

That'll be \$23.18.

Daisy pays and plucks the oranges from the counter.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Do you need some help?

DAISY

I'll be fine.

All bags in both hands, she leaves.

CASHIER

Hey.

(Daisy, near door, turns)

If you need some help, you might try to find the 8th Requiem.

DAISY

The 8th what...?

CASHIER

The 8th Requiem. They're a group of hired mercenaries who are known around here. This is kind-of their hometown. If you hang around town enough, you'll find them.

DAISY

Thanks for the advice.

(leaves)

CASHIER
 If they are alive now.
 (expression of grief)

OPEN FIELD- DAY

Car chase with a jeep in front, followed by three cars. In jeep is DIEGO "CHICO" VASQUEZ - Mixed Mexican, black sleeveless shirt, long black pants, thick hair -, ROBERTS "SLATE" BRICKSER - White, short hair, black leather jacket, no shirt, shorts - driving, and BOBBY "B-BOMB" MAIKS - Black, short hair, blue jacket, red shirt, shorts - gunning, aiming for tires. All in early twenties.

CLOSE-UP OF CAR GUNNER

Shooting at B-Bomb.

B-BOMB, BODY SHOT

Bullet ricochets off gun, B-Bomb drops it, yelps.

CHICO (TO B-BOMB)
 You alright?

B-BOMB
 Yeah, it's nothing.

Gun shots still coming, B-Bomb gets down.

SLATE
 I'd feel a lot better if we were
 armed.

More gun shots coming.

FROM CHASING CARS

Jeep in swerving violently, gun shots still going on.

CLOSE-UP OF CAR GAS LINE

In tact, gun shot followed by ricochet, hole appears, gas leaks out.

WINDOW SHOT OF SLATE

Slate looks at gauges.

SLATE (CONT'D)

Uh-oh, guys.

(everyone looks at him)

We need to bail, now.

SHOT OF CHICO

Chico reaches behind him and grabs a grenade.

CHICO

Not without losing these guys.

Count of three.

Everyone prepares.

CHICO (CONT'D)

1..

(pulls pin)

3!

Slate slams on brakes, jeep skids and turns perpendicular to other cars.

All bail out. Chico leaves grenade in jeep, and the group runs away.

Jeep ignites, cars are distracted by the explosion. They all come to a stop.

WINDOW SHOT OF ONE OF THE CARS.

Two men inside look at the burning jeep.

PASSENEGR

Let's go. No point in chasing them now.

DRIVER

Saying they are dead?

PASSENEGR

No point in chasing rabbits down a hole.

Driver shifts gears.

PASSENEGR (CONT'D)

Besides, they didn't see anything.

The car backs up and turns around. All the other cars do the same and drive off.

FURTHER DOWN FIELD

Chico, Slate, and B-Bomb walk down a path.

B-BOMB

Great. I had two more payments on that.

SLATE

Relax, you didn't need to pay.

B-BOMB

Wait, you stole that!?

CHICO

Guys, let's focus on the job first.

Everyone calms down.

CHICO (CONT'D)

Let's head back to town and think of another plan.

B-BOMB

Maybe we can get some new wheels while we're at it.

MR. FENRAI'S OFFICE- DAY

MR. FENRAI, 40's, collared shirt, nice pants, sitting at cord phone.

His office is basic; window in background, plant in front of window.

MR. FENRAI

And you are sure they are gone?

PASSENGER (ON PHONE)

They fled, sir.

MR. FENRAI

(beat)

They what?

PASSENEGR (ON PHONE)

Fled, left, vamoosed.

MR. FENRAI

You and I have two different definitions of the word "gone". NOW I WANT YOU TO MAKE SURE THEY WANT COME BACK AGAIN, OR ELSE...!

Mr. Fenrai slams the phone down on receiver, gets in an annoyed position.

WIDE SHOT

Book shelf with awards, a smoking man on a desk with his right leg dangling, a man polishing his revolver, and a doorway on the left side of screen.

SMOKER

You're taking this like we're robbin' Fort Knox.

MR. FENRAI

We may not be, but I bet you've never earned 2 million in your life, have you?

GUNNER

(looks up towards Fenrai)
I've made more before... But a job is still a job. As long as we get paid, we could be painting kids faces at carnivals for all I care.

The gunner puts rag in pocket and inspects revolver.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

Who cares if a bunch of kids are loose?

MR. FENRAI

(gets up)
Colston, you don't understand.
(beat)
THESE KIDS are known in this town! They're mercenaries like you, except they don't do illegal activities.

GUNNER

This is a petty crime.

MR. FENRAI

Petty crime? PETTY CRIME!?
(screaming continues)
We're not just holding a ten-year-old girl and asking a middle-class family to pay three arms and two legs a body, we're holding a the daughter of a multi-million dollar Silicon Valley company his pocket change.

SMOKER

Three arms? What, are we robbing monkeys?

GUNNER

Charles, I have heard of this team before,

(to Mr. Fenrai)

And they have a terrible track record.

Smoker puts out cigarette.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

Their failures outnumber their successes at least 23 to 0, and before you say my math is impossible,

(chuckles)

Well, that's how easy this job is.

Smoker pulls out his lighter & a pack of cigarettes.

GUNNER (CONT'D)

Having fun there, are we?

Smoker stops his actions.

SMOKER

Hey, it helps me relax.

GUNNER

(approaches Smoker)

And your relaxing too early. Stress while working is one of the things that make the victory of a task worth. Save those for when you can best enjoy them.

(turns to Mr. Fenrai)

Not much to worry about now, right sir?

MR. FENRAI

When this over,

(beat)

We'll be smoking the best after this passes by.

OUTSIDE, OPEN-AIR STAND- DAY

Daisy, with a purse, is talking to an elderly shop owner who is rambling about her late husband's attempt to fix their car on vacation. Daisy is trying to ask her something.

DAISY

Ma'am!

(shop owner stops)
Can you answer my question?

Shop owner looks at her, blankly confused.

SHOP OWNER

What question?

DAISY

About the 8th Requiem.

Pause.

SHOP OWNER

(surprised)
Aw, little lady, are you new in town?

Daisy is annoyed, but not showing.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

I'd be more than happy to answer any of your questions?

DAISY

Actually-

SHOP OWNER

Hey, you kids!

KIDS PLAYING IN THE ROAD

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

Get out of the road! How many times do I have to tell you that!

The kids get out of road

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

Go on. Find somewhere safer to play.

(to herself)

Think because my memory's failing doesn't mean I forgot about it. I might call their parents later.

(beat)

Aw, little lady, are you new in town? I'd be more than happy to answer any of your questions?

DAISY
 (interrupts)
 Ah, no! No, no thank you, I'm good.

Daisy jogs away

SHOP OWNER
 (displeased grunt)
 What's she in a hurry for?

SIDEWALK

ZOOMING OUT

Daisy, walking, pulls an orange out of her purse, starts eating it. Coins going into a machine are heard.

INTO SHOT

B-Bomb is at a vending machine. He presses a button, nothing happens. He starts to hit the machine in frustration. Daisy stops next to him.

DAISY
 Something wrong?

B-BOMB
 (annoyed)
 Yeah, my life. First, our wheels are blown, and now this machine ate my money.

Daisy walks up to machine, kicks it in a pattern; right side, left side, twice in front. Sounds come from it, bottle it dispensed. B-Bomb reaches down, pulls a soda bottle out, and comes up.

B-BOMB (CONT'D)
 Hey thanks.

DAISY
 No problem. Daisy, Daisy Dales.

B-BOMB
 Bobby Maiks. Call me B-Bomb.

DAISY
 Nice nickname.

Both walk away from machine

B-BOMB

So tell me, what's a girl like you doing in this dump? Lost your jewelry in the trash and thought it ended up here?

DAISY

No. I'm a reporter.

B-BOMB

Reporter? You got a Lois Lane persona, cuz most people would drive through and not notice,

B-Bomb turns to Daisy and stops.

B-BOMB (CONT'D)

Or is a disease only reporters get?

DAISY

Hmm, aren't we something?

She realizes her orange is finished, reaches into purse and grabs an orange.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Want one?

B-BOMB

(slightly disgusted)

Not with what I'm drinking right now.

Daisy puts the orange back.

B-BOMB (CONT'D)

So what's the story?

(continues walking)

DAISY

I'm looking for an escaped mental patient,

(beat)

And fast. My editor is threatening to fire me if I don't get this story.

B-BOMB

Not the beach, but you could find a job here if you try.

Daisy has a disappointed expression.

B-BOMB (CONT'D)
 Listen, I think I can help you. My
 friends and I know this town. We
 could help you search, if you want.

DAISY
 Oh,
 (hugs B-Bomb)
 Thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou!
 (realizes)
 Oh, sorry!

B-BOMB
 It's all right. I know how you
 feel.
 (walking)
 Come on, I'm sure that the guys
 will help.

Daisy sees that she ate her orange, searches around, finds a
 plant, throws peel at it, pulls out another orange, and
 starts to peel it while walking off.

BEHIND AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, LEFT SIDE

B-Bomb followed by Daisy, not eating an orange, walk from
 behind the building towards camera, along the wall.

B-BOMB
 A'right.
 (pan to show entrance)
 Now,

Both stop and B-Bomb turns to Daisy

B-BOMB (CONT'D)
 The powers out. Now your not scared
 of the dark, are ya?

DAISY
 (snappy)
 Do I look like a kid to you?

B-BOMB
 (turns)
 Just warnin' ya.

B-Bomb opens the entrance and leads Daisy in

B-BOMB (CONT'D)
 Watch your step.

DAISY

Always wanted to see my feet in the dark.

Entrance closes.

Inside, pitch black.

DAISY (CONT'D)

So, where are your friends?

(no responds)

B-Bomb?

(shocked)

What the-

Sounds of a struggle, Daisy, B-Bomb, Chico, and Slate's voices are heard, along with a wooden chair being moved.

Chair is placed.

DAISY (CONT'D)

(panicing)

WHAT'S GOING ON!?

Mayhem settles.

SLATE

(subtle-psychotic tone)

If you stay in your seat, we won't tie you up. Okay? (short pause)

DAISY

Can you do it anyway? I want to make sure I'm still here.

Sounds of ropes being used. Silence.

Spotlight on Daisy, tied up in a wooden chair, purse next to her.

FROM BEHIND DAISY

Spotlight, faint silhouette of Chico next to light.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Well, at least you didn't squeeze my bag.

CHICO

I'm going ask you three things; name, home, reason.

DAISY
 (slowly comprehending)
 Okay.
 (serious, professional)
 My name is Daisy Dales, I'm from
 Florida, I'm a reporter who's
 tracking down a story
 (unsettled)
 Because it could mean the end of
 her career!
 (catches breath)

LOOKING AT SPOTLIGHT

Lights come on, spotlight turns off. Right to Left: Chico is standing with arms cross; Slate leaning against spotlight opposite of Chico; B-Bomb is sitting in a chair, leaning on his legs.

SLATE
 Hi.

Daisy looks at them, trying to figure out what is going on.

B-BOMB
 Well... What you say, boss?

CHICO
 She can trusted.

B-Bomb starts to get up, Slate stops him.

SLATE
 Don't get buddy.

Slate gets off spotlight, walks toward Daisy.

SLATE (CONT'D)
 I got this.

Slate goes behind Daisy, who watches, and starts to untie the ropes.

DAISY
 Just be careful.

SLATE
 (sarcastic)
 Careful?

In one move, the ropes fall off. Daisy is surprised.

SLATE (CONT'D)

Be anymore careful, I would have snapped my fingers.

(lowers next to her left,
flurting)

If your this easy to catch, you want to go out sometime soon?

DAISY

(sassy)

How do you know I'm single?

SLATE

(retracting, moving away)

Maybe I should know better before asking.

DAISY

You should.

Slate walks back to spotlight.

CHICO

Don't mind him. He hasn't had a steady girl in years.

SLATE

(playing with Chico)

When was your last girl?

(small laugh, walks off)

Chico walks up to Daisy.

CHICO

Name's Diego. I'm called Chico.

Daisy tries to hide a laugh.

CHICO (CONT'D)

(sternly)

I'm serious.

DAISY

(laughing)

I'm sorry.

CHICO

(serious)

It was my papa's nickname for me.

(turns to Slate)

That's Slate over there.

Slate is next to the only table in the building, which has some cups, tools, a phone, other knickknacks, and a picture of the kidnapped daughter, MARY - 10-years-old, long hair, nice dress.

CHICO (CONT'D)

And you've already met B-Bomb.
 (messing with her)
 Just to let you know, he's the only one you can't hit on.

B-BOMB

(annoyed)
 Hey, I don't tell people about your personal life.

DAISY

Relax. I'm not here for a date.
 (more serious)
 I'm looking to scoop this story so I can keep my job.

Slate is getting three cups of coffee.

DAISY (CONT'D)

He escaped from Oceanview Psychiatric Hospital in Washington about a week ago.

B-BOMB

Washington? That's a long way to travel in a week.

DAISY

State, if you must know.

SLATE

Oceanview, as in the Pacific.
 (bringing three cups to Chico and Daisy)
 You would have to be crazy to swim in Washington in the Fall.
 (hands cup to Chico, who accepts, gestures to Daisy)
 Want some coffee.

DAISY

No thanks.

SLATE

Great.
 (walks away, to B-Bomb)
 (MORE)

SLATE (CONT'D)

And I know you already have a drink.

CHICO

So you want us to find this guy who miraculously swam the Pacific and could have possibly ended up here.

(sips)

Sorry, sweetheart. We already have enough on our plate as it is.

(drinks some more)

Are sure you don't want anything? I mean, we did pretend to kidnap you.

DAISY

(getting up)

No thank you. Besides, you guys don't have much, anyways.

(all show different reactions to her statement, Daisy notices picture, walks toward, picks it up)

She's cute. Is she someone's sister?

SLATE

(behind Daisy, grabs picture)

That is our current job.

CHICO

She was kidnapped a week ago. Three days later, a ransom of \$2 million was sent. We were hire for only 1% of that much.

SLATE

So, as much we would like to help you, we do not handle two jobs at once,

(flirting)

Unless it's personal.

B-BOMB

(annoyed)

Give it up. She's not gonna go out with you.

CHICO

If you need help, you know where to find us, but right now, we need to think of a Plan B.

DAISY
 (disappointed)
 Oh, well... I'll just...
 (begins to leave)
 Show myself out then.

Door closes, everyone looks that way.

SLATE
 Now I feel bad.

B-BOMB
 No you don't.

SLATE
 I do. I didn't get her number.

CITY STREETS- DAY

Daisy is walking to her car. Her car is parked backwards on the other side of the road. A ticket is on the window. Daisy rushes over, grabs ticket, reads it. She is irritated and gets into her car.

EXT. WINDOW SHOT

Daisy sits down, puts her hands in her hands, and makes sounds of aggravation.

In backseat, Dickson slowly leans up and yawns. Daisy hears it, looks back nervously. She sees Dickson, and starts to scream. Dickson starts a second later.

The two stop. Dickson smiles crazily.

DICKSON
 (happily)
 That was a good scream-off.
 (insane tone)
 I'll have to do better next time.

DAISY
 (flustered)
 Who are you?

DICKSON
 (violently brings up an
 orange)
 I'm an orange tree.
 (MORE)

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 (short scream, drops
 orange, looks at car
 floor)
 Jerry, stop that.

Daisy looks at the floor, there is nothing, Dickson is still complaining to his imaginary dog.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 Sorry about that.
 (whispering)
 He's not housed trained yet.

DAISY
 Did you come from Oceanview
 Psychiatric?

DICKSON
 Ah, yes, that was a good hotel. I
 would recommend it. I remember this
 one lady who always wanted to hit
 on me, and with different things
 each day; bat, glove, bowl, photos
 of her ex, even herself one time.
 (pause, to Daisy)
 She was very nice.

Daisy is staring at him, trying to figure him out.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 Hey, you all right?
 (sing-song)
 Well, when life gets you down...

Dickson sings something random while slowly getting out of her car on the right side.

OUTSIDE CAR, ROAD

Dickson is in the road, looking at Daisy.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 I hope to meet you again.

Truck is coming up the road and it hits Dickson. Daisy is surprised. Dickson is laying flat on the road, feet to the truck. He raises both his arms and has two thumbs up.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 Brakes work fine.
 (crab walks off)

Daisy skitters to find some change. She gets out of her car.

PAY PHONE

Daisy dashes to the phone. She frantically uses it and impatiently waits for an answer.

CHIEF (ON PHONE)

Hello?

DAISY

(energetic, enthusiastic)
Chief, it's me, Daisy. I found the
guy. He's in a small town in
California. He was just in my car.
I need you to send a cameraman.

CHIEF (ON PHONE)

Ms. Dales, I sorry that you are
overly excited about this,
(Daisy's face begins to
get worried)
But I'm afraid I have to tell you
'You're fired'.

DAISY

(shocked, calm)
What?

CHIEF (ON PHONE)

The board looked it over and saw
that you had not made a story since
you have been here. I know I gave
you a last chance, but I did tell
you you might not even make it. I
know you have a press pass, so if
you return it, you can get your
last pay check before you fully
pack out.

DAISY

(nearly somber)
So-so that's it?

CHIEF (ON PHONE)

I'm letting you off easy, kid, and
for the record, do not use me as a
reference on your resume. Good-bye.
(phone cuts)

Daisy is still holding the phone, lowering it depressingly
slow with a sad, shocked expression.

She is motionless and does not know what to do. After a while, she starts tearing up.

INT. TRASH CAN - DAY

Dickson opens the can and looks in it.

OUTSIDE CAN

Dickson, still holding the lid above him and looking in the can.

DICKSON
NUTMEG! (can change)

INT. 8TH REQUIEM'S SHED

Chico is pacing about, Slate is leaning against a wall with his cup, B-Bomb is getting up.

SLATE
You know, I feel bad for her. She looked like she needed help.

B-BOMB
(playing with Slate)
You just wanted her number.

SLATE
(prideful)
You know me too well, mi amigo.

Chico stops pacing, gets serious.

CHICO
(in Spanish)
Hey, if guys are busy talking about girls that you can't get, why not think for a bit?

SLATE
What?

B-BOMB
(tired, annoyed)
Stop chasing fantasy and put your mind in the right gear.

CHICO

Mr. Sans is not going to pay us if we don't get his daughter back and we've already screwed up.

SLATE

Not yet, we have.

B-BOMB

What do you mean?

SLATE

(stops leaning)

What I am saying is we have not failed nor have we move forward. We only ran into those guys. Did we find any leads, where is, who has her?

(pause)

Exactly. Instead, we learned something.

B-BOMB

(rudely interrupts)

And that is...

SLATE

Someone desperate enough to hire guys like that has kidnapped her, and who is the most desperate person around right now?

Pause to think.

SLATE (CONT'D)

Derrick Fenrai.

B-BOMB

Didn't that guy try to get a loan just before the kidnapping?

SLATE

Exactly.

CHICO

But that's still a hunch. And besides, why would he hire men if he wants \$2 million?

SLATE

I did not say he was reasonable. Here's what I'm thinking...

(sips his coffee)

(MORE)

SLATE (CONT'D)

Derrick Fenrai is the owner of an oil firm in El Paso who happened to find oil here; however, his last investment went horribly. Too many loans, not paying enough; he has a motive.

B-BOMB

But where would he keep her?

CHICO

It's a start, but-

Phone rings. Chico goes to answer it.

Hello.

(pause, submissive tone)

Mr. Sans. I didn't expect you to call.

MR. SANS' OFFICE

Humble office with a desk, four chairs, a plant, folder cabinets around.

MR. SAN

I'm a concerned father. Have you found her yet?

8TH REQUIEM'S BUILDING

CHICO

(nervous, stuttering a bit)

Well, sir, we have not found her yet, but we have a lead that we will go with.

MR. SAN (ON PHONE)

You're not evoking confidence.

Chico, off-screen, is discussing with Mr Sans. B-Bomb walks over to Slate.

B-BOMB

Do you really think your hunch is right?

SLATE

I heard that he is somewhere in the area and I did some digging.

B-BOMB

I hope your right.

SLATE

When haven't I been?

CHICO (O.S.)

I tell you, sir.

(in shot, confident)

We will get your daughter back, I promise you.

Pause

MR. SAN

All right. I trust that you will. If you find her within ten days, I might consider a raise in pay.

CHICO

We'll do our job, sir.

MR. SAN

I hope so... for her sake. Good day.

Phone hung up, Chico gets serious and starts to get authoritative.

CHICO

Right. Slate, can you confirm any of your theories?

SLATE

I have heard from a buddy of mine about most of it and job offers around, but as far as hard-core facts-

Chico walks past them to the exit.

CHICO

(in a hurry)

That will work. Come on, let's go.

Slate and B-Bomb start to leave.

BENCH -DAY

Daisy is laying on a bench, with an orange in her hands, on her chest, depressed. She looks off and something catches her eyes.

BUILDING SIDE

Two men walk in suspiciously.

Daisy puzzly gets up, curiously heads to the door. She tries to open it, but it is locked, rummages through her purse, finds a hair pin, and tries to pick to the lock.

MAN 1 (O.S.)
I suggest you use a key.

Daisy jumps and is grabbed by two men. They take her away.

TRASH CAN IN VIEW

As they walk pass, Dickson rises and peers out of the closed can.

BLACK CAR

The men shoved Daisy in the car and drive off.

DICKSON
(dark)
This is not good. Agent 7 won't
like this.
(eats a banana)

INT. GARAGE

Garage door opens and the car rolls in. Everyone gets out, with the passenger side driver taking Daisy out forcefully.

DAISY
(angry)
Let me go. I'm with the press. I
could report this.
(one of them goes through
her purse)
Hey. Have you no respect for a
lady?

Man pulls out camera.

MAN 2

Oooh, nice camera.

He starts taking random pictures.

DAISY

(angry)

Hey, stop. You're wasting the film.

Daisy is struggling. The man is leading her into a closet.

INT. CLOSET

Daisy is thrown in and the door is closed behind her. On the side of the closet, Mary is on the floor.

DAISY (CONT'D)

(banging on door)

Hey. Let me out. I'm a member of the press. I can report you for this. Hey.

MARY

It's no use. They won't listen.

Daisy turns around.

DAISY

Is your name Mary?

MARY

(uncertain)

How do you know that?

Daisy gets next to her.

DAISY

I saw your picture. A group called the 8th Requiem is looking for you.

(pulls out an orange)

Want one?

Mary gleefully accepts.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Your father hired them to look for you. They haven't had much luck so far, but I know them and if I can get out of here, I promise you, we will get you back to your father. You trust me, right?

MARY

You gave me an orange. It's a lot better than what they have given me. How are you going to get out of here?

DAISY

(beat)
Good point.

OUTSIDE - DAY

Dickson is sitting crisscross on the ground.

DICKSON

(country accent)
You ain't got nothing, I tell you, nothing.

Dickson raises a hand of cards and the view pans to show he is playing Go-Fish with a power pole.

DICKSON (CONT'D)

I know ya cheaten.

DOWN THE ROAD

The 8th Requiem is walking down the street.

SLATE

So I checked with my buddy and he said that he has heard of jobs offer for Fenrai's company, but as far as him being here, I got nothing.

B-BOMB

So we're back to square one.

CHICO

For now.

They stop and notice Dickson playing cards with the pole. Curious, they approach unsure.

CHICO (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay?

DICKSON (TO THE TEAM)

(intently)
What does it look like? I'm losing.
(MORE)

DICKSON (TO THE TEAM) (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I think he's cheating.

B-BOMB
 (unsettled)
 You don't think this is the story
 that Daisy girl is chasing, do you?

DICKSON
 Daisy? Orange Girl.

SLATE
 Yeah, that's her.

DICKSON
 (calmly, to cards)
 Oh, she was kidnapped an hour ago?

The 8th Requiem is surprised.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 (intense)
 Ah!

He picks up one of the cards the pole is "holding".

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 I knew you were cheating.

CHICO
 Can you tell us where she is?

Dickson throws his cards and gets close to Chico's ear.

DICKSON
 (whispering)
 Not here. The government is after
 her and you know they have spies
 everywhere. Do you know where a
 person can find some cottage cheese
 around here?

They are all confused by what Dickson said.

FENRAI'S OFFICE

Fenrai is furious over what he has heard.

MR. FENRAI
 A reporter? Do you realize what you
 have done?

GUNNER

Yes, we have Lois Lane.

MR. FENRAI

Oh ha-ha. Now we have to wait for Superman to come and save her. How dumb are you all?

SMOKER

So we are waiting for a man to come flying in and crash the roof off. Oh, wait. They don't exist.

MAN 1

Relax. She's locked up in the closet with the girl. There is no way in which they can escape.

INT. REQUIEM'S GARAGE

Dickson is sitting on the spotlight trying to cross wires.

CHICO

So you saw what happened to her?

DICKSON

Now why should I cut her up? She a nice so to no why say now by.

B-BOMB

Is this guy serious?

SLATE

Don't you remember what she said? She was following a runaway crazy guy and this is him.

Dickson falls off the spotlight with his legs above him.

DICKSON

(excited)

Yeah. I am defying gravity. Nothing shall hold me now. To nature.

Chico crouches down next to Dickson.

CHICO

Hey, can you tell me what happened to her? We think she may be in danger.

DICKSON

Dun-Dun-Dun.

Dickson gets back on his feet energetically.

DICKSON (CONT'D)

So I was eaten by a trash can with a good selection, and as I was spying through the crevice of the ravine, the fair lady of the derby was arrested by tax collectors and taken to Ritchie's Lair. The evil one left, but she vanished into the water.

B-BOMB

(annoyed)

Is this guy serious?

(to Dickson)

What did you even say?

Dickson starts a Native American battle cry and goes on to spinning in circles.

B-BOMB (CONT'D)

Great. We are following a nutcase. Where is the number of that hotline?

B-Bomb scrummages through the junk on the table.

CHICO (O.C.)

Hold up B-Bomb.

Chico walks over to Dickson and stops his spinning.

CHICO (CONT'D)

Let me see if I got this; Daisy was captured and taken to someplace named Ritchie's.

DICKSON

(gameshow host)

Congratulations. You have just solved the grand puzzle.

SLATE

You understood that?

CHICO

You just got to think like the person in order to understand him.

B-BOMB
 If you understood that, you are
 just as crazy as he is. That's
 scary.

CHICO (TO DICKSON)
 Hey, dude.

Dickson walks over, hunched and walking like his legs have
 been disconnected.

DICKSON
 Yes, master.

CHICO
 Do you think you can help us rescue
 Daisy and Mary..

SLATE
 Before we are on the menu?

DICKSON
 (over expressive)
 She's dead.

Dickson falls on straight onto the ground.

DICKSON (CONT'D)
 (dying)
 Hang on, I'm coming. Hold on OG.
 I'm sorry if I called you my
 grandpa, but that's not important.
 I'm bringing the boat. We can get
 off this mountain.

Part-way through, Dickson fades out a bit and B-Bomb is being
 focused on.

B-BOMB
 This guy is crazy. We must be
 depressive.

CLOSET

Daisy and Mary are talking. Mary has already finished here
 orange.

DAISY
 You know, your dad must really love
 you if he paid some people to find
 you?

MARY

He's actually very caring. I know he is the owner of a major company, but he makes time. Last month, we went to Rome for my birthday.

DAISY

I wish I knew you before now. I would have gotten you something nice. Well as nice as someone like me can for a rich girl like you.

MARY

Are you a reporter?

DAISY

I was. I got fired a few hours ago, and on the phone at that. Then again, he did warn me.

MARY

What are you going to do now?

DAISY

For starts, get both of us out of here and get you home. After that, I do not know.

8TH REQUIEM'S GARAGE

Chico is getting everybody ready. Dickson is squatting on the ground.

CHICO

All right, let's get everything together. First,
(to Dickson)
Can you tell us what your name is?

DICKSON

(rising)
Why sure?
(flamboyant)
The name's Dickson. D-I-C-S-O-
(singing)
Why did you leave me, Shirley? I didn't mean to hit your cow.

B-BOMB

(annoyed)
Hey, if you want to sing, go on Broadway.

Dickson gets in B-Bomb's face.

DICKSON

When did Broadway get moved to Cali? She didn't call and tell me that.

CHICO

Any who... Now that we know your name, can you please focus and tell us where Daisy was actually taken?

DICKSON

(violent beat)
Right, right. Ah, Ritchie's...
(repeats, mumbling)
Wrenches, no. Fire hydrants, nope.
Medical inpair.

B-BOMB

What?

SLATE

This is a bad idea. Maybe we should wait until we get some wheels-

DICKSON

(rapid)
Wheels. Tires. Axle. Car. Body.
Mechanics. Body Shop. Beep-beep.
Ritchie's Body Shop.

SLATE

That place has been closed down for a while. It's the perfect place to hide her.

B-BOMB

All right, boss, what's the play?

CHICO

Well, actually, I was wondering what our new friend here has in mind.

SLATE

I don't know whether to be interested or concerned. Are you sure crazy is not contagious?

CHICO

This guy broke of a mental facility in Washington.

(MORE)

CHICO (CONT'D)

If he can get here without even a trace, then there must be something working in his mind.

B-BOMB

Hopefully a plan we live through.

CHICO (TO DICKSON)

So you have seen the building right? Got any ideas?

DICKSON

Know where we can find a hot-air balloon?

CLOSET

Daisy pulls out her last orange.

DAISY

Here, take it. I've got plenty more back in my car.

As Mary accepts the fruit, the door opens. The men from earlier start to escort them out.

MAN 1

Okay, kid, you're being moved out. Come on. You too lady.

The men roughly move them out.

INT. GARAGE

More men are in the garage, along with a few cars. The men are moving Daisy and Mary to one of the cars.

MARY

Do you really think my dad would pay you dirty people for holding me/

MAN 2

(sarcastic)

Dirty people, she has a very foul mouth here.

MAN 3

(serious)

Girl, where you are going is a lot better... more pleasant than where your friend is going.

DAISY
 (agitated)
 If you're trying to scare me, it's
 not working.

As they continue to move them, the doors to the garage close
 on their own.

MAN 1
 Somebody get those doors open.

They are next to the cars. Mary is in one while Daisy is
 still being moved to another.

DAISY
 Hey, that's no way to treat a girl-
 Ow. Or a lady.

MAN 1
 If you have not realized, you are
 in no position to argue.

IN AIR, HOT-AIR BALLOON

The 8th Requiem is in a balloon.

SLATE
 Guys, did I mention I hate open-air
 travel?

DICKSON
 (like a pirate)
 Aw, scalawags, ye never taste the
 high airs before, have ye? Well I
 tell ya, it be mighty fine.
 (hysterical laughter)

B-BOMB
 Down below captain.
 (beat)
 Aw great, the loons rubbing off on
 me.

CHICO
 Brace for impact.

Everyone except Dickson ducks.

EXT. GARAGE

The basket rams in the side of the building.

INT. GARAGE

The basket is inside. Everyone is taking cover.

DICKSON

Excuse me? The engine's
overheating. Can you help me check
under the hood?

The side pops off the basket. B-Bomb begins the initial firing of a semi-automatic. The men take cover and begin to fire back.

A rope comes off the side of the basket. Chico leads onto the rope and descends rapidly. He then begins fighting close combat.

Slate takes over for B-Bomb who goes down as well, still firing.

Chico is taking out guy after guy until he gets the one that has Daisy.

CHICO

You okay?

DAISY

Never mind me. Mary is in that car
over there.

CHICO

Guess you are lucky.
(to Slate)
Slate, I got you a new car.

Appreciative, Slate goes down and runs toward to Daisy and Chico. Daisy is leading them to the right car.

B-Bomb is getting heavy fire and is pinned down. Dickson has removed the gas tanks and kicks them off the balloon.

One blows up behind the men, who flinch at the sound. Another comes down and a car blows up this time.

DICKSON

(calm, dissappointed)
Well, that works fine.

Chico, Daisy, and Slate get next to the car Mary is in. They open the doors, with Slate in front, Chico passenger side, and Daisy in the back.

DASIY

You all right?

MARY

Are you the guys my daddy hired?

SLATE

More like the guys who are fired at
if I can't hot wire this.

B-Bomb knocks out a guy and opens the garage doors.

B-BOMB

Let's go.

Slate is still trying to hot wire the car.

DAISY

Any day now.

SLATE

You think this is easy?

Daisy climbs up front, grabs Slate's wires and successfully
hot wires the car.

DAISY

Yes.

CHICO

Let's grab B-Bomb and get out of
here.

SLATE

Everybody hold on.

Slate floors it and the car heads towards B-Bomb who is at
the exit under the balloon. Shots are going off around them.

They get next to B-Bomb, who climbs in the back.

Dickson steps out of the balloon and lands on the roof of the
car.

DICKSON (TO MEN)

Keys are in the ignition. She's all
yours, son.

Car drives away as Dickson laughs during the get away. The
car drives off from the mess in the garage.

INT. CAR

SLATE

That was close.

CHICO

No, that was a picnic by anything we have done.

(to the back)

Mary, nice to meet you. My name is Chico. Your father hired us to find you. Looks like half the job is over.

MARY

I guess you guys are superheroes.

DAISY

How did you find us?

SLATE

Ask the hood ornament.

Dickson hangs his feet in front of them. He knocks on the side window, which is rolled down.

DICKSON

(hand puppet)

Hey, tell the dummy I'm attached to to get a hot spring coupon and a foot massage. I can smell them from up here.

CHICO

Oh, Daisy, I was told that you two have not been properly introduced. Meet Dickson, the 4th member of the team.

Daisy shakes Dickson hand, who makes some gagging noises.

DAISY

Well, I guess this is a nice to meet you.

(beat, retracts hand)

Oh, sorry. Are you all right?

DICKSON

(hand puppet)

Oh, hubba-hubba?

(himself)

Hey, not in front of the kid.

(hand puppet)

Ignore him. Now, how about we go see a movie? I heard this new one playing that hands down the best this year.

Daisy starts giggling.

B-BOMB
I'm going to need a therapist.

Car drives off.

FADE OUT.