

THE DIRTY BLONDE

by

Sven Anarki

(213)543-8313 Svenanarki1967@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FORT POINT - 1945 - NIGHT

Artie Shaw's "NIGHTMARE" plays as fog swirls around the Golden Gate Bridge.

INT. ART DECO OFFICE HALLWAY - WOODEN DOOR - NIGHT

The frosted glass is lit by a light from inside. Etched into the glass are these words:

AUSTIN & CUMMINGS

Private Detectives

Suite 1090

The light goes out as SID CUMMINGS, WHITE, mid-30's, dressed in a grey fedora, grey suit jacket and slacks, a short, red, silk snowflake print tie, and two-tone black and white leather wing tipped shoes exits, locks the door, checks his watch, shakes his head, and hurries away down the darkened hallway.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FOGGY

The bell of a marine buoy rings as Sid storms down a darkened street.

SID (V.O.)
Hell, I don't know my way around
Dogpatch...

Sid checks his watch. He looks around, shaking his head.

SID (V.O.)
12:20. Franklin is gonna go ape.

EXT. ABANDONED VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT - FOGGY

Sid crosses the street and heads towards the back of the house.

He walks slowly up the rotting, wet wooden steps. He turns the doorknob, which comes off in his hand. He kneels down and inspects the pointed ends of nails sticking out of the door. He pushes the doorknob against the nails on the left side of the door; they slide inward with ease. Sid smiles.

SID (V.O.)
Good job, Lena. I could kiss you.

Sid pushes the doorknob against the nails on the right and the sound of a heavy board falling to the floor is heard.

Sid rises and pulls a revolver from his suit jacket, and with difficulty, pushes the door open with his shoulder.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

Sid closes the door and lights a wooden match; a large olive green machine with the letters "SS" and the serial number 001 embossed in the metal, fills the entirety of one wall.

Sid's eyes scan the room back and forth.

SID (V.O.)
No Franklin. No running water. No
Swiss. I don't like this.

The match goes out.

SID (V.O.)
I don't like this at all.

Sid lights another match.

Behind him, THE NIPPON KID, JAPANESE, 35, similarly dressed; taller and muscular, is illuminated. The Nippon Kid grins, raises a fist, and punches Sid in the back of the head, knocking him unconscious.

A THIN, BESPECTACLED MAN, DR. WEINKELLER, 50, SWISS, appears out of the shadows.

THE NIPPON KID
You want me to dispose of the head
and the body? Or just the head.

Dr. Weinkeller removes a silk handkerchief from his jacket and gently pats his nose several times.

DR. WEINKELLER
(German accent)
You know how I despise your
propensity towards violent
exuberance.

Dr. Weinkeller motions towards Sid and then the olive green machine and exits.

THE NIPPON KID
What about the blonde and the
Negro?

DR. WEINKELLER (O.S.)
Get rid of him and then we'll tend
to our friends in the basement.

The Nippon Kid drags Sid next to the olive green machine and then places his limp body in one of the two seats.

NIPPON KID
Better luck next time, pal.

The Nippon Kid raises a lever and the machine loudly rumbles as analog numbers on a lit dial begin quickly turning forward from 1945 and a strange light grows brighter.

NIPPON KID (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Mr. Cummings.

The Nippon Kid exits. The shaking and rumbling of the machine has the unconscious Sid fall out of the seat and onto the floor.

As the analog numbers begin to rapidly pass 2024, sparks shower out of the back the machine. At the very moment Sid suddenly disappears, the machine bursts into flames.

EXT. MINNA STREET - DAY

Sid lays face down at the end of a dirty alley. He slowly stirs, gingerly touching a large bruised bump on his forehead. He reaches for his Fedora hat, rises and squints against the sunlight.

SID (V.O.)
The twenty-six gongs going off in
my head had me figure they weren't
caused by a tap on the noggin by
that milquetoast Dr. Weinkeller,
but rather by a jackbooted slap
from the Nippon Kid.

Sid puts on his fedora and staggers down the alleyway.

SID (V.O.)
I had to get back to the office. I
had to make sure that Franklin was
okay, that Lena wasn't on ice...

As he rounds the corner he stops short, staring in disbelieving wonder.

SID (V.O.)
Where the Hell am I?

EXT. MARKET STREET - PRESENT DAY - AFTERNOON

Sid darts across the street, narrowly dodging cars and a vintage 1940's streetcar, his eyes bordering on terror.

He stops at a bus island and then nervously backs away from a group of BLACK TEENAGERS listening to HIP HOP.

He looks back in confusion as he bumps into two WHITE PUNK ROCKERS sitting on the sidewalk, panhandling.

FEMALE PUNK ROCKER

Excuse me, sir. Got any spare change for beer?

MALE PUNK ROCKER

Hey, at least we're being honest.

Sid flees across the street and down the sidewalk.

A PAIR OF MEN holding hands walk down the sidewalk towards him. As they pass him, they kiss lovingly.

Sid stops-- he slowly, slowly, turns his head back to look at them, and then tries to stop PASSERS-BY; to no avail.

SID

Excuse me, ma'am. Sir? Sir! Hello, I was wondering...

Sid sees a VENDOR in a San Francisco Chronicle newspaper stand. He strides towards the stand, fishing out a quarter.

SID (CONT'D)

Gimme one.

The Vendor grabs a paper and folds it in half.

VENDOR

That'll be a dollar.

SID

A dollar? I wanted a newspaper, not a new Oldsmobile.

Sid gives three more quarters to the vendor, turns away, unfolds the paper and reads the headline:

"RECENT BUDGET CONSTRAINTS HALT PLANNED MANNED MISSION TO MARS."

Sid closes the newspaper and quickly stuffs it in his jacket. He backs into a doorway, pulls out a cigarette and lights it with a wooden match; his unfocused eyes staring at nothing.

SID (V.O.)
 Bitches and hoes, aliens asking
 money for beer and rockets to Mars.
 Either I belong in the booby hatch
 or Orson Welles put one Hell of a
 mickey in my drink.

A WOMAN on a cell phone stops in front of Sid.

WOMAN ON CELL PHONE
 I know I'm supposed to update the
 web page, but my iPad couldn't find
 a Wi-Fi hot spot... Jerry, how can
 I post a tweet if I can't log on?

The woman hangs up the phone, looks at Sid and exits.

WOMAN ON CELL PHONE (CONT'D)
Redonkulous!

SID (V.O.)
 All right, Sidney. One thing is
 clear. Their brains are scrambled,
 but they don't think yours are. So
 just get back to the office, and
 you can sort this all out. Don't
 call attention to yourself. Keep
 cool and blend in.

Sid exits the doorway and crosses the street as the shadow of
 a jet passes over him and the roar of the engine causes him
 to stop and crouch in the middle of the street, eyes closed.

SID
 WHAT IN THE HELL WAS THAT?!

INT. 870 MARKET STREET - FOYER - DAY

Sid stands in an Art Deco lobby looking up at the registry
 board. A SECURITY GUARD passes by.

SID
 Hey Buddy. I'm looking for Franklin
 Austin and Sid Cummings. Private
 Detectives.

SECURITY GUARD
 No office here with that name.

SID
 This is 870 Market?

SECURITY GUARD

Yup. You might want to try the
Geneticists, Frank Austin and
Associates, Suite...

Sid brusquely exits.

SID (O.S.)

1090. Yes, thank you.

EXT. ILLINOIS STREET & 22ND - DAY

Sid comes to a stop underneath the small green Illinois
street sign, removes a note from his pocket and reads it.

NOTE

"Dogpatch. Illinois & 22nd. 12:15
a.m."

He then looks across the street.

EXT. THREE STORY CONDOMINIUM - DAY

A large banner covers the front of the building which reads:
"Grand Opening Move-in Special! Unfurnished Studio Apartments
Starting at Only \$8,000 a Month!"

EXT. DOWNTOWN - PINE STREET - CVS - DAY

Sid comes to a quick stop at the curb and looks around in
barely hidden frustration. An ELDERLY AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN
carrying two plastic shopping bags exits the drug store.

SID

Excuse me, ma'am. Can you help me?

The elderly woman nervously glances up at Sid momentarily,
moves her bags to the opposite hand and continues on her way.

SID (CONT'D)

I'm trying to find Knutsson's
Boardinghouse.

The elderly woman stops and then turns around with the
biggest, warmest smile you've ever seen.

WOMAN WITH SHOPPING BAGS

You mean that great big 'ol
Victorian that had that gorgeous
redwood porch wrapped all the way
around?

SID
 (quietly)
 That's the one...

WOMAN WITH SHOPPING BAGS
 When I was a little girl it made my
 day every time I passed it. Broke
 my heart when they tore it down.

SID
 You mean there's no 605 Pine?

WOMAN WITH SHOPPING BAGS
 Sweetie...

She turns and points at the glass above the CVS' doors.

WOMAN WITH SHOPPING BAGS (CONT'D)
This is 605 Pine Street.

EXT. UNION SQUARE - STANLEY'S STEAMERS HOT DOG STAND - DAY

Sid tries to keep his composure.

HOT DOG VENDOR
 What'll you have?

SID
 Hot dog.

HOT DOG VENDOR
 Nothing else?

SID
 Mustard.

The vendor gives Sid the hot dog and Sid hands him a twenty dollar bill. The vendor takes it, looks at it and then holds it up.

HOT DOG VENDOR
 What is this supposed to be?

SID
 A double sawbuck.

HOT DOG VENDOR
 Dude, that's a real hot dog. In
 exchange, I need real money.

SID
 That's real money.

The vendor reads from the bill.

HOT DOG VENDOR

"Will pay to the bearer on demand"?

A male TOURIST briskly moves closer to the hot dog stand.

TOURIST

What did you just say?

The vendor hands the twenty back and motions for the hot dog.

HOT DOG VENDOR

And why are there red numbers on this?

TOURIST

Red ink? Excuse me, do you mind if I see that? Oh! It's a 1934-A twenty dollar Federal Reserve note! And look at the condition! Is that the only one you have or...

Sid opens his full wallet.

SID

They're all like this.

TOURIST

Oh!!!

The tourist tries to simultaneously close the wallet, put the twenty back in the wallet and put the wallet back in Sid's pants.

TOURIST (CONT'D)

Sir, please. Do not buy hot dogs, or anything else for that matter, with this money. Find a dealer in old coins and sell it. You have quite a lot more money in your wallet than I think you may realize.

INT. COIN DEALER

Sid looks at antique coins and bills behind glass illuminated by tiny lamps as the PROPRIETOR examines each of his bills.

PROPRIETOR

Quite an unusual and varied collection. The condition is quite remarkable. Are you sure you want to sell all of the bills?

SID

How much?

PROPRIETOR

I'd say... thirty seven hundred.

Sid looks up sharply at the proprietor.

SID

I give you this \$329, and you'll
give me 3,700?

PROPRIETOR

It's a fair price.

Sid nods and the proprietor counts off \$100 bills.

Sid picks up a bill and stares at it.

SID

And this is legal tender.

The proprietor takes a counterfeit detector pen and writes a line on a \$100 bill and shrugs his shoulders. Sid looks at the proprietor and then the money with a confused face.

INT. MUNI/BART STATION

Sid heads through the crowd. He stops at the turnstile, noticing there is no slot for his quarter. A WOMAN pushed past him, places a blue card on top of the turnstile; the automatic doors slide open and she enters.

Sid scans the station with squinted eyes and notices a billboard which reads:

CHANGE TO CLIPPER: Your "all in one" transit card.

Sid watches a man insert \$20 into a ticket machine and receive a card. Sid emulates him and walks back to the turnstile. He places his card on top of it and nothing happens. He lifts the card and places it down again.

A COMPUTER GENERATED FEMALE VOICE comes from the turnstile.

COMPUTER GENERATED FEMALE VOICE

Please see agent.

Sid recoils in startled surprise. He cautiously places his card on top of the turnstile again.

COMPUTER GENERATED FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Please see agent.

Sid looks over at the empty metal and glass ticket agent box and then, looking back and forth, hesitantly leans down an inch from the turnstile.

SID
(quietly)
There's no agent.

ANGRY MAN IN LINE
What's the hold up down there?

COMPUTER GENERATED FEMALE VOICE
Please see agent.

SID
There's no agent!

ANGRY MAN IN LINE
Hey buddy, are we gonna get on
train today or *what*?

COMPUTER GENERATED FEMALE VOICE
Please see agent.

Sid punches the turnstile and the door quickly opens.

COMPUTER GENERATED FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Sid storms through the turnstile.

INT. MUNI STATION

A sign on the far wall behind a departing train reads CIVIC CENTER/U.N. PLAZA.

EXT. MUNI ESCALATOR - DUSK

A YOUNG BOY, standing in front of a white banner with a large blue star of David on it and the words BIRTHRIGHT, is selling candy bars.

All the other passengers hurry towards the escalator. Sid stops and stares at the boy.

The boy notices.

BOY
Buy a candy bar to help fund
Birthright, Mister?

Sid slowly walks towards the boy, his eyes narrowing.

SID

Last week when I read in Stars and Stripes about what the Huns had done to you people...

Sid stuffs a \$100 bill into the boy's can.

SID (CONT'D)

I hope you boys get your own land someday, where no one can hurt you like that again.

Sid boards the rising escalator. The boy looks down at his can and then up at Sid.

BOY

It's called Israel.

Sid snaps his fingers, turns and points back down at the boy.

SID

THAT name, would be aces.

EXT. U.N. PLAZA - SUNDOWN

City Hall is framed between tall pillars of cement crowned with lit, round, Art Deco globes of the world.

A one-foot ribbon of grey cement cuts through the red brick of the plaza; chiseled into the cement are these words:

"WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS DETERMINED"

Further along another strip of cement bears these words:

"to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind."

Sid reads these words, places a cigarette in his mouth, lights it with a snap of his fingers on a wooden match, and hands in pants pockets, saunters towards City Hall.

EXT. 870 MARKET STREET - DUSK

Sid stops in front of the Art Deco building and then quickly withdraws to a doorway, placing a matchstick in his mouth.

A tall, thin AFRICAN-AMERICAN man, early 30's, FRANK AUSTIN, exits the building; Sid throws the matchstick to the ground.

SID

Hey buddy. You got a match?

FRANK
I don't smoke.

SID
Nobody... smokes here.

Sid hurries after Frank.

SID (CONT'D)
You're Franklin Austin.

FRANK
Frank. I'm sorry, have we met
before?

SID
My name is Cummings. Sid Cummings.

Frank smiles and lifts his hands.

SID (CONT'D)
I knew your grandfather.

FRANK
(laughing)
My grandfather died in 1945, so I
hardly think...

SID
I knew your father too. But he was
just a little boy.

The smile leaves Frank's face and he comes to an abrupt stop,
pushing Sid against a wall.

FRANK
I don't know what game you're
playing, but I've had a rough
day...

SID
I know the feeling.

FRANK
So if you want money for drugs or
whatever, just take this five bucks
and fuck off, okay? I'm not in the
mood for any song and dance.

SID
I don't need any dough.

FRANK

Good. Then I keep the five bucks
and you fuck off.

Frank abruptly turns and marches down the sidewalk.

Sid lowers his head and looks down at his wing-tipped shoes.

SID

Does your family still own that
cabin up on Zephyr Cove in Lake
Tahoe with the red painted porch
and the hidden spring activated
shelf behind the third drawer on
the second cabinet where they hide
the twelve bottles of Scotch so the
kids won't drink it?

Frank stops-- and slowly turns around. Sid pulls out a
matchstick.

FRANK

Who are you?

Sid slides the match down the wall, igniting it.

SID

Still gotta kick the radiator three
times in Suite 1090 before she
blows any heat? One, two...

Sid lights his cigarette.

SID (CONT'D)

... three?

FRANK

No. They fixed that five years ago
when they remodeled. What do you
want?

SID

Frank. I'm in kind of a tight...
(eyes watering)
You're the only person I know here.
Can we get a drink? I'm buying.

FRANK

(warily)
All right.

SID

Is John's Grill still around?

INT. JOHN'S GRILL

Frank watches Sid drain a large glass of whiskey in one gulp.

SID
Now we're cooking with gas. First
time I've felt right all day.

An unflappable REDHEADED WAITRESS, 30, passes by. Sid holds up his index, middle and ring fingers sideways.

SID (CONT'D)
Sweetheart? I'll take another.
About this deep; Franklin...

FRANK
My name is Frank.

SID
Sorry. You look so much like your
granddad, I get mixed up.

The redheaded waitress puts down a large glass of whiskey. Sid flips her a fifty dollar bill and slugs the drink.

SID (CONT'D)
Thanks, doll. Frankl... Frank. I've
been going over this all day in my
head, but it only figures as
screwy. I thought maybe if I said
it out loud, told it to someone, I
could get it straight.

FRANK
Told me what?

Sid leans in towards Frank.

SID
(quietly, but urgently)
Last night it was June 17th, 1945.
Last night I left Suite 1090 at 870
Market Street to meet your
grandfather in Dogpatch at Illinois
and 22nd to catch Dr. Weinkeller.
When I burst in the joint, the
Nippon Kid blind-sided me...

FRANK
(seriously?)
The Nippon Kid.

SID

I don't know his name. And then I wake up face down in an alley off Mission, and when I look up, I'm in San Francisco, only it's not San Francisco. Everything's goofy. My office is now my partner's grandson's office, my money is worthless, except it's worth ten times what it was...

The redheaded waitress drops off another double whiskey.

REDHEADED WAITRESS

On the house. I wish every tourist tipped like you.

She collects the empty glasses and saunters away.

REDHEADED WAITRESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Doll.

Sid pushes back his hat, downs the whiskey and rubs the knot on his forehead.

SID

It doesn't figure.

FRANK

I think you need help.

SID

Brother, ain't that the truth.

FRANK

Professional help. You should at least go to a hospital.

SID

This knot ain't that bad. I've had plenty worse. *Believe me.*

FRANK

Undoubtedly you have, as I can see by your drinking. That's probably it. You were at some... theme costume party or something yesterday, or the day before, and you've been on some bender and bumped your head. You're just confused, that's all... Go to the hospital, tell them what you told me and get checked out.

SID

You think I'm making this up.

FRANK

I didn't say that. I think maybe you're just... *confused*.

SID

What about me knowing about Zephyr Cove?

FRANK

Our family's name is on the mailbox by the side of the road. Sometimes we rent it out. During the Super Bowl, things like that. Maybe you saw it once, maybe you stayed there.

SID

What about the radiator?

FRANK

It's an old office building. I've only rented that space for eight years, you could have...

Sid puts a cigarette in his mouth and, frustrated, rapidly empties his pockets on the table, looking for a match.

SID

And my wallet full of money from the '30's and '40's? *What about them?*

Franklin stares at the Clipper card.

FRANK

Show me a bill.

SID

(beat, then quietly)
... I changed them all this afternoon...

Frank rolls his eyes and rises, pulling out his cellphone.

FRANK

I'm not trying to be an asshole. You asked me to listen and I listened. Everything you've told me can be explained. I think you've had some sort of head trauma and should seek medical attention.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look, I'll call you in a couple of days, see if you're all right. Give me your cell.

SID

You want my cells?

FRANK

(beat)

Your phone number.

SID

Won't do any good.

(exits)

FRANK

Why not?

SID (O.S.)

Because if you dial Montgomery 456, it's just going to ring at Suite 1090.

INT. DARKENED HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sid, smoking, sits in the dark, staring at the floor. His face and a bottle of whiskey on the side table are illuminated by the large red flashing neon hotel sign outside his window.

SID (V.O.)

"My grandfather died in 1945..."
Franklin's dead. 1945... That means Franklin, Lena, Candace, my mother...

(eyes watering)

I can't deal with this, Franklin.
I'm the junior partner...

Sid rubs a hand across his forehead and sighs.

SID (V.O.)

Maybe the kid was right. This whole damn thing's above my pay grade. Maybe I'm just dreaming this. Maybe I never had an office at 870 Market. And maybe if I drove up to Tahoe and went to the cabin with the little red porch, I'd see in the driveway a black 1936 DeSoto S1 Airstream Deluxe Touring Sedan license number 6Y175189.

Sid takes a long drink of whiskey from a plastic cup.

SID (V.O.)
Like Hell I would.

INT. SUITE 1090 - DAY

Frank, lost in thought, sits at his desk, pencil in mouth, staring out the window.

Behind him, the radiator begins clicking and three bursts of steam come out of it; two quick bursts and then the third.

Frank turns towards the radiator as his telephone rings.

FRANK

Hello? Oh hi, Vanna. Yeah, I was gonna... I don't know. I find out this afternoon if I have to fly down to Los Angeles or not. Probably, though. Friday at the latest. No, I'll be back in plenty of time. We'll go to Suppenkuche first, then... where? The Wine Cellar? The *Weinkeller*. No, I don't know where that is. Look, I'll call you if I get delayed and we'll just meet at the U.N. Plaza in front of City Hall. Yeah, okay. Hey... I'll try and swing by before I leave.

(smiles)

'K. Bye.

Frank hangs up and his FEMALE SECRETARY, 25, rapidly enters looking over papers, but not at Frank.

SECRETARY

Here are the papers from the Swiss lawyers. The Board wants you to decide whether or not to sign by Monday. Take them with you on your flight and look them over.

FRANK

So I *am* going to L.A.?

The secretary nods, staring down at her papers, and exits.

EXT. MARKET STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid stands in a doorway watching the street parade.

SID (V.O.)

One sleepless night? Check. One empty bottle of whiskey? Check.

(MORE)

SID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Everything you've ever known or
 loved ripped out from under you...?

Sid sighs and lights a cigarette.

SID (V.O.)
 Well, Franklin, you used to ask,
*"Where do you start on a case when
 you've got nothing to work on? With
 the rules, stupid."* Never, never,
 trust your client. That's rule
 number one. Now, Frank Austin
 wasn't exactly my client, but he
 was the only connection between
 where I was and how I'd get back to
 where I was supposed to be. My cush
 was still at three large and
 change, but I figured I'd better
 get moving before I was down to
 twos and fews. If you can't get
 clues from the source; you get
 clues from those *around* the source.

Frank exits 870 Market.

SID (V.O.)
 (eyes watering)
 This one's for you, Franklin.

Sid pulls sunglasses from his suit jacket.

SID (V.O.)
 I put on my cheaters and got to
 work.

Sid follows Frank on the other side of the street, and then
 runs across traffic when Frank boards a cable car.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET CABLE CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid watches Frank from the back of the cable car as it climbs
 the hill.

The cable car lurches to a stop and rings its bell just above
 Chinatown. Frank jumps off. Sid waits half a block and then
 jumps off too.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid watches Frank greet and kiss VANNA BURKHARDT, Swiss,
 blonde, buxom, late 20's, in front of an office building.
 They hail taxis, enter, and leave separately.

Sid comes to a stop where they exited and looks up at the office building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

ANGELA BREWSTER, frumpy, early 20's, wearing a name tag bearing her first name, sits behind the receptionist desk, talking on the telephone.

Sid enters and sits in a leather chair, picking up and opening an old Time Magazine with FORMER PRESIDENT OBAMA on the cover as he scans the room.

Sid's eyes glance down at the magazine as he looks from left to right and his expression freezes.

His head turns to the magazine and his expression changes to confusion as he begins reading. He flips the magazine closed to look at the front cover, and then looks slightly above the magazine at nothing.

SID

Huh!

Sid looks over to see Angela hang up as her irritated male BOSS storms across the room and throws a pile of papers sharply her across her desk.

BOSS

Jesus Christ, Brewster! These things have to be in order! You wanna file shit willy-nilly you can go straight back to Account-Temps. Got it?

The boss exits and Angela picks up and straightens the papers while fighting off tears.

Sid is suddenly in front of the desk, pulling a white envelope from his suit coat.

SID

You know how to tell that the boys upstairs are really sharp?

Angela's watery eyes look up at Sid.

SID (CONT'D)

It's by who they put out front. Who is the first person a potential client sees? Is it some togged to the bricks tomato? No, if the boys have got any sense they won't do that. No one remembers the company.

(MORE)

SID (CONT'D)

They'll only remember the broad
with the painted-on face and cans.
But you put a dame who knows what
she's doing, someone everyone can
identify with, a gal who represents
the company by being quiet,
efficient, a behind the scenes
person who gets things done and is
invaluable without ever hearing a
word of recognition... *that* is the
mark of a smart company.

ANGELA

(beat)

Can I help you, Mister...?

SID

Cummings. I was supposed to meet my
brother Franklin Austin here. I was
going to give him this before...

ANGELA

Your brother?

SID

Well... I'm an old friend of the
family.

ANGELA

He's already left. With Ms.
Burkhardt.

SID

*... Ms. Burkhardt... already
left...*

ANGELA

Only Mr. Austin. Ms. Burkhardt's
still here. In The City.

SID

Well, maybe I can give this to her,
and she can give it to him...
Should I leave it here with you?

ANGELA

Um. She won't be back this evening.

SID

Know where I can find her?

ANGELA

Well, it's Wednesday. She usually goes to The Silver Cloud. She loves to sing.

SID

Where is that again?

ANGELA

1994 Lombard.

Sid smiles deeply, raps his knuckles on the desk and winks; pronouncing Angela's name as if he's saying the word "angel" then the letter "a".

SID

Thanks, Angel. A.

Angela watches as Sid turns and exits through the front door.

ANGELA

(quietly)

I sometimes go there...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

TWO GERMAN-SPEAKING SWISS MEN, late 50's, STEFAN VOGEL and JAN TRINKL, sit at a conference table. On the video screen is the 50-Year-Old FRENCH-SPEAKING SWISS, CHRISTIAN KELLER.

Frank enters the room, out of breath, carrying a manila folder. He gives a nervous smile and sits down.

FRANK

Sorry. L.A. traffic.

STEFAN

Mr. Austin? I'm Stefan Vogel.

FRANK

How do you do?

STEFAN

Jan Trinkl. Frank Austin.

FRANK

Pleasure.

Stefan motions towards the screen.

STEFAN

And you already know Christian Keller.

FRANK

Doctor.

CHRISTIAN

You've had a chance to go over the papers?

FRANK

Yes, on the on the flight down.

CHRISTIAN

And what is your opinion?

FRANK

Well, I've really only glanced over them.

JAN

Billions of Swiss Francs went into that research.

STEFAN

(calmly)

He has five more days to read, Jan.

CHRISTIAN

Herr Vogel is right. We did not reach our own conclusions after only one afternoon.

FRANK

What I've seen is most impressive. If it actually *works*...

JAN

It will be like a bomb going off over the entire world.

Frank snorts a laugh; Jan stares at him expressionlessly.

CHRISTIAN

May I assume that you are leaning favorably, *Monsieur* Austin?

FRANK

Yes. You could say that. No one else knows about this formula?

CHRISTIAN

There are a few, but the number is small. You know us, and our company. We know others, higher up, who know others. *Et le reste*.

STEFAN

We should let Mr. Austin get back up to San Francisco. He has a lot of important reading to do.

FRANK

Dr. Keller... Why the rush?

CHRISTIAN

We go public in six months. I'll be honest, Frank. Yours wasn't the only company we looked at.

FRANK

That's another thing. My firm is so small... and this is huge.

STEFAN

Your company is small Mr. Austin. The smallest of all we looked at.

JAN

Which is precisely why you have been chosen.

CHRISTIAN

Because your firm is so small, your share worth makes your corporation attractive to us.

STEFAN

Without offense, the relative low value of your stock...

CHRISTIAN

The six months will give us time to set up offshore dummy companies, who will quietly buy stock in your company at a modest price.

JAN

Which in turn will garner the highest windfall for our investors and ourselves.

FRANK

(laughing)

Isn't that illegal?

Jan leans back and makes a pyramid with his fingers.

JAN

Purely a formality to avoid excessive taxation.

CHRISTIAN

It's the way things are done.

JAN

You will be rich 100 times over.

Stefan rises and offers a handshake.

STEFAN

Have a pleasant flight, Mr. Austin.

Frank looks at Jan; Jan merely nods. Frank collects his folder and heads out the door.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, and, uh, Frank, *encore un truc*.
This meeting never happened.

Frank looks down at his folder and then exits the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT - RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Parked in the shadows, UNDERCOVER SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DETECTIVE JOEL EPSTEIN, 45, watches Frank enter his car and drive away. Joel lights a cigarette.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Closing his briefcase, Christian looks sternly at the camera.

CHRISTIAN

Compris?

Christian reaches forward and the video screen goes black. Stefan prepares to leave but Jan stops him with a hand.

JAN

A moment, Stefan. We need to talk.

STEFAN

I've got a 9 o'clock flight.

JAN

I think we need to begin phase two.

STEFAN

We have five more days.

JAN

Did it seem to you that Mr. Austin had the face of a man who is going to sign *anything* in five days?

STEFAN

These things take time, Jan.

JAN

The nearer we get to the date, the faster events are sure to accelerate.

Stefan heads into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

STEFAN

I think you're being precipitous.

JAN

If bold action is not taken by junior partners, they shall remain as such indefinitely.

STEFAN

Christian Keller...

JAN

Dr. Keller has been working on Frank Austin with no visible success long enough. We have but five days left.

STEFAN

Other contingencies are being employed. We have an agent. On the ground.

JAN

Who has produced as many results as Dr. Keller; Phase. Two.

STEFAN

We were instructed to keep this above board. 100% and strictly legal. If it is traced back to us and there is any inference of...

JAN

If anything is traced, Stefan, it will end with the arrest of Mister Choo.

STEFAN

But Jimmy Choo? Why would you want to rely on that gangster?

JAN

In times of famine, Herr Vogel...
the Devil feeds on flies.

EXT. PARKING LOT - RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Joel Epstein puts out his cigarette while watching Jan and Stefan exit the building. He watches them enter their cars and then drive away. Joel starts his and drives away too.

INT. SILVER CLOUD - NIGHT

Sid sits in a GROUP of CLIENTELE at a Karaoke bar watching THREE YOUNG WOMEN sing Oasis' "WONDERWALL" out of tune.

SID (V.O.)

I cast an eyeball around the joint.

Sid lights a cigarette with a wooden match and numerous people begin *coughing* passive-aggressively at him.

SID (V.O.)

It was a cozy little gin mill where a group of *asthmatics* gathered to watch canaries chirp into a machine with a Jap name.

Vanna and two of her FEMALE FRIENDS enter. Vanna makes her way over to the Karaoke machine; the three women finish their song and laugh, stepping off the stage as no one applauds.

Vanna picks up the microphone, waits for the music and then begins to sing Bette Miller's "THE ROSE".

VANNA

Some say love, it is a river, that
drowns the tender reed. Some say
love, it is a razor, that leaves
your soul to bleed.

Sid stands up and stubs out his cigarette.

SID (V.O.)

The song was breaking my heart.
I went over to the bar to frisk my
whiskers.

INT. BAR

A young female BARTENDER, CARRIE, wipes glasses clean as Sid sits at a stool and begins scanning the bottles of booze.

CARRIE

What'll you have?

SID

Not sure. Any suggestions?

CARRIE

Sex on the Beach? Jäger Bomb?
Pixie Piss?

Sid looks over at her and then his eyes narrow.

SID

Tell me something, Jackson. They
still make bore-bon?

CARRIE

(laughing)

Yeah. They still make bourbon.

Sid holds up his index, middle and ring fingers sideways.

SID

About this deep.

Angela, dressed in a vintage black hat with a black veil,
apprehensively approaches Sid, tapping him on the shoulder.

ANGELA

Good evening, Mr. Cummings.

SID

Angel. A. Say! That hat's Fifth
Avenue.

ANGELA

You really like it?

SID

It's the bee's knees.

ANGELA

I bought it at La Rosa, on Haight.
(beat)
Today.

Sid's attention wanders back to Vanna.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

She has a beautiful voice, doesn't
she?

Sid nods as the bartender gives him his drink.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Would you like me to introduce...?

SID
Not really a circumstance where
I'd need a woman's help.

Angela nervously looks around and then exhales heavily.

ANGELA
I'm going to sing tonight too.

Sid looks back at her momentarily.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I go next.
(beat)
Well, not next, but after the
people who are next.
(beat)
After them... The people after her.

Sid looks back at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I'm next.
(beat)
Will you stay long enough to...?

SID
Just you try and stop me, Angel. A.

Angela closes her eyes a little too long.

ANGELA
Then I'll see you later, Mr.
Cummings.

Angela exits as Vanna finishes to *applause*.

SID
(to bartender)
Better make that one more.

Vanna enters and sits next to Sid, smiling at the bartender.

VANNA
Hey, Carrie.

The bartender gives Sid his new drink and smiles at Vanna.
Sid reaches for his glass.

CARRIE
Hey, Switzerland.

Sid FREEZES.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Usual?

VANNA

Yeah.

Sid raises his glass and turns to Vanna.

SID

That song you sang was solid murder.

Vanna looks at Sid askance.

VANNA

You're putting me on.

SID

No, really. On the square.

VANNA

Where did you get that tie?

SID

Woolworth's. Three dollars and a quarter.

VANNA

Well, it looks like you paid three bucks for it.

SID

My name's Cummings. Sid Cummings.

CARRIE

There you go, Vanna.

SID

Vanna!? That's a Cracker Jack name for a frail.

Vanna snorts a laugh into her drink.

VANNA

Cracker Jack? Well, Mr. Cummings...

SID

Sid.

VANNA

Sid... I can honestly say I've never gotten a reaction about my name from anyone *quite* like that before.

SID
Vanna... what's it mean?

Vanna downs the rest of her drink in one gulp.

VANNA
It means my parents watched too
much Wheel of Fortune.

Sid shoots his drink and holds up his empty glass to Carrie.

SID
Another three fingers of King
Kong... You want some more giggle
juice, Vanna?

VANNA
Some what?

SID
We don't have to get out on the
roof, but we could tip a few.

Vanna smiles and laughs slightly, fully eyeing Sid.

VANNA
Okay, Sid.
(beat)
Okay.

INT. SILVER CLOUD - STAGE

Angela, eyes down on the floor, waits for the music and then
sings The Squirrel Nut Zippers' "IT AIN'T YOU".

ANGELA
I've been searching all over for
someone, I can tell my troubles to.
Searching all the wide world over,
Is it you?

Angela raises her eyes to look at Sid.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Is it you?

EXT. SILVER CLOUD - NIGHT

Sid and Vanna exit. Vanna raises her arm to hail a taxi.

VANNA
Well, Sidney. I thank you for a
most... *entertaining*, evening.

SID
Don't get many of them, do you?

Vanna's face drops.

SID (CONT'D)
Or much else that you want.

VANNA
(expressionlessly)
You don't know anything about me.

SID
I know enough.

Indignant, she turns and more actively hails a cab.

VANNA
Do you?

SID
I think so. See, you're the kind of twist who draws the bees like honey. In swarms. But that's all they are to you; just a crowd of drones. Not one of them standing out from the other, each of them just wanting your honey, none of them seeing you. And so you spend your life looking just over this swarm at some distant tomorrow and never looking straight at what you want, because you've lost faith that someone, anyone, will be able to give you what you want. What you need.

A taxi stops in front of Vanna.

VANNA
And what, exactly, Mr. Cummings, is it that I need and want?

SID
To feel like a woman.

Vanna opens the taxi door and turns back to Sid.

VANNA
(sneering)
And how would one go about doing *that*?

SID
 By grabbing you by the hips,
 pinning you against a wall and
 kissing you...

Sid looks Vanna up and down.

SID (CONT'D)
Un. Til. You. STAYED that way.

Vanna's lips part slightly as she stares at Sid.

VANNA
 (breathless)
 Get in the taxi.

INT. DARKENED APARTMENT - NIGHT

Venetian blinds cast their shadows across the room as Vanna and Sid enter. Vanna throws her purse across the room and the two begin kissing passionately.

SID
 From the first time I saw you
 Vanna...

VANNA
 Shut up.

SID
 This ain't the jittersauce talkin'
 neither.

VANNA
 Shut. Up.

Vanna kicks the door closed behind her and Sid grabs her hips, pushes her against the door and kisses her hard. Vanna moans and pushes herself an inch away.

VANNA (CONT'D)
 You wait right. Here.

Vanna enters the bathroom as Sid pulls out his last cigarette, crushing the pack. He sees a waste paper basket and starts to drop the empty pack into it. He looks inside it curiously and pulls out a torn sheet of paper.

He snaps a match lit and reads:

"OFFICE OF THE SWISS CONSULATE"

Hand written below this header are three names:

"Versicherung, C. Keller. Chemisch, J. Trinkl. Fertigung, S. Vogel. Ingenieurwesen, C. Keller."

Sid gives the bathroom door a dubious look, puts the paper and his cigarette in his jacket pocket and silently exits.

Vanna bursts out of the bathroom with a condom wrapper between her teeth; dressed in black thigh-high tights, black panties and a black lace push-up bra.

VANNA (CONT'D)
 (sing-song)
 Sid-NEY!
 (beat)
 Sid?

Vanna removes the condom wrapper from her teeth.

VANNA (CONT'D)
 You gotta be fucking kidding me.

EXT. RUSSIAN HILL APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sid exits the building and pulls his cigarette out.

SID (V.O.)
 Maybe it was a coincidence that the gal stringing along my partner's grandson happened to have a piece of paper laying around with Kraut words on it. And maybe it'd be a coincidence if I laid out twenty saucers of milk in a dark alley, I'd have more cats around me than a single woman in her forties.

Sid lights the cigarette and pulls out the piece of paper.

SID (V.O.)
 This was the first real clue I had to work on. Maybe I *did* still have until Monday to stop Dr. Weinkeller and the Nippon Kid. All I had to do now was just find someone who *Deutsche. Sprechen.*

Sid puts the paper in his pocket and walks away.

TWO MEN, one BLONDE the other ASIAN, emerge from the shadows on opposite sides of the street and watch Sid walk away.

They then turn and look silently at each other.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank, carrying an overnight bag and the manila folder, enters, a stack of mail in his teeth. He gets a beer from the refrigerator, sits down and opens his mail.

The first is a statement from VISA; he is \$20,000 in debt. The second is a statement from MASTERCARD; he is \$35,000 in debt. The third is his student loans at NORTHWESTERN; he owes \$124,000 and is delinquent on his last monthly payment.

Frank pushes away the mail, sighs, opens his folder and drinks as he looks over the papers inside.

INT. SMOKE SHOP - NIGHT

Two Iranian SHOPKEEPERS, one 60, the other 40, are ARGUING loudly in Farsi as **Googosh's** "**MAHKLOOGH**" BLARES from the stereo as Sid enters.

OLDER MAN

In mordeshouri ra koja gozashti?

YOUNGER MAN

Hamoon jaye hamishegui, pireh khereft!

SID

Hey Jackson. Let me get a deck of gaspers. Fatimas.

OLDER MAN

Let me ask you something my friend. Do you speak English?

SID

(indignant)
I speak American.

OLDER MAN

Then tell me, what is it that you would like to purchase?

SID

Fatimas.

OLDER MAN

No.

SID

Uh, Old Gold?

OLDER MAN

No.

SID
All right. Kent.

OLDER MAN
No.

SID
(beat)
Phillip Morris.

OLDER MAN
No.

SID
Pell Mell.

OLDER MAN
... Pall Mall? No.

SID
You *do* sell cigarettes here.

A HIPSTER COUPLE enter and order from the other attendant.

HIPSTER GIRL
Two packs of Parliaments.

Sid looks at the older attendant and nods. Sid takes the pack and looks down at it as he removes the cellophane and exits.

As he does so, THREE DRUNK GERMAN TOURISTS pass by in the opposite direction; the last one is looking down at his phone.

FIRST GERMAN TOURIST
Lass uns in eine andere Bar gehen.
"John's Grill."

Sid brusquely appears in the doorway, watching their retreat.

INT. JOHN'S GRILL

Sid enters and passes the redheaded waitress taking orders.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Hey, Bogie. How's tricks?

SID
Sweetheart.

Sid continues on, scanning each table. He at last comes to the table with the THREE DRUNK GERMAN TOURISTS.

SID (CONT'D)
 You Gents wouldn't mind if I
 joined you, would you?

FIRST GERMAN TOURIST
Hinsetzen, hinsetzen! We are all
 friends! The whole world is
 friends!

Sid sits down and reaches into his pocket.

SID
 I'll make a deal with you boys.
 I'll buy the next round, you
 furnish me with some information.

SECOND GERMAN TOURIST
Ja! Noch ein Bier!

SID
 Whiskey's better.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
LAST! CALL!!!

The redheaded waitress saunters over to Sid's table, gives the tourists a dubious once over and looks at Sid with a questioning raised eyebrow expression while holding up her index, middle and ring fingers sideways.

Sid responds by slowly holding up the same three fingers sideways and then turning four fingers upwards.

The waitress nods and winks at the same time and exits. Sid lays the torn piece of paper on the table.

SID
Versicherung. You know what that
 means?

FIRST GERMAN TOURIST
 Of course! I am in Insurance
 myself, that's how I...

SID
Chemisch?

SECOND GERMAN TOURIST
 Almost like in English. Chemical.

Sid takes a out a pencil and begins writing the translations.

The redheaded waitress looks around the table as she puts the four glasses of whiskey down.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
 Y'know Bogie, it might be safer for
 you to have these four instead of
 sharing.

He flips her two \$100 bills.

SID
 I'll make sure they behave...
Fertigung?

THIRD GERMAN TOURIST
 Um. To make. Production.
 Industrial.

SECOND GERMAN TOURIST
Nein, nein. Manufacturing.

SID
Ingen...?

THIRD GERMAN TOURIST
Ingenieurwesen.

SECOND GERMAN TOURIST
 It means... engineering.

SID
 Well, *bitte schön*, boys. A deal's a
 deal.

All four down the whiskey in one gulp; Sid abruptly leaves as
 one tourist coughs violently, one spits his whiskey all over
 the table and the third immediately falls asleep.

Cross-armed, the redheaded waitress leans against the wall
 near the exit; shaking her head as Sid approaches.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
 I told you.

SID
 (exits)
 I'll make it up to you sweetheart.

The redheaded waitress slinks back to the bar.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
 You've already done that.

EXT. JOHN'S GRILL - NIGHT

Sid exits, lights a cigarette and heads down the sidewalk. As he passes by a dark alley, the Blonde man and the Asian man emerge from the shadows.

ASIAN MAN

Hey Mac. You got a light?

Sid stops and exhales a large cloud of smoke.

SID

I don't smoke.

BLONDE MAN

We want to talk to you friend.

Hands in pocket, Sid strolls away.

SID

People in Hell want ceiling fans;
but that ain't what they get.

The Asian man grabs Sid and pulls him into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Blonde man punches Sid in the back, knocking him to the ground, and then stands, menacingly, over the prostrate Sid.

BLONDE MAN

We'd like you to stop seeing Vanna
Burkhardt.

Sid turns painfully to lean against the alley's brick wall.

SID

What's it to you?

ASIAN MAN

What's it to her boyfriend?

BLONDE MAN

You don't? We have another
conversation. A long one.

ASIAN MAN

You staying around here?

SID

(grunting)
Yeah... in a hotel.

ASIAN MAN

Which one?

SID

The hotel Fuck You.

The Blonde man shakes his head.

BLONDE MAN

No.

He then viciously kicks Sid in the mouth, knocking him unconscious.

BLONDE MAN (CONT'D)

The hotel night-night.

The Blonde man and the Asian man exit the alley.

EXT. LOADING AND UNLOADING ZONE - SFO - MORNING

Two POLICE OFFICERS stand next to the curb as Epstein exits the automatic doors; one officer stiffens as he approaches.

POLICE OFFICER

Good morning, Detective Epstein.

EPSTEIN

Where's Stefan Vogel?

The two officers give each other a nervous look.

POLICE OFFICER

We lost him, Sir.

EPSTEIN

You what?

POLICE OFFICER

Traffic from the Giants' game, there were so many taxis...

POLICE OFFICER #2

You told us to hang back so he wouldn't...

EPSTEIN

Goddammit. All right. You take the Wharf, you take Chinatown, I'll take Union Square.

POLICE OFFICER

Shouldn't we notify...

EPSTEIN

They don't know you lost him?

The officers shake their heads no. A police cruiser stops in front of them and Epstein enters.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

Let's just keep going according to plan. Get in touch with me the instant you find him.

Epstein closes the door and shakes his head at the two officers as the cruiser drives away.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Sid slowly, painfully, stirs, reaching for his Fedora.

SID (V.O.)

I was getting tired of waking up in alleys.

Sid enters the rush of business people on the sidewalk.

SID (V.O.)

A hot bath and a cup of java, then I'd be jake.

He abruptly stops.

SID (V.O.)

No, what I needed was a belt or two of bore-bon, a bath and some joe, then I'd be okay. But this day isn't going to be very promising with me in threads lousy with cigarette smoke, whiskey and blood. What I need first is some new duds.

Sid enters a tourist clothing shop.

INT. COFFEE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Frank stands in front of a coffee machine, pouring a cup. A junior partner, RAFIQ AWAN, early 40's, Pakistani, enters.

RAFIQ

Morning, Frank.

FRANK

Rafiq.

RAFIQ

We all set then?

FRANK

What?

RAFIQ

The trip to L.A. It's all settled, right? We're saying "no".

Frank sighs and turns towards the window and sips from his coffee as Rafiq starts to pour himself a cup.

FRANK

No.

Rafiq puts his cup down and walks over to Frank.

RAFIQ

What do you mean, "no"? You've seen what assholes they are. We need to get out. Diversify. Not put all our eggs in one basket.

FRANK

Daddy, I've got these bitches right where I want them. You've seen last quarter's statement. I don't have to tell you the financial straights of this company. And now these Swiss offer us manna from Heaven? A single *drop* of this compound, transforming an area ten acres wide?

RAFIQ

That's an awful big chance...

FRANK

Think of the profits. The potential wealth. For all of us.

RAFIQ

What do you mean, "*all of us*"?

FRANK

You've got this gigantic multi-national giving us only five days to decide. That sounds like desperation. You tell me, the longer I wait; the offer price goes down, or up?

RAFIQ

You're playing with the job security of 35 employees...

FRANK

I know what I'm doing.

RAFIQ

I don't think you do. I don't think you know who you're up against. Be reasonable.

Rafiq grabs Frank by the shoulder and pats him on the bicep.

RAFIQ (CONT'D)

We're all counting on you to do the right thing here, Frank.

Rafiq purses his lips and exits. Frank turns, sips his coffee and stares out the window, smiling slightly.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Angela quickly ends her phone call as Vanna enters.

VANNA

Any messages for me?

Angela shakes her head no and hands a stack of mail to Vanna.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Vanna strides down the hallway, leafing through the letters. She stops in front of her office door, opens a letter, reads it, shakes her head and opens the door, then stops short.

VANNA

What are you doing here?

INT. VANNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Stefan rises from the chair behind Vanna's desk. He smiles as he loosens and removes his tie.

STEFAN

Good morning... Vanna.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Angela walks quickly down the street, looking at her iPhone. She momentarily looks up and then back down at her phone. She slowly looks back up.

ANGELA

Sid?

Sid is at the corner, dressed in his wing-tipped shoes, black socks and garters, fedora hat, a pair of oversized sky blue Nike shorts and an Alcatraz Psycho Ward tee shirt.

SID

Angel. A.!

ANGELA

What are you doing... in those clothes?

SID

Getting my suit cleaned.

ANGELA

You don't have another suit at your hotel?

SID

I wasn't really planning on being here this long. Can't seem to find a decent haberdasher around here.

Angela checks her phone.

ANGELA

I've still got forty-five minutes on my lunch break. I know a good one. You game?

SID

Lead on.

INT. CAB - DAY

ANGELA

Cole and Haight.

SID

Boy, I gotta say, I loved that song you sang at the club.

Blushing, Angela looks down at her shoes.

ANGELA

Thank you, Mr. Cummings.

SID

Who wrote it?

ANGELA

The Squirrel Nut Zippers.

SID

That's my favorite candy! Never heard it before though.

ANGELA

Well, it's an old song. '96.

SID

1896? That is an old song. No wonder.

ANGELA

Nineteen-ninety six.

SID

Oh.

Sid moves uncomfortably in his seat and then reaches into his back pocket and removes the folded, torn sheet of paper.

ANGELA

What's that?

SID

Something I found.

ANGELA

I've seen those names before. Trinkl, Vogel, Keller.

SID

(urgently)

Where? Where have you seen these names before?

ANGELA

At work. Part of my job is sorting incoming mail. Sometimes those names are on different stationary from different companies. Especially Doctor Keller's.

SID

Doctor Keller?

ANGELA

M-hm.

SID

Where do these letters go, Angel. A.?

ANGELA

They all go to Ms. Burkhardt... You know, Sid. If you need my help, I'm a good listener...

CABBIE

That'll be fourteen-fifty.

Sid and Angela reach for money. Angela produces a twenty-dollar bill first and puts her hand on Sid's arm.

ANGELA

I've got this one.

INT. LA ROSA VINTAGE CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Angela stands at the back of the store, holding Sid's hat. Sid exits from the dressing room in a vintage brown suit.

ANGELA

Mmm. That's nice.

SID

I don't know. Brown's not really my color. I think I'll try the white one.

Sid retreats to the dressing room as Angela walks down the aisle looking at dresses. She pulls a tight fitting grey knee length 1940's suit with black collars and pockets off the rack, smiles, and heads into the dressing room.

Sid exits the dressing room dressed in the white suit with a short yellow, green and brown tie with a print of a kneeling Hawaiian woman in a hula skirt on it.

Angela exits her dressing room in the grey suit; Sid lets out a low whistle as Angela turns in a circle.

ANGELA

You like?

SID

And how.

Angela places his hat on his head, straightens his lapels and runs her hands across his shoulders.

ANGELA

I must say, this suits you very well, Mr. Cummings.

Sid slides his right arm under Angela's left arm.

SID
 Shall we, Miss Brewster?

The two approach the counter and Sid removes his wallet, placing his hand on Angela's arm.

SID (CONT'D)
 I got this one.

INT. CAR - CALIFORNIA STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Detective Epstein watches Angela exit the cab and enter the office building. He lights a cigarette and checks his watch. He watches the cab begin to drive off and then stop suddenly. He turns back as Sid exits the cab and hides in a doorway.

EPSTEIN
 Now who the fuck is this?

EXT. DOORWAY - CALIFORNIA STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid peers around the corner as Angela and Vanna exit the building and walk down California.

He lights a cigarette and peers around the corner again as Stefan Vogel exits the building, carrying a briefcase.

Stefan straightens his tie, and heads up California. Sid's eyes narrow as Stefan passes by.

SID (V.O.)
 Now who the Hell is this?

A WELL DRESSED ASIAN MAN, BENNY, 40, heading down the street, "accidentally" bumps into Stefan; the two apologize wordlessly and head in opposite directions.

Sid heads after Stefan. Epstein exits his car, urgently speaks into a radio and runs across traffic to follow Sid.

Benny stops, turns to look back at Stefan, Sid and Epstein, and then opens his palm, revealing a small brown vial.

EXT. CHINATOWN - GRANT STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Stefan walks down the Chinese lantern be-decked street with Sid several people behind him.

Epstein follows several people behind Sid, and as Stefan stops at a corner, a POLICE OFFICER approaches Epstein. Epstein urgently motions in two different directions and pushes the officer in the opposite direction.

The traffic light changes and the three men continue down Grant Street.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - LATE AFTERNOON

A large sign warning of rotting dock wood is attached to a chain linked fence.

Stefan looks left and right, pushes open the gate, and heads towards a large dock building.

INT. DOCK BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

In the gloom, Sid snakes his way through the maze of containers on wooden pallets and then stops short, pressing himself against a container.

He peers around the container and sees Stefan's back. VOICES can be heard, but they are too far away to make out.

Stefan, standing next to an olive green tarp, which covers something filling the entirety of the wall, offers a well-dressed Asian man in a fashionable full length coat, JIMMY CHOO, 50, a briefcase.

Jimmy shakes his head no. Jimmy raises his right hand and holds up two fingers. Stefan offers the briefcase again and this time Jimmy takes it. Stefan offers a handshake; Jimmy simply turns and exits. Stefan's shoulders drop; he turns to exit.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Epstein lowers his binoculars and turns to an officer.

EPSTEIN

Henneman's on Vogel?

POLICE OFFICER

Yes sir. You think this guy's in on it too?

EPSTEIN

I don't know what to think. But I'm going to find out.

INT. MILLER'S EAST COAST DELI - DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid sits alone, looking over the menu. A YOUNG WAITRESS, 20, her face pierced multiple times and her arms covered in tattoos, approaches the table, staring at her Electronic Orderman.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to place your order?

Sid looks up at her, double takes her arms, cocks his head to the left and raises his eyebrows.

SID

Well, sailor... I'll take an egg cream, a full sour pickle, and the two meat combo, liverwurst and tongue, on pumpernickel with Russian and a side of potato salad.

The waitress feigns a smile, takes his menu and exits. Sid pushes his hat back and begins looking at the other clientele. Epstein noisily pulls a chair back and sits at Sid's table. Sid looks Epstein up and down.

SID (CONT'D)

I didn't realize it was family-style here.

EPSTEIN

You got a name?

SID

You know, I believe it's customary in polite society to offer your own name first when making a formal introduction.

Epstein reaches into his jacket and produces a badge.

EPSTEIN

Detective Joel Epstein, SFPD.

SID

I *thought* you were a flatfoot. You're dressed bad enough. Sidney M. Cummings.

EPSTEIN

What's the "M" stand for? *Marlowe*?

SID

No... Mitchum.

EPSTEIN

(sighing)

Who you working for Cummings?

The waitress drops off the egg cream.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything, sir?

Epstein waves her off, staring at Sid, who sips on his drink.

SID

You might say I'm freelance.

EPSTEIN

Freelance for the Hong Kong mob or the boys from Zurich?

SID

I don't know what you're talking about.

EPSTEIN

What can you tell me about Jimmy Choo?

SID

Never heard of him.

EPSTEIN

I suppose you've never heard of Stefan Vogel either.

The waitress drops off Sid's food.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

SID

No... thank you.

EPSTEIN

I've put 18 months undercover on Choo, and I'm not going to have some jerk-off dressed up like Sam Spade fucking it up.

Epstein rises.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

I'd better not see you again, Sidney M. Cummings. If I do, I'm throwing your ass in the can.

INT. SUPPENKUCHE RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank and Vanna sit across from each other at a long wooden votive candle-lit communal table. Frank studies the menu while Vanna looks from their WAITRESS to Frank.

VANNA

Do you want to get the
Vesperplatte?

FRANK

I don't think I'm hungry enough for
appetizers.

VANNA

*Gebratene rehmedaillions in rotwein
pflaumensosse.*

WAITRESS

And for you, sir?

FRANK

Um... the... *Jägerschnitzel.*

WAITRESS

Anything to drink?

VANNA

Winzerkeller Neckenmarkt.

FRANK

Hofbrau Hefeweizen?

WAITRESS

I'll be right back with your
drinks.

VANNA

So... how was your trip to L.A.?

FRANK

Strange.

VANNA

How so?

FRANK

Met some bigwigs, y'know?

VANNA

Oof. I always panic in those
situations.

FRANK

Couldn't tell if I was being helped
along or if I was being threatened.

VANNA

(laughing)

Right?

The waitress puts down the drinks.

FRANK
How was Wednesday night?

VANNA
Oh, you know, the same. I went with Carol and Alice. Carrie was working. The usual.

FRANK
See? You didn't need me there.

VANNA
It was lonely without you.

Frank breathes a heavy sigh.

VANNA (CONT'D)
What is it?

FRANK
Nothing. Work.

VANNA
My poor Frankie, all stressed out because Lady Fortune is about to dump a pot of gold in his lap.

FRANK
I don't know Vanna. I feel I'm being pressured from all sides. Like I'm in over my head, maybe? I don't think I should be hasty in making any sort of decision; probably best to wait until the very last minute...

VANNA
I have a surprise for you.

FRANK
What's that?

VANNA
When you sign Monday...

FRANK
IF I sign Monday...

VANNA
AFTER you sign Monday, you and I are going to go on a little vacation.

FRANK

I can't afford a vacation right now.

VANNA

Not to worry, Mr. Austin.

Vanna holds up a white envelope.

VANNA (CONT'D)

Round trip airfare for two to Zurich and two weeks at the Eden au Lac with a lake-facing balcony, and reservations at the restaurant *Gastronomique*.

FRANK

How did you manage...?

VANNA

(dismissive)

Friends at the embassy. They've got so many air miles they couldn't use them all if they flew to Pluto.

(whispering)

And, between you and me, we got the diplomatic discount.

FRANK

Vanna, I don't know. Maybe I shouldn't sign this deal at all...

Vanna brusquely removes the napkin from the table.

VANNA

Of course, if you DON'T want to spend two weeks in luxury on Lake Geneva with a sexy, smart, sophisticated woman...

FRANK

Vanna...

The FOOD RUNNER approaches them carrying two plates.

FOOD RUNNER

Sautéed venison medallions in red wine plum sauce?

Vanna holds up a finger and the food runner puts down plates.

FOOD RUNNER (CONT'D)

... and sautéed pork loin in mushroom sauce. Enjoy.

Vanna cuts into her food without looking at Frank, who sighs. He begins looking around the restaurant as he chews.

Vanna looks up at Frank anxiously.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The Blonde Man looks to his left as he hears the theme to the T.V. game show "JEOPARDY" being WHISTLED. The Asian Man enters, whistling, and hands over a cup of coffee.

BLONDE MAN
(in Russian)
Za-t-k-nees.

The Asian man continues whistling.

BLONDE MAN (CONT'D)
Privet.

The Asian Man trails off seeing the stern look he's getting. The Blonde Man returns to staring straight ahead.

ASIAN MAN
You the see 49ers game last night?

BLONDE MAN
No.

ASAIN MAN
(nodding)
Probably watched Hell's Kitchen.
Season finale.

BLONDE MAN
No.

ASIAN MAN
You ever seen that Dancing with the
Stars?

BLONDE MAN
No.

ASIAN MAN
Have you ever seen any television
show?

The Blonde Man slowly turns to the Asian Man.

BLONDE MAN
No.

The Asian Man sips coffee and turns to look at the Blonde Man.

ASIAN MAN
Like a cigarette?

BLONDE MAN
No.

ASIAN MAN
Stick of gum?

BLONDE MAN
NO.

ASIAN MAN
Tic-Tac?

BLONDE MAN
NO!

ASIAN MAN
You like *anything*?

The Blonde Man turns to the Asian Man slowly.

BLONDE MAN
I like hitting people.

The Asian Man sips his coffee and the Blonde Man returns to staring straight ahead.

After several seconds, the Blonde Man begins whistling the theme to "**JEOPARDY**".

INT. JOHN'S GRILL

The redheaded waitress leans on the piano of a man playing an instrumental version of "**YESTERDAY**" as Sid enters.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Hey, Bogie. Wanna dance?

Sid grabs her hand, pulls her hard against him, puts a hand on her back, and rapidly, gracefully, waltzes her over to the bar before, with a twirl, letting her go.

SID
Maybe some other time, Red.

Sid continues on to a table in the back and sits down. The redheaded waitress slinks over with a glass of whiskey.

SID (CONT'D)
That, I could use.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
 So I've noticed.

Sid reaches for his wallet, she shakes her head no, moving to her right and pointing behind her.

REDHEADED WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 So have they.

The Blonde man and the Asian man are sitting at a table, staring at Sid.

Sid, eyes narrowing, stares back.

SID
 Do me a favor, Red?

The redheaded waitress turns slowly to Sid.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Name it.

Sid stands and walks away.

SID
 Keep that wet for me. I'll be right back.

Sid walks across the bar, pushing his hat to the back of his head and flipping his suit jacket collars up as he passes the Blonde man and the Asian man and then exits.

The Blonde man and the Asian man rise simultaneously and head towards the exit.

EXT. JOHN'S GRILL - NIGHT

Gene Krupa begins playing drums to **Benny Goodman's "SING, SING, SING"** as Sid lights a cigarette.

SID (V.O.)
 If the boys want to have another talk, I'll give them another talk.

The Blonde man and the Asian man exit the bar.

SID (V.O.)
 Right in their crummy teeth.

Sid throws a haymaker and punches the Blonde Man in the mouth. The Blonde Man grins, then slowly collapses awkwardly to the sidewalk.

The Asian Man slowly, nervously, backs away. Sid throws his arms wide apart.

SID
Hey, where you going? Let's
converse!

As Benny Goodman, Harry James, Louis Prima, Gene Krupa et al slam into the first verse of "**SING, SING, SING**", the Asian Man sprints down Geary towards Union Square. Sid races after him. The Asian Man takes a left on Powell.

Sid quickly loses ground to him in the chase as it begins going uphill after crossing Post Street.

EXT. CORNER OF POWELL AND BUSH STREETS - NIGHT

The sprinting Asian Man takes a right on Bush and then takes a left up the alley Monore.

Sid turns onto Monore and sees the Asian Man, half block ahead of him, take a right down Pine Street. Sid cuts a quick left, and runs up the two-tiered stairway on Joice.

EXT. JOICE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Exhausted, Sid climbs the final steps and slowly jogs towards California Street. He bends over and looks at his right hand.

He brings the cigarette to his mouth and takes a puff as the Asian Man suddenly races in front of him up California.

SID
Son of a **BITCH!**

Sid heads left and runs up California Street.

EXT. CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND CUSHMAN - NIGHT

A jogging Sid reaches the entrance of the grand Beaux-Arts FAIRMONT HOTEL as the Asian Man runs into Huntington Park.

The Asian Man looks behind him and falls to the ground after getting tangled in a dog walker's mass of leashes for ten tiny dogs.

Grabbing his side, Sid resumes the chase as the Asian Man exits the park and begins slowly jogging up the stairs, two at a time, of the French-Gothic GRACE CATHEDRAL.

EXT. SACRAMENTO STREET - NIGHT

Grabbing his side in pain, the Asian Man rapidly limps down the hill into Polk Gulch and takes a sudden left down the alley Leroy Place.

EXT. LEROY PLACE - NIGHT

The Asian Man stops at the end of the dead end alley, turns around, pulls out and points a pistol.

Sid enters the alley; his revolver pointed at the Asian Man.

SID

(out of breath)

Don't, EVER... do that again!

ASIAN MAN

Listen, I don't want any trouble.

SID

Then you'd better start singing, I want some answers.

ASIAN MAN

I'll tell you anything you want to know.

SID

Now you're hitting on all eight.
Come on, squawk.

ASIAN MAN

For two thousand dollars.

SID

I am not in the mood for jokes,
son.

ASIAN MAN

If I don't pay Jimmy Choo two grand
by noon tomorrow, I'll be missing
four of these fingers.

SID

Balloon juice. I don't believe you.

ASIAN MAN

My dice hand's been kinda cold
lately. And Jimmy don't take to
floating credit.

SID

I don't give a bag of beans about your fingers and I don't care about any Nip named Jimmy Choo.

ASIAN MAN

Well he sure cares about you. Enough to have you followed. Interested in knowing who hired him to do that?

SID

Yes I am.

ASIAN MAN

Then meet me at the Forest Hill train station at 11 a.m. tomorrow with 2 Gs.

SID

I don't have that kind of cash on me.

ASIAN MAN

That's why I'll give you until 11. To get to the bank.

SID

How do I know you'll be there?

The Asian Man holds up his right hand.

SID (CONT'D)

This is hooey. You don't know anything.

ASIAN MAN

The people who want Jimmy to find out what you are up to are very fond of *cuckoo clocks*.

Sid freezes. The Asian Man walks passed him.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)

2 Gs. Forest Hill Station. 11 o'clock.

INT. JOHN'S GRILL

Sid enters and walks to a booth at the back of the bar. The redheaded waitress saunters over with two glasses of whiskey.

REDHEADED WAITRESS

Where'd you run off to?

SID
Had to talk to some fellas about
a horse.

The redheaded waitress places a glass in front of Sid.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
That blonde Valkyrie that bought
you a drink?

SID
What about him?

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Ambulance just took him to General.
Four missing teeth and a fractured
jaw.

SID
Those front steps can be tricky if
you're not careful.

The redheaded waitress clinks her glass against Sid's, looks
at him seductively and slugs the drink.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
M-hm.

Sid sips his drink and stares hard at the table.

SID
Let me ask you something... do you
think two things can happen at the
same time?

REDHEADED WAITRESS
In my line of work? They have to.

SID
(snorting)
Yeah... Say, Red, you're good with
numbers. What do you think,
hypothetically, the balance of a
bank account opened in 1945 with
\$300 would be today? With the
interest.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Hypothetically? Probably somewhere
around three grand. Why?

SID
Know where I can get a fake I.D.?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Stefan Vogel anxiously walks around the room on his phone.

STEFAN

Jan? It's me. I had a meeting with...that's right, like we agreed, but, no. No. Jan. He wants more money. Double. I know. Do you think that's such a good idea? All right. I'll pick you up at the airport this afternoon.

Stefan hangs up, tosses his phone on the bed, sighs and runs his fingers through his hair.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Scheisse.

EXT. 24TH AND MISSION BART STATION - MORNING

An ELDERLY ASIAN WOMAN pushing a small, over-laden metal cart walks slowly by a group of FOUR CHOLOS.

Sid blends into the crowd as a police cruiser slowly passes. Sid eyes the cholos; he walks over to them.

SID

You greasers know where I can get a fake ID?

CHOLO

Chinga tu madre, pinche gringo pendejo.

SID

I don't parlay Mexican. **I WANT TO GET A FAKE I.D. I'VE GOT FIFTY BUCKS FOR THE INFO...**

One of the cholos angrily pokes Sid in the chest.

CHOLO

Ve te ala chingada!

Sid hesitates then turns and walks away, mumbling to himself.

SID

For chrissake, fifty bucks isn't enough to find out where...

The elderly Asian woman quickly snatches the fifty bucks from Sid. He looks down at her as she points across the street.

ELDERLY ASIAN WOMAN

You want to go to Harrison and
27th. Green house. Side door.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

Angela hangs up the phone, gets up and walks down the hall as she goes through stacks of mail.

She looks at letters from Trinkl, Vogel and Keller.

She places the three letters on the top of the stack, stops short of Vanna's office, looks up and down the hallway, and then places those letters in her coat pocket. She knocks and enters Vanna's office.

INT. VANNA'S OFFICE

ANGELA

Your mail, ma'am.

Vanna thumbs through the letters.

VANNA

This is all of them?

Angela turns to exit.

ANGELA

Yes, Ms. Burkhardt.

VANNA

Brewster...

Angela stops in the doorway, frozen in fear.

VANNA (CONT'D)

Would you call Mr. Austin and tell him that it is very urgent I see him tonight. Tell him I'll meet him in front of the Swiss Consulate at 5 o'clock.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - DAY

Angela is rapidly texting as she walks down the hill.

Sid, standing in an alley, calls to her.

SID

Angel. A...

ANGELA

Sid! I was just heading to your hotel.

SID

Jeez, I feel like a dope. I'm sitting here racking my brains, but I've got nothing but dead ends. You're the only one here I can really trust, and, well; you seem like an eager beaver...

ANGELA

Sid?

SID

(embarrassed)

I need your help.

Angela produces the stolen letters.

ANGELA

I thought you might like to see these.

Sid opens a letter and scans it.

SID

... You could get fired for this...

ANGELA

It's okay. I'll just bring them back Monday morning.

Angela reaches into her purse.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Something came up... I was going to give you this tonight at the Grill... Well. I got you something. Here.

SID

What is it?

ANGELA

A phone.

SID

A phone?

ANGELA

I went to the Metro PCS store. It's fully loaded.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

5G, camera, internet, GPS, and I paid for the whole month so you can text or call as much as you want.

Sid takes the phone and looks at it curiously as Angela nervously wrings her hands and points.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure what ring tone you'd like, so I downloaded some for you. Or you can just leave it on vibrate. You know, *whatever*... I went ahead and added all my contact info; email, phone number, Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Tinder, so, anytime you want to reach me, for anything really... just press a button. And there I am.

(her face drops)

Anytime.

As Sid presses the phone's screen, Angela hesitantly steps up on her tiptoes and leans in to kiss him.

Sid recoils in surprise as the phone does something, and Angela moves back, nervously nodding her head and shaking.

SID

That is some Dick Tracy stuff right there.

Sid puts the phone in his front pants pocket and leans over and kisses her on the cheekbone; Angela's eyes close, her mouth opens and she stops shaking.

SID (CONT'D)

Thanks Angel. A.

Angela opens her eyes and sees that Sid is walking away, reading one of the letters. She stares longingly at him, turns, and despondently heads in the opposite direction.

Sid stops at the corner, lowers the letter and longingly looks back at Angela.

EXT. HUMBOLDT COUNTY - FIELD - DAY

Benny stands at the corner of a ten acre field. The vegetation is withered, rotted, black. He produces his phone and takes a picture. He squats and picks up a piece of a plant; it disintegrates in his hand. He reaches into his pocket and produces the brown vial. He opens it and pours a bit on the ground. He stands up quickly, snaps another photo, presses a button and brings the phone to his ear.

BENNY

Jimmy? It's Benny. We've got a situation here...

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - WELLS FARGO BANK - DAY

Sid, finishing a cigarette, stands outside the bank, staring at the 1870's stage coach inside the lobby of the building. He starts towards the door and opens it while looking up and to his left; he freezes and his face grows ashen.

A BUSINESSWOMAN enters the opened door.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Well, THANK YOU. It's nice to see chivalry isn't completely dead.

INT. WELLS FARGO - DAY

An effeminate bank teller, SCOTT NANCY, leaves his chair to confer with the MANAGER for EVERY CUSTOMER he deals with.

Sid approaches the teller, handing him his withdrawal slip and I.D.; Sid reads the name plaque on the teller's station.

SID

Good morning... Nancy.

SCOTT

(typing on his computer)
Good morning, Mr. Cummings. A withdrawal for three thousand dollars. Oh...

SID

Yes?

SCOTT

It says here that this account hasn't been active since June 17th...

SID

Well, if that's a problem, we can just take everything out and close the account.

SCOTT

... 1945. I'm going to have to speak to my manager.

Scott gets up and walks over to his manager.

Scott, paperwork in hand, points towards Sid, but the manager doesn't look over at him; though they are on the other side of the room, their conversation is audible.

BANK MANAGER

Jesus Christ, Scott, enough! I know you've only been here for two weeks, but you cannot come to me for every single fucking customer who comes in. You've been putting me in the weeds since you started. Now you can get back to your station and do your fucking job like you were supposedly trained to do it, or I can send everyone else out for lunch and you can do this all by yourself. End of discussion. *Your choice.*

Scott slowly walks back to his station, tears in his eyes. He slowly slides down into his chair, staring at his desk.

SID (O.S.)

Cock. Sucker.

Scott looks up at Sid with hurt eyes. Sid is staring at the manager, visibly angry.

SID (CONT'D)

Someone ought to bust that guy in the chops. That is NO. WAY. to speak to a lady! There IS such a thing as dignity you know.

The manager notices Sid staring at him and walks over.

MANAGER

Is there a problem here, Scott?

Scott turns to look halfway between Sid and his manager.

SCOTT

Not at all.

Scott looks up at Sid earnestly.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Will hundreds be okay Mr. Cummings?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Stefan waits in the lobby. An elevator opens and Jan exits.

JAN
What did he say?

STEFAN
He said he can't meet today, but
he'll try to squeeze us in this
weekend sometime.

JAN
*So now Mr. Choo is dictating
events...*

STEFAN
What do you want to do?

Jan runs a hand over his forehead and rubs his temples.

JAN
I should first like to get a
Cognac. Then I think we should pay
a call to Ms. Burkhardt.

EXT. FOREST HILL STATION - DAY

Sid, lighting a cigarette, exits the Art Deco station. He
passes the edge of the building, scanning the trees before
him.

Jimmy Choo and THREE other WELL DRESSED ASIAN GANGSTERS are
leaning against the wall behind him.

One gangster steps towards Sid; a twig snaps under his shoe.

Sid wheels around and punches the man out. The other two
gangsters pull pistols and point them at Sid. Jimmy looks
down at the unconscious man and then at Sid.

JIMMY CHOO
(Hong Kong accent)
You nervous about something?

SID
It's a funny thing. I've been
nervous about slopes sneaking up on
me ever since Pearl Harbor.

The two gangsters cock their pistols.

GANGSTER
Watch it with that slope shit,
Gweilo.

JIMMY CHOO

(laughing)

This guy is *fut hai!* Buddhist style! I think I like him. I really do... Nice shoes, by the way.

Jimmy snaps his fingers and TWO MORE well-dressed Asian gangsters appear, strong-arming the Asian Man, who has a large white bandage covering his right hand.

JIMMY CHOO (CONT'D)

Our friend here says you're going to help with his gambling debts.

SID

We agreed on two grand in exchange for some information.

JIMMY CHOO

I'm afraid it's three grand now.

SID

Why the steep hike?

JIMMY CHOO

Incidental expenses. I've gotta pay his medical deductible. This could ruin me.

SID

I'll give you twenty-five hundred.

JIMMY CHOO

Daam si m tau sik! You carry excrement and not eat it. Now I'm sure. I DO like him. Make it twenty seven fifty and you've got a deal.

Sid produces an envelope and removes a few bills. Jimmy steps forward, lowering the guns of his gangsters. Sid hands Jimmy the envelope and he hands it back to one of his goons.

Jimmy takes Sid by the arm and begins walking slowly towards the trees.

JIMMY CHOO (CONT'D)

Well, buddy. It goes something like this...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Vanna gets up from her desk, walks over and closes her door.

VANNA
That's not my problem.

INT. VANNA'S OFFICE - DAY

JAN
On the contrary. This is very much
your problem.

STEFAN
And could continue to be,
regardless of the outcome.

VANNA
What's that supposed to mean?

JAN
There are elements involved that
are unhappy with the progress in
this matter and in particular, your
performance.

STEFAN
One would think with the...

He lecherously looks Vanna up and down.

STEFAN (CONT'D)
... *assets*, at your disposal, we
wouldn't be having this
conversation.

VANNA
Fuck you.

JAN
Monsieur Keller and yourself were
given free license to proceed as
you saw fit. The results have been
less than satisfactory. If this
endeavor fails, changes will be
made, new men will fill the top
positions and those responsible
will be held accountable.

Vanna walks to the door and opens it.

VANNA
You will excuse me gentlemen if the
veiled threats and fantasies of a
group of scheming middle managers
doesn't frighten me. My interests
lay a little higher up.

JAN

(exits)

As you wish Ms. Burkhardt. You have been warned.

Stefan stops in front of Vanna, needlessly fixing his tie.

STEFAN

It may be time for you to align yourself with this new order.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - DAY

Stefan and Jan exit the office building and head down California. Detective Epstein "accidentally" bumps into Jan.

EPSTEIN

I'm so sorry... are you all right?

JAN

Clumsy oaf!

Epstein watches them head down the hill.

He then opens his palm, revealing a small brown vial.

EXT. CHINATOWN - WILLY "WOO WOO" WONG PLAYGROUND - DAY

Amongst the screeching and running children, Sid sits on a bench, his phone in his left hand, staring off into space.

SID (V.O.)

Well, Franklin, I know that Weinkeller and his boys from Berchtesgaden have their eyes on the War Memorial and I know that Monday is the date. This "Vanna" has some Kraut connections, and what's worse, they're Swiss, which is pretty hinky if you ask me. Now the heat is trying to muscle me, and instead of your brains, I've got a sweet kid with a swell hat who wants to "help". Like I don't have enough problems without some skirt gumming up the works. But how the Hell does Frank fit into all this? There has to be a connection.

A seven-year-old CHINESE-AMERICAN GIRL in pigtails and a polka dot dress, VIVIAN, stands a few feet away, staring at Sid. Sid comes out of his reverie and scans the playground.

Their eyes meet.

VIVIAN
(innocently)
Hello.

SID
Hello to you.

VIVIAN
My name is *Vivian*.

Sid's eyes narrow as he looks her up and down.

SID
I've been a lot of places and I've seen a lot of things; and there's only one that comes close to having a modicum of truth; *and you might as well learn it now, Vivian.*

Sid puts the phone down, drops to one knee before her and looks up at her.

SID (CONT'D)
Double knots are the only ones that will last.

Sid finishes tying her shoe, picks up his phone, sits back down and stares off into space. Vivian plops down next to him, produces a phone and taps the screen several times.

VIVIAN
I see you've got the new Samsung Galaxy too. I like to stream videos, post live events on social media and schedule play dates with friends. What do you like to use yours for?

SID
Me...?

Vivian stops tapping her phone and she and Sid stare at each other for several seconds.

VIVIAN
You don't know how to use that fucking thing at all, do you?

Sid shakes his head no.

VIVIAN'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Vivian!

VIVIAN
Coming, Mom!

Vivian bounds off the bench and Sid watches her skip away.

VIVIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
When in doubt? You can always just
ask *Google*!

SID
(chuckling)
Sure kid. Okay; "Google".

FEMALE GOOGLE VOICE (O.S.)
How can I help?

Sid's eyes turn towards the phone.

SID
(beat)
Are you talking to me?

FEMALE GOOGLE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sorry. I didn't catch that. How
can I help?

SID
Well; know anything about a Kraut
gangster named Keller who heads an
international...

FEMALE GOOGLE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sorry. Do you mean the Swiss
industrialist Dr. Christian Keller?

Sid's eyes dart around the phone, not looking directly at it.

SID
... *maybe*...

FEMALE GOOGLE VOICE (O.S.)
There are approximately 5,217 links
pertaining to Dr. Christian Keller.
Would you like me to download them
to this device?

SID
Would I ever...

EXT. NORTH BEACH APARTMENT - DAY

Frank, carrying his folder, exits his apartment building and
passes Washington Square and Saints Peter and Paul Cathedral.

EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE - DAY

Frank walks past Italian restaurants where diners are eating *al fresco* at sidewalk tables.

EXT. CHINATOWN - STOCKTON STREET - DAY

Frank passes produce and fish stores; all filled with ARGUING CUSTOMERS. He waits for the traffic light and scratches the back of his neck, moving his head back and forth.

He suddenly turns around and scans the people behind him.

He crosses the street, walking faster than before, nervously looking behind him and pushing people out of his way.

He waits only a second at the next light before running across traffic and into the Stockton tunnel.

INT. STOCKTON TUNNEL - DAY

Frank races down the sidewalk, narrowly missing knocking over people walking in front of him and those approaching him.

EXT. STOCKTON TUNNEL - DAY

Frank exits and darts immediately to his right, next to a stone staircase. He breathes heavily and wipes his brow.

Sid jogs out of the tunnel and looks left and right. Frank grabs Sid by his jacket and slams him up against the stone wall.

FRANK

Why are you tailing me?

SID

Hey, don't snap your cap, I was just out for an afternoon stroll.

FRANK

Bullshit. Why were you running?

SID

I'm afraid of tunnels. I don't like tight spots.

FRANK

Jesus fucking Christ. Why don't you just go home?

SID

That's what I'm **trying** to do.

FRANK

What do you want from me?

SID

I need your help solving this little riddle of mine.

FRANK

Are you still on about that?

SID

Things are starting to add up Frankie boy. There are parallel things happening. I'm trying to save Franklin Austin, and instead I find you. I'm trying to stop the Nippon Kid and Dr. Weinkeller, and here I find a gangster name of Choo and three little *Führers* named Trinkl, Vogel and Keller.

Frank lets go of Sid's jacket.

FRANK

How do you know about...?

SID

A little bird told me. Inadvertently. A little Swiss bird. Found their names in her apartment.

FRANK

Are you sleeping with my girlfriend?

SID

Frank, don't get salty. She's an able Grable, but you don't have to be a gumshoe to tell she skates around plenty.

FRANK

Not that I'm jealous, or anything. Vanna's free to do... whatever she wants. I am too. We have an open relationship. We agreed.

Sid dubiously looks Frank up and down.

SID

You've got rocks in your head, you know that?

FRANK

Look, just leave me alone, okay?

SID

Ever heard of something called,
"Genetically Modified Compounds"?

FRANK

Of course I have, that's my job.

SID

Know what the annual budget for
Research and Development is for
Switzerland's largest manufacturing
company? 150 million bucks.
Chemical and engineering vary, but
only slightly, if you're talking
millions.

FRANK

I don't see what this has to do
with...

SID

And Insurance? They don't even have
a budget for that. Those little
scribbles, all parentheses and
numbers you've got in that folder?
Cost over two billion dollars to
write them all down. That's more
than the net worth of any of those
companies.

FRANK

That's quite a theory, Mr.
Cummings. Come up with that all by
yourself?

SID

No. I had some help. Seems your
little Kraut playmates aren't
working alone. Had a talk with one
of their *Axis. Comrades*. this
morning. Apparently this Jap has
gotten distribution rights to the
little party in your folder for all
of Asia and half of Africa.

Frank points at his manilla folder.

FRANK

If this works, it'll be one of the
greatest humanitarian achievements
of all time.

SID

Sure. Genetically modified compounds, distributed in Third World countries; it'll turn deserts into breadbaskets.

FRANK

That's right! We can end world hunger. Dramatically change economic imbalances on a global scale.

SID

Then why aren't your little National Socialist buddies working on their speeches for Stockholm? Why are they hiding under rocks? Why are they selling off distribution rights? Why are they setting up offshore dummy companies in the Cayman Islands to launder the profits? Why are they distancing themselves as much as possible from this? Why are they going through you?

Frank opens his mouth to speak, but then just looks at Sid.

SID (CONT'D)

(quietly)

... Yeah...

Sid drops his cigarette to the ground.

SID (CONT'D)

Think it over Franklin. When you're ready to talk, you know where I'll be.

Sid walks away, turns a corner, looking behind him.

SID (CONT'D)

Or... you can call me on my cells at Montgomery 456.

Frank produces his cellphone and types.

He presses a button and brings the phone to his ear.

FRANK

Hello? Immendorf Investigators? There's a man I'd like you to follow. You're on Van Ness? I'll be right over.

INT. FINE DINING RESTAURANT - DAY

Jimmy Choo is eating filet mignon and drinking red wine in an empty restaurant with all the chairs stacked on tables. Benny is escorted to the table by one of Jimmy's goons.

BENNY

Jimmy.

JIMMY CHOO

Make it quick.

BENNY

You lease out about 100 acres up in Humboldt County to some hippies to grow weed. I had one of them put aside ten acres to grow pot with the gift from our Swiss friends. They tell me the stuff grew so fast, they got two harvests out of it instead of one.

JIMMY CHOO

Great. So we charge 'em double the rent.

BENNY

... and then two weeks ago, everything died.

JIMMY CHOO

Died.

BENNY

Like fucking Black Death died. Look at this photo.

(swipes left)

Look at the next one.

Jimmy puts his knife and fork down.

JIMMY CHOO

How did that happen?

Benny produces the brown vial.

JIMMY CHOO (CONT'D)

You lift that off Vogel?

Benny nods.

JIMMY CHOO (CONT'D)

This whole thing is starting to be *chow bung bung*.

(MORE)

JIMMY CHOO (CONT'D)

Are you telling me these Swiss cock suckers are trying to fuck me?

Benny looks at the floor and snorts a laugh.

BENNY

I think they're trying to get you to distribute it, fuck up half the Third World, and then rush in like heroes with this antidote. A lot more people than YOU are going to be fucked.

Benny looks up at the angry glare he's getting from Jimmy and quickly, nervously, looks away.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Though... fucking you would be like... *really bad*.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - SWISS CONSULATE - DAY

Frank hits a button on his phone.

CELL PHONE (O.S.)

"Monetary transfer complete."

Frank checks the time, puts his phone away and slowly walks down the sidewalk, passing the Wells Fargo. He looks disinterestedly at the stagecoach in the lobby, turns and walks back towards the Consulate.

He looks at the gold colored plaque SWISS CONSULATE GENERAL bolted into the building and then freezes as he looks up at the address carved into the stone above the entryway:

456 MONTGOMERY

Open-mouthed, Frank backs up as Vanna, in an Über, pulls up.

VANNA

Hey! Get in.

INT. ÜBER - DAY

VANNA

The Weinkeller.

(beat)

I wanted to talk to you Frank. I'm sorry about how I've been acting recently. I've had a lot of stress at work and, well, you know all about that.

(MORE)

VANNA (CONT'D)

Look, I don't want to say that we're bogged down, but I've been thinking. Maybe we need to move on to the next level.

FRANK

Next level?

VANNA

In our relationship. I know we've only known each other for a short time...

FRANK

Three months.

VANNA

But during that time, I've grown very fond of you. More than fond.

ÜBER DRIVER

AND... we're here; the Weinkeller.

EXT. WEINKELLER - SIDEWALK - DAY

Frank opens the door to the GERMAN WINE BAR.

FRANK

(laughing)

Are you asking me to go steady?

Vanna stops outside.

VANNA

(expressionlessly)

I'm asking you to marry me.

FRANK

... Vanna...

Vanna rubs provocatively against Frank.

VANNA

You have many admirable qualities, Mr. Austin. Your patience, your integrity...

Vanna grabs his crotch.

VANNA (CONT'D)

... *your intelligence.*

FRANK

This is all so sudden...

VANNA
 (kissing Frank)
 Mmm. A whirlwind romance.

Carrie, Carol and Alice approach Frank and Vanna.

CARRIE
 Hey, let's go! We've only got 15
 minutes of Happy Hour left.

Carrie throws her left arm around Frank's shoulder and points a stern right hand finger at Frank as they enter.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
 And don't hog Vanna all night.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frank sits at the kitchen table reading from his manila folder.

Vanna, dressed in a bathrobe, with her hair wrapped in a towel, is leaning against the stove, flipping through a copy of Brides Magazine and eating chocolate covered cherries.

VANNA
 Monday afternoon we could drive up
 to Point Reyes for a couple of
 days, rent a cabin. Oh! Look at
 this one.

She turns the magazine towards Frank.

VANNA (CONT'D)
 Isn't it cute?

Frank continues to read from his folder.

VANNA (CONT'D)
A wedding dress mini. I wonder if
 you can get this in black? If I
 order this tonight, it should be
 here by the time we get back from
 Zurich.

FRANK
 (not listening)
 M-hm.

VANNA
 I don't see the order guide for
 colors. Maybe it's online.

Vanna puts the magazine down and opens her laptop. Frank stands and pats his pants pocket, checking for his keys.

VANNA (CONT'D)
You're 42, right?

FRANK
What?

VANNA
Size 42. I might as well order your tuxedo too.

Frank heads towards the door.

FRANK
Right.

VANNA
Where you going, *liebchen*?

FRANK
Nowhere, just gonna stretch my legs for a bit.

Vanna walks over to Frank and kisses him passionately. She giggles and wipes the chocolate from his lips.

VANNA
Don't be long?

Frank shakes his head no and exits.

The smile leaves Vanna's face.

INT. JOHN'S GRILL - NIGHT

Sid heads down the stairs towards the Men's Room, smoking a cigarette and holding a large glass of whiskey. The redheaded waitress, in her street clothes, heads up the stairs.

SID
Hey, Red. Where you off to?

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Goin' dancing. Wanna come?

SID
Maybe some other time.

She stops Sid with a hand.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
You like coke?

Sid looks down at his drink.

SID
Well I usually just drink it like
this.

The redheaded waitress snorts a laugh, takes his cigarette
and draws seductively off it.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Bogie? You ever get the urge to
just disappear? To go someplace
where no one knows your name?

SID
Sure, kid. I'm just like anyone
else. All the time.

Sid takes the cigarette back as the redheaded waitress runs
her hands across Sid's lapels and stares hard into his tie.

REDHEADED WAITRESS
Two o'clock Monday afternoon I'll
be at the Powell Street BART
station waiting for the San
Francisco Airport train. At 2:10? I
won't be there any more.

She looks up at Sid, smiles a sad smile, turns, and sashays
up the stairs.

Sid heads down the stairs and lets out a low whistle.

EXT. JOHN'S GRILL - NIGHT

Sid exits, pulls a cigarette out of his jacket pocket and
sighs. He pats his jacket, feeling for a match. Sid looks up
as a *match is struck*.

FRANK
Hey, buddy. You need a match?

Sid leans forward to light his cigarette, but his eyes never
leave Frank's.

SID
Kinda late for you, isn't it?

FRANK
I've been doing some thinking.

SID
Best kind of exercise there is.

The two walk down the street.

FRANK

You've given me a different perspective. It's like... every time I see you, I'm hearing my own conscience.

SID

That's your grandfather you're hearing. I'm just his partner.

Frank looks Sid up and down dubiously.

FRANK

Right... anyway... I don't know how you know what you know, or why you're picking on me? But maybe there's something in the, coincidences... or whatever.

SID

A debt. Owed.

They head left onto Powell, walking towards Market Street.

EXT. POWELL STREET - NIGHT

Frank and Sid walk along the cable car tracks. The light coming from above the tree-lined brick street sporadically illuminating their faces.

FRANK

What are you talking about? You don't owe me anything.

SID

Maybe not. To you. Directly.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

SID

Franklin Austin was my friend. My best friend. And I didn't save him. He died because I wasn't fast enough. I don't know how, but I've been given a second chance. I have to put this right. Maybe that's why I'm here. I couldn't save him, but I'm sure as *shit* am gonna save you. I'm not walking through this life with two dead Austins on my conscience.

FRANK

(snorting)

You've got everything upside down.

SID

If stumbling around blind with a bunch of crooked Krauts and having a fiancée that every Tom, Dick and Harry uses as a mattress is right side up? Give me upside down any day.

Frank abruptly stops.

FRANK

Look. I've got a very expensive apartment, an even more expensive girlfriend, a failing company and I'm in debt up to my eyeballs. I'm one day away from hitting the jackpot and never having to worry about anything ever again. Give me one good reason I should listen to you and throw all that away?

SID

That's a pretty sad story, Frank. I know a sad story too. It involves a dead girlfriend. A dead mother. A dead best friend. And our hero is crawling over their three graves trying to convince a chucklehead that the mackerel he's carrying around in his pocket went south a week ago, but this guy's made up his mind not to smell it because he only has to carry it for one more day. Normally, we wouldn't care anymore about this than a 39 cent egg salad on rye; the real tragedy is that our hero just wants to go home, but he *can't* because he's stuck in this fucked up world that he can't get out of, because no one will fucking. LISTEN. TO. HIM!

FRANK

(bemused)

Okay, head case. You win. I'll bite. What is it, *exactly*, that you think happened the night before you met me?

Sid lights a smoke off his last, pushes his hat to the back of his head and walks slowly, looking off into the distance.

SID

It was a foggy night. The air hung close and heavy. Wet, tangible and crisp... *like the lingering memory of a lost lover's kiss...*

Frank turns and looks at Sid askance.

SID (CONT'D)

The usual crowd gathered downtown upon the slick, broken slate; a menagerie of broken souls and displaced hearts wandering aimlessly to the beat of a smacked-out jazz hound. But what these saps didn't realize, is that his machine gun tempo, *wasn't the heralding of a new age*, it was merely a cheap junkie's trick. to get off stage sooner to score another fix.

A SPARK from the electric wires above a vintage 1940's streetcar lumbering down Market Street changes the street scene to 1945 as it passes by them.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FORT POINT - 1945 - NIGHT

Fog swirls around the Golden Gate Bridge.

INT. ART DECO OFFICE HALLWAY - WOODEN DOOR - NIGHT

The frosted glass is lit by a light from inside. Etched into the glass are these words:

AUSTIN & CUMMINGS

Private Detectives

Suite 1090

The light goes out as Sid exits, locks the door, checks his watch, shakes his head, and hurries away down the darkened hallway.

EXT. AIRSTREAM DINER - NIGHT - FOGGY - 1945

Foghorns bleat as a flashing neon sign from the diner periodically changes the color of the fog.

INT. AIRSTREAM DINER - NIGHT

Frank, mustachioed, dressed in a zoot suit, sits at the counter, finishing the last bite of his meal.

Lost deep in thought, with a thousand-yard-stare, he picks up a coffee cup and sips.

A bell on the door tinkles as Sid enters.

Every single AFRICAN-AMERICAN CUSTOMER turns in surprise as Sid makes his way to the counter and sits next to Frank.

An adorable AFRICAN-AMERICAN waitress in a pink uniform and hat, CANDACE, 20, arms crossed, watches him from the other side of the counter.

CANDACE
You want something?

SID
Java. High and dry.

CANDACE
That all?

SID
How much for a side of jitters?

Expressionlessly, Candace turns to get the coffee.

FRANK
I didn't know they let your kind in here.

SID
Very funny. What's the rumpus from Lena?

FRANK
Meeting her in an hour.

SID
Am I coming with?

FRANK
Nope. This a meeting of the minds;
not a meeting of the muscle.

SID

What's that supposed to mean?

FRANK

What's the proper density ratio to make genetically modified compounds water soluble?

Sid's eyes narrow in confusion. Candace puts the coffee in front of Sid. Frank looks up at her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's like talking to a dog sometimes.

Candace leans back, arms crossed.

CANDACE

Shouldn't let him talk to you like that, Sidney.

SID

You know how it is, Candace. One minute you're somebody's son's godfather, the next you're Max Schmeling's punching bag...

Frank rises and tosses two quarters on the counter. He turns, gently smashing and turning Sid's hat and exits.

FRANK

Outside.

SID

How much for the joe?

CANDACE

Ten cents.

Sid stands, fixes his hat, counts off five bills and throws them down. He pushes his hat back and winks.

SID

I'll call ya.

Candace leans forward to collect the money as the doorbell tinkles and Sid exits.

CANDACE

You'd **better**.

EXT. DINER - FOGGY - NIGHT

FRANK

I'm cashing out, Sidney. This is my last job.

SID

Don't joke about something like that...

FRANK

You know that cabin up on Zephyr Cove in Lake Tahoe?

SID

Of course. We've been there 100 times.

Frank pulls out a white envelope.

FRANK

I bought it this afternoon.

SID

Does Eleanor know?

FRANK

Surprise birthday present. I've got the car all packed and ready to go. I'm done with dark alleys, crummy clients, bad coffee and no sleep. I'm going to live like a human being. This time tomorrow? I'm just a memory.

Frank tosses him a set of keys.

SID

How am I going to...

FRANK

You're top banana now.

SID

But I can't do this without you...

FRANK

Are you telling me in the ten years we've been together you haven't picked up one thing from me?

Sid looks down at his shoes. Frank checks his watch.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll be at Market and Geary at quarter past 10. I'll send the gimp over when everything's set up to let you know whether or not to come ahead. You'll be at John's Grill?

SID

Where else?

FRANK

You don't hear from me by midnight? Something's wrong.

Frank turns, giving a one finger salute. He stops suddenly; looking down at his shoes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna miss you, Sid.

Frank disappears into the fog.

INT. JOHN'S GRILL - NIGHT

Through a cloud of cigarette smoke, Sid, anxiously scanning the crowd, approaches the crowded bar.

Without having received an order from Sid, the 80-year-old BARTENDER, LENNY, automatically places a large glass of whiskey in front of Sid.

SID

The gimp in here?

LENNY

Nope. Ain't seen him since last night. And no wonder. Christ was he pickled.

SID

Pickled? How'd that happen? The gimp doesn't have any money.

LENNY

His friends were buying.

SID

What friends?

LENNY

One was a short guy with glasses, kinda scrawny. Funny accent.

Lenny reaches his right arm three feet above his head.

LENNY (CONT'D)

The other one was a real big Oriental fella.

SID

What was the accent?

LENNY

Dunno. Never heard it before. Wasn't quite French, wasn't quite German. Something... in between.

Sid's face drops.

SID

You mean like Swiss?

LENNY

That's it! Every time the gimp finished a shot the Oriental fella would say, "Hey, Switzerland. Why don't we buy our friend another drink."

SID

Tommy never said anything?

LENNY

Like I said, he was pickled. Kept mumbling something about... Illinois and 22nd.

SID

Illinois and 22nd? Where's that?

LENNY

Jeez, Sidney. I thought you knew this City blind. That's down in Dogpatch.

Sid checks his watch, shakes his head, downs the whiskey, tosses bills on the bar and quickly exits.

INT. DINGY BOARDING HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sid raps loudly on a door with his knuckles.

SID

Hey Gimp! It's me. Sidney.

There is no answer. Sid forcefully bangs on the door.

SID (CONT'D)

C'mon, Tommy. Open up!

There is no answer. Sid removes a bobby pin from his jacket and inserts it into the lock. He turns the knob, and with difficulty, pushes the door partially open with his shoulder.

An end table, a piece of decorative cloth and a lit lamp have been knocked to the floor.

Sid looks down to see the legs of a MAN laying on his stomach; one leg has a metal brace wrapped around a shoe and extending up the calf.

Sid squirms through the door, squats, flips the body over, places a hand over his mouth, and retches.

He covers the head with the decorative cloth and then pats the pockets on the dead man's clothes.

He pulls a matchbook out of one of the pockets and opens it and reads the writing on the inside:

"Lena & the Swiss. Double-cross. Don't let on".

Sid closes the matchbook in his palm, rises and exits the room, wiping the door knob clean with a handkerchief.

EXT. ALLEY - FOGGY - NIGHT

An inebriated HOMELESS MAN, ERNEST, 45, lays passed out amongst the garbage.

Sid quickly walks past; his shoes skid on the pavement as he stops and then enters the alley. He kicks Ernest's shoes. Ernest doesn't move. Sid kicks the shoes again.

SID

Ernest.

ERNEST

Sidney...

SID

Did you go to the dentist today?

ERNEST

Lend me a coupla bucks to get a drink, huh? There's a pal.

SID

Did you go to the dentist?

ERNEST

Christ, I'm dying over here. Just a coupla bucks.

SID
Did you visit *Herr Doktor* today?

ERNEST
You know how those Swiss are,
Sidney. I don't see nothin'. I
don't say nothin'.

Sid pulls a pint of whiskey from his coat pocket and unscrews the cap.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
Sweet, merciful...

Sid slowly dumps the contents onto the ground. Ernest very quickly moves so he can catch the liquid in his hands.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
What in the Hell are you doing?
Don't do that!

Sid tilts the bottle just enough so the whiskey stops.

SID
The dentist.

ERNEST
Me and Tommy moved some boxes.
That's all.

SID
What boxes?

ERNEST
Wooden boxes. With eagles. And
swastikas. One big one about ten
feet high and twenty feet long and
then a little one.

SID
What were in the boxes?

ERNEST
I don't know. They never opened the
big one...

Sid dumps out the whiskey again.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
Jesus! The little one was full of
vials!

Sid stops dumping the whiskey out.

SID

Vials?

ERNEST

Yes, vials! Little brown vials!

Sid screws the cap on the whiskey and smiles at Ernest.

SID

Ernie. You know what they call it
when you cross a double-cross?

Ernest shakes his head no. Sid tosses Ernest the bottle and exits the alley as his footsteps echo down the sidewalk.

SID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A criss-cross.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FOGGY

The bell of a marine buoy rings as Sid storms down a darkened street.

Sid checks his watch. He looks around, shaking his head.

SID (V.O.)

Dr. Weinkeller was in contact with
all the elites they hadn't caught
yet.

EXT. ABANDONED VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT - FOGGY

Sid crosses the street and heads towards the back of the house.

He walks slowly up the rotting, wet wooden steps. He turns the doorknob, which comes off in his hand. He kneels down and inspects the pointed ends of nails sticking out of the door. He pushes the doorknob against the nails on the left side of the door; they slide inward with ease. Sid smiles.

SID (V.O.)

Not the big politicians, but the
specialists from Peenemunde...

Sid pushes the doorknob against the nails on the right and the sound of a heavy board falling to the floor is heard.

Sid rises and pulls a revolver from his suit jacket, and with difficulty, pushes the door open with his shoulder.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

Sid closes the door and lights a wooden match; a large olive green machine with the letters "SS" and the serial number 001 embossed in the metal, fills the entirety of one wall.

Sid's eyes scan the room back and forth.

SID (V.O.)
 ...the death's heads hiding out
 around Berchtesgaden.

The match goes out.

Sid lights another match.

Behind him, THE NIPPON KID, JAPANESE, 35, similarly dressed; taller and muscular, is illuminated.

SID (V.O.)
 All the Nazi scientists who had
 been working on the wonder weapons.

The Nippon Kid grins and raises a fist.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. MARKET STREET - NIGHT

Like SHATTERING GLASS, the façade of 1945 crashes to the ground. Frank stops suddenly, turns and stares at Sid.

FRANK
 Nazi scientists.

SID
 That's right.

FRANK
 (beat, exasperated)
 Nigga please.

SID
 Some Luftwaffe Colonel had been
 skimming money off other projects
 for years;

(MORE)

SID (CONT'D)

jets, V-3s, one-off prototypes for whatever a German State with unlimited resources could come up with, atomic bomb research, God knows what else, and put it in this fund to develop a water-based chemical agent, one that with a single drop, would decimate an area ten acres wide. They're planning to send an elite SS death's head squad to poison the U.N. Assembly!

FRANK

You say they're going to send Nazis from Bavaria to San Francisco...

SID

On Monday.

FRANK

To poison the U.N.

Sid nods solemnly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

... which is in New York.

SID

They're going to sign the U.N. Charter at the War Memorial on Van Ness Monday afternoon. The representatives of 30 Allied Nations will be there. I saw President Truman on Market Street last *week*.

FRANK

I guess they did sign that here. But Germany had already surrendered, why would they want to...?

SID

When the Ruskies came from the east and the Allies from the west, and they knew the war was lost, Hitler gave orders to destroy everything. In his words, "To take the world down with us." They called it "Scorched Earth." This would be the logical Nazi conclusion to that order.

FRANK

Well, Mr. Cummings. Everything you just said, except for Harry Truman and the SS, is still here. What about that?

Sid flicks his cigarette to the curb and walks away.

SID (O.S.)

It's not Monday yet, is it?

INT. POLICE LAB - NIGHT

Epstein, in a darkened room, amongst Bunsen burners, boiling beakers and computers, watches the back of a POLICE SCIENTIST.

The scientist waits for a printer to stop, rips the paper free, and then turns back to Epstein, still reading.

EPSTEIN

So. What is it? A synthetic narcotic?

SCIENTIST

It's fertilizer.

EXT. RUSSIAN HILL APARTMENT BUILDING - FOGGY - NIGHT

Sid stands in the shadow of a doorway, smoking.

Across the street, Rafiq exits a building, fixing his tie.

Seconds later, Vanna exits, gets in her car and drives away.

Sid hails a taxi and enters it.

EXT. TELEGRAPH HILL - COIT TOWER - FOGGY - NIGHT

Sid heads through the fog down the wooden Filbert Steps. He crouches by the shrubbery as lights from a small house come on.

Hiding behind a bush, he peers inside a window and sees Vanna enter a living room and throw her purse on the sofa. She fixes herself a drink and then turns towards the hallway as Christian Keller enters the room.

CHRISTIAN

Ma Cherie...

VANNA

Uncle Keller!

Vanna runs to him and embraces him.

VANNA (CONT'D)
I don't have much time. I've got to
get back to work.

Dr. Keller pecks her lightly and Vanna re-doubles the
embrace, returning the kiss passionately.

Sid turns away and heads down the steps.

SID
Well that was cute.

Sid suddenly jerks violently and nearly falls down the
stairs.

He dances awkwardly for a few steps before finally succeeding
in removing the *vibrating cellphone* from his pants pocket.

SID (CONT'D)
(warily)
Hello?

ANGELA (O.S.)
Hey, it's me, Angela. I was
wondering if you wanted to get a
cup of coffee or something.

SID
Sure, but... how did you know I was
ticklish right there?

INT. JOHN'S GRILL

Sid sits at a table, mournfully staring at his phone.

PHONE
"SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE
June 19, 1945.
FOUR ALARM FIRE IN DOGPATCH:
The charred bodies of Private
Detective Franklin Austin, Swiss
emigre Lena Niederhauser, two other
unidentified bodies and thousands
in counterfeit bills found in
wreckage at Illinois and 22nd."

Angela enters carrying a steaming mug of coffee, throws her
purse on the table and slumps in a chair.

ANGELA
Man... What a day. How'd your's go?

SID
Somewhere between fubar and snafu.

He closes the tab and shoots a glass of whiskey.

SID (CONT'D)
You know, Franklin always said,
"When you're looking for answers,
they're usually staring you in the
face." But I don't see anything.

ANGELA
What have you got so far?

Sid hands her his phone.

SID
Just the Three Kings. Vogel, Trinkl
and Keller.

ANGELA
Well... who's this guy?

SID
What guy?

ANGELA
Here. Look. At the bottom of each
tab. All of them. The same name.

Sid takes the phone back and touches the screen. His face goes slack and his mouth opens.

SID
(quietly)
*And Alice went down the rabbit
hole...*

INT. 870 MARKET - LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank enters the lobby. The Security Guard smiles as he holds the elevator door open for him. Frank enters and the elevator doors close.

Sid enters the lobby and heads towards the elevators. He presses a button and looks up at the floor numbers. The Security Guard approaches him.

SECURITY GUARD
Can I help you sir?

SID
I gave at the office, buddy.

SECURITY GUARD
Your destination today?

SID
Suite 1090.

SECURITY GUARD
You have an appointment?

SID
No; I don't have an appointment...

SECURITY GUARD
I'm sorry, sir; but if you insist
on making a scene, we're going to
have to escort you from the
building.

SID
You and what Army?

THREE OTHER SECURITY GUARDS surround Sid and grab his arms.

SID (CONT'D)
What is this?

SECURITY GUARD
Certain high-ranking personages
have requested that you disappear.
You may do this voluntarily, or we
shall assist you.

The guards carry Sid outside and throw him in the gutter.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - TWILIGHT

Frank enters his office. Christian Keller is sitting in his
chair, bathed in shadow.

CHRISTIAN
Ah... *te voilà enfin, Monsieur*
Austin.

FRANK
(surprised)
Dr. Keller.

CHRISTIAN
Call me Christian.

FRANK
What are you doing here, sir?

Christian rises and walks around the office, disinterestedly examining objects about the room.

CHRISTIAN

I was in town on business and thought since I'm here, I might as well collect those signed papers.

FRANK

Well, I have until Monday...

Christian stops and checks his expensive wristwatch.

CHRISTIAN

In Zurich, it's 1 a.m. Monday morning.

FRANK

Yes, sir, but, well... I thought maybe a last minute higher counter-offer...

CHRISTIAN

Perhaps I've overestimated you people.

FRANK

What do you mean, "*you people*"?

CHRISTIAN

I have always felt empathy for *Les Noirs* in your country. I always thought they had been unjustly kept from the table. And when you at last fought and won yourselves a seat; I applauded. "Bravo!" I said. But I am now coming to feel that you perhaps lack... the necessities to comprehend and navigate the world of international business. Frankly, I can think of no other explanation for your continued timidity in this matter. Well... I've got a 10:30 flight. *Bonsoir, Monsieur Austin.*

INT. ELEVATOR

Rafiq looks at Christian as he enters and presses the ground floor button. The doors close. They stand in silence.

CHRISTIAN

It's... Rafiq Awan, isn't it?

RAFIQ

Yes, sir, Dr. Keller. It is.

CHRISTIAN

You're... Pakistani?

RAFIQ

Yes, sir, I am. But I've never been there...

CHRISTIAN

Awan. That's *Punjabi*, is it not?

RAFIQ

(suddenly charmed)

Yes sir, it is.

CHRISTIAN

Tell me *Monsieur* Awan. Have you ever felt that your talents are not fully utilized and that you were destined for higher stations?

INT. STAPLES - TWILIGHT

Holding a pack of paper clips, Sid walks down an aisle and picks out a magnifying glass.

EXT. STAPLES - TWILIGHT

A young LATINA WOMAN, 25, in a bright blue button-down shirt laughs as she takes photos of her friends. As Sid exits the store, she turns and takes several rapid photos of him.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - TWILIGHT

Through the window, the Latina woman takes photos of Sid as he places an X-acto knife and a roll of electrical tape on the counter.

EXT. PAYLESS SHOES - TWILIGHT

The Latina woman focuses her camera on Sid as he buys a pair of shoes in a black box. He takes out the shoes and the wrapping, places them on the counter, and leaves with the box.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TWILIGHT

Sid pours himself a plastic cup full of whiskey, takes a healthy swig, and unscrews the handle from the magnifying glass.

He places the glass on the short side of the black shoe box, removes a pencil from his suit jacket, and traces it.

He lights a cigarette, places it in his mouth, takes the X-acto knife and cuts a circle on the short side of the box.

He wraps electrical tape around the glass, fits it into the circle, and uses more tape to affix the glass.

He opens the box and straightens a paper clip, bending it into a make-shift stand, which he tapes to the middle of the inside of the box.

He stubs out his cigarette, places his phone sideways onto the stand, places the lid on the box, finishes the rest of his whiskey and leaves the room.

EXT. NORTH BEACH APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sid approaches Frank's apartment building, but stops short, withdrawing into the shadows of a doorway, seeing the three security guards, in civilian clothing, pacing back and forth in front of the apartment building.

Sid waits until there is a gap in their rounds, runs across the street, hops a fence, and disappears into the shadows.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank sits at the kitchen table, reading from the manila folder. His *cellphone vibrates* and he pulls it out and reads a text message from Rafiq:

"Hey, accounting just showed that \$200,000 was transferred to the entertainment slush fund. Did you authorize that?"

Frank throws his phone on top of the manila folder and walks to kitchen door and runs his hands over the top of the door frame.

FRANK

Where is it?

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - DARKENED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank runs his hands over the top of the living room door frame and a cigarette falls to the floor. He bends over to pick it up.

Outside his balcony door, a large IMAGE OF SID, his face, nostrils mostly, is projected on the wall across the street.

Frank picks the cigarette up, takes a book of matches from a plate holding a candle, lights the smoke, opens the balcony door, coughs slightly and sighs, looking out at the wall and Sid's image. Frank's face grows confused.

EXT. BELOW FRANK'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Frustrated, Sid addresses and fumbles with his black shoe box.

SID
(muttering)
Why are you so... *stupid*...?

EXT. FRANK'S BALCONY - NIGHT

FRANK
Who's out there?

The image projected on the wall changes to a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of 40-year-old KARL JURGENSON.

SID (O.S.)
Any Lawyer worth his salt will try to do two things; plant the shadow of a doubt in your mind, and make you step back and go, "*What's going on?*"

FRANK
Is that you down there?

SID (O.S.)
Karl Jurgenson. By himself, not very important. But certain members of his family were.

The projected image changes to a 1940's photo of FRITZ JURGENSON.

SID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You see, Karl had a great uncle, Fritz. Now, Fritz had spent his twilight years in South America, and when he died, the inheritance fell into Karl's lap. The inheritance wasn't much, but it included a strongbox, containing certain papers.

The projected image changes to Fritz in an SS UNIFORM.

SID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Fritz had been a physicist before the war, and a doctor during it. Many of the "findings" he made on human guinea pigs later turned up in medical journals. Not morally Kosher, but scientifically accurate.

The projected image changes to a MUG SHOT of Karl.

SID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Karl had a certain weakness for schnapps, morphine and underage boys; but he was no dummy. He knew if he could patent some of Uncle Fritz's scientific papers, he'd be in like Flynn. Now, handing out patents for 1930's Nazi research on genetically modified compounds isn't something Swiss courts just hand out like candy. They like to take their time. Investigate. This didn't bode well for our three-time loser Karl.

Sid steps out of the shadows from beneath the balcony and looks at the wall.

SID (CONT'D)
 And like a miracle, men of import rushed to his defense. Appeared on his behalf. Vouched for his character.

The projected image changes to Stefan Vogel.

The projected image changes to Jan Trinkl.

The projected image changes to Christian Keller.

SID (CONT'D)
 And like C.S. Lewis said, "In the Managerial Age, the greatest evil is not done in sordid 'dens of crime'; it is not done even in concentration camps. But it is conceived and ordered; moved, seconded, carried, and minuted, in clean, carpeted, warmed and well-lit offices, by men with white collars and cut fingernails who do not need to raise their voices."

Sid turns his make-shift projector off and turns to Frank.

FRANK
This is such horse shit...

SID
For Christ's sake, Frank! Open your eyes! These Krauts hate colored people!

FRANK
(irritated)
People of color.

Sid points a stern finger at Frank.

SID
Especially them.

Sid lights a smoke and exits.

SID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Which side are you on, Franklin?

EXT. PRESIDIO - FORT POINT - NIGHT

Stefan and Jan, carrying a briefcase, exit their rental car and walk around the side of the fort.

EXT. PRESIDIO - NATIONAL CEMETERY - NIGHT

Jimmy Choo, in his fashionable full length coat, stands in the middle of a large group of identical white tombstones.

As Stefan and Jan approach him, Jimmy points at Jan with his pistol.

JIMMY CHOO
Who the fuck is this?

JAN
A man who is becoming more and more irritated with your avarice.

JIMMY CHOO
Man, I've known some people bad with figures, but you win the prize.

STEFAN
What are you talking about?

JIMMY CHOO

Are you *chi chi dei*? I said *two* briefcases of money, not two dummies delivering one briefcase.

JAN

You're not serious.

JIMMY CHOO

You want me to go with you when you get the other briefcase so you're sure it adds up to two?

STEFAN

You already have one.

Jimmy opens his coat and looks around at his feet.

JIMMY CHOO

I don't see any briefcase.

JAN

You're joking.

JIMMY CHOO

Does that look like what I'm doing? *Joking?*

STEFAN

Come on, Jimmy.

JIMMY CHOO

You just *la la lum* TWO briefcases, Stefan. That, or I call off the whole deal.

STEFAN

Think of the money you'd be throwing away.

JIMMY CHOO

I'm not throwing anything away. You need me Vogel. You need me bad.

JAN

Really, Mr. Choo. Our association is based on convenience. You want to squabble over \$100,000 and lose the potential for unknown millions, go right ahead. I'm sure we can find someone who has a better grasp of arithmetic.

JIMMY CHOO

By Monday? You think you can put the brakes on something this big and then start back up from scratch as though nothing happened in twelve hours?

STEFAN

Who told you about Monday?

JIMMY CHOO

A little bird.

STEFAN

What "little bird"?

JIMMY CHOO

The one from 19... 45... apparently...

STEFAN

What?

JAN

As a gesture of good faith, an expression you seem to have a scant understanding of, you may take this briefcase, or face the consequences.

STEFAN

Um, Jan?

JIMMY CHOO

I vote that the guy you can't do without gets another briefcase.

STEFAN

Let's go get another briefcase.

JIMMY CHOO

That's two votes!

JAN

Very well. You chose the latter.

Jan pulls a pistol and shoots it at Jimmy, missing him completely. Jimmy smiles broadly and raises his own pistol.

EPSTEIN (O.S.)

EVERYBODY FREEZE!!!

Detective Epstein emerges from the shadows, his weapon drawn.

Jimmy SHOTS Jan as he turns towards Detective Epstein. Jimmy quickly picks up the briefcase and begins running, shooting Stefan in the shoulder as he passes by him.

Epstein fires two shots at Jimmy before racing after him.

Jimmy runs zigzagged through the cemetery, firing several shots back at Epstein. As Epstein hurdles a tombstone, he is shot in the foot and collapses to the ground.

EXT. PRESIDIO - FORT POINT - NIGHT

Jimmy runs along the side of the Fort, placing his pistol back in the holster underneath his jacket.

As he turns the corner to enter the parking lot, Sid is standing there with his right arm cocked as far back as it will go.

EXT. PRESIDIO - FORT POINT - NIGHT

Epstein half limps, half jogs around the corner of the Fort and sees Sid leaning over a sprawled-out Jimmy Choo; whose legs are akimbo. Sid is removing an envelope from Jimmy's coat pocket.

Epstein comes to a stop and lowers his weapon. Sid looks up at him.

SID

I never liked this guy.

EPSTEIN

How did *you* happen to be here?

SID

Well...

EPSTEIN

No, let me guess. It was a coincidence.

SID

Something like that.

Epstein moans as he sits on the ground.

SID (CONT'D)

You're gonna need a doctor.

EPSTEIN

Already called the paramedics.

Sid looks back at Jimmy and then at Epstein.

SID
Looks like you owe me one.

EPSTEIN
Looks that way.

Sirens become audible.

SID
Leave me out of the report?

EPSTEIN
Gladly.

Sid looks around and walks away.

SID
It's late... I should be going.

EPSTEIN
Listen. How did you know about
Vogel and Trinkl? How much do you
know about Choo?

Sid enters the woods.

SID (O.S.)
I'll tell you next time I see you.

INT. SUITE 1090 - DAY

Frank enters the office.

A BIKE MESSENGER and the Latina woman in the bright blue shirt, holding a manila folder which reads IMMENDORF INVESTIGATORS, stand near the front door and follow Frank with their eyes as Frank walks into his office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits at his desk, staring at the opened manila folder. Rafiq passes by the opened door, snaps his fingers, smiles broadly and points his two thumbs upwards.

The secretary enters, staring down at her pile of papers.

SECRETARY
The board wanted to me make
photocopies of the contract before
we give them to the boy...

She looks up from her pile at Frank.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Angela, flustered, is on the telephone. Her switchboard is entirely lit up in flashing yellow buttons.

ANGELA

No sir. Not since Friday night. I don't know. Yes, I'll call the minute I know.

Frank enters.

FRANK

Is Ms. Burkhardt in?

Angela drops her phone to her chin.

ANGELA

Excuse me a moment. No, she didn't show up for work today, we can't seem to reach her. What? I understand it is important, but I'm not sure what you expect me to do. My job? I AM doing my job!

INT. VANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The lock on the door opens and Frank enters. The apartment is completely empty. Frank stares at the floor and then exits.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - WELLS FARGO BANK - DAY

Frank watches from across the street as Vanna, escorted by a BEEFY SECURITY GUARD who has two briefcases handcuffed to his wrists, exits the bank and heads into the parking garage of the SWISS CONSULATE.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Security Guard unlocks the handcuffs, hands her the briefcases, bows and exits as Vanna enters the elevator.

The elevator doors shut as Frank enters and watches the elevator numbers descend to the sub-basement.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - PARKING GARAGE

Vanna loads the briefcases into the trunk of her car. She approaches the driver's side door and stops short; hearing a noise echo behind her.

She looks back anxiously towards the source of the sound for a moment and puts her key in the lock on her car door.

Sid suddenly grabs her wrist; hard. Her keys fall to the ground.

SID
Going someplace?

Vanna looks from her wrist to Sid.

VANNA
 Why, Sidney...

A slow, seductive smile fills her face.

VANNA (CONT'D)
... you're hurting me...

In disgust, Sid lets go of her wrist and kicks the keys across the pavement. Frank approaches her from behind.

FRANK
 Vanna...

Vanna pulls her purse in front of her and backs away. She doesn't turn to look at Frank.

VANNA
 It wasn't supposed to end like this...

FRANK
 Why, Vanna?

Vanna pulls a tissue out of her purse and dries her eyes.

VANNA
 I need that money, Frank.

FRANK
 Was that all I was to you? A paycheck?

VANNA
 I loved you, Frank.

SID
 That's a lulu. Don't be a fathead, Franklin. She's in cahoots with the head Honcho; and in ways you'd rather not know. All this "love" nonsense is gobbledygook.

Vanna pulls a pistol out of her purse.

VANNA

I could have grown to love you...

Frank and Sid inch towards Vanna.

SID

Give me that gun, Dragon-Lady.

VANNA

In time, I could have...

Frank and Sid lunge at Vanna, and the three of them form a scrum, battling for the pistol. The pistol **FIRES**.

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - DAY

Two PARAMEDICS load a white-sheet covered body on a stretcher into an ambulance.

Epstein, on crutches, looks at Sid, who is tapping his wristwatch and bringing it to his ear.

SID

Is he gonna live?

EPSTEIN

He'll live.

The ambulance drives off, revealing a police cruiser.

SID

I see you brought the whole family.

A cop puts Vanna in the back of a cruiser, next to Christian.

EPSTEIN

Attempted murder, insider trading, bribery, malfeasance... I'd say they're facing sixty years, total.

SID

Now that's two you owe me.

Epstein looks Sid up and down as the cruiser drives off.

EPSTEIN

Suppose you'll be heading home now.

(beat)

Or to whatever, planet, you're from...

SID

One thing still bugs me. Why Jimmy Choo picked a warehouse on the docks to meet Vogel. That's too working class. Ritzy's more his style.

EPSTEIN

He didn't pick it. Vogel did.

SID

You sure?

EPSTEIN

That's what Choo said under interrogation.

SID

So Vogel was leasing that warehouse?

Epstein shakes his head no.

EPSTEIN

M-mm. Some multinational.
"Fertigung and..."

Epstein pulls out a SMALL NOTEBOOK.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

... here it is. "Fertigung and..."

Epstein's tries to figure out how to pronounce the word.

EPSTEIN (CONT'D)

"Ingen..."

SID

(eyes narrowing)
"Ingenieurwesen."

EPSTEIN

Yeah, that's it.

SID

... Always one last loose end...

EPSTEIN

YOU'RE a loose end.

Sid walks away. A police officer standing on the far side of a squad car lifts up the police radio.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
 Detective Epstein! It's the
 Commissioner!

EPSTEIN
 Where the Hell are you going,
 Cummings?

SID
 I'll see you later, Epstein...

Sid rounds the corner.

SID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Maybe.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - LATE AFTERNOON

A large sign warning of rotting dock wood is attached to a chain linked fence.

INT. DOCK BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Sid enters the darkened building and comes to the olive green tarp. He pulls it down, revealing a battered, dented and scorched large olive green machine with the letter SS and the serial number 001 embossed in the metal.

Sid adjusts the analogue numbers back to 1945, then June. He adjusts the day backwards from 23, but no matter how hard he tries, is unable to move it from the 18th to the 17th.

SID
*I can't get back to that night... I
 can't save him...*

BEHIND HIM, Angela, dressed in her vintage black hat and veil, her grey and black dress, bobby socks, saddle shoes and a small sequined black purse hung from her neck, emerges from the shadows, putting down a large suitcase.

Angela steps towards him and a board creaks. Sid turns and throws a haymaker, knocking Angela through the rotted wall.

She flips over a wooden railing outside, and clings precariously above the Bay.

SID (CONT'D)
 I knew Vogel and Trinkl had an
 agent on the ground. Now it all
 makes sense.

Angela looks down at the Bay.

ANGELA

Sidney... *I can't swim...*

SID

You've been following me the whole time. When I went to the Silver Cloud, you were there. When I was looking for new clothes outside my hotel you just happened to be taking your lunch break in Union Square even though it's ten blocks from your office. You were the one who told those goons where to find me.

Sid pulls out his phone.

SID (CONT'D)

And when I got rid of the goons, you gave me this. It's got a tracking device, doesn't it? What did you call it? *GPS*?

Sid drops the phone through a hole in the floor; it splashes into the Bay.

SID (CONT'D)

"I've seen those names before," you said. Of course you had. You're the double agent. How much did those Krauts promise you?

ANGELA

Seventy-five grand.

SID

Sister... I don't think you're going to collect.

ANGELA

I had them pay me before I did anything. Sid, we both won. Frank Austin didn't sign. The last five original vials are in that suitcase. With that money, and this machine, we can run away. Wherever we want. Start a whole new life.

Sid looks down at his wing tipped shoes.

SID

I never thought I'd say this out loud, but I've fallen for you kid.

ANGELA

Then help me...

SID

Gee whiz, Angel. A.; you're the
type of gal to take home to mother.

Sid tosses the suitcase onto a seat on the machine.

ANGELA

... Sid... I can't hold on...

SID

Losing you would tear a hole in me;
a hole I don't think I could bear.

With tears in his eyes, Sid pulls on a lever and the machine rumbles.

SID (CONT'D)

But it'll pass...

Angela releases one hand from the railing to reach into her purse. She swings wildly back and forth, pulling out a pistol and firing a desperate, unaimed shot.

Sid takes a sideward glance at Angela and exits.

SID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Say hello to Franklin Austin for
me.

Analogue numbers lit on a dial quickly turn backwards from 2024 and a strange light grows brighter.

The machine suddenly disappears.

Angela's white fingertips tremble... And then let go.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - 1945 - NIGHT

The Nippon Kid looks at the unconscious Sid and exits.

THE NIPPON KID

Goodbye, Mr. Cummings.

The rumbling of the machine has Sid fall out of the seat, onto the floor. Sparks shoot out of the back of the machine; and it bursts into flames as Sid disappears.

A second later a suitcase appears in one of the seats and the machine **EXPLODES**, sending \$100 bills everywhere.

EXT. PRESENT DAY - POWELL STREET BART STATION - DAY

A large clock in front of the station reads 2:15.

Exhausted, Sid runs towards the station entrance.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
San Francisco Airport Train now
departing on platform one...

Sid stops, lights a smoke, dejectedly tosses the match and slowly saunters away, vanishing into the THRONG of people on Market Street.

Artie Shaw's "NIGHTMARE" plays as, on the sidewalk behind him, there is a trail of solitary drops of fresh blood...

FADE OUT:

THE END.