



THE HUNT

Episode 01: "In the Belly of the Whale"

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AS WORLD WAR II SPIRALED TO AN END, THE UNITED STATES SECRETLY RECRUITED THOUSANDS OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND BRILLIANT NAZIS, SMUGGLING THE LEADERS OF THE THIRD REICH INTO AMERICA FOR EMPLOYMENT IN THE U.S. GOVERNMENT. IN AN EFFORT TO BENEFIT FROM THEIR EXPERTISE AND ENSURE THE SOVIETS WERE DENIED GERMAN SCIENTIFIC AND MILITARY KNOWLEDGE, THE U.S. PUT HITLER'S HENCHMEN TO WORK AS SPIES, INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS, LEADING SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS, MILITARY ADVISORS AND AIDES AT THE HIGHEST ECHELONS OF GOVERNMENT - THE CIA, FBI, U.S. MILITARY, NSA, NASA, EVEN THE WHITE HOUSE.

THROUGH "OPERATION PAPERCLIP" AND "OPERATION BLOODSTONE," AMONG OTHERS, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WHITE-WASHED THESE NAZIS' RECORDS AND SHUTTLED IN THESE GENOCIDAL MONSTERS, GUARANTEEING THEM A LIFE OF STAR-SPANGLED, APPLE-PIE AMERICANA.

ALL TOLD, THOUSANDS OF THE MOST DANGEROUS NAZIS WERE LIVING AMONG US AND THE U.S. GOVERNMENT DID ALL IN ITS POWER TO KEEP ITS ACTIONS A SECRET, PROPAGATING ONE OF THE MOST DAMNING COVER-UPS IN MODERN HISTORY AND CHRISTENING THE UNITED STATES A "NAZI SAFE HAVEN."

"THE HUNT" IS INSPIRED BY THESE TRUE EVENTS. . . .



EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

CHYRON: Chevy Chase, Maryland. May 1977.

A groovy, intimate summer barbecue is in full swing in the manicured backyard of a Better Homes and Gardens centerfold.

The home's owner - BIFF SIMPSON (blonde, 50s) - grills sloppy Joes and sips a Gimlet. Part 70s sitcom dad, part glad handing politician. This country clubbing, red-meat, Southern WASP is what you'd get if the Kennedys and the Brady Bunch fucked and procreated.

The BBQ's guests - JOE and JUDY BROWN (40s) - sit next to the grill, sipping Mai-Tais, entranced by Biff -

BIFF
(in his Southern drawl)
And I says to him "Never again, Mr. President..."

The couple hangs on Biff's every word -

BIFF (CONT'D)
"...can we let the Chinese motorboat our tits like that!" I says "Who's negotiatin' your treaties?" And Jimmy looks at me with that peanut farmer grin and says, "Biff, you are now, friend! But don't y'ever talk 'bout motorboatin' titties in front of the First Lady again!"

The Browns laugh wildly, just as Biff's younger, blonder, buxom wife - LOTTIE SIMPSON (40) - an Angel, part "Charlie's" part "Victoria's Secret," swings in to kiss the cook. Her fake breasts JIGGLE in sync with the Jell-O salad in hand.

LOTTIE
Rosalyn blushes every time she sees Biff!

TRINITY (O.S.)
DAD!!! He's doing it again!

Biff turns to see his and Lottie's THREE KIDS - BIFF JR. (15), TRINITY (12) and SAWYER (8) - splashing about in the massive pool, as Biff Jr. dunks Trinity under the water.

BIFF
Biff Jr., kiddo, lay off your sister or no Six Million Dollar Man tonight, y'hear me?!

Biff and Lottie share a sweet "those darn kids!" smile.

BACKYARD GATE -- A YOUNG COUPLE - the nebbishy CARL (39) and his Polish-born wife HELEN (38), wearing a GOLD STAR OF DAVID NECKLACE, enter the backyard. Helen has an apple pie in hand.

HELEN
(*thick Polish accent*)
Your new boss lives here?

CARL
When you're the Undersecretary of State, I imagine the world's your oyster, hon.

Helen turns to Carl, sees he's flustered. Sweaty. Awkward.

HELEN
There's nothing to be nervous about.

CARL
He's Biff Simpson, hon. He decides if I sink or swim this year.

HELEN
Well you're Carl Kirsch, sweetheart. And he's mighty lucky to even wade in the same pond as you.

Carl smiles gratefully, kisses Helen on the cheek.

BIFF
Kirsch! You made it, my friend!

CARL
Wouldn't miss it, sir.

BIFF
"Sir"'s for Foggy Bottom. In my castle, I'm "Biff."

CARL
Wow. Well, OK, then...*Biff*. This here's my wife, Helen.

BIFF
Helen. What a beaut. Jeez, Kirsch you win her on Let's Make a Deal?

BIFF JR. (FROM THE POOL)
MARCO!

TRINITY (FROM THE POOL)
POLO!

Biff shakes Helen's hand. But as they shake, Helen's face turns strange. Realization splashing across it.

BIFF
 (to the others)
 This is my new associate I was
 tellin' y'all 'bout - just moved
 here from Boston. (beat) Can I get
 you kids a wet one?

But Helen can't speak. She's still staring at Biff. A look of
 horror slowly creeping across her face.

HELEN
 (mumbled)
 Oh my God...

CARL
 I'll have a Schlitz if ya got. Hon?

Helen now shakes, as she stares at Biff. Tears in her eyes.
 Her hand trembles as she raises it to point at Biff.

HELEN
 Oh my God. It's you. It's *him*.

Biff and Carl look to Helen, strangely. Carl laughs
 nervously. Helen drops the pie on the grass.

CARL
 Hon?

HELEN
The Butcher.

BIFF
 (laughing it off)
 Well gosh darn, Kirsch, ya didn't
 tell me your wife was one of them
 vegetarians!

HELEN
 The Butcher of Arlav!

Helen panics. Frantic. Hysterical. She screams!!!

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Call - call the police! It's him!
It's him!! Herr Muller...

CARL
 Helen, what on Earth!?

LOTTIE
 Hon, what's going on?!

BIFF

I think she's having some kind of episode? Kirsch, maybe she wants to lie down in the family room?

HELEN

No! It's you! It's him! Please! Why is nobody - IT'S HIM! STOP HIM!
OPSHT RETSEYEKH! HE'S HERR MULLER!!

The kids start crying in the pool.

BIFF JR.

Dad!? What's happening?

TRINITY

Daddy?!!

LOTTIE

(trying to calm Helen)
 You're scaring the kids, doll.

CARL

Helen, the heck's gotten into you?!
 Mr. Simpson, I'm so sorry, I don't -

Helen grabs Lottie's arm and pleads with her.

HELEN

He slaughtered them! My mother, my sisters! He - he killed them all!

BIFF

Jeez-o-man, well this is - really something, Kirsch. And in my *home*. I think I'd like you to leave now!

Seeing Biff offended, Carl tries to wrestle Helen away, but she escapes Carl's grip and screams, pointing at Biff!

HELEN

NAZI!! NAZI!!!! *HALTN!! STOP HIM!!!*

A bewildered Biff stares at Helen long and hard. Until his look of offense turns cold. *He shakes his head, sighs, then reaches under the GRILL and PULLS OUT A SILENCER PISTOL.*

Lottie notices the gun. Ditzzy confusion overtakes her.

LOTTIE

Biff?

Biff raises the gun and SHOOTs HIS OWN WIFE IN THE HEAD! HER BRAINS EXPLODE AND LAND IN THE JELL-O SALAD.

Before his kids can SCREAM, he turns to the pool and SHOOTs each one of them - *SNIFE! SNIFE! SNIFE!*

The Browns TRY TO FLEE, but Biff shoots their GUTS onto the manicured animal-shaped hedges, then spins around to a shocked Carl and shoots him in the face.

Leaving only Helen standing. Alive. She can't move. She just stares, in horror. Biff inches closer to her. Blood splattered across his "KISS THE COOK" apron. He sighs and drops the charming Southern boy act.

BIFF

(now in German)

Thirty years of work that was. An entire life built. Marrying that American pig. Siring three tainted swine. How long I had wanted to snap their little necks. Well, their blood is on your hands, my girl. Leave it to the Jew to think only of its own pathetic existence.

Snot and tears cover Helen's face. Biff laughs. The pool begins to turn red as blood seeps from Biff's children.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Ah. You thought the war was over. No, dear. Only the dead know the end of war. We're here now. Everywhere. And soon, the Fourth Reich shall reign anew...

HELEN

We - we survived...we'll survive again...

BIFF (THICK GERMAN ACCENT)

You didn't survive. You marinated. All these years we let you soak. And now you're ripe to be cooked.

Biff raises his gun at Helen, takes her in --

BIFF (CONT'D)

I remember you now. From the camps. I'm so glad I didn't gas you then. This is so much more delicious. And what a hungry boy I've been. What hungry boys and girls we've all been. *Heil, mein Fuhrer! Sieg Heil!*

BIFF LICKS HIS LIPS AND FIRES AS WE SMASH TO --

THE  HUNT

EXT. LOEW'S KINGS MOVIE THEATER - FLATBUSH AVE. - NIGHT

CHYRON: Brooklyn, New York. That Night.

A massive sea of awestruck MOVIEGOERS of all ages, decked out in bell-bottoms, flower print dresses, and STAR WARS costumes, EXPLODE out of the theater under a marquee that declares "STAR WARS: SOLD OUT!" and onto a Brooklyn street.

We CLOSE IN on THREE YOUNG MEN, all of the stoner/loser species. There's SHERMAN "BOOTYHOLE" JOHNSON (19) - a tall black teen with a flattop fro - ARTHUR "CHEEKS" McGUIGAN (19) - a chubby red-haired Irish Catholic doused in freckles, and -

JONAH MILLER (19) - wispy haired, lanky, Jewish, with long sideburns and glasses. But beneath the scrawny frame and marijuana-glazed eyes, lies an intense, brilliant mind and a heart of fury. Fury borne of being an heir to the short straw in life. Fury that Jonah tries to keep bottled up, though it sizzles deep inside. This is our guy.

The three amigos covertly puff-puff-pass a joint as they walk by the blocks-long line of movie-goers. They check out a parked Camaro and pass a BODEGA hawking New York Posts front-paging "SON OF SAM KILLER TERRORIZES NYC! ARE YOU NEXT?!"

BOOTYHOLE

I mean why the hell does Darth Vader gotta be black?

CHEEKS

He's not black, Bootyhole, he's a Sith Lord!

BOOTYHOLE

Dude's got a black suit. Dude's got a black mask. And last I checked, James Earl Jones is sure as shit a brother. Always the motherfucking villain, man.

JONAH

You think Vader's the villain?

Cheeks and Bootyhole turn to Jonah as if he's high.

CHEEKS

Are you serious, Jonah?

BOOTYHOLE

Yeah, every time Vader came on screen, Cheeks pissed his husky boy pants.

CHEEKS

No, I fuckin' didn't!

Bootyhole does the Darth Vader HEAVY BREATHING noise in Cheeks' ear. Cheeks screams, high-pitched. Bootyhole laughs.

JONAH

Look, Darth Vader wasn't born Darth Vader. For all we know he was born Chad Kirschbaum, asthmatic, premature-ejaculating good-hearted loser. But like every kid in the Galactic Empire, he was conditioned to believe that "evil" Jedi rebels from some desert shithole were coming to suicide bomb his parents, behead his friends and kidnap all the hot Sith chicks for light-saber orgies. Vader doesn't get out of bed looking to *destroy* the world. No, he wakes up every morning believing he needs to *save it*.

CHEEKS

He's a murderer, dude -

JONAH

So is fucking Batman, Cheeks! He hanged a mental patient from the Batplane and watched him suffocate. He crushed a man's guts out with a car compactor. And it's not only him: Superman's slaughtered cities. Green Lantern took out a planet. I mean fuck, Jean Grey leveled a goddamn solar system! The only *real* difference between a *hero* and a *villain* is who sells more costumes on Halloween.

BOOTYHOLE

How much of your Cheech you Chong, jiggy? I'd save some of that shit for your customers.

Jonah can't help but laugh.

CHEEKS

I don't know. I just hope in the sequel we get to see Leia's titties.

BOOTYHOLE

Rebel titties are the best titties.
I'd suck on them rebel titties *all*
day.

They laugh, as Jonah leads them around the corner. He then scans the block and heads down a DARK ALLEY behind the IHOP.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Down the IHOP back alley, the three amigos see a group of THREE MEATHEADED JOCKS (20/21). The ringleader - DENNIS - has his arm around a BEAUTIFUL BLACK GIRL - CAROL HAWTHORNE (18).

Jonah sees Carol and blushes, then tries to cover. Carol sneaks a sweet smile.

CAROL

Hey, Jonah.

JONAH

Hey, Carol.

DENNIS

Circle jerk run late, faggots?

The jocks sneer at Jonah. Jonah ignores them and gets down to business, opening his drawstring bag to reveal ONE HUNDRED ZIPLOCK BAGGIES OF MARIJUANA. He takes out a BAGGY and throws it to Dennis.

JONAH

Finest shit in all five boroughs.
I'd try to sell you on it, but
that'd be like God tryin' to sell
you on the Garden of Eden or Buddha
hawkin' you Nirvana. You don't want
my shit? Your loss. I do forty per
ounce. No discounts, drop-offs,
rebates or returns. So what'll it
be?

DENNIS

The Jew gets right to the bottom
dollar, huh.

Jonah bites his tongue. He needs the money.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Give me six ounces, shit-tard.

JONAH

That's two forty.

DENNIS
I'll give you sixty.

Dennis throws three twenties at him. The jocks crack up.

JONAH
This isn't a negotiation, ass-hat.

DENNIS
No? Then how 'bout I take this shit
for *free*, bitch.

BOOTYHOLE
Just take the sixty, Jonah.

CHEEKS
Come on, Jonah, it ain't worth it.

DENNIS
Listen to your boyfriends.

JONAH
I said two forty.

DENNIS
I don't think you're understanding
me and I ain't fluent in "Little
Bitch," so let me translate.

Dennis then grabs Jonah by the neck, takes the entire
drawstring bag of drugs, and throws Jonah HARD onto the
ground. The jocks laugh.

Jonah sees Carol look down at the ground. She feels for
Jonah. Jonah's embarrassed, he begins to rage. He gets up and
tries to grab the drugs back, his fury bubbling. Dennis holds
the bag away, theatrically.

JONAH
Give me my fucking shit!

DENNIS
Ooh, puttin' on a show for Carol to
see you act all tough? Got a hard on
for her, don'tcha? She ain't gonna
suck your tiny Kosher weiner, Simon
and Gar-fuck-el.

Jonah can't take any more. FURY BLEEDS IN HIS EYES. He gets
in Dennis' face. Nose to nose now.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
The fuck you gonna do, *Kike*?

But though the fury bubbles inside of Jonah, his fists shaking, he can't bring himself to do anything. He freezes.

Seeing the pathetic display, Dennis SUCKER PUNCHES Jonah in the mouth, knocking him on his ass. Blood pooling from Jonah's mouth.

Dennis and the jocks laugh. Cheeks and Bootyhole try to intervene, but are held back by the jocks. Dennis picks Jonah up from the ground and SLAMS him against the metal hoop. Jonah, his glasses broken, falls to the ground. Dennis stands over him, laughing, kicking him in the ribs.

But the scrawny Jonah spits out the blood and gets back to his feet. He won't just lay down. Just as Jonah get on his feet, Dennis knocks Jonah in the nose. It bleeds everywhere.

Jonah fights through the beating and gets up again. Dennis loves it. He knocks Jonah to the ground again.

CAROL

Leave him alone, Dennis!

DENNIS

Soon as the little Jew bitch quits begging for more.

But Jonah doesn't stop. He keeps getting up. And Dennis keeps on pummeling and pummeling, til Jonah's a bloody mess.

EXT. NEW UTRECHT AVENUE - LATER

Cheeks and Bootyhole walk a pretty banged up Jonah, backpack now back in hand, through crime-ridden streets. Shadowy figures roam the alleys. Police sirens blare in the distance.

CHEEKS

Fuck trumpets.

BOOTYHOLE

Twat waffles.

Jonah, now with a busted lip and a black eye swollen shut, lands in front of a tiny, single family brick home on a quaint Brooklyn street - New Utrecht Avenue. It's the home he shares with his grandmother. Bootyhole and Cheeks eye Jonah warily, sadly.

JONAH

I'm fine.

He nods "later" to Cheeks and Bootyhole, then takes a deep breath and heads inside.

INT. JONAH'S HOME - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Jonah sneaks in the front door. The home is decorated with Judaica - watercolor portraits of Jerusalem, Hamsa hands, and small menorahs, as well as photos of Jonah and an ELDERLY WOMAN. He sees the light still on in the kitchen.

Jonah tries to sneak up the stairs, with his backpack, one quiet step at a time, WHEN - a STEP CREAKS!

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE (FROM THE KITCHEN)
(thick Polish accent)
Jonah?

JONAH
It's just me, Safta. I hung around
for the double feature.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE (FROM THE KITCHEN)
Did your black eye and bloody lip
hang around, too, darling?

INT. JONAH'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Jonah sits at the kitchen table. Caught. The kitchen is quaint with yellow walls and little owl tchotchkes.

Chicken soup is bubbling on the stove in a pot.

The ELDERLY WOMAN from the photo, Jonah's grandmother, sits next to him. This is **RUTH HEIDELBAUM (70s)** - with beautiful dark hair, knowing eyes and storied wrinkles. Ruth has a bowl of homemade ointment. She takes a cotton ball and dabs Jonah's swollen eye.

A half-eaten bowl of steaming chicken soup is in front of Jonah. He eats from it. It nourishes, heals.

JONAH
How'd you know?

RUTH
I'm your Safta. *I know everything.*
(beat)
Mrs. Schlosstein saw you walking on
Avenue J. Rang me right away.

JONAH
The *bubbeleh* bat-phone.

Ruth dabs Jonah's eye harder. She's in no mood for a wise-ass. Jonah winces.

RUTH
You think you're a big man for
getting in a fight?

JONAH
I was defending myself.

RUTH
(not buying it)
Eyn oyg hot mer gloybn vi tsvey oyern.
Trust one eye more than two ears.

Ruth has finished dabbing.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Don't touch it. I'll get a bandage.

She heads out of the kitchen. Jonah sighs, in pain.

HALLWAY

Ruth passes by Jonah's backpack, by the stairs. She smells something coming from it. *Curious*. She opens it. She realizes what she's looking at. Her eyes ignite with fury, betrayal.

KITCHEN

Ruth storms back in, Jonah's backpack in hand! *Shit*.

RUTH
What is this?

Ruth dumps out one hundred packets of drugs onto the table. She begins smacking him. Throwing the packets at him.

JONAH
Safta -

RUTH
A drug dealer? A criminal?!

JONAH
Safta -

RUTH
How could you?!

JONAH (CONT'D)
Listen to me -

*

RUTH
Fakakta!!

JONAH

It's been a year since the library
laid you off. And you think the comics
shop pays me enough to keep us afloat?

RUTH

You said my pension would hold us
over until I could find more work!

JONAH

Because I didn't want you to worry!
And I wasn't gonna let you scrub
bathrooms at the Howard Johnson -
on your hands and knees all day
mopping pools of piss and shit!

RUTH

That's my right! That's *my* choice.

JONAH

(grabbing a bag of weed)
This puts food on our table, puts a
roof over our heads, keeps our
lights on.

RUTH

I would rather starve outside, a
dog in the dark, than have my
grandson be a thug!

JONAH

A thug? You think I'm one of them
Hell Devils in Bushwick? One of them
Phantom Lords in Greenpoint? You
think I want this to be my life? You
think I don't want to be at some
WASP college we can't afford
actually making something of myself?
I'm doing this so we can *survive*.

Ruth settles, shakes her head.

RUTH

A nar bleibt a nar. You were meant
for so much more than this. A
brilliant mind, a gift from God,
and this is how you use it? To put
this kind of *meshugenah* out into
the world...

JONAH

You're worried about the world,
Safta?

(MORE)

JONAH (CONT'D)

Well the world sure as shit's not worried about us. And someone has to be.

RUTH

Oh, darling. No, no. This isn't about the world. Or the money or the bills or the house. This is about your *soul*. You lose that, that's all there is...

(beat)

Everything you do, Jonah, is a choice between *beyz un gut*. Light or darkness. It all matters now. *You must choose well, kindelah...*

Jonah winces and pulls away from his grandmother.

JONAH

That's easy for you to say when the biggest decision of your day is whether to put fucking noodles in your soup. But sometimes when you're trying to survive you don't have a choice!

The air is sucked out of the room. A pang of shock, hurt rockets across Ruth's face.

Jonah then catches sight of the FADED TATTOO on Ruth's inner arm: "3 8 4 1 9 7"

He can't believe his outburst. What a stupid thing to say. Ruth, tears in her eyes, puts the bowl in the sink.

RUTH

There's always a choice.

JONAH

(embarrassed, guilty)
Safta...

Ruth softly kisses Jonah on the head.

RUTH

I love you, Jonah. *The most.*

She touches his swollen, black eye wistfully, sadly.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You should be able to see soon enough.

Ruth steels her tears, then heads out of the kitchen. Jonah curses under his breath, pissed at himself, SLAMS the table.

INT. JONAH'S HOME - JONAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonah's room oozes with comic books, B-movie posters and NY Yankees memorabilia. A lava lamp globs.

Jonah sits at his desk. He pulls out a secret box from the bottom drawer and opens it. Inside is a STACK OF PENTHOUSE MAGAZINES and a tub of Vaseline. He reaches under the magazines and pulls out a stack of opened envelopes.

He pulls out the envelopes and we see recently dated ACCEPTANCE LETTERS from a slew of universities - Harvard, Yale, Princeton, MIT. Each with big price tags. Jonah stares at the letters, then he angrily tosses them into the garbage.

As Jonah gets up from his desk, he sees across the street, out the window, Carol returning home. Jonah watches her, WHEN - she turns around and looks up at his window. Jonah ducks. Carol smiles sadly then heads in.

INT. JONAH'S HOME - JONAH'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Jonah is fast asleep. A TV Guide (with Natalie Cole on the cover) and the Vaseline is on his night-table.

SUDDENLY, in the stillness, we hear **GLASS BREAKING**. Jonah stirs awake, slowly.

HE THEN HEARS HIS GRANDMOTHER SCREAM!

Jonah jumps from his bed and darts out of his room.

INT. JONAH'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jonah races to the stairs, about to race down them, when he hears an awful, terrifying struggle downstairs. Someone's in the house.

Jonah makes to go down, but he stops. He freezes. Like in the fight with Dennis. He can't bring himself to go down the stairs. Terrified. Arrested. He grips his fists, trying to fight the fear, but...can't. He just stands there. Unable to muster the stuff to go after the guy.

THEN -- **A GUNSHOT**. *Jonah's heart drops. His world stops.*

When suddenly, he sees -- at the bottom of the stairs, opening the front door:

A MAN. GUN IN HAND. DRESSED IN BLACK. A BLACK SKI-MASK ON.

Jonah can't move. He watches helplessly as the man heads out the front door and *gets away*.

Once the man is gone, Jonah snaps out of it, hurries down the stairs.

INT. JONAH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jonah races into the living room, terrified. He SEES RUTH sitting in the living room in an arm chair. Her back is toward us - we can only see the back of her head.

The window in front of her, which opens to a back alley, is broken. Glass everywhere. Jonah inches toward the chair. He sees her RIGHT ARM dangling off of the arm rest. We see her TATTOO: "3 8 4 1 9 7" Blood collects around the chair.

JONAH

Safta?

Jonah spins the chair around, and we see RUTH, with a BULLET HOLE through the chest. Blood pours from her mouth. She tries to speak, but she can't. Jonah presses hard on her wound, trying to stop the bleeding.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I got you, I got you, Safta -

Ruth touches Jonah's swollen eye. As if imparting a message. Her eyes dim. She grows cold. And Jonah knows it's fruitless. She's dead. Shock sets in.

INT. NYPD. 67TH PRECINCT - BULLPEN - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Jonah sits at a detective's desk, his grandmother's BLOOD still on him. Cops rush about, phones ring off the hook - a mania caused by the Son of Sam serial killer. Two portraits hang on the wall: President Carter and NYC Mayor Abe Beam.

Jonah spots a YOUNG BLACK FEMALE COP with a big Afro snagging a peek at him as she walks through the bullpen.

WHEN - an African American man - DETECTIVE CHARLES GROTON (50s) - stands over Jonah, a troubled look on his face.

DETECTIVE GROTON

Well it wasn't Son of Sam. That cat uses a .44 Bulldog. The bullet found in your grandmother was from an old Luger. Rare piece.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE GROTON (CONT'D)

And, we found some jewelry was taken.
I'd muster it was a robbery gone
wrong.

JONAH

So you'll find him.

DETECTIVE GROTON

We'll do everything we can, son. You
have my word. But at the moment, we
don't got much to go on -

JONAH

I told you -- he was wearing black
sweats and -- and a ski mask. I
think he was heading East. I think
he was heading East. Maybe to the
125th Street subway. And - and his
shoes made this loud noise in the
alley, must've been steel-toed work
boots or somethin'...maybe he's in
construction or a dockworker or -

DETECTIVE GROTON

Jonah. I'm going to see that
everything we can do is done, OK?
It's gonna take some time. The
city's at war, son. Serial killers,
sex peddlers, drug runners, mafia
men - our boys are run dry. But I
won't let up on this, alright? I
promise you that.

Jonah doesn't know if he believes that. He looks down at his
hand. It's still shaking. He clenches his fist, guilt and
shame in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JOLLY ROGER MOTEL - ROOM #8 - LATER

A YOUNG MAN, pale as moonlight with dark eyes, no eyelashes,
and platinum blonde hair, lies shirtless in a heart-shaped
jacuzzi in a kitschy motel room.

This is **TRAVIS LEICH** (24). There's an **EAGLE TATTOO** on his
neck and his body is drenched in hundreds of **WHITE**
SUPREMACIST TATTOOS: dozens of swastikas, eagles, the numbers
"88" and "14," webbing, Norse valknot, iron crosses, etc.

The jacuzzi bubbles as Travis reads from a **RED BOOK** with an
image of a **GOLD STATUE** on a pedestal on the cover. **WHEN** --
the motel room phone rings. Travis grabs the phone.

A beat. Travis listens to a VOICE mumble an address.

TRAVIS (ON PHONE)
Verstehen.

EXT. BIFF SIMPSON'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Biff is sitting in his backyard, still in his bloodied apron, completing a crossword puzzle. THE EIGHT DEAD, BLOODIED BODIES are still scattered throughout the backyard, unmoved. The pool is now completely red with blood.

Travis walks into the backyard with a suitcase and takes in the scene. Emotionless.

BIFF
 (thick German accent)
 Took you long enough.

Travis doesn't speak. He just stares at the carnage.

BIFF (CONT'D)
What? They would've blown my cover!
Thirty years I spent infiltrating
this swamp: D.C. strip clubs,
Senate cloakrooms, the Oval Office.
And now, just weeks after our
breakthrough, as we ready for war,
you think I would allow it all to
*be undone by a *Juden* cockroach?*

Biff sighs.

BIFF (CONT'D)
 Did I create unwanted noise? Sure.
 But Uncle Sam won't suspect a
 thing. The American G-men who
 brought us over still think we're
 just nice little German Shepherds
 helping them defeat Old Red. Hell I
 could Goose Step the Electric Slide
 on the National Mall and the
 Americans wouldn't add it up. These
 fools are too busy believing their
own people are the enemy, they've
 blinded themselves to us.
 (then)
 Offer up a black man to blame and
 you can get away with anything in
 America.

Travis looks down at his briefcase, then back at Biff.

BIFF (CONT'D)

The neighbors didn't hear anything.
The jewelry's in the safe in the
den. Oh, and after you're done
here, the Colonel needs you to pay
Congressman Dick Marshall a visit.

Biff hands Travis a manila envelope. Travis opens the
envelope: documents, photos, etc.

BIFF (CONT'D)

We need him to cast the deciding
vote on H.B. 211. Making an
exception on the South American
embargo and allowing an Argentinian
company, Schuler Industries free
trade with the U.S. The Colonel
made clear that there is no room
for failure. Understand?

Travis nods. Biff turns to Travis, hands Travis the BERETTA
SILENCER he used to kill the others. Travis takes it, aims it
at Biff. Biff readies for the shot.

BIFF (CONT'D)

How 'bout the left arm? So I can
still - *you know* - with my right.
The heck else am I gonna do in the
hospital for three weeks?

Travis nods, Biff readies for the shot, AND -- **SNIP!**

INT. TEMPLE ISRAEL OF BENSONHURST - CHAPEL - NEXT DAY

A congregation of mourners are gathered in a chapel.
Bootyhole, Cheeks, and their families, are among them. A
closed casket lies in wait at the foot of the stage. A LARGE
PHOTO of Ruth Heidelbaum sits on an easel.

JONAH stands in the front row, staring at the picture. A
RABBI leads the Mourner's Kaddish.

RABBI

Yit'gadal v'yit'kadash, sh'mei raba.

CONGREGATION

Amen.

INT. JONAH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jonah sits on a wooden mourner's box, as mourners stand
about. Photos of Ruth are on display.

Deli spreads and yarmulkes fill the home. Bootyhole and Cheeks are loading up on kugel. Semitic hands comfort Jonah, whisper a kind word. Jonah stares at where the bloodied chair used to sit.

WHEN -- a SNOOTY WOMAN (40s) walks over to him. Lox is piled sky high on her cream-cheesed bagel.

SNOOTY WOMAN

You know, Jonah, only *immediate* family is supposed to sit shiva.

JONAH

Is that right, Mrs. Schlosstein? Well if my Safta's parents weren't shot in the ghetto, if her sibilings weren't gassed in the camps and if her only kid didn't bleed out having me, then *they'd* be sitting here instead. But I'm all she had in this world, and I sit for them. So how 'bout you either you get me on my feet yourself or you shut your gefilte-fish-stinking-fat-fucking mouth!

Mourners TURN to Jonah in shock, aghast at his outburst. Kugel drops, mid-bite from a stunned Cheeks and Bootyhole's spoons. Jonah doubles down, stays seated. Ignoring the stares. Then -- he looks at the visitors:

JONAH (CONT'D)

The hell are you looking at?!

Off their horrified stares, Jonah, suddenly embarrassed by his outburst, gets up and hurries out of the room.

EXT. JONAH'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Jonah explodes from the home and takes a seat on the front stoop, head in hands. Kids are playing in the street, splashing about in the open fire hydrant. Cars zoom by.

Jonah notices Carol across the street, tending to her younger sibilings. Carol waves sadly to Jonah. Jonah nods.

He then looks down at his arm. An ant is crawling on it. He's about to SQUASH it, but thinks better of it, and flicks it off his arm. It scurries away on the pavement. Pardoned.

OLD MAN

(Polish accent)

"Maidel shittern mogn ober shtyfer mogn, gezunt un tuches mogn mogn."

Jonah spins around to see a strange OLD MAN (60s/70s) standing in the doorway, leaning on a wooden cane. The Old Man, dressed in an expensive black suit, sits next to Jonah.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

"In a world of 'loose stools' and 'constipation,' it's okay to be a normal piece of shit sometimes."
(beat) Besides, Mrs. Schlosstein had it coming.

The Old Man reaches out to shake Jonah's hand. He has an emerald ring on his finger.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Meyer Offerman. My deepest sorrows about your grandmother.

Jonah shakes it apprehensively. He notices a TATTOO on Meyer's wrinkled arm: "3 7 6 2 1 2"

MEYER

How many broads I've been with.

Meyer gives Jonah a wink. Meyer laughs. Jonah studies him.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Laughter is - good medicine - in the worst of times. Your grandmother taught me that.

JONAH

How'd you know my grandmother?

MEYER

Your Safta and I...were in the camps together. In fact, I owe my life to her. Pity the man who crossed Ruth - I simply *survived* because if I *died* she would have killed me!

Jonah laughs. Meyer smiles. They settle.

JONAH

She didn't talk much about the camps.

MEYER

What is there to talk about?

JONAH

She lives through all that only to be shot in her own living room by a fucking burglar.

MEYER

Did you happen to hear his voice,
catch his face?

JONAH

No.

MEYER

There are street lamps down that
alley, no? Did you see anything?

JONAH

How'd you know he came in through
the alley?

MEYER

I noticed the living room window
was boarded up. I suppose I watch
too much "Kojak" in my old age. A
potato of the couch. Well, I'm sure
the police are on it.

Jonah just stares out into the street. Emotional.

MEYER (CONT'D)

Your grandmother was a fighter. And
I trust it courses through your
veins all the same. But if you ever
need anything - money, assistance,
anything at all - you come to me.
You understand? It's not charity.
It's a debt I owe.

Meyer hands Jonah his business card:

Meyer Offerson.
Founder & CEO, Offerson Industries
782 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10021

Jonah stares at it, curiously. Meyer gets up on his cane and
walks slowly down the stoop. He looks back at Jonah.

MEYER (CONT'D)

You have an intimate relationship
with death. But know it to be not a
curse, but a blessing. One that
brings you closer to life. As the
Talmud tells us, "Living well is
the best revenge."

Meyer smiles sadly, then heads off to a black chauffeured
sedan. Jonah watches the man's car drive off.

INT. JONAH'S HOME - RUTH'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jonah takes his grandmother's blouses from her dresser drawer and places them in a box on her bed labelled "GOOD WILL."

As he loads the box he notices a framed photograph on the bureau: A YOUNG JONAH (5) and RUTH (50s) on the Coney Island Boardwalk. He takes the photo and stares at it, sadly.

He then opens the top drawer, only to realize it's filled with his grandmother's bras. He winces, gressed out, then QUICKLY takes them out of the drawer and drops them into the box. He laughs it off, then reaches back into the back of the drawer to make sure he hasn't missed anything, WHEN --

Jonah FEELS SOMETHING STRANGE. He pulls it out: It's a WOODEN BOX engraved with a beautiful wood mural depicting two girls on a farm. Jonah stares curiously. He opens the box. Inside are stacks and stacks of old letters. He's stunned by their contents. The sheer number of them. Days, months, years of letters. He rifles through tens, hundreds of them.

Until... Jonah catches a name written in one of the letters: "MEYER". He pulls the letter out and reads it in full:

RUTH (V.O.)
*...It was chaos, chaos in the
 ghetto. Guns popping. Women
 screaming, piercing the night -*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WARSAW GHETTO - DARK OF NIGHT - THE PAST (BLACK & WHITE)

CHYRON: Warsaw Ghetto, Poland - January 1939

A striking young woman - YOUNG RUTH (28) - tries to navigate hordes of Jews being rounded up by Nazi guards in the streets of the ghetto. Dogs are barking. Children wailing. Machine guns CRACK as they fire, lighting up the snowy night sky.

RUTH (V.O.)
*I raced through the crowds,
 searching for my family.*

Ruth wades through a pool of frenzied neighbors.

YOUNG RUTH
(to those around her)
*Please - my father - have you seen
 my father?*

She passes three Nazi guards beating a group of elderly men; a German Shepherd mauling a young boy; a Nazi guard brutally carrying a screaming pregnant woman over his shoulder.

WHEN - Ruth finally sees her father - RABBI ISAAC HEIDELBAUM (50s) - sitting on the ground.

YOUNG RUTH (CONT'D)

Papa!

Ruth races to her father, and as she does, she sees, lying in his arms is her MOTHER - dead - riddled with bullet holes.

YOUNG RUTH (CONT'D)

Mama!?

Isaac does not acknowledge Ruth's presence. As if she isn't there at all. There's an eerie smile on his face. He's mumbling now. A Yiddish phrase we cannot quite hear.

RUTH (V.O.)

The ghetto was gathered around him, seeking his guidance, seeking God's answers. But my father had no answer for us. His eyes vacant, he held my mother, repeating the same words over and again: Shum da-var. Shum da-var. "Nothing." "Nothing." And there I saw it - the winds robbed of their direction, the tides of their rhythm. I saw a man that no longer possessed the very thing that had defined him, that made him him. He wasn't my father any longer. He was a creature that had ceased to be. He was shum da-var. He was nothing.

Ruth tries to help her Father off the ground, but the Nazis separate them. As Ruth fights back, a Nazi guard throws her to the ground. The guard stands over her, his gun raised.

WHEN - a handsome man with dark hair - YOUNG MEYER (30) - steps in front of Ruth, shielding her, pleading to the Nazi.

YOUNG MEYER

We'll go. We'll go!

RUTH (V.O.)

And then he came. A strange man. Meyer, he called himself. He saved my life that night. And in time, I would return the favor.

Meyer carries Ruth away. She looks back to see her Father on the ground. A Nazi's gun to his head. He's laughing. Madness.

CLOSE ON: Ruth. We hear a shot and she SCREAMS! Meyer covers her mouth and holds her close, as they continue to move.

RUTH (V.O.)

I don't know what was worse. To see that the Nazis had killed Father. Or to see they had killed God. But, for the first time in my life, I wished to kill. I wished to kill them all.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JONAH'S HOME - RUTH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah puts the letter down, can't bear to read any more. As he places the letter back in the box, he sees a SPECK of RED LIQUID and TORN LINING PAPER on the box's bottom. He peels the paper, and realizes it's a false bottom. He pulls off the bottom, to reveal a SECRET COMPARTMENT.

Inside he finds A STICKER. On it is some sort of hand-drawn logo: A RED BALLOON with a STRANGE SMILEY FACE SUPERIMPOSED.

And then - toward the back - he sees: A MASSIVE GOLD HUNTING DAGGER, its handle engraved with the JEWISH STAR OF DAVID. It looks like it's been...USED.

Jonah grabs his grandmother's dagger and grips it tight, in utter shock, as his eyes go wide with mystery and wonder.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD WOMAN'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

CHYRON: CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA

An OLD HEAVYSET WOMAN (72), with sagging jowls and a floral muumuu, sits on a plastic covered couch in an orange-walled apartment. The room is covered with family photos of her children and grandchildren and framed pictures of space, NASA shuttles, and the 1969 moon landing.

The TV buzzes with an episode of "FAMILY FEUD." The woman watches gleefully, as she works to finish a circular needlepoint pillow of planet Earth.

RICHARD DAWSON (ON TV)
*Betty, you groovy girl, top five
 answers on the board: Name something
 that can kill a lively party.*

OLD WOMAN
 (thick German accent)
 A drunk!

CONTESTANT BETTY (ON TV)
A drunk partygoer?

RICHARD DAWSON (ON TV)
Show me "drunk partygoer!"

ON TV -- DING! "DRUNK GUEST" flips over on the board.

OLD WOMAN
 (giggling, elated)
 Yahtzee!

RICHARD DAWSON (ON TV)
*Okay, Barney, name something that
 can kill a lively party.*

CONTESTANT BARNEY (ON TV)
 A gun?

The game show audience and the Old Woman crack up. WHEN -- there's a LOUD KNOCKING at her door. She turns suspiciously, then heads to the window and PEEKS out the pulled blinds.

OLD WOMAN
 Hold the horses, just a moment!

She waddles to the front door and opens it. A BURST OF SUNSHINE POURS INTO THE HOME. The Old Woman covers her eyes.

In the door frame we see a MAN in a jumpsuit with an "ABRAHAM & SONS PLUMBERS" logo. He wears a NY YANKEES cap. Under the cap, we see the plumber has one GREEN EYE and one BLUE.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 The hot water won't turn on. I've
 been freezing my tush off!

The Old Woman points towards the back hallway.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Left. Right. Back there is
 bathroom. Okay? I watch the Feud.

The Old Woman sits back on the couch and watches the TV. She soon hears a BANG and a RATTLE from the bathroom.

She takes a caramel from a dish on the coffee table. She eats it, the stringy sugar sticks to her teeth. She takes another bite and COUGHS, choking. She reaches into her mouth and pulls the caramel out. She takes a big breath. Close call.

WHEN -- the plumber appears back in the living room.

PLUMBER
Hot water's back.

OLD WOMAN
Oh, *mein Held, danke*, thank you. My savior. And such a flash!

The Old Woman giggles sweetly. She hands the plumber a ten and a wrapped caramel candy.

PLUMBER
(re: the caramel)
No thank you.

OLD WOMAN
Go on. We all deserve something sweet.

The Plumber takes the candy, nods, then walks out the door.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S CONDO - MASTER BATHROOM - LATER

The Old Woman strips naked as the jingle to THREE'S COMPANY blasts on the TV in the living room. She looks at her stomach in the mirror. She "TSK-TSK's" herself for the weight gain.

She turns the shower on. Warm water SPROUTS from the shower head. SHE GETS IN and shuts the shower door.

OLD WOMAN
*Come and knock on the door / I be
lookin' at you / Ba ba dum ba dum
Three's Company yesss*

WHEN -- the water pressure grows softer and suddenly stops. The Old Woman spins around and jiggles the shower knobs. She tries again. Nothing. She then looks into the shower-head...

SUDDENLY -- WHITE GAS WITH A FAINT YELLOW TINT SHOOTS OUT OF THE SHOWER-HEAD into the Old Woman's eyes. She SCREAMS and FALLS to the wet floor. Momentarily blinded. The GAS quickly fills the shower. The Old Woman begins to cough.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
HELP!!! HELP ME!!!!

COUGH. WHEEZE. The gas floods in. Burning her eyes. She struggles to her knees and reaches for the shower handle, knocking over the pink MR. BUBBLE BUBBLE-BATH BOTTLE, then pulls herself to her feet.

Just as she slides the glass shower door open, A BLUE RUBBER-GLOVED HAND appears THROUGH THE GAS on the other side and HOLDS THE GLASS DOOR SHUT.

The Old Woman's EYES BULGE WITH HORROR. She sees the BLUE GLOVE's owner in the "ABRAHAM & SONS" JUMPSUIT and A GAS MASK, through which we see the "PLUMBER." He SMILES now.

The Old Woman's eyes ignite in fear. She struggles to pull the door open. She cries. Chokes. Coughs. Cries. Chokes. Wheezing. She gives it one last TUG, but SLIPS TO THE WET SHOWER FLOOR, KNOCKING HER HEAD. BLOOD GUSHES OUT.

She looks up at the shower door, dazed. The THREE'S COMPANY THEME blasts while the Old Woman SCREAMS and CLAWS at the glass door and the GAS ASPHYXIATES HER.

CUT TO:

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR - PRE-DAWN

CHYRON: BACK IN NEW YORK CITY - THE NEXT DAY

A YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN, in a black pant suit sits on a 4-5-6 subway car with a BIBLE in hand, reading scripture.

This is Millicent "Millie" Malone (30). She has a bit of red lipstick on her teeth. She has crumbs from a Pillsbury cinnamon roll on her blouse. A silver cross necklace dangles into sacrilegious cleavage.

A SKEEZY MAN sidles up directly in front of her, grabbing the strap-hanger above her. There is no one else in the car.

The pervert inches closer to Millie, then smirks and looks down at his pants. He has a massive erection.

Millie, disguised, puts on airs and smiles seductively at the man. She then looks down at her own pants as if to flirt with the guy, "I'll show you mine?"

The perv smiles, then looks down at Millie's crotch to see she's holding A 9 MM PISTOL, like it's her cajones.

AIMED AT HIS CROTCH. A disgusted, furious stare in her eyes.

MILLIE

Mine's bigger.

The perv panics and flees into the next subway cab. Millie sighs, then continues reading her Bible.

INT. HARLEM APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CRACK OF DAWN

SIX KIDS (ages 15 - 7, African American, dressed in Catholic school uniforms) - make a mess at a cramped kitchen table, eating Frankenberry cereal and eggs.

Their plump mother, showing early signs of multiple sclerosis - WILMA MALONE (48) - tries to primp them as their father - LOU (49) reads the NY Post.

THIRTY CROSSES, religious iconography, and a framed photo of POPE JOHN PAUL I deck the kitchen walls. But so too does a family photo of the Malones. Wilma, Lou, and eleven children (ages 30 - 7), including Millie!

WHEN - we hear the front door SWING OPEN, as a harried Millie bursts into the kitchen.

THE KIDS

Millie! / Sup Millie / Hey Mil!

WILMA

Oh, bless your heart, dear. I woke up strange this morn'. Aches again.

Millie gives her mother, Wilma, a big kiss on the cheek.

MILLIE

It's nothing, Ma. You get back into bed 'n let Pa take care of ya, OK?
(to the kids)
You bed-wetters ready?

The kids scramble to get their book-bags and Bibles, leaving just Lou and Millie alone in the kitchen. Lou looks at his daughter in her pantsuit. He shakes his head, disapprovingly.

LOU

Why couldn't you just be a shoe girl?
And find a nice man to settle down
with, like Annette and Violet.

MILLIE

Because I'm not Annette, Dad. And
I'm not Violet.

Lou eyes his daughter. *Suspiciously.*

LOU
 Secrets can still be sins,
 Millie...

MILLIE
 (a false smile)
 Well, I don't got time for fortune
 cookies this mornin', Dad. But let me
 know how much Ma's medical bills are
 this month. I'll write you a check.

Lou, emasculated, still suspicious, nods begrudgingly.

INT. THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS - EARLY MORNING

Millie stands at a pew in the magnificent stained glass windowed hall. Her kid siblings stand beside her, praying. She GRIPS her rosary beads, as if for dear life. The PRIEST offers the PENITENTIAL RITE.

PRIEST
*Therefore I ask blessed Mary, ever
 virgin, all the angels and saints,
 and you my brothers and sisters, to
 pray for me to the Lord our God.*

WHEN -- Millie holds back tears.

MILLIE
 (whispered, in prayer)
Forgive me...

Millie wipes her eyes, terrified someone will see. A GAGGLE OF NUNS do. They stare at Millie with hard eyes.

EXT. THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS - MORNING

Millie heads out of the church, as her siblings hug her goodbye. The kids head off with other kids, led away by a faculty of nuns into the adjacent school.

Millie hurries down the steps of the church into crime-ridden Manhattan streets, poisoned with pimps, crackheads, sex shops and police sirens.

Even Batman would shit his batsuit walking these streets. NYC in 1977 is Gotham City's drug-addicted, sociopathic, slutty little cousin.

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Millie rushes past RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL - the marquee boasts of the GRATEFUL DEAD show - and into the gritty hustle of 6th Avenue. She passes a bodega owner hawking the New York Post.

BODEGA OWNER

Who will Son of Sam kill next!? Is
it you!? Read it here!!

EXT. FBI MANHATTAN HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Millie, winded now, races up the stairs of downtown's Jacob Javitz Federal Building, home of the FBI NY Field Office.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - LATER

Millie is urinating in a private stall WHEN Millie hears the bathroom door open and two male agents walk in.

FBI AGENT #1 (O.S.)

Dr. Goldstein's out sick, so they
have the lady urologist see me -

FBI AGENT #2 (O.S.)

You're shitting me!

FBI AGENT #1 (O.S.)

I swear - So she puts on the
gloves, takes her two fingers and
checks my prostate. I says to her,
"I ain't never done this before,
doc." She says, "You never had a
woman stick her fingers up your
ass?" I says, "I have, but I had to
marry her first - and even then, it
was just the thumb!"

The Agents crack up, just as Millie FLUSHES the toilet and walks out to the sink. The AGENTS, at the urinals, spot her.

FBI AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Malone?!

FBI AGENT #2

This is the men's room.

MILLIE

And you can bet your thumb-stuffed
ass I ain't walking down four
flights to the little girls room
every time I need to take a leak.

Millie turns the water off and grabs a few paper towels.

FBI AGENT #1

Next thing you know, she'll want to get paid as much as us, too.

Agent #2 shakes himself off, eyeing Millie, lecherously.

FBI AGENT #2

I think Malone just wanted a peek.

MILLIE

Bill, you see me walking around with a *magnifying glass* like Sherlock fucking Holmes? Then how on Earth could I possibly catch a peek of your pint-sized prick?

Agent #1 laughs. Agent #2 seethes. She then gives Agent #1 TWO BIG THUMBS UP. #1 turns red. Millie heads out the door --

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- RIGHT INTO FBI NEW YORK BUREAU CHIEF HARRY GRIMSBY (50s). If James Cagney and R. Lee Ermey could swirl their sperm and conceive a kid, that kid would grow up to be Harry Grimsby.

MILLIE

Chief!

GRIMSBY

Malone. I was looking for you -

Grimsby double-takes, realizing Millie just came out of the men's restroom, then walks on.

As Millie follows, she passes cubicle after cubicle of male agents taunting her - a dirty glance, a chuckle, a tongue licking lips. Millie ignores it.

She passes a white, female agent. Millie smiles to her. But even *she* doesn't return the smile. As if afraid to. It stings.

MILLIE

Chief, I followed that lead - the hooker over in Hell's Kitchen. Turns out she was turnin' tricks for Mikey Tratioli.

GRIMSBY

Tratioli?

Grimsby heads into his office. Millie follows behind.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - GRIMSBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MILLIE

Genovese's body man. Anyways I get her a coffee and a blintz, she tells me Tratioli's got *issues* in the bedroom - a real floppy jalopy - which leads me to believe he's got one of them insecure personalities, you know? So *I* think, if we can get to Tratioli, we can turn him easy -

GRIMSBY

Good. And then after we bust Genovese, you can catch the Son of Sam, dig up Jimmy Hoffa, and figure who shot Kennedy.

(beat)

Malone, you've been with the Bureau ten months -

MILLIE

Eleven, sir -

GRIMSBY

I like you, Millie. You got real spunk. But it can rub people the wrong way. I know it ain't easy bein' one of the first. But you keep this Nancy Drew bit up -

MILLIE

You mean doing my job?

GRIMSBY

- it'll be even harder for you 'round here than it already is.

(beat)

Look, Tampa just called one in they don't have the manpower to handle. I'm putting you on it. To head up all on your own.

MILLIE

Florida?

GRIMSBY

A top NASA scientist was found dead in her home in Cape Canaveral.

MILLIE

Why the hell's the FBI firin'?

GRIMSBY

Local PD said the death was suspicious. A federal employee that high up dies, we're meant to oversee the investigation.

MILLIE

There are fifteen field offices between here and Tampa. You just want me out of your hair, don't you?

Grimsby's quiet. Yes. Millie looks at the file. She sighs. Always the shitty cases.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Tell local PD I'll catch the next flight down.

Millie heads to the door, trying to cloak her frustration.

GRIMSBY

Malone, if you're itchin' for some grand battle between good and evil, do me a favor: go back to your last job. Cause you ain't gonna find it here. We're not soldiers and we're not saints. We're janitors is all.

(beat)

The fate of all things ain't resting on you. That's pride, Millie.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - DAY

Jonah, Bootyhole, and Cheeks walk down the sun-baked wooden boardwalk. It's swarming with beach-goers as they race to shops, Luna Park, and into the ocean.

Bootyhole and Cheeks only have eyes for the bikini-clad chicks. But Jonah is on edge. His eyes, darting around, paranoid, WHEN -- Jonah sees a MAN IN A BLACK SKI MASK. He jumps. Only to realize... it's the EXECUTIONER STATUE outside the entrance to SPOOK-A-RAMA, the Coney Island freakshow.

Then -- the famed MECHANIZED OBESE LADY cackles, laughing as the boys walk by. Jonah's paranoia rages. The noise from the packed boardwalk overwhelming him. Laughter. Screams. Glass shattering. He can't shake the memory of Ruth's murder.

INT./EXT. RUBY'S BAR & GRILL (ON THE BOARDWALK) - LATER

Jonah, Bootyhole, and Cheeks sit drinking beers on the deck of the indoor/outdoor bar, overlooking the boardwalk and beach. The bar is packed with locals - vets, career drunks, you name it. A sign reads: WE ONLY SERVE 18 AND OVER.

In the background, a bar T.V. buzzes with the network news and a POLICE SKETCH OF an AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN:

TV NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

Breaking news now. Police have released a sketch of the suspect in the crime that has rocked the nation: yesterday's gruesome murder-robbery in D.C., where five adults and three children were shot to death. The sole survivor, Biff Simpson, President Carter's Undersecretary of State is in stable condition. A tragedy, Jim...

Bootyhole and Cheeks don shit-eating grins as they stare at women who bounce by on the beach. A sexy woman in a red bikini races by.

	BOOTYHOLE	CHEEKS	*
Tarzan.		Tarzan.	*

Then, a hot young woman in a blue one-piece scurries past.

	CHEEKS (CONT'D)	BOOTYHOLE	*
Jane.		Definitely Jane.	*

JONAH

What are you cocks spazzing about?

CHEEKS

You call "Jane" if you think the chick's squish mitten is shaved and "Tarzan" if it looks like her Hairy Manilow's an all out pube jungle.

JONAH

You guys are idiots.

WHEN -- a large, incredibly hairy Russian woman walks by. Cheeks and Bootyhole look to each other and make CHEWBACCA'S WOOKIE CALL, then crack up.

They see Jonah isn't laughing. He hasn't touched his beer.

BOOTYHOLE

Come on. You gotta at least try to get your head off it, man. To move on. Ya dig?

CHEEKS

And where better to do that than Titty Beach?

A beat. Jonah takes a sip of the beer. Can't shake it --

JONAH

I heard the motherfucker. Downstairs - and I - I didn't do shit. I just *stood there...*

BOOTYHOLE

That piece of shit had a gun, man! He woulda killed your ass. The fuzz are on it. They'll find him.

JONAH

The cops won't find shit. They've already forgotten about it.

Jonah takes another swig. Fury bubbling. WHEN -- he sees a fight erupt under the boardwalk. Rival gangbangers throwing down. Jonah's eyes ignite. A thought.

JONAH (CONT'D)

The Hell Devils run the streets from us to 112th. No shit goes down without them knowing. Right?

CHEEKS

What's your point?

JONAH

Maybe... maybe they know something.

BOOTYHOLE

And what - you gonna ring their doorbell like the Avon Lady and just ask them?

(off Jonah's look)

Are you fucking blazed!? The Devils are level up shit, man. Some *esse* went into Devil territory, came out with his balls tied around his neck like a string of fucking pearls.

JONAH

I'm not going alone.

Jonah looks at Cheeks and Bootyhole.

CHEEKS

Us? Oh fuck no, man. They'll string my fat ass up like an Easter ham.

JONAH

So we bring protection.

Jonah pulls out the GOLD DAGGER. His friends' eyes go wide.

BOOTYHOLE

The hell is that? The fuck your punk-ass thinking, that you some Charles Bronson cracker, now? That you some vigilante?

CHEEKS

You're gonna get yourself killed, Jonah.

JONAH

Really? That's all you shitheads got for me?

(then)

Fuck you guys. I'll do it myself.

Jonah breaks from the guys and heads toward the parking lot.

CHEEKS

Aw, come on, Jonah!

BOOTYHOLE

We're lookin' out for you!

INT. PAN-AM FLIGHT - COACH - DAY

Millie sits in a window seat, stuck next to a couple and their baby, all in Disney World apparel. Millie stares out the window. She holds tight to her rosary beads.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL CONDO COMPLEX - LAWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Millie gets out of a Hertz jalopy in front of a condo. Neighbors in Hawaiian shirts smoke cigarettes on front porches as police guard a cordoned off apartment home.

The neighbors, all white, eye Millie with scorn, suspicion. Millie ignores the leers and heads toward an OLD POLICE OFFICER standing guard.

MILLIE

Lookin' for Detective Sommers.

The Officer points to DETECTIVE JESSE SOMMERS (30, black).

MILLIE (CONT'D)
You're Sommers?

DETECTIVE SOMMERS
Agent Malone?

MILLIE
 (a laugh)
 Shit. Shaft and Foxy Brown. We keep solving cases together, they'll give us a sitcom. Let me see her.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S APARTMENT HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sommers takes Millie around the old woman's apartment. The one from earlier. Millie looks around.

SOMMERS
 She didn't show up to her canasta game, so her kids called the landlord. When he checked in, he found her body in the shower.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S APARTMENT HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Millie and Sommers head into the tiny pink bathroom. Millie covers her nose with her hand. A brutal stench.

MILLIE
 So she slipped in the tub and you guys call in the FBI to, what, hunt Mr. Clean?

SOMMERS
 That's the thing. It looks like she just slipped, but medical examiner says it wasn't the head wound that killed her. He says it looks like she suffocated. We thought that was irregular enough to call up the food chain.

Millie takes in the sight of the Old Woman - **GRETEL VON SCHTAUB** - dead, on her back. A puddle of blood surrounds her.

Millie sees Gretel's dead face awash with terror. Her EYES BULGING. And something strikes Millie as amiss.

SOMMERS (READING THE REPORT) (CONT'D)
 No prints, no hair samples, no
 bruising on the neck, no food in
 the throat, no sign of forced
 entry. Doesn't add up.

Millie takes her shoes off and steps into the shower.

SOMMERS (CONT'D)
 What you doing?

Millie squats beside Gretel. She inspects Gretel's eyes. Sees a WHITISH/YELLOWISH FILM ON THEM. She then checks Gretel's head wound. It doesn't appear deep. She then opens Gretel's mouth, inspects her teeth, the same WHITE/YELLOW SPECKS.

Millie then lies down next to Gretel's body. She looks up at the shower, trying to replay how Gretel was attacked. Her eyes dart around to remnants of the WHITE SUBSTANCE on the sliding door handle and the tiled wall.

MILLIE
 She was... *gassed*.

Millie then stands, inspects the shower head. The holes are filled with WHITE/YELLOW RESIDUE...

MILLIE (CONT'D)
 And it came...through here...

SOMMERS
 What, like, carbon monoxide? Bad pipes?

MILLIE
 Cyanide gas doesn't just leak into someone's pipes. It was siphoned in. Call the landlord, I want to know who had access to the plumbing.

EXT. BROOKLYN CITY STREETS - DUSK

Jonah heads down the gang-ridden streets alone, a hoodie over his head. He clenches Ruth's GOLD DAGGER in his hands. Police sirens BLARE in the distance. A man walking a dog passes by.

Jonah passes a WHITE CHEVY parked on the street, as he heads over to a gang of thugs, loitering on the front steps of a dilapidated tenement building. A fire burns on the rooftop. The thugs whistle, amused at the sight of Jonah. The fattest of the group gets to his feet, a terrifying look on his face.

GANG LEADER

The fuck we got here, Big Dude?

Eleven Hell Devils gang members, all in green leather jackets circle Jonah. Some have pitbulls on leashes. They BARK and NIP at Jonah. He holds tight to the dagger. His eyes narrow.

JONAH

You the Capo?

GANG LEADER

I'm your fucking mommy, daddy, and whatever else I want to be, bitch. The fuck you doing in Hell?

JONAH

There was a robbery, 355 New Utrecht the other night.

GANG LEADER

We don't touch New Utrecht.

JONAH

A woman was shot. And killed.

The gang leader starts laughing. The pit-bulls BARK!

GANG LEADER

And so what, you Scooby Doo motherfucker is here for some revenge or shit?

The gang members laugh. Jonah's fury bubbles over.

JONAH

I know no shit goes on under your nose without you knowing. And I know none of you murder old ladies. Must've been a tweaker or petty thief from the neighborhood. I want you to find out who.

Jonah then takes the drawstring bag off his back and opens it. The gang members pull out their guns, cock the safeties. The leader looks inside to see the drugs.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I'm willing to make you a trade.

The gang leader gets in Jonah's face. Considers the deal.

GANG LEADER

How much for, homie?

JONAH

All of it. But I want a fucking name.

WHEN -- TWO MEN JUMP OUT OF THE WHITE CHEVY PARKED DOWN THE STREET! *They're cops!* Two squad cars SIREN down the block, raiding the scene! The gang members run! Jonah just turns around, the cops' flashlights on him. *Caught. Fuck.*

INT. GRETTEL VON SCHTAUB'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Millie walks around the living room, making notes in a small note-pad. She notices a WORN RED BOOK on the bookshelf. It doesn't have a title or author's name. The front is simply a red cover with a GOLD STATUE on a pedestal in the center.

Millie then looks at the small telephone desk near the TV. It appears to have been wiped clean, save the rotary phone and a TV GUIDE with a Farrah Fawcett cover. Millie sifts through the pages, all blank, WHEN -- she spots a SCRIBBLE in RED INK on the back cover. In big red letters it says: **VRIL 3.667**.

Millie scribbles "VRIL, 3.667??" in her notepad, circling it.

SOMMERS (O.S.)

Just got off with the station.

Millie spins around to see Detective Sommers behind her.

SOMMERS (CONT'D)

Landlord said a company called "ABRAHAM & SONS PLUMBING" was by the same day we believe Gretel was killed. Thing is, my boys checked, there ain't no record of any such company in all of Florida.

Millie is lost in thought.

MILLIE

Why the gas?

SOMMERS

What do you mean?

MILLIE

I mean, if whoever did this wanted her dead, why go through all the trouble, all the risk: creating a fake plumbing company, injecting the gas in the pipes. It feels so... purposeful. So *personal*.

SOMMERS

Maybe it was personal. Maybe the
killer knew her.

Millie spots the framed pictures of the NASA shuttles and the
1969 moon landing. Her eyes narrow.

MILLIE

Talk to her kids. Her friends. See
if she had any enemies, rivals,
anyone they could think of that
would want to hurt her.

Millie looks at her watch. It's already 6 PM.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I'll head to NASA in the morning.
See what they can tell me.

INT. NYPD. 67TH PRECINCT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A cop leads Jonah in cuffs through the hallway. Jonah's a
ball of rage, trying to get out of the cuffs.

COP

You don't settle down, I'll break
your fucking Jew nose,
y'understand? Bail is four
thousand. Intent to sell narcotics.

The cop and Jonah land by the precinct pay-phone.

COP (CONT'D)

You get your phone call. Who's it
gonna be? Mommy?

A defeated Jonah just stares at the phone. No one. There's no
one left to call. WHEN -- his eyes light up. An idea.

EXT. THE GROOVY GUTTERBALL BOWL-A-RAMA - NIGHT

A shimmering bowling alley awash with neon lights stands on a
busy D.C. street. The WASHINGTON MONUMENT can be seen way out
in the distance. Chevy Corvettes are parked out front.

Travis, in jeans and black boots, carrying a black leather
bowling ball bag, stops and looks up at the bowl-a-rama.

INT. THE GROOVY GUTTERBALL BOWL-A-RAMA - MOMENTS LATER

Travis stands inside the cheery bowling alley. "IT'S A LUCKY DAY" by THE ASSOCIATION bugles over the PA. Confetti carpet and tacky beige walls complete the place. Photos of the 300 Club line the walls. A banner hangs: "CHAMPION LEAGUE NIGHT!"

Travis scans the lanes and finds TWO TEAMS - each with four members - finishing their play: "KING PINS" VS. "THE BOWLING STONES." The rest of the alley is deserted. Travis watches the KING PINS intently. He's focused on one member in particular: a silver-haired, distinguished gentleman. This is VIRGINIA CONGRESSMAN RICHARD "DICK" MARSHALL (50).

Travis walks up to the front desk where a pimply-faced TEENAGE CLERK (19) holds court. Travis SLAMS his bowling ball bag on the counter, then takes out two dollars and places it on the counter. He looks to the rack of bowling shoes.

TRAVIS

Elevens.

TEENAGER CLERK

We're closing up.

TRAVIS

Elevens.

The teenage clerk, terrified, hands Travis the bowling shoes. Travis sees TWO TV'S SHOWING SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE behind the desk. Travis walks around the desk, toward the clerk.

MOMENTS LATER

Travis heads toward the lanes and sees the Bowling Stones, having lost, head out the side exit. The King Pins enjoy a few celebratory beers at their lane!

Bowling shoes in hand, Travis heads to the lane and sits down at the BENCH next to Congressman Marshall. As Travis puts the bowling shoes on his feet, as Marshall and his teammates - Chet, Terry, and Harry (their names sewn on their bowling shirts) eye him strangely.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

"Are you my mother?"

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

You say something?

Travis finishes velcroing his shoes.

TRAVIS

"'I am not your mother. I am a dog,' said the dog."

Marshall turns to Travis, confused, creeps out.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You're supposed to pass the bill.

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

Who the hell are you - *Washington Post? National Review?* Listen good, you Peter Parker pig fuck, there are three things I keep sacred - Jesus, pussy, and Groovy Gutterball Championship League Bowling Night. So if you think -

TRAVIS

"Are you my Mother?" He loves that book. Dick Jr. Your wife was asleep and I saw his night light on. "*Are you my mother? the baby bird asked a cow. How could I be your mother? I am a cow.*" "*Are you my mother?*" "*I'm not your mother. I'm the man who'll cut your throat unless your father changes his vote and does what we paid him to do.*"

The Congressman's face drops. He then sees Travis' EAGLE TATTOO and freezes as Travis' smile turns into a blank stare.

TERRY

Dick? Is this guy bothering you?

TRAVIS

Am I bothering you, Dick?

TERRY

Listen ass-munch -

Travis unzips his BLACK LEATHER BOWLING BALL BAG, and pulls out a heavy black bowling ball with a RED EAGLE decal.

TERRY (CONT'D)

- I think we need to have a little conversation in the parking lot -

Travis inserts his fingers into the bowling ball's holes, closes his eyes as if pleased, then -- **BAM!** -- SWINGS the BOWLING BALL INTO TERRY'S HEAD, sending BLOOD everywhere.

Chet and Harry freeze, in shock. Travis calmly walks over to them. He SMASHES Chet's head with the ball. Harry SWINGS a PUNCH at Travis. Travis ducks the blow, then SWINGS the BALL into Harry's chest, KNOCKING the wind out of him.

Congressman Marshall spins to the FRONT DESK, for help, and sees the SECURITY CAMERA'S UNPLUGGED and the CLERK TIED UP.

TRAVIS

I know you'll keep tonight between us, see that your boys keep their mouths shut. Otherwise, I can keep their mouths shut for them?

Congressman Marshall shakes his head, whimpering.

CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL

Please, no, we'll stay quiet...

Travis picks his blood-and-brain-covered ball from Harry's head and turns to a crying Congressman Marshall.

TRAVIS

Dick Jr. asked if I was the monster living under his bed. He said he was *sure* there was a monster living there, but every time you would come in to check - under the bed, in the closet - you could never see it. Tell me, Congressman, do you see me now?

Travis takes the bloody bowling ball and BOWLS. OFF HIS **STRIKE** WE --

CUT TO:

INT. NYPD. 67TH PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - NEXT MORNING

Jonah sits on a bench in the cell, Meyer Offerman's BUSINESS CARD in his hands. He's spent all night there. Detective Groton opens the cell. He looks at Jonah, disappointed.

DETECTIVE GROTON

Mr. Offerman put up your bond, son. Four thousand large. You're free to go. For now.

JONAH

I wasn't there to sell.

Jonah walks past Groton out of the cell and into the bullpen. Groton grabs Jonah's arm.

DETECTIVE GROTON

I know why you were there. This has to stop now. Before you get hurt. Leave the detective work to us.

JONAH

Detective work?

Jonah points to the walls and boards in the bullpen filled with evidence and clues from different active cases. Jonah points to one bulletin board with a pinned note-card that reads "Borough Park Rapist." Under the note card is a MAP with 20 RED THUMBTRACKS marking the sites of the rapes.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Nah, "detective work" would be realizing that the pattern of the locations of your mystery rapist's crimes fits the A35 bus route to a T - so he must be taking that bus line to his victims' apartments.

Detective Groton looks at Jonah, stunned. The kid just cracked a serial rape case in thirty seconds. What the fuck.

JONAH (CONT'D)

"Detective work" would be finding who killed my grandmother. You guys aren't doing "detective work." All you're doing is sitting around circle jerking to police sketches of Son of Sam. Don't let me keep you from busting a nut.

Jonah storms out of the precinct.

EXT. NYPD. 67TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Jonah heads down the street, anger brimming, WHEN - he hears a car HONK. He turns to see MEYER'S BLACK LIMO parked on the street, next to him. The driver's window rolls down. A young DRIVER calls to Jonah.

DRIVER

He wishes to see you.

EXT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - LATER

Jonah stands outside of Meyer's townhouse on Park Avenue. The address on the business card. Jonah gawks at the mansion.

JONAH
Holy balls.

Jonah rings the bell. A BUTLER opens the door.

INT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

The butler shows Jonah into a massive library. Thousands of tomes, expensive works of art, unique relics are framed on walls and litter shelves: Statues by ancient Incan tribes, drawings by Picasso, photos of Meyer with world leaders.

The butler shows Jonah to a green chair facing another chair. Between them sits a table with an ivory chessboard. Jonah sits, wonders at the room, then notices the chessboard.

He picks up a black pawn and moves it one space forward.

MEYER (O.S.)
"And God appointed a great fish to swallow Jonah up. And out of the belly of hell Jonah cried and God did hear his voice!"

Jonah spins around to see Meyer in a blue suit, held upright by his cane. Off Jonah's puzzled stare -

MEYER (CONT'D)
You should read Torah more. It's the *original* comic book. (beat) What happened to your face?

JONAH
(wise-ass)
Sewing circle.
(*re: the opulent home*)
Who the hell are you?

MEYER
How do you mean?

JONAH
You didn't tell me you were Bruce Wayne rich.

MEYER
Bruce Wayne?

JONAH
You a millionaire?

MEYER
Many times over.

JONAH

I was packing up her things. I saw you were mentioned in her letters. One of them at least.

MEYER

Like I said. She saved my life.
(then)
And if she were here, she'd be trying to save yours. The Hell Devils? Does that seem wise?

JONAH

Look, I'm gonna pay you back. Every penny. Just don't give me a speech, okay? You're not family. And I can take care of myself.

Meyer studies Jonah, then can only nod.

MEYER

Fair enough. But I'll forgive the money in its entirety. All I want in return is the thrill of besting a Torah-ignorant punk in a chess match. Do we have a deal?

Jonah, a bit surprised, shrugs a "if that's what you want, I ain't gonna complain." Meyer smiles and sits across from Jonah. Meyer moves a pawn forward. Jonah moves. Meyer's eyes glaze over for a moment. He then looks at Jonah. Direly.

MEYER (CONT'D)

There was a famous prisoner in Auschwitz named Markus Roth, he was the Bobby Fischer of Germany. A chess wunderkind. As fate would have it, one of the Nazi guards, a sadistic young man named Heinz Pruller, had always aspired to be a great chess player. But his skill did not match his ambition. And for years, in local tournaments and competitions, he was trounced by the chess playing Jew. Who...was now his prisoner.

Jonah moves his pawn. Meyer matches him.

MEYER (CONT'D)

One morning in the camps, Heinz rounded up Markus and thirty-two others and marched them into the woods.

(MORE)

MEYER (CONT'D)

Days went by and the thirty three prisoners never returned. We thought they had been killed - shot and buried in shallow graves. But each day for the next seven days, more prisoners were led by Heinz Pruller into those very same woods. Sometimes *ten*, sometimes *twenty*. Always a different number. One morning, however, your grandmother's sister was chosen for the woods. Your Safta, foolish and fearless, was determined to rescue her dear Chava, and so we snuck into the dark woods, after them.

JONAH

What did you find?

MEYER

In a small clearing, Heinz and the Nazis had constructed a *human chessboard*.

As Meyer continues to narrate we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GERMAN WOODS - 1941 (BLACK & WHITE)

Just as Meyer describes, we see YOUNG RUTH and YOUNG MEYER spotting a human chessboard. Sixty four squares - demarcated by branches and sticks - on which thirty two Auschwitz prisoners stand on two sides, the black and the white.

MEYER (V.O.)

Sixty four squares, marked by sticks and branches. On thirty two of those squares, stood the prisoners - half were in prison garb, half were naked. Each prisoner was given a shank.

The prisoners tremble as they hold SHANKS. Ruth points to CHAVA (18, star-shaped birthmark on her cheek) - crying, naked.

MEYER (V.O.)

Heinz commanded the black and forced Markus Roth to play the white. If a knight took a pawn, the prisoner playing the knight was forced to slit the throat of the prisoner embodying the pawn, and so forth.

HEINZ PRULLER (20) stands at one end, while a disheveled, hysterical Markus stands at the other. Sobbing, Markus screams out, saliva and tears flying in the air --

MARKUS

*(in German, pure torture)
B-Bishop to C5.*

Young Ruth then sees a prisoner in a dark prison outfit head toward Chava's spot, shank raised. Young Ruth is about to CRY OUT, when Meyer grabs her mouth shut and pulls her away.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

MEYER

Chava did not fare well. The story went, that after seven days of this torture, Markus Roth grabbed a shank and tried to kill the barbarous Heinz Pruller. He, of course, was shot dead, but not before he sliced Heinz with the shank, giving Heinz a scar across his throat in the shape of an "X". Markus never lost one match, however. Not one. Perhaps we can take some pleasure in that.

Meyer's gaze grows cold. Lost in thought.

JONAH

What I wouldn't give to have killed those motherfuckers.

MEYER

Your grandmother never told you this story? She never spoke of such history? *Our* history? Of the past?

JONAH

You rich folks got the luxury of living in the past. The rest of us can only afford the present.

MEYER

There is no present. No future neither. The past is all that's left in this world, Jonah.

Jonah moves his Queen in line with Meyer's King.

JONAH
Checkmate.

Meyer stares at the chessboard in shock.

MEYER
In only two moves. I've only heard stories of this. "Fool's Mate" they call it.

JONAH
I call it "beating an old man's ass at his own game."

MEYER
You're what they call "a little shit" aren't you?

Jonah smirks. Meyer does too. When - the door swings open. Meyer's butler is there.

BUTLER
Sir, the telephone for you.

MEYER
I'll call back, Edward.

BUTLER
It's the Mayor's office.

JONAH
I can see myself out.

MEYER
(to Jonah)
No. I should just be a moment -

Meyer heads out. Jonah gets up and scans the bookshelves. They're filled with dozens and dozens of tokens, artifacts, souvenirs from all over the world. A Grecian vase. A tribal mask from Kenya. Wooden geisha sandals from Japan.

JONAH
Fucking weirdo...

WHEN SUDDENLY -- Jonah sees a small brass plated CRYPTEX. A cylinder with six wheels (like a combination padlock). On each wheel is engraved a series of Hebrew Letters. A puzzle.

Jonah begins spinning the wheels, trying to line up the correct code. He spins and spins trying different combinations of the letters until -- he notices each wheel has one engraved letter that's scratched (most used). He lines up the scratched letters and -- *the cryptex clicks* --

And -- *WHOOSH* -- The ENTIRE BOOKSHELF POPS AJAR -- a door

Jonah jumps. *What the fuck is this?* He drops the small cryptex back on the shelf and inches toward it.

Jonah opens the bookshelf, revealing a SECRET, DIM HALLWAY BEHIND IT. Jonah stares with wonder at the secret hallway.

INT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - SECRET HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jonah heads into the carpeted hallway as **SLAM!** - the "bookshelf door" closes behind him. Jonah tries to open it. It's locked. But he sees a ROOM at the end of the hall. He heads toward it.

INT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jonah heads into the pitch-black room. He reaches for the wall, feeling for the light, when - **CLICK!** HE TURNS THE LIGHT ON -- REVEALING:

A LARGE ROOM WITH METAL WALLS AND FLUORESCENT LIGHTING. IN THE ROOM'S CENTER IS A LARGE, OAK TABLE WITH SEVEN CHAIRS.

THE WALLS ARE COVERED WITH NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, LISTS, MAPS, DIAGRAMS, AND A MASSIVE CACHE OF WEAPONS.

THIS IS A WAR ROOM.

ONE HUNDRED NAZI PERSONNEL PHOTOGRAPHS, from the early 1940s, are taped to the wall in neat columns and rows. Two of the photos have RED "X"'s drawn across their faces in thick marker. Next to each of the two photos with the red "X" is a POLAROID PHOTO with a dead body.

THOUSANDS OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS are tacked onto large cork boards - in English, German, Spanish, Italian, etc. Some from local papers, others from The New York Times. Names and locations are highlighted and circled in red marker.

The table is covered in maps, Nazi employment records, government stationary, classified government documents, discharge files, U.S. Military dossiers, passports, etc.

On the far wall is a MASSIVE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES. HUNDREDS OF THUMBTRACKS of DIFFERENT COLORS are attached in nearly all fifty states.

The centerpiece of the room is a CABINET OF HUNDREDS OF WEAPONS of all kinds - pistols, Uzis, machine guns, sniper rifles, grenades, explosives, gas canisters and KNIVES.

Jonah drifts toward the knives. His eyes grow wide. As he gets to the cabinet he reaches out and picks up one of the knives. IT'S A LARGE GOLD HUNTING DAGGER, its handle engraved with a GOLD LION. He sees six more knives just like it, identical to Ruth's knife, only each dagger has its own engraved symbol.

Jonah tightens his grip on the knife with the gold lion and looks around the room, with wonder. *What is this place?*

MEYER (O.S.)

So. You've found the Bat Cave.

Jonah spins around to see Meyer, standing in the doorway. A strange look on his face.

Jonah holds the dagger as Meyer stands in front of him.

JONAH

Stay back! What the hell is this?

MEYER

Do you always venture around a man's home without an invitation?

Meyer approaches Jonah. Jonah backs up, raises the dagger.

JONAH

Who the fuck are you? CIA? FBI? Mafia?

MEYER

Oh, *kindelah*, heavens no. I'm an entrepreneur, Jonah. I work only for myself. Though I suppose I represent *six million clients*.

JONAH

What are you talking about? What is this?

MEYER

This, Jonah, can be whatever you wish to call it. The Ark. The Belly of the Whale. I prefer the "*Geyeg Lodze*." The Hunting Lodge. It's got a jingle to it, no?

Jonah stares curiously at Meyer. Then at the walls.

JONAH

The *hunting* lodge? What in the fuck are you hunting?

Meyer points to the hundreds of photographs. He smiles wide - a giddy grin.

MEYER

Nazis, Jonah. We're hunting some goddamn, gold-ribbon, Grade-A Nazis.

JONAH

Nazis? But the war is over.

Meyer smiles, strangely. Ominously.

MEYER

Only the dead know the end of war.

A beat. Jonah slowly lowers the dagger.

MEYER (CONT'D)

A year ago your grandmother came to me in a panic. We hadn't spoken in twenty years, so I knew it was of great urgency. That morning she was at the market and she noticed a man picking out canteloupes. Upon closer inspection, she recognized him as a Nazi doctor from Auschwitz. A man who would blind children with lollipop sticks. And there he was, all these years later, a free man in America.

(beat)

With the help of a cop friend, I tracked the man down to a home in Levittown, Long Island. He had a wife, children. He had been working as a pediatrician on Long Island for three decades. Your grandmother believed that if *this* vile creature was in our midst, there must be others. She used her job at the New York Public Library to comb through hundreds of public records and old files, and...after months of investigation, she stumbled upon the darkest of secrets.

Meyer sits at the table.

MEYER (CONT'D)

In the waning days of the war, one hundred of *the* most vile, *the* most dangerous monsters of the Nazi regime were smuggled out of Germany via a Red Cross ratline and secretly welcomed into the land of the free and home of the brave.

(MORE)

MEYER (CONT'D)

We don't know how. We don't know by whom. And we don't know why.

JONAH

You tell the authorities?

MEYER

We tried. Senators I held fundraisers for. Congressmen I golfed with. But even I could find no support. I was glad-handed, ignored, ridiculed. No one wishes to stake their reputation, their connections on investigating some Jew killers. The next week your grandmother was back at the market, with you no less, and there again was the man. Only this time, he wasn't looking at the canteloupes. He was looking at you.

A beat.

MEYER (CONT'D)

We knew then that someone was protecting these animals. That they would never be caught, never be tried, never be brought to justice by the powers that be. And so, with nowhere else to turn, we made a vow. That we would find these savages ourselves. And bring God's justice to their doorstep.

JONAH

You mean *murder* them?

MEYER

Murder? No. No, Jonah. This is not murder. (beat) Before Jews even existed, hatred and slaughter waited for us. For thousands of years, from the Maccabees to Munich, we have been massacred, spit-roasted, eradicated, not like the rats, not like the fleas on the rats, but like the plague on the fleas on the rats. Pharaohs and Popes and Princes and popular votes calling for our blood. And now? We survive the war, the greatest mass eradication of human beings in modern history and we arrive home to find our *neighbors* are those who did this to us.

(MORE)

MEYER (CONT'D)

And here they are. Raising families, watching baseball, celebrating birthdays, buying canteloupe! But evil doesn't settle down and it doesn't assimilate. They are *forever soldiers*. And now in this land of their sworn enemy, you can bet they are secretly plotting their revenge. So tell me, what should we do? Shake hands? Turn a blind eye? *Forget*? No. No. The greatest, single gift of the Jewish people is our capacity to *remember*. And it is because of our memory that we know this is survival. This is justice. This is not *murder*. This is *mitzvah*.

Jonah places the DAGGER on the table, looks at the weapons.

MEYER (CONT'D)

We knew that in order to hunt these monsters we needed to assemble a specialized team. A team of expertly trained, highly-skilled individuals - all faithful to the cause. Turned out it wasn't hard to find partners looking to gut, cook and slay these creatures. You see - Nazis are not just a Jewish problem. They're a human problem. The trouble with attempting to liquidate all the colors of the rainbow - all non-Aryan blood - is that you make a multitude of enemies. Enemies, who, like us, aren't blithe to simply forget. And so with the Nazis in our midst, mysteriously working in our own government, we put together a team who wished to exact justice. Eye for eye. Tooth for tooth. Blood begetting blood. And we became The Hunters. And the man from the market, from Levittown, Long Island, became our first. Numero Uno of a long line of Nazi cunts ready to be cooked!

Meyer takes the DAGGER and STABS it into the table.

JONAH

She wasn't killed by a robber, was she?

MEYER

We don't believe so, no. Your grandmother was conducting research on a new target for our list. She believed he was in Brooklyn.

JONAH

Who?

MEYER

The man who killed her Chava. Heinz Pruller.

JONAH

The Chessmaster...

MEYER

We believe that in her pursuit, she may have accidentally exposed herself.

Tears well in Jonah's eyes.

JONAH

Did you kill him?

MEYER

Not yet.

JONAH

Why?

MEYER

We haven't found him. She never allowed for a person to be pursued unless she was *certain* of his or her Nazi past. We think on that night, he may have stolen the evidence your grandmother was building against him. (beat) Though perhaps she hid it too well for him to find.

Jonah studies the old man.

JONAH

I want in.

MEYER

You "want in?" No. No, that's out of the question.

JONAH

I want to take her place -

MEYER

Your grandmother protected you from all this. She risked her life so you could live out yours. That's all she wanted for you, Jonah. You deserve the truth of all this. But I won't desecrate her memory by going against her wishes -

JONAH

I did nothing when that man broke in. I saw him - and I - I just - froze. She's dead because of me. And I'm not going to let him get away again. (beat) I want to finish her work. That's my right. *My choice.*

MEYER

Do me a favor, forget what you saw here today. Go home. Grow up. Enjoy your life. Read Torah and Talmud. *Remember: "Living well is the best revenge."*

JONAH

But -

Meyer SLAMS his fist on the table.

MEYER

No. The answer is no.

Fury pools in Jonah's eyes.

JONAH

I owe her a debt, too. You don't own that. And I'm gonna pay her back, whether you fucking like it or not.

Jonah grabs Ruth's dagger from the table and storms out.

INT. 1-2-3 SUBWAY CAR - LATER

Jonah sits on a packed subway car. Anger brimming. At a dead-end. WHEN -- he catches sight of something hanging out of his pants pocket. He pulls it out: the SMALL STICKER of the DRAWING of the RED BALLOON with the STRANGE SMILEY FACE from his Ruth's box. He stares at it. Trying to make sense of it.

WHEN -- he notices something in the drawing. Something that we would never notice: *LETTERS* hidden in the smiley face sketch. The artist's name. Al Hirschfeld style. He circles the letters: **C-A-L--G-R-A-Z-Z-O.**

INT. 42ND STREET SUBWAY STATION - LATER

Jonah grabs the PHONE BOOK at a pay phone. He searches through the pages and finds...CAL GRAZZO DESIGNS INC.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Jonah bustles angrily through a packed Times Square, past porno theaters and peep shows boasting: "THE FILTHY 5" and "LUSTY NYMPH." He passes a Catholic nun, a sore thumb in this part of town, then wades past strip clubs and prostitutes loitering in front of a billboard for Broadway's "ANNIE."

He then spots a small office building and hurries inside.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jonah lands outside a small office door in a dingy building. The placard on the front reads "CAL GRAZZO DESIGNS INC." Jonah holds the DAGGER in his pocket nervously, then heads in the door into --

INT. CAL GRAZZO DESIGNS INC. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jonah sees a FAT MAN sitting at a drawing table in a tiny office. The office is covered in pictures and sketches of LOGOS that Grazzo designed for different companies. He's a graphic artist. He's eating a hot dog.

JONAH
Are you Cal Grazzo?

FAT MAN
Who wants to know?

Jonah shows the man the sticker of the RED BALLOON.

JONAH
You draw this?

FAT MAN
No. That's a Pablo fucking Picasso.

Jonah slaps the hot dog out of the man's hands, gets in the man's face. He's not fucking around.

JONAH

I asked you a goddamn question.

FAT MAN

Jeez, kid. Yeah, a few years back.
Made it for some old geezer over in
Brooklyn. "RED BALLOON TOY SHOP."

INT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - MEETING ROOM - LATER

Millie sits at a long glass table in a room overlooking a hangar housing satellites. At the other end of the table sit TWO NASA EXECUTIVES. SUIT #1 (70) is an old, arrogant blowhard with a forest of nose hair. SUIT #2 (40) is a science geek, uncomfortable in a suit and fearful of Suit #1.

NASA SUIT #1

You're an agent? A full agent?

MILLIE

You want me to show you my badge?
Again?

Suit #1 just stares at her with disdain --

NASA SUIT #1

To your question -- we never met a sweeter woman or a more brilliant scientist. Our hearts weep.

MILLIE

Did you notice any change in Gretel in the days before her death? Was she - I don't know - acting strange? Suspicious. Worried. Anyone bothering her at work.

NASA SUIT #2

No. No, she kept to herself, mostly. She was a workaholic.

MILLIE

And what exactly did Dr. Von Schtaub do for you?

NASA SUIT #2

Gretel was a chemist. Her research developed the rocket fuel that carried our boys to the moon.

MILLIE

She started at NASA in '48?

NASA SUIT #1

Yes '48 or '49. I remember when she came in - this beautiful blonde girl. A former prisoner of war in Germany, I had heard. And here she was, living the American Dream.

MILLIE

What was she working on at the moment?

NASA SUIT #1

Dr. Von Schtaub was...working on a chemical solution to heighten our astronauts' tolerance of G force from 16 to 30, highly theoretical work -

MILLIE

- that was completed back in 1954 when John Stapp harnessed nearly 46 g's in the U.S. Air Force tests, no? Gentlemen, I ain't interviewing you for Reader's Digest. This is an FBI investigation into the death of one of your employees. So you lie to me again, sir, I'll rip every hair of that forest out your nose, 'til you tell me what I came here to know.

Suit #2 can't help but smirk. Suit #1 grows cold.

NASA SUIT #1

Agent Malone, if you'd like to discuss Dr. Von Schtaub's classified research, we will gladly do so on receipt of a warrant. Short of that, we have nothing more to add. We don't respond to threats. Least of all from some broad like you.

INT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - ELEVATOR DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

A pissed Millie presses the DOWN BUTTON angrily.

MILLIE

"Some broad like you."

She turns back toward the hall and grabs her crotch -

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

NASA SUIT #2 (O.S.)

Agent Malone.

Millie sheepishly turns to see the nerdy NASA executive - Suit #2. There's a strange look on his face. He takes her aside.

NASA SUIT #2 (CONT'D)

You're wasting your time on her research.

MILLIE

I'm sorry?

NASA SUIT #2

You weren't the first curious cat to ask questions about Gretel Von Schtaub. Find the first and you will find what you're looking for.

MILLIE

What are you talking about?

NASA SUIT #2

I've devoted my entire life to science - the study of *truth*. And truth matters, now more than ever.

The suit stares into Millie's eyes. Searching. Then -

NASA SUIT #2 (CONT'D)

The Russians used to send each of their cosmonauts into space with a sawn-off shotgun. It wasn't to kill our astronauts or protect against aliens, nothing ridiculous like that. It was because on their return to Earth, they'd land their spacecraft in Siberia. If they landed off course, the cosmonauts would have to hike hundreds of miles through the snowy tundra to get back to base, and they needed protection against the bears and the wolves.

(beat)

When you land, Agent Malone, and you will, it won't be in the tundra. But if I were you, I, too, would carry protection. For where you're going, there be bears, and there be wolves.

DING! The elevator doors swing open.

EXT. BLACK-HOLE DOUGHNUTS - LATER

Millie is at a payphone in front of a space-themed doughnut shop, a vanilla glazed in hand. NASA looms in the distance.

PERSONNEL OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
FBI. Personnel.

MILLIE
Linda, it's Millie.

LINDA (ON PHONE)
Millie! I hear you're in Florida.
Far out, girl.

MILLIE
Listen, I need you to look up a name
for me. See if there's a file on
Gretel Von Schtaub. S-C-H-T-A-U-B.

Millie devours her glazed donut.

LINDA
I got nothin'. Not even COINTELPRO.

MILLIE
Can you check the FOIA database?

LINDA
Hang on...Well groovy! *There it is.*
Nine months ago. Some journalist
requested info regarding Von Schtaub.

MILLIE
You got a name?

LINDA
Danny Rohr. New York Times.
Number's 212-334-2768.

Millie rips paper off of the napkin she's holding the donut with, grabs a pen from her pocket, and writes the number. Millie then hangs up and dials the number. A woman picks up.

WOMAN (ON PHONE)
Yes?

MILLIE
Yeah, my name's Agent Millie
Malone, FBI.

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I had questions for Mr. Rohr about an ongoing investigation. He around?

WOMAN

Danny is - very busy at the moment.

MILLIE

Too busy to talk about Gretel Von Schtaub?

Millie hears the woman whisper. A man's voice whispers back.

WOMAN

He can meet you tonight. 254 West 54th Street. 9 PM.

MILLIE

"Far out."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RED BALLOON TOY SHOP - EVENING

Jonah stands out front of a small Manhattan toy store.

INT. THE RED BALLOON TOY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jonah heads inside the shop. The bell on the door DINGS!

The shop, with its black and white tile floor, oozes with Rubik's Cubes, Lite-Brite, Stretch Armstrong, Magic 8-Balls, Sonny & Cher dolls, G.I. Joes, and board games galore. In the store's center is a massive display of different themed chessboards.

A MAN (50s) with graying blonde hair sits behind the front counter, working on a crossword. He doesn't look up. Jonah studies the man, nervously. It has to be him. *Heinz*.

A terrified Jonah peruses the store, feigning interest in different toys. He takes refuge in the Atari section, then pulls out his GOLD DAGGER. He hides it in his left hand, breathing heavily, ready to use it. He takes a breath, then spins toward the front, WHEN --

DING! The door opens. A little girl comes into the store, up to the front counter. Jonah hides the DAGGER up his sleeve.

LITTLE GIRL

Mister, do you have the Flower Power Barbie in stock?

MAN
 (a faint accent)
 We should be getting more next week.
 I'll save one just for you, darling.

The little girl smiles and heads out the door. DING!

MAN (CONT'D)
 Can I help you, son?

Jonah quickly gets the DAGGER back in his hand, fumbling for a moment. Then gripping tight. His entire body shaking.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Son?

WHEN - Jonah EXPLODES TOWARD THE FRONT COUNTER, HOLDING THE GOLD DAGGER IN FRONT OF HIM, pointed at the man, stopping just inches from the man's wrinkled throat.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Please! Take the money! Take what you want, just don't hurt me!

The man raises his hands in the air. They shake. Feebly. Jonah is stunned by the man's old age, by his kind eyes --

JONAH
 Heinz Pruller. You're - you're
 Heinz Pruller! You killed her! YOU
 KILLED HER!

MAN
 Who? Killed who? No - no - I'm -
 I'm Gene - Gene Martin. Please just
 - just take the money - please -
 don't hurt me -

The man begins to whimper, turning his face away from the knife and closing his eyes, as he begins to cry.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Please -

Jonah is in shock. His eyes widen. The gold dagger trembles in Jonah's hand, as he lowers the knife. It's the wrong man. It has to be the wrong man

BUT -- just as he is about to back away, Jonah notices something on the man's neck, previously hidden by the man's shirt. A THICK SCAR ACROSS HIS NECK - IN THE SHAPE OF AN "X"!

Before Jonah can grab the dagger, the man's crocodile tears give way to a look of pure evil, as the man pulls out a TASER from behind the counter and TASES Jonah.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RED BALLOON TOY SHOP - STOCKROOM - LATER

Jonah slowly comes to, and finds himself TIED TO A CHAIR in the back stockroom of the toy store. A jump rope binds his hands, tied behind the chair. Masking tape covers his mouth.

On Heinz's desk, Jonah notices a BLUEPRINT of what appears to be a strange machine, a weapon really.

Jonah tries to scream and struggle, WHEN - the MAN - **HEINZ PRULLER** - steps into Jonah's field of vision. He's standing a few feet away with something in his hands. We can't see what.

HEINZ PRULLER

(thick German accent)

You Jews are always the best to play our games with. Do you know why?

Jonah tries to scream again. Heinz laughs.

HEINZ PRULLER (CONT'D)

Because you know what it is to play for your life.

Heinz shows what's in his hands: TWENTY RAZOR-SHARP DARTS.

HEINZ PRULLER (CONT'D)

I wish I could have played with your grandmother for hours more. It was a shame. But now, you will tell me what she wouldn't. (beat) Why was she looking for me?

JONAH

Go to Hell.

Heinz throws a RED DART. It lands in Jonah's stomach. Blood SPURTS OUT! He screams.

HEINZ PRULLER

How did she find me?

JONAH

You fucking monster.

Heinz throws again. It hits Jonah in the thigh. He wails.

HEINZ PRULLER
 Who was she working for?! Mossad?
 Wiesenthal? The Soviets?

JONAH
 I'll - fucking - kill you.

Heinz throws THREE DARTS - they land in Jonah's CHEST. He SCREAMS in pain. Droplets of blood drip down his chest as tears of pain roll down his cheeks.

HEINZ PRULLER
 No. You won't. You Jews think you know how to kill because for eons you've been massacred. But you don't see cows running slaughterhouses, do you? Moo for me boy! Moo!

Heinz laughs and throws another dart into Jonah's leg.

HEINZ PRULLER (CONT'D)
 Soon we shall reclaim our rightful place atop the food chain. And your species, and all the other inferior genus', will finally know extinction. Now, are you going to tell me what I need to know, or shall I aim for the eyes?...

Heinz raises another dart, readying to throw it at Jonah's EYES, WHEN -- THERE'S A LOUD **KNOCK!** at the front door.

HEINZ PRULLER (CONT'D)
 We're closed!

Heinz takes a DART and holds it next to Jonah's eye.
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

HEINZ PRULLER (CONT'D)
 I said we're closed!!

KNOCK! KNOCK! Frustrated, Heinz disappears into the store. Jonah quickly spots his GOLD DAGGER next to a shelf of NERF GUNS, ten feet away. Jonah leans his weight and balances on his feet, moving the chair inches closer to the dagger. WHEN - - as he moves closer, the chair topples over to the ground.

JONAH
 Fuck.

Jonah CRAWLS the last few inches and GRABS the dagger, just as he hears Heinz open the front door and speak with someone. Jonah CUTS THROUGH THE ROPE, FREEING HIS HANDS!

He gets to his feet and pulls out the darts in him. He HOLDS a DART and sneaks behind the door between the stockroom and store. Just as Heinz nears the stockroom door, Jonah STABS a DART into Heinz's EYE! The Nazi screams in agony! Jonah then rushes into the --

MAIN STORE

He hurries to the door. But -- in an instant -- Heinz follows after Jonah and GRABS the young man's throat. Jonah claws at Heinz's face to release the choke hold. The two spar on the black and white floor tiles. A game of chess.

Heinz TOSSES Jonah into a massive Lego display, then GRABS HIM again and THROWS him against shelves filled with Barbies. As Heinz charges again, Jonah grabs a WOODEN TOY BOX, and SMASHES IT into Heinz's face, sending the Nazi to the ground.

Jonah, his face bloody and body bruised, gets to his feet, GRABS THE GOLD DAGGER, and gets on top of Heinz. Blood pools in Heinz's eye socket. Jonah holds the dagger in front of Heinz and readies to SLIT THE MAN'S THROAT.

Jonah thrusts the DAGGER forward as Heinz closes his eyes, bracing for impact... but Jonah cannot bring himself to do it. Jonah tries again, bringing the dagger closer, but can't. He can't kill him! HE CAN'T KILL. He's no murderer.

As the dagger trembles in Jonah's hand, Heinz GRABS Jonah's hand and wrestles control of the dagger closer and closer to Jonah's neck, overpowering the boy. Heinz, sits up, gets on top of Jonah and --

Just as Heinz is about to SLIT *Jonah's* throat - A FIGURE APPEARS BEHIND HEINZ, GRABS HIS THROAT, and CUTS IT OPEN, ear to ear (follow the scar's old path), as BLOOD GURGLES OUT!

Heinz and Jonah turn to see:

MEYER OFFERSON

dressed in a black suit, a GOLD DAGGER in his hand. This gold dagger has a GOLD LION engraved on it.

MEYER

Well, Scooby Dooby, this is one monster that need not be unmasked.

Heinz gurgles for air as blood bubbles out of his throat.

A terrifying Meyer now stands over Heinz's body. Tears of rage well in Meyer's glaucoma-tinged eyes.

MEYER (CONT'D)

(in German)

You mistook us for pawns. When all this time, we've been kings.

(then)

This is for all the kings you had slain. This is for Markus. For Chava. For Ruth.

Heinz stops gurgling. The blood spurts out from his body like a chocolate fondue fountain, and pours out across the toy shop floor, soaking a scattered family of smiling Lego people in a pool of Nazi blood.

Jonah stares in shock at the dead Nazi...

Jonah looks to Meyer. Meyer smiles. Meyer then hands Jonah the Polaroid camera.

MEYER (CONT'D)

It's your catch. You do the honors.

JONAH

But I -

MEYER

- found him. Tracked him down. And was responsible for his death. This is number "3."

JONAH

What?

MEYER

We record our kills. It's so they know.

JONAH

Who?

MEYER

The living. And the dead.

Jonah turns to Meyer, they share a look. Jonah then takes the POLAROID CAMERA and SNAPS A PHOTO OF the newly killed Heinz.

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

A YOUNG BLACK GIRL (13) sits on a folding chair in a nearly empty laundromat. Behind her, her clothes spin in a washing machine. The television inside plays the news. We see the headline "CONGRESSMAN MARSHALL CHANGES POSITION ON KEY IRAN VOTE."

WHEN -- Travis walks in, in a white undershirt. His bloody clothes are in a plastic bag. He places the clothes into the washing machine and takes a seat across from the girl.

As his bloody clothes spin in the washing machine behind him, splashing red liquid against the glass, the girl watches in shock. Travis then catches sight of her watching. He stares at her. She notices the SWASTIKA tattoo on his arm. She gulps. It's just the two of them.

Travis continues to stare. A long, awful, tense beat. The girl, shaking, holding back tears.

WHEN -- THE PAYPHONE RINGS OUTSIDE OF THE LAUNDROMAT. *Ring, ring. Ring, ring.*

Suddenly, Travis gets up from his seat, breaking the tension, and heads out the door.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Travis heads to the payphone and picks it up. A beat. Then -

 BIFF SIMPSON (ON PHONE)
 You did good.

Travis nods, doesn't say anything.

 BIFF SIMPSON (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 The Colonel wishes to meet you.

 TRAVIS
 Me?

INT./EXT. NEW YORK CITY YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

Millie sits in the backseat as the cab drives through the dark, gritty streets of nighttime Manhattan, passing swarms of homeless beggars, prostitutes, and coked-up company men.

 CAB DRIVER
 We're here.

 MILLIE
 No, I said 254 West 54th Street.

 CAB DRIVER
 Yeah, lady, that's it right there.

A look of confusion splashes across Millie's face. We then follow her gaze to see she is looking at --

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Studio 54, hon.

STUDIO 54. Millie sees the infamous Studio 54 logo on the black marquee. A MASSIVE CROWD - decked out in leather jackets, thick make-up, gaudy gold jewelry, Afros, etc. - lingers outside the nightclub, waiting to get in. Millie takes a deep breath and opens the cab door.

INT. STUDIO 54 - MEZZANINE - LATER

Millie barrels through an insane crowd: hundreds of club-goers dancing to a Donna Summers disco ditty. Drag queens, waiters in skimpy gold loincloths, and drug-induced revelers.

Millie spots in a private corner booth a NEBBISHY MAN with an ORANGE "JEW FRO." He looks unkempt, nervous, unwell. He has the shakes. This is DANNY ROHR (30). He's on edge.

MILLIE
 Danny Rohr?

DANNY
 Y-yes.

MILLIE
 Agent Millie Malone. (beat) I think Andy Warhol groped my perm. Quite the place.

DANNY
 Steve - the owner - and I were bar mitzvah'd together.

MILLIE
 Mazel Tov. Now what the heck are we doing here?

DANNY
 It was the most crowded place I could think of. For protection.

MILLIE
 Protection from what, Danny?

DANNY
 From you.

He's serious. Millie eyes Danny cautiously.

MILLIE

Look, Danny, I'm here because Gretel Von Schtaub was just found murdered in her Cape Canaveral home. You had put in an FOIA request about her a few months back. I thought maybe you'd know something. A reason someone might want her dead.

DANNY

She's really dead, huh? Well, I suppose I can give you *eleven million* reasons.

A look of confusion splashes across Millie's face.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You really don't know, do you?

Danny calms. As if he cautiously trusts Millie.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Gretel Von Schtaub's real name was Hannah March. Hannah March was a chemistry student at the University of Munich, when in 1938, the Nazis had been looking for chemists to assist them with top secret experiments. Hannah - Gretel - jumped at the opportunity. She saw that the Nazis were using a quick-acting chlorine gas to kill prisoners. In the lab, Hannah developed a new compound: Zyklon B - hydrogen cyanide. Not to speed up the execution, but to slow it down. There was nothing about the product that maximized efficiency. Its sole purpose was to maximize suffering. Pure evil.

MILLIE

Gretel was a top Nazi? That's impossible. She was working at NASA since the end of the war. You're saying she snuck into the U.S.?

DANNY

Snuck in? She rode here first class, eating caviar and popping champagne. All on the Government's tab.

MILLIE

The U.S. Government? That doesn't make any sense.

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)

If what you're saying about her is true, she's responsible for the death of millions -

DANNY

- of *Jews, homosexuals, Catholics, Communists*. A pill the government could swallow. (beat) Tell me, Millie - you ever driven in a Ford? You ever flown on a transatlantic flight? You ever watch Snow White and the Seven fucking Dwarves? The men responsible for those things, the men who created the industry, spirit, imagination and modern government of this country are the same souls who believe "Jews & Friends" need exterminating.

MILLIE

How do you know about Gretel?

DANNY

A source told me that as the war ended, Uncle Sam secretly recruited high-ranking Nazis before the Soviets could get their hands on them. To use them as spies, scientists, engineers, you name it. Gretel was the first one I found. I've found a few more since. And I know there must be more. Many more.

MILLIE

Why haven't you written about it?

DANNY

Oh, I tried. Gave the article in to my editor on a Monday. By Tuesday morning your colleagues bust down my apartment door, took me to HQ, and spent two days interrogating me. Accused me of sedition. Told me I'd go to prison if I didn't give up my source. When I wouldn't, The Times fired me. Blacklisted me around town. As some tin-foil-hat-fuck. Some Jew with a grudge. Accused me of plagiarism, inventing sources and destroyed my career.

MILLIE

But I called. Your secretary -

DANNY

Hah. My mother. It's a forwarding number to her house. It's where I live now. They took everything from me. They destroyed me.

MILLIE

Who was your source?

Danny hesitates. Millie grabs his hand.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Please, Danny.

DANNY

Well. I guess he wouldn't care anymore. Agent Paul Roughton. FBI.

(beat)

He saw my stories covering the Eichmann trial and got in touch ten months ago. He showed me documents, immigration forms, you name it. Wouldn't let me take 'em home or make a copy. He wanted me to fill in the blanks that he couldn't. The day the Feds knocked at my door he was supposed to give me something he said would blow the case wide open.

MILLIE

You got a number for him?

DANNY

Sure. Just open up any Yellow Pages and find the number for Maple Grove Cemetery right off the L.I.E. Not three days after the FBI let me go, Roughton killed himself. Police claim he jumped in front of a double-decker bus in Times Square. He had called me the night before.

MILLIE

What'd he say?

DANNY

"Two truths and a lie." Then he hung up. He knew they must have been listening in.

(beat)

You go down this rabbit hole, you be careful.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

People in the FBI, CIA, White House
- they brought these monsters over,
and they'll stop at nothing to keep
it secret. There's something going
on, Millie. Something real
sinister. Something I don't think
even government knows about. You
have to ask yourself: *what are the
Nazis doing here?*

Danny takes a sip from his drink. A bit drunk. He grows
emotional. Begins to cry. Manic almost, he looks to Millie.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hey - would you want to, uh, boogie?
Just one song? I haven't - boogied
with anybody in a long time.

MILLIE

A dance sounds nice, Danny. But I got
two left feet, and, I better not.

INT./EXT. CHAUFERRED BLACK CAR - LATER

A bloodied Jonah and a clean Meyer sit in the backseat of the
car. Jonah holds the BLOODY dagger in his hands.

MEYER

Your grandmother wished to protect
you from the hunt, but it appears we
cannot protect the hunt from *you*.

Meyer turns to Jonah, as a smile ERUPTS on the boy's face.

INT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - SECRET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Meyer hands Jonah the POLAROID of the dead Heinz Pruller. He
motions for Jonah to tack it on the board of 100 Nazi photos.
Jonah studies the list. Two names are crossed out: "Hannah
March," "Erik Velir." Jonah crosses out "Heinz Pruller" and
places the Polaroid next to Heinz's Nazi photo.

MEYER

They can be anywhere, Jonah.
Anywhere and everywhere.

Jonah sees at the top of the list: **#1 THE WOLF**. No picture.

JONAH

Who's that? "The Wolf."

MEYER

A Nazi Guard. Crueler than all the rest. He took everything from me. Everything. And one day, I will find him and I will rip his heart from his skin.

Meyer's eyes well with quiet tears.

MEYER (CONT'D)

The Talmud is wrong. "Living well" is not "the greatest revenge." You know what the greatest revenge is? *Revenge.*

Jonah just stares at all the photos. He's overwhelmed. He looks back at Ruth's dagger. Emotional. He's just a kid. And for once, he's not ashamed of his tears. His guard is down. Reality sets in.

JONAH

I miss her. I miss her so much.

Meyer looks to the boy and puts his arm around him. He holds him tight. Meyer's bulbous nose grows red.

MEYER

Me too, Jonah. Me too.

They stand there in silence. WHEN -- Jonah and Meyer suddenly hear MUSIC blasting through the walls. Vibrating. Jonah wipes his eyes and looks to Meyer curiously.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - FBI ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Millie heads to the front desk of the archives. A thin, old man - the world's most bad-ass librarian - rules the roost.

MILLIE

Malone. Badge 5411. Lookin' for case files opened by an Agent Paul Roughton.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - ARCHIVE STACKS - LATER

Millie, exhausted, is looking through thousands of files on the floor of the archives. Boxes with hundreds of papers are scattered around her. She's frustrated. She's found nothing.

WHEN -- she rifles through a box and finds a small MANILA FOLDER toward the back. "CASE FILE NO. 323840: **Nazi War Crimes** - Status: Closed. Her eyes ignite.

Just as she is about to open the file, the archives librarian pops up behind Millie, spooking her. Millie jumps.

ARCHIVES LIBRARIAN
We're closing in five.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

Millie races up the front steps of a grungy New York City apartment in the pouring rain, holding tight to the unsealed folder. She unlocks the front door, escaping the downpour.

INT. MILLIE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Millie drops her umbrella and pulls the file from her jacket, as she heads inside her tiny studio apartment. It's homey, but unremarkable. A gold cross on the wall. Rock records.

Millie changes out of her wet clothes into sweatpants and a "THE WHO" t-shirt.

She then sits on the bed, opens the case file and sees there is just A SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER. It is official FBI letterhead, dated 01/25/77. As she scans the report she sees: **"conducted a thorough investigation" "claims of Nazi Party relocation" "such claims to be unfounded in and fictionalized without truth" "Agent Paul Roughton, No. 2212."**

A dead end. Millie is confused. Frustrated.

WHEN - THE APARTMENT DOOR SWINGS OPEN!

Walking through the door, we see a beautiful, sweet PUERTO RICAN WOMAN in a rain-drenched waitress uniform. This is MARIA DE LA RUIZ (29). She exhales, safe from the rain.

MARIA
Gatos y Perros out there!

Maria clocks Millie look of shock. Millie has TEARS in her eyes, as she stares at Maria.

MARIA (CONT'D)
What's wrong, mama?

MILLIE
Nothing. Just a new case on my mind.

It's half true, anyway. Maria rolls her eyes. Another new case. She ambles over to Millie, throws her arms around her.

MARIA

I should be the only thing on your
mind.

Millie looks Maria in the eye, smiles, then caresses her long, black hair. Millie kisses Maria on the mouth. Sweet. Sensual. Maria kisses her back, as she starts to undress.

INT. MILLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Millie lies awake, as Maria sleeps sweetly next to her in bed, post-coital. Millie's deep in thought. She looks at the CROSS on the wall. *Afraid*. Then back at the case file on the night table. Trying to make sense of it all.

MILLIE

"Two truths and a lie." "Two truths
and a lie..."

Her eyes drift to her bookshelf. She sees a collection of nearly fifty NANCY DREW books. WHEN -- Millie's eyes spark. She leaps up and grabs a pencil from her desk.

She grabs the case file, then places her pencil on the first word of the report, then the second, then CROSSES OUT THE THIRD WORD. She keeps this up - crossing out every THIRD WORD. Once she's done she looks back at the report:

"The Nazi	party has	infiltrated U.S.	plans for
a Fourth	Reich imminent.	red book	has answers.
they live	and die	with VLIR.	Trust none
In truth	Paul Roughton."		

Millie's eyes grow wide with fear.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

INT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - HALLWAY - LATER

Meyer and Jonah stand just outside the dining room doors. Inside, Stevie Wonder's "Never Had a Dream Come True" blasts.

JONAH

She loved this song...

INT. MEYER OFFERSON'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Meyer SWINGS OPEN THE DOORS TO THE PULSATING DINING ROOM, ushering Jonah inside. A massive table boasts a wondrous feast.

SEVEN INDIVIDUALS stand by the table, WHEN - a silence falls over them at the sight of Meyer and Jonah. Jonah stares at the seven with intense wonder. Meyer nudges Jonah. Jonah then pulls out Ruth's gold dagger, now covered in Nazi blood.

MEYER

With the blood of Heinz Pruller, we welcome the newest Hunter.

One by one, The Hunters nod. And yet, as we see them we realize that we - and Jonah - have seen them before, as if they've been keeping watch of the boy all this time. We'll come to know them as:

SISTER HARRIET GOOLSBEE (40s). Her blue eyes pierce the black of her nun's habit. An austere, no nonsense Catholic Brit.

QUICK FLASH BACK -- Harriet walks by Jonah as he passes the Times Square porn district after leaving Meyer's home.

NEXT - **LONNY FLASH** (30). His thick curls are slicked and his gold shirt is unbuttoned. Movie star good looks. Diva-like. After all, he *is* an actual movie star. Elliot Gould-esque.

QUICK FLASH BACK -- Lonny walking his dog down New Utrecht Avenue, as Jonah heads to confront the gang members.

NEXT - **ROXY JONES** (25). A tough, brilliant, African American woman with a massive fro.

QUICK FLASH BACK -- Roxy, in her NYPD uniform, walking by Jonah and Detective Groton in the NYPD Precinct bullpen.

NEXT - **JOE TORRANCE** (30s). A Vietnam vet - half WASP, half Japanese - with a buzz cut and one blue eye and one green eye. *HE WAS THE "PLUMBER" FROM THE OLD WOMAN'S CONDO!* Joe appears to suffer from PTSD - he perpetually has the shakes.

QUICK FLASH BACK -- Joe passing Jonah, Cheeks, and Bootyhole on the Coney Island Boardwalk.

NEXT - **MURRAY and MINDY MARKOWITZ** (55). A lovely, Hasidic couple, both short and plump. Like Mr. and Mrs. Potato (Latke) Head. Murray wears a Shtreimel.

QUICK FLASH BACK -- The Markowitzes at Ruth's funeral.

BACK TO SCENE --

MEYER (CONT'D)

"Do not urge me to leave you or turn back from following you; for where you go, I will go, and where you lodge, I will lodge.

(MORE)

MEYER (CONT'D)

Your people shall be my people, and your God, my God." All that from the Book of Ruth. Though it may have well been from *our* Ruth. Tonight we celebrate her life. We have lost our greatest hunter, but now, we have gained her heart!

Meyer RAISES HIS GLASS and dumps the wine onto the ground in the middle of the floor.

MEYER (CONT'D)

To Ruth!

One by one, the rest of the hunters - each glassy-eyed or crying - raise their glasses and follow Meyer's lead. All eyes land on Jonah. He raises his glass. Tears and specks of blood still cover his cheeks. He raises the glass and DUMPS it on the ground, now a purple stain on Meyer's oak floor.

The other hunters eye Jonah a bit warily. Will he be worth his weight? Is he really ready for this? Can he be trusted?

MEYER (CONT'D)

We have trials ahead. The FBI investigates our kill down in Cape Canaveral. No doubt they'll soon connect the others. Not to mention the Nazi syndicate will get a whiff of our pungent revenge. But we have a list of one hundred pounds of Nazi flesh that we must claim. And Nazis won't de-flesh themselves. So let us get cooking. For God is dead. And we are His army.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C.'S ROCK CREEK PARK - THICK OF NIGHT

Travis walks through the park and spots an INDIVIDUAL sitting on a bench, with a Dalmatians on a leash. Travis sits next to the individual, who, in the dim lamp light we see to be a regal WOMAN (60). On her finger is a GOLD RING. Imprinted with a SYMBOL: the GOLD STATUE from the mysterious RED BOOK. Travis looks at her, in shock.

TRAVIS

Herr Colonel?

BLONDE WOMAN

Fraulein Colonel. You expected a man, didn't you. Well, Jeepers Creepers, I'm a dame.

The BLACK HAired WOMAN - THE COLONEL - giggles sweetly.

THE COLONEL

We have had many good soldiers through the years. But you, child, are on track for true *Bedeutung*. The Congressman passed the Iran bill. The solution will be on its way from South America shortly.

TRAVIS

Wonderful, Colonel.

THE COLONEL

We begin Phase One imminently. Much more will be expected of you, son. We are on the eve of the Final War. And all of America, all of the world, shall be brought to its knees. The *Fourth Reich* begins now.

TRAVIS

Heil Hitler.

THE COLONEL

I have another task for you. Three of our lieutenants have been murdered under mysterious circumstances in just the past month alone. I need you to unravel that little mystery.

TRAVIS

Of course, ma'am.

THE COLONEL

Oh. One other thing. I passed along word of your continued efforts. And I wanted to let you know, he is very, very proud of the work you're doing.

Travis turns to the Colonel. Intrigued and vulnerable.

TRAVIS

Who? Who's proud?

The woman smiles big.

THE COLONEL

Why, The Fuhrer.

Travis' face lights up. As if getting a gift from Santa. Or a dime from the Tooth Fairy.

Only, *Travis'* mythic figure is *real*. And...he's still alive.
Travis begins to cry. Tears of joy.

As *Stevie Wonder's "Evil"* plays and takes us to **BLACK.**

END OF PILOT

