

FREEDOM CORPS.

EPISODE 004

"VIVA VAMA VECHE"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HUDSON STREET - DAY

To establish. A warehouse, located in the industrial heart of Chicago. LISA'S MOM and LISA'S DAD approach the lone door. LISA'S DAD is a dapper older man, with white hair and expensive shoes. LISA'S MOM is a rather vacant looking homemaker.

LISA'S DAD

Are you sure this is the address she gave us?

LISA'S MOM

Surely not...

INT. AN APARTMENT - DAY

The Freedom Corps. Kids - LISA, VAL, SIM, JON, TOM, DAVE, and HARRIS are rushing around what appears to be an average apartment, setting it up. Hanging pictures, straightening the sofa. Urgency is in the air.

LISA

We've got to get this apartment ready! They still think Freedom Corps is post-grad charity work. They don't know about Freedom Corps' other side, and I'd like to keep it that way!

SIM

What other side?

LISA

You know, the vigilante, save America, counter-terrorist, we-could-go-to-jail-if-they-found-out-about-it side?

SIM

Oh yeah, that would probably be bad.

VAL

When are they coming, Lisa?

LISA

They'll be here any second!

HARRIS

(Harris picks up a box)
What're these blasting caps doing here?
Sim, put those away!

TOM

You couldn't just put them off like the
rest of us do? I'm telling you, my
excuse is foolproof.

VAL

What, that your room is a nuclear
wasteland? 'Cause that's not an excuse,
Tom, that's true.

LISA

Besides, I'd like to see you tell them
no, Tom.

Dave calls Lisa's attention to a large stuffed bear he's
placed on the bed in the next room.

DAVE

Hey look...teddy bear!

LISA

Nice touch, genius. Now they'll know
it's fake.

Suddenly, we HEAR the DOORBELL RING.

LISA

(continuing, screams)
They're here! Everyone hide!

Everyone disappears in a cloud of dust. Lisa opens the door.
Standing in it are Lisa's parents.

LISA

Mom! Dad! You made it!

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Lisa sits on the couch with her parents.

LISA'S DAD

You never told us what crummy
neighborhood you lived in, Lisa.

LISA

It's not...

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

With a view of the apartment through a two-way mirror, AUNT SALLY stands watching them over a bank of equipment, hand to his headset. The rest of the kids are with him in the darkened control booth.

AUNT SALLY

(into headset)

You didn't want them to worry.

INT. APARTMENT

Lisa taps her ear, we HEAR an ELECTRONIC WHINE.

LISA

I... didn't want them to worry, that is,
didn't want you to worry.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

Everyone slaps their hands to their foreheads except Aunt Sally.

AUNT SALLY

Nice recovery.

Widen to reveal the "apartment" has been constructed in the Hudson Street garage. A false entry hall and staircase connect to the warehouse door, and the apartment is above that with the control booth alongside. A diagram with labels like "Hudson Street - Secret Headquarters of Freedom Corps," "False entry hall," "Blasting caps," and "Ham Sandwich."

Jon is reading a copy of New City.

JON

Have you read this thing about Vama
Veche? Capitalist pigs are taking over

the untouched beach community from the hippies. They're building all these hotels and nightclubs.

VAL

You're not reading the alternative newsweeklies again, are you Jon?

SIM

It's a disgusting habit. Much worse than clipping your toenails with your teeth.

VAL

No, Sim, nothing is worse than that.

HARRIS

Where's Vama Veche?

JON

Romania.

TOM

That sucks, dude.

JON

It's a frickin' travesty. And I'll tell you something else, brother- there's nothing like this virginal paradise left in America, and now Romania's going as well. Where are we gonna go when all these places are gone?

VAL

Where do you go now? You've never heard about Vama Veche until today. I know you haven't.

JON

That's not the point! I could if I wanted to!

DAVE

There's Florida.

JON

Florida's for old people. These are real naturalists over there.

HARRIS

Well, what are you going to do about it?

JON

I dunno. Fundraiser, maybe? Bake Sale?

DAVE

Not with any of our baking.

INT. APARTMENT

LISA'S DAD

So Lisa, where you going to start getting ready for med school? There's a program in Poland...

LISA

But my MCATS...

LISA'S DAD

They don't require them in Poland. I know you'll do great once you're there. You're a born doctor, just like your old man...

LISA

But Dad, I'm in Freedom Corps now. Let me concentrate on that. Med School can wait...

We hear another ELECTRONIC CRACKLE and AUNT SALLY'S VOICE:

AUNT SALLY (V.O.)

(filtered, over earpiece)

Tell them you need a little more time off!

LISA

(to the air)

Hello? I think I can talk to my own parents!

Lisa's mom pats her leg encouragingly

LISA'S MOM

You can, honey, you can...

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

SIM

Well boys, in my humble O, there's only one thing to do. That fundraiser crap's for sissies. You wanna make a difference, go over there and blow the hotels up!

TOM

Frickin' A!

DAVE

We can do it. We have the technology.

HARRIS

Aw man, that's crazy. We can't do that. It would be fun, but we can't do that.

JON

No, I like this. Do you wanna live in a world that's nothing but garish themed hotels? We gotta make a stand! Strike a blow for the beautiful people!

INT. APARTMENT

LISA'S MOM

Lisa! There's no food in this refrigerator!

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

AUNT SALLY

(groans in frustration)
You forgot the food!

SIM

I didn't forget it, I thought you were giving that to me.

INT. APARTMENT

LISA

This is not going well.

LISA'S DAD

It's okay, Lisa, we know they don't pay you much. Do you need some money?

LISA

That's not it...

Lisa's earpiece CRACKLES again

AUNT SALLY (V.O.)

Yes, actually, this project is seriously under-funded. Lisa, you have a new mission objective. Milk 'em for all they're worth!

LISA

Aunt Sally, would you please shut up?!

LISA'S DAD

Lisa, honey, I'm sure that wherever she is, Aunt Sally can hear you. But I'm not sure what you're hearing is her. Either way, there's no excuse...

LISA'S MOM

Bill, I don't think she has an Aunt Sally.

LISA'S DAD

I thought she was on your side of the family...

AUNT SALLY (V.O.)

(filtered, over earpiece)

Okay, tell them it's shopping day. We put some cash in the dresser.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

HARRIS

All right, I'm in. We'll go there, we'll see what we can do.

SIM

Blow 'em up!

INT. APARTMENT

LISA

I'm not blowing anybody up!

LISA'S DAD

What?

Lisa's Mom looks shocked and confused. Lisa realizes what she's said.

LISA

Uh, that's a little comedy routine I'm working on for the children's hospital next week. It's on... teaching kids not to become terrorists.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

AUNT SALLY

(to the kids in the control booth)
I have the mike on, will you guys pipe down?

VAL

Maybe I'll find a cute Romanian boy to bring back home and marry so he can get his green card.

TOM

All we gotta do now is convince Aunt Sally.

INT. APARTMENT

Lisa is at the dresser and coming up empty.

LISA

Um, there's no money in the dresser drawer.

AUNT SALLY (V.O.)

(filtered, over earpiece)
Don't panic! Set off a smoke grenade and bail out of the window!

LISA

I can't do that, it's crazy. You're crazy!

LISA'S MOM

Who are you talking to, Lisa? Is it Aunt Sally again?

LISA'S DAD

Do you feel okay, honey?

LISA

Mom, Dad, I...

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

AUNT SALLY

(brandishes an M-60)

Hang on, soldier! Were coming to get you out of there!

HARRIS

Convincing him to blow up Romania shouldn't be difficult.

INSERT

A map with a "Tumbleweed" icon going to Romania.

SUPERIMPOSE SERIES OF SHOTS

- a.) Aunt Sally gets fuel from contacts
- b.) The helicopter, Tumbleweed, dodging air defenses.
- c.) The Freedom Corps. Kids getting airsick.

INT. TUMBLEWEED - NIGHT

The kids lounge restlessly. Lisa stares sullenly out the window.

DAVE

I can't believe Magnus actually bought it. He's letting us go to Romania to blow up a hotel.

VAL

Yeah but we only have the weekend to do it.

TOM

He didn't even put up much of a fight... sort of makes me wonder about his cholesterol.

HARRIS

Lisa, we've been over this same mountain range twice. Will you go ask Aunt Sally if he knows where we're going?

LISA

I'm not speaking to Aunt Sally right now. I had to sedate my parents when he got done with them. Maybe Dad was right. Maybe I should go to Poland for medical school.

TOM

Well, we're going to be right there. There's never gonna be a better time.

HARRIS

Lisa, you wouldn't. Do you know how much trouble we'd be in, if we had to explain how you got to Poland?

LISA

Honestly, Harris, I might not care. I've about had it with his nonsense.

HARRIS

If one of us burns, we all burn, Lisa. Remember that.

LISA

Sedation! se-da-tion!

TOM

I don't see what the big deal is. I'd love to sedate my parents.

MIAMI-VICE LIKE SERIES OF SHOTS

- a.) Hundreds of tents on the beach at Vama Veche
- b.) The wrecked freighter out past the surf.
- c.) The local fishermen and their huts.
- d.) The hippies and their shanties.

EXT. VAMA VECHE - DAY

Freedom Corps. is driving along the beach in a convertible WILLYS, all piled in the back. The top is down and their sunglasses are on.

INT. WYLLYS - TRAVELLING

In the back of the jeep, Dave is studying his Romanian guidebook: "How to pick up girls in Romanian"

DAVE

"Duchet sime la hotel." That means,
"take me to my hotel."

SIM

Does it?

DAVE

And "Cât costă?" How much does this cost? That should be useful. Here's a good one: "Pork" is "Pork."

Val and Lisa roll their eyes.

DAVE

Sim, did you study the phrasebook?

SIM

Naw, I just learned "Um Plache."

DAVE

"I like it?"

SIM

I figure I can say that in pretty much any situation and it'll work.

VAL

Positive for once! That's a big step,
Sim.

SIM

Shut up!

JON

This is gonna be great. Fighting for
the good earth, sticking it to the man.
You know, I finally feel like we're on
the right side.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - DAY

The Willys grinds to a halt on a crowded section of beach,
throwing sand on the hippies. They're inches from some of
the tents. The Freedom Corps. Kids jump out. They're
wearing beach attire. But nobody else is. The hippies are
all nude.

LISA

Um... are they supposed to be...?

JON

Sure. All the real hippies are...

SIM

Are they, Jon?

AUNT SALLY

Well, this is awkward.

Freedom Corps bunches together, unsure what to do. The
hippies are gathering around them.

LIBBY RUSE, a kid from a rival Peace Corps group, leans over
to her neighbor, PETE DEMAKIS, of same.

LIBBY

Look who we got here.

PETE

You again!
(aside to rest of group)
Brown Shirts.

HARRIS

(with distaste)
Peace Corps.

VAL

They're all staring at us!

PETE

(stepping forward from the line)
What's up, junior informants?

LIBBY

Arrest any old ladies recently?

LISA

Now look, that was a mistake. We
admitted that.

Aunt Sally steps forward, like he's making a delegation to
the Martians.

AUNT SALLY

Have no fear my clothes-less friends; we
are here to save your nude squatting
from the white man's buffet!

PETE

Save the platitudes, planet killer.
Jeeps get, what, four miles to the
gallon?

AUNT SALLY

Excuse me?

HARRIS

Aunt Sally, I don't think that's
helping.

(steps forward)

Look, you guys. I know that Peace Corps
and Freedom Corps have traditionally
been enemies. But this time we really
are playing for the same team. You want
to save Vama Veche, right? Well, we're
here to help. Just settle down, try not
to draw undue attention to us, and we'll
get to work.

PEACE CORPS KIDS
(grumbling amongst themselves)

PETE

Yeah that's rich. It's envy of your decedent republican benefactors that has these poor Romanians putting buildings up all over the beach! And you're nothing but a bunch of self-righteous squares training rednecks to attack the local mosques.

JON

No we aren't! We're hip...
(beat)
...pies. We're hippies, just like you.

LIBBY

Some hippies! I bet you've never even heard of the "Whole Earth Catalog."

JON

Yes we have!

TOM

Didn't it go out of publication back in...

LISA

More importantly, what does that have to do with anything?

HARRIS

(angry)
Oh yeah? You guys say you hate the hotels, huh? Well which one is the biggest, lavish...est, the most obnoxious?

The Peace Corps Kids hesitate, unsure where this new tack is headed.

PETE

Uh... I guess that would be the Inca Hotel.

SERIES OF SHOTS

We HEAR Pete's VOICE OVER

- a.) Dramatic establishing shot of the hotel. Dozens of roulette and black jack tables.

PETE
(continuing)
It's got gambling...

- b.) Pool bar with desert island tables, palm tree umbrellas and vines and overgrowth everywhere.

PETE
(continuing)
...Jungle Jungle Pool Bar...

- c.) A giant Aztec themed jungle gym / maze.

PETE
(continuing)
...all ages Labyrinth...

- d.) Colored lights and lots of people dancing.

PETE
(continuing)
...a Latin discothèque...

- e.) Big Cats pacing agitatedly behind the bars of a cage on the casino floor.

PETE
(continuing)
...live jaguars...

- f.) A crazed priest brandishes a dagger above a helpless virgin atop a whimsically proportioned pyramid set piece.

PETE
(continuing)
...and a fake human sacrifice ritual every night.

BACK TO SCENE

PETE

(continuing)

Lotta spinach in that place.

TOM

An Inca temple, huh? We had a pretty bad experience with a Mayan temple on our last vacation...

HARRIS

Good enough for me. You just wait and see what happens to that hotel tomorrow. Just wait.

LIBBY

What're you gonna do, white man it to death?

PETE

Yeah, white man...!

JON

We're not white!

LISA

(confused)

But... we're all white...I mean, I'm one quarter Guamanian but I'm probably the most ethnic person here...

Sim puts a hand on her shoulder.

SIM

You can't reason with these people. It's beyond that now.

PETE

I bet you don't remember the sixties either!

JON

Yes we do!!

LIBBY

I bet you listen to pop music and eat processed food!

DAVE

So?

PETE

From McDonalds!

JON

(pained noise)

LIBBY

And Wal-Mart!

HARRIS

Wow, you guys really are granola.

He lunges at them, Lisa and Val hold him back.

LISA

Just ignore them.

DAVE

Nudist bums.

JON

This isn't what I had in mind. You guys embarrass me everywhere we go.

AUNT SALLY

(calling to them from the Willys)
C'mon, guys, let's get this stuff
unpacked.

The Freedom Corps Kids retreat to an unclaimed portion of the beach.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - LATER

Freedom Corps has set up three tents under a tarp meant to camouflage them from the air. They're now in the midst of unloading some very heavy crates from the WILLYS.

TOM

(drops his in the sand with a
thud.)
Ugh! These are heavy. What's in here,
Aunt Sally?

AUNT SALLY

Just some camping essentials.

Tom and Dave pry the lid open.

DAVE

(in shock)

What the? Weapons grade plutonium?!

TOM

And... is that an I.C.B.M. missile tracking system?

DAVE

Aunt Sally, what are you doing with all this crap?

Aunt Sally gives them a wounded look

AUNT SALLY

It never hurts to be prepared...

Harris is riffling through another crate.

HARRIS

(confused)

Uh... Sim? I'm looking through the stuff here, and I don't see the blasting caps.

LISA

The what?

DAVE

Blasting caps.

LISA

Oh.

TOM

Don't we need that for...

(he looks suspiciously at the Peace Corps kids)
you know...

HARRIS

You think? Sim, tell me you didn't forget 'em. Please tell me you didn't forget 'em.

SIM

I didn't forget 'em. I... uh. I think I forgot 'em.

VAL

Sim...

SIM

Aw, there's always blasting caps around until you need one!

HARRIS

This is a problem.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - EVEN LATER

The team stands sheepishly before Aunt Sally.

AUNT SALLY

No caps, huh? That's a problem. Can't wait for Magnus to mail some. We have to be back in Chicago by Monday. We'll have to try my Romanian contacts.

HARRIS

Your what?

AUNT SALLY

Maybe we can bum the parts locally. Harris, Sim, Dave, you're with me.

He gestures towards the jeep.

VAL

And what do the rest of us do?

AUNT SALLY

I dunno. Finish setting up camp. Then sunbathe or somethin'. But no nudity! At least not till I get back. Come on, boys, saddle up!

Val looks at Lisa.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - TWILIGHT

Jon approaches and area where Pete and Libby and some others

are sitting around a campfire. Val, Lisa, and Tom are grudgingly behind him.

JON

Can we join you?

Pete shrugs. Jon and the others sit.

JON

I wanted to apologize for before. Our friend Aunt Sally - you know, the big guy? He can be a little forceful sometimes.

PETE

The big guy's name is Aunt Sally? That's crazy.

JON

Yeah, well, so is he. A little.

LIBBY

(nodding her head)

Rad.

JON

Listen, I was just curious if you could tell me a little about what this place used to be like? You know, before the hotels took over?

PETE

I dunno. Better than it is now.

JON

How? I mean, what was it like before communism collapsed?

PETE

I was only like, eight!

JON

So, how can you say it was better before capitalism?

PETE

Look, all I know is, it gets more and more commercialized every year, and it

sucks.

JON

How long have you been coming here?

PETE

Two years.

TOM

Oh my god.

JON

So your idea of saving Vama Veche... how would it be if you could have it however you wanted?

LIBBY

I dunno, just a place where we can get naked, get loaded, and...

PETE

Just nobody to hassle us.

JON

So let me see if I understand this. All you want to do is hang out in the buff and drink, is that about it?

PETE

Yeah, man.

TOM

That's okay, I guess...

JON

Well, sure, but...

LISA

So listen, I heard it was a bunch of philosophers and intellectuals that came here, trying to save the beach. Have any of you read Marcel Proust?

LIBBY

Who?

TOM

How about poetry? Anybody want to try a poetry slam?

PETE

What's a poultry slam?

LIBBY

I'm not into hurting animals. They should be respected.

JON

God, I feel old all of a sudden.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - NIGHT

Jon and the others stalk away from the campfire, pissed. We still hear the piercing strains of Libby's singing in the background.

JON

This sucks. I can't believe it. They're idiots!

LISA

Not to mention bums.

VAL

And they smell.

TOM

You realize what this means, don't you, guys?

JON

What?

TOM

It's too late to save Vama Veche. All the poets and intellectuals have already left. There's nothing but the hair bear bunch coming here anymore.

JON

No, I can't believe that. Besides, if we succeed, maybe the cool people will come back again.

VAL

Somehow, I kind of doubt that. Cool people never come back. They're too cool.

JON

We have to hope...

EXT. ROMANIAN COASTAL HIGHWAY - SUNSET

The Willys speeds down Highway 39, a beautiful coastal highway with cliffs dropping straight to the water on one side, and a steep grade that becomes rolling, tree-spotted hills on the other.

INT. WILLYS - TRAVELLING

HARRIS

Now, where are we going, exactly?

AUNT SALLY

I told you, to see my Romanian contacts.

SIM

Can't you see with the ones you have?

DAVE

Oh, please shut up, Sim.

HARRIS

You're telling me you actually know people here who can hook us up with an oscillator?

AUNT SALLY

And then some. They're called the B•uturi. But we gotta be careful. These local militants are a touchy bunch. So take it slow and follow my lead.

DAVE

Whoa, you're telling me you know terrorists that are going to give us a bomb part?

AUNT SALLY

Well... yeah. But they haven't threatened America or anything.

They stare at him, disbelieving.

AUNT SALLY

(continuing)

They're not Islamic terrorists.

HARRIS

(dripping with sarcasm)

Oh, okay...

AUNT SALLY

And remember, you have to call me "Aunt Sally." That's my international contact name.

DAVE

Oh, thanks, lest we forget and call you "Uncle Suicide!"

HARRIS

This is getting worse by the minute.

SIM

Can I just submit now that this was not my idea when I said to...

HARRIS

Hey, you're the one who forgot the part in the first place!

AUNT SALLY

Guys, guys, it's okay! This is gonna work out fine. Just hang on, we're almost there...

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - NIGHT

On the darkened beach, we establish on Freedom Corps' three tents. A tent flap opens. Out of it slips Val, and then Lisa. They're wearing clubbing outfits, very hot and daring. Lisa stumbles on the threshold of the tent.

LISA
(muffled squeal)

VAL
Shush! We don't want to wake Tom and Jon!

LISA
You shush! I tripped!

VAL
I don't want those hippies to hear us either. You need cheering up, and I want a good night of drinking and dancing at that hotel before it all goes up in smoke. I've had it with this stupid beach. Sand getting everywhere...

LISA
No one's going to notice if we're gone a few hours, right?

VAL
No one that matters. Jungle Jungle pool bar, that's for me. We'll have a little fun and be back before the others get here.

They move off. The camera pans over to Pete and Libby hiding in the dunes a few yards away. Val and Lisa's voices rescind into the distance.

LISA (O.S.)
Oh, are you bringing a swimsuit?

VAL (O.S.)
This outfit turns INTO a swimsuit!

LISA (O.S.)
Aw, cool!

LIBBY
Are they gone?

PETE
Yeah. Now there's no one to guard their tent. Lotta expensive looking stuff in there. Lotta spinach.

LIBBY

Rad. Which one were they in?

PETE

I forget. Let's try this one first...

They crawl towards the nearest tent.

INT. TOM'S TENT - NIGHT

He's fast asleep. We see the tent flap unzip. Revealed fleetingly by the moonlight is Pete, as he steals into the tent. Libby follows him. He steps cautiously.

PETE

Okay, suckers, where's the spinach?

He steps squarely into Tom's side. He freezes. Behind him, Libby freezes also. Tom rolls over, wrapping his arm around Pete's ankle, cuddling up to it.

TOM

(sleepily)

Mmn. Izzat you, Val? Always knew you'd come around...

(He catches a whiff of something.

His nose wrinkles.)

That's some serious B.O. you got on you, girl...

(His eyes open wide)

HIS POV

Looking up at Pete and Libby.

BACK TO SCENE

Tom sits straight up and shouts...

TOM

PEACE CORPS!!

INT. JON'S TENT

Jon is suddenly wide-awake. He lunges for the tent flap.

INT. TOM'S TENT

Pete and Libby scramble for the door, but trip over each other. Tom pulls Pete savagely back.

TOM

Where do you think you're goin', tree hugger?

They collapse in a jumble of arms and legs. The tent pitches over.

INT. JON'S TENT

He is fumbling with the tent flap.

JON

Come on! Come on! Stupid metal zipper, I command you to open!

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH

The undulating mass of Tom's tent rolls over onto the one beside it.

INT. JON'S TENT

He is flattened by the other tent.

JON

(exasperated grunt)

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH

The two tents are a heaving mass of fabric.

PETE'S VOICE

Get off me!

TOM'S VOICE

Oof! Don't let 'em get away!

JON'S VOICE

What's going on?

Pete emerges first from the tents. He takes off running. Libby emerges next, but Tom's hand grabs her ankle. Libby does a face plant in the sand.

Tom jumps up and chases after Pete. Then, realizing his mistake, he whirls with an intimidating (if under practiced) kung fu pose at Libby.

Libby Gets to her feet, flees in the other direction. Tom chases after her.

Jon finally untangles himself from his tent, and looks blearily around himself.

Tom is giving chase but trips on one of their air cover tarp's stake lines. He tumbles into another tent on the beach. We HEAR a MUFFLED VOICE

VOICE IN THE TENT

Ow! What's the idea?

Jon is there to help him up. Tom looks anxiously around him. Libby and Pete are nowhere in sight.

JON

Let it go. They're gone. No harm done, anyway.

TOM

Yeah, but...where are Val and Lisa?

They look around in concern.

INT. INCA HOTEL - NIGHT

Val and Lisa arrive in the front entrance in style. They notice armbands on all the patrons.

VAL

Everybody's wearing those armband things that let them drink whatever they want.

LISA

How do we get one of those?

Val watches two CLUBGOERS.

VAL

Well, wait... there's a couple of Paris Hilton types with gold ones. This should be candy...

LISA

Val, as a medic, you know I'm not allowed to do harm to anyone... not even for the honorable pursuit of drinking ourselves silly.

VAL

You don't have to hurt them. You can just make sure they're not dead when I'm done with them.

Val follows them into the ladies room, cracking her knuckles.

INT. JUNGLE JUNGLE POOL BAR - NIGHT

Close on the armband on Val's wrist. Widen to reveal Val, clad in skimpy swimsuit, her body bathed in sweat, dances in the shallow end of the pool bar. It is surrounded by lush greenery, but the dazzling lights and throbbing beat of the nearby Latin discothèque penetrate the lush foliage providing ample dance club ambiance.

Val and Lisa have already had quite a few. Val, as usual, has a string of ADMIRERS trying to dance close to her, but few get past Lisa in her rolled up clubbing pants. Not as prepared for the pool bar as Val, Lisa nevertheless watches out for her friend, screening unwelcome attention.

LISA

(to Admirer 1)

You're not getting lucky tonight, fella. Why don't you just take a hike? Er, backstroke. Whatever.

VAL

Lisa, what are you doing?

LISA

Come off it, Val. You know you have a tendency to wander off with the first guy you meet and I'm not going to be ditched tonight. Not in a foreign country.

VAL

It's not like you don't know where to go...

LISA

I'm serious; if you disappear on me I'll... I'll take the train to Poland. Go to med school. That'll leave you all in a spot, wouldn't it?

The song finishes, and Val dives into the pool for a refresher. Lisa, unwilling to get her hair wet, runs around the outside of the pool.

Val surfaces next to the pool bar, and winks at the BARTENDER.

VAL

I swear to God, she's going to give me an aneurism!

BARTENDER

One Aneurism, coming up!

VAL

What the? Sick! Is there any word that isn't a drink name these days?

She notices a man in his mid-forties wearing a Hawaiian shirt and swim trunks sitting at the bar next to her sipping a martini, a general James Bond air about him. He is TRIAN SABAU.

TRIAN

I have never seen someone dance and do breast stroke all at once. Very impressive.

VAL

Are you coming on to me?

TRIAN

No, I just like to say "Breast stroke".

Lisa comes running breathlessly up to them.

LISA

She's not interested, mister!

VAL

This is my Lesbian friend, Lisa. She's afraid I'm going to go have sex on the beach without her.

The bartender looks at Trian. After an imperceptible nod,

BARTENDER

Sex on the Beach, coming up!

Val does a double take.

LISA

Wow, if only the bartenders were that prompt in Chicago!

VAL

I'm Val, by the way.

TRIAN

(regarding her with amused smile)
Trian Sabau. I own this hotel.

VAL

Really? How interesting.

LISA

And we're just supposed to believe that?

TRIAN

What, you want to see deed or something?

LISA

For starters!

TRIAN

I tell you what. I was about to go watch human sacrifice. How about we watch it together from my private booth, and after that we can do deed?

LISA

Excuse me? Am I hearing this guy right?

TRIAN

What I say?

VAL

Ah, just what I need, another pain in the ass.

BARTENDER

Pain in the Ass, coming up!

Val and Lisa are incredulous.

LISA

(disgusted protest)

INT. INCA HOTEL, SHOWROOM

Trian leads Val and Lisa up a set of stone steps that overlook a mock temple. The steps and the walls are overgrown with fake jungle vines, and a false sky twinkles above, complete with blood-red sunset.

INT. PRIVATE BOOTH

Trian, Val and Lisa sit in a booth overlooking the temple.

INSERT

Jaguars in cages suspended from the ceiling yowl down at them.

BACK TO SCENE

TRIAN

This is best place to watch human sacrifice. People love this show. It's our main attraction.

INSERT

"Priests" select a member of the audience, a kid, dress her up in fancy robes and a long braided wig, and lead her to the top of the indoor pyramid. The "Aztec guards" begin to chant, and the crowd takes it up.

BACK TO SCENE

LISA

I thought the Incas only sacrificed in times of dire trouble, as a plea to the gods.

TRIAN

Well, we have people to entertain. We can't do it only one night a year.

VAL

Isn't this more of an Aztec ritual? I thought the Incas just buried people alive. Never mind how I know this.

TRIAN

But this is so much more dramatic. Watch, I love this part.

INSERT

The chanting reaches a fever pitch. The child is screaming. The parents look on fondly and take pictures. With much show, the priests pretend to cut out her heart with a stone knife - a lot of fake blood and an animatronic heart. Flash pans go off, and a lot of dramatic music. The priest holds the heart in the air.

BACK TO SCENE

LISA

Okay, I have to ask, because we have you here. Why an Inca hotel? Why Vama Veche? Because there are a lot of people... out on the beach, you know... who are saying it was better back when Romania was communist.

TRIAN

(spits his drink out)
What? Who says this?

LISA

The Peace Corps kids out on...

TRIAN

Those gypsies? Let me tell you something. Those kids are too young to even remember Ceausescu. But I remember him. I was forced to work on his palace. There were ten thousand of us any time, twenty four hour a day. It was second largest building in world after pentagon. We build it in only four years.

INSERT

The "priest" makes much mumbo jumbo of offering of the heart to the gods.

BACK TO SCENE

VAL

Wow. Why?

TRIAN

All for him. He builds it and fills it with statues of himself and calls it People's Palace. Meanwhile, people in cities were starving. Freezing to death. He had idea to pay off all foreign debt. Romania once had more national resources than any country in Eastern Europe. But he sold it all and left nothing for us. He destroyed this economy.

LISA

I had no idea.

INSERT

The slab the sobbing child is on is tilted so it looks like she slides into the bonfire in a shower of sparks. But the screaming girl actually goes down a long waterslide into the pool.

BACK TO SCENE

TRIAN

It's been more than ten years since they

blew bastard's brains out and we still haven't recovered.

VAL

You seem to be doing okay.

TRIAN

Why do you think I build hotel? When I was working on palace, I thought, all I want is a nice place for my family to make money. For people to come and enjoy. That's what I wanted. And we have to use our resources. We don't have much, but we have beaches. So we use what we can to survive and recover.

INSERT

The girl's parents are getting her out off the pool, drying her off and laughing.

BACK TO SCENE

TRIAN

(continuing)

And these Peace Corps, they come from other countries to sit on our beaches and protest and make a mess and they dare to judge us? No, these beggars are not even worth talking about. Excuse me a moment...

Trian goes to talk to the floor boss. Looks back at them.

VAL

Do you think he knows? He's keeping an awfully close eye on us.

LISA

That's no big surprise. But Val, do you think we're doing the right thing? I mean to the hotel and all?

VAL

Huh?

LISA

I mean, I keep thinking about our mission, you know, and I can't help thinking, I've kinda got to side with Trian on this one. You know?

VAL

Oh my god. You totally like him.

LISA

No, I'm just... forgetting who the bad guy is supposed to be here.

VAL

Yes you do. You're...

LISA

Shh. Here he comes.

Trian approaches them and smiles.

EXT. RURAL 2MAI - NIGHT

The Willys pulls into a dark rural Romanian village past goats and horse carts. Chickens scatter in the road in front of them. There is no one around.

INT. WILLYS - TRAVELLING

Sim, Dave and Harris survey the scene warily.

DAVE

Creepy "Deliverance" situation here, guys.

HARRIS

How do you say, "I don't like it" in Romanian?

SIM

I don't know.

THEIR POV

Suddenly, a sentry with a Russian AK-47 automatic rifle steps in front of them, illuminated in their headlights.

BACK TO SCENE

They React.

AUNT SALLY
(startled grunt)

INSERT

Aunt Sally's foot Stomps on the brake.

EXT. RURAL 2MAI

The Willys skids to a stop in front of the sentry. He doesn't move an inch.

INT. WILLYS

Sim Dave and Harris slowly raise their hands. Aunt Sally Stands up in his seat, over the windscreen.

AUNT SALLY
Din p•cate, vorbesc numai pu•in
române•te.

THEIR POV

The sentry Looks at them suspiciously.

INT. B•UTURI BASE - NIGHT

A warehouse door opens and Aunt Sally, Sim, Dave, Harris and the sentry enter and see...

THEIR POV

A militants' camp. Crates, barrels, weapon caches. Forklifts, a helicopter- an old Huey. People milling about.

BACK TO SCENE

A man approaches them. This is HORATIU BOGASIERV, the

B•uturi commander. Several lieutenants flank him.

HORATIU

(subtitled, in Romanian)
What are you doing here, Americans?

AUNT SALLY

(subtitled, in Romanian)
Not just any Americans.

HORATIU

(confused grunt)

AUNT SALLY

(subtitled, in Romanian)
You know me as Aunt Sally.

HORATIU

Aunt Sally!

Fear enters his eyes. Harris, Sim and Dave look at each other, eyebrows raised.

HORATIU

(subtitled, in Romanian)
What do you want?

AUNT SALLY

I need a favor. We've misplaced our blasting caps. We need some of yours.

HORATIU

(subtitled, in Romanian)
That depends on how much you're willing to spend.

AUNT SALLY

(subtitled, in Romanian)
We don't really have any kind of budget. We were thinking maybe a trade or donation of some kind...

HORATIU

(subtitled, in Romanian)
Do we look like a charity group?

The Romanian men laugh toothlessly. Sim, Harris and Dave whisper among themselves behind Aunt Sally.

DAVE

(sotto)

What's he saying to them?

SIM

(sotto)

Must be some kind of Romanian humor.

HARRIS

(sotto)

They don't look amused.

AUNT SALLY

(subtitled, in Romanian)

Look, we're here to fight the companies that want to take over beaches and what not. The Inca Hotel, you know- you should be more appreciative.

HORATIU

(subtitled, in Romanian)

You want a bomb part to blow up the Inca Hotel?

AUNT SALLY

(subtitled, in Romanian)

We're not here for the folk art. Heh.

No one laughs

HORATIU

(subtitled, in Romanian)

I don't like your tone. And I don't like the fact that you knew right where to find us. And I don't like that you knew our password. I think we're going to have to kill you now. No offense.

AUNT SALLY

(subtitled, in Romanian)

Right.

(to Harris, Sim and Dave)

Look boys, this isn't turning out like I'd hoped. So when I give the word, you need to haul ass back to the jeep and don't stop for anything that comes out of the building and isn't me. Got it?

They nod.

HORATIU
 (subtitled, in Romanian)
 What's he saying? Aw, who cares?
 (to his men)
 Shoot 'em all.

AUNT SALLY
 Run!

Bullets fly. Sim, Harris and Dave bolt.

EXT. B•UTURI BASE - NIGHT

They get back to the jeep and get in, and start the engine.
 No Aunt Sally. They hear a scuffle inside the building.

DAVE
 Is he coming?

SIM
 Do you think he's hurt?

HARRIS
 Give him one more second ...

Reinforcements are running from all over the base to the
 warehouse.

HARRIS
 (continuing)
 Okay, let's go back...

Suddenly, the building explodes. KA-BOOM! They react.

THEIR POV

Somebody comes out running, shooting.

INSERT

Dave's hand tightens on the gearshift.

HIS POV

It's Aunt Sally, running towards them in SLOW MOTION, mowing

down the opposition with two acquired AK-47s.

Harris breaks out in a grin. Aunt Sally reaches them, empties his AK-47s, throws them down and jumps in the Hummer.

AUNT SALLY

OK, go! Go!

Dave throws the Willys in gear and steps on the gas. It takes off. But the Romanians are jumping in trucks and the helicopter. The helicopter takes off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Willys speeds down the highway. We're back on Highway 39 with its cliffs and ocean.

INT. WILLYS

Aunt Sally is awkwardly trading places with Dave.

HARRIS

Well, so much for that plan.

DAVE

How do we get blasting caps now?

AUNT SALLY

What are you talking about? I have the goods right here!

He shows them the small sack full of wires and cylinders.

SIM

Well, we're not out of this yet! Check it!

They whirl and look out the back.

THEIR POV

Two trucks and the Huey are following. Aunt Sally turns his gaze determinedly to the road, hands Harris his HK USP.

AUNT SALLY

Harris, get those trucks off our tail!

HARRIS

Oh, Moroni. Do what?

AUNT SALLY

The tires! Aim for the tires!

Harris takes aim and shoots.

Close on the tires of the closest truck as nothing happens. Harris methodically empties the magazine trying to hit the truck's tires. Finally his last shot hits.

The truck weaves and goes over the cliff.

HARRIS

Oh my God.

SIM

Well, you're a crack shot. I take it back. Crack might actually improve your shooting.

HARRIS

Aw, they were run-flats or something. I know I hit 'em before that.

DAVE

Sure you did.

HARRIS

(to Dave)

Do you want to do this?

AUNT SALLY

Well, no time to go through that again. Hold on, boys, this is gonna be centrifugal!

The helicopter launches a missile. Aunt Sally turns the wheel hard. The Willys does a 180. Their cheeks flop with the force of the turn.

SIM
 (screams, his cheeks flopping in
 the wind)

The missile hits past the car. Aunt Sally drives head-on at the remaining truck.

AUNT SALLY
 Let's see how these country boys like
 their chicken fried!

Sim looks up from between his knees, quite ill.

SIM
 Romania sucks.

As they barrel through, the second truck goes up the hill and flips.

Aunt Sally turns around and drives by again, tossing a grenade into the overturned truck. It blows up.

INT. WILLYS - TRAVELLING

AUNT SALLY
 Somebody grab the grappling hook from
 the equipment hutch.

Dave opens the hutch, hefts the launcher. Aunt Sally drives with one hand and gestures with his free one.

AUNT SALLY
 When the helicopter goes by, latch on to
 the landing gear. Then climb up the rope
 and take out those backstabbing pukes!
 We could use a new helicopter.

Dave, Sim, and Harris look at each other. Do what? The Huey makes another pass and Aunt Sally suddenly cuts up the hillside.

AUNT SALLY
 (continuing)
 Now!!

Dave fires the grappling hook and it flies through the Huey's side door as they go by. The steel cable catches.

DAVE

Stop the jeep!

Aunt Sally stops the jeep and Dave jumps out and ties the cable around a huge oak tree. When the line goes taut, it pulls the floor out of the helicopter. The boom goes up into the rotor and the chopper flies dramatically to pieces. They watch the wreckage fall from the sky.

AUNT SALLY

That's okay too, but fewer cool points for not leaving the ground.

Aunt Sally pulls back out onto the road and heads for camp.

HARRIS

I thought it was pretty cool.

SIM

Um Plache.

DAVE

(vindicated)

Thank you!

INT. TRIAN'S SUITE - NIGHT

Trian's private suite is a martini lounge decorated conspicuously with James Bond posters. Val and Lisa nod drunkenly on the couch. Trian stands, performing a joke.

TRIAN

Okay, a drunk was in front of a judge. The judge says, "You've been brought here for drinking." The drunk says "Okay, let's get started then."

LISA

Huh? I don't get it.

TRIAN

"Let's get..." Ah, it's better in Romanian.

VAL

Tell us more about that palace you built.

TRIAN

What's to tell? It was big. Gaudy.

LISA

Nothing like the Inca Hotel.

TRIAN

That's right! There was this one staircase. Huge. Marble. 15 feet high. We build it, but Elena, Ceausescu's wife, she don't like it. They make us tear down and rebuild. Tons of marble. Twelve times we build that staircase.

LISA

That's so wasteful. It's crazy.

TRIAN

Crazy, yes, that was Ceausescu. Like the Mad Emperor, Caligula. Ceausescu even made his dog a colonel in the army!

VAL

What?

TRIAN

It's true.

Lisa passes out.

VAL

You know, whenever you talk about communism, all you do is knock Ceausescu.

TRIAN

Because in Romania, he was communism. There was no Soviet Union. Just a dictator. He was Romania. For twenty three years. But that's all behind us now. So what do you say. Would you like to see my deed now?

But Val is passed out. Trian smiles and shakes his head indulgently.

TRIAN

American Women. No constitution.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - NIGHT

Aunt Sally, Sim, Dave and Harris pull up in the Willys and jump out, triumphant. They find Jon and Tom sitting watch by the tents.

AUNT SALLY

One step closer to completing our mission.

HARRIS

We got the parts!

DAVE

And we had to fight these crazy Romanian Mafia guys.

SIM

Whom we totally blew away!

DAVE

I wrecked a helicopter.

Jon and Tom just stare at them.

AUNT SALLY

Your comrades performed well, boys. You should be proud.

SIM

(off their looks)
What is it?

JON

Peace Corps tried to rip us off.

TOM

And Val and Lisa are missing.

AUNT SALLY

Well, that's a hitch. Dereliction of duty.

HARRIS

But anything could have happened to them.

AUNT SALLY

Then they should've stayed at camp. Meanwhile, we got a hotel to rig. If they haven't turned up by morning, we'll organize a search. C'mon, let's get going.

TOM

Okay, just a minute. I fixed a little something to keep the Peace Corps from coming back while we're away.
 (He zips his tent and points a key fob at it. It chirps like a car alarm.)
 Okay, let's do it.

They stalk up the beach as a group, headed for the hotel.

AUNT SALLY

If we're lucky we can have this thing blown before breakfast.

The camera DOLLIES past them and zooms up to the Inca hotel and through the wall to where Val and Lisa slumber helplessly in Trian's suite!

INT. INCA HOTEL - NIGHT

Our heroes hide in the shadows, avoiding the security guard that passes by. They speak in hushed tones.

SIM

Ok, here's the plan. We have to position these explosives at strategic points around the building.

HARRIS

What points?

SIM

(shrugs)
 Structural points.

DAVE

You don't know, do you?

SIM

Let me finish. Then we wrap them with this special wrap to contain the

explosion...

DAVE

What kind of wrap?

SIM

Special wrap! We fracture the concrete; the rebar stays intact and pulls the whole structure in.

(They look dubious.)

Look, would you trust me? My family's been doing this for generations!

HARRIS

I thought they ran a fireworks stand.

SIM

That's not the point. I know what I'm doing, ok?

AUNT SALLY

Boys, boys. Sim's got the ball here. Let's all give him our ears, ok?

They nod.

SIM

Ok, let's get to work. Start in the basement.

DAVE

(whispering to Sim)

Hey, when we get back can you get me some fizzing whizzbies, or frog poppers? No, roman candles. Or cherry bombs! Yeah, cherry bombs!

SIM

Shut up!

INT. INCA HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

They stride into the basement, looking around.

SIM

Great, hand me the hard hats.

JON

The what?

SIM

The blasting caps, all right?

HARRIS

Oh ok, here.

SIM

Ordinarily, this takes a demolition company months. We've got eight hours. But thankfully, their primary concern is safety, and we don't have to worry about that.

He pulls on a mask and begins to drill into one of the columns.

HARRIS

I've always said safety is highly overrated.

DAVE

Well, we're a culture of worriers.

Suddenly, a JANITOR comes down the stairs into the room.

JANITOR

What was that? Who's down here?

AN ELBOW comes into the frame, knocking him senseless.

JANITOR

(startled grunt)

Over to Tom, leaning by the doorway.

TOM

Carry on.

Aunt Sally grins with fatherly pride, pulls on a mask and starts drilling.

EXT. INCA HOTEL - MORNING

To establish.

INT. TRIAN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Lisa starts to slowly come around. Then she sits bolt upright.

LISA

Oh my god! What time is it?

Val stirs on the couch next to her.

VAL

Ugh, I dunno. Why?

LISA

The guys are probably rigging the hotel to blow by now! Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

VAL

What?

LISA

Hello! We gotta stop 'em. You don't wanna go through with this after what he told us last night, do you?

VAL

You don't think he was lying about that anymore?

LISA

Why would he lie about all that stuff?

VAL

Ok, we better get going then.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They rush into the hallway.

VAL

All right - you're rigging the building to blow. Where do you go for that?

LISA

The basement?

VAL
Good as anything. Let's go!

INT. THE BASEMENT - DAY

Val and Lisa rush in.

LISA
In here!

They freeze. The columns are already packed with dynamite, wrapped and wired.

VAL
Oh no, they've already gotten to this part of the building!

LISA
Maybe we can disconnect it. Will that fail the explosion?

VAL
No, just this part of it, and increases the chance someone might get hurt. Better leave it alone... in case we don't get to them in time.

LISA
Do you think Sim knows what he's doing?

VAL
Let's hope so. Where next?

LISA
I dunno. I guess we search the building, floor by floor, until we find them.

VAL
Let's get to it.

INT. HOTEL SERVICE AREA - DAY

The Freedom Corps Kids walks into the unfinished space.

SIM
Okay, 15th floor.

INT. HOTEL SERVICE AREA - LATER

They're drilling.

HARRIS
(shouting above the drills)
How do you know how much explosives to use?

SIM
Well, you just kind of guess.
Ordinarily, we'd do a test blast, but that's out, obviously.

HARRIS
Saints preserve us.

JON
Did you know they make this stuff now; they put it in the same holes you put the dynamite. It expands when you mix it with water and cracks the concrete, same as explosives. Mega-tron or something.

SIM
Where's the fun in that?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Val and Lisa meet in a corridor.

LISA
Anything?

VAL
Nope. They've been here though. More wiring and dynamite. We better hurry. They can't have much left.

INT. HOTEL SERVICE AREA - DAY

The Freedom Corps Kids are packing the gear away.

SIM

Okay, that's got it. Let's get outta here before someone busts us.

INT. CUTAWAY OF ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

The Freedom Corps Kids is repelling down one elevator shaft as Val and Lisa ride an elevator up in the other.

INT. HOTEL FITNESS CENTER - DAY

Val and Lisa barge into the fitness center, surprising the southern Californian FITNESS COACH. They're all over the world.

LISA

Did you see some guys, four or five of them?

VAL

Our... brothers. They would have been wearing visors, possibly carrying a bunch of explosives.

FITNESS COACH

(smacking her gum)

White haired guy leading them?

LISA

Probably.

FITNESS COACH

Yeah, I totally saw them like five minutes ago. You just missed 'em.

VAL

Jeez, they move fast.

LISA

Well, we'll just have to...

Suddenly we HEAR a FIRE ALARM.

FITNESS COACH

Ok, like, that's the fire alarm. We have to get off of this floor. Remember to like, take the stairs, because the

elevator may be totally not safe. And seriously, don't panic or anything.

VAL

Don't panic, she says.

LISA

We're too late.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - DAY

A crowd mills around outside the hotel, tourists grudgingly leaving the building. Val and Lisa are pushing their way through it.

THE FREEDOM CORPS KIDS

Are huddled behind the Willys.

SIM

Okay, let's hope this works.

DAVE

Let's hope nobody detached our wires.

SIM

The box is wired and armed. Aunt Sally?

Sim offers him the box.

AUNT SALLY

I hold this thing to charge, right?

SIM

Right.

AUNT SALLY

Charging.

Val and Lisa rush down the beach. They weave their way between the

tents and find the Freedom Corps Kids. Aunt Sally's hand is poised on

the detonator.

VAL

Aunt Sally Wait!!

He gives them a venomous look.

AUNT SALLY

Hi Val, Lisa. What have you girls been up to?

LISA

Listen Aunt Sally, I know we're late, but do we have to blow up this exact hotel? 'Cause we met the owner last night and he was really nice and we...

VAL

What she's trying to say is, we need more research. I never thought I'd be the one to say it, but we're going about this the wrong way...

HARRIS

Do you know what we went through to get that part while you were up there... where were you anyway?

VAL

We went to the hotel for a little dancing...

SIM

Aha!

VAL

But that's not the point...

DAVE

They've obviously been brainwashed by the enemy!

TOM

Not to mention the fact that we worked all night to wire that place, and I wanna see something explode before I go home today.

LISA

Omigod! I just realized - we're blowing up this hotel, and for what? Those Peace

Corps dicks, and a bunch of nudists -
 extremists who don't even share our
 normal values! Who're the terrorists
 here? It's not Trian! It's us!

Aunt Sally hesitates a moment, then shakes his head as
 though to clear it.

AUNT SALLY

No time for that, girls! Stick to the
 plan!

He depresses the firing button.

THE HOTEL

Shudders as it is wracked by small explosions, then teeters
 and collapses in a huge cloud of dust.

THE CROWD

Reacts, stunned.

THE FREEDOM CORPS KIDS

Are speechless. Sim breaks the silence.

SIM

(amazed, and proud)
 It worked! It actually worked!

AUNT SALLY

(reverently)
 Awesome.

EXT. HOTEL RUINS - DAY

Trian stands amid the wreckage, stunned and speechless.
 Suddenly, a dark look comes over his face.

TRIAN

The Americans...
 (stalks through the ruins towards
 the beach.)
 The Americans do this. Those two girls,
 they keep me busy while the rest of

them... I'll kill them!

He breaks into a run.

EXT. VAMA VECHE BEACH - DAY

Trian runs out on to the beach. He confronts a croup of Peace Corps kids drinking beer and dancing to Green Day, celebrating.

TRIAN

Those Americans! Where are they? I know they were here!

They don't answer except to blow raspberries and give him the finger.

Trian runs on. Suddenly, he is blown over by a gust of wind as

TUMBLEWEED

flies from behind a dune and out over the ocean.

TRIAN

Regains his feet and shouts hoarsely up at them.

TRIAN

You damn Americans, always sticking your noses in other people's business! Don't you have better things to do than blow up my hotel? Save the animals?

INT. TUMBLEWEED - DAY

The Freedom Corps kids stare in horror at Val and Lisa who have just related their tale.

HARRIS

Oh my god. I didn't know that about Ceausescu.

LISA

That's what I've been trying to tell you! We're totally on the wrong side here.

JON

Well, how were we to know? I mean, it all seemed to make sense...

SIM

Operating on faulty intelligence again. Man, I hate it when that happens.

LISA

Yeah, Jon, you're going to need to find better sources than the alt. weeklies.

JON

We're none of use experts, here. I mean, Lisa, maybe you should actually attend medical school!

LISA

God, I wish I was right about now.

That hangs tensely in the air between them. Then Lisa seems to ease off.

LISA

(continuing)

But I can't, Jon. You know that.

HARRIS

She's right you know. If any of us leave, it puts the others in danger. We're a team. So we play this as a team. And if we get busted, we take the consequences. As a team.

He looks at Lisa with meaning.

LISA

Okay.

HARRIS

We can't undo what's been done. But I think we can all agree that we need to think these things through a little more in the future.

There are various mumbles of agreement.

HARRIS

(continuing)

Isn't that right, Aunt Sally?

They all look over. Aunt Sally is deeply asleep, a smug smile on his face, content in a mission well done. He begins to snore.

VAL

God, he's hopeless.

DAVE

Speaking of our team, where is Magnus in all this? I mean, he must have known we were going off half-cocked. I mean, we're new at this. Why didn't he stop us?

JON

That's a good question. I think that's what it really comes down to.

HARRIS

Come on, guys, we can't just blame Magnus for our stupid mistakes. Just because he's supposedly in charge of this outfit...

VAL

No, Harris, I think we actually can blame Magnus for a good many things.

SIM

He'd do the same to us.

DAVE

They have a point there, H.

INT. HUDSON STREET, HALLWAY - DAY

The Freedom Corps Kids stalks down the hallway, headed for Magnus's office. Aunt Sally trails behind them, slightly bemused.

INT. MAGNUS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They burst in.

HARRIS

Magnus, we've got a bone to pick with you!

MAGNUS

(startled)

Holy...!

(off their looks)

What's all this about?

HARRIS

You know what! The Romania mission.

MAGNUS

Oh, yes! Caught it on the news this morning. Excellent work, boys, excellent!

(sees their pained expressions.)

What?

HARRIS

We screwed up, is what. You're supposed to look out for us, make sure things like this don't happen.

MAGNUS

And what makes you think I'm not doing that?

HARRIS

Well, look!

He snatches the T.V. remote from MAGNUS's desk and turns it to C.N.N. They're reporting on the hotel. Harris drops the remote back on his desk. We HEAR the VOICE of a TV ANNOUNCER.

TV ANNOUNCER

...in a small Romanian beach town was completely leveled earlier today by what appears to be the work of local militants. No one was injured, as a fire alarm was set off prior to the blast. But the cost of the damages is estimated to exceed fourteen million dollars. Vama Veche was currently the site of an anti-hotel demonstration by members of the Peace Corps, throwing doubt on the meaning of this attack. No individuals or groups have yet claimed

responsibility for the blast...

LISA

Why did you let us go? We destroyed that poor man's hotel - his dream!

MAGNUS

You mean this poor man?

With a flick of his remote, Magnus calls up a rather unflattering candid photo of Trian on the screen behind him.

LISA

What?

MAGNUS

Trian Sabau is a total terrorist, Lisa. His hotel is a front for backcountry militant group called B•uturi.

SIM

Who's that?

DAVE

Those guys from the village.

SIM

Oh yeah, I hated those guys.

LISA

Wait. So you're telling me we did the right thing? We got the bad guys after all?

MAGNUS

I'm telling you you got lucky. Lucky you picked that hotel. Lucky Aunt Sally wasn't too squeamish to carry out his mission.

AUNT SALLY

Righto.

MAGNUS

You did the right thing, but for the wrong reason. It worked out this time, but you need to be more careful in the future. Anything could happen. You

can't just go around blowing up hotels.
You need research, proof of wrongdoing.

HARRIS

So that still doesn't explain why you
let us go in the first place, with no
direct financial benefit to you. You
didn't know we'd pick that hotel. You
should have made sure.

MAGNUS

I did. I took out insurance policies on
all of the hotels, just in case. I got a
check for half a million this morning.
It worked out fine as far as I'm
concerned. It's been a pleasure doing
business with you, boys.

INT. HUDSON STREET HALLWAY - LATER

The Freedom Corps Kids stalk down the hall disconsolately.

LISA

Why do I always come away from these
things feeling dirty?

SIM

Ah, but ain't that America?

VAL

(deadpan)
For you and me?

DAVE

(picking it up)
It's something to see, bay-be.

JON

I can't believe you guys are quoting
John Cougar Mellencamp now, so in
addition to having no closure in this
miasma, I now associate it with a bad
song.

TOM

Home of the freeeee... da da da da
daaaa. Rock and roll!

FREEZE FRAME and...

FADE OUT

THE END