

ENOPACAL SEVIL ©

E Pluribus Unum

by
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FIRST DRAFT / WGAE
March 19, 2004
serial # 198113512-16-031904-1067-01

Seven Newton blvd. ste. 108
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PRELUDE:

SUPERIMPOSE: CHICAGO'S FEDERAL RESERVE 1936 -- EVENING

EXT./INT. TREASURY BUILDING -- EVENING

We enter "The Federal Reserve's Treasury Building in the mist of a robbery. Twelve brazen men have killed most of the guards and are now looting the vault. Searching, looking for something specific. Half way through the vault they hit paydirt. Several draws filled with one hundred thousand dollar bills. Seventy-five million dollars worth.

AL CAPONE

Jackpot boys!
(starring)
Take it all!

The brazen gangsters begin to empty the vault of its valuable belongings when reinforcements rush in pistols blazing. The Bandits pull out their TommyGuns and return fire AL Leading the fiery gun battle. A stray bullet hits a steam pipe blowing white hot air. Several bulbs shattered. The room is now considerably more dark. Filament and wires are exposed. A flickering spark begins. Suddenly, a flame ignites and a fire engulfs the room.

Fade to money green.

CREDITS: WE HEAR THE MECHANICS OF THE PRINTING PRESS OPERATIONS OVER OMINOUS SCORING FLASHING VINTAGE PAPER CURRENCY AS IT BURNS. EACH INDIVIDUAL BILL PREVIEWES A TITLE.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: EXT./INT. A CHICAGO POLICE STATION, PRESENT -- 9:06PM NIGHT.

PULL IN TO: THE DOOR OF DR. SPOCKNICK'S OFFICE.

INT. DR.SPOCKNICK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

INSIDE DR. SPOCKNICK SITS WITH HIS LEGS PROPPED UP RESTING ON THE CORNER EDGE BEHIND HIS DESK TAPPING HIS FINGERS ON A FOLDER IN HIS LAP;

CLOSE ON FOLDER - OFFICER ALEC ANOP'S YEARLY PSYCHE EVALUATION.

ALEC SPEAKS IN THE CLASSIC WILLIAM SHATNER STAR TREK VOICE.

ALEC (O.S.)

(mockingly)

Spock. What is the prognosis Spock?
Do we need to do a Vulcan mind meld?
Yes. It's the only way. You must
do a Vulcan mind meld Spock. You
MUST.

The doctor pays no attention to OFFICER ANOP's antics, proceeding with his exam and evaluation.

DR.SPOCKNICK

It seems my name has giving you an avenue to avoid the real agenda this evening Officer Anop.

CU TO: ALEC SITTING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK TRYING TO MASK THE PAIN OF HIS PERSONAL ANGUISH IN PUNGENT HUMOR.

DR.SPOCKNICK (CONT'D)

Still having the headaches aren't you?

The phrase "The Headaches" instantly changes ALEC's demeanor from a wise cracking smart-alec to a humbly contrite man in need. Speaking in his own voice now and a more somber tone.

ALEC

Sometimes. I mean not as much as...

DR.SPOCKNICK

Do they still bring you back to -- Iraq?

ALEC'S GAZE DRIFTS DOWNWARD IN SHAME AS HE RUBS HIS RIGHT HAND WITH HIS LEFT HAND. WE SEE HIS RIGHT HAND IS AN ARTIFICIAL PROSTHESIS.

ALEC

Nah. I'm pretty much past that now.

The Doctor observes & jots physical reactions. He knows ALEC is lying but tries to push past that barrier anyway.

DR.SPOCKNICK

Do you need a hug?

OFFICER ANOP looks up at the doctor as if he had two heads. Speaking in his own sarcastic voice now.

OFFICER ANOP

A hug? Hell no I don't need no hug. -- You, sweet or something?

DR.SPOCKNICK

Do I detect some homophobia?

OFFICER ANOP

Oh doc you could never be a detective 'cause you should have detected a whole lot more than "some".

DR.SPOCKNICK

When I asked if you needed a hug.

(MORE)

DR.SPOCKNICK (CONT'D)

It was a metaphor for conversation.
A comfort level for which we both
can feel at ease. An embracing of
common emotional ideas.

Feeling completely stupid OFFICER ANOP responds.

OFFICER ANOP

News flash Doc, in case you didn't
notice --

(holding up his
artificial hand)

I'm having a hard time embracing
anything.

Again the Doctor writes in ALEC's folder.

DR.SPOCKNICK

It's nothing physical. It's all
mental. Emotional. H.U.G. means
Helping You Get over.

OFFICER ANOP

Get over what? Seeing all you friends
being blown apart in front of your
eyes. Trying your best to give a
helping hand and coming back with

(slamming his hand on
the desk)

This for all my efforts.

Dr. SPOCKNICK slightly startled removes his legs from atop
his desk, lays his file down and stares directly into the
soul of ALEC.

DR.SPOCKNICK

Do you feel it was a wasted effort?

Staunch criticism and anger flow with his answer.

ALEC

Well let's see. I went over there
looking for WMDs with all my limbs
and came back short one. Never found
the WMDs or my hand for that matter.
What do you think?

DR.SPOCKNICK

What I think is irrelevant.

(writing in his file)

What we need to focus on is your
inability to cope with these types
of high stress situations. Because
frankly, if you don't -- I'm going
to recommend that you be removed
from active duty.

CU-TO: Main Desk up front. It's late in the evening when a man of Spanish descent bursts in the front doors, blood stained clothes, visibly shaken, frighten and shouting at the top of his lungs in Spanish for help.

CU-BACK: To Dr. Spocknick's office.

Off in the distance down the hall we HEAR a commotion.

POV - DOCTOR SPOCKNICK & OFFICER ANOP ARE LOOKING INTO A MONITOR VIEWING THE WHOLE SCENE AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE PRECINCT.

OFFICER ANOP

Love to stay and chat Spock, you know HUG and all but, looks like I have a situation here.

ANOP pulls his clam shell cell phone from his side and flips it open.

OFFICER ANOP (CONT'D)

Scotty, beam me up! Gotta go.

OFFICER ANOP races out of DR.SPOCKNICK's office. Down the front corridor slipping and sliding in the unknown Spanish man's trail of blood. Several police officers rush to assist the man collapsing into the now struggling grasp of ANOP.

OFFICER ANOP (CONT'D)

We got multiple gun shot wounds!
Call the paramedics! Get me a crash kit, NOW!

Riddled with bullet holes, incoherent and now muttering a Spanish phrase over and over again.

SPANISH MAN

(with terror in his eyes, regurgitating blood)

"Enopacal Sevil, Enopacal Sevil...".

The SPANISH MAN ebbs and bows slowly in the arms of OFFICER ANOP who frantically shakes him as his eyes roll away.

OFFICER ANOP

Ah Geez... Stay with me! G'dammit!
(shaking him again)
Stay with me! Where the hell's that crash unit!

Trying in vain to keep the dying man from his fate. Finally two other officers rush toward ANOP with a crash kit.

ANOP
 Pupils are fixed and dilated! I'm
 losing 'em Guys! C'mon!

And suddenly, in a flutter of an eye and a last gasp of breath, he's gone. Even before they can touch him, the other two officers realize they're too late. OFFICER ANOP closes his eyes and turns away out of respect & disgust and slips away into the inner workings of his mind.

FLASH: IRAQ WAR -- DAY

P.O.V. OFFICER ANOP

As he opens his eyes in an almost semiconscious surreal state (all audio is echoed). His screams echoing for help while one of his platoon lay dying in his arms. He closes his eyes again...

BACK TO:

INT. A CHICAGO POLICE STATION, PRESENT -- NIGHT

This time when he opens them, he's back in the station holding the dead Spanish Man. He notices tightly clasped in the palm of the now dead man's hand, a single bloody bill. - A hundred thousand dollar bill. He squints with disbelief as he attempts to pry the bloody bill out of the unknown mans' hand and stares. (Regular audio)

OFFICER ANOP
 What the....

Suddenly a piercing sound whips through the walls of the precinct and before anyone realizes, a bullet hits OFFICER ANOP in the shoulder spinning him to the ground.

CU-TO: the chief of police

CHIEF
 We're under attack!

In a chaotic instance, everyone scrambles for weapons as the bullets come whistling through doors, walls and shattering glass fast and furiously spraying the entire precinct. One by one the officers fall as they try in vain to defend an unstoppable onslaught of firepower the likes of a small military army.

Then nothing. A dead silence.

A brief reprieve as the smoldering remains of bodies and the desecrated building plume ominously in the foreground.

P.O.V. OFFICER ANOP -- MOMENTS LATER

OFFICER ANOP's eyes flutter, then he shakes off the dust of destruction trying to focus, survey and process what just happened when he looks over to see Dr. Spocknick lying lifelessly in the rubble. His severe case of shell shock returns full blown.

MONTAGE:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN WAR TORN IRAQ -- DAY

P.O.V.SUDDENLY, WITH THE BLINK OF HIS EYES DR.SPOCK IS NOW A FALLEN UNIFORMED OFFICER IN WAR TORN IRAQ. -- DAY

BACK TO:

INT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

P.O.V. AS HE BLINKS AGAIN HE'S BACK.

With every blink of his eyes ANOP FLASHES back and forth between his horrible memories of war and what is happening this moment. He feels his sanity slipping away as he struggles to gain composure.

ALEC

No. Not real. Not real.

He slowly shakes his head in disbelief when he HEARS a familiar sound in the distance. (Audio echoing)

We hear VOICES in ANOP's head. Shouting commands, troops scrambling, READYING ARTILLERY.

And instinct takes over. The familiar sound is a LOCK and LOAD sound. Then suddenly, a ripping sound cutting through the air.

OFFICER ANOP scrambles to his feet and races with everything inside of him for the furthest point of the building when what he hears hits. He dives for the metal desk as the missile of a rocket launcher, blows full contact in a massive explosion. (Regular audio)

THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE POLICE BUILDING IMPLODES AND COLLAPSES INTO RUBBLE.

Through the thick plume of white dust a professional team of ASSASSINS wearing all white enter what is left of the police station. Streams of Green light night vision beams bounce and flicker off the walls and clouds of dust as the shadowy cyclonic images search for their victim.

Then one ASSASSIN signals the others. He's found the unknown Spanish man.

Moments later, GHOST ONE, man in an all white linen suit saunters in through the smoldering debris, surveys the damage, and heads toward his victim. He looks over his body then nods his head to one of the ASSASSINS.

The ASSASSIN quickly forages the body looking for the hundred thousand dollar bill, nothing.

A sinister smile fills the man in the suit shadowy face as he turns and walks away.

With that, the others release their automatic weapons shooting dozens of bullets into the lifeless body of the unknown Spanish man.

Then, just as mysteriously as they appeared, they vanish into the night. OFFICER ANOP witnesses everything from the safety of and overturned steel top desk.

AERIAL SHOT: EXT. A MANSION IN WASHINGTON DC -- MORNING

SUPER IMPOSED: 966 JEFFERSON AVE. WASHINGTON DC. -- 4:20am

INT. DIMLY LIT DEN -- SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN

ALAN COPE an older White man stood in a corner of the wood paneled library near the fireplace. The only light came from a dull smoldering fire he seemed to be nursing with a custom gold poker. Suddenly, the door to his study opened and CANE PALO a Colombian man entered carrying a file. ALAN placed the poker on the stand, turned without saying a word and took the file from him. He opened it and read intensely for several moments. Then sat in the leather recliner and crossed his legs.

ALAN

How many casualties?

CANE

By our count, twenty-six -- plus Pedro sir.

ALAN

This is not good Cane.

CANE sat down in the recliner next to him.

CANE

I have our people all over this sir.

ALAN

(reading from the paper)

And this... E-NO-PACAL SE-VIL? What is...

CANE
Not what sir. Who.

ALAN
Well?

CANE
A legend. A myth if you will. The
Columbian peoples *Keyser Soze*
(Kisor Sourcee)

ALAN
Who?

CANE
A fictional gangster. A mobster
character made famous by stories of
his brutal ruthlessness toward anyone
who crossed him, the iron fist he
wielded and the wealth he amassed.

ALAN
So what does a fictional character
have to do with the mass murder of
twenty-six Chicago Police Officers
and a Federal Reserve agent?

CANE
Sir. Pedro contacted me this morning.
He was scared, very scared. In the
ten years we worked together sir.
I'd never seen or heard him have
such -- fear. This was a fearless
man until today. He told me he had
proof of the package and was bringing
me confirmation today. That was the
last time we spoke.

ALAN
There are only five days left.
Everything must go as planned. So
whoever this Enopacal character is --
I want him eradicated from this
equation. Understood.

CANE
There is some... good news and bad.

ALAN shifted slowly, uncrossed his legs and leaned forward,
causing the leather seat to groan a little.

ALAN
Let's have it.

CANE
One of the officers'-- Alec Anop
survived.

ALAN
 You do know this is going to
 accelerate matters, don't you?

CANE nodded.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Go to Chicago. Find out what he
 knows. I want this situation under
 control yesterday. Am I making myself
 clear?

CANE
 Yes.

ALAN
 What else?

CANE
 This Enopacal character -- might be
 the "missing link".

ALAN ponders for a moment.

ALAN
 Then you know what must be done.

EXT. CHICAGO METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL -- DAY

Outside, CANE sits in his rental going over the dossier of
 ALEC ANOP when another nondescript government car pulls into
 the hospital parking lot. With a brief unconcerned glance
 he watches as TWO AGENTS exit the vehicle and head inside.

INT. CHICAGO METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL -- DAY

The elevator doors open to the top floor intensive care unit
 and two F.B.I. agents VERN TOPEKA and EVA KENPORT stride
 toward the main desk. They both flash their F.B.I.
 credentials.

VERN
 Where's Officer Anop's room?

The NURSE pulls a clip board and thumbs through.

NURSE
 Ummm, 1023. Number seventy on the
 list. In fact, Doctor's in with him
 right now.

VERN
 Thanks.

They head toward his room, the only one with two uniformed
 Chicago police officers standing out front and meet the doctor
 coming out.