

THE SCHMUCKS

By

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THE SCHMUCKS
Episode 1- The billionaire's lucky
charm

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FADE IN:

1 INT. HOUSE. DAY.

We are in a very simple house. Furniture, chairs and a dining room table. NIN, a dazzling beautiful brown woman, late 30's, long black hair and shining brown eyes, comes and stands in front a white wall. A black mini device, that resembles a drone, stands on a mini glass table. Nin pushes a button.

Instantly, the image of an old, elegant man with white hair and an elegant trimmed beard appears in the wall. He's wearing a black overcoat. This is DREK MASTER, and his face and shoulder occupies 40 inches of the wall.

DREK MASTER
Good morning, Nin.

NIN
Good morning, Drek Master.

DREK MASTER
Good news. The sages have already determined the 8 objects. They are going to be assembled in order to build the device.

NIN
This is great news, sir.

DREK MASTER
To prevent a data mix-up, we're going to send you one object at a time... Now it's up to you to confiscate the material, Nin.

NIN
Just a moment, please. I didn't eat my breakfast.

Drek Master nods in agreement. Nin takes a red pill from a pocket in her trousers and swallows it without further delay.

She smiles.

NIN (CONT'D)
Thank you, Drek Master. I just...

Outside, we HEAR GUNSHOTS. The police are exchanging bullets with local criminals.

Heavy BULLET SOUNDS reverberates through the house. Nin ducks to the floor, covering her ears with her hands.

When the sound stops, she gets up. The wall is filled with bullets holes.

NIN (CONT'D)

As I was saying, I rented this safe house. It seems like a good spot, non-toxic.

DREK MASTER

Yeah, I can see that.

NIN

My physiotherapist has arrived?

DREK MASTER

Yes. He's waiting for you outside. And, Nin...

NIN

Yes, Drek Master?

Drek Master points to her head. It's bleeding green liquid from her left temple. Nin presses it inside with her hand and removes a bullet from it. Nin throws away the bullet in a cigarette ashtray lying in the mini table.

NIN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Drek Master.

DREK MASTER

As I was saying, your physiotherapist is going to assist you to recover the artifact.

NIN

I can handle the situation alone.

DREK MASTER

I know that you can. But the committee thinks differently.

NIN

I understand.

DREK MASTER

And that's not the end of it. You're going to add a new member to you mission... a human.

NIN

What? Are you serious?

DREK MASTER

You don't know anything about their customs. It can jeopardize the mission.

NIN

I can't believe it. I just can't believe it.

The screen in the wall splits into two. Drek Master now divides the screen with a mug shot from a skinny, pale skin and badly shaven guy.

DREK MASTER

This is SAULO, ex-con. He used to steal jewelry from stores. Now he's a street vendor. You and your physiotherapist are going to meet and enlist him.

NIN

(shakes her head)
I'm not a baby-sitter.

DREK MASTER

I know that you're not. But the commiitte is unwilling to let the fate of our planet rest in the hands of a single person.

NIN

I'm a person now? I thought that I was just a bounty hunter.

DREK MASTER

Don't push it, girl. You know you're our last chance to save our planet.

NIN

OK, I'm sorry. I'm going to meet my physiotherapist. Nin out.

2 EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

Nin steps out of the front door. She crosses the street. She stops outside the local newsstand. She starts reading the headlines of the local newspapers that hang outside.

BLOCK, a blond, sturdy, 30's something man, with pale skin, appears and joins her.

Nin doesn't look at him. She keeps reading the papers' main page in front of her.

BLOCK

Android model T-18 presenting for duty. But you can call me Block.

NIN

I know who you are. I've been waiting you to show up.

Block looks at the paper hung outside the newsstand. He nods.

BLOCK

Understood. By the way, I have detailed files about Earth and its people. You don't need to read this festival of tragedies.

NIN

I know. I shouldn't feel anything. But every time I read this, it pains my heart.

BLOCK

My heart is synthetic. I can't empathize with you... Please, let's get out of here. My nano processors are heating at an unprecedented rate.

NIN

Really? I thought Drek Master had designed you.

BLOCK

Yes. For our native climate. Not this lava-type temperature.

Nin nods. She caresses the back of her neck and removes drops of sweat. It's hot as hell. They leave the spot together.

We finally see the paper and its headlines. At its center, there's a picture of an executive and above him the headline in capital letters: CRUMB ORGANIZATION GETS APPROVAL FOR OIL DRILLING.

3 EXT. BUS STOP. DAY.

Nin and Block are waiting for the respective bus in a bus stop cabin. Block stares at a poster with a beautiful white girl selling a shampoo.

BLOCK

This visual representation doesn't fit reality. Weird.

NIN

We're not here to judge. We're here to finish the job and return home.

BLOCK

I'm not judging. I'm just presenting the facts...

BLOCK (CONT'D)

By the way, I have a visual representation of the human we're about to meet. The moment he got arrested.

NIN

Not interested.

A local bus arrives and stops. Nin and Block climb aboard.

The bus departs.

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INT. BUS. DAY.

Nin and Block walk toward the back of the bus. Despite the morning hours, the place is crowded. All seats are taken.

BLOCK

The clock is already ticking.

NIN

I know. I've been briefed by Drek Master.

Block nods. He seems to absorb the previous information.

At this point, a turmoil at the bus stop. A THIEF, early 20's, strong, comes in, holding a gun. He starts collecting money from everyone aboard. People are terrified.

BLOCK

Thinking logically, it makes sense to enlist this human. Too many interrogation points surround our quest. It's a good policy to have someone used to the nature of this place.

NIN

And what nature is that?

BLOCK
Corruption.

The thief collects money and cell phones from everyone in the bus. He approaches Nin, branding his weapon.

THIEF
Your money, lady.

NIN
I have something better.

THIEF
What?

NIN
Macarena.

Nin looks seriously at the thief. Immediately, he starts to dance feverishly the once famous dance. Block comes closer and grabs his revolver. The thief continues his pathetic movements. People on the bus are appalled.

5 EXT. BUS. DAY.

The bus has stopped. Everyone steps out of the bus. Nin and Block step out too. The thief continues his solo maacarena dance inside the bus.

Block stares at the apprehended weapon.

BLOCK
So, we had our first encounter with violence.

NIN
I doubt it will be our last.

BLOCK
Do you want a souvenir?

Block hands the revolver to Nin. She grabs it with an open hand. When she closes it, she presses it with supernatural strength. When she opens her hand again, the weapon has turned into dust.

She flips her hand slowly. Dust falls on the ground.

NIN
Thank you for the souvenir.

BLOCK
You're welcome.

They leave the area on foot.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS, MID-30'S, BLACK, IN UNIFORM, come out of a police vehicle. They enter the bus, approach the thief, and arrest him. They take him out of the bus.

At the spur of the moment, the thief manages to escape from them. He runs the opposite direction. 10 meters away, he stops. And restarts dancing macarena. The police officers come, arrest him again and toss him inside the back of the police car.

6 EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

Nin and Block come out of the subway escalator. They arrive at the downtown. People come and go. Street vendors showcase their falsified products on the sidewalk. One of those is SAULO, MID' 40's, WHITE, SKINNY, A THIN BEARD WAITING TO BE SHAVEN. He stands behind a wooden platform full of cell phone covers.

SAULO

Cell phone covers! Cell phone covers! All colors and all shapes! Special discounts, just today! Better than this, just for free!

Nin and Block stand right in front of Saulo. He stops yelling and opens a smile.

SAULO (CONT'D)

May I help you, sir?

BLOCK

I need you to come with us, Saulo.

SAULO

Why would I do that? I can't abandon my post.

Nin gives one step forward. She looks straight into Saulo's eyes. She clearly intends to hypnotize him.

NIN

Yes, you can.

She does it again. Nin focuses her fierce eyes directly at Saul's brown eyes. He gets dizzy but remains steady on his foot.

SAULO

Wow. That was intense. But as I said before, I can't abandon my post.

NIN

(In shock)

Block, help me here!

Block gives one step forward. He looks with utter interest at Saulo's features. At one point, he grabs Saulo's jaws and moves it right and left.

SAULO

Hey, take it easy, man!

BLOCK

He seems human.

NIN

He seems? You're not sure?

BLOCK

Well, I can't do a full analysis here on the street... We have to take him with us.

SAULO

I told you I'm not going anywhere.

Block yanks out a wallet from his back pocket. He opens it.

It's full of brand new dollar bills. The wallet is opened wide open so that Saulo is able to take a look at its content.

BLOCK

Can't you make an exception today?

SAULO

Well, if it's so important to you guys, I guess I can suspend my activities for a limited period of time.

BLOCK

See? I told you. He's human.

Nin gives Saulo a suspicious look and watches as he packs his stuff and puts it in plastic bag. The three walk together at the subway's direction.

INT. FANCY HOTEL. DAY.

They arrive at the foyer of a luxury hotel. Nin and Block walk side by side, in military strides. Saulo is behind them, looking up, unaccustomed with such luxury environment.

They reach the reception desk. WALTER, the RECEPCIONIST, WHITE, IN HIS MID-50'S, WEARING A FANCY SUIT, AND A PROFESSIONAL SMILE DISTRIBUTED WIDELY. He nods when the trio arrive at his desk.

WALTER
May I help you, sir?

NIN
We're here to interview Mr.Crumb.

WALTER
He's expecting you?

NIN
No.

The receptionist nods. He picks up the fixed phone in front of him and dials a number. He waits a couple of seconds.

WALTER
Presidential suite? The reporters from the international magazine have just arrived.

The recepcionist hangs up the receiver. He picks up two press ids and hands it over to Nin. Saulo gives him a wildly surprising look. Block and Nin react like they expected this.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Your entrance is cleared, gentleman.

NIN
Thank you, Walter.

Walter nods.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

The three are on the elevator. Nin presses the button at the top of the panel. A soothing instrumental music plays while they're going up.

SAULO
Look, I don't know who you are or what you want, but let's make a deal: I say nothing to anyone and you guys let me go from your business, whatever it is.

NIN
Impossible. You're now an integral
part of the plan.

SAULO
Can't you change the plan?

NIN
Yes, it can be done.

Saulo gives a sigh. He makes a hand gesture to press the
floor button.

NIN (CONT'D)
But then I would have to
disintegrate you.

Saulo stops. He gives up pressing the button. The elevator
goes up until the end. Nin and Block close their eyes
simultaneously. They listen to the music with the utmost
attention, nodding their heads at the same time.

INT. CORRIDOR. HOTEL. DAY.

At the corridor, they walk towards the presidential suite.

Saulo halts midway. Nin and Block stop one step after him.

They turn around and look inquisitively at him, trying to
understand the sudden stop.

NIN (CONT'D)
Yes?

SAULO
You gotta be kidding you're going
to meet the president of a major
Corporation dressed like that?

NIN
Yes. Is that a problem?

SAULO
Yes, that's a problem. You two
don't look the part... I mean, you
must be dressed like important
journalists. VIP people.

BLOCK
You mean we have to be cool?

SAULO
Yeah, sure!

Block and Nin look at each other. They know exactly what to do.

NIN
Ok. Block, do it.

Block presses his own wrist. Immediately, Nin appears with a super elegant black dress, and a black-rimmed glass. Block is wearing a striped suit and black leather shoe. Actually, they're dressed exactly like the models in that bus stop ad.

Block holds a digital camera and a knackpack with photographic equipment. Both have their press id pinned on their clothes.

NIN (CONT'D)
Better?

Saulo is in a state of shock. He just can't believe his eyes.

Nin delivers Saulo a small professional card.

NIN (CONT'D)
I need you to go to this address
and stay there. Wait for further
instructions.

SAULO
What? Hey, lady I don't work for
you!

Nin extends in his direction a bunch of dollar bills.

NIN
Maybe this will help. We have beer
on the fridge.

Saulo grabs the dollar bills and counts them fast.

SAULO
In that case, and that case alone,
I'll accept your invitation. I love
beer.

Saulo smiles to Nin. He waves Block goodbye and heads for the elevator door. He passes through a security camera.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE. DAY.

Nin and Block walk into the presidential suite. A SECURITY OFFICER, mid-30's, strong, White, black suit and a transmitter in his ear, nods to them.

He points to the chair in front of them. Nin thanks him and sits in the luxury chair.

After a few seconds, MR CRUMB , early 70's, tall, white, chubby and blond hair ,appears and sits in his chair,front of Nin. He's impressed with Nin's features and lets out a smile.

Block takes pictures from all over the room. Table, walls, ceiling. He spots an ant on the floor and takes uncountable pictures of it. Anything but Mr. Crumb.

MR CRUMB

The lady is extremely beautiful.

NIN

Thank you. May we start?

Mr. Crumb nods positively.

NIN (CONT'D)

Your company won a government licence to build an oil pipe for your new refinery.

MR CRUMB

Yes.

NIN

Only that in this new refinery, the oil comes from mining colony, not drilling. As a result, it emits twice as many polluting gases at the atmosphere, right?

MR CRUMB

Ahn... Yes. Maybe

NIN

And it doesn't bother you? I mean, we're talking about 5 million barrels per day... Basically, an environmental disaster.

MR Crumb straightens himself up in the chair. He's evidently uncomfortable with the direction this interview is taking.

MR CRUMB

Let me tell you something, lady. This greenhouse effect talk, temperature rising and environmental disaster? It is a total bullshit, ALL RIGHT?

(MORE)

MR CRUMB (CONT'D)

An invention from those European and Asian pussies to prevent our economy from growing. This refinery employs people. 300 direct jobs and 1200 indirect ones.

NIN

There are no jobs in a dead planet.

Block continues taking pictures from the suite. He's now pointing his lenses at the ants on the floor. He approaches Mr. Crumb and lifts up his right leg. Block smiles. Mr. Crumb's gives him an uneasy glance.

BLOCK

Excuse me.

Here goes another shot of ants on the floor.

BLOCK (CONT'D)

Ants. They're great survivors.

Mr. Crumb looks at him with utter perplexity.

MR CRUMB

OK, I think it's better to end this interview.

NIN

I'm sorry if I offended you. I'm just doing my job... You know, where I come from it's usual to exchange objects when you meet someone. That's why I brought you this little gift.

Nin yanks out from her pocket a strip of soft cloth with sayings in a strange language. She gets up and, delicately, ties it up at the mega-executive wrist. He's visibly enchanted. Nin, with delicate fingers's movement, caresses Mr. Crumb's tie.

NIN (CONT'D)

Your tie is very beautiful.

MR.CRUMB

It's from my collection of imported ties. It's pure silk. It goes with me whenever I have an important meeting.

NIN

(removing his tie while talking)

(MORE)

NIN (CONT'D)

A man like you don't need
superstition. I know how to thank
when I receive a good gift.

Nin finishes removing his tie and goes back to her chair with a slow walk. Mr. Crumb looks at Nin's buttocks with utter interest.

MR. CRUMB

You're right. It's a silly
superstition.

Block's camera, a.k.a, the vip's device, emits a chilling sound. Block looks straight at Mr. Crumb's digital watch. He throws a very serious glance at Nin. She understands exactly what's going on.

Nin gets up once again and walks decisively towards Mr. Crumb's watch. A second before Nin can grab it, the security guy, in a sudden movement, stands between them. Nin is prevented of achieving the object.

SECURITY GUY

Sir! There's been a breach of
security! It looks like there's a
dangerous criminal walking around
this building. We have to move
immediately!

Mr. Crumb gets up as fast as he can and is headed by the security guy towards a back door behind them in a matter of seconds. Nin and Block look at each other. A complete disappointment.

INT. NIN' HOUSE. DAY.

Nin and Block arrive at the living room. Saulo is sprawled on the sofa, drinking beer from the bottle. They pass through him like he doesn't exist. Nin looks out at the window.

SAULO

So, how was it? Did you get what
you're looking for?

Nin tosses the tie at Saulo's face.

SAULO (CONT'D)

Hey, there's no need to be rude!

Nin returns and points her index finger at Saulo's face.

NIN

Because of you we didn't get the desired artifact. I knew that I should have disintegrated you!

BLOCK

Your presence was detected by the surveillance camera.

SAULO

Yeah. I forgot to tell you. I'm an ex-con. Just been released from state prison. I'm a thief specialized in jewelry. But I thought that your friend over there knew that. You guys seem to know everything about me.

BLOCK

We scanned only the present.

SAULO

Ah. Big mistake... Well, it seems like you two could use an extra hand in your operation.

NIN

We don't need your help.

SAULO

That's not what it looks like. Look, you two obviously are not from here. I can be useful. I have contacts.

NIN

Your contacts are superfluous. Your utility is null.

SAULO

Yeah, right. Come on, lady, you and your blond friend here can't handle this scheme, whatever it is, like a pro. Without my assistance you're going to end up spending a long time at the local police station.

BLOCK

A passage at the police station elevates the overall risk of the operation in 33 per cent. Not recommended.

Nin gives Block an angry look. Block doesn't respond. Saulo faces her back. She tries to hypnotize him again. It doesn't work. Again.

NIN

Your race loves to blackmail the others... All right. It's going to be an education. For me and for you. Just a warning: If you betray us, I'll disintegrate you on the spot.

Nin feels dizzy. She leans over Saulo's shoulders and then tumbles down on the floor. Block gets on his knees immediately.

BLOCK

Saulo, please, close the window!

Saulo runs away to close the window. When he returns, he watches Block remove a silver case from his pocket. He opens it. It contains a mini injection and four colored band-aids.

Yellow, blue, Orange and red, respectively.

Block grabs the mini injection and applies it in Nin's arm. A light green liquid fills the space.

BLOCK (CONT'D)

Like I suspected, an accumulation of toxins.

SAULO

You're a doctor?

BLOCK

No. A physioterapist.

Block removes a yellow band-aid from the silver case.

BLOCK (CONT'D)

It should be enough. For now.

Block glues the yellow band-aid on her arm. The reaction is automatic. Nin opens her eyes. The android lets out a relief sigh.

NIN

What happened?

BLOCK

Excess of toxin. Your synthetic cells were in a critical level.

(MORE)

BLOCK (CONT'D)
Your body needs to log off for a
couple of hours.

Nin gets up. She walks in slow motion. Saulo looks at her, completely dumbfounded. She walks past him and locks the door. Block also looks at the closed door, worried.

INT. NIN' HOUSE. LATER. NIGHT.

Block and Saulo are on the couch. Block holds a beer, but doesn't drink it. Saulo, on the other hand, gives it a full gulp.

The door opens. Nin appears before them. She looks pale and her hair is disheveled.

NIN
All right. I'm Okay now.
Intergalactic protocol, however,
prevents me of being operational
for the next 24 hours. Which means
that someone else must be
responsible for this task.

NIN (CONT'D)
I need Block here with me, for
medical reason. So...

SAULO
You need me to get the goddamn
watch for you.

NIN
Unfortunately, that's the
situation.

SAULO
Well, what can I tell you? You
couldn't be in better hands.

BLOCK
That is a joke, right? I'm
beginning to get the way things
work here.

Nin smiles. Saulo makes a face at Block.

NIN
So, Mr. Street vendor, any ideas
for your return to your expertise?

SAULO
Oh, yeah.

7 INT. HOTEL. LOBBY. DAY.

Mr. Crumb delivers his key to Walter, behind the reception desk. He nods and grabs it.

WALTER

I'm sorry, Sir, but your regular driver informed us that he can't come. He's terribly sick. If you wish, we can provide one for you without extra cost.

MR. CRUMB

Really? I need to leave right away.

WALTER

He's already waiting for you at the parking lot.

MR. CRUMB

Oh, is that so? In that case, I accept your offer.

8 INT. PARKING LOT. DAY.

Mr. Crumb walks towards a luxury black car. SAULO, in black suit, black glasses and a white cap, nods to him. He opens the door to him. Mr, Crumb enters. Saulo closes the door and smiles.

9 INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE. DAY.

Mr. Crumb is at the back of the car, his plastic watch on his wrist. Mr. Crumb checks his stocks on his cell phone. He's not happy at all. He yanks out his cell phone and calls someone speedily.

MR CRUMB

Hi, George. What the fuck is this that I'm looking at? My contract's been suspended because of a claim that it's a risk to the environment? Is this serious? You know what? Fire all the executives. Including the seniors!

Mr. Crumb listens to the reply from the other line, His face becomes redder than usual.

MR CRUMB (CONT'D)
I don't care if your son is also a
senior executive. It's your
problem, not mine!

Mr. Crumb turns off the cell phone without waiting for a a
reply from poor George. The sign becomes red. The car stops.

They are in a deserted street. Mr. Cumb fishes for a
cigarette in his suit pocket. He finds it and fishes for a
lighter in his other pocket. He doesn't find it.

MR CRUMB (CONT'D)
Do you have light, man?

Saulo turns off the engine. He turns to face Mr,Crumb. He
holds a pistol at his face.

SAULO
No, but I definitely have fire.

MR CRUMB
Don't do anything stupid, son. You
want money? I can give you my
wallet.

SAULO
First, give me you cell phone.

Very slowly, Mr. Crumb hands over his cell phone to Saulo. He
immediately removes the chip from it and throws it out of the
window.

SAULO (CONT'D)
Good. Now give me your watch on the
wrist.

MR. CRUMB
This crap? It's plastic. Look at my
other watch inside my suit.

Mr. Crumb puts his hand into the pocket inside his suit.

Saulo's face becomes really tense.

SAULO
Hold it! Now! My fingers are
itching really hard.

MR. CRUMB
I'm taking it out very slowly. See,
it's not a trick.

Mr. Crumb indeed removes very slowly from his pocket a shining object. It's the world famous gold Rolex. Saulo can't take off his eyes from the object. He extends his free hand to receive the watch.

Mr. Crumb, very slowly, hands over the watch into Saulo's hands.

SAULO

Thank you for your collaboration, sir. Your limo driver will be released very soon. Now get the fuck out of the car.

Saulo lets out a smile with the corner of his lips. Mr Crumb walks out of the car. The sign is still red. The car goes away, anyway. Looking at the rear glass, we see the diminishing image of Mr.Crumb, completely dumbfounded.

10 INT. NIN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Saulo arrives at the living room, branding out the gold Rolex. Nin and Block, on the sofa, just watch him.

SAULO

A toast to my success! I mean, our success!

Nin immediately puts the boomerang-shaped vector vip on the small table. She turns it on.

NIN

Put it on the table.

SAULO

Of course, mademoiselle.

Saulo places the watch on the table, next to the device.

Nin's face turns pale when she sees the result.

NIN

The numbers are ridiculous low. This can not be the object.

SAULO

Your device must be broken. This is a Rolex.

NIN

Did you take it from Mr. Crumb's wrist, as instructed?

SAULO

Huh... Actually, no. I took it from his pocket inside his suit.

NIN

You idiot! This is not the watch we're looking for. This is garbage!

SAULO

This the most expensive watch on planet Earth. It's a sign of success and wealth.

NIN

Not to us! Look... This was obviously a big mistake. Block, pay this mercenary and show him the door.

SAULO

Wait a minute, lady. I know that I'm just a common thief to you. I certainly don't understand what you guys are up to. But let me tell you one thing about me: I'm known to be a trusted partner in everything I've done. Honor among thieves... It's not a myth to me.

Block steps forward and hands Saulo one big wad of money bills. Saulo refuses to take it.

SAULO (CONT'D)

I don't want your money. I thought that you needed my help.

NIN

I don't want your help. I never did. Now things are much worse because of you. Can you understand that?

SAULO

Yeah... I guess I can.

Saulo goes out through the same door he came in. Block looks at Nin, clearly waiting for instructions.

NIN

Block, call Walter and tell him to proceed to plan A.

BLOCK

You're not one hundred percent.

NIN
I'm fine. I'll manage.

11 EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Saulo is on the street, heads down. He's waiting for the traffic lights to go green. It does. He starts walking. Mr. Crumb's cell phone starts ringing. It's in a pocket inside his trousers. It's a call from Block.

SAULO
Hello, Block?

BLOCK (O.S.)
Saulo, did you cross the street already?

SAULO
How did you... Never mind. What do you want? Be quick.

BLOCK
I want you to go to that fancy hotel to help Nin. That's what I want.

SAULO
She made it crystal clear that she doesn't need my help.

BLOCK
That's what she thinks. But my nano processors tell me that she's wrong.

SAULO
Come on... All that she has to do is hypnotize the billionaire and bang! The plastic watch is hers.

BLOCK
She can't. If she does that, the device loses its vip number. In other words, it becomes useless... We need that human touch.

SAULO
That human touch?

BLOCK

Yeah. That moment when things go wrong and there's no time for a reevaluation... You know, improvisational skills.

SAULO

I'm sorry. But you'll have to find that human touch somewhere else.

Beat. Block sighs at this moment.

BLOCK

What about a million dollars?

SAULO

What?

BLOCK

Not enough? I'll transfer two, then. In 15 seconds it will be in your bank account.

SAULO

Don't do that. The police will come right after me! I'm on parole... Just tell me exactly where she's going to be. But after this, I'm gone.

BLOCK

I knew that I could count on your sentimentality.

12 INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE. HOTEL. NIGHT.

MR. Crumb is at his bed, wearing a white bathrobe. The phone, at the mini table next to bed, rings. He picks it up.

MR CRUMB

Yes?

WALTER (O.S.)

The lady journalist is coming up, sir.

MR CRUMB

Ok. Thank you.

Mr. Crumb hangs up the phone. At the mini table lies a bottle of perfume. Mr Crumb opens it and sprays it a little in his neck and arms. We notice he's using his plastic watch.

The bell rings.

MR CRUMB (CONT'D)

Come on in!

The door opens. Nin appears with the same elegant journalist outfit she used to interview him. She also holds a small purse.

NIN

I brought your gift.

MR CRUMB

I can't wait to see it.

Nin closes the door. She slowly takes off her dress, leaving her with only silk white lingerie.

NIN

May I come closer?

Mr. Crumb makes a hand gesture agreeing with her approach.

She arrives at the edge of his bed, and puts her purse at the side table. And then, very deftly, Nin starts to remove Mr. Crumb's bathrobe. She caresses his shoulders.

After a few seconds, she steps back. She's clearly not feeling well.

MR CRUMB

What's the matter?

NIN

What is this smell emanating from the surface of your skin?

MR CRUMB

You mean, this cologne? It's the latest Antonio Bandejas.

NIN

My purse. Quick! I can't breathe! I can't breathe!

Mr. Crumb goes for her purse. He immediately grabs it and hands it over to Nin.

NIN (CONT'D)

(DIFFICULT BREATHING)

Yeah.. That's it.

Nin manages to put the band-aid from the silver case at her forehead. But, at doing so, she drops the purse.

Many items splatter on the floor, among them the billionaire's golden Rolex. Mr Crumb notices it right away and crouches to pick it up.

MR.CRUMB

What is this? It's my Rolex! How did you get it? Are you a thief?

NIN

No. A bounty hunter. And I'm interested in your plastic watch.

MR.CRUMB

(LOOKING AT HIS WATCH)

What? This watch? The one that my mother gave to me? It has only sentimental value.

NIN

From where I came from, it has decisive importance.

Mr Crumb looks again at Nin and the band-aid in her forehead.

In a sudden movement, Mr. Crumb removes the band-aid from her forehead and holds it in the air for a moment. And then puts it in his bathrobe pocket.

NIN (CONT'D)

Hey!

Nin tries to get it back. Mr Crumb pushes her vigorously. She falls on the floor

MR.CRUMB

You know, I think I'm going to let you rot in hell. You bitch!

Nin sticks her hand on her left ear. She's about to lose consciousness.

NIN

Block, please. Help!

MR.CRUMB

Who are you talking to? No one's coming to help you.

Immediately after having saying that, the presidential suite door opens violently. We see Saulo, dressed with the limo driver suit, black glasses and fake moustache included.

SAULO

Not so fast, Mr. Crumb!

Saulo walks toward Mr. Crumb. He's holding a gun pointed at his chest. Mr. Crumb raises his arms instinctively.

MR.CRUMB

You! You guys are together in this?

SAULO

None of your business, fat boy.
Now, pass that plastic watch. Nice
and easy.

Mr. Crumb removes the plastic watch from his wrist. Saulo takes it cautiously with his other hand. He's now staring at Nin, still suffering silently on the ground. He crouches close to her and places the plastic watch on her open hand.

SAULO (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

NIN

Grab the band-aid in his pocket.
Quick, I won't be able to last much
longer.

SAULO

Give me the band-aid in your
pocket.

Mr. Crumb yanks out the band-aid from his bathrobe pocket.

But instead of handing it over to Saulo, he looks at it for a moment.

MR CRUMB

What is this? Colored band-aid?
You're going to give her a band-
aid? What are you guys, a couple of
schmucks?

SAULO

Yes, we are shcmucks. Now give me
this band-aid.

Mr. Crumb stretches his arm to hand the band-aid to Saulo. At the critical moment, however, he tosses it on the floor, at the far right from Nin's position.

SAULO (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have done that.

MR CRUMB

You're right.

With a speedy movement, Mr. Crumb's left arm goes for Saulo's hand that holds the gun. They fight. Mr. Crumb manages to make the gun slide out of Saulo's hand. It lands on the floor, next to Nin's left side.

SAULO
Nin! Now! Grab it!

Nin crawls the opposite direction, towards the band-aid.

She's practically moving in slow motion.

Mr. Crumb smacks Saulo a fierce jab, knocking him down. He goes fast to grab the gun on the floor. And grabs it.

MR CRUMB
(looking at the gun)
What is this? A toy gun?

Nin reaches the band-aid. She unamasses the thing and finally puts the orange band-aid on her forehead again. Immediately, her countenance comes alive again.

Nin stands up. She looks straight at Mr. Crumb's eyes.

NIN
Now, listen to me. You've been a very naughty boy. Go to the corner of the room and sit there.

Mr. Crumb obediently goes to the corner of the room and sits there. He looks glum. Nin comes and takes away the toy gun.

NIN (CONT'D)
(Looking at Saulo)
You planned to save me with this?
Are you serious?

SAULO
I never killed anyone, OK? And I wasn't planning to start tonight.

NIN
By the way, how did you know I was here?... Block, of course.

SAULO
Is this how you thank people in your planet? No wonder it's set for destruction.

NIN
How do you know that? I didn't tell you that.

SAULO

Block told me in order to convince me to save you. That android really cares about you.

NIN

He was designed to look after me. And, just to make myself clear, I'm not going to let my home planet be destroyed. I'm assembling a device that is going to save it. I just need seven more pieces to build it.

MR CRUMB

Mom and Daddy are fighting! Mom and Dad are fighting!

NIN

Shut up and suck up your thumb!

Mr. Crumb shuts up and starts sucking up his thumb. He's the perfect portrait of a terrified baby.

SAULO

Seven more pieces? Well, I guess you need my inestimable help for your next seven adventures.

NIN

What makes you think I'm going to use your help?

SAULO

Come on... You don't know jackshit about this place and its people. You need to know the culture in order to take advantage of it. And besides that, you obviously have health issues.

NIN

You're asking me to trust a thief?

SAULO

Sometimes the wrong people are the only ones capable of doing the job.

NIN

I can't argue with this logic.

SAULO

Good. By the way, how long is our friend over there going to be in that state?

NIN
12 hours.

SAULO
Wow... I hope you never get mad at me.

NIN
I already did.

A cell phone starts ringing. Saulo removes it from his pocket in his trousers. He looks at the screen. After that, he throws the device at Mr Crumb's direction.

SAULO
It's for you.

Mr. Crumb grabs the cell that landed beside him.

MR.CRUMB
Hello? Hi, George, how are you? You called me to reconsider my decision to fire all senior executives? Of course. Hire them all back in. By the way, can you pass at the store and bring me a mega stuffed giraffe to the presidential suite. Why? Because I want to play with it. Why...

13 INT. FOYER. HOTEL. NIGHT.

Saulo and Nin walk past the reception desk, on their way out.

Walter observes them together with a sharp interest. Before they leave the hotel door, Walter yanks out his cell phone and takes a picture of them together.

14 EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT.

Nin is alone, waiting for the limousine at the sidewalk. She covers her left ear with her hand in a shell shape.

NIN
Block?

BLOCK (O.S.)
Congratulations, Nin, on a job well done.

NIN

Yeah. Now we have seven more objects to collect before we can go home.

BLOCK (O.S.)

We're going to make it. My nanoproductors feel it.

NIN

Good. Now, tell me, why did you tell that earthling that our planet was set for destruction?

BLOCK (O.S.)

I did not. All that I did was to engage his emotions.

NIN

Are you sure?

BLOCK (O.S.)

Absolutely. Androids don't lie.

A limousine arrives and stops right in front of her. The front door opens. We see Saulo behind the wheel, wearing a limo driver uniform and sun glasses. He smiles at Nin.

SAULO

Want a lift? The owner is not going to need it for the next 12 hours.

NIN

Honor among thieves, right?

SAULO

Not a myth to me.

Nin smiles back at Saulo. She enters the limo. Off they go.

15

INT. FANCY HOTEL. NIGHT.

We're back at the reception desk. Walter is alone. He takes his cell phone and calls someone.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

BANDEIRA, 40 something, thin, disheveled hair, is sleeping in his bed. His cell phone starts emitting an annoying sound. He wakes up, puts his black-rimmed glasses and picks up the phone.

BANDEIRA

Hello?

WALTER (O.S.)

I'm sending you a picture. I think you're going to like this one.

BANDEIRA

If it's another joke, I'm going to arrest you myself, Walter.

A picture is sent to a whatsapp group called alien garbage.. It shows Nin and Saulo walking out of the hotel. Nin's face is zoomed in. Bandeira's eyes become fixed on her.

BANDEIRA (CONT'D)

So, my friend, it's time for us to meet. I hope you don't mind if I destroy you. And the rest of your gang.

Bandeira gets up from the bed. He opens the drawer in the table alongside his bed. He grabs a badge and a revolver. He leaves the room in a hurry.

FADE OUT.

THE END.