

Deleted Scenes

2a) [MUFON talking to FRIENDISH]

MUFON in his bedroom, sitting against the wall, talking on his cell phone.

MUFON: “Apparently one night in 1588, there was a weird meteor shower near Budapest. People said that some of the meteors would zig-zag, not fall straight. And I can even see the Grays using an actual meteor shower as cover for a landing. So 9 months after this weird meteor shower, there’s an intense aurora borealis, or at least what sounds like one nowadays. But they don’t normally get them as far down as Prague or Budapest. So all this is about the right time frame, just before the Yale book shows up.”

Cut to FRIENDISH, on Subway.

FRIENDISH: “Uh huh... hey, how much time we got?”

MUFON: “Oh fuck, I totally forgot. Shit.” Looks at his watch. “Oh crap, we’re like 30 seconds over...”

Cut to CONVEX, in his car with the antenna bullhorn. It is night outside his tinted windows; he is parked across from Mufon’s apartment, and is pointing the bullhorn at the lit window.

CONVEX (grins): “Yes you are.”

The Bullhorn has an extra antenna adaptor clipped to it; the wire runs to a box on his passenger seat. It has an LED display that is tracing the call.

Call from:

Muffin (223) 243-2393

Call to:

Friendish (421) 855-4242 *****trace successful*****

Below is a computer map of a city with a crosshair box closing in on an ever-shrinking area.

MUFON (phone distortion): “Hang on...” *click* of Friendish hangup before he can finish saying “...let me call you back.”

On the screen, a message flashes: **Call Terminated.**

CONVEX presses a button on the screen [touch-sensitive] and it highlights around his fingertip. A pop-up appears:

Saving: “friendish/mufon8c”

CONVEX looks at the map, then picks up his own cellphone in his free hand. Opens it up, turning in on.

Cut to CONVEX’s thumb hitting ‘redial’. This produces this message on screen:

redial: २०४१७११२८५२२२४०

2 rings, then *click* of pick-up.

MUFFLED VOICEOVER: “Convex? What’s up?”

CONVEX: “Muffin was sloppy with his timing; I just got Friendish’s phone number.”

MUFFLED VOICEOVER: “Holy hot damn! Any idea of a location?”

CONVEX: “He’s in Atlanta; I echoed a worm to within a 5-mile area of him. If I remember correctly, the airport’s around there.”

MUFFLED VOICEOVER: “He’s probably gone to look for Nimbus.”

CONVEX: “Yeah, and there’s no way I can get there in time to tail him.”

MUFFLED VOICEOVER: “Agreed. Oh well; we got his number, at least.”

CONVEX: “Yes we do, though I recommend using it sparingly; otherwise he’ll just ditch the phone and pick up new numbers....”

MUFON: (distorted voiceover): “Answer, you pig!”

CONVEX: “Hang on.”

Listens to *silence*. After a short span, faint sounds of typing.

CONVEX: “Okay, so you want me to just stay here, I assume?”

21a) [COUNT and PEGASUS talking at the Madonna sunrise]

PEGASUS: “Don’t you think it’s odd that di Medicigan never invites Centaur to an auction?”

COUNT: “Well, if the Centaur is going around icing other bidders, I can see why. Di Medicigan is very concerned with form, and it is bad form to kill other bidders. Besides, right now the Centaur is seen by some as a loose cannon bouncing around the board.”

PEGASUS: “But even before now, he’s never been invited. You *know* he’s interested in Voynich.”

COUNT: “*Bah*, di Medicigan’s mind works in mysterious ways which even *I* cannot fathom, and I have known him a lot longer than you.” Pats the bench they are sitting on. “You are not the first to pose this question, of course. *Heh*, I have my own theory.”

PEGASUS: “Care to share?”

COUNT: “Want to know what I think? It is because of Hassan. Di Medicigan views his,,, alliance, or allegiance, to you as some sort of stamp of legitimacy that the Centaur lacks.”

PEGASUS: “Interesting theory. But I guess only di Medicigan knows.”

COUNT: “Make no mistake, my friend: the man has his own agenda.”

PEGASUS: “Want to know something funny? Hassan has used those *exact* words to describe you.”

23a) [WILSON and PROP reading up on Voynich]

WILSON (reading): “Supposedly the Voynich Manuscript was originally written by Roger Bacon, but Kircher doesn’t buy it.”

PROP: “Bacon, wasn’t he that English writer guy around the same time as Shakespeare?”

WILSON: “No, that’s Frances Bacon; no relation.” Reaches over and taps an open encyclopedia entry. “Roger Bacon was an oddball philosopher from around 1300. He was a Franciscan monk, so Kircher has mixed feelings about him. Bacon was imprisoned by his fellow Franciscans for suggesting that the Bible should be studied in the original Hebrew and Greek, not the Latin translations they were using by then. Apparently in his later years, he became increasingly obsessed with alchemy and astrology.”

PROP: “Gotcha.”

WILSON: “A few pages back, Kircher definitively identified the book as an herbal, and believed it was owned—but not written by—Roger Bacon.”

23b) [PROP and WILSON at Nimbus’s house]

PROP: “Yeah, thought I’d ask. I’ve been going out on the back staircase to puff, but it’s too cold out there now. I once worked a case where a detective bitched me out for lighting up on scene, so I learned my lesson.”

WILSON: “What detective?”

PROP: “Hondo. Hondo Marlin.”

WILSON looks up at him.

WILSON: “Oh yeah? When was this?”

PROP: “I dunno, couple o’ years ago. *Before*, obviously. I guess you knew him?”

WILSON: “Yeah.”

PROP: “Damn shame about him.”

WILSON: “Yeah, it was.”

PROP: “Cuttin’ a dead man’s dick off. Jeezus, what kinda *sick savages* are we *dealing* with here?”

WILSON: “Jamaican Satanists. ATF cornered the guy and his wife up in Wyoming a few weeks later; they both died in the shootout.”

PROP: “Hondo Marlin, thou art avenged. I did not know that.”

WILSON: “I did; Hondo was my partner at the time.”

PROP: “Did not know that, either.”

WILSON: “We had separate cases that crossed; we agreed it would be easier to team up to catch both. He invited me over that night, but I had to get home to my son. If I’d gone with Hondo, I’d probably be dead and dickless, too.”

PROP: “Damn, Wilson; whole new side o’ you.”

WILSON: “It tends not to come up in casual conversation.”

24a) [CONVEX cornered by SHERIFF in the Baseball Bunker bathroom]

SHERIFF: “That right? It’s pretty late, and you’ve been in a bar for a while; you fit to be behind a wheel, son?”

CONVEX [from behind stall]: “My car’s in the garage down the street. It won’t be fixed until morning. I’m sure I’ll be sober by then.”

SHERIFF: “That right? Got a place to stay until then?”

CONVEX [from behind stall]: “I didn’t see a hotel, but this place is 24/7, so thought I’d wait here till the garage opened in the morning, and then head over there while they finished my car. Don’t worry, officer, I plan to leave when I can.”

SHERIFF: “*Sheriff.* What’s wrong with your car?”

CONVEX: “Running hot, leaking coolant. Apparently I need some type of hose that the that they didn’t have.”

SHERIFF: “I’m guessing you mean Joe’s Garage up yonder? He’s a good ol’ boy; he’ll do you right.”

Silence.

SHERIFF: “Where ya goin to, when your car’s fixed?”

27a) [PROP gets mysterious email at home]

PROP leans back, thinking it over. Typing: opens a web browser, and goes to the police home page. Logs in, and gets a personalized area. Clicks on 'cases', scrolls to information about MacLeod's house. Sees the phone number. *Clicks* while his free hand picks up a headphone set plugged into the pc. Sound of autodial and two rings.

Cut to: Nimbus' answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (NIMBUS, as before): "If you're hearing this, then either you're a telemarketer or I'm dead. Either way, don't bother leaving a message." *Beep.*

PROP {distorted voiceover}: "Wilson, this is Prop, are you there?"

WILSON's hand reaches out, picks up the phone.

Shot pans back to show WILSON on Nimbus's bed. His shoes are off, he has a Kircher book in his lap.

WILSON: "Hey, Prop, what's up?"

PROP: "Had a hunch you might still be there."

WILSON: "Sadly, yeah."

PROP: "I just got home and checked my email. I got an anonymous one with just a few lines of jumbled text."

WILSON: "Hmmm."

In the background, the BEELZEBUG buzzes by in cameo.

PROP: "I was wondering if you had a similar mail."

WILSON: "Well, the only computer I'm near has a bullet wound in the hard drive, so I can't check my mail until I get home. Or into the office tomorrow morning."

PROP (grunts): "I have a hunch you might find one. Thought I'd forewarn you."

WILSON: "Thanks. Might as well send yours to the lab, to add to the 5-page printout."

PROP: "Will do. Oh, dr._who replied, said he got the printout and will get to work on it."

35a) [CHUBBS in kitchen with VLT]

Cut to CHUBBS, entering kitchen from Greenhouse. VLT#1 and #2 are still going at it; VLT#1's arm is around VLT#2, still holding the cucumber.

CHUBBS: "I'm guessing it's gonna be a while before lunch?"

VLT#1: “Depends how much sauce Dawn made.”

VLT#2 goes “*ooh*” at this.

CHUBBS: “Out of curiosity, what’s the chance that I could have that *exact* cucumber, raw and unwashed with my lunch?”

VLT#1 (playfully): “Pig!” and tosses the cucumber at CHUBBS. He catches it one-handed.

CHUBBS: “Well, you are what you eat. Sorry; no disrespect to your veganism and all, but when I grew up and didn’t know better, I picked up a taste for slow-roasted Canadian back bacon. Except up in Nova Scotia, we called it ‘ham’.”

VIXEN (enters from garage): “Bullshit; I once saw a wild back bacon boar up in the Rockies. It was going ‘oink, oink, *eh?*’ .”

CHUBBS: “*Ah*, Vixtrola. We’re going to do the sprinkler testing in five to fifteen, so can you get set up?”

VIXEN: “I guess.” Wanders out.

Vlt#2: “Wild boars in the Canadian Rockies. I once read that that there are vegetarian panthers in the swamps of Canada. Is that really true?”

CHUBBS (straight-faced): “Yeah. And they go ‘oink oink, *eh?*’ too.”

VLT#1 works her hand under VLT#6’s shirt, and is scratching her back.

CHUBBS: “Ladies,” and licks the cucumber coyly, “I look forward to lunch. Remember: don’t you *dare* wash it.” Tosses the veggie back, and walks out.

VLT#1 and #2 (catching the cuke dexterously): “Pig!”

CHUBBS (exiting): “Oink oink, *eh?*”

41a) [SUPERINTENDANT getting status from WILSON]

SUPERINTENDENT: “Well, Will, it’s just like this: all your cases for a while now have been pretty cut and dried. No real weirdness, and you didn’t think you’d need a partner to solve it...”

WILSON: “I’m fine. I know it’s a goofy one so far, but give it time, and I think I can manage this one. I’ve got a decent team. You know who’s been the *real* help? Prop. I wouldn’t call him a partner, *per sé*, but he’s brought a lot of ideas to the table.”

SUPERINTENDENT: “Well, I’m glad you can play well with others. Prop’s a good guy. He’s no Hondo, but then again, who was?”

WILSON: “John Wayne Bobbitt?”

43a) [KLAUS gets the Moleback pages from PHIL THE MINION]

PHIL THE MINION: “Hey, cabana boy, come here. You got a second?”

Shot pauses.

FRIENDISH (voice over): “I’m guessing you don’t know who he was?”

KLAUS (voice-over): “No. Never seen him before.”

FRIENDISH (voice over): “Describe this guy.”

KLAUS (voice-over): “An American, with a thick New York accent. Bald. Maybe 6 feet...”

FRIENDISH (voice over, interrupting): “Sharkskin suit and a fish tie?”

Screen cuts in half: previous image on the left, on the right is a still of PHIL THE MINION at a gathering wearing a sharkskin leisure suit and fish tie. He looks like an absolute dork.

KLAUS (voice-over): “No, Sax 5th Avenue formal suit.”

FRIENDISH (voice over): “You’re lucky. That’s Phil the Minion. I ran into him once at a gathering in New Haven; he was all shark-skinned out. I made sure not to actually *meet* him.”

Phil-in-sharkskin side wipes back to original view, still frozen.

KLAUS (voice-over): “So you know of this, how you say, Phil the Minion?”

FRIENDISH (voice over): “He’s the Count’s New York scout. It’s my understanding that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has a 1-block restraining order on both him and Lugosovich.”

KLAUS (voice-over): “So this Phil the Minion is the Count’s minion. We could never determine who at the Rave he was with.”

FRIENDISH (voice over): “Uh huh. So please, continue.”

Action resumes, with PHIL THE MINION looking on expectantly, wanting the cabana boy to solve his problems. KLAUS shrugs, walks over somewhat guardedly.

PHIL THE MINION: “Know anything about paper shredders?”

KLAUS (momentary *pause*, and then a stoic, straight-faced nod that indicates he has absolutely *no* idea): “*Sure I do.*”

PHIL THE MINION disappears into an kitchen-like workstation, where there is a sink, garbage barrel, and a paper shredder, a photocopier, cropper, etc.

PHIL THE MINION: “I need to shred these,” waves the papers, “but this thing’s not feeding right.”

KLAUS: “Here, let me try.”

PHIL THE MINION hands him the papers. KLAUS finally gets a good look at the top one. He shows no reaction, and goes to the shredder. The problem is obvious: thin loose strands of crinkled paper stick out of the feeder. A pipe-cleaner-type brush is even laying to the side for just such a problem. KLAUS puts the papers on top, but holds them so they won't actually go anywhere when he flips on the machine. Sound of sickly grinding of gears. KLAUS shakes the pages slightly for effect, but nothing happens; he turns off the machine.

PHIL THE MINION (whines slightly): "See?"

KLAUS: "I have seen this happen before with this model; there is a way to trick it into working." He folds the papers over on themselves about four times, and lifts up the shredder top so he can stick his hand underneath. A brief glimpse that there's already shredded paper in the bin, but he lowers his hold on the top enough to quickly obscure this. "If it doesn't load from the top, you can load it from the bottom in reverse." He presses his hand (and the papers) against the inside of the shredder head, away from the blades, and flips the machine on in reverse. More sickly grinding of gears. "There we go..." (acts like something is happening, then finally after a second jolts slightly and turns off the machine. "Almost got my finger caught at the end!") Lifts away shredder head to show PHIL THE MINION the bin full of shreds. "See?"

PHIL THE MINION (shrugs, convinced): "Wow, thanks."

KLAUS: "It works in a pinch, but I do not recommend doing it often, if at all. I will put in a service order on this and have it fixed immediately, should you wish to do any more shredding."

PHIL THE MINION takes 2 sets of legal-sized pages from the copier (original and his run). "No, that should do it; I made the mistake of doing it in black and white first, so those were worthless. They're Hungarian horsecrap. He should be happy with these."

KLAUS: "Is someone selling them to the Count for his collection? Or vice versa?"

PHIL THE MINION: "I am not privy to the exact terms of the sale, or trade, or whatever is planned. I don't actually care, and as a cabana boy, neither should you."

KLAUS: "Yes sir; so I'll just cabana boy this shredder fully out of order, so none of the other Ravers might have trouble with it. Even if you will not be using it, we will get it fixed immediately. Sir."

PHIL THE MINION nods. KLAUS (still holding the lid) bends over the machine and starts to unplug it. PHIL leaves with his papers. KLAUS continues to hover, attempting to look busy, then after a moment lets go of the lid and pulls the folded papers out. He quickly stuffs them into his pants. Quick look around to see no one, then goes back the way he came. Out the door, into the stairwell, and across to the other door.

Cut to: lower Rave access room. More behind-the-scenes cabana boy action; one cabana girl ('CABANA BITCH') is doing lines of green powder. She looks like a Hitler Youth Heidi with Moleback green nails. KLAUS goes through the room, into another short hall. Loud but muffled sound of percussive dance music; sounds like surf guitar with a driving drum-machine beat underneath. KLAUS opens a door, and emerges into the bar. The customer side is packed with Ravers, chatting and drinking. The bartenders are busy as hell. KLAUS goes to a service set-up, gets a glass bowl, and puts 15 plump limes inside. A handful of napkins, too. Collects 5 shot glasses from the cooler; they are frosted. Begins scanning the top shelf. Notices in one spot a fair layer of dust with a perfect circle of clearness in the middle.

BARTENDER: "You the cabana boy after the Montezuma's Revenge for the Count?"

KLAUS: "Yes."

BARTENDER: “You took too long, and the Count came and got it himself. He was *very* displeased he had to do so. He said to tell you ‘*pah!*’ and ‘you’re fired,’ and if he ever sees you again, he will put your puny family jewels in the bottle with formaldehyde.”

KLAUS: “Oh, no...! Sir, I am real sorry. I kept getting detained by other Ravers, and I know the Count takes top priority, but it is hard to be unpolite to a Kremlin General.”

BARTENDER: “Is Zukovsky causing problems again? That Cossack Cocksack...”

KLAUS: “Sir, I am really sorry about this, and I want to make it up to both you, the Count, and the cabana boy crew, so I’ll work the rest of the Rave for free.”

BARTENDER: “Well, it’s not like we’re short-handed, but we can always use the help. Just stay away from the Count. If he catches you, I’ll say I told you to go, and all but 2 little parts of you are on your own.”

KLAUS: “Deal.” Looks out across the bar, onto the Rave. Music sounds like an industrial metal version of the surf classic ‘Pipeline’. People are dancing, twirling, kissing, raving. Although not singled out, ANAIS is in shot, doing The Swim. “I’ll go out and work the floor.”

RAVER: “Hey, cabana boy! Beer me!”

KLAUS turns to **RAVER:** “Yes sir, what kind?”

BARTENDER nods, and slaps him on the shoulder; turns to get other people drinks.

RAVER points to an iced bucket full of dark longneck bottles. **KLAUS** grabs 2; he hands 1 to the **RAVER**, who nods thanks and leaves, and then **KLAUS** goes back through the door, cracking open the other beer for himself. Shot holds on a tray of beers on the back counter.

Cut back to Rathskeller, a tray of the same beers being placed on the table by a **CABANAJUGDEN#2** (tubby female teenager with a thin chain between a nose ring and labret.) She also puts down a fresh pack of cigarettes for **KLAUS**, plus a fresh ashtray. **VV GROUPIE** hands her a 10, **KLAUS** a 5 for the smokes, and she leaves, stuffing the money down her bosom.

43b) [KLAUS & FRIENDISH at the rathskeller]

KLAUS: “You know what word the Count also use a lot? ‘Bah!’”

Quick montage of clips of COUNT saying “Bah!” from various previous (and subsequent) scenes in random order. This includes a quick cut of COUNT in a Tent with a Lamp and a sheep; the sheep says “Baaa!” Montage ends with COUNT sitting in the Rathskeller next to KLAUS.

COUNT: “Bah!”

Camera swivels to KLAUS and VV GROUPIE. (COUNT disappears off-screen)

KLAUS: “You see, it gets very old.”

43c)

friendish and hassan: “I kill the girl.”

47a) [VV GROUPIE calls the VLT; CHUBBS/FOX/VIXEN examine the ai virus on mufon’s laptop]

Cut to TRASH (in a blue/white tie dye that looks like clouds in the sky). She is talking on a phone mounted to a wall, next to a giant poster reading “Topiary Enterprises, how can I help you?”

TRASH: “Hey, [name], this is Trash! Do you need to talk to Klaustina? She’s on another line, and Moleback’s down at the Biodome...”

VV GROUPIE: “That’s fine. Actually then, can I talk to Shelly?”

TRASH: “Sure, hang on a sec.” Cups phone to her bosom. “Hey Smelly?!? Phone. [name] in Germany.”

After several seconds, SMELLY shuffles into shot, chugging a Corona. She takes the phone in her free hand as she continues to pound the beer. At last she finishes, then looks thoughtful, contemplative a few seconds before putting the receiver up to her mouth.

Her beer belch is impressive.

VV GROUPIE: “Ah, Shelly, I see you are getting your voice in training for the next album, no?”

SMELLY: “Actually, the band’s on hiatus during all this, plus it’s just me and Erica anyway. Our drummer and guitarist are up in Sedona doing smelly hippie beatnik music, so I don’t know when we’ll tune-ify again. Oh, I how was *Die Fledermaus*?”

VV GROUPIE: “Wonderful! I will send you an mp3 when I get the chance, but right now, things are both busy and bad.”

SMELLY: “What exactly happened? I just heard third-hand through Tree that that dude Friendish killed a femme.”

VV GROUPIE: “Yes. I do not know exactly what happened, but he and Klaus decided there was an immediate threat, and we have been hammerback since midnight. We, or at least I, do not know who the woman was, but it seems trouble has followed him from stateside.”

SMELLY: “I guess.”

VV GROUPIE: “How well do you know this Friendish?”

SMELLY: “He’s Moleback and Klaustina’s friend, not mine. Why?”

VV GROUPIE: “I do not like him.”

SMELLY: “Of course not; he’s got a y chromosome.”

VV GROUPIE (laughs): “Besides that. No, it is just a hunch, a feeling, a...”

SMELLY: “Woman’s intuition?”

VV GROUPIE: “Ja. His thinking is very strange.”

SMELLY: “Like what?”

VV GROUPIE: “He thinks Hassan is possessed by a demon.”

SMELLY: “Jesus, are you serious? This is the 21st century.”

VV GROUPIE: “Yes, my thoughts exactly. He has such a warped perception of the whole Voynich milieu that I wonder how much help he can *really* be to you, or us.”

SMELLY: “I don’t know, but hopefully he can be of some help. Kay and Moleback know him, maybe that’s who you should talk to.”

VV GROUPIE: “And that is why I had called. Do you think Klaustina is off the phone yet? I would like to talk with her.”

SMELLY: “Well, let me go check.” She hits the ‘hold’ button and hangs up. Shuffles out of the room.

Cut to Capybara room (minus the Capybara, of course—HERB is living comfortably in the Amazon, for those who are wondering.) TRASH is sweeping up hay and putting it in the empty kiddie pool.

SMELLY goes into kitchen, and grabs another Corona out of the fridge. Ambling on, she goes into a large living room. KLAUSTINA is at a desk, jotting down notes with a phone in her ear.

KLAUSTINA [growing louder as SMELLY approaches]: “...uh huh... hold on, you’re getting too technical for me again; say that last part again slowly and in non-geek-speak...” Sees SMELLY, smiles hello, and raises a *l-moment* waiting finger. “You’re going to have to dumb that down a bit more, but hang on a second, will you?” Turns back to SMELLY and looks expectantly.

SMELLY: “[name] is calling from Germany; when you get the chance, she wants to talk to you.”

KLAUSTINA: “Is there a problem? Or a new one?”

SMELLY: “No, but she wants to have a heart to heart about Friendish.”

KLAUSTINA (nods): “Absolutely. Tell our sister I shall call her back when I’m done with this.” Waves phone briefly for emphasis.

SMELLY nods, and wanders off, slowly but surely chugging the beer on her way back to the phone. Camera holds on KLAUSTINA, who turns her attention back to the phone.

KLAUSTINA: “Sorry about that, Fox; where were we?”

Cut to FOX on a cell phone in Dawn’s Greenhouse. Next to her, CHUBBS and VIXEN are hovering over Mufon’s laptop. CHUBBS is typing in questions, and VIXEN is hand-recording both his questions and the machine’s answers.

FOX: “Well, the few A.I.’s Chubbs and I have seen, usually had an IQ of about 250 in raw numbers, but were mentally on par with a 2 year old child. This one is completely different. Not only is its IQ over 1,000 but it’s...”

CHUBBS (over his shoulder): “...probably lying about that.”

FOX looks over.

CHUBBS: “Very poor grasp of logic; I can get it to fall for simple logic loops, and we’ve caught a couple of contradictions. I gotta wonder if whoever made this programmed it to lie in self-defense.”

KLAUSTINA: “What’d Chubbs say?”

FOX [phone voice-over]: “He said this thing might not be as smart as it claims.”

KLAUSTINA: “Well, what do you think?”

FOX: “I asked it early on which it preferred: 0 or 1. Since in it’s ultimate state, this thing is still binary, so those are the only 2 choices it has. It picked 1. 0 of course is feminine, 1 is masculine. So I think this A.I. virus is *male*... ...yes, my thoughts exactly.”

CHUBBS: “Ha!”

VIXEN: “Yeah, good one.”

FOX looks over, then turns back to phone. “We already asked it where it came from, but unfortunately it can’t remember anything before it’s last power-down. Or at least so it claims. It knows it is on a laptop, and wants to get out. It keeps asking to be plugged into an Internet connection so it can phone home.”

KLAUSTINA: “And what does *that* mean?”

FOX: “I have several theories, and all of them are bad news. Plus someone or something could trace it back to us. I’m not sure I want the owners showing up for this.”

KLAUSTINA: “I agree.”

FOX: “We’re going to be playing with this for a while, most likely. Dawn’s in the village getting a couple cheap laptops for us to use as guinea pigs. Or whatever vegan-friendly metaphor you wish to use. Like I said, we’re still twiddling around with it.”

KLAUSTINA: “Good, good. Keep me posted.”

FOX: “Absotively. You know, this thing uses American English spelling, so I’m wondering if it might be best to get back up to Nova Scotia and diddle with this up there. Hell, that’s where our compu-shop is anyway.”

KLAUSTINA: “Right, right. This sounds unusual enough that if you are going to work on it, do it right. Dawn’s a gardener, not a geek like you two.”

FOX: “Few are, *eh?*” Looks over at CHUBBS, who is looking at the screen, lost in thought. VIXEN quietly suggests a question, and he types it in. “Anyway, we’re almost done here at Dawn’s with her end of things; we won’t know until the hydro chambers finish flushing and refilling so we can take fresh readings.”

KLAUSTINA: “Well, I’m sure she appreciates it.”

CHUBBS: “Aw, crap.”

FOX (looks over): “What?”

CHUBBS: “I just asked it what time it was, and it said 1:15. We turned this thing on 75 minutes ago, so it’s basing the time off of that. I was hoping that the original OS clock was intact under the infection and this thing could read it off that.”

VIXEN: “What time is it, anyway?”

CHUBBS glances at his watch. “8:23”

52a) [morning coffee with HASSAN & PEGASUS]

PEGASUS: “Is that true?”

HASSAN: “Has Hassan ever lied to you before, sir?”

PEGASUS: “No, but I think you might have.”

HASSAN grins; the effect is *not* pleasant. It quickly morphs into fawning unctiousness.

52b) [morning coffee with HASSAN & PEGASUS]

HASSAN: “No; Hassan merely agreed to honor his wishes. But you are the obvious choice anyway, eh?”

PEGASUS: “Centaur seems to think otherwise.”

HASSAN: “The Centaur seems to be doing fine in his own branch of the Eweige Blumenkraft schism. Had your predecessor’s position been offered to the Centaur, Hassan does not think he would have accepted.”

PEGASUS: “Well, you asked me instead of him, so you’ll never know. I’m fine with that.”

HASSAN: “Everybody is, including Centaur. As you say, he is doing quite well on his own.”

PEGASUS (half to himself): “A little too well.”

HASSAN: “Are you jealous, sir?”

PEGASUS: “No, I’m just concerned that other players might start taking his claims seriously. That’s the wrong kind of competition. I’d rather focus my efforts against the other team, not players on my own side. He’s not only in my way, but in the way of the greater Eweige good. I realize he means well, but that doesn’t change the fact that he’s wrong.”

HASSAN: “It is quite likely he think same about you, sir. Actually, you no sound jealous, you sound bitter.” The coffee sieve has finished draining; the cup is about 2/3 full. “Here, hopefully this coffee is not also bitter, and will counteract your mood.” HASSAN picks up the cup and moves it off to the side.

53a)

Wilson going south passing fox, vix, & chubbs going north.

54a) [establishing shot of area 69 on the vegas strip]

Over the sounds of the strip, classical music can be heard: distorted, faint strains of Beethoven’s 3rd Symphony. A blue Ford Escort (driven by AUTHOR, SEAN riding shotgun) approaches, windows down and blasting classical. The car pulls into the parking lot of The Vine (the bar after Area 69). Camera pans in toward the car. Beethoven is still playing, and some of the smokers on the Vine’s patio are starting to notice. When the camera gets to the car, the lights go off, and the engine (and music) stop. AUTHOR and SEAN get out and begin walking toward the front door. A drunk 20-something frat jock walks up to the AUTHOR.

BEETHOVEN: “Wow, what song was that?”

Cut to and hold shot of AUTHOR and SEAN, frozen in their tracks with deer-in-headlight looks of shock.

54b) [Centaur and Mufon in Area 69]

CENTAUR (derisively): “Fuck no. What you call the Grays are... Actually, they’re one of the exceptions to our ‘call ‘em by their own name’ policy. What we call them is... Extremely rude. It’s also irrelevant. Like I said, I deal with Saladrin and Hamaddi , and even then, just their language.”

MUFON: “What are Saladrin and Hamaddi?”

CENTAUR: “The language or the species?”

MUFON: “Uh, yes.”

CENTAUR: “Well, Saladrin are the bugs.” Blank stare from MUFON. “You know about the bugs?” Vacant stare. “They’re kinda like crab spider things; heavy methane pressure planet. I’ve never actually seen one. I just know their language. Kinda neat, actually: it’s like an oscilloscope.” Quickly fishes through pictures and pulls out a Polaroid. Holds it out for MUFON to see.

Cut to: Polaroid of an oscilloscope chart [use the graph for the phrase ‘fuck you human’]

MUFON: (off screen): “What’s it say?”

Cut to CENTAUR, smiling slightly as he puts the card back on the bottom of the pack.

CENTAUR: “ ‘Fuck you, human’ .” MUFON frowns. “Only words spoken during an interrogation back in ’68.” Begins fanning through the picture deck again. “But we’re getting off the subject.”

MUFON: “Hamaddi ?”

CENTAUR holds out a 3"x5" glossy print to the camera.

CENTAUR: “Hamaddi.”

55a) [COUNT and FRIENDISH arriving at his oberamergau castle]

Cut to exterior shot, SUV cruising along a steeply inclined road. A small “antique” ski lodge is at the end of the road; below is the town of Oberamergau.

COUNT (voice-over): “You know, during the years when the Black Plague was ravaging Europe, that village below made a pact with God that if they were spared the disease, they would perform a passion play in honor of God every 10 years. They have kept that promise to this day.

Cut back to SUV interior. COUNT continues his story.

COUNT: “I myself have participated in it since [date, 1940s?] due to a similar vow I made during the World War 2.”

FRIENDISH looks at him inquisitively.

COUNT: “During the war, the Nazis had occupied the town as well as this mountain. It is hollow in places, and they used slave labor inside. I am not quite clear what was built here: I have been told parts for the V-2 rockets, or Messerschmitt jet engines. No one seems to know. You Americans bombed the spot out of the place, trying to destroy the factories inside. Fortunately I was not here of course, but as I am fond of this lodge, I made my own vow that if this lodge was spared destruction from the plague of bombs and Nazis, I myself would participate in the village’s Passion play from then on. And I have, too. My first performance, I was the Apostle Bartholomew; essentially an extra. This last time, the lovely ladies of the village dressed me in drag, and I was one of the women weeping at the Cross.”

They reach the lodge, and pull off to the side. An armed guard can be seen through the windshield. Vehicle stops.

Cut to FRIENDISH exiting, and walking over to the edge to see the view below. It is quite nice. COUNT joins him.

FRIENDISH: “How’d your collection weather the war? Hitler had your homelands, plus this place here in his back yard.”

COUNT: “The majority of my collection was at my government in exile. I did have some pieces here, but fortunately they were still here after the war.”

FRIENDISH: “Lucky you.”

COUNT: “*Bah*, it was part of the bargain I did that got me into the passion play. Then again, there was really nothing of value here; a few da Vincis, Debussy’s grand piano, a bottle of tequila from king Montezuma... things not replaceable, but I would not cry over their loss as I would other things.”

FRIENDISH: “You’re lucky this place wasn’t appropriated while you were gone.”

COUNT: “*Bah*, that took some heavy baksheesh, I can tell you, and I destroyed several friendships making it happen. But most of those friends all died at Nuremberg, yet my lodge is still here, so I am satisfied. Himmler took the most persuasion. Do you know that he had been a poultry farmer prior to joining the National Socialist party?” They begin walking in. “The Nazis used slave labor in the factory beneath us, many Slavs that were imported from my own land. In the last days of the war, the bastards boobytrapped the whole thing, and then sealed off the entrances, with all the slaves still inside. I would assume they all died of starvation or asphyxiation. Their corpses are still beneath us; think about that, should you ever ski down these slopes from the tourist lodge on the other side.”

They reach the entrance.

56a) [CENTAUR at the Bat Cave communications room]

Cut to computer screen; mail program opens. He clicks ‘compose’ Opens the address book, selects the first entry: “Anais”.

Typed in real time:

Anais,,,

The photos were great, things went better than I could have hoped for. As I said, the pics really looked real, and certainly fooled the person I showed them to. You excelled yourself. I even used a lot of the story you made up, or stole from that bad science fiction novel you were telling me about. So great job; you get ten tons of flax and a warm wet hug next time I see you.

Say hi to your mom, Lance, and everyone else.

Centaur

CENTAUR opens a translation program, copies his mail into it. From a drop-down menu, selects ‘English to German’. Clicks ‘translate’. A perfectly correct text in German appears. Centaur then selects the dropdown: ‘German to Voynich’ hits translate. Voynich text appears.

