

M.V.P.

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE TENDERLOIN -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

In the center of a car-less parking lot in this neighborhood of boarded-up buildings and abandoned cars stands a fortune teller's wooden booth no larger than a phone booth.

It is painted crazy colors. Around the opened window is stenciled "Madame Eugenia reads your fortune!"

Young Rachel trots across the lot to the booth. She is blond, cute, and wears a golden Sunday dress.

She clutches a silver dollar, that glints in the sunlight.

RACHEL (V.O.)

I was eight years old, when I asked  
Madame Eugenia if Prince Charming  
would come for me.

Young Rachel strains her hand clutching the coin toward the opened window, but she's too short to reach the window.

She looks over her shoulder for help.

A bejeweled hand streaks around one corner of the booth just long enough to flip down a fancy footstool built into the booth's front.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She said yes, and I'd recognize my  
True Love the moment we met.

Young Rachel gleefully hops onto the footstool, and smacks her silver dollar onto the sky-blue windowsill.

The clanking of a sailboat's rigging grows loud in a strong wind.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAY

The ocean reflects a cloudless sky, as the rolling hills of a coastline rush into view.

RACHEL (V.O.)

She said our story would be different  
from the fairy tales, though: I'd  
have to save my prince.

The Golden Gate Bridge straddles the entrance to the Bay.

The clanking of rigging grows louder in the wind.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- CONTINUOUS

Cargo ships and dozens of sailboats look like toys strewn across the enormous Bay.

RACHEL (V.O.)

When I asked her how she knew this,  
she said it was written on the wind.

The Golden Gate Bridge fades from view, as San Francisco's skyscrapers and high-rises dominate the horizon.

Not far from The City's wharves, Alcatraz Island and its crown of abandoned buildings loom large.

A sleek racing sailboat skirts the island's rocky western shore.

Its rigging clanks loudly in the wind.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO WALKING TOURS -- SERIES OF SHOTS

Nothing can be heard over the clanking of the sailboat's rigging in the wind.

A. THE CASTRO GAY HISTORY WALKING TOUR -- DAY

The Art-Deco tower and marquee of the Castro Theater dominate the block.

Across Castro Street, a handsome woman says something to a small group of men and women gathered around her.

B. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- DAY

The sailboat glides swiftly around Alcatraz Island.

Two women and a man sit in the cockpit under tall sails.

C. NORTH BEACH BEATNIK WALKING TOUR -- DAY

The Transamerica Pyramid juts into the blue sky at the base of Columbus Avenue.

On the sidewalk outside the bookstore City Lights stands a skinny man, who has a pointy beard, and wears sunglasses, a black turtleneck, slacks and sandals.

The skinny man smiles, and says something to a small group of men and women gathered around him.

D. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- DAY

The sailboat glides swiftly around Alcatraz Island.

The man adjusts the rigging.

One woman slides a chess piece over a magnetized board set up on the cockpit between the two women.

The man says something to them.

E. NOB HILL SOCIETY WALKING TOUR -- DAY

Outside the Fairmont Hotel, two elegant women wear hats, gloves and dresses appropriate to an afternoon at the polo fields.

They say something to the small group of men and women gathered around them.

F. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- DAY

The sailboat glides swiftly around Alcatraz Island.

The man and two women laugh.

A pair of women's shoes rests several yards away on the deck.

G. CHINATOWN WALKING TOUR -- DAY

A fancy, green gate with a pagoda roof straddles Grant Avenue.

A Chinese woman gestures at the gate, and says something to the small group of men and women gathered around her.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY -- DAY

The wind abandons the sailboat.

Its sails sag, and the boat slows in its turn around the northeastern face of Alcatraz Island.

RACHEL BLACK sits across from her friend, ETTA GRIFFON. Both women are stylish, pretty, and less than 30.

Rachel looks at STEVEN VACARY, who's handsome, less than 30, and a born yachtsman.

RACHEL

What's this part of the island called?

Steven adjusts the rigging.

STEVEN

The lee of Alcatraz. It's a hole caused by the island, which blocks the wind here.

Etta sighs, and leans back on her elbows.

ETTA

Beautiful day.

STEVEN  
I could spend the rest of my life  
out here.

RACHEL  
You already do.

Steven grins at Etta.

STEVEN  
I come ashore when necessary.

ETTA  
Let's sail out past the bridge.

STEVEN  
That'd take all day.

ETTA  
(to Rachel)  
Skip the tour today.

Rachel sighs, and gives Etta a look like, "You know I can't."

ETTA (CONT'D)  
How often does Steven take you out  
on a boat's maiden voyage?

Steven stands, and adjusts the rigging.

STEVEN  
Hold on. Here we go.

The wind grabs the sails.

The sleek sailboat lurches, and races past Alcatraz Island  
toward San Francisco's Pier 39.

Rachel jumps to her feet.

RACHEL  
My shoes!

She turns her head just in time to see her shoes tumble  
overboard.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What am I going to wear for work?

Etta gapes at Rachel, and sees Steven scowl after the shoes.  
Etta and Rachel burst out laughing, and squint into the sun.

EXT. CHINATOWN -- PORTSMOUTH SQUARE -- DAY

The sun transforms into an enormous white dahlia.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
 (in Cantonese)  
 Two of these, please.

The white dahlia is one of many flowers in the sidewalk stalls of a florist.

Chinese customers mill around the shop, and point out to smiling florists which flowers they want.

Rachel stares at the florist shop.

She blinks, and looks around. She stands in a small park in the heart of Chinatown.

RACHEL  
 Okay. I think we're all here.

She glances at her watch.

Pinned to her coat is a silver badge, with "Tour Guide/3856" crudely stamped on its front.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 Everyone has a pamphlet?

She waves a colorful pamphlet in her hand, and smiles at the group of people gathered around her. Many are elderly men and women. Some are backpackers with rumpled clothes.

All wave copies of the pamphlet back at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 I'm Rachel Black. Welcome to San Francisco.

She gestures grandly, like a carnival barker.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 And welcome to *Rachel's Walking Tour of Horrendous But True Unsolved Murders, from the Barbary Coast to Nob Hill.*

The group of people surge toward Rachel, who steps onto a large plaque embedded into the concrete paving of the park.

Rachel wears white tennis shoes, which are clownishly too large.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 Portsmouth Square is called "the cradle of San Francisco," because it was here in eighteen-thirty-three that The City was officially born, when a resident of the nearby Presidio  
 (MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
cleared this area to make room for a  
potato patch.

She points down at the plaque.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Thirteen years later, Captain John  
B. Montgomery of the U. S. S.  
*Portsmouth* raised the American flag  
here, and proclaimed the small village  
around the square U. S. territory.

The group gathers around her, and gapes at the plaque beneath  
her shoes.

ODD MAN #1 steps out of the tour group. He wears strange  
clothes, and has a terrible overbite.

ODD MAN #1  
So, how did the Barbary Coast get  
its name?

Rachel smiles at him.

A BACKPACKER gives ODD MAN #1 a dirty look.

RACHEL  
I'll get to that in a minute. But  
first, who can tell me what was  
discovered two years later in January  
of eighteen-forty-eight just northeast  
of here in the American River?

An OLD WOMAN smiles at Rachel.

OLD WOMAN  
Gold!

BACKPACKER  
Gold!

RACHEL  
That's right! And in less than two  
years, The City's population exploded  
from about five-hundred people to  
more than twenty-five thousand.

She gestures around them, and leads the group toward one end  
of the square.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
All around us sprang up dozens, then  
hundreds of hotels, restaurants,  
saloons, gambling houses, and places  
of prostitution to shelter, feed and  
entertain the men who rushed here  
from all over the world in search of  
gold.

She points to the intersection of Clay and Kearney streets, and opens her pamphlet to display an etching of the intersection.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And there, as you can see in the drawing on Page Three, once stood the Blue Faced Saloon.

CECILIA WINCKELL, who is elderly and well-dressed, stands near Rachel.

Cecilia studies Rachel's face for a moment, then opens her pamphlet to examine the etching.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

It was there, on March thirteenth, eighteen-fifty-one, that a former blacksmith from New York City, named Charles Leary, was shot dead...

The tones of a telephone speed dial, then several sharp clicks blot out Rachel's voice.

INT. NOB HILL -- FAIRMONT HOTEL -- LATER

From many floors up, someone gazes out a window down on California Street.

The person raises a telephoto lens, and peers through it.

A cable car passes Rachel, who walks backwards, and says something to the group, who follows her on the sidewalk.

She wears the white tennis shoes clownishly too large.

TIME VOICE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Good afternoon. At the tone, Pacific Standard Time will be one-forty-two and fifty seconds. BEEP. Good afternoon. At the tone, Pacific Standard Time will be one-forty-three exactly. BEEP.

Rachel opens her pamphlet, and holds it up to the group.

TIME VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(filtered)

Good afternoon. At the tone, Pacific Standard Time will be...

A sharp click breaks the phone connection, as Rachel turns around, and gestures at an apartment building.



EXT. NORTH BEACH -- WASHINGTON SQUARE -- EVENING

Saints Peter and Paul Church watches over crowded Washington Square, which is surrounded by busy streets and tall Victorian buildings, whose first floors are crowded shops, fancy restaurants and sidewalk cafés.

Union Street marks the southern edge of the square, and steeply climbs up Telegraph Hill.

EXT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- UNION STREET CAFÉ -- CONTINUOUS

DOODLE marches up the steep hill. He is a cute punk, about 20, and wears black clothes. He totes a bike-messenger bag over his shoulder, and holds a stickered skateboard under his arm.

He smiles, and stops before a café table, where Rachel sits.

Rachel looks up from a newspaper at Doodle.

DOODLE

You're still wearing your badge.

He points to the silver tour badge pinned to Rachel's coat. She puts down the newspaper.

RACHEL

So are you.

She smiles, and taps the side of her nose.

DOODLE

Shit.

He vigorously rubs his nose to erase a dot of paint, and grins mischievously at two exhausted-looking backpackers, who carry an unfolded map, and trudge uphill past the café.

DOODLE (CONT'D)

You should've been there today.

He can't quite meet her gaze.

RACHEL

Another success?

DOODLE

Yeah. I was in the alley for like, thirty minutes with people walking around me the whole time.

Rachel smiles at Doodle, who mugs deep concentration, and pantomimes spray painting a picture on a wall.

DOODLE (CONT'D)

The cops could've shown up at any second.

He rummages through his bike-messenger bag.

DOODLE (CONT'D)

Do you wanna see a picture?

Rachel nods her head.

Doodle pulls out a Polaroid photograph, and hands it to Rachel, who looks at it.

ON THE POLAROID: Over a brick wall, in bright paints, is a fantastic, psychedelic painting of diamond rings, yachts, expensive cars, and garish mansions that crowd around the words, "I AM NOT YOUR GOD".

RACHEL

Doodle, you're amazing!

Doodle now can't make his eyes look in her general direction.

DOODLE

Thanks.

Rachel holds the photograph out to Doodle, who doesn't take it back.

DOODLE (CONT'D)

You're going to my very first show, right? This Thursday at Minx's?

RACHEL

Of course.

She stands up, and hoists her purse over her shoulder.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I want to see your work somewhere where no one's trying to arrest you.

Doodle nods, then scowls.

DOODLE

Well, the cops'll probably be there.

At the word, "cops," he smartly clicks his heels together, and shoots up his right arm in a Nazi salute.

DOODLE (CONT'D)

Suzie at Minx's said they called asking for my home address.

He drops his skateboard onto the sidewalk, and puts a foot on it.

DOODLE (CONT'D)  
Can you believe that shit?

RACHEL  
You'll be okay.

Doodle nods, and kicks off on the skateboard, which zooms down the hill toward Washington Square.

He looks back at Rachel, who waves.

DOODLE  
See ya!

Rachel turns, and walks up the hill. She puts Doodle's photograph in her purse.

EXT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- UNION STREET -- LATER

A florist shop has its door opened onto the street.

Rachel steps out onto the sidewalk. She carries a bouquet of white dahlias wrapped in paper.

She walks up the hill, as a handsome, uniformed policeman, OFFICER PETE, crosses the street toward her.

RACHEL  
Hi, Officer Pete.

OFFICER PETE  
Hi, ya, Rachel.

A cell phone rings.

Rachel smiles good-bye to the policeman, and walks up the hill at the same time she digs through her purse.

RACHEL  
Where is it?

She sighs, and pulls the cell phone out of her purse.

She flips it on.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(into the cell phone)  
Hello?

She walks up the hill.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(into the cell phone)  
Hello?

She takes the cell phone away from her ear to look at it, then puts it against her ear again.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(into the cell phone)  
I can't hear you. I'm hanging up.

INT. RUSSIAN HILL -- WINCKELL MANSION -- STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Cecilia Winckell, who was last seen in Rachel's tour, sits at an ornate table.

She holds an ornate telephone to her ear.

CECILIA  
No, wait! I want to tell you something.

She fiddles with an art book on the table.

EXT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- UNION STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel holds the cell phone to her ear, and scowls.

RACHEL  
(into the cell phone)  
Yes?

She walks up the hill.

CECILIA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Your walking tour today. I know who one of the killers is.

Rachel stops dead in her tracks, and fumbles with the bouquet of white dahlias in her other hand.

RACHEL  
(into the cell phone)  
What?

CECILIA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
I took your tour today. I, I wanted to tell you earlier, but, well, now I'm home. I...

RACHEL  
(into the cell phone)  
Who is this?

She scowls, and walks up the hill.

CECILIA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Cecilia Winckell. I'm the...

Rachel nods at the name.

INT. RUSSIAN HILL -- WINCKELL MANSION -- STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Cecilia looks up from the art book on the ornate table, and smiles at someone, who walks toward her.

CECILIA  
Darling, you startled me. I'm on  
the phone with...

A black-gloved hand strikes the butt of a gun against Cecilia's head with so much force, Cecilia is knocked out of her chair to the floor.

The ornate telephone flies off the table to the floor.

EXT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- UNION STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel walks up the hill.

She holds the cell phone to her ear, and scowls.

RACHEL  
(into the cell phone)  
Hello?

CECILIA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Oh! You must stop this!

Cecilia screams into Rachel's ear.

Rachel stops dead in her tracks, and ogles the deserted street.

RACHEL  
(into the cell phone)  
What's going on?

She hears the loud pop of gunshot over the cell phone.

Cecilia screams again in Rachel's ear.

CECILIA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Help me! Stop!

Rachel looks around in alarm, and hears another gunshot over the cell phone.

RACHEL  
(into the cell phone)  
I'm getting help!

She whirls around, drops the bouquet of dahlias, and runs down the hill.

Cecilia moans, and another gunshot pops in Rachel's ear.

Rachel sees no one on the street.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Officer Pete! Officer Pete!

Rachel sees an aproned FLORIST peek his head out of the store, where Rachel just bought the white dahlias.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(to the Florist)  
Call the police! Call the police!  
Now!

The Florist hesitates.

FLORIST  
What is it, Rachel?

Rachel runs straight at the Florist.

RACHEL  
Call the police! Now!

The Florist darts into the store, and Rachel rushes in after him.

INT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- UNION STREET FLORIST -- CONTINUOUS

The Florist rushes behind a counter, and picks up a cordless telephone.

He punches numbers into it.

Rachel sprints around the counter to his side.

RACHEL  
Oh, god!

She gasps for air.

FLORIST  
(into the telephone)  
I'm on hold? Hello? I, I have an  
emergency!

He looks at Rachel, who nods vigorously.

RACHEL  
A murder in progress!

The Florist looks at her in horror.

FLORIST  
(into the telephone)  
A murder that's in progress!

Rachel looks at the digital display on her cell phone.

RACHEL  
At Cecilia Winckell's  
house at 415 555 9669!

FLORIST  
(into the telephone)  
At Cecilia Winckell's house  
at 415 555 9669! I have  
someone in my shop right  
now on the phone with her.

Rachel nods her head vigorously.

RACHEL  
(shouts at the  
Florist's telephone)  
Hurry! I heard her screaming and a  
gun go off!

She and the Florist stare at each other.

INT. RUSSIAN HILL -- WINCKELL MANSION -- STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

The ornate telephone lies sprawled across the floor.

A black-gloved hand rights the telephone's base, and drops  
the headset back onto its cradle.

INT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- RACHEL BLACK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Someone bangs on the apartment door.

Officer Pete steps up to the door, and swings it open.

GARY BLACK, who is handsome and in his 50's, stands in the  
doorway. He is well dressed and well groomed.

His expression is grim.

Officer Pete nods at him.

OFFICER PETE  
She's with one of the detectives  
right now, sir.

Black scowls.

OFFICER PETE (CONT'D)  
Missus Winckell was shot to death  
earlier tonight, while talking to  
Rachel on the phone.

Black nods, and follows Officer Pete across the simply, even  
blandly decorated living room to a cluster of uniformed  
policemen and plain-clothes detectives, who are gathered  
around a desk.

Rachel sits at the desk, which supports a laptop, mouse,  
printer, and telephone.

She looks at a rumped-looking detective, FELDER, 40's, and palms the mouse over the desk.

RACHEL

I, I have all my notes and the lists  
of my customers saved in this folder.  
I can e-mail it to you or put it on  
a disk, whichever is easier for you.

Felder gestures with one of Rachel's walking-tour pamphlets.

FELDER

Disk, please. You're sure you can't  
think of a connection between your  
walking tour and Missus Winckell?

RACHEL

No. None. I remember seeing her  
today, and I know I met her once or  
twice at the house in Pac Heights,  
but I can't think why, why...

Black puts his hand on Rachel's shoulder.

She looks up at him, gasps, and jumps to her feet.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Guncle!

They hug each other, and kiss cheeks. Rachel lets out a  
strangled sob, and hugs Black tightly.

Felder and the other detectives and policemen look about  
uncomfortably.

After a moment, Rachel pulls away, and briskly brushes tears  
off her cheeks.

Black keeps his hand on Rachel's shoulder, until she smiles  
at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm okay.

Black looks at Felder.

FELDER

Nice to meet you, Mister Black. I'm  
Detective Felder.

He shakes Black's hand.

FELDER (CONT'D)

We're just finishing up here.

He smiles at Rachel.



FELDER (CONT'D)  
What'd you call him?

RACHEL  
Guncle. Uncle Gary. When I was  
little, I couldn't say his name right.

Felder holds his smile.

BLACK  
But it's Mister Black to you,  
Detective.

Felder nods.

Black smiles, and looks at Rachel.

BLACK (CONT'D)  
Let me take you to dinner. Boulevard  
Rivoli.

Rachel sighs.

RACHEL  
I just talked to Etta. We're going  
out somewhere in North Beach. Her  
cousin's in town.

BLACK  
Okay. You're holding up, kiddo?

Rachel nods.

Black tilts his head to look her in the eye.

BLACK (CONT'D)  
I don't mean just this. Your dad's  
spending too much time in Scotland.

Rachel looks away for a moment.

RACHEL  
October's still tough.

She smiles at Black.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
But I always have visits from my  
famous uncle to look forward to.

BLACK  
And the Riddle Ball.

Rachel gives him a huge smile.

RACHEL  
And Halloween at the Riddle Ball!

She looks at Felder.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Let me get you that disk.

Felder nods, and watches Officer Pete and other uniformed policemen, who walk out the apartment door.

INT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- NIGHT

Tourists and locals mingle in this crowded restaurant, which is lined with red booths, and lit by tulip-shaped lamps.

Three Poets sit in a corner booth.

GRISLY POET leaps to his feet. He waves his full beer mug at YOUNG POET, who glares at him.

DEFEATED POET sips his beer, and stares at the two empty beer pitchers on the table.

GRISLY POET

No, no, no! It has to  
be spoken: "I saw the  
best minds of my  
generation destroyed  
by madness, starving,  
hysterical naked,  
dragging themselves  
through the Negro  
streets at dawn looking  
for an angry fix..."

YOUNG POET

Just because you memorized  
it in Freshman English  
doesn't make you an expert!  
Are you deaf? Why are you  
yelling at me?

DEFEATED POET

Sit down. Sit down already.

The Grisly Poet sits.

GRISLY POET

Goddamned wannabe. You've never met  
Allen...

YOUNG POET

Tell me when I'm supposed to be  
impressed, old man.

Rachel sits in a nearby booth next to her friend, Etta, who was last seen on the sailboat racing around Alcatraz Island.

Next to Etta sits her cousin from Virginia, KACI GRIFFON, who is 20, and ravishing.

They are slumped over their table.

Dirty dishes and an empty wine bottle are scattered over the table.

ETTA  
Every day the same thing.

RACHEL  
(brightly)  
Like GROUNDHOG DAY.

ETTA  
Only we're the ones who endure them  
over and over...Hey!

She points to a nice-looking man, who steps into the  
restaurant, and smiles at a waitress.

ETTA (CONT'D)  
That's that guy, Sean, Sean Ryan.  
He owns Ye Olde Halloween Shoppe in  
the Haight.

KACI  
In the what?

ETTA  
In Haight Ashbury. But only tourists  
and hippies from the Sixties call it  
that now. Just like no one who lives  
in San Francisco says, "I live in  
San Fran."

Rachel smiles.

RACHEL  
And we never say 'Frisco, either.  
Remember that if you want to pass as  
a local.

KACI  
Oh, "The Haight." I hear Halloween's  
huge in San Francisco.

RACHEL  
Yeah, every year, there's an  
unofficial street party in the Castro  
that hundreds of thousands of people  
go to.

KACI  
Do you guys go?

Etta nods.

ETTA  
It's a madhouse.

RACHEL  
When I was younger.

ETTA

Now she just goes to the Riddle Ball,  
a big La-Di-Da party for all The  
City's snobs.

RACHEL

I'm not a snob!

She snatches up Etta's purple, faux-fur purse, which lies on  
the booth between them, and playfully smacks Etta with it.

ETTA

I know. Ow! It's just weird you go  
to that.

RACHEL

It's fun!

ETTA

I hear it's like a side-show act at  
the carnival.

Rachel again smacks Etta with the purse, and looks at Kaci.

RACHEL

It's at Maimi Riddle's mansion in  
Pacific Heights. It's always a lot  
of fun to see everyone's costumes.

Rachel lets Etta take the purse from her.

ETTA

And Maimi Riddle's as crazy as they  
come.

RACHEL

She's eccentric.

ETTA

Eccentric! Look who's talking.

KACI

Because she gives a walking tour on  
unsolved murders?

ETTA

Yup.

KACI

Why do you?

RACHEL

Hmm. Why, would you guess?

A waitress steps up to their table.

KACI  
Out of boredom?

Rachel shakes her head, and smiles at the waitress. Rachel hands her the restaurant bill and cash.

KACI (CONT'D)  
Um. Because you have a morbid  
fascination for murder?

Rachel again shakes her head.

The waitress walks away.

KACI (CONT'D)  
Because most Americans have no sense  
of history?

Rachel makes a face like, "You're getting warmer."

KACI (CONT'D)  
I mean, that's a good thing, when we  
hear about other countries going to  
war over something someone did nine-  
hundred years ago.

Rachel rummages through her purse.

RACHEL  
But a bad thing when...

KACI  
Americans take for granted the way  
of life we have.

Rachel nods, and pulls out of her purse one of the colorful walking-tour pamphlets.

KACI (CONT'D)  
The rest of the world isn't always  
like it is here. And America itself  
hasn't always been the way it is  
today.

RACHEL  
That sounds like a good reason.

Kaci looks at Etta.

KACI  
That's not eccentric.  
(to Rachel)  
Which murders do you talk about?

Etta opens her mouth, but Rachel silences her with a subtle wave of her hand.

Rachel opens the pamphlet on the table, and turns it toward Kaci.

INT. FIRST FOUR UNSOLVED MURDERS -- SERIES OF SHOTS

Period drawings and photographs become three dimensional, which become live action.

A. 703 CLAY STREET -- BLUE FACED SALOON -- DAY

A drawing shows Portsmouth Square as a sleepy village.

RACHEL (V.O.)

The gold rush was the greatest  
peacetime migration in the history  
of the world.

Another drawing of the square shows in the background hundreds of ships in the San Francisco Bay.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The tiny village around Portsmouth  
Square was unprepared for the  
extraordinary wealth and ensuing  
lawlessness that overwhelmed it, as  
hundreds, then tens of thousands of  
men from all over the world swarmed  
to its shores.

The square itself teems with dozens of men, who wander around tent structures and wooden buildings.

The saloon stands at the intersection of Kearney and Clay streets.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thousands of gambling places sprang  
up to entertain them, and great  
fortunes were frequently made and  
lost in a single game of poker.

Charles Leary walks out of the saloon onto Clay Street.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Charles Leary was not only lucky in  
the gold fields, he was lucky at  
cards.

He is shot dead, and falls to the ground.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But he was shot dead here on March  
thirteenth, eighteen-fifty-one, after  
he'd won at poker several thousand  
dollars in gold nuggets.

Someone pats Leary's clothes, and removes three bags from inside his shirt.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
No one on the busy street saw who shot him, nor did anyone see who stole the three bags of nuggets he was supposedly hiding on his person, since hotel rooms were almost daily robbed in those lawless early years.

Men walk around Leary's body, like they don't see it.

B. 2 COOPER ALLEY -- HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

A drawing shows thin Chinese men, who stand in the doorways of Victorian buildings.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Prostitution was another popular entertainment, and legal in California until the Red-Light Abatement Act of Nineteen-seventeen.

The narrow alley comes into view.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This lucrative business drew pimps and their women from around the world.

Three Chinese men lead a Chinese woman into the alley.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Chinese prostitutes were typically sex slaves either kidnapped out of Chinese port cities or sold outright by their impoverished parents.

One of the men sees something on the ground.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
These girls were forced to have sex by their masters until they were too diseased or ill to continue.

He crosses the alley, and kneels down beside what he's found.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In this alley was a secret hospital with rooms no larger than coffins, in which the sick women were left to die.

He rolls over a headless corps.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
On December seventh, eighteen-sixty-nine, businessman Chang Ho Lee was found beheaded.

The other two men lead the woman farther into the alley.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He owned a grocery store popular with the gold miners and reputedly several places of prostitution even more popular.

The man beside the headless corpse looks around the alley.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Rumor has it he was killed by the lover of one of his slaves, whom Mister Lee was seen with earlier that night, but who vanished just before his headless body was found.

He sees the head, which lies a few feet away in a pile of garbage.

C. 642 PACIFIC STREET -- ROSS RESIDENCE -- DAY

A photograph shows The City's buildings burning.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
On the morning of April eighteenth, nineteen-oh-six, San Francisco was rocked by one of the strongest earthquakes in recorded history.

Men and women stand in the street, and watch the fires.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Fires raged across The City for three days and destroyed nearly four-fifths of its buildings.

Another photograph shows the orderly tent city erected in Dolores Park.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Brigadier General Frederick Funston dispatched his troops into the ruined City without the mayor's consent. His men dynamited damaged buildings, prevented looting, and distributed food, tents, and other supplies to the stunned population.

Another photograph shows troops, who march in formation through the burnt-out City.



Martha and Richard Ross wander the ruins of their house.

They are surprised by someone, who shoots them dead.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Husband and wife, Martha and Richard  
Ross, were shot dead side by side on  
April twenty-sixth, nineteen-oh-six  
in the ruins of their destroyed home.

The silhouette of a man walks up to their bodies.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Witnesses said overzealous troops  
mistook them for looters, though the  
army later claimed the couple was  
killed with bullets from a gun not  
issued to military men.

The silhouette stands beside them for a moment, and walks  
away.

D. 1022 KEARNEY STREET -- NORRIS RESIDENCE -- DAY

A photograph shows the Victorian buildings of Chinatown.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In the aftermath of the earthquake  
and fires of oh-six, General Funston  
initially ignored Mayor Eugene  
Schmitz, because corruption and graft  
had undermined the mayor's  
administration.

A drawing shows men and women, who lie on cushions in an  
opium den.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Since its birth, San Francisco's  
officials often succumbed to the  
many temptations offered up by The  
City's prosperous criminal class.

A man walks out of the opium den at the same time Samuel  
Norris walks into the Victorian house across the street.

He shuts the door.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A Rincon Hill socialite, Samuel  
Norris, was found stabbed to death  
in the parlor of this house on May  
sixth, eighteen-seventy-two.

Someone stabs him several times in the chest.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In the decades before the earthquake,  
Chinatown was infamous for its opium  
dens and places of prostitution.

He collapses to the floor.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was rumored Mister Norris owned  
several opium dens in the area, and  
had been bribing City officials for  
decades to turn a blind eye.

Blood turns his clothing red.

INT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- CONTINUOUS

Kaci sits in the booth with Rachel and Etta.

Kaci squirms, and looks sick.

INT. SECOND FOUR UNSOLVED MURDERS -- SERIES OF SHOTS

Period drawings and photographs become three dimensional,  
which become live action.

E. 400 BLOCK OF BROADWAY -- NIGHT

A photograph shows North Beach lit up with neon signs, that  
advertise comedy acts.

RACHEL (V.O.)

In nineteen-sixty, Eddy Wilson was a  
rising star in North Beach's glitzy  
comedy-club circuit, which featured  
Lenny Bruce, an icon of the Freedom  
of Speech movement, who was frequently  
arrested on obscenity charges after  
his shows, that people today would  
find rather tame.

Eddy Wilson walks up the street, and is stopped by someone,  
who shoots him in the right eye.

Eddy collapses onto the sidewalk.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eddy Wilson's act wasn't nearly as  
scandalous, but his murder on November  
third, nineteen-sixty sent shock  
waves through the comedy world.

The shooter pins a folded slip of paper to the lapel of Eddy's  
coat.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He was shot once in the right eye,  
and a note was pinned to his coat,  
that said, "See if you think this is  
funny!"

The shooter walks calmly down the street.

F. 461 JACKSON STREET -- THE DIRTY GRIZZLY -- NIGHT

A drawing shows hundreds of ships in the San Francisco Bay.  
Many look plundered and abandoned.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Up until an Act of Congress was passed  
in nineteen-oh-six to protect sailors,  
shanghaiing was as lucrative as  
prostitution in The City.

Another drawing shows the Barbary Coast, that teems with  
saloons, hotels, and general-goods stores.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The word itself was coined here, and  
refers to enlisting a man to work on  
a ship against his will.

The saloon comes into view.

Prostitutes cavort with the men who enter the saloon.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In this waterfront neighborhood,  
nicknamed the Barbary Coast, after  
the African coast notorious for its  
vice and depravity, unsuspecting men  
were routinely beaten, robbed, and  
murdered in the saloons and dance  
halls that catered to them.

Fights break out between customers and the men who sit near  
the door of the saloon.

One drunk customer sits in a chair, and waves his beer mug  
at a prostitute, who laughs, looks over his shoulder, then  
backs away.

A trap door opens up beneath the man, and he and his chair  
fall through the hole.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Harry Jones was reputedly the leader  
of a shanghaiing gang that lured men  
here, gave them drugged beer, then  
dropped them through a trap door  
into the basement, to be sold off to  
sea while still unconscious.

The prostitute screams.

The saloon is now empty.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Mister Jones was found hanged down  
the trap door on May sixth, eighteen-  
fifty-five.

Jones is hanged by the neck down the trap door.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Locals said it was the work of a  
rival gang, since few sailors, let  
alone shanghaied sailors returned to  
ports they sailed out of.

The rope creaks under the weight of Jones' body.

G. 29 HOTALING ALLEY -- DUTCH'S TREAT -- NIGHT

A photograph shows the alley lined with saloons.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"Pretty waiter girl" was the job  
title for the women who served alcohol  
in the dance halls and saloons that  
overran the Barbary Coast.

The saloon looms. Men cavort with women, who serve them  
beer or dance obscenely with them on the narrow dance floor.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
These women were expected to  
prostitute themselves to any man who  
asked.

Mary Maples stands behind the bar, and pours liquor for two  
men, who stand at the bar.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Mary Maples was a pretty waiter girl  
who eventually owned this  
establishment, which was an  
extraordinary feat for the time.

Someone points a gun at the ceiling, and fires.

Men and women stampede in all directions.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
She was shot dead the night of April  
seventeenth, eighteen-seventy-three,  
supposedly by an angry customer, but  
her clients that night said another  
pretty waiter girl pulled the trigger.

Maples gapes at the gun, and is shot dead.

H. 909 STOCKTON STREET -- WILBUR'S BISTRO -- NIGHT

A photograph of the neighborhood shows retail stores and restaurants.

The bistro comes into view.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Howard Turk, a plumber who lived in the working-class neighborhood of Eureka Valley, was found around midnight outside this bistro on July seventh, nineteen-twenty-nine.

Howard Turk walks up to its door, and turns to look at someone, who shoots him five times.

Turk slumps to the ground.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He'd been shot five times.

The person shoots Turk once more.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Six times.

Turk stares blankly upward.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In the basement of the bistro was a speakeasy, which was more commonly called a blind pig in San Francisco, where officials were routinely bribed during Prohibition to turn a blind eye.

The person walks calmly down the street.

INT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- CONTINUOUS

Kaci sits in the booth with Rachel and Etta.

Kaci squirms, and looks more sick.

Etta smirks at Kaci.

INT. LAST FOUR UNSOLVED MURDERS -- SERIES OF SHOTS

Period drawings and photographs become three dimensional, which become live action.

## I. 800 BLOCK OF POWELL STREET -- NIGHT

A drawing shows dunes, that make up the hill behind busy Portsmouth Square.

RACHEL (V.O.)

The word, "mack," was coined in San Francisco. You hear bad guys calling each other that in movies from the Thirties.

A man stands in the dunes.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Mack" comes from the French word for pimp, "*macquereau*."

He gestures to another man, who stands nearby.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pimps and their women followed the forty-niners to California as fast as their ships could sail into port.

The second man runs up to the first.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pimps advertised in local newspapers the number and nationality of arriving prostitutes to entice men down from the gold fields.

They look at Andrew Ciel, who lies behind a dune.

His head is covered in blood.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On November first, eighteen-fifty-two, Andrew Ciel was found bludgeoned to death on the dunes that once covered Nob Hill. Andrew was the son of a prominent Rincon Hill family and reputedly a pimp.

The two men go through Ciel's pockets.

## J. MASON AND CALIFORNIA STREETS -- DAY

A photograph shows the busy street intersection.

A cable car rattles down California Street.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A lot of people know the words, "shanghaiing," "Beatnik," and "hipster," or "hippie" were coined  
(MORE)

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
in San Francisco. Few know "hoodlum"  
was, too.

One of the operators walks to the back of the cable car.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
During the economic recession of the  
eighteen-seventies, Johnny Clark was  
reputedly the leader of a particularly  
vicious gang of hoodlums who harassed  
the wealthy inhabitants of Nob Hill.

Johnny Clark sits on a bench in the back of the cable car.  
His chin is pressed against his chest.

The operator shakes him.

Clark slides lifeless off the bench to the floor. His shirt  
is covered in blood.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
On the night of June sixteenth,  
eighteen-seventy-seven, Johnny was  
found stabbed to death on a cable  
car coming down the hill.

The operator rushes across the cable car to grab the other  
operator.

K. 1201 MASON STREET -- FERRIES & CLIFF HOUSE RAILWAY --NIGHT

A photograph shows cable cars, that come in and out of the  
building on a complex network of rails.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The invention of the cable car in  
eighteen-seventy-three instantly  
altered the landscape of The City,  
which could then expand up the  
previously inaccessible hills.

Someone walks into the building, climbs a staircase, and  
opens a door to an office.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
By the eighteen-eighties, there were  
over a hundred-and-twelve miles of  
cable connecting The City together.  
Property values tripled on the streets  
cables were laid.

Matthew Frost looks up from a desk, and smiles at the person,  
who walks into the room.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Matthew Frost was a City official  
who determined where the cables were  
laid.

Frost stands, and struggles with the person, who strangles  
Frost with a rope.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He was found strangled here on June  
third, eighteen-eighty-eight.

Frost falls to the ground behind the desk.

L. 1148 SACRAMENTO STREET -- ORSON MANSION -- DAY

A photograph shows the opulent mansions that cover Nob Hill.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Jack Orson was a popular socialite  
on Nob Hill from the eighteen-eighties  
to oh-six, an era commonly called  
The City's Gilded Age.

One mansion comes into view.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Opulence defined the era. And his  
mansion rivaled those of the Big  
Four, the four men who owned the  
Central Pacific Railroad that joined  
the West Coast to the rest of the  
nation.

Jack, Adam, and Cecil Orson step out of their mansion.

Servants assist them.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Jack Orson made his fortune as a  
lumber baron. He and his two sons,  
Adam and Cecil, were shot dead outside  
the mansion on April fifth, nineteen-  
oh-six.

A gun pops repeatedly.

The servants flee into the mansion, as Jack, Adam, and Cecil  
drop to the sidewalk dead.

Another photograph shows the Nob Hill mansions on fire.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
His widow said the family was cursed,  
after the lumber company felled trees  
along the Russian River in an area  
Native-Americans called evil.



Another photograph shows the mansion in ruins.

RACHEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
She fled The City after the earthquake  
and fires swept away the mansion and  
most of The City thirteen days later.

The entire hill looks abandoned.

INT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel, Etta, and Kaci sit in their booth.

Kaci looks sick, but smiles.

KACI  
Wow.

They gather up their coats and purses. Rachel puts the  
walking-tour pamphlet back in her purse.

KACI (CONT'D)  
I'm going to have nightmares tonight.

ETTA  
You asked.

RACHEL  
I know just the way to ward off  
nightmares.

The three women stand up from the table, and make their way  
to the door.

KACI  
What?

ETTA  
Tequila shots at Tosca!

Kaci makes a face, and turns to Rachel.

RACHEL  
Window shopping!

KACI  
Oh, yes. Where?

Etta elbows Rachel, and flicks her chin back into the  
restaurant.

Rachel and Kaci turn, and see the Three Poets, who nod off  
over their empty mugs.

The three women grin at each other.

RACHEL

You decide. We can walk up to Grant Avenue, the heart of Chinatown.

She opens the restaurant door, waves good-bye to their waitress, and follows Etta and Kaci out.

EXT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel, Etta, and Kaci huddle under the restaurant awning.

RACHEL

(to Kaci)

Or we can grab a cab to Union Square and check out the galleries and department stores there.

Kaci scrunches up her forehead, and turns to Etta.

KACI

You pick.

ETTA

Tequila shots!

Etta eagerly points to the bar, Tosca, across busy Columbus Avenue.

Kaci rolls her eyes, and looks back at Rachel.

KACI

Union Square.

RACHEL

Excellent choice!

Kaci fumbles with her purse, and does not see Etta put a hand on Rachel's shoulder.

ETTA

You okay?

Rachel sighs, shakes her head, then nods, and smiles.

Etta more slowly smiles back at Rachel.

ETTA (CONT'D)

Okay.

Rachel steps to the curb, and raises her hand in order to hale a cab.

Instead, she clubs JOEY MARCELLINO, 30's, who is tall, dark, and handsome. Prince Charming.

RACHEL

Oh! Sorry!

She winces, and looks up at Joey.

She can't take her eyes off his face.

JOEY  
That's okay.

He stares at Rachel, and freezes in place.

Rachel lowers her arm.

Behind them, Kaci bugs her eyes at Joey, and smiles.

Kaci marches up to Rachel and Joey.

KACI  
(to Joey)  
Hey! You're...

JOEY  
Moey Jarce...

He shakes his head, and grins at his spoonerism.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
Joey Marcellino.

For a moment, Rachel looks puzzled, even pained.

EXT. THE TENDERLOIN -- PARKING LOT -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

In the center of a car-less parking lot in this neighborhood of boarded-up buildings and abandoned cars stands a fortune teller's wooden booth no larger than a phone booth.

It is painted crazy colors. Around the opened window is stenciled "Madame Eugenia reads your fortune!"

EXT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- BACK TO PRESENT

At the street curb, Rachel turns to look at Kaci, who grins from ear to ear at Joey, who stands next to Rachel.

KACI  
(to Joey)  
I thought so. I'm Kaci.

She shakes Joey's hand.

KACI (CONT'D)  
You used to play for the New York  
Mets. You were voted M. V. P. five  
years in a row before, before...

She pouts, and looks at Rachel, then at Etta, who stands under the restaurant awning.

Joey turns to Rachel.

JOEY

My knee got so banged up, I had to  
retire. Nice to still be remembered.

Kaci smiles at him.

KACI

Are you kidding? I used to play  
Little League, and me and my brothers  
were always fighting over your  
baseball cards.

Joey smiles.

JOEY

Thanks.

He looks back at Rachel.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You were going for a cab?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

Before I clocked you with my trusty  
right hook.

Joey laughs.

He steps into the street, and raises his arm to hail a cab.

He looks back at Rachel, and chops the air with his hands.

JOEY

You must be lethal at tai chi.

Rachel laughs.

A cab pulls over.

Joey steps back onto the sidewalk.

RACHEL

Thanks.

Joey nods, and turns to Etta and Kaci.

JOEY

Have a great night.  
(to Kaci)  
Nice to meet you.

KACI

You, too! See ya!

RACHEL  
 (to Joey)  
 Bye.

ETTA  
 (to Joey)  
 Bye.  
 (whispers to Rachel)  
 Aren't you going to tell  
 him your name?

All three women pile into the back of the cab.

Etta scowls at Rachel, who studiously stares straight ahead.

As the cab speeds away, Rachel turns her head ever so slightly, and looks over her shoulder at Joey at the same time he looks back at her.

Joey raises his hand in good-bye.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- POWELL STREET -- MORNING

Two cable-car operators work together to wheel around an ornate cable car on its round, wooden platform.

A long, long line of tourists wraps around the platform and continues far up the cobbled street.

Department stores and garish tourist-trap shops line the street, and attract swarms of customers.

In the distance, the mighty hump of Nob Hill thrusts the street high into the blue sky.

Rachel walks in front of the wheeling cable car. She wears a backpack.

She weaves her way through a swarm of pedestrians, who walk in every direction.

She walks beside a row of cardboard tables, that support chess games played by shabby men on plastic lawn chairs.

She turns her head, and glances at a crowd of men, who stand around a particular game.

She does a double take.

Steven, who was last seen on his sailboat scowling after Rachel's lost shoes, has his arms crossed against his chest.

He watches this particular game, but looks up at Rachel, who detours toward him.

They embrace, and kiss cheeks.

RACHEL  
 Hi.

They step apart.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I'm heading over to the library.

She points over her shoulder at her backpack.

STEVEN  
I talked to Etta this morning. I'm  
sorry.

RACHEL  
Thanks. I want to double-check my  
research and see if I can figure out  
why Cecilia Winckell called me.

She points to a nearby coffee stand.

They walk to it.

STEVEN  
I'm going to Games Games Games  
Emporium.

He stands beside her at the coffee stand.

The barrista smiles at them.

RACHEL  
(to Steven)  
Espresso?

He shakes his head.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(to the barrista)  
A large latté, please.  
(to Steven)  
I'm an addict.

Steven smiles.

STEVEN  
I've got my own addiction to board  
games.

He glances back at the chess game he was watching.

RACHEL  
There're definitely worse ones.

Steven nods.

The barrista and Rachel trade money for a latté.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
(to Steven)  
Something to eat? A cookie?

Steven shakes his head.

STEVEN

Too early.

Rachel accepts from the barrista several coins and a one-dollar bill.

She drops the coins into the barrista's tip jar, and hands the dollar bill to Steven.

Rachel and Steven walk side by side along the row of chess games in progress.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

First dollar today?

RACHEL

Uh-huh.

Steven rubs the bill smooth between his palms.

He holds the dollar in one palm, and points to the serial number.

STEVEN

Eight, three, one, eleven. Reduces to eleven, one, eleven. You're amazing. You got two elevens. It's gonna be a good day for you.

RACHEL

What do they mean again?

STEVEN

A one means "independence, inspiration, and drive." Eleven means "cooperation and intuition into the beginnings and endings of things."

Rachel smiles at him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Times two for you today.

RACHEL

Good. I need a good, strong shot of intuition after yesterday. Thanks.

They step past a tall, ornate kiosk.

A huge map of The City is on one side of the kiosk. On the other, an apparel advertisement of Joey Marcellino, the former M. V. P. baseball player, who smiles and wears only his boxers.

Rachel and Steven do not notice the kiosk.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY -- TERRACE -- DAY

The library is quiet, enormous and starkly modern.

Near the railing of an upper-floor terrace, Rachel sits at a desk, which supports a computer monitor and mouse.

Battered books and old, library-bound magazines are piled over the desk.

Rachel stares off into space for a moment.

She looks at the computer monitor to read an article.

Someone coughs behind her.

Rachel looks over her shoulder, and smiles at a mousy LIBRARIAN, who has wild hair, and looks permanently startled.

LIBRARIAN

I found nothing new. And nothing at the Bancroft Library or the Historical Society. I asked some friends to check.

Rachel sighs.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry.

RACHEL

No, thank you for looking. I just got through all of my original source materials, too. Nothing.

The Librarian sags her shoulders.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I didn't get a chance to thank you for the information you mailed me about my family tree.

The Librarian brightens.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I had no idea my great-great-however-many-greats-grandmother was named Rachel, too.

LIBRARIAN

I love genealogy.

She leans against Rachel's desk.



LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Your family was easy to research,  
actually, since your forty-niner  
ancestor was one of the few to hold  
onto his fortune after the gold rush.

RACHEL

Those were wild years.

The Librarian picks up from the desk one of the colorful  
walking-tour pamphlets.

LIBRARIAN

Rachel, have you talked to some of  
the other families about this?

Rachel straightens in her chair.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Betty Ferron must surely know things  
not fit to print.

The Librarian looks like she enjoys playing detective.

INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS -- MANSION -- BALLROOM -- DAY

From huge windows looking out on the San Francisco Bay,  
sunlight sparkles in enormous crystal chandeliers, and bathes  
the room's sumptuous ceiling and wall moldings in radiant  
light.

The room is monstrous in size, and barren of furniture.

Sunlight illuminates the elegant pattern of the floor tiles  
nearest the windows, and blanches out huge sheets of paper  
laid over much of the floor.

Someone's footsteps thump across the floor.

EXT. NOB HILL -- CALIFORNIA STREET -- DAY

Rachel walks up the hill, whose crest seems miles away.

Detective Felder appears at her elbow, and walks with her.

RACHEL

Hi!

Felder smiles at her.

FELDER

I wanted to let you know...Wow! I  
need to walk more! That we're going  
over all our case files related to  
the murders on your tour.

He gasps for air, and fondly eyes a sidewalk café's tables and chairs.

FELDER (CONT'D)  
Everything before nineteen-oh-six  
was destroyed in the fire, of course.

Rachel slows down to keep pace with him.

FELDER (CONT'D)  
But we're reviewing everything we do  
have with a fine-toothed comb.

RACHEL  
I was just at the library and couldn't  
find anything new.

Felder nods his head.

FELDER  
I also wanted to tell you I'm taking  
your tour today.

Rachel jerks her head up to look at the detective.

FELDER (CONT'D)  
As an observer. I didn't want to  
surprise you.

RACHEL  
Do you think the killer went on the  
tour?

FELDER  
Possibly. We're looking at everyone  
who went on the tour with Missus  
Winckell.

Rachel gazes up the hill.

RACHEL  
I'm going to see Betty Ferron. She's  
an old family friend. She might  
know something no one's written down.

Felder twitches his eyebrows at Rachel.

FELDER  
That's a good idea.

He gestures breathlessly at a bus-stop bench, and detours  
for it.

Rachel waves good-bye, and marches up the hill.

INT. NOB HILL -- BETTY FERRON'S HIGH-RISE APARTMENT -- DAY

An enormous painting in a gilt frame depicts, at two times life size, a matronly woman in a sweeping ball gown.

Rachel sits beneath it on a ruby-red couch.

A 270-degree panorama of The City and Bay swirls around her in the mostly glass-paned room.

The furniture and decor are colorful and very expensive, but the overall effect screams "private men's club, mid-1960's."

Rachel glances down at a coffee table, which supports an arty assembly of delicate glass oranges mixed with inferior, mass-production plastic ones.

BETTY FERRON sweeps into the room. She is only slightly older than the version of herself in the painting.

She carries on a silver tray a tea service and bowls of cut oranges.

BETTY

I knew your mother her whole life.

She places the tray on the coffee table, and sits in a plush, ruby-red chair opposite the couch.

BETTY (CONT'D)

After ten years, she'd want you to move on, dear.

She expertly pours the tea, and serves Rachel before herself.

BETTY (CONT'D)

That old house in Pacific Heights needs children, a family to make it a home again.

Rachel twitches a smile at Betty.

RACHEL

I can't remember where I've put my keys.

BETTY

My point exactly.

She pauses to sip her tea, and smiles at Rachel, who sips hers.

BETTY (CONT'D)

And your father. What could possibly hold his attention in Glasgow for so long?

Rachel opens her mouth, but Betty holds up a bowl of cut oranges to her.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Try one. They're divine with brown sugar.

Rachel takes an orange wedge, and pops it into her mouth.

RACHEL  
It is good.

Betty nods, and puts the bowl down.

BETTY  
You went sailing with Steven Vacary.

Rachel blinks.

RACHEL  
With our friend, Etta. I was hoping...

Betty smiles like a shark.

BETTY  
You know he's the sole heir to the Vacary fortune.

Rachel looks out the window at the Bay.

RACHEL  
Steven and I have been great friends for ever.

Betty nods. She clearly expects to hear more of this.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I came over to ask you if you could think of any connection between Cecilia Winckell and a crime or murder that's taken place in The City.

Betty sighs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Or anywhere else, for that matter.

Betty studies the painting of herself.

BETTY  
I thought about that all morning, as I was sure you or the Mayor would be stopping by today. Nothing. Not even a whisper of gossip.

Rachel bows her head, but Betty holds up her hand.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I know you won't give up so easily.  
Go see Daniel Fife. His tastes have  
always been more exotic than mine.

Rachel smiles brightly.

Betty looks down her nose at Rachel.

EXT. CHINATOWN -- PORTSMOUTH SQUARE -- DAY

Chinese children in colorful jumpers squeal with delight,  
and swing on a colorful jungle gym.

Rachel stands in the small park in the heart of Chinatown.

RACHEL

Okay. I think we're all here.

She glances at her watch, and looks up at the small group of  
backpackers and elderly men and women gathered around her.

Pinned to her coat is the silver badge, with "Tour Guide/3856"  
crudely stamped on its front.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Everyone has a pamphlet?

She waves a colorful pamphlet in her hand, and smiles at  
Detective Felder, who waves his copy of the pamphlet back at  
her.

She looks at the rest of the group.

They wave pamphlets back at her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm Rachel Black. Welcome to San  
Francisco.

She gestures grandly, like a carnival barker, but falters  
for a moment, when she sees the artist punk, Doodle, ride  
into the park on his skateboard.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And welcome to *Rachel's Walking Tour  
of Horrendous But True Unsolved  
Murders, from the Barbary Coast to  
Nob Hill.*

Rachel glances meaningfully at the detective, then nods at  
Doodle. She does a quick heel tap.

Doodle frowns, and looks at Felder.

Doodle takes off on his skateboard out of the park.

The tour group surges toward Rachel, who steps onto the large plaque embedded into the concrete paving of the park.

ODD MAN #2 steps out of the tour group. He wears strange clothes, and has messy, grey hair.

He clears his throat.

ODD MAN #2  
How did the Barbary Coast get its  
name?

Rachel smiles at him.

RACHEL  
I'll get to that in a minute. But  
first, Portsmouth Square is called  
"the cradle of San Francisco"...

The tones of a telephone speed dial, then several sharp clicks blot out Rachel's voice.

INT. NOB HILL -- FAIRMONT HOTEL -- LATER

From many floors up, someone gazes out a window down on California Street.

The person raises a telephoto lens, and peers through it.

A cable car passes Rachel, who says something to the tour group, who follows her on the sidewalk.

Detective Felder walks behind the rest of the group, and looks up and down the street.

TIME VOICE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Good afternoon. At the tone, Pacific  
Standard Time will be one-forty-two  
and fifty seconds. BEEP. Good  
afternoon. At the tone, Pacific  
Standard Time will be one-forty-three  
exactly. BEEP.

Rachel opens her pamphlet, and holds it up to the group.

TIME VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(filtered)  
Good afternoon. At the tone, Pacific  
Standard Time...

A sharp click breaks the phone connection, as Rachel turns around, and gestures at an apartment building.

INT. NOB HILL -- HIGH-RISE BUILDING -- LOBBY -- EVENING

A modern melange of metal, glass, and high ceilings greets the person, who pushes open the lobby doors.

A uniformed guard sits behind a desk, and sleeps with his chin against his chest.

He does not wake, when the person steps past his desk to the elevators.

INT. NOB HILL --BETTY FERRON'S HIGH-RISE APARTMENT --EVENING

Betty, who was last seen chatting with Rachel under the enormous painting of herself, opens the apartment door.

She holds a bowl of cut oranges.

She smiles at the person, who stands in the foyer.

BETTY

Hello, dear! I'm being positively naughty.

She girlishly shrugs her shoulders, and smiles.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Just a snack, really, before dinner with the Mayor and his girlfriend, I mean, secretary at Boulevard Rivoli.

She turns away, and walks a few feet toward the room with the 270-degree view.

She turns back, and gapes at the person, who slowly follows her.

The person raises a gun at Betty.

BETTY (CONT'D)

What on...? No!

The gun pops.

The bowl of cut oranges smashes to pieces on the floor.

INT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- RACHEL BLACK'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rachel pops open the locks down the apartment door, and looks through its peep hole.

She wears a frumpy robe over a frumpy nightgown.

RACHEL

God, no.

She opens the door to reveal Detective Felder, who stands in the doorway.

His expression is grim.

FELDER

Can I come in?

Rachel nods her head, and backs into the room.

Felder follows her.

FELDER (CONT'D)

We're waiting for ballistics, but I think it's too much of a coincidence not to be connected to Cecilia Winckell.

RACHEL

Who, who was it?

FELDER

Betty Ferron.

Rachel leans against the wall.

RACHEL

Oh, my god.

FELDER

The Mayor sent a uniform to check on her when she didn't meet him for dinner.

RACHEL

I don't understand this.

Felder looks at his shoes for a moment.

FELDER

Did you know Missus Ferron well?

RACHEL

All my life.

FELDER

What did she say to you today?

RACHEL

Only that she couldn't think why anyone would want to hurt Cecilia Winckell.

FELDER

Did she know Missus Winckell well?



RACHEL  
Pretty well. The same social circles.

FELDER  
Can you think of anything unusual  
about Missus Ferron herself?

Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL  
She's helped out dozens of struggling  
actors and musicians since her husband  
died in the Sixties.

FELDER  
That's something to look into.

He takes a step toward the apartment door.

He looks back at Rachel.

FELDER (CONT'D)  
I asked you this yesterday, but are  
you sure you don't know anyone with  
a police record? Or a history of  
mental illness?

Rachel is motionless for a moment, then shakes her head.

FELDER (CONT'D)  
How about someone you met through  
your uncle? Or your father? He's  
an attorney, too, right?

Rachel nods her head, and scowls.

RACHEL  
But not for celebrities like Guncle.  
Daddy's expertise is corporate tax  
law.

Felder sighs, and steps across the room to the doorway.

FELDER  
I'm sorry I had to come over and  
tell you about Missus Ferron, but I  
thought it better I tell you in person  
than you see it on the news.

Rachel nods, and twitches a smile at Felder, who smiles back.

FELDER (CONT'D)  
Well, good night.

RACHEL  
Good night, detective.

Felder disappears in the building hallway.

Rachel walks up to the door, and closes it.

INT. TELEGRAPH HILL -- RACHEL BLACK'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Rachel sits on a couch.

She wears her frumpy robe over her frumpy nightgown.

She stares at a display of framed photographs across the room on a table.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS:

A. Young Rachel holds hands with a beautiful woman.

B. Young Rachel in her Sunday dress holds a white dahlia.

C. Young Rachel and a boy smile at a birthday party.

D. A formal portrait of the woman with a handsome man.

E. Young Rachel at Christmas with her uncle, Gary Black.

F. Teen-aged Rachel holds hands with an elderly Italian woman.

RACHEL

(murmurs)

Oh, Nanna.

She stands, and crosses the room to the table.

She picks up the photograph of herself and the elderly Italian woman.

A glint of reflected light on the photograph flashes blindingly bright.

INT. NOB HILL -- CURTIS' APARTMENT -- MORNING

FOYER

A brilliant light transforms into a white dahlia, which transforms into an expensively ornate door.

NANNA opens the door. She is the elderly Italian woman in Rachel's photograph.

Nanna lets out a cry of delight, and flings open her arms.

Rachel hugs Nanna, who holds Rachel tightly.

Rachel smiles against Nanna's shoulder.

NANNA

My poor baby. I can't believe this is happening to you. You need to go away. Go see your father.

Rachel shakes her head against Nanna's shoulder.

RACHEL

I can't just run away. They're not even sure Betty was, the same killer shot her.

NANNA

This is terrible.

Rachel nods against Nanna's shoulder.

Nanna strokes Rachel's hair.

NANNA (CONT'D)

It's not safe.

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

I'm definitely scared, but I won't think about running away, until the police say I should stop the tour.

NANNA

You need a man in your life.

Rachel groans, and pulls away from Nanna.

RACHEL

Oh, not you, too, Nanna! The last time I saw her, Betty was trying to marry me off. To Steven.

Nanna holds Rachel's gaze for a moment.

Nanna crosses the sumptuous foyer to a podium, which supports a vase of wilted flowers.

NANNA

She's right. Maybe not to him. But she's right. You've invited this horror into your life.

RACHEL

What?

She stomps across the room to Nanna.

NANNA

You have no passion in your life.

She carefully picks up the vase of wilted flowers, and shakes them at Rachel.

NANNA (CONT'D)

You've let it fade away, and this ugliness has come to fill its place.

Rachel frowns, and freezes in place.

She watches Nanna walk across the foyer into another room.

Rachel sighs, and wipes a tear off her cheek.

She walks after Nanna into the...

KITCHEN

Sunlight blazes across the well-equipped room, which is larger than most apartments.

Rachel stops in the doorway.

RACHEL

What do I do?

NANNA

You're as beautiful as your mother.  
And you're smarter.

Nanna opens a counter door.

She pulls the bouquet of flowers out of the vase, and slips them into a garbage can.

RACHEL

(derisively)

She talked about flower power.

Nanna wheels around to face Rachel.

The counter door snaps shut.

NANNA

On her deathbed! You listen to people  
on their deathbeds!

Rachel's eyes fill with tears.

Nanna shakes her head, and puts the vase down on the counter.

She crosses the room to stand before Rachel.

Nanna smiles, and draws a hand lightly over Rachel's cheek.

NANNA (CONT'D)

Do you know why she talked about  
flower power?

Rachel shakes her head.

A tear runs down her cheek.

NANNA (CONT'D)

She told me everything about the Sixties, the howling hippies and their parties in Golden Gate Park suddenly made sense to her.

She hugs Rachel, who holds her tightly.

NANNA (CONT'D)

Those people were alive! She said. They weren't conformists. They were thinking with their minds and listening to their hearts!

She strokes Rachel's hair.

NANNA (CONT'D)

You've never been a conformist, either, Rachel. You have a sharp mind, but you haven't been listening to your heart for years.

Rachel sobs.

NANNA (CONT'D)

This ugliness will stop, when you let passion back into your heart.

Rachel laughs against Nanna's shoulder.

RACHEL

I think I've forgotten how.

Nanna shakes her head, and strokes Rachel's hair.

Nanna furrows her brows in worry.

EXT. THE CASTRO -- VULCAN STREET -- MORNING

Rachel crosses a residential street, and steps between parked cars toward the curb.

She steps up onto the sidewalk, and eyes the VULCAN STREET sign.

She looks up a long, steep staircase.

She groans, takes a deep breath, and steps up the "street" lined with ornamental trees and manicured flower beds of exotic blooms.

Ornate, wooden gates lead to gingerbread cottages, that boast still more ornamental trees and exotic flower beds.

INT. THE CASTRO -- FIFE COTTAGE -- LIBRARY -- MORNING

A jittery housekeeper stands aside, and Rachel steps into the expensively furnished room.

The housekeeper wears an apron, and carries a dripping dish sponge. He ogles it in amazement, as if surprised to find it in his hand, and steps out the library door.

TOMMY MOHR sits on a leather couch, and reads a book on his lap. He is strikingly handsome, under 30, and wears the well-tailored, but disheveled suit of an Absent-Minded Professor.

RACHEL

Hi, Tommy.

Tommy looks up from the book, and smiles at Rachel, who walks farther into the room.

TOMMY

Oh, hi. I never answer the door.  
It's always for...

He waves his hand vaguely toward the back of the cottage.

DANIEL FIFE howlers from another room...

DANIEL (O.S.)

Because you don't have any friends!

Rachel starts. Tommy rolls his eyes.

TOMMY

(yells past Rachel)  
I've got plenty of friends.  
(murmurs)  
You old goat.

Rachel smiles.

DANIEL (O.S.)

I don't know why I keep you around!  
No one gets to see you since you've  
locked yourself up in that damn  
library!

TOMMY

(yells)  
I'm the smart one, remember?

He smiles at Rachel, then apes wild indignation, as he mouths the words spoken by...

DANIEL (O.S.)

A PHD in molecular biology only proves  
you don't know what to study!

TOMMY  
(yells)  
Quit yelling at me!

DANIEL (O.S.)  
Rachel already knows how poorly you  
treat me!

TOMMY  
(murmurs)  
Whatever.

DANIEL (O.S.)  
You'd better not be eating ice cream  
in there!

Rachel looks at a bowl of ice cream on a table next to Tommy.

TOMMY  
I'm not!

Tommy rolls his eyes at Rachel, who giggles.

DANIEL (O.S.)  
Hi, Rachel!

RACHEL  
Hi, Daniel!

DANIEL (O.S.)  
I'm in my room!

RACHEL  
Okay!  
(to Tommy)  
See you.

She walks toward the door.

TOMMY  
I'll pray for you, Rachel.

He frowns at Rachel, who stops in the doorway.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Seriously, though, I'm sorry about  
what's going on. I saw on Channel  
Six ballistics says the same gun was  
used in both murders.

Rachel looks down.

RACHEL  
I hadn't heard. Bye.

She walks out of the library.

INT. THE CASTRO -- FIFE COTTAGE -- BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Rachel pushes open the door, and grins at DANIEL FIFE, who wears only his boxers, and stands beside an unmade bed. He is in his 50's, handsome, and fit.

DANIEL  
Come in. Come in.

He nods impatiently at Rachel.

From a table, he picks up a lunchbox-shaped massage machine, and turns it on.

It is loud.

He vigorously massages his chest and shoulders.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I can't believe Betty's last words  
were about me.

He holds the massage machine on top of his head.

Rachel giggles, and covers her mouth with her hand.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I think I should feel insulted,  
somehow.

He looks at Rachel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
No, not really. How horrible. And  
utterly uncharacteristic of her.

RACHEL  
What do you mean?

Daniel turns his shoulder to Rachel, and holds out the massage machine to her.

Rachel crosses the room, and takes the massage machine.

She massages Daniel's shoulder.

DANIEL  
You know. Her life was so safe.  
Insulated by the opera and the ballet  
and dinner parties. She thought  
most people were Bolsheviks.

RACHEL  
She had enemies?

Daniel turns his back to Rachel, who massages his back.



DANIEL

No, not at all. She was the Socialite Queen of San Francisco.

He coos, and happily writhes under the massage machine.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

She never had a bad word to say about anyone.

Rachel can hardly keep up with his movements.

RACHEL

Who would want to kill her?

DANIEL

And Cecilia, who certainly knew something someone didn't want her repeating. I don't know. My neck, please.

Rachel presses the massage machine against Daniel's neck.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

It doesn't make sense it's one of us. Once you've killed off your friends, you have no one to invite to dinner parties.

Daniel takes the massage machine from Rachel, and turns to face her.

He presses it all over his stomach.

RACHEL

Betty thought you might know more about Cecilia's past.

DANIEL

Oh, right. Because I'm so decadent. No. Nothing about her ever made it to this side of The City.

RACHEL

What if it's an old lover of theirs?

DANIEL

Who also killed someone you talk about on your walking tour? I doubt it.

He swings one leg up onto the bed, and presses the massage machine against his stretched-out thigh, calf and foot.

RACHEL

But there is someone killing people.

DANIEL

Yes, but it's not for love or money.  
It's a quack you're dealing with.

He switches legs.

RACHEL

A quack.

DANIEL

Yes, a lunatic. You need to think  
like him or her to catch them.

He stands up, and massages the back of his head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Do you know Lemmy Brack?

RACHEL

At The Skiffs?

DANIEL

Yes, that God-awful hotel in the  
Tenderloin. Go see him. He's a  
quack. Quacks hang out with other  
quacks.

He massages the bottom of his foot.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

He won't want to talk to you, though.  
He talks to no one, if he can help  
it. Tell him how good the murders  
will be for his haunted hotel.

He massages the bottom of his other foot.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

My advice to you is to think like a  
quack.

He loses his balance, and hops across the room.

INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS -- MANSION -- BALLROOM -- DAY

From huge windows looking out on the San Francisco Bay,  
sunlight sparkles in enormous crystal chandeliers, and bathes  
the room's sumptuous ceiling and wall moldings in radiant  
light.

The room is monstrous in size, and barren of furniture.

Sunlight illuminates the elegant pattern of the floor tiles  
nearest the windows, and blanches out the huge sheets of  
paper laid over much of the floor.

Someone's footsteps thump across the floor.

Paper crackles like thunder somewhere in the room.

INT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- NIGHT

Tourists and locals mingle in the crowded restaurant, that is lined with red booths, and lit by tulip-shaped lamps.

In the corner booth, Grisly Poet jerks to his feet.

Young Poet pulls his coat over his head.

Defeated Poet slumps over the table, and clutches a full pitcher of beer against his chest.

GRISLY POET

No, no, no! It has to  
be spoken: "I saw the  
best minds of my  
generation destroyed  
by madness, starving,  
hysterical naked,  
dragging themselves  
through the Negro  
streets at dawn looking  
for an angry fix..."

YOUNG POET

Freshman English an expert  
does not make! Are you  
deaf? Why are you yelling  
at me? I'm yet to be  
impressed, you Beatnik  
you!

DEFEATED POET

Sit down. Sit down already.

Rachel sits in a nearby booth next to her friend, Etta, who was last seen hopping into a taxi with Rachel.

Kaci, who was last seen getting into the same taxi, sits between Etta and Steven, their friend with the racing boat.

The remains of their meal are scattered over the table.

Steven studies a dollar bill in his palm.

STEVEN

It reduces to a two.

He looks at Kaci.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

That stresses co-operation,  
relationships, and magnetism, to  
both attract and repel.

Kaci makes a noise, like she's not sure.

She smiles at Steven, who hands her the dollar bill.

RACHEL

Everything about us means something  
in numerology.

KACI  
My birthday?

RACHEL  
Especially.

KACI  
It's June sixth, nineteen-eighty-two. I forget the exact time.

Steven smiles.

STEVEN  
That's six, six, twenty, which reduces to twelve and two. Fourteen. You're a five.

KACI  
What's a five?

STEVEN  
I need to know a lot more about you to do an accurate reading, but basically, when someone's a five, they look at life as an adventure.

KACI  
Really?

STEVEN  
Yeah, you're always breaking out of the molds you find yourself in.

He glances at the Three Poets, who are now clinking their beer mugs together.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Rachel's a twenty-two, one of the strongest numbers, which refers to universal vision, great power, and all things grand in scope, in fact.

Kaci looks impressed at Rachel, who shrugs her shoulders, and smiles.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Almost everything about her is a twenty-two or an eleven, which is the other strong number. Her name, Rachel Black, is two elevens.

Etta rolls her eyes, but sits quietly.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Her address in Pac Heights, the street name and number, are both elevens.

Kaci stares wide-eyed at Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)	RACHEL
Even her weight's an	(to Steven)
eleven, the same since	Hey!
high school.	

Steven smiles, and points to the walking-tour badge pinned to Rachel's coat, which hangs on a hook by the booth.

STEVEN  
And her badge number, it's a...

GEORGE, who was last seen speaking to a walking tour outside the bookstore City Lights, steps up to the table.

He is skinny, has a pointy beard, and wears a black turtleneck, slacks and sandals.

GEORGE  
Rachel!

RACHEL  
Hi, George!

She stands, and hugs George.

She kisses his cheek, then looks back at her friends at the table.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
These are my friends, Etta, Kaci,  
and Steven. Everyone, this is George.  
He does the North Beach Beatnik  
Walking Tour.

KACI	ETTA
Hi!	Hello.

Steven nods at George.

GEORGE  
(to everyone)  
Nice to meet you.  
(to Rachel)  
I'm really sorry about what's going  
on, Rachel. Everyone is. The news  
is making The City's walking tours  
sound more dangerous than World War  
Three.

Rachel frowns.

RACHEL  
I haven't watched TV today. A friend  
of mine said they're doing constant  
updates on the murders now.

GEORGE

Yeah, they're calling the killer the  
"Socialite Shooter." Billie and  
Twitter on Nob Hill say they're afraid  
to do their tour.

Rachel looks down.

George puts his hand on her arm.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Ah, they're just jealous of the  
publicity. Call me if you need  
anything.

Etta slides out of the booth, and stands beside Rachel.

ETTA

Come on. Let's go to Tosca!

Rachel smiles.

EXT. NORTH BEACH -- RISTORANTE SARDINIA -- MOMENTS LATER

Rachel, Etta, and Kaci stand under the restaurant awning.  
They wear their coats, and carry their purses over their  
shoulders.

KACI

Where's Steven?

Etta looks over her shoulder into the restaurant.

ETTA

Look!

Rachel turns to look, and grins.

She sees Steven and George, who gesture angrily and say  
something to the Three Poets, who shake their heads and say  
something back at them from the corner booth.

ETTA (CONT'D)

It's the Battle of the Beatniks!

Rachel and Kaci giggle.

KACI

I'm going to help!

She charges back into the restaurant.

ETTA

Kaci! What're you...

Etta freezes.