

PERFECT MOONSHINE

by

Alex Moreno

"Inspired by true events."

Alex Moreno

SKYPE: coachalexm

E-Mail: amoreno@med.miami.edu

PHONE: (305) 546-0499

FADE IN

EXT. VALLEY - NIGHT TIME

SUPERIMPOSE: CHINA, MAY 4, 1928

In the background, palm trees block out the fading sunset.

A fallen SOLDIER, PRIVATE GREEN (17), lies on a small tarmac runway.

Green cowers from a rally of gunshots.

An OFFICER appears among the trees.

SOLDIER

General Butler! No! Stand down.

BUTLER (46), a dogged, slant-eyed, veteran of war, with scars to prove his bravery, dodges bullets and squeezes up to the fallen soldier.

BUTLER

Shut up and hold on no matter what!

Butler loosens his shirt button, reveals a large tattoo protruding from his shirt.

A rally of friendly, rifle fire opens up for his protection, so he hoists the injured soldier onto his shoulders.

He runs, zig zag, back across the tarmac from where he came from and staggers behind some large empty oil-drums. On them are the words "STANDARD OIL".

Machine gun fire rages down on the two soldiers.

There is a momentary delay in the machine gun fire. His back-up opens fire again.

Butler sees one of his other young soldiers, PAIGE (22), a mature man for his age with soulful eyes, has made it into the tree line, just below the enemy fire.

Butler shoots up and runs towards Paige.

As Butler reaches the tree line; the machine gun rains down on him... But not before he has thrown a hand-grenade.

A maddening explosion is followed by two cackling cries of death.

Butler slides besides Paige.

PAIGE
Is Private Green gonna make it?

BUTLER
He'll live...but we won't if anymore
Mercenaries get to that machine gun
before we do. Come on!

Butler and Paige charge up the hill and thrash through the palm trees and large plants.

Orders are barked out in Mandarin Chinese.

Three Mercenaries reach the machine gun just as the two Marines do.

Paige pulls out a pistol and fires at one of them.

Butler jumps off a ledge and onto the other two. Within seconds he slashes the face of one, and with a second knife he stabs the other.

The Mercenary, as blood pours from his face, raises his hands and falls to his knee in surrender.

Paige approaches and cocks back his pistol to shoot.

BUTLER (CONT'D)
Stand down Sergeant. Tie him up,
then radio HQ.

Butler takes his two knives, cleans them on the dead soldier.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - CONTINUOUS

Two soldiers attend to Private Green.

PAIGE
General? I think you should come
take a look at this. It's real
confusing, sir.

BUTLER
Show me.

Butler pulls out a cigarette and offers Paige one.

Paige shakes his head.

They set off.

PAIGE

I'm one of the few people from Salem who doesn't smoke. Anyway, I went to the second building to relieve myself and discovered it's some sort of garage.

BUTLER

Not a hanger? I thought this was a small airport...

PAIGE

I think you should take a look General. There are five jeeps over there.

Butler follows Paige across the tarmac. They pass a small building with scaffolding and lots of piping on the ground.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Why did you come here, sir? My team was ordered to scout for mercenaries. I was surprised at the ambush and more surprised to see our top commanding officer come rescue us.

BUTLER

I was getting bored at HQ. When Commanding General Simmons headed back to the carrier, he never left me with much to do.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Paige opens up the tarp to the garage.

Through the darkness, outlines of jeeps.

Paige stands on one of them and lights a Kerosene lantern on the wall.

The place lights up.

He jumps down.

PAIGE

So, how did they get here?

Butler places his hand on one of the jeeps. On the door is the manufacturer's name - FORD.

BUTLER

Good God! I've never seen such models. What the hell is this place?

Paige comes back through a doorway, holding what appears to be a large, blue-print sheet and a photo in a frame.

PAIGE

Sir. Look what I found!

Paige spreads out the blue print sheet on top of a jeep.

INSERT: BLUE PRINT

A design for a factory. It has notations in English. On the bottom of the page it says:

- FORD MOTOR CARS, LTD.

The soldiers then look at the photo.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH

Five men pose in front of the Chinese jungle. Two Chinese Generals, an American General, Jack Rockefeller and business man Ivy Lee.

BUTLER

What the hell is Simmons doing?

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY SITE - NIGHT TIME

Butler, Paige and one of the other soldiers are evenly spaced apart.

With guns at the ready they walk through the factory site.

Paige jumps down a ditch and he disappears from sight.

The other soldier and Butler run over to him. They too jump down the

DITCH

On a large clearing the beginnings of a massive road have been laid.

The soldiers approach the road but Butler comes across another smaller ditch.

He pauses and then he waves over the other two.

All three look down and SEE seventeen DEAD men in the ditch.

Butler takes out his flashlight and looks closer. They've been dead some time but still have personal features.

The three soldiers carefully step down among the dead, trying not to step on the bodies.

BUTLER

Leave them where they are but let's see if we can find out who they are.

Paige turns his head to the side, the stench of death assaults him.

Paige carefully grabs at the corpse and turns it over. The worms have begun to eat away at the face.

The third soldier carefully puts his hands into the trouser pockets, pulls out an ID card, and passes it to Butler.

Butler opens it up.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

Reginald Tarbell. Engineer. Ford Motors.

The soldier retrieves another ID card from the second victim. Again, Butler reads it.

BUTLER (CONTD) (CONT'D)

Anthony Gosling. Chemist. Ford Motors.

Butler shakes his head as he looks down the line of the remaining men.

INT. NAVAL BARRACKS- DAY

A NAVY Officer sits at a telegram machine.

He has his ears pinned to the receiver.

As he listens to the code coming through, he types away.

INSERT: NOTE BEING TYPED.

After 17 confirmed employees killed by Chinese Rebels, Ford Motors requests protection from U.S. Marines. Need reassurance American workers will be protected at no cost so vital work can proceed. S.C.C.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - DAY TIME

Three military men mull around a table. Two are adorned with medals; one holds a note pad and a fountain pen.

Their name tags reveal they are:

General MacArthur, Major Patton and Dwight Eisenhower.

SUPER: WASHINGTON D.C. JULY 28, 1932

PATTON

Here is that report. There are nearly twenty-five thousand retired veterans out there.

EISENHOWER

A sampling of two thousand men, told us that ninety-six percent produced proof that they are former soldiers with official papers. It's a good job they are not armed.

MACARTHUR

Within forty-eight hours I want details on how this camp looks, where they eat, where they shit, where they fondle their wives at night.

MacArthur steps to the window.

EXT. BONUS ARMY MAKESHIFT CAMP - SAME TIME

A makeshift city of cardboard, barbed wire and discarded wood has arisen on the Anacostia flats.

Thousands of veterans and their families are milling about.

MACARTHUR (O.S.)

Close down access to the garbage dump where they keep foraging for supplies to build this goddam...Hooverville! And bring me a verbatim report on Major General Butler's speech he is set to deliver tonight. If it is anything like the one he gave in Trenton, then this rabble may erupt. This madness has gone on for eleven days already!

INT. STATELY HOME - DAY

Two men walk down a vast corridor. The echo of their footsteps extenuates how vast this place is.

The older man, DuPONT (50s), meticulously groomed, suddenly stops.

He turns to VINCENT (20s), a driven go getter, who'd fit right into the cut throats of our contemporary business world.

DU PONT

My associates want nothing left to chance. Make sure we screen the applicants before they arrive for an interview.

VINCENT

Last weeks episode was one solitary mistake, sir. We have fired Mrs. Dade for her oversight.

DU PONT

Indeed --

VINCENT

Today's applicant...

Vincent bows his head.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I am awfully sorry for the interruption Mister Du Pont.

DuPont steps closer and brushes down Vincent's suit.

DU PONT

I keep reminding you to curb your passion and enthusiasm. Our associates of the S.C.C. have chosen you to be our lead interpreter for this meeting. Speaking Italian is only half the job. You must find a tutor immediately.

Vincent slowly nods.

VINCENT

As luck would have it, a military man recently took out a loan and bragged about how his daughter speaks her mother's tongue, Italian, AND his native tongue, German.

DuPont smiles.

DU PONT

Continue.

VINCENT

I went to the Chase branch last week and met with the client. Informed him his rather hefty loan of ten years could be... extinguished, if his daughter would qualify as my tutor. They are in the Ostiris room, awaiting your presence.

A portly man, JENKINS (60s) approaches them.

JENKINS

A gift sir from Mister Ivy Lee.

He hands DuPont a small gift box.

DuPont opens up the jewelry box to reveal a pair of cuff links and a small note.

DuPont takes the cuff links.

DU PONT

HGB. How quaint.

A small note falls out from the box.

Vincent catches it.

DuPont beckons for him to open it.

DU PONT (CONT'D)

And the message is?

VINCENT

Our meeting with Mussolini and Hitler has been set. Another brick is in place.

DuPont beams an infectious smile.

INT. OSTIRIS ROOM - DAY

Among the beautiful and worldly artifacts, sit a young woman and a man. The man is Paige, now CAPTAIN PAIGE. His worn look tells of years in Marine service.

Next to him on the chaise, his daughter, POLLY PAIGE (Early 20s), a soft skinned beauty, who's conservative attire reveals more of a guarded stance than her shyness.

POLLY

I am happy teaching at the School, father. I do not need or want another job assignment.

PAIGE

Dear Polly. All you have ever talked about is attending college one day, even before a wedding. This could be a step to that.

POLLY

(In Italian)
If only Mama was around to box you on the--

VINCENT

(In Italian)
Who is boxing who, young lady?

Polly jumps to her feet as Vincent enters through the open doorway.

Paige stands and gently pulls Polly closer to him.

PAIGE

Good to see you again, sir. Thanks for this opportunity. Polly is excited to hear of your offer.

Vincent beckons them to sit.

VINCENT

Would either of you care for more coffee?

Paige and Polly both shake their heads.

The long silence is broken by the arrival of DuPont.

DU PONT

So, who's ready to make history?

EXT: AMERICAN LANDSCAPE - DAY TIME

MONTAGE:

People wait in long lines for bread distribution.

Men nailing signs on businesses that read "Closed for business".

Families huddle under makeshift cardboard or wooden shelter acting as homes.

Young kids hold a box of apples.

Dirty soldiers jump on trains.

Men rummage through a trash heap.

Trucks carry soldiers in the back driving towards D.C.

As we SEE these shots we HEAR these quotes:

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

...The disaster which had taken place
may be summed up in a single
statistic; it had blown into thin
air; thirty billion dollars!

PRESIDENT HOOVER

...Many people have left their jobs
for the more profitable one of
selling apples..

HENRY FORD

...They get more experience in a few
months than they would in years at
school....

ANDREW MELLON

...People will work harder, live a
more moral life.