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News

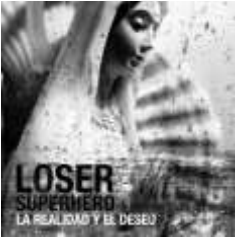


pictured above Up Mine, Sunshine

Our 2nd annual fundraiser festival was a great success. We would like to thank everyone that participated, from the bands that played to the people that volunteered to those of you who came out to enjoy the show! We are working on putting together a video to recap the event. We look forward to what next year will bring. And again, our greatest appreciation goes out to everybody involved.

Love,
Ascension

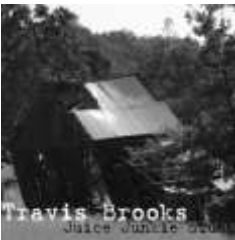
Current Releases



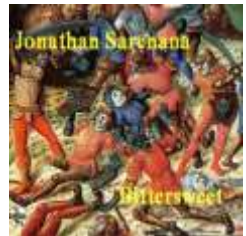
Loser Superhero La Realidad y El Deseo (2010)



goodman Where The Boy's Been (2010), Where's My Girl (2009)



Travis Brooks Juice Junkie Blues (2009)



Jonathan Sarenana Bittersweet (2009)

Current Releases



Samuelroy Pi11 Bits (2009)



Casey Chisholm Casette (2009), Lifestyles of the Poor & Unknown (2009), S/T (2009), October Rest (2008), Be Excited! (2008), Loose Ends & Lost Thoughts (2007), Asleep at the Wheel (2007), The Miracle (2006)



Ascension Recordings & Publications 2010 Compilation



Ascension Recordings & Publications 2009 Compilation

Sonora, CA



pictured above Chelsea Wilde

New Resolution Photography opened in Sonora in March of 2010. It is a crisp, simple photography studio lined with the work of one of its talented owners, Chelsea Wilde. The vibrancy and content of each photograph draws you around the room. The seedlings for *New Res* began in Utah when Wilde got a 35mm point & shoot. She and a friend fueled each others' desires for photography. Wilde later got a 1970s Minolta SLR and began to shoot portraits. The content is inspired by strange, fairy tale themes. This segue wayed into opening a studio in Utah for about a year. Chelsea and her husband Joel sold their home and moved to his native Sonora. Aside from his day job ("I prehang doors"), he helps run *New Res* and plays in a band with his other half.

The Wildes started writing music together and after several attempts at being in a band with other people, they took off in a different direction. Described by Chelsea as having a "classical, almost baroque feel," *Minor Birds* consists of her voice and piano and his upright bass. The name is borrowed from a poem by Robert Frost, their apparent obsession with birds, and songs written in minor keys.

Sonora, CA

The two worlds collide as *New Res* turns on the string lights and becomes a place for shows. It is good to see something fresh and artistic in a small Gold Rush town. It is the Wildes' hope that their business will flourish and with the help of the shows they put on, to see more people out and about. The Wildes are always in support of local bands, but they also feel there is a need for outside influence. They host shows for touring bands, often found on dodiy.com, where they have a profile.

Minor Birds is currently recording. To see more of Chelsea's photographs or hear their music:

<http://www.newresolutionphoto.com>

<http://www.myspace.com/minorbirds>



Stockton, CA

Plea for peace

October

9 8:00P

THE SWEET REVENGE, DYSPHORIA, FULL MOON
FREAKS, JUSTIN SOMNIAC

10 6:00P

THE ATOM AGE, THE BOMBPOPS!, UNKO ATAMA, THE
GETDOWN

16 8:00P

STORMY CALIFORNIA(Nitro Records/Time Again)/BRIAN
HANOVER/TBA

19 7:00P

CAPTURE THE FLAG/TBA

20 7:00P

RELUCTANT HERO/TBA

23 7:00P

WE SET FIRE, DIVISION DIVIDE, SOUTHERN LIGHTS, IN
OCEANS

24 6:00P

THE ATHIARCHISTS, BUM CITY SAINTS, HOLLOW FROM
WITHIN

28 6:00P

PEELANDER-Z, TsuShiMaMiRe,HIT RESET, TBA

29 7:30P

MAD SIN(GERMANY)/THE PHENOMENAUTS/THE BLOOD
TYPES(ex Epoxies)/MOONSHINE/9:00NEWS

30 7:00P

OCTOBERWEEN with DIRTY FILTHY MUGS, SKOUTS
HONOR, NATE OF AMERICA, SPEAK FOR YOURSELF,
POINT OF VIEW

31 6:00P

HOLLERADO(Canada)/GENIUS & THE THIEVES/TBA

Stockton, CA

November

7 6:00P

HAPPY BODY SLOW BRAIN(ex Taking Back Sunday),TBA

9 6:00P

THE SUBTLE WAY, SHATTERED HOPE, CASINO MADRID,
TBA

10 7:00P

ALKALINE TRIO

13 7:30P

DRASTIC ACTIONS, SIC WAITING, TBA

20 8:00P

THE ALL GIRL-BOYS CHOIR, TBA

27 7:30P

FINAL LAST WORDS, QUIET GAME STARTING NOW, TBA

29 6:00P

THE QUEERS, THE RIPTIDES, KEPI GHOULIE

All shows at

Plea for peace center

630 E Weber Ave

Stockton, CA

Read more:

<http://pleaforpeace.com>

Oakland, CA



A Conversation with C.J. Boyd by Casey Chisholm

Somewhere along the line of random connections... CJ Boyd and I began to correspond via the inter web. I liked his music instantly and he saw and heard what was going on with Ascension and liked it right back. Initially I wanted to add him to one of our comps, but every piece was too epic to size up to a bunch of 3 min tracks. We still remained in contact and, recently, finally met in person. He asked if I would be interested in playing a show with him here in Oakland. This excited me more than the usual invite. I always enjoy sharing a bill with a fellow solo artist and C. J. happens to be an extraordinary bass player who builds layers of bass, vocal, and harmonica loops creating long dramatic pieces of music, provoking both thought and emotions. I was able to capture his live set and interview him after our show. Watch the extended interview and live excerpt at:

<http://vimeo.com/15794219>

Oakland, CA

He has been on the road a little over 2 1/2 years now so I wanted to tap into some of the wisdom he has gained along the way. He said keep all your belongings close together so none of it gets lost. Get off petroleum if you can (saves money as well as countless other reasons). He claims the hardest part is booking shows. And his message to all who are wishing they were on the road is "If you really want to do it... do it." Check out the extensive amount of his music that is available as well as tour dates at:

www.cjboyd.com

or stream and download at:

www.cjboyd.bandcamp.com

Oakland, CA



Drawing by Don

Pencil on paper

San Jose, CA

Grand Fanali Presents

October

11 8:00P

EL TEN ELEVEN + BATHS + Sister Crayon @ Crepe Place
Santa Cruz

13 9:00P

Plantain + Ash Reiter + Helene Renaut @ Blank Club San Jose

20 8:00P

Film School + Lovelikefire + TBA @ Crepe Place Santa Cruz

20 9:00P

Careless Hearts + Northern Son + Hurricane Roses @ Blank Club
San Jose

23 8:00P

Fighting Jacks (reunion) + Lakes + Record Winter + Beta State @
Homestead Lanes Cupertino

27 9:00P

PEELANDER-Z (Japan) + Gnarboots + TsuShiMaMiRe (Japan)
@ Blank Club San Jose

31 8:00P

The Apples in stereo + Fol Chen @ Blank Club San Jose

November

3 9:00P

Dave Smallen + Cal Sturgess + Orangutang @ Blank Club
San Jose

5 7:00P

STARFUCKER + Goodriddler + TBA @ Phoenix Theater
Petaluma

6 8:00P

The Phenomenauts + TBA @ Crepe Place Santa Cruz

10 9:00P

The Trims + Primary + Citabira @ Blank Club San Jose

San Jose, CA

13 7:00P

NARROWS (featuring members of Botch, These Arms Are Snakes, Some Girls) + Skinwalker + The New Trust @ Blue Lagoon Santa Cruz

17 9:00P

Slap Bracelet + Shuteye Unison + Cathedral City @ Blank Club San Jose

Read more:

<http://grandfanali.com>

info@grandfanali.com

Riverside, CA



BRIDGETOWN RECORDS REVIEW/KEVIN GREENSPON
INTERVIEW

By Paco Quinones

Kevin Greenspon was in the middle of doing a small California tour with Vehicle Blues in mid September, 2010. I met with them before their show in Oakland to do an interview with Kevin about his record label, Bridgetown Records. We decided to sit on the lawn the grounds of a religious school a block away from the art space he was performing at, in hopes to cut down on street noise. There were school children playing about 20 feet from us, a helicopter flying over head, but Kevin's voice was coming in clear through my headphones.

23 year old Kevin Greenspon is originally from a suburb of Los Angeles called La Puente (meaning Bridgetown). He has been

Riverside, CA

running Bridgetown since January, 2008 and has been putting out great, less known artists such as Nicole Kidman (Jon Barba), BYO DEATH, David Jaber, Cloud Nothings, Clark 8, No Paws(no lions) Vehicle Blues and his own solo music. "I came up with the name because I was releasing something to go on a short tour with Whitman and I needed to put a name on a release I had." says Kevin. There are many great small and not so small independent record labels that started with someone putting out their friend's music. Bridgetown started the same way. I asked Kevin if all the artists were local friends of his. "Pretty much everyone I work with is a friend of mine but not always from southern California. I've put out people from Denver, Chicago, Cleveland and New Mexico. There's only two artists so far that I haven't met in person, but I've talked on the phone with them and it's usually just based on how I connect with both their music and them as a person before I start doing anything."

Personally, I tend to like record labels more when they are not tied to a specific genre or sound. Bridgetown Records definitely has diverse artists with different sound and recording qualities. I wanted to ask the dreadful question so many people ask bands and the like, knowing I would like Kevin's response. I asked Kevin if Bridgetown represents a certain genre or genres of music and he had this to say: "I don't think this label has anything to do with a specific genre at all. I wouldn't call this a genre but 'bed room music' or 'home recording' is pretty much what you could classify it as but it's really not one style, it's not representative like that. It's more of picking together different things that go well together and come from the same place, personally."

Many independent record labels usually send masters to manufactures to duplicated CDs and cassette tapes and some use the aid of a distributor. Kevin is the manufacturer and distributor.

"All of the stuff I've released so far, with the exception of the shrink wrapped CDs for Vehicle Blues, were made completely by

Riverside, CA

me. They are all completely hand made, I'm cutting the inserts, covers, gluing them together, I'm burning the CDs, stamping them, packaging them for orders, sending them out and writing the letters that come with them. I'm doing it all myself and don't have any middle men or anything. I don't use a distributor at all, anytime that something ends up in a music store, it's because of me. There are rare occasions like when BYO DEATH sold some tapes to Aquarius Records in San Francisco. Everything else, if it's a shop in Japan or a shop in the UK or small distros from friends, it's because I write them and tell them what I'm doing. I get in touch with the people who are already carrying something by my friends and see if they want to carry other releases."

I've always been curious as to how funds are divided or shared among small independent record labels and it's artists. Kevin explains how he does so. "In most situations the artist and I are already friends and I like what they're doing musically. I want to release them or they ask me to release something and I do. I usually give them a third of the CDs or tapes I make, then they can do whatever they want with it. They can sell it at shows, take it on tour, they can put it online for mail order or give them to their friends. When people buy 50 or a 100 CDs or tapes, it pays for itself and it usually pays for another release I want to put out. It's all self sustaining but also supports the next release."

In the past decade the demand for music in a physical format has been steadily on the decline due to the digital download. However, in the past few years there has been a nostalgic demand for cassette tapes and many bands/record labels include free digital downloads with their cassettes. Some Bridgetown cassette releases include downloads and Kevin shared his thoughts on this. "I guess there's a lot of people that might not be able to listen to the cassettes or listen to it as often or maybe not at all. Like I had a label who told me that their fans buy the tapes to collect and they only listen to the download. I think that's kind of ridiculous in a way because the

Riverside, CA

tape is a physical object, why aren't they just buying the download then? If you're going to be making something that's physical, the people who want it should be using it the way it was made to be used. When they are getting tapes from someone like me, they're listening to that actual object. Like when they get CDs from me, they are listening to it in their car as opposed to ripping it to iTunes and listening to it on laptop speakers, which would be kind of a bummer, cause those don't sound very good. Though if someone I'm working with wants me to do a download, I'll do it."

Despite what Kevin may think, just in the past year, Bridgetown's existence has been known to many listeners and fans of "underground" music. As previously mentioned, folks in the UK and Japan can now buy music from Bridgetown and Kevin was featured in a Pitchfork article about the cassette tape revival. Besides the artists on Bridgetown getting the name out, I wanted to know how he gets Bridgetown to be recognized in the world of web users and digital feeders. "Everything is done by myself. Maybe I'll see a review on a website that wrote about a friend or a friend of someone that I released and I'll write them personally. I do my best to find out their name, where they're from so that they know I'm actually paying attention and I'm not just spamming them. I'll send music to these places and they are free to review it if they want to. I've had reviews of releases on pretty big sites and I might not have an order for like a week for the title that was written about. The best advertising I've been getting with the label is the people who buy releases then come back. They'll buy one title then buy a title from a different artist or buy a batch of titles. I think having a small, dedicated fan base is the way to go with this label."

What I like most about Kevin Greenspon/Bridgetown is the relationship he has with his artists/friends and his dedication to get music he truly loves to be heard. Kevin still believes in music in a physical format and he believes in honest, sincere communication

Riverside, CA

with his artists, listeners and customers. Bridgetown tries to keep everything simple because it's hard enough doing what normally 3 or 4 people would be doing to run a record label on top of being a student, writing/recording music, playing live and living life. There's a certain signature to Bridgetown that I like. Kevin's honesty and sincerity can be found in every release, from the home made cassette labels and J cards to personal notes or emails he'll send you and in the music itself. Like a recording engineer, there's a personal contribution they can make in music that listeners often don't notice and like making a good mix tape, I see a similar artistic merit in Kevin Greenspon with the artists he chooses to release.

Bridgetown current releases include Kevin Greenspon/Cloud Nothings split CD, Ancient Crux CDR combo and Weed Diamond CD.

Future releases by Terrors, Vehicle Blues, Human Hands, Blackbird Blackbird and Rapid Youth.

Visit Bridgetown Records on the web for all info, sample music and to purchase music.

<http://www.bridgetownrecords.info/>

<http://www.myspace.com/bridgetownrecords>

Kevin Greenspon's Music: *<http://www.kevingreenspon.info/>*

Los Angeles, CA
Part IV of *Savage* by Jesse James Chisholm

INT. DAY'S INN MOTEL - NIGHT

Luke sits in front of the TV waiting on edge for the next question to come on Jeopardy.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

Sugars, alcohols, and starches are all formed by different combos of these three elements.

LUKE

What is Hydrogen, Carbon, and Oxygen.

Gabe turns the TV off with the remote and switches on the light.

GABE

That's enough, Luke.

Gabe gets out of bed, goes in the bathroom, and closes the door behind him.

Luke waits a few seconds. Needing his fix, he manually turns the TV back on.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

An impulsive, consistent disorder abbreviated OCD.

Gabe exits the bathroom and pulls the plug on the TV.

LUKE

What is obsessive-compulsive disorder!

Los Angeles, CA

GABE

I said, "that's enough".

Fired up, Luke bounces up on the bed, does a side-flip, landing in front of Gabe, and starts taking play slaps at his face.

GABE

Luke, this is not the time--

Luke catches Gabe on the side of the face with a slap.

GABE

Or the place.

Not amused, Gabe watches him do a spinning twist, and when Luke comes in for another series of slaps--

Gabe, with lightning precision, STRIKES Luke on the bridge of his nose, putting him to the floor in agony.

LUKE

Owww, my nose!

GABE

Put your shoes on, Luke. We're leaving.

INT. QUICK STOP MART CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The clerk is nowhere to be seen. The only sound is the buzzing of the fluorescent lights.

Los Angeles, CA

JOE, haggard, a down on his luck trailer park casualty enters.

After some serious bargain hunting, he stands at the counter with a six pack of generic beer and looks around.

JOE

Hello!? I ain't got all night.

No answer. Joe waits a moment and looks around, making sure the coast is clear. Joe looks at the register, just begging to be cleaned out. He can smell it.

JOE

Anyone here?!

No answer.

JOE

Aw, what the hell.

Joe HOPS over the counter and looks around before punching the buttons on the register. He tries different combinations and then...BANG! The register tray SLIDES OPEN.

Joe is just about to dig in when...

He looks down to find Dennis, the onvenience store clerk, covered in blood behind the counter.

His throat SLICED from ear to ear with a HOT DOG crammed in his mouth.

JOE

Oh shit, oh shit, oh...

Los Angeles, CA

The BELLS on the door JINGLE as Luke and Gabe walk in.

Joe stands immobilized in fear. He peers down at Dennis and KICKS his legs, hoping for a sign of life.

Joe eyeballs Gabe and Luke. They're either undercover cops or salesmen.

Luke stands in front of the store, touching his nose, still pouting as Gabe shops.

LUKE

Good morning.

Joe looks out the front window to his station wagon, and then back at Luke, blocking his path.

JOE

Mornin'...Officer.

Joe motions to Luke's face.

JOE

You okay, buddy? Looks like --

LUKE

Yes, I'm fine...Thank you.

Gabe comes to the counter with several items.

Joe quickly looks over the items, trying to appear legit.

JOE

Okay, let's see...uh, salsa, oneseventy-nine, mixed nuts --

Los Angeles, CA

LUKE

Wouldn't scanning them be quicker?

JOE

I uh, I'm new here.

LUKE

If I may, you put the barcode up
to UPC scanner and it --

JOE

Uhhh...I don't, how 'bout four
bucks?

LUKE

Are you sure? The chips are
twonineteen by them --

JOE

We're havin'...a sale.

LUKE

Really? When did it --

JOE

Right now. Everything's...half
price for Police Officers.

LUKE

Thanks, but even at half price,
that would still only cover three
items.

Joe's anxiety level rises. What can he try
next?

Los Angeles, CA

GABE

Sir, are you okay?

JOE

I'm...I'm fine, I just...

Gabe and Luke look at each other and slowly hand over the four dollars.

JOE

Thank you for shopping...here.

Gabe and Luke look at Joe expectantly.

JOE

What is it? What?

GABE

Would it be too much to ask for a bag?

Joe frantically reaches for a plastic bag, catching a glance of Dennis.

JOE

No problem, sirs.

Joe begins lightly sobbing/mumbling to himself as he shovels the items in the bag and hands it to Luke.

JOE

Have a good night, Officer.

Gabe shakes his head at Luke, intercepts the bag and walks to the door.

Los Angeles, CA

Luke follows him to the front door, stops, and thumbs through a magazine.

Joe takes a deep breath to regain himself as Luke begins flipping through the pages.

LUKE

How much is this?

JOE

Free?

Luke continues flipping through the pages.

LUKE

Really?

Joe starts welling up again.

JOE

Yup.

LUKE

Why are they free?

Moments from defeat, Joe puts his head on the counter and cries like a child, just wanting this to end.

Gabe and Luke stand with their eyebrows furrowed.

Finally, Luke rolls up the magazine and waves.

LUKE

Thanks again.

Luke and Gabe exit.

Los Angeles, CA

They're gone. Joe POPS his head up. He may actually get away with something for once in his life.

Joe cracks a beer, CHUGS it, and TOSSES the empty can.

JOE

Goddamn, that was close.

INT. GABE'S CAR - PARKING LOT - SAME

Luke rifles through the bag.

LUKE

Sourdough pretzels. You forgot the sourdough pretzels.

Gabe SIGHS and OPENS the car door.

GABE

I'll be right back.

EXT. JOSHUA TREE - DAY

Kate sits on a rock, the wind blowing her hair, looking out into the distance as Brad walks up behind her.

BRAD

Excuse me, do you know if the camp site next to yours is taken?

KATE

Not that I know of.

Kate takes in the surroundings.

BRAD

It's really something, isn't it?

Los Angeles, CA

KATE

Yeah, it is.

BRAD

I've never been here before.

KATE

Me neither.

BRAD

Think about how many generations have passed on, and how much the world has changed.

KATE

But this place remains the same.

BRAD

Like a sentinel, quietly watching everyone come and go.

KATE

When I was a little girl, my Mom told me that we would come here.

BRAD

And now, here you are.

KATE

Yeah, but I'm here with...a friend.

BRAD

A boyfriend?

Los Angeles, CA

KATE

(smiles and blushes)
Something like that, yes.

Out of nowhere, Nick rushes up while pulling his gun on Brad.

NICK

Get the fuck away from her.

KATE

Nick, what are you doing?!

Brad doesn't look scared.

BRAD

Calm down, Nick. We're on the same side.

KATE

What is he talking about?

NICK

Drop it!

KATE

He didn't do anything! He was just talking to me.

NICK

I said, "drop it"!
(COCKING the gun)
Don't make me tell you again!

CLOSE ON BRAD'S HAND HANGING BY HIS SIDE.

Los Angeles, CA

As Brad opens his hand, the DAGGER, concealed by his sleeve, DROPS and STICKS in the dirt. Kate GASPS.

NICK

(handing her the keys)

Kate, go start the car.

KATE

You're not gonna...shoot him, are you?

Brad laughs, as amused by this question as Brad can get.

BRAD

Don't you worry yourself, Kate. I'll be just fine.

NICK

Now, Kate!

Kate takes the keys and heads to the car.

BRAD

Nice meeting you.

(to Nick)

She's very nice. You better take care of her, Nick.

NICK

Maybe I'll just take care of you instead. Now, give me the gun.

Brad takes out the gold plated Desert Eagle and hands it to Nick.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

What do you even need this for?

Nick presses the magazine release.

BRAD

It's my trophy.

He palms the falling clip, puts the bullets in his pocket and tosses the empty gun back to Brad.

NICK

I told you to get rid of that a long time ago. Now, walk!

Nick walks Brad over to his truck.

BRAD

We're all becoming concerned about you.

At Brad's truck, Nick reaches in the window and pops the hood.

NICK

Open it!

Brad opens the hood as Nick pulls his DAGGER out.

BRAD

Is this necessary?

Nick takes the dagger and cuts the spark plug wires.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

(PRESSES the gun against
Brad's head)
You stay the fuck away from her!
Understand me? If I see you
again...

BRAD

You'll what? Shoot me?

NICK

Get on the ground!
(Brad doesn't budge)
Now! Face down!

Brad slowly obeys Nick.

NICK

Don't forget who's in charge.

BRAD'S POV: NICK JOGS TO HIS CAR, GETS IN
AND SPEEDS OFF.

Brad gets up, calmly brushes himself off and
fixes his glasses.

Brad walks back to where his DAGGER is,
pulls it out of the dirt, puts it back in
its sheath and takes out his gun.

Brad pulls back on the slide revealing a
bullet in the chamber.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nick is emotionally boiling over and out of
control as he drives. He looks over at Kate,
who is still shaken up.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

KATE

What did I --

NICK

How did you not see that?

KATE

(starts SOBBING)

Why are you yelling at me? How was I supposed to know?

NICK

How could you be that fucking blind?

Nick pulls onto the shoulder and turns the car off.

Nick PUNCHES the steering wheel.

NICK

This world isn't flowers and puppy dogs!

KATE

You're scaring me!

NICK

You're wandering blind.

KATE

(tearing up)

I'm sorry...I don't know --

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

How would I live with myself if something were to happen to you?

Kate nods, sniffing. Nick can't believe his own words.

Nick grabs her and holds her tight. She buries her face in his chest and cries. Nick strokes her hair and calms down.

NICK

I'm just trying to keep you safe.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DUSK

Brad walks the shoulder of the Interstate. A passing car pulls over and waits for Brad to walk up.

The automatic window rolls down. As Brad walks to the car he adjusts his DAGGER in his sleeve.

Brad gets to the car and looks inside.

LARRY, late 40's, greets him with a smile.

LARRY

How're ya doin'? Ya Need some help?

BRAD

You could say that.

EXT. LARRY'S CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Larry rolls up the passenger side window.

LARRY

Oh, I'm sorry. Did you want that--

Los Angeles, CA

BRAD

No, that's fine.

LARRY

You don't wanna be walking the side of the road out here at night.

BRAD

You never know who you might run into.

LARRY

So, should I drop you at the first gas station or...

BRAD

That depends. Where are you headed?

LARRY

Huntington Beach, to see my Daughter. Started in Reno, then to Vegas, stopped at the big hole in the ground, and here I am.

BRAD

If it wouldn't be too much to ask, you could drop me at a hotel off this road.

LARRY

Sure, just let me know when.

BRAD

How old is your daughter?

Los Angeles, CA

LARRY

Just turned twenty-three, and my
Grandson just turned two.

Larry reaches for a picture from under the
visor and shows it to Brad.

LARRY

I take this trip every few months.
I made a promise to myself, and I
stay true to it...give or take a
few days.

BRAD

A promise?

LARRY

Ever since I got hurt on the job a
few years back, I vowed to live
each day like it's my last.

Brad looks directly at Larry.

BRAD

Because you never know.

LARRY

Damn straight. Hell, I could have
a heart attack, crash the car...
get killed by a hitch hiker.

BRAD

You got that right!

LARRY

Yeah, crazy world we live in.

Los Angeles, CA

BRAD

How were you injured at work?

LARRY

I'm warnin' ya, it ain't pretty.

BRAD

All the better.

LARRY

Armored car hit in Reno. We're doing a pickup from a bank, and these four guys in ski masks came...it seemed from the depths of hell, and opened fire. My best friend Glenn, was hit in the throat, me and Wayne pulled our guns and fired...I was hit in the leg and the shoulder, before taking one in the chest.

BRAD

Wayne?

LARRY

He didn't make it, but he took two of 'em down.

BRAD

How many of them were there?

LARRY

Four.

BRAD

How many of you guys?

Los Angeles, CA

LARRY

Three. Stevie called in sick that mornin'. That figures, right?

BRAD

Not at all. There's no such thing as a coincidence.

Larry gives him a pained smile.

LARRY

So...there I was, lying there, listening to Glenn drown in his blood. I looked at him and then up at the sky thinking, "This is it, this is where it's all going to end"...I thought about my Daughter and then I felt the metal burning inside my body.

Brad nods, listening intently.

LARRY

I turned to Glenn, reached for his holster, pulled his Glock .45...I got one in the chest twice, and then I took aim on the other still standin', and looked at the fear in his eyes. I had him dead center, no question about it, and he knew it.

BRAD

I'll bet he dropped the gun.

Los Angeles, CA

LARRY

He might've, but I didn't give him the option. I moved my sights from his chest to his throat...and then I fired.

BRAD

Vengeance is yours.

LARRY

So he drops the gun and falls to his knees. His hands are up to his throat like Kennedy in Texas...I waited a few seconds so he could process what his fate was, and then finished him with one to the head.

BRAD

You're right, it isn't pretty.

LARRY

I'll tell you one better...So, I'm lying there as the police and the paramedics pull up...And as they're checking my wounds, I look over and see them cover my best friends. So, I turn the other way as they're taking the ski mask off the gunman I just killed.

Larry gets a bit choked up.

BRAD

You don't have to --

Los Angeles, CA

LARRY

It was Stevie.

BRAD

And you've been a changed man since.

LARRY

Before the robbery, the three of us went to breakfast, told jokes, talked about why the Raiders sucked that year...I'm tellin' ya, the last thing that went through either of their heads is that this was their last meal.

BRAD

Any meal can be someone's last.

LARRY

Since that day, every meal, every cup of coffee is the best I'll ever have.

BRAD

I'm pleased to see that you've acknowledged your mortality, before it was too late.

LARRY

That I did...that I did.

BRAD

That is exactly what this world needs...Larry, if you could meet the people I've met...

Los Angeles, CA

LARRY

People taking life for granted?

BRAD

That, and just hopelessly existing.

LARRY

I don't follow.

BRAD

Any day at any given time, we can take control and change the future...and only when faced with the unfortunate occurrences of others, do we gain perspective and cherish what has been handed to us for free.

INT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Nick sits on his bed. He opens the night table drawer and places the gun on top of the Bible.

Sitting on her bed, Kate looks around the room.

KATE

I love this place.

NICK

Yeah, it's definitely a step up.

Kate starts a SLIDE SHOW of her photos on the camera.

Nick lies on the bed next to Kate, watching.

Los Angeles, CA

EXT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT
Larry pulls into the passenger drop off
area.

LARRY

This is it. Ya sure you're gonna
be all right?

BRAD

As much as I can be.

Larry extends his hand.

LARRY

You take care.

Brad looks down at his hand.

BRAD

Maybe it's better if you didn't.

LARRY

Did I say something wrong?

BRAD

Not shaking your hand is the
greatest compliment I could ever
pay you.

Brad gets out, closes the door.

INT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - DAY
Nick and Kate lie on the bed. Nick is sound
asleep.

Kate looks at the clock. It's 10:50 AM.

Los Angeles, CA

KATE

Nick?

Kate rubs his chest and climbs on top of him, waking him up in the process.

KATE

Wake up, Mr. Sleepyhead.

Nick wakes up to her with a smile and stretches.

KATE

Weren't we supposed to leave by seven o'clock.

NICK

What time is it?

KATE

Almost eleven...I figured you must be catching up.

NICK

Catching up to what?

KATE

This is the first time I've actually seen you sleep.

NICK

Yeah, it's been a while.

KATE

I was wondering...What happens when our trip is over?

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

I dunno, why?

KATE

'Cause for some reason, I hope we never get there.

NICK

That would defeat the purpose, wouldn't it?

KATE

Can we stay here an extra night and just have a day for us?

NICK

I think we should keep moving.

KATE

Please?

Nick thinks for a moment as Kate falls to his side.

NICK

You make it hard to say no.

Nick gets up, kisses her, grabs his key card, and then takes the gun, securing it in his pants.

NICK

I'll check with the front desk and remember, don't...

Nick points at Kate to finish the sentence.

Los Angeles, CA

KATE

...don't answer the door.

KATE

Nick?

Nick looks back to her.

KATE

When we get there, will you go to
the ocean with me?

NICK

I'll go to all of them with you.

Kate smiles, smitten.

Nick exits, checking the door after it
closes.

Kate opens the night stand drawer revealing
a Bible.

INT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - HALLWAY -
CONTINUOUS

Nick walks to the elevator, presses the
button, looks around.

DING. The doors open. An ELDERLY COUPLE exit
rolling their suitcases behind them.

IN THE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The Elevator doors open. Nick Exits. Heads
to the Front Desk.

NICK

(to desk clerk)

I'm staying in room 206 and I'd
like to stay an extra night.

Los Angeles, CA

Brad is meandering in the back ground.

DESK CLERK

Let me check on that for you, Sir.

(typing)

Yes, the room is available for tonight.

Brad suddenly walks off.

NICK

Great.

DESK CLERK

Is there anything else I can help you with?

NICK

Nope. That should do it, Melissa.

Melissa is caught off guard at being called by name, since she's not wearing a tag.

MELISSA

Okay. Well you enjoy your stay.

Nick leaves the counter, heads towards the elevator when...

Luke does a SPINNING SIDE TWIST FLIP, and lands in Nick's path in his fighting stance. Nick fakes a punch making Luke flinch and guard his nose with both hands.

LUKE

No...

Los Angeles, CA

Nick smiles as Gabe walks up.

GABE

Hello, Nick.

NICK

Great, the suits are here.

GABE

(FLASHES his Dagger)

Don't make a scene.

NICK

You...must be joking, Gabriel.
I'll paint these walls with your
blood.

GABE

You know why we're here, so...lets
be civilized.

Gabe motions towards some seats in the
lobby.

NICK

Sorry 'bout your nose, Luke...and
your pants.

INT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - ROOM 206 -
DAY

Kate flips through pages of the Bible,
stopping momentarily to read.

A KNOCK at the door.

Kate moves from the bedroom to the door and
looks through the peephole.

Los Angeles, CA

Kate peeks out the blinds to see the housekeeper's cart on the outer walkway. A louder KNOCK at the door. Kate stands behind the door, clutching the Bible, unsure of what to do.

INT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - SAME

Nick sits down in the middle of the couch next to the free coffee station. Gabe and Luke sit snugly next to Nick like bookends.

NICK
You're kidding, right?

Gabe and Luke don't budge. They're not kidding. Nick leans back and relaxes, pompous, without a care in the world as Musak plays overhead.

GABE
What I don't understand is what you are waiting for.

NICK
My plans for her changed when I fell in love.

GABE
How could you expect me to believe that? You don't know how to love.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

Gabriel, you have to let go of the past. Your hatred of me clouds your vision, contradicting everything you stand for.

LUKE

So, you were telling the truth when you said you liked her.

GABE

Luke, please...So, after centuries of debauchery and sin, you now yearn for love? Have you gone mad?

NICK

"There is always some madness in love. But there is also always some reason in madness. What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil."

LUKE

Who is Friedrich Nietzsche.

NICK

You'd make a fortune with him on Jeopardy.

GABE

I'm well aware.

Luke smiles proudly.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

Look, I could have killed her a thousand miles ago, but I didn't.

GABE

Either way, we have our own interests to protect.

NICK

Your interests or his interests?

GABE

They're one and the same.

NICK

Maybe your mission is not about Kate or her child. Maybe it's about something else, Gabriel.

GABE

Enlighten me.

NICK

I was always his favorite, and I'm sure that still resonates in your craw.

GABE

He doesn't have favorites.

NICK

Haven't you figured this out yet?

GABE

It's not my job to figure this out.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK

Without me, there's no you. No mission, no reason to be. You should be thanking me.

(turns to Luke)

C'mon, Luke...do you really want to spend your time fighting a war that I've already won centuries ago?

GABE

Listen to the great deceiver sing the same tune over and over again.

NICK

Deceiver? How much horror has the Earth seen as a result of selfishness and the pursuit of pleasure?

GABE

Plenty.

NICK

Nothing compared to how much it has seen from the actions of the righteous and holy.

LUKE

Gabe, maybe we should let him --

GABE

The mission, Luke!

(to Nick)

Take us to her.

(pulls out the watch)

Los Angeles, CA

We have something to give her.

NICK

Alright, but first, I offer you a gentleman's wager...It's all about freewill, right?

GABE

Yes, of course.

NICK

If you can convince her to go with you willingly, I will step aside and let her go, unharmed.

GABE

Accepted.

Nick gets up. Gabe looks at the watch and taps on it. It's stopped.

INT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - HALLWAY -
MOMENTS LATER

DING. The doors slide open. Nick, Gabe and Luke exit.

They walk down the hallway.

They stop at 206.

Nick slides his card in the slot.

The red light comes on.

He tries again. And again, the red light.

Nick moves a few steps back and KICKS the door open.

Nick, Gabe, and Luke enter.

Shock washes over them.

Los Angeles, CA

Bathed in blood, Kate lies motionless on the bed from a fatal head wound.

BRAD'S GUN in one hand, pointed at her head, the Bible cradled in her other arm.

Nick FALLS to his knees beside the bed.

NICK

Oh, no...no, anyone but her.

He runs his hand delicately over Kate's wound. He touches his face, smearing his cheek with her blood.

LUKE (O.S.)

Gabriel, why would she...

Nick tries to hide the anguish as he begins to cry.

NICK

What have I done?

Gabe makes the sign of the cross. Luke places his hands together in prayer as Nick gets up and walks outside.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Nick holds on to the railing with both hands, and puts his head down.

He SHAKES the railing violently.

NICK

(falls to the ground)

Fuck!...Fuck!

Los Angeles, CA

Nick sobs, face pressed against the railing's metal bars like a man imprisoned.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Luke looks over at Nick and walks towards him, Gabe extends his hand, stopping him.

GABE

Leave him be.

Gabe pulls out the watch and looks at the face. He says a short prayer and then puts the watch in Kate's hand.

GABE

It's time for us to go, Luke.

Gabe and Luke walk past Nick, still clinging to the railing.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Brad watches from Nick's car. He starts the car, puts it in gear and pulls out of the parking spot.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Brad pulls up and makes eye contact with Nick as he slowly passes. As Gabe and Luke step over Nick to leave, Gabe turns back to Nick.

GABE

No temptation has seized you
beyond what is common to man...

(MORE)

Los Angeles, CA

GABE (cont'd)

and God is faithful, he will not let you be tempted beyond what you can bear. You've earned this.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER - DAY

Nick watches Kate's body wheeled out as the emergency vehicle lights reflect off of his tear soaked face.

Nick takes a swig from brown bag as the dispatcher's voice on the emergency radio fills the air.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. THE WILLIAMSON GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Police tape crosses the door to room 206. Nick opens the unlocked door and proceeds inside.

NICK (V.O.)

They think they've seen hatred, misery, and despair?

IN THE BEDROOM

Nick enters the moonlit bedroom. Choked up, he trembles at the sight of the blood soaked bed.

NICK (V.O.)

They have no conception of what pure fucking mayhem awaits.

Nick climbs into the bed, CLUTCHES the bloody sheets in the fetal position, and SOBS uncontrollably.

Los Angeles, CA

NICK (V.O.)

And heed my warning, this is only
the very beginning of my wrath.

EXT. NICK'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Rain patters off of the windshield. The
wipers pass, revealing Nick in the dashboard
lights, looking tired.

NICK (V.O.)

The sweet has been eternally
soured. She was the one...And I
would have given this all up for
her.

Nick lights a cigarette and continues into
the night.

NICK (V.O.)

This decadent utopia I've created
has become a self made prison. My
personal hell on earth that I will
now forever drift through...
forever...alone.

THE END.

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