*Hold No. 4* scene: “Urban Legend”:

Synopsis:

Michael Brown, a freshman college student, has been obsessed with the urban legend of the *S.S. Ourang Medan* for a long time. But when their class travels to the Netherlands, coincidentally after the mysterious death of chemist Ludwig Janssen, Michael and his fiends unearth a clue that leads them to a sinister Fascist brotherhood, from which no one has so far escaped. Along with a Dutch special agent and a U.S. forensic scientist, they will give the answer to an 80 year old question.

Characters:

Michael Brown: An American freshman college student obsessed with the *Ourang Medan* story. He is often so excited he does not realize the dangers of his actions.

Sofia Moreno: A Honduran immigrant living in the U.S. Brown’s classmate and crush. Smart and extremely kind. Values family.

Daan Smit: A high-ranking MIVD (Dutch Military Intelligence and Security Service) agent. His search for truth on the Ourang Medan has practically destroyed his life. He is a man on a hopeless mission. Becomes protector of Michael and Sofia.

Agung Adytia: Michael’s Indonesian classmate, who gets entangled in the *Ourang Medan* affair against his will.

RATED R

Scene:

“Wake up, sleepyhead!”, one of the men in masks mockingly imitated kindness, giving the half-awake Mike an extremely strong slap.

The group found themselves in a great room with cement floors and walls. An unfinished building, perhaps.

“Where…are we?”, Sofia asked, seeing she was tied around a pipe. They all were.

Before she even finished her sentence, the same man who had slapped Mike ran towards her, grabbed her by the throat, and, with a heavy German accent, said:

“Look, sweetie. Let me get this straight, so we have no problems. I ask the questions, you answer.”

With that, he took a small knife out of his pocket. He put it near Sofia’s throat.

“No, no, no! Please, no! Please!”, Sofia begged, unable to hold back a river of tears.

“Now. Where. Is. The photo?”, the man asked

“We…We left it in…my…hotel room”

“Number?”, he inquired.

Agung was looking at Sofia with horror. Was she going to reveal the secret?

“I…don’t remember…”, Sofia whispered, fearful of what is to come.

Suddenly, the man grabbed her by the head, and pushed her cheek-first into the cement wall.

A horrible, ear-piercing shriek of terror and pain came out of her mouth, as she felt a tremendous pain in her jaw, smashing against the cement.

Michael and Agung were helplessly staring, crying tears of fear themselves.

Sofia was waling in pain.

“I’m so sorry, Sofia…”, Michael said, “I’m so sorry…”

The man rushed toward him, pulling him by the shirt.

“No one interrupts when I am having a conversation!”, he screamed.

Then, pausing to think, he added:

“Or, perhaps…you gave me an idea. Maybe a little sacrifice will give our charming lady a motivation”

“401!”, the man commanded one of his associates in German, “It’s playtime!”

Suddenly, a tall masked figure with a crowbar approached Michael. It raised the crowbar right above, and was ready to take a swing.

“NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!”, Sofia screamed insanely.

But just then, something inexplicable happened. The figure hit the leader of the group right in his stomach! The other men had the immediate reaction of producing their guns, but before they could fire a single shot, they dropped them right out of their hands due to the disorienting hits of the crowbar. For about five minutes, the figure was fighting twelve criminals. Some received punches, some got hit with the crowbar, while others were forced to participate in group head budding. The three friends were extremely confused at the sight, but noticed that none of the crooks were seemingly receiving mortal injuries. It was like the stranger was temporarily decapacitating them. Moments later, all of them lay on the floor.

“Sofia!”, Agung said in agony, trying to reach for her. Michael followed, both to no avail.

Sofia was crying helplessly, paralyzed by pain, and horrified at her own blood.

The figure turned towards the friends, and, pulling its mask off, looked at them. They saw before them a man in his seventies, with gray hair and hazel eyes. He soon took off his black robe, and underneath that, they could see he was wearing a grey suit.

“Now, let’s get moving!”, he ordered in English with a Dutch accent.

“Who are you supposed to be?”, Agung asked with a shocked expression.

“Militaire Inlichtingen en Veiligheidsdienst”, the man answered calmly. In a moment, he produced, out of his pocket, a golden badge with the exact same inscription.

“Yep”, Michael said, sarcastically, “I totally understood what you just said.”

“Military Intelligence and Security Service of the Netherlands”, the man said, “Colonel Daan Smit”

“Hold on, hold on, hold on…”, Michael said, “You had to wait until they tried to kill us?! Why did you not intervene before our friend got hurt?!”

He pointed to Sofia.

“I was waiting for the right moment!”, the agent replied. He then picked up a radio, and quickly ordered someone on the other end:

“Dit is Smit. Verdachten geneutraliseerd. Stuur het team in. We hebben drie bevrijde Gijzel. Medische aandacht nodig.” (“This is Smit. Suspects neutralized. Send the team in. We have three freed hostages. Medical attention needed.”)

Immediately, eight men in Special Forces uniforms ran in, pointing their weapons all around.

“Oost-duidelijk” (“East clear”), said one man

“West- duidelijk” (“West clear”), shouted another

“Zuid-duidelijk” (“South clear”), another confirmed

“Noord-duidelijk” (“North clear”), q final voice came

“Let’s go!”, the ambulance is waiting outside.

A few hours later, the struggle had ended. Michael, Agung, and Sofia, with bandages and stitches on her head, were sitting in the headquarters of the service. Sofia had buried her head in her hands, desperately crying. Michael was sitting with a frozen face, ashamed of what he got his friends into. Agung was clutching in his hand the little cross his mother gave him when they converted to Christianity. Suddenly, the door opened, and Colonel Smit walked in.

“Ladies and gentlemen”, he said, “The least I can do is to feel sorry for what you lived through today”

“It’s all *his* fault!”, Sofia whispered, pointing to Michael.

“Now, let’s not jump to conclusions, shall we?”, the Colonel said.

“Can I just call my mother?!”, Sofia asked

“*Luego, mi amor*.”, Smit replied in perfect Spanish, (“Later, love.”)

“We have things to do now.”, he continued, “As you are possibly aware, the people that caught you were attempting to extract from you the only existing photo of the freighter *Ourang Medan*.”

“Existing?”, Michael asked, “So she really did exist? But people have proved she was an urban legend! A myth!”

“Why?”, Smit asked, “Because there is no proof? Well, my friend, if someone really wants to keep something a secret, the proof can simply…disappear. Hidden, burnt, buried…or sunk.”

“But there’s so many different details! Flaming spheres, voices, even the names of ships!”

“And why would they reveal it?”, Sofia asked, “How did the yellow papers know about it?

The Associated Press? Silvio Scherli?”

“It all happened for exactly the same reason, my dear.”, Smit said

“I’m not sure I understand”, Sofia admitted, confused.

“To keep the legend alive. Letting some extremely insignificant detail go public, they allowed people to fantasize. And from there came the flaming spheres, ghost sightings, voices. Whatever everyone wanted to add to the myth. The let go of a piece of truth, so that people’s imagination can shapeshift it into the biggest lie. But the rest of the tale? It’s truer than ever.

“So, if there really was an *Ourang Medan*…did they really find everyone dead?”, Michael asked.

“That is exactly what I’ve come to talk to you about. Up to this day, the following

information was being meticulously withheld by us, Germany, Indonesia, the U.S., and the U.K. But since you got involved, not revealing it to you would put you in danger. It would be like preparing you for battle without revealing the enemy’s strategy. With the damage that has been done, everything will leak soon enough. You see, the people that captured you are members of a group calling itself the Pure Defenders. It is composed of Dutch and German fascists, their goal being to eradicate all races except their own, just like the Nazis. It is unknown when exactly they were formed, but to our best estimate, they began their activities sometime in the 1930’s. They have secret headquarters in many countries, including the Netherlands, Indonesia, Malaysia, and even France. Two of their facilities had even been found in the catacombs. They usually commit silent crimes, such as abductions of people. It is suspected that they are responsible for more than half of the disappearances in the Netherlands. They also commit assassinations, masking them as accidents. In the beginning of the Second World War, they saw the chance to expand. In cooperation with Hitler’s top scientists, as well as the notorious Japanese Unit 731, they managed to create a chemical weapon unlike any known to man to this day. It has the code name “Devil’s Chill”, and the scientific name Hydrosulfuric Chlorocyanide. They planned to spread this nerve agent all over the world