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Faces of Death III

By Veronica Lakewood

lose their lives
in traffic accidents.
And what you see here
are grim reminders
of those unfortunate enough
to be in the wrong place
at the wrong time.
The people who run
these wrecking yards
make their living by
selling spare parts
salvaged from vehicles,
some of which were involved
in fatal crashes.
When I view these
remains I can't help
but reflect on the terrible
accidents that cost
the occupants of these
motorized vehicles
their lives;
those bleeding to death
while frantically
trying to save themselves from
the twisted metal coffins;
the family that decided to
take an innocent Sunday drive
that ultimately became
their last.

Hello, I'm

Dr. Francis B. Gross,
and I would like
to invite you on yet
another journey through
the Many Faces of Death.
Germany is the home
of a special unit
known as the
Yellow Angels.

These men patrol the autobahns
throughout the country.
Each year they are responsible
for saving the lives
of victims who have been

injured in auto accidents.
When this man was hit by a car
while riding his bicycle,
the expertise of the Yellow
Angels came into play.
Their quick arrival at
the scene of the accident
was responsible for
saving this victim's life.
The autobahn was the
brain child of Adolph Hitler.
Construction began on these
roadways in the early 1930s.
The sophisticated design
of these highways
set the standards for
high-speed transportation
around the world.
Last year over 8,000
people lost their lives
on the autobahn.
This motorcyclist was
one of those dead.
Since there is no speed limit
on these roads,
the possibility of
death increases greatly.
When you are
traveling at speeds
in excess
of 100 miles an hour,
one wrong turn
can prove fatal.
Because of the advancement
in transportation
of the 20th century,
most travelers
are in a constant rush
to reach
their destination.
By taking our machines
for granted,
we can only come one step
closer to death.

Our perception of speed
is greatly ignored,
and the concern for our own
safety is often forgotten.
If technology ever wanted to
take advantage of human life,
the car is probably
its best trap.
The human body is no
match for the horsepower
of a powerful engine.
Unfortunately, I see
no solution
to this face of death,
for as long
as people drive,
people will
also die.
When layers of fog
roll over the autobahn,
accidents become
even more prevalent.
When a nine-car accident
occurred during this weather,
a truck driver,
unable to see the road ahead,
crashed into these cars
at 90 miles per hour.
His 38-ton truck jammed
the cars into one another
and a huge
fire resulted.
Those who weren't
burned to death
were trapped and crushed
in their vehicles.
During the year
of 1980,
a major city
in the United States
became an ideal
setting for death.
A series of murders
had taken place,

and to this day have still
remained unsolved.
What can you tell me
about the Slasher?
Well, this guy
is really smart.
We've covered
13 murders to far,
he hasn't left us
a single clue we can use.
Think we'll
see any action today?
No way
of telling that.
This guy is crazy,
just crazy,
he's got all the people
in the street
just scared shitless.
Well you two answered the call
on the last victim, right?
Yeah,
nlcky 13.
Are there
any suspects?
None.
This guy, his MO,
it's all screwed up.
Half the time he slashes
his victim's throat,
and the other half
the time he goes ahead
and dismembers
the whole body.
I don't know,
I guess it depends
on how much time he's got.
Tell me about your call on
victim 13 if you will, please.
Well, we had a news crew
with us that night, too.
We responded to a call
from an electrical business.
We got there, we found

a black male about 35,
he had his
throat cut.
At least he was
all in one piece.
We got another one here,
same MO.
Jesus Christ.
God, it's cold
out here.
God, I'd like to get
my hands on that sucker.
Did you get
any witnesses?
No.
Looks like
he died instantly.
A homicidal maniac
had killed 13 victims.
There could never be
justification for murder,
but what stood out about
this particular set of crimes
is that the
victims were poor,
vagrant winos,
who had bothered nobody
except for one man,
a psychotic killer
who was seeking some kind
of distorted revenge.
So the people
of the city's bowery
were forced to live in a
community plagued with death.
No matter how intoxicated
these winos became,
they still could not forget
that a murderer
was lurking in their
very midst.
I'm the one
that called in,
I just found

my buddy,
he's dead over there
in that dumpster.
Oh, shoot, where?
Over in the
dumpster there.
Take a look.
Oh, shit.
There's gotta be like
three or four bodies in there.
It's multiple
this time.
The transient residents
of this inner city
were once again reminded
of their extreme exposure
to violent death.
I really
can't believe it.
Honestly, I really
can't believe it.
Are you scared
about the Slasher?
I am afraid of this guy,
the Slasher.
When was the first time
you noticed he was missing?
About three days.
I haven't seen him
for three days.
Did you worry,
or was that-
No, no, drinking and
that there you don't worry.
Um, I don't know,
I just-
I just don't
know where to turn.
I just hope
they catch him.
Yeah, me, too, man.
It would be a good thing
if they did catch him,
wouldn't have all this trouble

on the streets, you know.

Yeah.

They'll catch him

sooner or later.

Did he look alright

last time

you saw him?

Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah,

he looked real good.

Okay.

And you haven't seen him

at all in three days?

Not in three days,

no.

No, not off-hand...

When is the last time

you saw him?

About three

days ago.

I told him not to go out

drinking or anything

because that man

was out there,

the one who

kills everybody.

But he went out

drinking anyway.

I tried to take him to detox,

but he wouldn't go.

And the last thing

he gave me was the dog.

And now

he's gone.

How do you feel

about this?

Very upset.

I hope they catch

whoever did it,

and make him pay

for what he did.

I told him not to go out

drinking, now he's gone.

I sat around for a long

time and I run the skids,
I've been in
a lot of bean lines.
I had a friend who
was running with me
and he took off
one night,
I sent him out
to get a short dog,
he never
come back.
He ended up
in a dumpster,
and he got cut up
pretty bad.
I hope they
catch the guy,
and I know I can't
say nothing dirty about him,
but I wished
I could.
I just hope he's
proud of himself,
and when they
catch him
I hope they put him
in the gas chamber,
that's all
I can say.
I'm scared,
I'm very scared.
And I know he doesn't
know where I live,
and it
doesn't matter
because I've been living
on the skids.
I could stay in any dumpster
or any skid anywhere.
But he'll find someone,
and what he does, he's sick.
He's very sick.
When the peaceful
community of Castle Beach

became a stage for a series
of tragic murders
of young,
teenage girls,
the people of this small town
were forced to live
in a constant
fear of death.

The discovery of another
victim soon marked
the concluding chapter
of one man's killing spree.

How many
do you see?

It looks like
five or six.

Let me go around
the other side of the body.

How long you figure
she's been down here?

Well,

from the look,

I would say

about four days.

Well, was this girl

killed in the same way?

Well, at this time

we can't be sure,

but the MO

appears to be the same.

Is she the same age

as the other ones?

Well, she's

a female Oriental,

appears to be

in her early twenties.

Other than that, we have

no other positive ID.

Was she beaten and stabbed

like the other girls?

At this time,

I can't divulge

any information

regarding that.

Well, what's gonna be done
about these murders?

Well, do you have any similar
leads to the other murders?

Gentlemen, excuse me
at this time,
there will be no
further questions.

This afternoon I'm sure
there will be a total
press conference
answering all your questions.

It would be the last
crime the psychotic killer
would ever commit.

Within a week, he would be
arrested in his own apartment,
where police
would discover evidence
of a most
fearful nature.

But an even greater
fear is death.

Until his capture,
Mike Lorenzo kept the women
of Castle Beach in
a perpetual state of fear.

...an arrest warrant, I went
to 7321 Johnson Avenue
where I arrested the man
seated at the table.

You made
the arrest?

Yes, I did.

Was a search made
of the defendant's person
or premises
at that time?

Yes, there was.

And what did
you find?

Your Honor, I object to this
entire line of questioning
relating to the search

of the defendant's
person or premises.

That search was
in violation
of the fourth
and fourteenth amendments
of the Constitution.

Counsel, you are aware that
this is not the proper time
to make such
objections.

You are overruled.

Proceed.

Thank you,
your Honour.

Officer, would you
please tell the court
what was found
during the search?

I found a videocassette
and six Polaroid stills.

Your Honour, at this time I
would like the videocassette
to be identified
as State Exhibit A,
and the six stills
to be identified
as Exhibits B
through G.

So ordered.

At this time,
your Honour,

I would like to show the video
cassette to the Court.

You may proceed.

Mike Lorenzo
ended his reign of terror
by committing suicide
in the courtroom holding cell.

Taking his life
by his own hand
was easier than facing
society's retribution.

Sociologists are in

general agreement
the dynamics of a city are
highly conducive to crime.
When a person is forced
to live in a world
where over-crowded sidewalks
and the continual sound
of traffic prevent even
a brief moment of repose,
an emotional retaliation
will eventually happen.
So was the case
of Lucas Washington,
an unemployed factory worker
who could no longer
deal with the city
in which he lived.
Equipped with
an M-1 rifle,
he declared war
from his apartment window
on the city
of New York.
Hey, get up here.
Don't worry about it,
don't worry about it.
It's all over.
Just go out
in the hall.
You alright?
Yeah.
Alright.
Let's just, it's alright,
don't get too shaky.
Sick people
in this city.
Ma'am, can you tell us
what happened?
Can you tell us
what happened?
A young female hostage
managed to survive
the shoot-out between
Washington and the police.

Suffering extreme
emotional trauma,
this innocent bystander is
still under psychiatric care.
In the aftermath
of this heinous crime,
she will be plagued
with horrible nightmares
for months
to come.
Noone will ever understand
the real reason
behind Lucas Washington's
violent outburst.
When a man is forced
to lose his pride
and sense of
self respect,
revenge becomes
his only alternative.
Out of feelings of
insecurity and fear,
he must find
a new course
to regain
a feeling of importance.
If the death of others
becomes a means to that end,
tragedy follows.
The people of this
neighborhood in New York City
will always remember
the effects Lucas Washington
had on
their community.
The unassuming wilderness of
Southern Florida's Everglades
is the entry port
of 70 percent of all marijuana
and cocaine imported
into the United States
by plane
and boat.
To a visitor,

the Everglades remain
an unblemished
wildlife preserve,
but drug smuggling is this
region's major industry.
The area is so vast
that the actual chance
of capturing a drug smuggler
is highly unlikely.
But when night falls, under
the light of the full moon,
the increased
traffic by the smugglers
affords law
enforcement officers
a greater
chance of success.
There they are.
Although it will
be a long time before
these two men
again smuggle drugs,
they represent
only a minute percentage
of the drug
trafficking community.
The man grove canals
of southern Florida
are another heavy area of
drug transport and receiving.
When a new steam
accompanied park rangers
who were following a tip
of an alleged drug pickup,
a real life
human drama unfolded.
We are now
approaching boy 28.
Hey, Dave, look, that looks
like our boat over there.
This is the
Florida State Ranger,
you are under arrest,
stop your engine

and place your hands
over your head.
Holy shit, those bastards
are coming right at us.
You guys stay down
and hold tight.
Central, this is
Patrol 3 X-Ray Tango...
two suspects are heavily armed
and have fired on our boat.
Roger Patrol 3
X- Ray Tango,
additional units have been
alerted and are proceeding...
You news boys
keep yourselves down.
They're slowing down.
I've got the
driver covered.
Okay, okay,
but keep a close eye on them.
Keep your hands
in the air.
Now take your right hand
and turn off your engine.
Central, this is Patrol
3 X Tango,
we have suspects in custody
and are proceeding
with a search
of the boat.
One suspect is wounded
and possibly dead.
Advise emergency unit.
Keep your hands
on top of your head.
Tango, back-up
and emergency units
are proceeding
to your quadrant.
After a
high-speed chase,
the drug offenders
were arrested.

The officers suffered
no casualties,
but one of the smugglers
was killed.

This particular bust
resulted in one of the largest
cocaine confiscations
in Florida history.

The contraband
discovered on this boat
had a street value
of \$10million.

In this area
of the state,
about one-third of murders
and deaths are drug related.

Last year, law
enforcement officials
seized 3.2million
pounds of marijuana
with a street value
of \$1.3billion.

The most dangerous
drug of all is not cocaine,
but one manufactured right
here in the United States.
It is called PCP.

My name is
Dr. Steven Lerner,
I am a clinical researcher
in the area of drugs of abuse.

For the last
six years
my associates and I
have been studying
the drug PCP.

PCP is a very
dangerous drug.

PCP was originally
developed by Park Davis
in the mid 1950s
as a surgical anesthetic,
and because of the adverse
reactions in humans,

the clinical studies
were discontinued
in the mid sixties,
and the drug was
taken off the market.
Since that time, we've
been seeing its use illicitly,
not only in
the United States,
but in
foreign countries.
PCP users are often times
brought to medical settings
because of adverse reactions
where families, friends,
law enforcement
may become involved.
Many times, in order to
subdue the violent PCP user,
it may take as many as
six or eight large officers.
For that reason, they may need
to be restrained or medicated.
Could we have some
help out here?
Get out of the way,
get out of the way.
God damn,
this guy is big.
Lock him in here.
Not going, not going.
God damn it,
get back over here.
Leave me alone.
Get him on
the gurney.
Fuckers,
leave me alone...
get your hands
off me...
son of a bitch,
leave me alone.
Let me go.
Alright,

move the stretcher.

Let me go.

Move the stretcher
over there.

Fuckers.

Watch his feet,
watch his feet.

Alright, now,
let's hold the wrists up...
open that door.

Open that door.

Get the damn door.

Open the door.

Where are you
taking me?

This is five milligrams
of PCP.

Typically, PCP is smoked,
primarily on leaf material.

For someone that would
take one or two inhalations
on a joint

laced with PCP,
the effects would come on
within one to five minutes,
the drug would peak our plateau
within 15 to 30 minutes,
the person would stay high
for four to six hours.

And ordinarily it would
take 24 to 48 hours
until the person
returned to normal.

That's used
one time only.

For the chronic PCP user,
the person that uses
at least three days per week
for a minimum
of three months,
it may take anywhere from
several months to several years
until the person again
returns to normal.

PCP users may exhibit altering
states of consciousness
where they may appear
to be alert and oriented
at one point
in time,
to be seen
several seconds later
where they may be
combative or even violent.
Get out with this
fucking camera, who are you?
Get this camera
out of here.
How you doing, Willie?
Get that camera out of here,
you're not taking my picture.
Now, I want you
to drink this up.
I ain't taking that shit.
Now, it's good for you.
Willie, come on.
Get the fuck out of here...
I'm gonna have to
calm you down, Willie.
Take the medicine.
It's good for you.
Take it all the way down,
all the way down.
Take some more.
All the way.
Now swallow it,
swallow it, Willie.
Okay.
Billy, you see
what they did,
what did they do
that for, Billy?
What did they
do that for?
We're going to give you
an injection, old man.
We're going to give you
an injection...

I want your shoulder
back here.
Relax.
I want your shoulder
back here.
Calm down,
calm down.
When this man awakens
from his drug stupor,
he will once again
have to face a reality
which he feared
and tried to forget.
The use of drugs
by the general populace
has increased dramatically
in the last two decades.
When society has to numb
itself against
an everyday existence,
a quest for medication
becomes a subtle way
of committing suicide.
There is little doubt that
when this man's fears return,
he will renew his high
with an old friend, PCP...
the 'angel of death. '
For those who suffer
from acrophobia,
the fear of heights,
the thought of parachuting
out of an airplane
would be insane.
For 15 years, Bob Oster
has been a stunt photographer
specializing in
aerial photography.
He climbs on to the wing
strut in preparation
for filming a
parachuting competition.
The pilot holds the plane
steady until he's in position.

The first man out
is Mark Adams, a novice,
in competition
for the first time.
Oster follows him in order
to film his aerial maneuvers.
The object of free
fall competition
is to land
in a designated area.
The first competitor
to hit this area
two out of three times,
wins the event.
In his first
professional jump,
Adams landed
directly on the mark.
Adams returned
to his crew
and received
their congratulations.
As he posed
for photographs,
he appeared confident
about his next jump.
The crew carefully
prepared his gear
for the second jump
of the day.
When jumping out of a plane,
3500 feet above the ground,
a parachutist is totally
dependent upon his equipment.
After receiving a kiss
for good luck,
Adams is once again airbourne
for a second jump.
When a strong gust of wind
began to blow Adams off target,
his crew,
concerned for his safety,
began to chase
the drifting parachutes.

Cecil Clemmons,
the owner of Gatorama,
remembers that
tragic day.
The most terrible thing
that I have ever witnessed
was one evening
I come out on the patio
and I see this man
coming down in a parachute.
And he landed right
in the crockpit.
And he just made
one big scream,
and the most
horrible looking face
you ever seen on
a human being,
that was him.
And before
I could get any help,
or any way to get
him out of there,
they had pulled him
to shreds.
Grab his legs.
Oh, shit,
look what they done to him.
There was nothing
I could do.
There was nothing
anybody could do,
Adams had landed on a target
which this time
would cost him
his life.
I first visited the country
of El Salvador 20 years ago.
At that time,
there was hope
that this
Central American nation
would become a great
ally of the United States.

Unfortunately, it was
a short-lived dream,
for this country is now in a
state of total political anarchy.
Sitting here, you would think
everything is peaceful and serene,
but what you don't see
is a 15-foot wall
surrounding
this property.

When it becomes dangerous
to leave your house after dark
because of a virtual
war in the streets,
your own life
takes on new meaning.

That is the basic reason why
I came back to El Salvador.

What I have learned
is that political ideals
are more important
than human life.

Unfortunately for
the illiterate peasants
and the children
of this country,
it is the men
with guns
that decide
their political destiny.

In El Salvador,
torture is a common technique
used to obtain
information from prisoners.

The military records
these sessions
for their private files, and
occasionally, public display.

Carlos Marino was a man
who happened to be
in the right place
at the wrong time.

A seemingly routine
investigation

had become a horrible
nightmare for Carlos.
The methods of
extracting information
are as old as
civilization itself;
crude, but effective.
When Carlos did not respond to
the interrogation techniques,
the pain
was increased.
The aim was to loosen
his tongue
through a combination
of pain and fear.
(Spanish speaking)
The merciless questioning
continued for hours,
and still the
uncooperative prisoner
refused to give
the proper answers.
A new set of techniques
had to be employed,
but first an unconscious
Carlos had to be revived.
But even in a
semi-stupor,
Carlos wasn't able to provide
the needed information.
Totally disoriented
and racked with pain,
Carlos was indeed a very brave
man, or totally innocent,
for few people could withstand this
terrible agony without cracking.
The survival
of a terrorist regime
is dependent
upon secrecy.
The failure of the
interrogation of Carlos Marino
could only be
resolved in one way,

for there could be
no witnesses.
No one will ever know if
Carlos was indeed guilty.
My friend,
Alfredo Garrob,
has never wanted to move out
of this war-ridden country.
He has a firm belief that
some kind of political
moderation will
be reached.
I hope so
for his sake.
As for me, I've just confirmed
my plane reservations
to the
United States.
I must confess I feel
a bit out of place here,
I don't speak Spanish, and
I don't have any desire to die
in a war in which
I am not involved.
But I do have to admit
there's one thing I'll miss;
Alfredo's
home made tequila.
Long live
the revolution.
On June 1, 1979, police
responded to a phone tip
that a bomb had been
placed at the home
of a recently defected
Russian artist.
Time was of
the essence,
for the lives of
these professionals
were at the
mercy of a bomb
that could explode
at any given second.

There could be
no room for panic.
Patience was the key to their
success and their survival.
Let's check
the pit out.
We have
an alert here.
Sad, we
have an alert.
Fearing that the explosive device
might detonate at any moment,
the Bomb Squad
had no choice
but to disarm it
on the premises.
A reinforced steel shield
was erected
to protect the Bomb Squad observers
and the news cameraman.
Okay, we have
a destructive devise,
seven sticks
of Hercules dynamite,
two battery supplies,
a Quartz clock attached
to an arming device.
I'm gonna try and pull
the blasting cap...
going for the
blasting cap now.
Bomb Squad members are faced
with death on a daily basis.
Bill Reynolds had often
expressed his fear of death
at a bomb
exploding in his hands.
On this
very day,
Bill's greatest fear
became a tragic reality
as he experienced
his own face of death.
Through the mid 1960s

to the early 1970s,
America was involved
in a war
that has never really
been understood.
The locale
was Vietnam.
A country divided
by civil war,
hoping to prevent
the spread of communism,
the United States
set up a base of operations
in the city
of Saigon,
where Americans teamed
with South Vietnamese
to destroy
the dreaded Vietcong.
Unfortunately, this was
a way which nobody could win.
For five years, Cliff Freedman had
been a news cameraman in Vietnam.
His dramatic footage of the
war had brought him awards
as well
as recognition.
Many times he would risk his
life to get that extra shot
that had made
his photography so unique.
Freedman never carried
a gun during his tenure
as a cameraman
in Vietnam.
If he ever had
a fear of dying,
this footage was
a testament to his courage.
In slow motion,
you'll be able to witness
the final frame
of Cliff Freedman's life.
Although Freedman captured the last

moments of his life on celluloid,
there are others who claim
that they have recorded
a mental image
of their own death.
I feel very strange
talking about this
because it was a
very personal experience.
I had to go to the hospital,
and I felt very much alone.
I was having open
heart surgery.
One of the greatest
hopes we all share
is the possibility
of life after death.
The enigma of death has
remained an unanswered question
since the beginning
of time.
If there ever was
one universal fear,
it would have to be
the fear of death.
The case of Mary Stevens may
somehow shed a new view point
on this seemingly
unsolvable mystery.
My heart stopped, I
was dead for several minutes,
and I didn't know
what was happening.
Everything about me
was bright red, and I thought,
I'm dead, dear God
in heaven, I'm dead.
I came out of the red
into a white light,
suddenly I felt
very safe.
I saw my husband,
I miss him terribly.
I was so happy.

My sister Gloria was there,
the people I love,
even my best friend,
oh, God, it was wonderful.
Then I saw my son,
he was killed in Vietnam,
and he looked just exactly
the way I remember him.
I really wanted
to stay there,
but I woke up in the hospital
and I was in terrible pain.
And I'm glad to be alive,
because there's so many things
I need to do
and want to do.
But I'm not afraid to die
anymore because there's-
I know that I'll be
with the people I love
in the afterlife.
This is the police,
do not jump,
repeat,
do not jump.
On a hazy spring
afternoon in 1979,
Frank Maynard was faced with
the ultimate decision;
whether or not
to take his own life.
After being out of work
for several months,
and faced
with divorce,
Maynard decided suicide
was his only escape.
As his wife arrived
on the scene,
police felt confident she could
deter his destiny with death.
Do you have any idea
why he's doing this?
Do you think

you could go-
do you think you
could go talk to him?
I don't know why
he's doing this.
Come on, come on,
get her up here.
Is he on drugs
or something?
Get her up there.
Come on,
get her up there.
Posing as
a maintenance man,
Maynard had gained access
to the ledge.
At first his own fear
of death prevented tragedy.
Coming through,
coming through,
coming through,
coming through.
I'm gonna do it...
Living in a
complex world,
we must have
at our command
means that are adequate
to deal with the complexity.
If this does not occur,
a grave imbalance results.
This particular face
of death resulted
when Frank's actions
overcame his rational mind.
Well, it sounded like
a little splash,
aside of liver hitting
the floor when you drop it.
You know, kind of a splash,
kind of gooey like,
you know
what I mean.
The negative voices

which had beckoned Maynard
resulted in
self annihilation.
The problems he perceived
coping with daily existence
had finally
been eradicated.
The man, he just,
all of a sudden
just jumped
out of the window.
I didn't know
what was going on,
I was just walking by,
just got a
bottle of wine.
And I was walking by
and all I seen him jump
when that
lady yelled.
I didn't know
what happened.
I saw his wife
begging him,
and she said don't jump,
and he did.
He sure had a problem,
that's all I can tell you.
All I see was them
put the lady in the police car
and take her away.
I guess it
was his wife.
If death brought peace
of mind to Maynard,
his own selfish decision
brought sorrow
to the people who loved him
and those who watched.
What ended as an avenue
of escape for one
would haunt and cause
nightmares in the minds of many.
I was pretty disgusted

with the way
that everything
went today here.
There was a guy died
here today, you know.
How'd you feel
about that guy?
How did I feel
about him,
I was afraid for his,
there was nothing I could do.
So you really feared
for his life?
I did, yeah,
I feared for his life.
There was nothing
I could do.
Tradition plays an important
role in all our lives,
and they're
often symbols
which are associated
with the various holidays.
On Thanksgiving,
it's the turkey,
at Christmas,
it's jolly old St. Nick,
and during Easter
it's the white rabbit.
But the Easter Bunny
is not only loved
for his ability
at hiding coloured eggs,
gourmets around the world have
developed a very special taste
for the symbol
of Easter.
Look what I found.
Oh, thank you, sweetheart,
that's very nice,
that's pretty.
There are also grown
men who look forward
to receiving

their bunnies,
but you'll see that they
have other things in mind.
In 1980, 2 million pounds
of rabbit meat was consumed
in Los Angeles County.
To meet the ever
growing demand,
many slaughterhouses
throughout America
have decided to enter
this profitable market.
This particular
slaughterhouse
kills an average
of 600 rabbits a day.
The by-products
of this creature
bring high prices
in many different markets.
Rabbit's blood is used
as a filler for inoculations,
its brain is freeze-dried for
use in various medications.
Even the eyes
are utilized
for pharmaceutical compounds.
Their heads and skin
are ground
and used for dog
and cat food,
while their paws are sold
as good luck charms.
Quite frankly,
I never realized
this cute little creature
could be used
in so many ways.
The rabbit's entrails are also
saved and used to fatten hogs.
The most valuable part
of this creature is its fur.
Once these pelts dry, they
will be sold to manufacturers

who will create expensive
designer coats and jackets.
So ends the saga
of a rabbit's day
in the slaughterhouse.
Fast food has become
a life saver
for those
who hate to cook.
Aside from the hamburger,
chicken is one of the most
popular foods in America.
The demand for this bird has
become so great that in 1980,
4 billion chickens
had to be killed
to feed
the hungry masses.
In this particular
slaughterhouse,
20,000 chickens
are killed a day
at a rate
of 2,000 an hour.
A special machine
de-feathers the bird
and these feathers are then
sold for fertilizer.
After a washing process,
their skins are singed
with hot flames
to kill any
external bacteria.
All of the internal organs
of this bird are used.
What cannot be eaten, will
also be sold for fertilizer.
This assembly line
prepares a chicken
for market place
in five minutes.
Within another five minutes,
a high-pressure refryer
can ready this bird

for human consumption.
Hallelujah, America.
The location for this face
of death is Bancocharel Reef,
off the coast
of Yucatan.
Bob Olson was an America
expatriate who had setup
a small tourist
dive business.
Having spent several
years as a merchant marine,
Bob simply got fed up
with what he called
the American way
of life,
and resituated
in the port city of Cozmel.
It was here
he purchased a boat
and set up special
underwater tours.
Being an experienced diver
and avid treasure hunter,
the reef presented
a perfect haven for Bob.
He could do
what he loved,
getting paid for it
at the same time.
He never tired of exploring
the ancient wrecks
on the ocean floor.
Every dive would present a new
artifact and a new challenge.
He would even teach
tourists how to feed
some of his
underwater friends.
There was little doubt
Bob was a man who seemed
to have total control
of this alien environment.
Bob would often tell tourists

before he took them
on this
underwater tour,
that diving with him would be
a totally different experience.
His underwater world
was not a hunting ground,
but instead an area
where people could feed
and study the ocean's
unique wildlife.
Olson respected the sea,
and in turn,
he expected the sea
to respect him.
Sometimes a man who
becomes too overconfident
could be just as dangerous
as a man who fears too much.
Although the barracuda is not
considered an aggressor towards man,
in this
unusual incident,
the fish became confused
and bit Olson on the face
with his razor
sharp teeth.
Writhing in pain
and in a state of shock,
the crew members and tourists
worked frantically to save
the wounded man.
Although his injury
had resulted from an accident,
it was serious enough
to nearly cost Olson his life.
Look, we gotta get
some towels down here
to stop
this bleeding.
Take these towels
and stop the bleeding.
Jess,
he's gonna need stitches.

Geez, it tore him up
so bad.
Is there any gaze
in this first aid kit?
I don't know, man.
He's going under,
we gotta get the oxygen, man.
Can we get
that oxygen.
I can't stop
the bleeding.
Okay, press harder,
press harder,
just keep it going...
Get the gaze,
gaze here.
Press on his head,
press on his head.
Okay, we've gotta get
the Coast Guard...
Okay, here,
it's over his nose.
Okay, come on, come on,
crank it up, crank it up.
Get on that phone
and get the coast guard...
Bob Olson received
72 stitches in the face,
and to this day has refused
to reenter the water.
His confidence in a world
he had loved so much
has been replaced by a
complete fear of this element.
He is currently
under my therapy
and is making
great strides
toward becoming the man
he once was.
Olson is learning
the scar he carries
must not prevent him
from entering a world

which he at one time
adored and cherished.
What do you think
caused this accident?
Well, unfortunately, this is
probably another circumstance
where probably very good
open water divers
tried a highly technical
form of diving,
which is cavediving,
and basically
threw their lives away,
simply because they didn't have
the proper training and equipment.
Often divers
will push themselves,
and there's
a fine line
between something being
stressful and challenging,
and far too often
they cross that line.
A lot of times divers that are
even somewhat afraid of the water
will sometimes push themselves
just to see what they can do.
Did somebody drown?
Okay, you were
in the tunnel here,
which is kind of
winding around a lot?
Yeah.
Yeah, that's the
serpentine tunnels,
probably somewhere
in there.
We got really
silted down I think,
and that's when
I lost him.
What's the situation?
Well, we had two divers
go in, and one came out.

This is Phil here,
he came out and his buddy
is still down
there somewhere.
Did he say
what happened?
He says he thinks
they were down somewhere
in the serpentine
tunnel area.
What kind of tanks
was he using?
Do you know about how much
air was still in them?
It was
about half.
We could anticipate one,
maybe two...
Yeah, maybe one more.
I think maybe what we
should do is go in there,
check this tunnel out.
If we don't find him there,
go back here,
look at this one.
If we still don't find him,
come on back here,
maybe go back around
and check these tunnels out,
and this side passage.
Cave diving is perhaps the most
potentially dangerous terrain
a scuba enthusiast
can explore.
There is a rigid set of rules
which must be followed
before one enters
this environment.
No amount of previous
open water experience
can prepare a person
for cave diving.
In this uncommon setting,
the hazards are many.

For example, when diving
in this confined area,
the cave ceiling restricts
direct access to the surface,
so a diver is even more
dependent upon his gear.
If an emergency such as
air failure occurs,
the only exit from the cave
is the way one came in.
Yet many divers unaware
of this logistical problem
fail to plan
for such an emergency.
When presented with this
potentially dangerous situation,
the scuba enthusiast must rely
totally on his dive light.
If the dive light fails,
or a diver's swimming technique
stirs up the cave's silty floor,
disorientation results.
The normal response
is panic,
followed by being trapped
in this underwater labyrinth,
and eventually drowning.
...rescue has been down there
for some time.
We will notify
some more divers,
just have them
on standby.
Joseph Ryan had just received
his diving certification.
He was a novice diver,
and yet had a false sense
of his own skills.
He believed that his
experience was great enough
to compensate
for any emergency.
In theory, he probably
did understand what to do,

but when he became separated
from his diving buddy,
he simply panicked.
At this point, he had
little chance for survival.
As he feared
for his life,
he neglected
to assess the situation,
and in essence, signed
his own death certificate.
To challenge the unknown
and to anticipate
a remarkable discovery
is one of the greatest
lures of cave diving.
Feeling a sense of safety
is an important factor
when one enters
an unfamiliar locale.
Given the sense
of security,
a diver must never
lose perception
of the many inherent
dangers which still exist.
A balance of confidence
and humility must be achieved.
Realizing one's vulnerability
is an important part
of dealing with one's own
fear in any given situation.
If Joseph Ryan
had realized this,
he could have
saved his life.
There's a fine
line between
something being
stressful and challenging,
and far too often
because of a strong ego,
we all tend
to push ourselves.

This is a big boy sport,
you have to make up your mind
about the risk
ahead of time.

Once you get in a situation
where you regret it,
it's too late then.

Some people I think do have
a tendency to push themselves,
and perhaps even so
because some people
might even have
a fear of water itself.

John Ruskin once
described the snake
as a running brook
of horror.

There is little doubt the snake
is indeed a strange creature,
for only their left lung has
survived the evolutionary processes
which have been necessary
to make snakes what they are,
just a long, narrow ribcage
with a head at the end.

Nor do these reptiles have
any antibodies in their blood,
so a tick bite,
if it gets infected,
can kill a highly
venomous snake.

Yet most people fear this
seemingly vulnerable creature.

Andy Ckolashas worked
with venomous snakes
for over 20years.

During this time, he has
conducted various studies
concerning the behavioural
patterns of rattlesnakes.

Approximately 100 people
die each year
as a result of this creature's
poisonous bite.

Since the rattle
snake's fangs
are not sited
for biting large animals,
when this snake
attacks humans,
it is sally notable
to get in a good bite,
so many people survive
by default.

So when Jerry Davis decided to do some
plumbing on his mother's kitchen sink,
he accidentally discovered
a rattlesnake's nest
while lifting up
the kitchen floorboards.
Before he could react,
he was bitten in the hand
and immediately
went into shock.

Within several seconds,
deadly Eastern Diamondbacks
were moving
about the kitchen.

The sheriff arrived
minutes later with Andy.

Jerry Davis needed
medical help,
but first the snakes
had to be removed.

It was by sheer luck that
this unfortunate incident
happened in
Andy's hometown.

Since the snakes had
surrounded the fallen boy,
Andy had no choice but to
capture the venomous creatures
while they were
still alive.

Equipped with a special
snake stick,
Andy had to measure
his every move.

An Eastern Diamondback
is capable of striking
a distance of two-thirds
its own body length,
so one wrong move
could cost Andy his life.
Keep your eye on
that big one, Deputy,
if you will, please.
Okay.

As the snake moved around
Jerry Davis' unconscious body,
Andy had to
quicken his pace.

Within minutes,
the boy would die
if emergency medical procedures
could not be performed.

It looks like it's trying
to get away from us.

I don't care, let me
get over here real quick.

It looks like
I'm not needed here...

This is the biggest one
right here.

It's a biggy.

Watch yourself.

This is a big
rattlesnake here.

This is probably the one
that bit that guy,
look at the fangs.

How is he?

I'm not feeling
a pulse just yet.

There it is.

Let me go outside and
get a hold of the paramedics.

Alright.

Okay, I'll look in here
for some more snakes.

The timing could
not have been more perfect,

as Andy was capturing
the last rattlesnake,
the paramedic unit
arrived on the scene.
In the United States,
only three percent
of snake bite victims
who have received
anti venom, die.
Since Davis had only been
bitten on the hand once,
the paramedics felt they
could save the boy's life.
As the boy's frantic mother
was consoled by the sheriff,
the professionals performed
their life-saving task.
After viewing an incident
such as this,
it becomes easy
to understand why most people
have a fear
of snakes.
As Mrs. Davis viewed
her son's hand,
she immediately associated
this horrible experience
with every snake she'd
see from that moment on.
Fortunately for her son,
the wound looked far
worse than it actually was.
A few days later, he
was released from the hospital
with a clean
bill of health.
A bad experience
such as the one Jerry Davis
and his family underwent
can sometimes resolve itself
with a strong
psychological fear.
There was fright,
there was pain,

then momentary panic,
and even the fleeting
thought of death.

Although these emotions
may have been warranted,
the situation
was resolved.

For some reason, it takes
along time to forget.

The nightmare had been
created by a creature
that has the
potential to kill.

Even though
this experience
will probably
never repeat itself,
the Davis family will always
wonder could it happen again.

And with this thought
they wonder what other
creatures lay in waiting
for their human prey.

The crystal clear waters
of the South Pacific
set the stage for a truly
horrifying example of death.

Milas Goodman,
a renowned marine biologist
and underwater
cinematographer,

had set out with a crew
from the island of Mokia
to complete a documentary
on shark behaviour.

As the boat approached
its destination,
the crew began the necessary
surface preparation
for another day
of filming.

The expedition had been
based in the South Pacific
for the last

six weeks.

Aside from hiring
a well experienced crew,
Goodman had a great deal
of luck with Mother Nature,
for the weather could not
have been more beautiful.
This was to be the final
dive of the expedition,
and also

the most hazardous.

It was during this dive
that Goodman planned
to lure different varieties
of reef sharks

into a confined area

by wiring bait

to the corral heads

on the ocean floor.

By enticing the sharks

into a feeding frenzy,

they would be

placing themselves

into a very

dangerous situation.

Therefore, the crew

realized they would only

have a limited amount

of filming time.

Patterns of behaviour

are all important

to a biologist studying

a particular animal,

but sharks

remain inscrutable.

When the glimmer of a pattern

appears to be emerging,

it is very often

shattered or blurred

by new and

puzzling facts.

Of the world's

250 species of sharks,

only about 10 percent

are proven man eaters.
However,
in this situation,
statistics meant
very little.
The sharks encountered
by Goodman and his crew
were being
purposely aroused
to expose their aggressive
natures for the cameras.
As the sharks began to
discover the bait,
the filming could not have
gone at a better pace.
Lewis Carroll once wrote,
'But when the tide rises
and the sharks are around,
his voice had a timid
and tremulous sound. '
If Goodman
or any of his crew
had any fear
of death by sharks,
they had little time
to dwell on this emotion.
Although armed with
underwater weapons
in case of an accident,
the crew realized
they had little protection
against these denizens
of the deep.
In a matter of moments,
Goodman and his crew
would realize they had created
the ultimate feeding frenzy.
Oh my God.
Theresa, call the Coast Guard
helicopter assistance,
we've had a bad
shark attack.
We've lost some limbs,
quickly call them,

call the Coast Guard
helicopter assistance.
Get me out
of the water.
Massive tissue loss,
bring the first aid kit.
Bring him around, get him
out of the water, quick,
bring him around,
bring him around.
Get me out
of the water.
Quick, quick,
massive tissue loss,
I'll stop
the bleeding.
A man who had
devoted his life
to the sea became a victim of
his own scientific pursuits,
a gray shark
had torn off
one of Goodman's legs
at the knee cap.
Most people live
in fear of one day
being attacked while
swimming in the ocean.
It is ironic that a man
who had no fear
of these creatures would
eventually fall victim
to their deadly jaws.
Have you ever been
the victim of a crime,
almost everyone has.
It can be
completely devastating
to those on
meager incomes.
The criminal's mentality
is simply,
your loss
is my gain.

These people are the
lowlifes of society,
preying like vultures
upon the unsuspecting.
We're about to examine
the ultimate face of death.
Some say it is justified,
the kind of death
that comes to those
who seem to deserve it.
I'm not sure that any man
has a right to judge another,
but I'm a firm believer
that God punishes those
who do injustice
to others,
sally in the form
of eternal damnation,
once the evil soul
leaves this earthly plain.
This time,
death's winning face
is in the form
of an animal.
I call this final chapter,
God, spelled backward.
If the dog
is man's best friend,
he is also man's
best protector.
Guard dogs still remain
one of the greatest
deterrents against
the criminal element.
Marvin Jacobs had owned an auto
body repair shop for 10 years.
After repeated
car thefts,
he installed a video camera
on his lot.
As additional protection,
he also bought two guard dogs
to insure
against robbery.

On the night
of March 14th, 1980,
two men entered
Jacobs' property,
unaware of the dangers
that awaited them.
While one of the robbers
managed to escape,
the other was viciously
killed by the guard dogs.
The police had no choice
but to shoot the dogs
upon their arrival.
The two German Shepherds
guarding the parking lot
represented a
face of death
to any one
who would dare trespass.
Sadly, the two
dogs had to die
for performing their duty
too zealously;
for a human life,
even that of a criminal
breaking the law,
is more important
than an animal's.
The dramatic footage
you are viewing was recorded
by the video camera Jacobs
had installed on the premises.
In a world that
is constantly changing,
in a society that continues
to grow more violent,
the fear of death is becoming
the plague of the 20th century.