

Karma Coalition

Original Screenplay

By

Shawn Christensen

(c) Copyright 2008

FIRST DRAFT

No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced, or used by any means, or quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Shawn Christensen.

White type fades up on a BLACK SCREEN

"There is a place, here on Earth, beyond the oceans, that defies reality as much as it defies basic humanity"

William Craft 1973 - 2009

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE UP

CLOSE-UP: A WOMAN's face, on her side, eyes wide open.

She's a young, beautiful model with a small line of blood seeping out of her perfect lips.

As she lays deathly still on the floor, INDISCERNIBLE PEOPLE hover over her, snapping FLASH photos and clearing the area. A blurred gurney arrives behind her.

A HAND with a plastic glove carefully feels her neck for a pulse. Nothing. Her face is stoic, her lips are cold.

Muffled DIALOGUE is the only sound that reverberates. But as the gurney is fully laid down, and the on-looking PATRONS are cleared, the extraneous CHATTER turns eerily silent.

Her face looks like a statue, her eyes like porcelain, projecting a glassy stare.

They lift her on to the gurney. But just before they zip her up in the body bag...

She blinks.

DONOVAN MILES (V.O.)
The art of dying is a trivial
thing...

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL -- DAY

The large classroom boasts at least 200 STUDENTS. All onlookers quietly pay attention to Professor DONOVAN MILES, mid 70's, dressed in professional tweeds.

DONOVAN MILES
It's for amateurs. Anyone can do
it, and we all eventually will.
Houdini died from being punched in
the stomach, and most people
consider that his worst trick.

A light CHUCKLE erupts from some students.

DONOVAN MILES (CONT'D)
The art of *not* dying, however, is a
different story.

On the side of Miles' desk, hidden under one of the legs, is a mini recording device, no bigger than a finger nail. A tiny red light indicates it is activated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN MILES (CONT'D)
It takes a lot of effort to stay
alive.

Miles writes the word 'Reproba Nexism' on the blackboard.

DONOVAN MILES (CONT'D)
And it takes even more effort to
live in tranquility. Telephones,
satellites, internet, mass media...
These are all advanced forms of
communication to be sure. But they
are also invasions of privacy. And
we're going to talk about that
today.

INT. BILLIARDS HALL -- NIGHT

Donovan walks through this seedy pool hall like he owns it.
He passes through dozens of PATRONS on his way to the back
door -- KNOCKS three times exactly. The door opens.

INT. BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Donovan enters an off-track betting room with scattered
GAMBLERS. He approaches the window teller, GARRETT LAWSON,
late 30's, heroin skinny. Garrett immediately starts paying
him out in thousand dollar bills.

GARRETT
Jamie's not so happy about you
puttin' a dent in his vault.

DONOVAN MILES
Then tell him not to bet against
me.

After Donovan is paid out, Garrett starts to shut the window.
But Donovan grabs his arm first.

DONOVAN MILES (CONT'D)
I've got one more. One last bet.
And then we're through.

Donovan hands Garrett a piece of paper. Garrett reads it.

GARRETT
He's younger. Not even rich or
famous or nothin'.

DONOVAN MILES
That's what makes him so special.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Donovan walks down a damp, dark street. He uses a cane for assistance, but still keeps a decent pace. The SOUND of garbage being tossed in a nearby dumpster startles him. A cat MEOWS. He moves on.

After a few paces, he hears the faint sound of FOOTSTEPS. He slowly turns his head to see if someone is following him, but a thin fog skews his vision.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Donovan enters his apartment in the dark. He goes to turn on the light switch, but it doesn't work. Just as he realizes it won't turn on, he notices a dim, flickering light coming from his living room. It looks like the reflection of a fire.

Suddenly, an INTRUDER grabs him from behind and covers his mouth.

The intruder brings him into the living room, where two MEN await him. One of the men, COSSY, early 40's, ponytail, facial scars, tatoos, comes out of the shadows, while Miles is brought in.

The other man is throwing all of Miles research and pages into the fireplace.

DONOVAN MILES
Stop it! What are you doing?

Cossy takes out a syringe and puts on a pair of plastic gloves.

DONOVAN MILES (CONT'D)
Wait a second... Please, I kept my promise.

Cossy brings the syringe up to Miles' neck while the two men hold him up.

COSSY
The art of dying is a trivial thing.

Cossy shoves a sock in Miles' mouth and injects the needle into his neck.

Miles begins shaking terribly, eyes bulging. He turns white as a ghost as he convulses to death. Finally, after a moment, he turns serene. Gone.

OPENING TITLES SEQUENCE

EXT. MILES' APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Two Police Cars and an ambulance are staked outside. The December air is cool and crisp. Detective BENJAMIN YATES, 50's, trench coat and scarf, walks past a couple OFFICERS on his way inside.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

He enters the building from the rain. The LANDLORD, 40's, greets him.

LANDLORD
You Detective Yates?

YATES
Yup.

LANDLORD
He's on the third floor.

INT. MILES' HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The Landlord leads Yates towards Donovan Miles' apartment.

LANDLORD
A tenant downstairs kept yappin' about this smell. Drivin' me crazy. I thought maybe it was a rat caught in the heating duct, but when I come upstairs, this teacher wouldn't answer his door. Then I find out why.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Yates enters the apartment past the police tape. Miles is sitting on his recliner, skin rotting, mouth wide open, flies scurrying around his limp carcass.

JOHN DEELS, late 30's, Forensics, is already on the scene. VANESSA GRAVITZ, early 30's, another detective is in attendance as well. Random OFFICERS also decorate the apartment.

Yates calmly sits at a nearby chair, observing the body while John Deels gathers samples around the body.

YATES
So?

JOHN DEELS
No signs of trauma. Skin's pale, legs are a little swollen. First guess, heart attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YATES
Second guess.

JOHN DEELS
He was gasping for air. Heart attack.

YATES
How long has he been here?

JOHN DEELS
A while. Could be six days, could be more.

Yates gets up and looks around the room -- very clean, organized, simple. Framed pictures of anatomy drawings and Norman Rockwell paintings fill the walls.

YATES
A man who takes six days to be found doesn't have many friends.

Vanessa walks in from the kitchen area.

VANESSA
Never married. No kids. No siblings.

YATES
What'd he do?

VANESSA
He taught Biochemistry and Medical Science at Mt. Saint Johns.

Yates picks up an odd-looking sculpture of the human brain.

YATES
Is there a Will?

Vanessa brings over the Will.

VANESSA
Everything goes to charity. But there is one name in there.

Yates takes a look at it. It reads: ***William Craft***

INT. UPSTATE COLLEGE / LARGE ROOM -- MORNING

WILLIAM CRAFT, mid 30's, suit and sneakers, enters the daunting room. His sneakers SQUEAK as he walks across the newly waxed floor.

He is greeted by a panel of four Faculty Members: JACK BOYLE, COREY, QUALLS and HEINSBERG. They are all in their 50's and 60's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

William sits down, facing the panel and places his briefcase on the table. The Panel seem disappointed.

JACK BOYLE
Good Morning, William.

WILLIAM
Jack.

HEINSBERG
William, before we get started, I just want to say that I think you're one of the best teachers we've got. And it saddens me that we have to meet here today, under these circumstances.

COREY
However, you were hired under the assumption that you would act as a professional. Which you clearly have not. And your recent actions have brought a great deal of disgrace to this school and community.

WILLIAM
Why don't we just cut to the chase?

JACK BOYLE
(hesitant)
William, the evidence is overwhelming. And the media's giving us pressure.

QUALLS
We're going to need your resignation by this afternoon.

COREY
Or we can fire you, if you'd like. Effective immediately.

William nods, thinking about it.

WILLIAM
The real disgrace is you, Corey. Gossiping behind my back like a little schoolgirl. Why didn't you talk to me, face to face? Instead of going to the Journal. Playing yourself out to be the victim. Fuck you.

HEINSBERG
All right, that's enough of that.

COREY
At least I didn't sleep with a student.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM
You couldn't pay a student to sleep with you, you ugly fuck. And I'm not the only one in this room who's slept with a student.

Heinsberg suddenly looks very uncomfortable.

JACK BOYLE
Still, William, you're the only one who got caught.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE -- DAY

William is packing up his belongings in boxes. His office is a disaster zone. Papers, folders, office supplies scattered everywhere.

A KNOCK at his open door distracts him. It's Jack Boyle.

Jack wanders in, lights a cigarette and sits down at the only vacant chair while William continues cleaning house.

JACK BOYLE
Where will you go?

WILLIAM
New York. New Hampshire. New anything.

JACK BOYLE
I've been to those places. There's nothing there.

William packs away a baseball and mitt.

JACK BOYLE (CONT'D)
Look, William. I want you to know I did everything I could.

WILLIAM
I know you did.

JACK BOYLE
No, that's not good enough. I want you to know that I could've done more. I could've blackmailed the whole lot of 'em, for chrissake.

WILLIAM
I chose to sleep with the Dean's daughter, Jack.

JACK BOYLE
You've been fired before, and it didn't stick. I'll get your job back within the week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
Not this time. This time, I'm
leaving for good.

William takes a framed picture of a WOMAN, 30, and packs it away. She is posing with William somewhere in the Pacific.

JACK BOYLE
You know, it's been five years
since Deirdre passed away...

No response.

JACK BOYLE (CONT'D)
Maybe you should go back to doing
stem cell research. Take your mind
off things. The Kennedy Center
would take you back with open arms.

WILLIAM
It took Albert Calmette twenty one
years to invent the cure for
Tuberculosis. And in that time,
forty three new diseases entered
the world. It's a battle that
cannot be won.

The phone RINGS. William ignores it. Jack picks it up.

JACK BOYLE
Hello?
(beat)
Yeah, he's here.
(beat)
Really?
(beat)
Well, hold on a second. Let me put
him on.

Jack holds out the phone towards William.

WILLIAM
It's not my office anymore, Jack.

JACK BOYLE
Donovan Miles has died.

William takes the phone.

WILLIAM
Hello?
(beat)
Yes.
(beat)
Yes.
(beat)
I know where it is.

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I'm going to New York.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

John Deels, holding a file folder walks briskly past OFFICERS and EMPLOYEES. Vanessa joins him midway. They're clearly in a hurry.

INT. YATES' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Deels and Vanessa enter Yates' office and SLAM the file folder on his desk, opening it up to a photograph.

Yates looks at the forensic photograph. It shows a slightly miscolored area of Donovan Miles' neck.

YATES
What is this?

JOHN DEELS
It's called liposene residue, a
type of mercury.

VANESSA
It's basically post-mortem make-up.

YATES
What's it covering?

JOHN DEELS
Syringe mark, maybe. Hard to tell.

Yates leans back in his chair.

YATES
Is your diagnosis still a heart
attack, Deels?

JOHN DEELS
No sir.

VANESSA
And you know who Miles' Landlord
claimed would come around the
apartment building? Garrett
Lawson.

YATES
Does the Landlord know that Garrett
Lawson has a criminal record?

VANESSA
Probably not.

INT. KEY SHOP -- NIGHT

Yates and Vanessa enter the shop -- small, cluttered, thousands of keys and hardware. A sheepish Garrett Lawson mans the counter.

GARRETT
Oh man.

Vanessa turns the 'open' sign around to 'closed'.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I'm clean as a whistle, man.

YATES
Sure you are, Garrett. Let's talk
in the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Garrett, Yates and Vanessa. More clutter.

YATES
You know Donovan Miles?

GARRETT
Yeah, I know him. We play pool
down at Logan's. Why?

YATES
You're friends?

GARRETT
We're acquaintances.

YATES
You know your acquaintance is dead?

Garrett takes pause.

GARRETT
You serious?

YATES
That's right. And it wasn't
exactly of natural causes.

GARRETT
Hey man, I don't know nothin' about
no dead Professor. I ain't no
murderer, if that's what you're
insinuating.

YATES
Then who did it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARRETT
 It's karma, man. That guy was
 fuckin' with the higher powers.

YATES
 Who are the higher powers?

GARRETT
 (slightly laughing)
 God, man. God took a special
 interest in Donovan Miles. And so
 did the devil.

VANESSA
 Doesn't sound like very nice words
 for a friend who just passed away.

GARRETT
 Like I said, Miss Vanessa, he was
 an acquaintance.

Yates takes out his gun and grabs Garrett by his hair. He shoves his gun in Garrett's cheek.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 Okay, okay. He was starting pools
 in the Logan's back room.
 Management wasn't happy about it.

YATES
 What kind of pools?

GARRETT
 He'd bet on when people were gonna
 die.

YATES
 Example?

GARRETT
 Presidents, world leaders,
 corporate bigwigs, even some
 celebrities. He'd come in and
 place a bet on when they were gonna
 die. Usually within a couple
 weeks. And, of course, we all
 would go in on it because the odds
 were unimaginable. But then he'd
 win. And it got so he'd win so
 often, we had to stop betting.

YATES
 How often would you say he won?

GARRETT
 (beat)
 Every time.

Yates loosens his grip a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YATES
How many bets are we talking about?

GARRETT
Nineteen, twenty. Enough so that we started getting scared for our own lives, you know? He'd be laughin', thinkin' it's all fun and games. But after a while, it got real uncomfortable.

YATES
You think he was murdering these people?

GARRETT
We didn't know what to think. One day he came in said some Catholic Priest was gonna get it. And that's where I was like, no fuckin' way, pal. I ain'tbettin' against a man of the cloth. No matter what the stakes.

YATES
So...

GARRETT
So?

YATES
So, how did the Priest die?

GARRETT
Well, we don't know yet. He came in with that one last week.

This really grabs Yates' attention. He let's go of Garrett.

YATES
Last week? And what was the spread?

GARRETT
Gave him ten days, I think.

Yates takes out his Blackberry -- opens it.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Yeah, it was ten days. I've been glued to the television ever since. Waitin' for this Priest to show up dead in the news. My girlfriend thinks I'm nuts.

YATES
You remember his name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GARRETT
 It was 'Ferucci'. From Italy. You
 know, those group of Bishops they
 were investigating for feeding
 money to the Polish Secret Service?
 Remember that?

Yates nods while writing the information in his phone.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 This Ferucci was one of 'em.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER APOSTLE -- DAY

ARCHBISHOP FERUCCI, 60's, leads the mass. THOUSANDS are in attendance.

Title fades up: *Cathedral Basilica, Italy*

ARCHBISHOP
 (in Italian)
 "He had a dream in which he saw a
 stairway resting on the earth, with
 its top reaching to heaven, and the
 angels of God were ascending and
 descending on it..."

Way in the back, in the second to last pew, sits the MAN, British, late 30's, horn-rimmed glasses. We'll call him the SALESMAN. He carefully takes notes while watching Ferucci SPEAK. Ferucci's words ECHO throughout the large chapel.

ALEXANDER VICELLI, 40's, calmly slides into the pew behind the Salesman's. He leans up to speak quietly with him. The following exchange is subtitled.

VICELLI
 (in Italian)
 The Archbishop wants to see you
 this afternoon.

SALESMAN
 (in Italian)
 Tell the Archbishop that we did not
 agree on such a meeting.

VICELLI
 (in Italian)
 Still, he knows that you are here
 in Frascati, and wishes to meet
 with you sooner rather than later.

SALESMAN
 (in Italian)
 We will meet in four days as
 previously discussed. And no
 sooner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICELLI
(in Italian)
I urge you to reconsider. He is
eager to meet with you today, but
tomorrow he may change his mind.

SALESMAN
(in Italian)
He has no choice in the matter. We
will meet in four days when I have
thoroughly evaluated his
intentions. If you approach me
again, the deal is off.

Vicelli is not used to being strong-armed. But he
reluctantly gets up to leave.

INT. POUGHKEEPSIE TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT

William enters the station with a duffle bag and walks up to
the ticket booth.

WILLIAM
One way to Grand Central.

The TICKET SELLER brings up the stub while William takes out
a twenty.

On a tiny television in the booth, the BBC News is on. A
graphic of JOMO KIBAWI, late 50's, is on the screen.

NEWS REPORTER
Jomo Kibawi, the President of Kenya
was assassinated at a National
Alliance rally in Othaya earlier
tonight. It's the fifth World
Leader assassinated within the past
two months. So far, there are no
suspects...

William takes his ticket and his change.

INT. TRAIN -- NIGHT

William stares out the window as the train winds through the
Hudson Valley -- bridges are lit up, and lights illuminate
from tiny houses across the river.

He takes out a small, unused handkerchief from his inside
pocket. It is an off-white linen with a red stitched
embroidery which reads: For Whispering William

FLASHBACK TO:

William, five years earlier, staring at a stained glass
window in a large Church. His hands clutching a similar
handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack Boyle, and some other FRIENDS, sit by his side.

William slowly rises and walks down the aisle towards an open coffin. Scattered MOURNERS fill the pews as he makes his way towards the casket.

When he arrives, he sees his wife, DEIRDRE, 30, lying inside, eyes closed, flower on her chest. She was the young woman in his framed picture.

As a single tear releases from his watery eyes, he places his handkerchief on her chest next to the flower.
It reads: For Dreaming Deirdre

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YATES OFFICE -- EVENING

Yates pours himself a cup of coffee and washes down some pills. A slight THUNDERSTORM is brewing outside. A KNOCK at his open door reveals William.

YATES
William Craft?

Yates gets up and shakes his hand.

YATES (CONT'D)
I'm Detective Yates. Nice to meet you. Please, sit down.

William sits down as Yates retreats to behind his desk. The walls are decorated with post-expressionism art. One particular piece perks William's interest.

WILLIAM
That's a Scheile.

YATES
Yes, it is. You know his work?

WILLIAM
I know Austria. I studied there for two years.

YATES
You studied to become a teacher.

WILLIAM
No, actually. But that's how it turned out.

YATES
Until you were discharged.

WILLIAM
I don't know if 'discharged' is quite the word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YATES
 I suppose it's a matter of
 semantics. Fact is, you were fired
 unceremoniously. It's okay to be
 defensive about it. Fornication is
 a delicate matter.

WILLIAM
 You believe everything you read in
 the papers?

YATES
 I believe in absolution. What do
 you believe in?

WILLIAM
 Just the details. Types of shoes
 people wear. A firm handshake.
 Things like that. Everything else
 is vanity.

Yates smiles and takes Donovan's file.

YATES
 When was the last time you spoke
 with Donovan Miles?

WILLIAM
 Five years ago.

YATES
 You had a falling out?

WILLIAM
 That's right.

YATES
 What was the issue?

WILLIAM
 I didn't like some of the people he
 was associating with.

YATES
 What made them unlikable?

WILLIAM
 They were secretive. They had this
 secret handshake bullshit
 mentality. I got out of there.

YATES
 So one day you were great friends,
 and the next day you weren't?

WILLIAM
 One day he was normal, and the next
 day he was preaching about
 apocalyptic theology. Kept saying
 the end of the world was near.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
He was obsessed with it. We
stopped talking.

YATES
Well, maybe you can explain
something to me.

Yates pulls out a small postal package and places it on his desk in front of William.

WILLIAM
What's this?

YATES
It's a package he left for you.

William picks it up and looks it over.

WILLIAM
Don't things like this get handled
by a signatory?

YATES
Fact is, there have been recent
developments in the matter of
Donovan Miles' death. And we took
the liberty of withholding his
possessions temporarily.

WILLIAM
What kind of developments?

YATES
I'd like to ask you to open up the
package here.

WILLIAM
Well now, I'm no lawyer, but that
doesn't sound very legal.

YATES
I don't care what it sounds like.
You'll open up the package here, or
I'll be forced to arrest you.

WILLIAM
Excuse me?

YATES
Just open the package and we won't
have any problems.

William looks back at the door he came through. Two OFFICERS are staked outside, ready to obtain him, should he try to leave.

WILLIAM
Am I missing something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Yates opens Donovan's folder, revealing multiple angled shots of his body. He picks out one photograph of Donovan's face and neck.

YATES
(motioning)
The coroner discovered this small needle mark located on his lower neck.

WILLIAM
You think he was murdered?

YATES
I know he was murdered. I also know this; He left everything to charity -- every penny of his savings. His clothes, his car, his favorite hat. Hell, he even donated his body to science. All except for this package. There's only one name written on his Will and Testament, and it's yours. This one package he wanted you to have. And it wasn't just laying around the apartment or tucked safely under his bed. No, sir. This package was buried inside the floor boards of a five-story depository on the lower East Side, some fifty blocks from where he went to sleep every night.

WILLIAM
Excuse me, but am I a suspect?

YATES
As long as that box is sealed tight, you can consider yourself under arrest.

WILLIAM
I'm not commenting any further until I speak with my lawyer.

YATES
You were working on stem cell research, illegally, in the state of Michigan for over six months. Now that may be a bullshit charge, but the fact is, I can lock you up for as long as I want, until I build up enough evidence that proves that you were linked to the death of Donovan Miles. How's that sound?

WILLIAM
It sounds like blackmail. And you can go fuck yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

YATES
That's not the way to my heart,
William. Open the box.

WILLIAM
And then what?

YATES
And then we mourn your involvement
or celebrate your innocence. If
there's nothing in it to
incriminate you, I'll let you go
for the time being. You have my
word.

William thinks for a moment. Finally:

WILLIAM
You wait outside while I open it.

YATES
No.

WILLIAM
If it's something personal to me,
or some sort of sentimental gift,
I'd rather take in the moment that
was rightly bestowed upon me,
without someone breathing over my
shoulder. Just give me that.

Yates puts out his cigar.

YATES
Fine. You have two minutes. I'll
be right outside.

Yates leaves the room, but he can still see William through the window.

William looks at the box. He takes out a pocket knife attached to his key chain and carefully cuts open the wrapping tape. When he opens it, a small wooden chest is packed inside. He removes the wooden chest and sits down placing it on his lap.

He unsnaps the tiny hinges and opens the top of the chest, revealing a lone photograph of Deirdre, his deceased wife, placed carefully on top of a gray foam. He picks up the picture and looks at it. She seems lonely in the picture. He turns the photograph around. A hand-written note on the back reads: ***She's still alive***

Not understanding, he continues lifting the foam and finds a printed pamphlet entitled: ***Corrupt List, New York City***

In this pamphlet, is an alphabetical list of City Officials. William scans through the pamphlet until he reaches the 'Y' section. He reaches the name; ***Yates***

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He looks up at Yates, outside, who is CHATTING with the two officers and occasionally glancing over.

When he returns his attention to the list, he reads a hand-written piece of paper: ***If you are linked to me, they will kill you***

William continues to find a mini-cd placed underneath the paper. It's entitled: ***The Karma Coalition***

Finally underneath it all are two tiny smoke bombs and a 9mm Glock -- loaded.

William immediately shuts the box, afraid for his life. He tries to think quickly about what he should do.

EXT. YATES' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Yates is speaking with the officers.

YATES
I'll call you in, in five minutes.
He's not going anywhere tonight.

INT. YATES' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Yates enters his office and sees William holding the chest in his lap still.

YATES
Well?

William places the chest on Yates' desk.

When Yates opens it, there is only one item left inside -- the torn page out of the Corrupt List. He unfolds the piece of paper and reads his name.

Suddenly, he realizes William has the gun pointed straight at his ribs.

WILLIAM
No sudden moves.

YATES
Are you out of your fucking mind?
What is it you plan to do?

WILLIAM
Don't know, don't know. I'm
thinking.

YATES
That's a life sentence you're
holding in your trembling hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
Shut up and open the window.

YATES
Think about what you're doing. You make it through that window, you will be running for the rest of your life.

WILLIAM
I'm not exactly filled with options right now, Yates. So why don't you just do me a favor and coolly, calmly open the fucking window.

Yates slowly leads William towards the window. The officers outside are not paying attention.

Yates unlocks the large window and opens it. A fierce WIND rushes in from the outside storm. The officers take notice and enter the room.

The officers take out their weapons as soon as they realize what's happening. William shoves the 9mm under Yates' neck.

YATES
Stay back. Stay back. Wait to shoot him while he's climbing out the window.

William looks out the window -- a two story drop.

YATES (CONT'D)
That's right, William. You'll be dead by the time you hit the ground. Or you can put down the weapon and be reasonable.

William takes out the smoke bomb, and throws it at the officers' feet. The second it EXPLODES, the room fills up, and the officers no longer have a clean shot.

William darts for the window. One of the officers SHOOTS at William, but nearly hits Yates.

YATES (CONT'D)
Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

While everyone is getting smoked out, the FIRE ALARM goes off. William climbs out the window, hanging on for dear life before he jumps out.

YATES (CONT'D)
(over the alarm)
What was in the box, Craft? Talk to me.

William leaps out the window and...

EXT. POLICE STATION -- CONTINUOUS

...lands hard on the cold sidewalk, hurting his side. He quickly gets up and runs as fast as he can down 8th Avenue. As he runs off into the night, POLICEMEN and cars start dispatching from the Precinct.

William runs down the street into the 50th Street subway. He speeds down the stairs and hops over the turnstile to catch an incoming train. Scattered PEOPLE move out of his way.

The trains' doors open, and William rushes on board. The doors slowly close. As the train is pulling out of the station, he sees a half dozen OFFICERS coming down the stairs, followed immediately by the blackness and RUMBLING of the dark tunnel.

He takes out the CD and picture from his pocket to make sure he still has them. He catches his breath and puts his head in his hands.

EXT. ATRIUM / ITALY -- DUSK

Vicelli is leading the Salesman through the Cathedral courtyard. As we pass the cloisters, the large archways surrounding the atrium seem to loom down, almost eerily.

INT. PRESBYTERY -- DUSK

Vicelli and the Salesman enter the Archbishop's private quarters, where three members of the DIOCESE await their arrival. The Diocese are seated.

Archbishop Ferucci enters with his PRIVATE COUNCIL and everyone stands. He approaches the Salesman, who kneels down to kiss his hand.

When the Archbishop sits, everyone else sits.

VICELLI
(to Archbishop, in Latin)
This is the man who claims to offer
you sanctuary, my Lord.

ARCHBISHOP
(in Latin)
He may speak.

VICELLI
(to Salesman)
His Majesty is well versed in
English, if it suits you.

The Salesman removes a tiny notebook from his inside pocket and reviews it for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN
Nothing will be discussed until the
Diocese and his Majesty's Private
Council are adjourned.

VICELLI
You can speak freely here.

The Salesman and Archbishop stare at each other for the moment...

Finally, the Archbishop whispers to his Council. Both the Council and the members of the Diocese leave the room.

SALESMAN
The Cross is falling in the West.
Ellanto and Vincenz, both close
friends of yours, have disrobed in
shame. We have reason to believe
you may be next. What I offer you,
is a second life.

The Archbishop SPEAKS Latin to Vicelli.

VICELLI
His Majesty wants to know if you've
heard something that particularly
pertains to his reputation.

SALESMAN
No.

VICELLI
Then why should he need a second
life?

The Salesman thinks carefully before he speaks again. Then:

SALESMAN
There is the matter of his
homosexuality.

VICELLI
How dare you accuse the Archbishop
of-

The Archbishop puts his hand up to silence Vicelli. He is willing to listen.

SALESMAN
(to Archbishop)
It took me three days to find out.
How long do you think it'll take
the Church? The media? How long
before Vincenz starts talking in
order to free his soul? Time is of
essence, my Lord. My organization
would very much like to help you,
and keep your legacy in tact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICELLI
And how, exactly, would you help
him?

SALESMAN
(ignoring Vicelli)
I'll give you two days to decide.
You know our practices, and you
know our reputation. We would be
honored to aide you in anyway
possible.
(gets up to leave)
Good day.

The Salesman exits. Leaving the Archbishop deep in thought,
and Vicelli frustrated.

EXT. OVERGROUND SUBWAY STOP -- NIGHT

William is at a run-down phone booth in a dismal area of the city. The booth's fluorescent light flickers, barely illuminating the graffiti-ridden interior.

RINGING is heard on the other end, followed by an away message from Jack Boyle.

WILLIAM
(on phone)
Jack... I'm in trouble, man.
Something went terribly wrong, and
I'm in big fucking trouble. I'm
going to try and find Laura
Galloway. I think she has a place
on the Upper West Side. I'll call
you from there at 1:00 AM. Make
sure you pick up.

William hangs up and adjusts his collar from the cold.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY -- NIGHT

William RINGS the buzzer to Laura Galloway's apartment.
LAURA GALLOWAY, 40's, answers the door.

LAURA
William?

WILLIAM
I'm sorry to bother you this late
at night, but I had no where else
to go.

LAURA
Don't worry about it.

Laura invites him in.

INT. GALLOWAY'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

William enters the apartment -- large rooms, high ceilings, fine art, 1970's wood paneling. Laura closes the door behind him.

LAURA
What's going on?

WILLIAM
Would it be okay if I could just use your computer for a few minutes? It won't take long.

LAURA
Sure. There's one in the Den, down the hall, on the left.

WILLIAM
Thank you.

INT. DEN -- NIGHT

More wood paneling, beautiful view of the sparkling city, shelves and shelves of books.

William injects one of the 'Karma Coalition' cds into John's desktop. As the disc loads, he looks over the photograph of Deirdre from the package.

After a moment, a screen pops up with a still shot of Donovan sitting in his Living Room. William presses 'play'.

DONOVAN MILES
(on computer)
Hello, William. It's been a long time. And I apologize for the circumstances of this little reunion. However, to be forthright, if you are watching this, there is a strong chance that I have died prematurely. If this package has fallen into the wrong hands... then I have installed a password protection key that only William would know. The clue for this password, William, is simply the revised title of your first submitted essay. If this password is not inputted within two minutes, the disc will erase itself and its contents will be destroyed.

The transmission stops, and the password box appears in the center of the screen, as advertised.

William throws his hands up in confusion. He has no idea what the clue means.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
You've got to be kidding me.

The clock counts down. William jumps up and starts pacing to figure it out.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Okay... October 4th, 1991, Religion versus Science, October 9th, The Foundations of General Humanism, the Genesis of Humanism, analyzation of John-Paul Sartre, September 28th. Third week, Anatomy of Common Faith. Second week, Importance of Darwin. First week... karma.

William sits down and types.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Karma...

'Access Denied' flashes on the screen. The clock has thirty seconds to go. William types it again.

'Access Denied' again.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Come on...

He types again, all capitals. Access denied. The clock has thirty seconds to go.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
First submitted essay? Revised... what does he mean revised?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -- MORNING

William, 22, sits at his desk when Donovan Miles places his 'Karma' paper in front of him. A big 'F' is circled on the top of the page.

The word 'bad' is handwritten before 'karma'.

FLASH FORWARD:

William types again.

WILLIAM
Bad... karma.

A pixelized image comes into focus. It's an image of Deirdre. The screen flashes '**password accepted**'.

Donovan appears on the screen again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONOVAN MILES

William, for many years I have been working for an underground organization called the Karma Coalition. It's a program that has existed for over half a century, and it's one of the worlds deepest and darkest secrets. The Coalition has a list of certain people they deem to be important, or greatly significant.

(beat)

You, William, are on this list. And when they find you, and they will find you very soon -- I suggest you take into careful consideration what they have to offer you. I know we haven't spoken in a while, but I still believe, as i did back then, that you have a much greater purpose in this life than merely teaching the effects of modern medicine. A noble, but dead end job. Good luck.

The screen goes blank. A count down appears on the screen with the words '**erasing disc**' BLINKING in red.

Suddenly, the phone RINGS. William looks at the clock. It reads: 12:57am. He picks it up.

WILLIAM

Jack?

MALE VOICE

(on phone)

William, you're on the news.

WILLIAM

What?

MALE VOICE

(on phone)

You're on the news, William. Right now. Your fifteen minutes of fame has just begun.

WILLIAM

Who is this?

Click. DIAL TONE...

William hangs up the phone and scrambles for the remote control. He clicks on the television and surfs through a couple channels before landing on the Evening News.

A graphic of William is above the NEWS ANCHOR'S head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWS ANCHOR
(on television)
William Craft, a former Professor at Kainsburgh College, attempted to kill three police officers this evening, before jumping out of a two-story window into the street. He is currently on the loose, possibly on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. He is also linked to the killing of Columbia Professor Donovan Miles, who died of unnatural causes five days ago in his home.

WILLIAM
Jesus Christ...

NEWS ANCHOR
(on television)
Mr. Craft was fired recently from Kainsburgh College for having an affair with one of his students. He is wanted on at least 6 charges of attempted murder. If you see anyone fitting this description...

The reflection of red lights gradually starts blinking on the ceiling of the Den. William looks out the window -- two Police cars have pulled up to the front of the building.

The phone RINGS again.

He looks at the phone and chooses to ignore it. As it continues RINGING, he quickly grabs the box contents and shoves them inside a nearby empty backpack.

As the SIRENS can be heard fifteen stories below, William retreats to the door only to find Laura, waiting for him in the hallway, phone in hand.

LAURA
It's... for you.

She hands him the phone, which he reluctantly takes. He slowly holds it up to his ear.

MALE VOICE
(on phone)
Take the spiral staircase to the roof. It's your only chance.

Click. DIAL TONE.

WILLIAM
(handing the phone back)
You don't happen to have a staircase to the roof, do you?

Laura leads him down the hall to the:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LIVING ROOM

Sure enough, a spiral staircase makes it's way up to an alcove which leads to the roof. William begins climbing up the steps, but stops for a moment. He looks at Laura, with a thankful expression.

Laura nods.

EXT. ROOF -- MOMENTS LATER

William pops open a door that resembles a man-hole cover. As he starts climbing out, SIRENS can be heard fifteen stories down below. When he's on his feet, he scans the moonlit horizon in all directions, guessing which way to go.

He starts running across the close-knit apartment roofs -- the moonlight guiding him as he carefully hops from one roof to the other before finding a fire escape to climb down.

EXT. ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

William drops down on top of a closed dumpster. BAM! He quickly jumps to the ground and runs as fast as he can away from the SIRENS in the distance.

But before reaching the end of the alley, two MEN IN SUITS come from around the corner, followed by headlights. William turns around and starts walking in the other direction, but two more MEN IN SUITS come out from the shadows at the other end.

William quickly looks around for options while the Men close in on him.

He chooses a long ladder on the side of the building and starts to climb it. After he passes the second floor, the Suited Men quietly and calmly climb after him.

He spots an open window and climbs through it to a:

INT. CHEAP APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

William runs through the apartment into the Living Room, where a MOTHER and two CHILDREN are watching William on the Evening News on television. The Mother SCREAMS.

William finds the front door and exits.

INT. CHEAP APARTMENT HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

William enters the dank, fluorescent corridor and heads towards the stairwell. A lone pay-phone on the wall starts RINGING. The mother's SCREAMING can still be heard from beyond the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When William reaches the top of the stairs, more MEN IN SUITS are already coming up towards him. He looks in the other direction -- dead end.

The phone keeps RINGING.

William slowly backs in towards the dead end, as six MEN IN SUITS make their way up to the floor and quietly move towards him. They're expressionless.

William takes out his gun, but is immediately greeted with six guns back at him, all cocked and ready to shoot. He's in deep trouble. The phone still RINGS. Finally:

MAN IN SUIT 1
Drop it.

William relents and slowly lowers his gun. The phone keeps RINGING, again... and again. Finally:

MAN IN SUIT 1 (CONT'D)
Answer it.

William looks at the pay-phone and carefully picks it up. He listens first.

MALE VOICE
(on phone)
I'm on your side, William.

WILLIAM
Who are you?

MALE VOICE
(on phone)
I'm a friend of Donovan's.

WILLIAM
Well, that makes one of us.

MALE VOICE
(on voice)
You can trust me, William. I'm part of an Alliance which prides itself on faith and trust.

A MAN IN SUIT approaches William.

WILLIAM
Well, I'm really happy for you. Unfortunately, I haven't trusted anyone my entire life. I don't think a strange voice on a phone is going to change things.

MALE VOICE
(on phone)
What about Dreaming Deirdre? Did you trust her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM
What?

BAM! The MAN IN SUIT smashes William in the back of the head with his gun. BLACK OUT.

CUT TO:

POV: Inside a blindfold -- being led through a dark room. Soft DIALOGUE can be heard, but not deciphered.

After a few seconds, sunlight resonates through the cloth.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Okay, take the blindfold off him.

When the cloth is unleashed, forty of Williams' POST-GRAD FRIENDS are waiting in the Student Union for him. (eight years earlier).

INT. STUDENT UNION -- NIGHT

FRIENDS
Congratulations!!!

William, 27, sees a banner above the crowd that reads:
Outstanding Merit in Biochemistry

Donovan Miles shakes William's hand.

DONOVAN MILES
You've done well, William. I have three interviews set up for you next week.

William shakes his hand, but pays more attention to DEIRDRE BENNETT, 24, sipping wine in the corner.

LATER

MUSIC is on, PEOPLE are harmlessly drunk and CHATTING.

William approaches Deirdre, who is pouring more vodka into the Punch Bowl.

WILLIAM
So, what brings you here?

DEIRDRE
Just supporting a fellow classmate.

WILLIAM
In three years, I've never known you to support me on anything.

DEIRDRE
I should probably get going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
Why do you hate me so much?

DEIRDRE
I worked really hard for that Merit Award. You did most of your homework during breakfast, if at all. You coasted through every class using loopholes and gaudy charm tactics. Your thesis was hollow and incomplete. And you took advantage of Miles' soft spot for the perennial unknown.

WILLIAM
Sounds like you have a lot to get off your chest. Why don't we talk about it over dinner?

DEIRDRE
You think you can charm me the way you charmed half the faculty at Columbia?

WILLIAM
No, I just like it when you're angry.

DEIRDRE
Unfortunately, I don't have room in my life for narcissistic male chauvinists.

WILLIAM
What about at eight o'clock on Thursday at the Tea Room? You have room then?

Deirdre stares at him in disbelief.

DEIRDRE
Maybe, maybe not.

WILLIAM
When will I know?

DEIRDRE
If you show up, and I'm not there, then you'll know.

And with that she walks away. William's hooked.

INT. THE TEA ROOM -- NIGHT

William sits alone -- empty glass of wine.
The clock reads: **8:43**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he raises his hand for the check, Deirdre enters the restaurant in her winter coat, looking around for him. When she spots him, she comes over and sits across from him.

DEIRDRE
(beat)
I can't get involved.

WILLIAM
It's just dinner.

DEIRDRE
It's not you. I might be leaving
soon.

WILLIAM
When?

DEIRDRE
I don't know.

WILLIAM
Where?

DEIRDRE
I don't know.

WILLIAM
Well, as much I'm enjoying this
cryptic conversation, I'm starving.
So before you leave, whenever that
is, why don't you have something to
eat?

William slowly slides the menu over towards her.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I hear the open range chicken is
heavenly.

DEIRDRE
(smiling)
You don't take 'no' for an answer,
do you?

WILLIAM
You haven't said 'no' yet.

The CONCIERGE approaches, with a digital camera.

CONCIERGE
Sorry to interrupt, but we're
taking pictures of our customers
this month for the 'Opening Wall'.

William and Deirdre see the far wall he's referring to,
loaded with photographs of recent patrons.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
Would you mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM
No, not at all.

William and Deirdre pose for the picture, as the Concierge SNAPS a shot. He shows them the picture in back of the camera.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE -- PRESENT DAY

The same photograph of William and Deirdre, in a framed collage. Yates observes other photographs on the wall -- family pictures with William's parents, faculty photos, award ceremonies.

Vanessa and two OFFICERS sift through William's upstate home -- stone fireplace, half-redone kitchen, unmade bed, scattered books on art and photography, old television (still on), multiple grandfather clocks.

VANESSA
Can't find any background information on his wife.

YATES
She's not important.

Yates walks away.

EXT. OLD ITALIAN HOUSE -- DAY

Vicelli knocks on the CREAKY front door. A BODYGUARD, built, turtle-neck sweater, opens the door and lets him in.

INT. OLD ITALIAN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The Bodyguard leads Vicelli through a tiny kitchen towards a secret back door. He unlocks the back door and allows Vicelli to go in first.

INT. SALESMAN'S OPERATIONS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Vicelli enters a large loft space with computers, machines and world maps decorating the walls. TECHS and SCIENTISTS wander the office space, quietly working on unknown different projects.

In the middle of the room, at an old wooden table, sits the Salesman, eating oatmeal by himself.

Vicelli sits across from him. He waits for Vicelli to say something worth hearing. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICELLI
I wanted to speak to you about a serious matter that may present problems in the future.

SALESMAN
Then speak.

VICELLI
There are documents... that could prove to be incriminating to the Archbishop.

SALESMAN
And where are these documents?

VICELLI
They are securely hidden inside the East Mausoleum. The Pope himself has guards protecting the room at all times. These documents could potentially surface in the aftermath of his... death.

The Salesman wipes his mouth with a napkin while mulling it over.

SALESMAN
Then we'll burn down the Mausoleum, with the Archbishop inside it.

VICELLI
I hope you're joking. This is a delicate issue and should be treated as such.

As the Salesman continues eating, Vicelli realizes he is not joking.

VICELLI (CONT'D)
Now hear this... Any man who plans to burn down the house of God will most certainly burn in hell himself. The Archbishop won't have it.

SALESMAN
The Archbishop hasn't believed in God for years, and we both know it. The Mausoleum will burn to the ground next Friday, with the documents and the Archbishop firmly inside it.

Vicelli is speechless -- red with anger.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
You can leave now.

Vicelli gets up to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
And Vicelli. Make sure only the
Archbishop receives this
information.

Vicelli leaves.

INT. DINER -- LATE NIGHT

Vanessa and Yates eat together in the corner of the tiny eatery.

VANESSA
Statewide search of two children
who went missing in Cleveland.
Three days of media blitz,
browbeating and broken promises.
Finally, on the fourth day, they're
found dead inside the trunk of a
car just twenty feet from their
parent's house. They were playing
hide-and-go-seek.

YATES
Well, they obviously found a good
hiding place.

VANESSA
You're fucked, Yates, you know
that? Cursed with a steady diet of
death and Diamorphine. I can't
tell if your ambivalence is an art
or a disease. But it's getting to
the point where you don't even care
about the living.

YATES
If this is about yesterday, I don't
have an answer for you.

VANESSA
It's not about just one thing.
It's a string of white lies that
goes so far back, I can't even
begin to catch up. You have no
conscience.

YATES
Your diagnosis is duly noted.

VANESSA
An anatomy Teacher with no criminal
record puts a gun to your head
within ten minutes of knowing you?
I mean, what the fuck is that?

YATES
There's no science to it. He was
scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA
Because you scared him.

YATES
He's a suspect, Vanessa.

VANESSA
He's the son-in-law of a CIA agent.

Vanessa unveils a folder with information on William's connection to the Agency.

YATES
Who gave you this?

VANESSA
Not you, apparently. I had to find this out through the Town Hall sewing circle. Not only was Deirdre Bennet's father a CIA agent, but he was cited as the main person responsible for the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa. And according to this file, the car accident that killed his family is under investigation.

YATES
I was going to tell you-

VANESSA
Bullshit. It's okay if you want to share my bed and check your emotions at the door, but I'll be damned if we'll have secrets while we're working together. I'm not interested in playing the role of the estranged concubine.

YATES
That role's already being played by my wife.

Vanessa gets up to leave.

YATES (CONT'D)
Don't leave.

VANESSA
I've lost my appetite.

She's gone. Yates sits alone with his thoughts.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Yates sits up on the bed, alone, in his robe, watching television. He takes some pills off the night stand and swallows them without water. He then unfolds a piece of paper he was previously clenching. It is the "Corrupt List".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He scans his finger down the list of names, and stops at his own. As he folds it back up, a NEWS REPORT gradually seeps into his consciousness from the television.

Footage of an Italian Church on fire appears on the screen with a JOURNALIST narrating over the images.

JOURNALIST
(on television)

The Cathedral of St. Peter Apostle had a detrimental fire this afternoon, killing two people and injuring at least thirteen others. The church is one of the oldest Cathedrals in Europe. It is unknown as to what caused the fire, but there are reports that the Archbishop of the Church may very well have been one of the two people killed.

Yates slowly rises, walking towards the television. "**Breaking News**" appears on the bottom of the screen while the report continues.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)
(on television)

There is speculation that the Archbishop's head Deacon, Alexander Vicelli, may have been the other casualty...

Pictures of Vicelli and the Archbishop appear on the screen, along with subtitles which read:

Archbishop Johandro Ferucci killed in Cathedral fire

Yates stares at the television, almost in a trance. He's completely astonished. Donovan's prediction was spot on.

INT. BLUE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

William lies atop a gurney, strapped down with belts. A small crew of UNKNOWN SURGEONS are wheeling him through a damp corridor.

William slowly stirs awake, and immediately sees the masked Surgeons. He's groggy and drugged.

WILLIAM
What's... happening?

The Surgeons ignore him as they apply black latex gloves to their ghostly hands, preparing for surgery.

They carefully steer the apparatus through a gigantic revolving door into the:

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

When the gurney slows to a halt, a bright laser lamp is adjusted to shine a bright light over William. The tarp covering his body is oddly fitted to his size and stature.

WILLIAM
What's going on here? Someone TALK
TO ME.

The Surgeons prod his eyes and ears with tiny laser lights. One of them takes out a tiny drill and turns it on.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What is that?! WHAT IS THAT?

Another one of them puts a wooden block in William's mouth, gagging him. He emits a MUFFLED SCREAM as they inject an I.V. into his left arm and input a syringe. He struggles to get free, uselessly, as they inject an anesthesia into his body.

Everything becomes blurry as they turn his head and bring the drill towards his right ear. The SOUND of the drill slowly fades as everything turns blurry until... BLACKOUT.

INT. LOG CABIN -- DUSK

William awakens on a couch. He's inside a cozy log cabin with hardwood floors and a stone fireplace. A small fire CRACKLES in the fire place, illuminating the room in a welcoming fashion. The room is spacious and tidy, with a dining table, grandfather clock and a large flat-screen television on the wall.

As gentle BRAZILIAN MUSIC plays in the room, he gets off the couch to look around. His ear is in slight pain -- feeling it makes it hurt more.

There is a sliding glass door towards the back. It reveals a view of thousands of green trees from above. He's high up in the mountains. The sliding door is locked from the inside.

He feels around his person, looking for the photo or CD or gun or anything -- all taken away.

A sexy MAID, 20's, Donna Reed-ish, enters the room from another door, carrying a tray with food and drink. William watches her as she places the tray on the table and pours him a cup of coffee. She smiles at him and leaves back where she came from.

A WOMAN, 30, British accent, enters the room. She brings a clipboard with her and sits across from William on an adjacent couch. Her name tag reads: **Interviewer 113**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERVIEWER 113
I apologize for the nature in which
you were brought in, Mr. Craft.
However, under the circumstances,
it was necessary.

WILLIAM
Who are you?

INTERVIEWER 113
I'm just here to interview you. It
shouldn't take too long.

WILLIAM
Interview me for what?

Interviewer 113 reads notes from her clipboard, as well as
jots things down during their conversation.

INTERVIEWER 113
You've said before that you believe
in the details, such as a firm
handshake and the types of shoes a
person wears.

WILLIAM
I said that in a police station
less than twenty four hours ago.

INTERVIEWER 113
Is it true? Or do you really
believe in the big picture?

WILLIAM
I'm not following the question.

INTERVIEWER 113
If you knew the end of the world
was less than five years away, and
you had the chance to avoid it,
would you take that chance?

WILLIAM
You mean stop it from happening?

INTERVIEWER 113
No. To stop something from
happening and to avoid something
from happening are two different
things. Clearly, your natural
impulse is to stop it from
happening.

WILLIAM
That's because I can't comprehend
avoiding it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INTERVIEWER 113

If you knew there was a safe haven, here on earth, which would survive such an apocalypse. Would you go there, knowing you'd never see the rest of the world again?

William thinks about it. Finally:

WILLIAM

No.

INTERVIEWER 113

Why not?

WILLIAM

Because that's the hand I was dealt. It's my world. My New York. My Paris. I'm as much a part of those places as they're a part of me.

INT. DARK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The Salesman is watching William's interview through a two-way mirror.

INT. LOG CABIN -- CONTINUOUS

INTERVIEWER 113

Your wife, Deirdre, drowned to death in the East River on May 13th, 2004.

No response.

INTERVIEWER 113 (CONT'D)

At the time of her death, you were working on a cure for diabetes, as well as helping to develop key stages of stem cell research. You were the youngest biochemist at the Kennedy Medical Center ever to be admitted into the program. Is that true?

WILLIAM

Yeah, I suppose.

INTERVIEWER 113

But after Deirdre's death, you quit research. You relocated to upstate New York and became a teacher at a public college. Why?

WILLIAM

There's no shame in teaching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERVIEWER 113
Is it safe to say, that if your wife hadn't died in that river, you would still be curing diseases today?

WILLIAM
That question's unanswerable. It's relative.

INTERVIEWER 113
It's only relative to you, the person who's answering it. I'll rephrase it. Do you think you would still be curing diseases today if your wife hadn't passed away?

WILLIAM
(beat)
Probably.

INTERVIEWER 113
Is that a yes?

WILLIAM
I'm not really into answering hypothetical questions.

INTERVIEWER 113
Well, that's good, because I haven't asked you any. But thank you for your time.

Interviewer 113 gets up and leaves the room.

INT. BILLIARDS HALL -- NIGHT

POOL PLAYERS and SEEDY PATRONS fill the Hall that Donovan once frequented. MUSIC is playing and the place is very alive.

Suddenly, a SWAT TEAM busts through the front lobby ordering everyone to GET DOWN! The CLIENTELE scatter everywhere SCREAMING. Over twenty POLICE OFFICERS and Swat Team members quickly infiltrate the room, controlling the area.

SWAT TEAM LEADER
Get down on the floor and put your hands behind your heads! NOW!

Everyone follows the orders instantly. The place calms down and the MUSIC is unplugged.

After the dust has settled, Yates and Vanessa enter the premises, heading for the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Yates and Vanessa enter the room to find more OFFICERS holding down the fort. GAMBLERS and DRUG DEALERS are down on the floor. Garrett is manning the betting window.

Yates quickly enters the betting office and grabs Garrett by the collar.

YATES
How did he know?! How did he know
about the Priest?

Garrett shakes his head in fear.

YATES (CONT'D)
ANSWER ME!

GARRETT
I don't know, man. I swear to god,
I don't know.

YATES
There's no way you can predict with
a hundred percent accuracy a
person's death... unless you're
the murderer.

GARRETT
Well, it's not a hundred percent
yet.

YATES
What do you mean?

GARRETT
There's still one more out there.
And he's alive.

YATES
Well, what's his name, Garrett?
Maybe we can stop it from
happening, you ever think about
that?

GARRETT
His name is... Craft. William
Craft. He's been all over the
news.

Yates turns pale. He looks at Vanessa, who is equally shocked.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
The guy's got two more days to
live.

YATES
And how, exactly... does he die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Garrett grabs the betting form with his free hand and holds it out for Vanessa to take it. She rips it from his hands and reads it over.

GARRETT
He gets shot by a Police Officer.
A Lieutenant... just like you,
Yates.
(smirking)
Just like you...

Yates throws Garrett to the ground and takes the betting form from Vanessa. It has a small black & white picture of William and all of the information regarding his future death. Yates can't believe his eyes. He looks over at Vanessa, who seems disgusted. She leaves the room.

INT. DIVE BAR -- NIGHT

Yates is slumped on a stool, drowning himself in scotch. Vanessa is reading aloud the betting form.

VANESSA
(reading)
On the night of May 12th, 2009,
William Thompson Craft will be shot
dead by an officer of the law. A
Lieutenant from the 41st Precinct,
NYPD, will have shot Mr. Craft
inside an abandoned building on the
Lower East Side. He will be shot
in vain. Signed, Donovan Miles,
May 2nd.
(beat)
That's the day Donovan died.

Yates looks over at the sheet and calmly takes it from Vanessa. After re-reading it himself, he takes out a lighter and lights the paper on fire, before dipping it in his glass of ice.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
You're not going to shoot him,
Yates.

YATES
41st Precinct. That's us.

VANESSA
It's superstition.

YATES
It's a game of chance. Either I'm
being set up, or there's something
out there way bigger than any of
us. Something beyond human.
Either way, I don't have control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

You choose what you will and will not do. You can stop this right here. He's not a cop-killer and we both know it. There's no reason to shoot him.

YATES

What if a reason presents itself between now and Thursday. What then?

VANESSA

Then we wait. We have over 165 men combing the city and surrounding counties for him. All we can do is wait.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

William wakes up on the bed of an empty hotel room. His head aches. He feels drugged and slightly disoriented.

A strange looking bag sits atop the adjacent bed. He's never seen it before. He gets up, wipes his eyes and quickly opens the bag. It contains: fake glasses, fake beard, razor, hair dye, clothes.

Next to the bag is a remote control. A post-it memo taped to it reads: **press 'play'**

William presses the 'play' button

The Salesman appears on the television screen.

SALESMAN

(on TV)

Hello, William. You are currently being reviewed and processed by the Karma Coalition.

William sits on the bed, tuning the VOLUME up.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

(on TV)

There are three steps to the recruitment procedure. One: Our information. We have concrete evidence that in the fall of 2013, a World War of irreversible proportions will begin, essentially wiping out over ninety percent of the human race. This is not an educated opinion, it's a fact.

WILLIAM

Yeah, sure...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the salesman SPEAKS, a super-imposed map of the world is shown with large red areas, alluding to areas of the world which will be wiped out.

SALESMAN
(on TV)

Two: Our objective. We recruit specific individuals from around the world to a remote island called 'Parista' which will be unaffected by this nuclear holocaust. It's not an easy task, as this area of the world will only fit thirty thousand people, safely.

A blueprint of an unknown city is superimposed, briskly showing the Parista layout -- public transportation vehicles, buildings and streets, grid-like overhead view.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
(on TV)

And three: Our execution. Our practice is to forge people's deaths, quickly and quietly, in an attempt to transport them to Parista without gaining international attention. This insures two things -- that no one knows Parista exists, and that no one will be looking for the people we recruit.

An image of a file on William appears on the screen -- profile, age, height, birthplace etc.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
(on TV)

Which brings us to you, William. A skeptic. A man with great ideals and great talent, yet lacking in faith of humanity. A man who only believes what he sees with his own two eyes. So watch closely, William...

Suddenly, recent footage of Deirdre, smiling and waving at the camera, appears. She's with the Salesman and her father, GEORGE BENNETT at an unknown Marina. Another piece of footage reveals her and the Salesman and Donovan Miles, at a Retreat. She smiles again, self conscious about being filmed.

William walks up and slowly touches the television screen.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
(on TV)

Deirdre is one of these special people, William. And she's alive and well today, and will be alive and well after the Fall of 2013.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM
It can't be...

The Salesman appears back on the screen.

SALESMAN
(on TV)
We have installed a tracking device
behind your right ear to monitor
you over the next twenty four
hours. We need time to process
your review. Due to the
sensitivity of your public persona,
we suggest you disguise yourself
with the contents in the bag. We
could keep you locked up until your
file is processed, but we want to
show good faith. And we trust that
you're smart enough to not speak
with anyone about what you've seen
here.

Another countdown appears on the screen -- 5, 4, 3...

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
(on TV)
We'll be in touch. Please step
back from the television.

As William steps back, the DVD player EXPLODES.
Disintegrated.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

William enters the dank bathroom and dumps out the contents of the bag. He starts transforming himself by:

- shaving
- putting on the fake glasses
- applying the fake beard
- combing his hair differently

EXT. BEDFORD STUYVESANT -- DUSK

The Salesman walks through an area of New York that resembles a nuclear holocaust. Garbage, graffiti, rats and drug dealers lace the streets.

INT. COSSY'S DEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Cossy's abode is almost a satanic altar. It's filled with burning candles and upholsteries made of human skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The windows let in a strange light, illuminating the room with late-afternoon blues and yellows. But the vintage desk lamps and steel bedframe don't match in a way that celebrates madness and ignorance.

Cossy sits indian-style in the middle of the room, listening to CLASSICAL MUSIC. He's topless, and has two nails sticking out of his upper chest. The small stream of blood that erupts from the nails almost match perfectly. He is using a tattoo gun on himself in the mirror. Drawing something on his upper left peck.

The Salesman enters -- looks around.

Cossy sees him in the reflection of the mirror and stands up to greet him face to face.

COSSY
I didn't invite you here.

SALESMAN
I like to keep the element of surprise.

Cossy slowly takes out each nail, and lightly tosses each one at the Salesman's torso. He might as well be spitting on him.

COSSY
I don't like salesmen in my district.

SALESMAN
I don't like heart attacks that look like murders. Especially when it's on my beat. They found a needle mark on the Professor.

COSSY
It all worked out. The end result will be the same. If you gotta problem, you can report it to the Monarch.

SALESMAN
I already did.

COSSY
The hell you did.

SALESMAN
You're getting sloppy, Coss.

Cossy immediately takes out a large custom-made handgun with two barrels and an eyepiece. He places it right between the Salesmans' eyes.

Suddenly, in response, seven MEN IN SUITS infiltrate the room and unsheath their guns right back at Cossy. He's instantly surrounded. The Salesman's power is undeniable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cossy slowly lowers his weapon.

COSSY
He was placing bets on our clients.
Practically advertising our
existence to the scumfuckers of the
underground. He had to be taken
care of.

The Salesman slaps an envelope at him. Cossy grabs it and quickly opens it.

SALESMAN
Your next assignment.

A smile creeps across Cossy's face while he reads it.

COSSY
No hard feelings about the
Professor, right? It was a small
slip up. Won't happen again.

SALESMAN
You know what the difference
between us is, Coss?

COSSY
What?

SALESMAN
You're expendable.

After the stare-down between Cossy and the Salesman goes on for a minute, the Salesman leaves. The SUITS all file out after him.

INT. JACK BOYLE'S DEN -- NIGHT

Jack, in his robe, is feeding his fish -- a thirty gallon tank which decorates his den. The walls are filled with books, computer software programs, encyclopedias, playing cards, knick knacks, small statues of dragons. He's a collector of many things.

He hears a RUSTLE come from outside his window. Curious, he approaches the window, but can't see anything.

Suddenly, the light over his garage turns on -- motion detector. He tightens the belt on his robe and opens the door to get outside.

EXT. JACK BOYLE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The sounds of CRICKETS are everywhere. Jack carefully makes his way over to the garage and looks around. Nothing. He looks straight into the overhead light and watches the flies swarm around the illumination.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks back to the front porch which is pitch black.

Out of nowhere a DARK FIGURE comes from behind him and immediately covers his mouth. He squirms to get loose.

WILLIAM
Jack, it's me. It's William.

William slowly uncovers his mouth.

JACK BOYLE
What the hell are you doing?

Jack turns around -- sees william.

JACK BOYLE (CONT'D)
Christ, William. You scared the
shit out of me.

INT. JACK BOYLE'S KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and William are sitting at the kitchen table, eating donuts. Jack's house is well taken care of, with drawings from his two children hanging all over the fridge.

JACK BOYLE
They come around asking...
questions. I don't know what to
tell them. They say my best friend
is running rampant around New York
City. That he's wanted for
attempted murder. I mean, what
happened down there?

WILLIAM
I can't tell you. But I'm not a
murderer, Jack. You've got to
believe that.

Jack nods.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I hate to involve you with this,
but I need a favor.

JACK BOYLE
Anything.

WILLIAM
I need to borrow your car. I'll
bring it back tomorrow.

JACK BOYLE
I wish I could help you, but Martha
took it for the weekend to visit
her parents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
What about you're other car?

JACK BOYLE
Won't start. I keep putting off
bringing it to the shop.

WILLIAM
What about the other other car?

INT. GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

As the automatic garage door slowly opens, Jacks 'other car' is revealed.

JACK BOYLE
1967 Corvette Stingray. Big Block engine, independent rear suspension, goes from zero to sixty miles per hour in under eight seconds. Only two hundred and sixteen of this particular model were ever made.

The Corvette Stingray shines.

Jack leans on his broke-down Toyota, while holding out the Corvette key. William carefully pries the key from his hands.

JACK BOYLE (CONT'D)
I can't let you have it.

As Jack stares at his beautiful silver Coupe, William opens the passenger side door.

JACK BOYLE (CONT'D)
It took me half my life to save up
for this car.

WILLIAM
I'll bring it back tomorrow.

William grabs a shovel from the side of the garage and puts it on the passenger seat.

JACK BOYLE
What's the shovel for?

WILLIAM
Jack, nobody can know I was here or
spoke with you. Okay?

Jack nods, wondering if he's nuts for letting William borrow the car.

William gets in the car and turns the IGNITION. As he REVS the engine, Jack leans through the passenger window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK BOYLE
Take me with you.

WILLIAM
Not this time. Don't follow me or
try to figure out what I'm doing,
either. It's important.

Jack nods again. He takes one long look at his pride and joy, and steps back from the car so William can pull out.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

Two UNDERCOVER COPS, parked a few yards from Jack's house, watch as the Corvette pulls out of Jack's driveway and into the street. They TURN ON the ignition and start following it.

One of the Cops grabs the CB.

UNDERCOVER COP
(on CB)
Hey, we have the suspect leaving 68
Cedar Drive in a Chevy Corvette.
License plate number...

INT. YATES BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Darkness. The phone RINGS. Yates turns on his night stand lamp and answers it. His WIFE, barely visible under the covers, lies next to him.

YATES
(on phone)
Hello?

VANESSA (V.O.)
They have Jack Boyle leaving his
house at 2:30 in the morning.

Yates quickly sits up.

YATES
(on phone)
You sure it's Jack Boyle?

INT. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE -- NIGHT

The Cops are following the Corvette as it turns down one street and onto another.

VOICE
(over CB)
Pull him over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNDERCOVER COP
Yup.

The Undercover Cop puts their siren on the roof and begins assailing the corvette. After the siren WALES for a moment, the corvette pulls over.

The Undercover Cops get out their guns and open their doors.

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE -- CONTINUOUS

The Undercover Cops slowly approach the corvette. They both have their guns pointed at the vehicle.

UNDERCOVER COP
Put both your hands outside the window so we can see them!

Two hands poke outside the driver's side window.

UNDERCOVER COP (CONT'D)
All right, keep them there.

The Undercover Cop reaches the Corvette.

UNDERCOVER COP (CONT'D)
Get out of the vehicle, slowly.

Jack Boyle slowly gets out of the car with his hands up.

The Undercover Cops look at each other in mild confusion.

JACK BOYLE
He knew.

UNDERCOVER COP
Who knew?

JACK BOYLE
William. He knew you were watching.

The Cops lower their weapons.

INT. JACK'S TOYOTA -- NIGHT

William is driving Jack's Toyota along the Taconic Parkway, headed upstate. Jack's shovel in the back seat.

William stares out at the open road, trying to piece things together.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LARGE BALLROOM -- NIGHT

A New Year's celebration party, years earlier.

William and Deirdre, dressed to kill, are dancing to BIG BAND MUSIC. Hundreds of PARTY GUESTS are also on the dance floor. When the song's over, they kiss each other deeply, smiling and in love.

William looks across the room at GEORGE BENNETT, 60's, and his WIFE, sitting at one of the tables. These are Deirdre's parents. William nods a 'hello' towards George, but George turns the other way.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE / DEN -- DAY

William is pinning up his own wedding invitation on the wall. It shows a photo of Deirdre and himself.

A KNOCK at the door interrupts him.

INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

William answers the door to find George.

GEORGE
May I come in?

WILLIAM
Sure.

George, wearing a hat and trench coat, wanders inside, looking around William's apartment. He's quietly judging it.

GEORGE
I hear you've become good friends
with Donovan Miles.

WILLIAM
That's right.

GEORGE
Interesting... May I sit down?

WILLIAM
Of course.

William quickly cleans off the sofa, which has clothes and popcorn bowls strewn across it. The place is a mess.

They both sit down, facing each other. Awkward silence.

GEORGE
Why a man of your intelligence
insists on being unorganized and
unambitious I'll never know.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 And why my daughter loves you, I'll never know either. But what's done is done, and there's nothing I can do to change her mind.

WILLIAM
 Well, I'm glad to hear that.

George takes out an envelope from his inside pocket and places it on the coffee table.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 What's that?

GEORGE
 It's more money than you'll make in your entire lifetime. All you have to do is walk away.

William picks up the envelope and sees the outline of a check inside, through the sunlight.

WILLIAM
 You don't know anything about me.

GEORGE
 I know you're the only person with a PHD who works at a pizza restaurant.

WILLIAM
 I just got hired at the Kennedy Medical Center.

GEORGE
 That's not good enough.

WILLIAM
 I'm the youngest ever admitted into the program.

GEORGE
 Not good enough.

William rips the envelope in half.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (nodding)
 I guess we're done here.

WILLIAM
 I guess so.

George gets up to leave.

GEORGE
 It's not so much you, William. It's the climate. Things aren't going so well in our family right now. The last thing we need is a new addition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

George leaves. William stares at the torn envelope.

EXT. PAMONA STATE CEMETARY -- LATE NIGHT

It's raining as William (present day) pulls up outside the side gate. The headlights are turned off.

EXT. PAMONA STATE CEMETARY / SIDE HILL -- MOMENTS LATER

William, carrying a shovel, trudges up the hill in the rain. He turns on a flashlight to find the right spot. After browsing a few tombstone's, he comes across the one he's looking for. It reads: ***Deirdre Craft, 1977 - 2004***

This is where he'll dig.

DISSOLVE:

He digs through the night until the sun starts to rise. At the break of dawn, he has most of the coffin uncovered. He wipes away the dirt and takes one side of it to lift.

He lifts the coffin out just enough to open it. While trying to regain his breath, William pries open the coffin...

Inside, lying peacefully, is Deirdre. She has minimal deterioration. There are numerous erosions on her cheeks and forehead, but nothing that would happen to normal human skin.

William slowly grabs Deirdre and lifts her up... *finding out that some of her backside is made out of hollow wire frame.* She's a fake. William lifts her up more to see for himself.

William places her back and sits on the dirt, completely shocked. He is drenched from the rain, and haggard. Doesn't know what to think.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 "Reality is merely an illusion,
 although a very persistent one".

William looks up to find the Salesman, standing over the grave.

SALESMAN
 Albert Einstein.

The Salesman holds out his hand out, to help William out of the grave. When William is completely out of the hole, he sees at least twenty MEN IN SUITS surrounding the premises.

WILLIAM
 (beat)
 Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN
 Her family was CIA, and they needed
 to be hidden. If she stayed
 behind, she would've been a
 casualty.

WILLIAM
 If she stayed behind, she would've
 been with me.

SALESMAN
 She'd be dead. KGB has no
 boundaries, William. They'll take
 your daughter, take your son.
 They'll take everything.

WILLIAM
 The car accident...

SALESMAN
 Staged.

WILLIAM
 Jesus Christ.

The Salesman dusts William off a bit, while one of the MEN
 brings him a towel. The Salesman hands William the towel to
 dry himself off.

William looks around at the MEN IN SUITS and the cemetery.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 Why me?

SALESMAN
 We want you join our Biochemistry
 division. As a matter of fact, we
 want to spearhead it. You would
 have unlimited funding. No
 politics, no government
 intervention. No rules.

WILLIAM
 Why now?

SALESMAN
 We can't do everyone at once,
 William. Now is your time.

WILLIAM
 Is she expecting me?

SALESMAN
 I don't have direct contact with
 the other side. I can't guarantee
 she'll know you're coming.

William takes out Deirdre's handkerchief. Looks it over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM
What's the going price for a rebirth?

SALESMAN
You can't come back. No trips to Paris or New York, or visiting old friends, or even saying goodbye. Small price considering it won't be here for much longer anyway.

William nods. Finally:

WILLIAM
I'll go.

SALESMAN
(smiling)
We'll start prepping you immediately.

WILLIAM
I didn't tell Jack anything.

SALESMAN
I know, William. I know...

William finally nods, yes. The Salesman smiles.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE / GARAGE -- DAY

More rain. Jack's Toyota pulls into his driveway. It BEEPS for the garage door to open.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack looks out the window and sees the car. He runs into the:

INT. GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack presses the button to OPEN the garage door. As the door rises, the heavy RAIN skews Jack's vision of the driver.

JACK BOYLE
Come on in!

The Toyota slowly pulls into the garage, but Jack can't see the driver. When the car is fully pulled in, Jack walks around to the driver's side window and leans down.

JACK BOYLE (CONT'D)
William?

The window rolls down and a gun sticks out. Jack quickly puts his hands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two SHOTS come from the gun, hitting Jack dead in the chest. He goes down immediately, FALLING into the toolbox and garbage cans on his way to the ground. SMASH!

Jacks eyes are still alive while Cossy exits the Toyota, gun in hand. He stands over Jack while Jack gasps for his final breath.

COSSY
Sleep...

Jack's gone.

Suddenly, a NOISE erupts from behind Cossy. He quickly turns to find Jack's wife, MARTHA, mid 40's, at the door.

MARTHA
Jac-

Cossy wastes no time and SHOOTS her twice in the chest. She goes down in seconds. Dead.

Cossy takes a moment to admire his handy-work before tossing the gun on the floor.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE / GARAGE -- DAY

It's a crime scene. POLICE OFFICERS, EMS DRIVERS, FORENSICS and state vehicles line the premises.

Yates pulls up to the scene and gets out of his BMW. He shows his badge to the surrounding OFFICERS and pushes the yellow tape out of his way.

Vanessa and Deels are already in the garage, investigating. After Yates and Vanessa make eye contact, she pulls off her plastic gloves and goes inside the house.

Deels is taking samples from Jack's body. The gun used to shoot both victims is being placed in a zip-loc bag by Deel's ASSISTANT.

DEELS
We'll have prints within the hour.

YATES
Don't bother. That's the gun
William had in my office.

Yates watches as Martha's body is being covered. He's angry. He leaves the garage towards his car. Deels chases after him.

DEELS
Yates!

Yates stops at his car and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEELS (CONT'D)
Just so you know. These two
victims were shot twice each, in
the middle of their chest. Like a
bull's-eye.

YATES
Well shit, Deels, he had them at
point blank range.

DEELS
I know, but this guy didn't move
from his mark. He shot them both
from the same spot within five
seconds of each other. Now, I know
you have it in for the teach, but
off the record... this was
professional.

YATES
On the record?

DEELS
On the record, everything revolves
around Craft. We're never gonna
solve these crimes. But... if you
get Craft, I have a feeling this
all goes away.

Yates gets into his car.

DEELS (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

YATES
I'm going back to the Depository.
Maybe there was something else
there besides the box.

Yates drives off.

EXT. ABANDONED DEPOSITORY -- NIGHT

The building looks like it survived a nuclear explosion --
walls knocked out, electric wiring exposed, windows smashed
and broken.

Yates pulls up in his BMW and crosses the street to enter the
building.

INT. ABANDONED DEPOSITORY -- CONTINUOUS

Yates walks up the CREAKY stairs on his way to the fifth
floor.

When he reaches the fifth floor, half the walling is punched
out, exposing a moderate view of the city. Empty bookshelves
and over-turned file cabinets decorate the interior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moonlight illuminates Yates' way to the exact place where he dug up Donovan's box -- a floor board. He yanks up the tile flooring and feels around for anything else besides the box. After a moment, his hand feels something. He grabs it and pulls it out...

It's an odd-looking digital compass, with electronic coordinates displayed on the front.

WILLIAM'S VOICE (O.S.)
I remember the title of my first
essay...

Yates quickly stashes the compass back in the floor and turns around.

William is standing over him, holding a gun at him.

WILLIAM
Steganography.

William seems nervous while he sloppily pats down Yates and removes his gun -- tossing it twenty feet across the floor.

YATES
You're in trouble, William. And
it's only going to get worse.

WILLIAM
In Metaphysics, Sartres' teachings
involved love, life and liberty. I
value each.

YATES
If that's true, then you need to
put the gun down.

Inside Yates' right sleeve, a small gun peeks out from inside his palm.

WILLIAM
Know any really magnificent
attorneys?

No response.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Can't offer a lawyer?

YATES
I don't think there's much of
anything a lawyer can offer you,
right now.

WILLIAM
Is that irrefutable? Or non-
negotiable?

YATES
It's my opinion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

William takes out a file from behind a nearby bookcase and slides it across the floor to Yates' feet. Yates looks down and carefully pick it up.

WILLIAM
Eventually, xeroxed issued
statements tell stories.

Yates sifts through the folder, realizing it's a complete breakdown of all his under-the-table dealings over the years -- dollar figures per month, phone records, photographs of him speaking with the mob. All the dirt on him contained in one tidy package.

YATES
Where did you get this?

WILLIAM
Blackmail, ransacking international
networks, gambling... maybe even
bribery.

YATES
You've got my whole life in here.

William puts the gun right between Yates' eyes.

WILLIAM
Asshole... corrupt... cop.

YATES
You're no different than me if you
blackmail me with this.

WILLIAM
Horrible of me, eh?

William backs up holding his gun straight at Yates. He cocks the hammer.

YATES
You don't have the stomach for a
killing. You've been trembling
since I met you. What are you
caught up in, William? Who's
driving you over the edge? I can
help.

William seems worried -- sweat pouring from his forehead.

YATES (CONT'D)
I know I'm not perfect. I've
skimmed off the top and I shouldn't
have. But I got into this business
to do something good. And I've
gotta tell you, if there's one
person in this world who's not
setting you up... it's me.

William doesn't know what to think. He looks scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Suddenly, a BEEPING HORN from the street distracts William. He *POPS off a shot by accident*, but Yates quickly draws his palmed weapon and *SHOOTs William three times in the arms and chest. BANG! BANG! BANG!*

William flies backwards into a metal beam. He falls to the ground, spitting up blood. Yates runs over to him. William tries to say something... but goes limp. Dead.

Yates pries the gun from William's dead hands. He checks the cartridge. His face grows pale.

YATES (CONT'D)
Blanks?... BLANKS?!

Yates goes on a rampage, PUSHING over bookcases and drawers. KICKING everything in front of him. After a moment, he sees the file folder laying on the ground.

As SIRENS can be heard in the distance, Yates takes out a lighter and lights the folder on fire. He tosses it in a metal drawer while it burns to ashes.

Next on the agenda is to retrieve the digital compass. He grabs it from under the floorboards and shoves it inside his trench coat.

As the SIRENS get LOUDER, Yates dials his cell phone.

YATES (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yeah, it's me. Tell them I'm up on
the fifth floor and everything's
under control.

Hangs up.

YATES (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Everything's under control.

POV: William's serene face, eyes closed...

FLASHBACK:

DEIRDRE (V.O.)
What are you afraid of, William?

WILLIAM (V.O.)
I don't know if I can do this. I'm
not very good with kids.

INT. HOSPITAL / CHILDREN'S WARD -- MORNING

Deirdre and William are having a discussion outside of a hospital room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEIRDRE
You're going to be fine.

Deirdre kisses William, who seems slightly nervous.

They enter the room.

INT. CHILDREN'S NURSERY -- CONTINUOUS

A nursery school for kids with Leukemia. Many of the CHILDREN, ages 6 through 12, are bald -- some with bandages wrapped around their heads.

CHILDREN
Good morning, Mrs. Bennett!

The room is filled with toys and children's finger paintings. It's a colorful place, filled with hope and good spirits.

DEIRDRE
Good morning, friends. This is my friend, William.

CHILDREN
Hello, William.

William nods at them, then leans over to Deirdre.

WILLIAM
(whispering)
They're going to hate me.

All of the children start pointing at William.

CHILDREN
Ooooohh. Whispering!

One of the children, Angie, 8, SPEAKS up.

ANGIE
(smiling)
Not supposed to whisper, it's rude.

CHILDREN
(chanting)
Whispering William! Whispering
William. Whispering William!

William LAUGHS at himself for being teased -- loosens up.

DISSOLVE:

MOMENTS LATER

Deirdre sits at a table with JAMES, 8, helping him paint words onto a handkerchief. William sits at another table on the other side of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEIRDRE
 I want you to write down Angie's name, with an adjective in front of it. So she could be amazing Angie, or angelic Angie, or-

JAMES
 Awesome Angie.

DEIRDRE
 (smiling)
 That's right, awesome Angie.

ANGIE
 I'm awesome!

William helps Max hold his paint brush at another table. He watches Deirdre across the room, LAUGHING with the kids. He falls more in love with her each passing moment.

MAX
 What is your job?

WILLIAM
 I, um, help make cures for people who are sick. Like you.

MAX
 Well, hurry up, already!

William CHUCKLES a little.

WILLIAM
 I will. I'm almost done, okay?
 We'll have it real soon.

Max nods.

EXT. CHILDREN'S NURSERY -- LATER

William and Deirdre look at each other after the children are seen off by their PARENTS.

When they're alone, William takes out a handkerchief he made, handing it to Deirdre. It reads: **For Dreaming Deirdre**

Deirdre smiles and hands him one, in return. It reads: **For Whispering William**

WILLIAM
 Marry me.

Tears stream down Deirdre's eyes. She nods and kisses William long and hard.

FLASH FORWARD:

INT. DARK CORRIDOR -- DAY

A doorway opens, letting in the blinding daylight. Two SILHOUETTES enter the dimly-lit hallway as the doors close behind them. It's William and the Salesman.

A ramp declines underground, and they follow it for a while.

SALESMAN
Tomorrow night you'll be sent to an abandoned building in lower Manhattan. You'll find Detective Yates there. There'll be a confrontation, and he'll shoot you.

WILLIAM
Shoot me?

William stops walking just before they reach another door. VOICES can be heard behind it.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You didn't say anything about getting shot! Can't I die of a heart attack or a stroke or something?

The Salesman types in a code and places his hand over the module for authorization.

SALESMAN
Heart attacks lead to hospitals.
Gunshots lead to graves.

The door opens and they continue their discussion inside.

INT. LARGE AUDITORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of PEOPLE are busily running around, answering PHONE CALLS, TYPING at their desks, watching one of forty different televisions airing the world news. There are maps and graphs and even astrology charts outlining the entire room.

WILLIAM
What if he shoots me in the head or somewhere not protected?

SALESMAN
Don't worry. You'll be protected.

WILLIAM
Why is he going to shoot me?

SALESMAN
Because you're going to give him this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Salesman takes out Yates' file folder of corrupt activities. William takes it from him and flips through it.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
He's been on the payroll for years.
He also has some politicians in his pocket.

WILLIAM
Jesus Christ. You have folders like this on everybody?

SALESMAN
(beat)
Yes.

Over to the left, a SNIPER shoots a MAN in the back! William is initially shocked. After a moment, the Man pushes himself up, and takes off a thin bullet-proof vest. The Sniper wanders over to his opponent, and investigates the newly-shot apparatus.

KAITLIN, mid-30's, energetic, sassy, no-bullshit, approaches them.

KAITLIN
Hello, William. I'm Kaitlin.

WILLIAM
Hello.

SALESMAN
This is where I leave you. Kaitlin will walk you through the entire process and prep you on everything you need to know. You'll be in good hands.

And with that, the Salesman walks away.

KAITLIN
Come with me.

INT. KAITLIN'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

William and Kaitlin enter her office, where a consultant, MORGY, 40's, Chinese, extremely intelligent, is waiting.

MORGY
I need more time.

He holds up a bullet-proof vest, with fake blood-bags attached throughout the exterior.

MORGY (CONT'D)
(pointing)
They replaced the blood bags with a Polyethylene hybrid.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGY (CONT'D)
It simply won't work. These bags
have been known to leak.

Kaitlin grabs William and hands him the vest.

KAITLIN
Here, try this on.
(to consultant)
Morgy, no one's going to get close
enough to him to figure that out.

William fits himself with the vest.

WILLIAM
Um... Can we discuss something?

KAITLIN
Jesus Christ, Morgy. Look how big
that is!

MORGY
Those were the measurements given
to the Council.

Morgy takes out some measuring tape and sizes up William.

KAITLIN
Oh no, this won't do. I can't have
him roaming around New York City
like this.

Kaitlin begins lifting the vest off William, handing it to Morgy.

KAITLIN (CONT'D)
Fix it. Get it away.

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY -- LATER

William is sitting on a medical table being examined by four PHYSICIANS. They are checking his blood pressure, prodding his ears, eyes, nose, taking his blood, etc.

Kaitlin is pacing around the room, going over more details.

KAITLIN
You'll be taking a pill called
Chlonepcine shortly before the
shooting. It's a shock drug that-

WILLIAM
I know what it does. It triggers
the nervous system. Makes me
appear dead for a few minutes.

KAITLIN
Seven minutes, to be exact.

INT. CARDIOLOGY ROOM -- LATER

William is lying down, receiving an EKG. The CARDIOVASCULAR SPECIALIST performing it watches for anything abnormal on the X-ray machine.

Kaitlin sits in the corner, legs crossed, overseeing the procedure.

KAITLIN
Tomorrow afternoon, we'll leak a tip to the Detective leading him back to the same Depository where Donovan hid the box. You'll be there waiting for him.

William nods.

INT. KAITLIN'S OFFICE -- LATER

William, wearing a hospital gown, sits across from Kaitlin while she fills out some forms. She has a large "**Man Who Fell to Earth**" poster on her wall. William finds himself staring at it.

He turns his attention to a small digital compass sitting on Kaitlin's desk, and picks it up to look at it.

WILLIAM
What's this?

KAITLIN
(looking up)
That's you. It's the monitor for the little tracking device inside your head. It tells us your coordinates.

She gets up and takes it out of his hands, clearly not wanting him to touch it.

KAITLIN (CONT'D)
Tomorrow, we'll go over to the Vapor Factory. They'll develop a mix of liquid and gas sealant to shield your head and hands.

She hands him a pile of paper.

KAITLIN (CONT'D)
Now I'm going to need you to sign these forms.

WILLIAM
What do they say, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAITLIN
You know the old joke 'signing your life away'?

William nods.

KAITLIN (CONT'D)
That's what you're doing.

William stares at the paperwork.

WILLIAM
What's it like there? I don't even know anything about it.

KAITLIN
First of all, there's no turning back now, William. Second of all, I've never been there.

WILLIAM
You've never been there?

KAITLIN
Karma Coalition policy states that no employee is permitted to set foot in Parista. Ever.

WILLIAM
How do I know this place even exists?

KAITLIN
When Yates shoots you in the depository, you will wake up in another place, here on earth. That's a fact. You will be provided with a house, a car and a new life. I can't prove to you it exists, because the point of Parista is to cut off all communication with the outside world. But it exists, William. And in time you'll realize why I'm so sure of it.

WILLIAM
What about the Salesman?

KAITLIN
Salesmen can retire there after fifteen years of service. Provided they have a good sales record.

WILLIAM
How can you sell something, if you're not sure what you're selling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The phone RINGS. Kaitlin picks it up, says 'hello', and turns her back to William for a second, SPEAKING softly to the person on the other line.

William steals the digital compass off Kaitlin's desk and stashes it away while she's not looking.

INT. PRECINCT LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

Yates, back from the pool, is buttoning up his shirt. When he puts his coat on, he reaches inside and takes out the digital compass, wondering what it is.

A light BEEP erupts from somewhere else in the coat. He searches the other pocket while it BEEPS again, unveiling a tiny mini CD Recorder. The battery is dying.

He presses 'play'.

RECODER
I remember the title of my first
essay... Steganography...

Yates presses 'stop'.

Suddenly, an envelope is slipped into his locker by a passing OFFICER. Yates puts away the recorder and compass and opens the envelope -- filled with hundred-dollar bills.

He shuts his locker and approaches the Officer who gave it to him, handing it back.

YATES
You can keep this from now on.

OFFICER
I don't understand.

YATES
Tell Costello he can keep his
money. I'm not interested anymore.

OFFICER
With all due respect, sir, I don't
think a lot guys around the
Precinct are going to be very
comfortable with that.

YATES
I'm not concerned about the comfort
level of the precinct. I'm playing
it straight from now on.

Yates walks away, back to his office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER
(calling after him)
You're on your own, Yates. You
hear me? You're on your own.

INT. YATES OFFICE -- LATE NIGHT

As the clock TICKS, echoing throughout the room, Yates stares at the compass and mini-cd recorder. He presses 'play'.

RECODER
W: Know any really magnificent
attorneys?
(beat)
W: Can't offer a lawyer?
(beat)
Y: I don't think there's much of
anything a lawyer can offer you,
right now.

Yates STOPS the recorder. PLAYS it again. STOPS it. PLAYS it again. Listening to different bits of the conversation. Rewinding, fast-forwarding. PLAYING it again. STOPPING.

EXT. VANESSA'S HOUSE -- 3:00 AM

Yates is KNOCKING on Vanessa's door. No answer. He KNOCKS again, impatiently.

Finally, a light is turned on inside. Vanessa answers the door in her robe, barely awake.

VANESSA
Yates? What are you doing here?

YATES
He was going to blackmail me. He
had this file on me. It had dirt
on me going so far back, I can't
even say for sure if I did half of
it. I-

Vanessa's husband, HANK, 40, average-looking, comes down from upstairs, wondering what the hell is going on.

YATES (CONT'D)
Hank.

HANK
Yates.

Vanessa nudges Yates out onto the front porch.

VANESSA
We'll be right back, hun.

Vanessa walks Yates out into her front yard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing at my
house at three in the morning?
Hank is suspicious enough as it is.

YATES
Vanessa, you've got to listen to
me. I wasn't planning to shoot
this guy. But he came at me with
this furious mindset. He had this
folder on me that even the CIA
couldn't conjure up.

VANESSA
Well, where is this folder?

YATES
I burned it.

VANESSA
(shaking her head)
You're a real piece of work, you
know that, Yates?

YATES
I'm telling you, something big is
going on here. Something not
right. I went to church tonight
for the first time in ten years.

VANESSA
Well, I'm proud of you, Yates. But
I suggest you do your mourning at
William's funeral, not on my front
lawn.

Yates takes out the mini-CD Recorder. Holds it up.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
What's that?

YATES
It's a recording of the entire
conversation between William and I
before I shot him.

VANESSA
A recording? Is there
incriminating information about you
on there?

YATES
Yes.

VANESSA
Then you get rid of it, Yates. You
destroy the CD, the recorder, the
whole thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YATES
I would. But there's only one problem.

VANESSA
What?

YATES
It's not my recorder.

VANESSA
(beat)
What are talking about?

YATES
My pockets were empty when I went down to the Depository. But when I got back to the Precinct, after hours of paperwork, I found this little recorder, stored safely in my right pocket, beeping at me. Begging me to play it.

VANESSA
I don't understand.

YATES
William must've planted it on me, when he patted me down for my gun.

VANESSA
Why would he do that?

YATES
I don't know. But I'm going to find out.

The front door opens, revealing Hank, wondering what's going on.

Yates looks at Hank, then Vanessa, then leaves -- disappearing into the darkness.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ABANDONED DEPOSITORY -- NIGHT

William seems nervous while he sloppily pats down Yates. As he removes Yates' gun, he slips a mini-CD Recorder inside Yates' right pocket.

William tosses Yates' gun twenty feet away.

FORWARD CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED DEPOSITORY -- MOMENTS LATER

Yates is being pushed aside as the EMS Workers arrive on the scene. Everything shifts into slow motion as swarms of POLICEMEN and CITY WORKERS gradually fill up the floor.

William, dead to the world, is being lifted onto a cot and covered with a blanket. As time *dissolves* on, and the scene becomes more convoluted with PHOTOGRAPHERS, POLICE, and FORENSICS, Yates slowly gets pushed into the background, nodding to his COLLEAGUES questions.

Everything becomes a blur as Yates watches William being carried down the stairs on the cot.

EXT. CROWDED STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

William is being loaded into the ambulance. POLICE are everywhere. Scattered CITIZENS wonder what's going on. The ambulance doors SHUT.

INT. AMBULANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Four (fake) EMS WORKERS clamor to resurrect William as the ENGINE turns on and they speed away from the scene. They tear off his shirt and pants. Underneath his shirt is a thin bullet-proof vest and multiple blown blood-bags. The pouches of blood have left an ugly mess.

One of the Workers clears away the bags while another one uses a tiny vacuum to suck away the gases around William's face. As the vacuum HUMS, slight gas particles can be seen swirling around William's head.

Once the blood bags are cleared and the vest is torn off, one of the Workers injects a sedative into William's arm before taking some tweezers to dig out the bullet engraved in his bicep. He digs inside the bullet hole, carefully pinches the bullet, and slowly removes it.

A large tube is shoved deep down into Williams throat. After they lodge it in William's seemingly dead body, a blue liquid is pumped inside him, causing him to CHOKE back to life. His eyes bulge out as he GASPS for air, not fully conscious of his whereabouts.

As the Workers remove the tube, William starts shaking and trembling. One of them takes a damp wash-cloth and pats down William's forehead. The Monitor shows his heart-rate beginning to return to normal. He closes his eyes almost as quickly as they opened, calming down.

After a few seconds, he drifts into a deep sleep...

FLASHBACK:

INT. LARGE AUDITORIUM -- DAY

William, standing on a podium, is presenting a slide show on modern medicine. There are over a thousand DOCTORS in attendance.

WILLIAM
This is the best visual evidence yet for 'immortal DNA'. When the stem cell divides into two daughter cells, only the specialized cell inherits the imperfect copied DNA. The other one retains the original "immortal" DNA strand...

INT. AUDITORIUM CORRIDOR -- LATER

William exits the auditorium to find Jack Boyle waiting for him in the lobby.

WILLIAM
Jack? What are you doing here?

They shake hands.

JACK BOYLE
I heard you'd be in Paris. I've got a field program here on the other side of town.

WILLIAM
It's great to see you. Where are you staying?

JACK BOYLE
You know you should teach a class up at Wexford. Just one night a week. We could use a someone like you.

WILLIAM
I don't know, Jack. I'm really not very good with kids.

JACK BOYLE
Well, the offer's there if-

Suddenly, they're interrupted by a french CONCIERGE, 50's, and his ASSISTANT, 40's.

CONCIERGE
Monsieur?

The Concierge seems troubled.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
There's been... an accident.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

William is being briefed on Deirdre's death.

POLICEMAN

Your wife was with her parents driving north on the FDR. They were... apparently sideswiped by a delivery truck. The collision forced them over the railing into the East River.

William stares off into nothing -- almost comatose.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Her parents may have been killed on impact. But there's a chance your wife was still alive when she went under the water... and couldn't get out of the car. Her death will be described as a drowning. I'm sorry.

William's life, as he knows it, is over...

BLACKOUT

The back doors of an ambulance open, letting in a blinding light...

INT. LARGE LOADING DOCK / WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

William (present day) is rolled out of the ambulance, still unconscious. DOCTORS and MASKED HELPERS guide him down a ramp.

More ambulances are lined up around the one where William came from. Each one has unconscious BODIES on gurney's being wheeled out. Separate EMS WORKERS and Helpers guide all of the gurneys down the same ramp towards the submarine.

Each of the multiple bodies is carefully loaded onto a wide platform. A large aircraft is located on the far side of the Hangar. Hundreds of Karma Coalition OFFICIALS are lined in offices surrounding the plane. All of them busily completing their assigned tasks.

PILOTS and OFFICERS are YELLING out to each other technical language about the exterior of the plane, in order to get it up and running within the next few minutes.

A MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD, 40's, checks each body as it is loaded into the plane, making sure they have a pulse and writing down their names. When William's gurney is wheeled up to him, he lifts the thin blanket and checks off his clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN WITH CLIPBOARD
Name?

EMS WORKER
William Thomas Craft.

MAN WITH CLIPBOARD
Time of death?

EMS WORKER
9:37pm.

The Man with a clipboard waves them through.

William is loaded on to the plane, still in a deep sleep.

The Salesman observes from above -- making sure William is loaded on safely and signed off. Other SALESMEN, with name tags that read 'Salesman', stand near him, observing each of their own commissions. Most of their expressions are blank.

INT. YATES' OFFICE -- NIGHT

Yates, John Deels, Vanessa and LT BERNARD, 40's, jolly-looking, are all sitting around the mini-cd recorder, playing it back. As the recorder PLAYS in the background, Yates stares out the window while his colleagues chat about the recording.

BERNARD
He presses 'record' right before the conversation.

JOHN DEELS
Right before the conversation he started.

BERNARD
(eating a donut)
Either way, he's self-editing. Why not start recording a few minutes earlier, when he enters the building?

VANESSA
He's frantic.

BERNARD
He's particular.

The CD repeats itself from the top.

JOHN DEELS
He cues the CD, dominates the conversation, forces the dialogue...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

But it's against character. He's normally laid back.

RECODER

W: I remember the title of my first essay. Steganography...

BERNARD

What is that? Steganography?

JOHN DEELS

It's a simpleton code. First letter of each word, last letter of each word...

BERNARD

That's too specific. Like Steganology.

JOHN DEELS

Steganology? You're making that up.

BERNARD

It's in the dictionary.

JOHN DEELS

Bullshit.

Yates' interest is perked. He gets up and STOPS the recorder.

YATES

He minored in linguistics, codes.

JOHN DEELS

(to Yates)

Steganography is for the written word. Even if he did hide a code, it most likely would've been inside the folder he handed to you while this exact conversation took place. And as we all know, that folder is, um... gone.

Yates grabs a notepad and pen and hands it to Deels.

YATES

Maybe he dictated it.

JOHN DEELS

Maybe you're giving him too much credit.

YATES

Why would he record the conversation? Because something he said is important.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YATES (CONT'D)
 Now, what's the most common
 interpretation of Steganography?

JOHN DEELS
 First letter of each word, I guess.

YATES
 (pressing 'play')
 Try it.

RECODER
 W: I remember the title of my first
 essay. Steganography...

Yates STOPS the recorder while Deels writes it out.

JOHN DEELS
 Irttom fes...

BERNARD
 What is that? Latin?

JOHN DEELS
 No, it's not Latin, you fucking
 moron. It's nonsense.

Yates PLAYS the recorder.

YATES
 Keep going.

RECODER
 W: In Metaphysics, Sartres'
 teachings involved love, life and
 linguistics. I value each.

Yates STOPS it again. Deels writes.

JOHN DEELS
 Ims till... I'm still... a-live...
 (staring at the notepad)
 I'm still alive.

VANESSA
 Let me see that.

Vanessa takes the notepad from Deels, and sure enough, the first letter of each word spells out an acronym. Deels takes it back to continue.

Yates presses PLAY.

RECODER
 W: Know any really magnificent
 attorneys?
 (beat)
 Can't offer a lawyer?

JOHN DEELS
 Karmac oal..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RECODER

W: Is that irrefutable? Or non-negotiable?

JOHN DEELS

(over Yates recorded dialogue)

...ition. Karma Coalition...

RECODER

W: Eventually, xeroxed issued statements tell stories.

JOHN DEELS

Exists... Karma Coalition exists...

VANESSA

Jesus Christ.

RECODER

W: Blackmail, ransacking international networks, gambling... maybe even bribery.

Deels frantically writes while Yates' recorded dialogue continues.

RECODER (CONT'D)

W: Asshole... corrupt... cop.

Y: You're no different than me if you blackmail me with this.

W: Horrible of me, eh?

Yates STOPS the tape, while Deels finishes off the decoding.

JOHN DEELS

Bring. Me. Bacc... home.

Dead silence in the room. Deels looks down at what he wrote in complete shock.

BERNARD

My god.

Yates immediately gets on the phone. DIALS.

BINOCULARS POV: Someone is spying on Yates' office from across the street -- watching him get on the phone.

YATES

Yeah, I want that Craft Report up to me ASAP.

CORONER'S VOICE

(on phone)

You get me the body, I'll get you the Report.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

YATES
What are you talking about?

CORONER'S VOICE
(on phone)
Hasn't shown up yet. Might be a
hold up with Forensics.

YATES
Hal, it was twenty-four hours ago.

CORONER'S VOICE
(on phone)
I'm telling you, he never came
through here.

Yates hangs up. Goes pale. Takes the digital compass out of his pocket. Examines it.

BERNARD
What's the Karma Coalition?

VANESSA
It's a myth. Urban legend.

JOHN DEELS
What if it's not? According to this CD, William Craft is alive and well, out there somewhere, on an island or wherever they hide these people. That would explain how Donovan knew about those deaths.

Yates walks over, opens the recorder, and snaps the CD in half.

YATES
If it's true, there are only two types of people on earth who know about the Karma Coalition. The people faking their deaths, and the people who take them to the island. No one in this room fits either of those descriptions.

BERNARD
What are you saying? That our lives are suddenly in danger because we heard a CD

YATES
That's exactly what I'm-

Suddenly, two GUNSHOTS SHATTER the window and go straight through the back of John Deel's head. Blood splatters quickly as his face drops down onto the recorder. Dead.

YATES (CONT'D)
GET DOWN!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A barrage of BULLETS come SMASHING through the walls and windows into the room. Bernard gets nailed multiple times while trying to dive down to the floor. He continues to get filled with bullets once he's lying on the ground.

Yates gets hit in his side as he ducks behind the divider. He takes out his gun and shoves a cartridge inside it.

Vanessa is under the window, taking out her gun as well.

YATES (CONT'D)
You all right?!

Vanessa nods.

Yates FIRES off some rounds back out towards the roof of the building across the street. He shoots blindly.

Three OFFICERS barge into the room to help out. All three of them are shot through the head and heart upon entry. They fall quickly.

Vanessa FIRES off a few shots, but it's hopeless. They have no idea where the snipers are.

YATES (CONT'D)
We need to get out of here on the count of three! READY?

Vanessa nods again.

YATES (CONT'D)
One... two... THREE!

They both make a run for the door, but Vanessa gets shot twice shielding Yates as he makes it out into the hallway.

YATES (CONT'D)
VANESSA!!

EXT. YATES OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

A SWAT team immediately enters the precinct offices and pulls Vanessa out of the doorway while taking Yates safely out of harms way.

Yates rushes to Vanessa.

YATES
Vanessa? Vanessa?!

She's still barely alive.

YATES (CONT'D)
Hold on, dear. Hold on. You're going to be okay. You'll be okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vanessa's mouth TREMBLES, trying to force out some words. But nothing.

The SWAT MEN try to pull Yates away from the doorway while other SWAT MEMBERS get on their CBs and discuss the sniper's possible location. He shoves them away, staying with Vanessa.

Tears develop in Yates eyes as he holds Vanessa in his arms.

YATES (CONT'D)
Don't leave me. Don't leave me...
please.

The PARAMEDICS rush in to try and revive her, amidst the CHAOS -- SHOTS still RINGING OUT throughout the precinct.

Her eyes go blank.

Everything turns into a blur for Yates as the Paramedics try to revive her with a CARDIAC PUMP. But she never wakes up... gone.

Yates sits with his head in his hands up against the wall, watching Vanessa leave him forever.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. REHABILITATION FACILITY -- NIGHT

A room lined with bunk beds of new Karma Coalition CLIENTS. All of them sound asleep in this dark room. Two GUARDS quietly monitor the inhabitants.

William's eyes slowly open. Before he can look around, a flashlight shines in his face.

INT. REGISTRATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A tiny office inside the facility.

William, in a comfortable robe, sits across from the REGISTRAR, 40's, classically handsome. The Registrar, on an odd-looking computer, types down information into William's file.

REGISTRAR
How are you feeling Mr. Craft?

WILLIAM
I feel nauseous.

REGISTRAR
(writing)
Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
I had trouble walking here from my bed. It was like I had to re-train myself to move my legs.

REGISTRAR
That's a common reaction to Chlonepcine. Everyone loses their sense of balance temporarily.

WILLIAM
What about my insides feeling cold, double vision, not being able to lift my arms? Those normal, too?

REGISTRAR
All will be gone in a day or two, Mr. Craft. No need to worry. We've had the best doctors in the world monitoring your transition. It's not easy bringing someone back from the dead.

The Registrar scans his notes into the computer.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)
Now, then. Where would you like to live, Mr. Craft?

WILLIAM
How do you mean?

REGISTRAR
Country, city, suburbs? We're even expanding a mountainous region, if you're interested.

The Registrar hands William a large binder.

WILLIAM
(flipping through)
I don't think you understand, my wife lives in Parista.

REGISTRAR
Ahh, okay. What's her name?

WILLIAM
Craft. Deirdre Craft.

The Registrar browses through computer entries.

REGISTRAR
Deirdre Craft...
(searching)
I don't see a Deirdre Craft in our records.
(continues looking)
Nope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM
(beat)
Maybe try 'Bennett'?

The Registrar kindly continues scanning the list of Parista inhabitants.

REGISTRAR
Ahhhh. There was a Deirdre Bennett here, but she changed her last name to James. Recently, as a matter of fact.

WILLIAM
No... that's not possible.

REGISTRAR
I'm afraid so, Mr. Craft. She was married to a Timothy Gordon James almost six weeks ago.

William is completely shocked.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)
I'm just telling what's in the system.

William gets out of his chair and grabs the Registrar by the collar.

WILLIAM
Are you kidding me?! Are you fucking kidding me?! Check it again!

REGISTRAR
Sir, your wife has been re-married. There's nothing I can do about it!

Two SECURITY GUARDS rush in and take William off the Registrar. William tries FIGHTING them off, but they hold him back.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)
(regaining his breath)
Things happen, Mr. Craft. Life goes on.

WILLIAM
I want to be brought to where she lives the second we arrive.

REGISTRAR
Mr. Craft... we've already arrived...

The Registrar pushes a button, opening the electric powered blinds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As they open, the vastness of Parista is unveiled -- skyscrapers, monorail trains, spaghetti highways, rivers going in between some buildings. It looks like a hybrid of Tokyo and Venice.

William takes in the breadth of the City. As the Security guards let him go, he slowly walks towards the window, taking it all in.

There are neon signs and advertisements for products he's never heard of -- Official Cola, Government Detergent, All-in-one Fast Food Hut. All of the signs are written in multiple languages.

- PEDESTRIANS everywhere, with electric cars and mopeds. Every car that has ever been released by any country are here.

- The architecture is also eclectic, from 1950's neo-modern to conventional to modern to futuristic.

REGISTRAR (CONT'D)

When we send you downstairs, you will be assigned a Welcome Captain. They will provide you with all the information you'll need to know about Parista. I trust you'll show them a little more respect than you've shown me.

EXT. BUS STOP -- NIGHT

A bus pulls up and starts letting a handful of people on.

INT. BUS -- CONTINUOUS

One of the people who gets on the bus is Yates, slightly disguised with sunglasses and baseball cap. He sits down in his seat, looking around, making sure he's not being watched by the other COMMUTERS.

He cringes in pain and opens his trench coat a little, revealing a bullet wound in his lower abdomen. He's in great pain.

INT. SMALL DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- LATE NIGHT

A SURGEON, 60's, is pulling the bullet out of Yates while he lays on an operating table. Yates GROANS in pain.

The Surgeon takes the bullet out with tweezers and takes a quick look at it.

SURGEON
Cop-killer bullet. Surprising it
didn't go right through you.
Must've been a ricochet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yates grabs a bottle of whiskey and chugs it. The Surgeon begins stitching Yates up.

SURGEON (CONT'D)
This stitch is just temporary, you understand. You still have internal bleeding that I can't stop without someone assisting me.

YATES
You can't... tell anyone you've seen me.

SURGEON
Where are you going to go?

YATES
(beat)
Parista.

SURGEON
Where's that?

Yates forces up a small LAUGH.

SURGEON (CONT'D)
I have to tell you, Yates, you only have a few days, maximum. If you don't get professional surgery soon, you'll die.

Yates nods.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM

Much like an airport baggage claim, only there are numerous MASKED GUARDS prominently securing the premises

The Karma Coalition CLIENTS, including William, grab their personal luggage and head towards the exit.

INT. CUSTOMS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

As the Clients form a line to enter Parista, they must show specified badges to the CHECKERS. William, carrying a suitcase, shows the Checker his badge. They allow him to enter.

A large sign above the Parista entrance reads:
No expansion workers beyond this point.

INT. WELCOME LOBBY

A large Dome, with multiple facets of media hovering above the ticket offices and shops -- television stations William's never seen before. Brand new TV shows, News programs, Comedy specials -- all exclusive to Parista.

A TOUR GUIDE and two TRANSLATORS welcome them as they enter.

TOUR GUIDE
 Hello everyone and welcome to Parista. You are in the main city of Parista, called Bahoe. It's considered sort of the 'Capital'.

The Translators for this particular group SPEAK German and Swedish and relay everything the Tour Guide says.

Two AIDES start passing out some side bags to William and the other new CITIZENS.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
 The bags my assistants are handing you are filled with pamphlets and maps of Parista, as well as your commerce. The denominations are tens, twenties and fifties and should last you a few weeks while you get situated. The Monarchy will provide you with allowances on the first of each month...

EXT. CAR STATION -- DAY

It's a sunny day in Parista.

Hundreds of cars are waiting at the station for incoming citizens, very much like the hub at JFK. The car models range from British to Mexican to American and beyond, including models dated back to the 1950's.

COURTNEY, 20's, female, reaches out to shakes William's hand. She's dressed in a suit and has a clipboard with her.

COURTNEY
 William? I'm Courtney, your Welcome Captain.

William shakes her hand, looking at a beautiful red '67 Mustang.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
 You like it?

WILLIAM
 My favorite car...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COURTNEY
Well, it's yours.

Courtney tosses him the keys and heads to the check-out window.

While Courtney signs out the car, William gets into the Mustang -- white leather interior, power windows, V-6 engine, etc.

But more importantly... a GPS system. William turns on the GPS and types in: **Deirdre... James**

The address comes up: **1405 Brothers Road, Moshiba**

William PEELS out of the parking space and SPEEDS up the ramp.

Courtney CALLS after him.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
HEY!!

EXT. WELCOME STATION -- CONTINUOUS

PEDESTRIANS leap out of William's way as he DRIVES down the street, throwing caution to the wind.

GPS SYSTEM
Turn left at the next light.

William turns left and drives underneath the monorail hub.

A spaghetti of overhead trains shoot out of the hub in several directions at speeds of over 100 miles per hour. ZOOMING sounds from departing monorails can be heard constantly.

William SHIFTS the Mustang at full throttle, heading straight to Deirdre's.

INT. RODEO BAR -- NIGHT

Yates sits across from ROLEN, 40, handle-bar mustache, trucker hat. Rolen eats his barbecue sloppily while Yates places the digital compass in front of him.

YATES
The coordinates on this compass are encoded. I need you to decipher it. Find out the location.

ROLEN
(looking it over)
And what's at the other end of this rainbow?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YATES
I can't tell you.

ROLEN
Word is, you're off the books,
Yates.

YATES
It's not like that.

ROLEN
Then what's it like?

Yates places a block-shaped paper bag on the table next to the compass. Rolen opens the bag -- a wad of hundreds.

Rolen wipes his mouth with a napkin and looks at Yates long and hard. Finally, he stands up and grabs the compass and the money.

ROLEN (CONT'D)
Two days.

Rolen leaves Yates with the check.

EXT. SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD -- LATER

William DRIVES through a quaint little villa-esque neighborhood, following the GPS. The region is wooded and feels comfortable. The houses are conventional with brick, wood and stone exteriors.

FIFTIES MUSIC lightly plays out of a distant loudspeaker. It's probably been on for most of the day.

William pulls up to a mailbox. It Reads: **JAMES**

Just as he contemplates pulling in to Deirdre's driveway, the garage door opens -- a Buick pulls out of the driveway with two PASSENGERS.

When they pull out of the driveway, William sees that Deirdre is in the passenger seat, doing her make-up. She looks up just as they pass William by.

William and Deirdre's eyes meet for a split second.

INT. BUICK -- CONTINUOUS

Deirdre looks like she's been struck by lightning. Her husband, TIMOTHY, 40, average looking, is driving.

TIMOTHY
Something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEIRDRE
 No, I uh... thought I forgot
 something. But I found it.

INT. MUSTANG -- MOMENTS LATER

William is following them from a safe distance back. He turns right when they turn right. He turns left when they turn left.

EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

William follows them to a fancy restaurant. He parks and watches Deirdre and Timothy get out of their car. He adjusts his rear view mirror to get a better look as they enter the restaurant.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT / LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Deirdre and Timothy are approaching the HOST about their table when William enters the restaurant. He walks right up to Deirdre.

When she turns around, her heart sinks.

DEIRDRE
 William?

Timothy turns around as well. He sees Deirdre and William staring at each other. Eyes locked.

TIMOTHY
 Hello?

Deirdre snaps out of it, sort of.

DEIRDRE
 Oh, umm. This is... William. I
 ah, knew him in New York.

TIMOTHY
 Hi, William.
 (shaking his hand)
 You here to meet with someone?

WILLIAM
 Well, I was supposed to. But it
 looks as though I've been stood up.

TIMOTHY
 Oh, I'm sorry.

WILLIAM
 No, it's nothing. I suppose I'm
 the one who's late.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I guess I just thought this person
would wait for me.

DEIRDRE
Well, maybe she didn't know you
were going to be here.

WILLIAM
Maybe.

Timothy seems confused by their conversation. Finally:

TIMOTHY
Well would you like to join us?
The food is excellent.

Deirdre seems very uncomfortable.

WILLIAM
Okay, sure. I'll stay for a few
minutes.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

William enters the dining area with Timothy and Deirdre.
More FIFTIES MUSIC sweeping through the venue.

And there... sitting at their table, are Deirdre's parents,
George Bennett and his wife, LINDA, 60's.

George rises, completely surprised.

WILLIAM
Hey, George.

GEORGE
(practically speechless)
William...

The tension is thick. Everyone sits down and there's an
awkward silence for a moment. Timothy is unaware of the
history here.

TIMOTHY
So, William. How did you know
Deirdre back in New York?

WILLIAM
Well, Timothy. She was my wife.

TIMOTHY
Oh...

The WAITER starts handing out menus to the table.

GEORGE
Tell us, William. Why, exactly,
are you in Parista?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
 (looking at the menu)
 Well, you see, George. It seems to
 me that there are only two types of
 people who live in Parista. People
 who are chosen... and people who
 are hiding. I was chosen. Which
 one are you?

GEORGE
 Unfortunately, the complexities of
 my decisions don't quite fit into
 your black and white bullshit
 theorem. Maybe you're the third
 type of Parista resident -- the
 type that pays, and pays well.

DEIRDRE
 Dad-

WILLIAM
 Or maybe I'm on a scholarship.

GEORGE
 And what kind of scholarship would
 that be?

WILLIAM
 The George Bennett scholarship
 fund. Remember George? You gave
 me a large check to not marry your
 daughter. Maybe I decided to cash
 it in and come on down here to eat
 some dinner with 'the fam'.

Timothy is completely confused.

GEORGE
 You snobby little shit.

WILLIAM
 You always had a way with words,
 George.

The 'check' is news to Deirdre.

DEIRDRE
 Is that true, dad?

GEORGE
 There are some negotiations, that
 you wouldn't understand, Deirdre.

WILLIAM
 (standing up)
 No, I think she understands,
 George. She just figured it out
 too late, is all. You smothered
 her through school, through
 college, through life.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 You bullied her into being what you wanted her to be. And finally, you took her life away, forcing her to join you here in this isolated hellhole, because you couldn't hack it in the real world. Forcing her to dedicate her life to your miserable ego. And she's paid in spades.

William wipes his mouth, preparing to leave.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 Know this. I'm going to find a way out of here, and when I do, I'm taking your daughter with me. No offense, Timothy. And all you'll have left, George, is an empty soul, devoid of any sense of pride or dignity. Failed your job, failed your family. Doesn't seem too complex to me.

William turns to leave.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 (to Deirdre)
 I'll be in touch.

He leaves.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- DAY

Yates walks past a row of Semi's. When he gets to the fifth one, he KNOCKS on the back door three times only. After a moment, the door opens. It's Rolen.

INT. ROLEN'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Computers, gadgets, digital maps and all sorts of technical equipment fill the truck. It's sort of a den.

Yates sits down next to Rolen at the computer.

ROLEN
 You think this compass belongs to the Karma Coalition, don't you?

YATES
 Perhaps.

ROLEN
 Well, we've been monitoring possible Coalition connections for five years and we've never received physical evidence before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YATES

The man who gave me this compass
was no fool. If anyone could've
extracted it, he could've.

ROLEN

Well, I'm not buying it. The
alleged destination is supposed to
be an island utopia.

YATES

Right.

ROLEN

Well, then your gonna be very
disappointed.

Rolen shows Yates the location on the monitor.

ROLEN (CONT'D)

Wyoming. Garrison, Wyoming.

YATES

Maybe it's the headquarters.

ROLEN

Maybe you should leave this one
alone.

YATES

How much to scope it?

ROLEN

How far you willin' to go?

YATES

All the way. I want the whole
thing, bacon, lettuce, tomatoes,
everything. I want to breach the
target, go in there, get our guy,
and bring him back to civilization.

ROLEN

And expose the Coalition, get your
name in the papers.

YATES

What about you? You think I don't
notice what your crew's been up to
lately? You've been searching for
that island for years. You'd be
the richest bounty hunter on earth
if we exposed it.

ROLEN

If it exists, maybe. But it sure
as shit don't exist in Wyoming.

YATES

You got a better lead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROLEN

Due to the nature of this mission,
and the fact that I don't think it
leads anywhere, I'm gonna have to
ask for the money up front this
time.

YATES

So that's how it is now?

ROLEN

Your precinct had two hundred red
robin bullets sprayed across the
length of your office two days
after you left the payroll. Yet,
somehow you're sittin' here, alive
and well, asking me to scope out an
ice cream shop in Bumfuck, Wyoming.
Excuse me if I don't exactly trust
you any more.

YATES

You'll have the money in two hours.

Yates gets up to leave.

ROLEN

Where ya hidin' out, Yates?

YATES

The people looking for me would pay
top dollar for that information.
So excuse me for not trusting you,
either.

Yates leaves.

INT. BAR TAVERN -- NIGHT

William enters a packed club. A JAZZ band is playing on stage. There is a joyous vibe to the place, filled with smiles and drunken conversations.

As William is taken to his booth, Archbishop Ferucci and some ASSOCIATES are dining at a nearby table.

When he sits down, a nearby flat screen TV is broadcasting a news flash with a picture of an OLDER WOMAN on the screen.

TV ANCHOR

Marilyn Monroe died earlier this morning from pneumonia. She was a mother to all of us and will be sorely missed. She was eighty-two years old...

The WAITRESS approaches him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS
Anything to drink, sir?

WILLIAM
Any beer'll do.

As the Waitress walks off, a JOLLY POSTAL WORKER, 50's, slightly drunk, spots William from the bar and comes over to his table.

POSTAL WORKER
Hey there, are you William Craft?
Moved up there on Moshiba Road the other day?

WILLIAM
I... I guess so.

POSTAL WORKER
I'm Harry, I cover your route!

WILLIAM
I didn't even realize I had a house.

William shakes Harry's hand.

HARRY
You know you have mail? Been sittin' around for months!

WILLIAM
For months?

HARRY
Yup, just sittin' there, collecting dust, waiting for you. Tell you what, come on down to the Post Office tomorrow morning in Bahoe Square and I'll give to you. Bahoe is beautiful this time of year. Gives you a chance to get out and explore.

WILLIAM
Okay. I'll be there.

HARRY
Cheers!
(toasting his beer)

INT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- DUSK

DEAN, 40, large chops, beard, sunglasses, Harley Davidson-type, purchases his chocolate ice cream cone at the cash Register. The CLERK, 25, hands him his change as Dean tastes the ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN
(smiling)
It's delicious.

CLERK
Thank you.

EXT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

A street surrounded by desert, like a ghost town.

From a rooftop across the street:

LENS POV: Dean leaves the shop with his ice cream cone.

Rolen lowers his binoculars. He's with three MEMBERS of his crew. They all look like ex-convicts. He looks across the way to two other rooftops -- more of his CREW scattered all over the place.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Dean walks up to room 402. KNOCKS. The door opens.

When he enters, over twelve more BIKER TYPES are staked out inside the room. But unlike normal bikers, these guys are on computers with long lens cameras dispersed out the windows. They're clearly a smart group -- still setting up shop.

Dean tosses the ice cream cone in the garbage and opens up a blueprint with BARMES and Yates. He points to the blueprint of the ice cream shop interior.

DEAN
Three employees. Two new counters.
Two doors behind the cashier.

BARMES
How many ice cream flavors?

DEAN
Fuck you.

YATES
There's only one door in the blueprint.

Rolen enters the room and looks on with them.

DEAN
This second door is locked with a scan lock.

ROLEN
What's the make?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEAN
It's a 4M Lensing. Custom made.

ROLEN
Shouldn't be too hard.

DEAN
It's what's behind the door that's the problem.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT

The rain is pouring down as Cossy and a HOOKER exit through the back door of a bar, LAUGHING and drinking.

Cossy tries to take off her top, but she pushes him away, teasing him.

COSSY
Take off your clothes.

The Hooker GIGGLES, playfully pushing his hands off her.

Cossy SLAPS her, hard.

HOOKER
What the fuck?

COSSY
Take off your clothes.

HOOKER
No!

Cossy slaps her again, harder, causing her to fall to the ground. He continues to PUNCH her and HIT her while she's on the ground.

After a moment, a knife slides up from behind him and pushes up against his neck. The knife belongs to the Salesman.

The Hooker sees that she has a chance to make a break for it and runs away down the alley, as fast as she can.

Cossy turns towards the Salesman, smiling.

COSSY
What the fuck do you want?

SALESMAN
Because of you, there's a man out on there on the loose, who's not only aware of our organization, but has the resources to give us a lot of problems.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSSY
I'll take care of it, Salesman.
Now get off my fucking neck.

SALESMAN
Why do you disappoint me, Coss?

COSSY
I told you, I don't like salesmen
in my district.

SALESMAN
And I told you...

The Salesman STABS Cossy in the side of his neck. Cossy starts sliding down the wall, losing life. As blood sprays out of his neck and his eyes bulge out in pain, the salesman stands over him.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
...you're expendable.

A large van pulls up and opens it's back doors. Two MEN IN SUITS get out and load Cossy into the Van. The Salesman gets in the van and closes the doors as it pulls away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Yates is sitting up on the bed, watching the Late Night News. He sees footage of his Precinct, shot to pieces.

FEMALE TV ANCHOR
(on TV)
It's been five days since the
violent attack of gunfire at New
York City's 41st Precinct and still
no evidence of who was behind it.

Footage of a COP appears, being interviewed.

COP
(on TV)
We don't have any positive leads
yet, but I assure you, these guys
are going to be found and they're
going to be prosecuted to the
fullest extent of the law. You
don't kill three Police Officers
and get away with it, believe me.

Yates shakes his head.

FEMALE TV ANCHOR
(on TV)
Detective Benjamin Yates is still
missing, three days after the
attack...

Rolen walks in to the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLEN
You should see this.

INT. ROOM 402 -- DUSK

Rolen and Dean are showing Yates photographs of the exterior of the Ice Cream Shop they've taken over the past couple days. Rolen lays out three specific snapshots of three different MEN, dressed in suits.

ROLEN
These three guys came in at separate times yesterday and the day before. They're wearing suits in ninety degree weather.

DEAN
And they ain't ordering ice cream.

YATES
It's not a crime to wear a suit in hot weather.

DEAN
We think they're salesmen. They sell people on the idea of escaping from the world, get they're money, and then report to this hub. They go in there with briefcases, and they come out empty-handed.

Rolen takes out another photograph of the Salesman, horn-rimmed glasses and all, walking into the shop.

ROLEN
Then there's this guy, who went in there without a briefcase just before sunrise this morning.

YATES
And?

ROLEN
And he hasn't come out yet.

DEAN
It's been ten hours and he's nowhere to be found.

Yates takes a closer look at the photograph. He has a feeling that he's seen this particular Salesman before.

YATES
How long before we can go in?

ROLEN
We can go in right now.

INT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

"Strangers in the night" is playing over the shop speakers.

Yates and Rolen wander in, pretending to be browsing the different ice cream flavors.

The CASHIER, 24, and the Clerk eye them suspiciously almost upon entry. The Cashier quietly pushes a red button behind the counter, aware of potential trouble.

The Clerk spots a gun in the back of Rolen's pants and feels for a shotgun of his own, attached underneath the counter.

Yates approaches the Cashier.

YATES
How late are you open?

BANG! The Clerk gets off a shot on Rolen, hitting him in the arm. Rolen immediately retaliates with his gun. Three SHOTS fired back. BAM! BAM! BAM!

The Clerk flies back against the wall, dead.

Yates pulls his firearm on the Cashier, making sure he doesn't move. The Cashier calmly raises his hands.

Rolen, holding his arm in pain, comes around the counter and quickly tapes the Cashier's mouth shut -- binds his hands together.

Dean and three CREW MEMBERS come through the front door with gadgets and machinery. Dean goes to the back door and clamps an electronic device on the scan lock, attempting to unlock it.

Two of the Crew bring in a large drill and wheel it towards the back. The third Member sprays black paint on all the security cameras.

Rolen spots the blinking red light under the counter.

ROLEN
(on his walkie-talkie)
We're gonna have company.

EXT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- DUSK

In the distance... fifteen cars come into view heading towards the shop. As they get closer, artillery can be seen on some of the exteriors.

INT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Dean is close to cracking the lock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROLEN
Hurry, hurry, hurry!

The Walkie-talkie BUZZES.

MEMBER FROM ACROSS THE STREET (O.S.)
(over walkie-talkie)
Fifteen SUV's coming in fast.
Repeat, fifteen armed vehicles
approaching in thirty seconds.

ROLEN
Lock it down!

The Crew Members SHUT the front door and start bringing down the steel gate. The gate is stuck, and Yates comes over to help.

Dean cracks the back door lock code and KICKS it open.

As the Members get the gate down half way, GUNFIRE comes through from outside. The RAPID FIRE kills two of the members instantly as Yates dives behind the counter.

EXT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Over fifty MEN IN SUITS evacuate their vehicles with guns and ammo, SHOOTING at the ice cream shop gate as it slowly closes on them.

Ten CREW MEMBERS from room 402 and twenty more from surrounding rooftops start SHOOTING at the Men in Suits from up above. The Men in Suits SHOOT back, as well as other Coalition REPRESENTATIVES with bullet proof jackets and Bazooka's.

The street becomes a chaotic battleground, with Rolen's Crew SPRAYING BULLETS across the length of the street.

One CREW MEMBER tosses a grenade out the window, BLOWING twenty Men in Suits to bits.

INT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

As Dean moves into the back room, GUNFIRE can be heard outside the front gate -- bullets RICOCHETING off the steel and constant BANGING to get it open.

INT. BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Yates, Rolen, Dean and the surviving Crew Member enter the room, wheeling in the drill and some hefty electronic equipment.

Everyone puts on goggles and vests for security.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A large vault awaits them. The drill contains an electronic laser that starts to CUT a circle around the vault's steel lock.

EXT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

A BULLET-PROOF VESTED MAN sets up his bazooka during the chaos and FIRES a MISSILE towards room 402.

INT. ROOM 402 -- CONTINUOUS

CREW MEMBER
GET DOWN-

BLAM!!! Half the side of the hotel is obliterated. Surviving Crew Members escape the room and head down the stairs, where the Men in Suits have infiltrated. More GUNFIRE.

EXT. LAILA'S ICE CREAM SHOP -- NIGHT

The war in the street continues with Missile launchers and grenade BOMBINGS, while some Men in Suits slowly break open the ice cream shop gate. It starts to get lifted, gradually.

INT. BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The vault BREAKS open. Yates, Rolen and Dean pull open the vault to get a look inside...

It's an elevator -- looks normal with an up and down button.

The gate has been opened up front and they can HEAR the Men in suits coming in.

DEAN
I'll stay behind. You guys get in there!

Yates, Rolen and the Crew Member quickly press the 'close doors' button. As the doors close, the Men in suits enter the back room SHOOTING.

Dean retaliates with an UZI, getting SHOT to death as he sprays bullets at anyone who enters.

DEAN (CONT'D)
AAAAAAAAAAAH!!! MOTHER
FUCKERS!!!!

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

There are -94 floors. Before Yates can press one, the elevator starts going down by itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a glass wall to the elevator, exposing each floor as they swiftly go past them. Every floor seems to be wide and vast, with odd cubes spread throughout.

The elevator continues to go down...

And down...

And down...

Until finally, they get to the -94th floor, deep inside the bowels of earth.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
Floor negative ninety four. Have a nice day.

When the elevator doors open into a dark foyer, they all get out. It's dead silent.

ROLEN
What the fuck is this place?

SALESMAN (O.S.)
It's home.

The lights come up, revealing thirty Men in Suits, surrounding Yates, Rolen and the Crew Member. They all have a gun pointed at them.

Rolen and the Crew Member are immediately SHOT in the head, DROPPING to the floor. Quick execution.

Yates is the last one left. He has thirty guns pointed at his head. He slowly takes his gun out and drops it on the floor as the Salesman approaches him, face to face.

Yates lifts his hands to surrender.

YATES
I don't mind dying. I just want to know.

The Salesman calmly lights a cigarette. Then, after looking over Yates for a moment, he slowly waves off his men. They lower their weapons almost in time with his hand motion.

SALESMAN
Haven't you heard the expression 'curiosity killed the cat'?

YATES
I'm dead already, anyway. Fact is, I've been dead for years. Dead marriage, dead job, dead wrong on almost every decision I ever made. I'd like to be alive, for just one moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Salesman reaches inside Yates pocket and pulls out the digital compass. He smiles.

SALESMAN
Would you like to see William,
Detective?

YATES
(nodding)
Yes...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE / BAHOE SQUARE -- AFTERNOON

*

The streets are alive and busy. More 50's MUSIC spills through the loudspeakers.

INT. POST OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

William is next on a long line. PEOPLE are scattered throughout the large mail depot, scurrying to receive their mail from different windows.

A large projected screen reads:
Joke of the day: All mail is local

William reaches Harry's window.

HARRY
Hey there, Mr. Craft!

Harry digs out William's envelope.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(handing it to him)
Hear ya go.

William notices that the front of the envelope reads:
From Benjamin Yates

WILLIAM
Excuse me. You said you received
this months ago?

HARRY
That's right. 'Bout ten months
ago, to be exact. Came down from
the Consulate. Which is kinda like
saying it came from the 'powers
that be'.

WILLIAM
I didn't even know this man ten
months ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Welp, funny things happen in
Parista. I have some mail here
backed up twenty years for people
who haven't arrived yet.

William stares at the envelope as the next PERSON in line
goes ahead of him.

EXT. BAHOE SQUARE -- MOMENTS LATER

William sits on a park bench, overlooking the river. As
PASSERSBY walk on the boardwalk and enjoy the sunny day,
William opens the envelope and pulls out a letter inside. He
reads it.

YATES (V.O.)

Dear William. By the time you read
this letter, I'll be long gone, and
you'll be starting a new life in a
new reality. I wish I could
deliver this letter to you
personally, but my destiny lies in
a different path than yours. And I
want you to know that I came for
you, and this what I found...

FLASHBACK:

INT. DARK FOYER -- NIGHT

Yates, hands raised, stands in front of the Salesman,
surrounded by Men in Suits.

SALESMAN

Would you like to see William,
Detective?

YATES

(nodding)

Yes.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICES -- MOMENTS LATER

The Salesman and two MEN IN SUITS lead Yates through what
looks like a futuristic hospital facility. As they pass
offices, strange DOCTORS and ASSISTANTS are working busily on
SUBJECTS.

YATES (V.O.)

...it was a vast facility. Some
ninety floors deep in the heart of
earth. The temperature was cold,
as was the demeanor of the workers
inside. But it was here that the
Salesman would lead me to a place I
never would've dreamt existed...

INT. THE FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Yates is lead onto a wide and vast floor. The floor is filled with large glass cubes, each holding a PERSON. Yates realizes that these people are frozen.

YATES (V.O.)
 ...It was an entire floor of cryogenically frozen people, as far as the eye could see. And, according to the Salesman, there were eighty more floors just like it.

The Salesman EXPLAINS things to Yates as they pass SUBJECT after SUBJECT.

YATES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He told me of a time, in the near future, when the human race would be wiped out. He didn't reveal exactly how this would happen, but he told me that all clients of the Karma Coalition would be asleep for close to fifty six years, before they would wake up in a new world, where no humans were left...

They approach William's cube. He looks serene.

YATES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The Salesman told me the bullet I shot you with was extracted from your arm before they officially put you under...

EXT. BAHOE SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

William, holding the letter, pulls up his sleeve to view his bullet scar. Nothing is there.

INT. THE FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

The Salesman points to an computer clock attached to the side of William's cube.

YATES (V.O.)
 He said that all clients wake up in order of when they're sent, so as not to disturb the psychological effects of the trip.

Yates looks around the circumference of the floor. He sees SCIENTISTS monitoring the room, to make sure nothing goes wrong.

EXT. BAHOE SQUARE --CONTINUOUS

William can't believe what he's reading.

WILLIAM
No...

YATES (V.O.)
Think about it, William. Did you
feel abnormally cold when you
arrived? Felt like you needed to
re-learn how to walk?

FLASHBACK:

INT. REHABILITATION FACILITY -- NIGHT

The GUARDS are helping William walk, step by step, from his bunk to the door.

FLASH FORWARD:

INT. THE FLOOR

Yates is kneeling down, writing this letter to William on top of William's cube.

YATES (V.O.)
Knowing that they wouldn't let me
live, I asked them if I could write
you this one last letter before
leaving. I wanted you to know,
William, that I came for you. It's
probably the only good deed I've
committed in my twenty five years
as an officer. But unfortunately,
as you can see, I can't bring you
back home. I wish I could.
Signed, Benjamin Yates, May 15th,
2009.

INT. THE FLOOR

Yates finishes his letter, signs it, and stands up. He hands it to the Salesman. The two Men in Suits near him.

YATES
... I'm ready.

One of the Men in Suits, injects a syringe in Yates' neck. Yates begins shaking terribly, eyes bulging. He turns white as a ghost as he convulses to death. Finally, after a moment, he turns serene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they carefully lay him on the floor, the Salesman stands over him, putting the letter inside his pocket.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BAHOE SQUARE -- DUSK

William, sitting on the bench, folds up the letter and puts it back in the envelope.

Subtitles appear: **May 15th, 2065**

He hangs his head low, realizing he'll be in Parista forever.

EXT. BAHOE SQUARE PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The rain is coming down, hitting William hard as he walks to his car, grasping the letter. When he looks up towards his Mustang, Deirdre is sitting on the hood, waiting for him.

William walks up to her, looking deep into her eyes.

WILLIAM
It's a dangerous thing, playing
god.

Deirdre kisses him, long and hard.

DEIRDRE
I can't change my father and I
can't change the past. But I can
change what's happening right here
and right now.

She lifts her hand up, showing William that her Wedding ring is gone.

WILLIAM
You are, literally, the only thing
I have left in this world.

DEIRDRE
Well mister, I would hope that's
enough.

She smiles.

WILLIAM
(hesitant)
What... year do you think it is?

DEIRDRE
Two thousand nine.

WILLIAM
Is that what everybody thinks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEIRDRE
(confused)
Yes, of course. Why?

WILLIAM
No reason.

EXT. WILLIAM'S MUSTANG -- MOMENTS LATER

William and Deirdre get in his car and pull out of the parking space. They drive into Parista, a huge skeleton of a city, forever under construction.

YATES (V.O.)
They say you're only as sick as
your secrets.
(beat)
Well, I won't be sick any longer.

BLACKOUT

THE END