

Lord of Light

by

Hernany Perla

Original Artists  
Madhouse Entertainment  
Producer: Anil Kurian

FADE IN:

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON/CONDEMNED UNIT/MEETING ROOM - DAY

Windowless. A single steel door with a sliding viewing slit to peer inside. And- on a metal chair bolted to the floor-

AGUSTIN "CULEBRA" SOL, Mexican death row inmate, watches DR. KAYLA "KAY" MARGOLIS (30's, striking) across the table as she jots something on a notepad.

CULEBRA

What you writing now?

KAY

The visions you saw... You said that you've experienced them since you were a teenager?

CULEBRA

Nah. Younger than that. Lot younger. Since I was like, a kid...I remember seeing shit when I was a kid. Half the time I didn't even know where I was.

KAY

Where did you think you were when you entered the Wilsons' house?

Culebra ignores the question, eyes a DIGITAL VOICE RECORDER set beside her; it's capturing their conversation.

CULEBRA

Why you got that thing? It means you don't gotta write nothing down right?

KAY

There's a lot of things that doesn't quite capture, like body language, facial expressions, all of which I need to take into account.

CULEBRA

You think I'm lying to you or some shit?

KAY

I never said that. I just wanna be thorough.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY (CONT'D)

Because earlier you stated that the visions started when you were younger, and that you thought they were a result of your father's abuse.

CULEBRA

That ain't what I said.  
(as she continues jotting notes; louder-)  
I said that ain't what I fuckin' said.

The viewing slit in the door slides open- A GUARD's eyes appear behind it. Kay gives the guard a subtle nod, "It's OK." But her gaze brushes past the manacles anchoring Culebra to his chair just to make sure.

KAY

I'm not making a judgment call here, Mr. Sol. I'm simply writing everything you say down so that I can review it later. That gonna be okay with you?

That seems to calm him; he watches her keep writing.

CULEBRA

What you writing down now?  
(off silence)  
I asked you a question bitch.

Her eyes flick up.

KAY

You will address me with respect. I'm here at your request, not because I asked to be. Is that understood?

He nods. Just once.

CULEBRA

I'm sorry...

KAY

If you must know...I'm trying to figure out why you never applied for medication-

HE LUNGES. Kay recoils with a gasp as his manacles go taut- stopping his clawing hands an inch from her face-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

- as THREE PRISON GUARDS barrel inside. Culebra is wrenched away - bucking, manages to shake them off for a moment and makes a final grab at Kay - spittle flies -

CULEBRA

- You fucking cunt- fucking white bitch - !

Finally- He's flattened, but it takes all three guards to hold him down and twist his arms back.

CULEBRA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill you bitch! I'm gonna cut your face open-!

A burly, bear-like man appears at the door, takes in the chaotic scene: Kay cowering in the corner - the three guards subduing Culebra. He watches as his guards manage to prop the enraged inmate up and drag him out of the room. The man is Chief of Prison Personnel NOLAN DUBUC (40's).

NOLAN

You okay?  
(she nods)  
You sure?

She nods again, still shaken. He approaches, kneels and picks up the fallen voice recorder with a sigh, shuts it off and hands it to her.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

You see why we prefer to use the phone?

INT. NOLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kay stands before Nolan like a chastised schoolgirl. Photos of a plump housewife, two kids crowd his desk.

KAY

How can I expect them to open up to me when I'm telling them that I don't trust them before we even start?

NOLAN

Don't ever forget that there's a reason these men are where they are. Culebra raped and butchered a houseful of women because some cartel member told him to, not some "voice in his head."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY

That's what I'm here to find out.

NOLAN

Wrong. You're here 'cause they're scared. And that's it. These men realize that they're about to die...and suddenly they were crazy at the time of the crime, suddenly they're bipolar, or their daddy touched them and messed them up, and they manage to convince some two-bit public defender that they have a case hoping for a trip to the nut house instead of the chamber. You're here 'cause of an overly lenient legal system and nothing else. Don't fool yourself.

KAY

Then with all due respect, Mr. Dubuc, I'd like to at least do the job that I was hired to do right. If there was even a half a chance that even one of these men is truly sick, then I'd like to make the State Board aware. That's all. And I hope you can give me your support with that.

Her defiant gaze tells him that he's not winning this fight.

NOLAN

Guess I don't have a choice, do I?

He tosses a copy of a file in front of her.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

This next one's a real piece of work. You'll see what I mean.

CUT TO:

SAMUEL DESMET: gaunt, shaved dome; homemade tats peek from his orange jumpsuit like the coils of a snake.

NOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He started a Haare Krishna cult out of his garage, in which he was of course a god, then executed a bunch of construction workers when they caught him trying to set up a bomb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Slowly PULL BACK TO REVEAL- Samuel is taking Kay in across the table with an odd expression. It's simultaneously studious and intense ... as if he were trying to decipher some puzzle hidden in the minutiae of her face.

NOLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
But hey, maybe deep down inside  
he's a good guy.

SAMUEL  
You look lovely. You seem even more  
beautiful every time I see you.

KAY  
This is the first time we've met.

SAMUEL  
No it's not. You just don't  
remember.

She jots all this down; the recorder beside her catches the entire conversation.

KAY  
Let's start with the night of the  
crime.

He smiles.

SAMUEL  
You think I'm crazy.

KAY  
I don't believe in that word.

SAMUEL  
Ah, that's right. You prefer the  
word "sick."

Her eyes flick up in surprise.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
It's what I always liked about you.  
You're one of the few people I've  
come across in all my lifetimes who  
does what they do for the right  
reasons.  
(sigh)  
Nevermind. Let's start at the night  
of the crime...

She scribbles, "Pretending to have met..." But when she glances back up-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANOTHER INMATE (CHARLES BERESFORD) sits across from her.

KAY  
Why didn't you claim insanity  
during your trial?

CHARLES BERESFORD  
'Cause that ain't who I am. I don't  
kill someone and try to get off on  
some bullshit crazy plea.

KAY  
But you're claiming insanity now.

CHARLES BERESFORD  
'Cause things is different now.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SAMUEL AND CHARLES

SAMUEL  
I didn't kill those people. Please  
quote me on that.

KAY  
You were tried and convicted.

SAMUEL  
The court was paid off.

KAY  
By whom?

SAMUEL  
Governor Albert Cayman of  
California.

KAY  
Who, according to your statement,  
is a "god" as well.

Samuel takes a paranoid glance around, as if searching for  
hidden video cameras in the room, and lowers his voice.

SAMUEL  
Listen to me. I'm not a guy on  
death row trying to convince you to  
let me out. I am the Lord of Light  
and I'm here trying to save you and  
everyone you know.

Scribbles, "Lord of Light- incarnation of Hindu god Vishnu?"

BACK TO CHARLES BERESFORD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHARLES BERESFORD

You think I'm afraid to die? You think that's why I'm doing this? My family's dead, and I have to live with the fact that it was 'cause of me.

KAY

So why the insanity plea now, three weeks before your execution?

CHARLES BERESFORD

'Cause I realized that my mama had bipolar issues and probably passed them on to me.

BACK WITH SAMUEL- Who leans in, whispers-

SAMUEL

Charlie B, who you're talking to? He knows what he did. Ask him what it was his son told him before he locked him in his room that night. "Are we playing a game?" You'll get what you need. Trust me.

Kay takes Samuel in curiously.

BACK WITH CHARLES BERESFORD

KAY

Can you describe the last moments with your family, prior to setting fire to the house?

Charles Beresford grows visibly uncomfortable at the mention of his crime.

CHARLES BERESFORD

Like I said, I wasn't in a good frame of mind back then. I'd had some substance issues in the past. I don't remember.

KAY

I just need hear it from you, what you thought was going on. It's important. What did your son say when you last saw him?

CHARLES BERESFORD

(tenses)

Like I said. Just don't remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KAY  
Are we playing a game?  
(then)  
Mr. Beresford?

Beresford has gone immediately stiff, as if pierced by an invisible arrow. The effect is immediate and surprising.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Beresford?

Beat. Suddenly, his shoulders begin to quake... his face pinches. And in moments his entire body is RACKED BY SOBS.

CHARLES BERESFORD  
(nods between tears)  
I knew what I was doing. I knew  
what I was doing. I just don't  
wanna die. I'm sorry. I killed  
them. I killed my wife and my son.  
My beautiful son. He was crying and  
he was screaming and I kept the  
door closed. I'm sorry, I fucked  
up... I'm so sorry...

A surprised Kay takes in the giant man before her as he weeps like a child.

END ON-

KAY  
How did you know?

SAMUEL  
Like I said. I'm not like these  
other guys. I'm cursed.

KAY  
How so?

SAMUEL  
With the knowledge of everything,  
everything that has happened and  
will happen again.

KAY  
You're the Lord of Light?

He nods, matter-of-fact:

SAMUEL  
That's right.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN VILLAGE - EARLY EVENING

Kay's silver Volvo weaves through the tiny housing community hugging San Quentin State. It was built in the 1940's to house prison employees and their families.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Of the Volvo leaving San Quentin Village behind... Catch glimpses of the surrounding Marin County. And finally see the prison from far away:

Cold. Angular. Lifeless.

EXT. PALO ALTO NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

It's dark when her car pulls into the drive of a

ONE STORY BUNGALOW.

The communities surrounding Stanford are quaint, family-oriented; the antithesis to the State Penitentiary.

IN THE CAR

Kay shuts the headlights off and simply sits there, still recovering from the interviews.

She glances over at the STACK OF INMATE FILES and a box of cassettes on the passenger seat.

INT. BUNGALOW HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

TROY COLLINS (31, fit) picks at a salad on the counter. Stanford folders, political science grad school books on a nearby table tell us all we need to know about him.

Door opens as Kay enters and drops her valise on a couch beside myriad UNPACKED BOXES.

TROY

Lucky for you, I had to stay late and cover for a TA. Otherwise the food would've gone cold. Oh wait. It did.

He notes her haggard expression.

TROY (CONT'D)

That bad, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now, her lips quake... He immediately sets the dishes down and crosses the living room - envelopes her in his arms. She manages not to cry.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Hey. Hey. What's wrong?  
(tears escape)  
What happened?

LATER

He pours the rest of a wine bottle for her. Meal is gone.

TROY (CONT'D)  
I say leave the job. It was a step down to begin with.

KAY  
After just three days?

TROY  
No one would blame you.

KAY  
And the new mortgage?

That matters. He thinks.

TROY  
Well then tell me who I need to go talk to. I'll start with the asshole who attacked you. I can be very convincing when I'm angry.

KAY  
He killed a houseful of people for a drug cartel.

Beat.

TROY  
Well then...let me know who to put a phone call to.

Brings a smile. But...

KAY  
There's this one guy, Samuel; he pretends to think he's a god and that the Governor of California is out to destroy the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TROY

Governor Cayman? He might be right.  
You seen his new budget proposal?

She smacks him playfully; he laughs.

TROY (CONT'D)

I'm serious. He's definitely out to  
destroy the world.

KAY

It's not funny. I think this one  
might actually be sick. He's very  
convincing if he's not.

TROY

I don't like the sound of this guy.

KAY

He's scheduled to die in a week.

TROY

Maybe you should let him.

Kay frowns. Troy senses an argument and rises.

TROY (CONT'D)

Goodnight. Don't spend too much  
time in here.

Leans in, plants a kiss-

TROY (CONT'D)

I'll feel like you're cheating on  
me with Hannibal Lecter.

KAY

What are you doing?

Indeed, he was deftly sliding an OLD PHOTO into her notebook-  
He smiles mischievously, caught-

TROY

I found it when I was unpacking the  
albums. You remember that?

She turns the photo over- It's them, much younger, posing in  
front of the Lotus Temple in New Delhi. Scribbled on the  
back, "Kay and Troy, year abroad, '08."

TROY (CONT'D)

It's the year I knew I loved you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

That brings a smile. A kiss.

TROY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna crash.

She watches him head off, smitten; then her eyes travel to the INMATE FILES on the couch. Smile fades.

LATER

Clock on the wall tells us it's 2:07 am. The witching hour.

ANGLE

Kay - illuminated by a halo of light from a portable desk lamp (from an unpacked box by her feet) - sits at the kitchen table flipping through SAMUEL'S FILES. See the gruesome crime scene photos of several dead men. Her smile is long gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON/CONDEMNED UNIT/MEETING ROOM - MORNING

They sit across from each other.

KAY  
You wrote in your statement to police that you were ready to die in order to accomplish your goal, but later had your lawyer retract it. Why?

SAMUEL  
My goal was only to kill him, not anyone else. I wanted that made clear.

KAY  
But a bomb would've killed a few more people than the governor, no?

SAMUEL  
(sighs)  
Unfortunately...the stakes at play here required the potential sacrifice of other lives.

KAY  
The stakes?

SAMUEL  
You've read my statements.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY

That he'll destroy the world?

Kay purses a smile, does her best to hide her frustration.

SAMUEL

Look. It's all in my statements to my lawyer. Everything is in there.

KAY

Your lawyer is the one who filed for this review himself.

Samuel can't hide his surprise.

KAY (CONT'D)

Your lawyer thinks you belong in an institution Samuel. Every other inmate requested me themselves, but he requested I see you. That's why I'm here.

For a moment, Samuel has nothing to say.

SAMUEL

Like I said, the sonofabitch was paid off by Cayman too. I knew it from the moment I met him, he was a liar like Troy.

Kay is suddenly on her feet, eyes wide.

KAY

What did you say?

SAMUEL

(quickly)

Nothing. Forget it.

KAY

No. How the hell did you know that name?

The door slit slides open again.

PRISON GUARD

Everything okay?

Samuel looks suddenly sorry, like a chastised child.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry. That was a mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRISON GUARD

I said, everything okay in there!

Kay's eyes, frozen on Samuel. Trying not to show how much he's rattled her.

KAY

I think we're done here!

Kay collects her things, hardly throws Samuel another look as the guard opens the door and she starts out.

SAMUEL

Kay.

She freezes. Hesitates but turns back to him.

KAY

You'll address me as Doctor  
Margolis if you want to continue to  
see me. Is that understood?

Beat. He nods. But lifts his manacled hand, and extends his index finger to his left eyebrow.

SAMUEL

Be careful. Please. Last time it  
cost you six stitches.

She doesn't answer, huffs out.

KAY (O.S.)

He knew my boyfriend's name.

INT. NOLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

She's pacing, furious. Nolan looks concerned.

KAY

I want to know how he got my file.

NOLAN

He's never read your file.

KAY

He or someone he knows did.

NOLAN

No one here has read your file, not  
even me.

KAY

Then how did he know Troy's name-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN

Did you tell him anything?

KAY

Not a thing.

NOLAN

Are you sure about that? Samuel Desmet has a one hundred eighty-something IQ.

KAY

I'm aware.

NOLAN

Well did you say good afternoon? How you doing? Change the pitch in your voice at any point during your conversation with him? Samuel can glean something from anything. He started a cult, for Christsakes.

He points out an engagement ring.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

He knows that you're engaged, for instance. That you just moved here with your guy-

KAY

How does he know that?

NOLAN

A woman doesn't buy a giant bracelet like that for herself. I know, I've bought my wife three. And the creases on your shirt told him that it probably came out of a box this morning.

She self-consciously brushes her fingers over her indeed-wrinkled shirt.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Even I can pick up those things, and I don't have a fraction of Samuel's mental capacity.

Kay still isn't settled.

KAY

But he knew Troy's name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOLAN

And I'm sure there's something you did or said which allowed him to figure it out. Listen to your recording again, I'm sure it's in there somewhere. His first day here, he convinced a ten-year veteran of my staff to let him walk out of here, out of her own free will. We almost had to fire her.

Beat.

KAY

What do you mean, almost had to fire her?

INT. SEG UNIT/RECEIVING - DAY

A CHUBBY FEMALE GUARD, DEB STILSON (late 40's) - looks up from a newspaper (something about miners protesting the closing of mines) behind the mesh-iron Receiving Cage as Kay knocks on her door. She doesn't seem surprised by the visit.

EXT. PICK-UP/DROP-OFF BAY - DAY

The two women walk past the LOADING BAY outside the prison: workers unload boxes from supply trucks.

Deb seems a bit embarrassed as they walk/talk:

DEB

Everyone's got that one story they won't live down. I kinda always hoped mine would have to do with office sex or something.

Kay cracks a smile.

KAY

Is it true?

DEB

(sigh)

Yeah. When he got brought in from County, I was his escort on transpo. We don't talk to the inmates, ever, but there's nothing we can do about listening to them. And it was a long bus ride. The guy's got a way with words, that's for sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY

What did he say?

DEB

He told me things about me that I'd never told anyone before. It's like if we'd met before. And at the end of the trip he had me convinced that I needed to let him walk out of here. I'm embarrassed to even talk about it, to be honest, so I hope it's not something that needs to be shared with others.

KAY

Of course not. During that conversation, had you told him anything about yourself?

DEB

Probably. I don't remember. He plays mind games. He's like a savant. When I saw you coming in, I really wish I hadn't liked you so much. Be careful with him.

Kay doesn't notice that Deb has stopped walking beside her -

DEB (CONT'D)

Honey -

When Kay glances over, she sees the GLINT of something flashing past her face as-

DEB (CONT'D)

Honey watch out- !

Deb yanks her aside moments before an unseen FORKLIFT turns with a pallet into a loading station.

It almost broadsided her head.

FORKLIFT DRIVER (O.S.)

You okay there!

ON Kay, rattled.

The crane would've hit her in the eyebrow, exactly where Samuel had pointed out.

DEB

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kay nods, but she's clearly not.

INT. VOLVO - EARLY EVENING

Door opens as Kay tosses her bag inside and slides in, slams the door closed and lets her head fall on the steering wheel. Another long day.

She spots something sticking out of her bag. Pulls out her notepad, where THE EDGE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH TROY SLID INSIDE LAST NIGHT peeks out. Names and date scribbled on the back.

It was visible to Samuel during their meeting.

INT. MEETING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

She sits across from Samuel, does her best not to look too guarded. She spots a faint bruise under his cheek.

KAY

What happened to your eye?

SAMUEL

(quickly)

Nothing.

She knows he's lying. Glances over at the steel door, where the guard is spying on them.

KAY

Did they do that to you?

SAMUEL

I fell.

KAY

If you don't feel that you can be open with me without repercussions, you won't be honest with me. I'm going to have a talk with them.

SAMUEL

-Don't. Please.

(then)

It's only physical pain, Kay.

(correct himself)

Doctor Margolis. ... I don't remember exactly when it is that you get comfortable with me calling you Kay, I think it's in a couple of days. But it still feels strange calling you "doctor."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY

No more games. We agreed to that.

(off his look)

Yesterday, you knew that Nolan would approach Guard Stilson after your comment about Troy. You knew that her break was at 5:30 pm sharp, and you knew that's when supplies are delivered to the prison. I was told that two workers have had accidents there in the past month. You're clever.

She points to her forehead.

KAY (CONT'D)

And you were right. I almost got hit.

(then)

You have a gift, Samuel. There's no doubt about that. I wanna know why you would use those gifts to put you in here.

SAMUEL

Ah, that's right. I "started a cult." So did Muhammad. But I doubt anyone would say that in public today.

Kay ignores that.

KAY

Explain to me why you killed those men in the construction site.

SAMUEL

I didn't.

KAY

Who did?

SAMUEL

Governor Albert Marshall Cayman, like I said-

KAY

Enough.

(beat)

Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMUEL

He wants me locked away in here where I won't give him any more trouble. That's the truth. Why would I lie to you?

KAY

Why wouldn't he just kill you then?

SAMUEL

'Cause that wouldn't stop me.

He notes her frustration.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Listen to me: this Thursday, a group of drunk kids in San Diego will break into the naval base down there. They're just drunk kids and they're caught in about ten minutes, but Albert Cayman will use it to plant the seeds to move the naval base to a quote-unquote safer place. You'll see it all over the news. And when he's senator, he passed a bill to move the base to Hawaii, which is what'll cause a chain of events that instigates a nuclear war-

KAY

Stop right there.

Kay reaches over and presses pause on the voice recorder, rewinds it and re-plays what he just said:

SAMUEL (VOICE RECORDER)

And when he's senator, he passed a bill to move the base to Hawaii, which is what'll cause a chain of events...

She hits pause again.

KAY

Listen to what you just said. "When he's senator, he passed a bill which will cause a chain of events." Earlier, you said that you don't remember when I get comfortable with you, but it's in a couple of days. You can't remember something that hasn't happened yet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KAY (CONT'D)

You change your tenses when you talk; which means you're either playing a game-

SAMUEL

-I promise you, no games-

KAY

-Or you'd like me to think that you have a misconstrued perception of time.

He stares dubiously at her.

SAMUEL

Do I, doctor...Or does the rest of the world? Do me a favor. On that sheet of paper you have right there... draw a straight line for me.

(off her look)

Just humor me. Please. You said you wanted to understand me, well how about I let you understand the world instead?

She still doesn't move.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'm trying to explain it to you. It'll take thirty seconds and you'll understand everything I'm telling you. I promise.

(she doesn't move)

Thirty seconds.

Beat. She hesitantly draws a line on her notepad, and it looks like this:



She shows it to him, and he nods, "Good."

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Now draw three points on it. One for yesterday, one for today, and one for tomorrow.

She marks the three dots, and now it's this:



(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

That is how almost everyone experiences time. Yourself included. As a straight line with a past, a present and a future. But you're an educated woman. You know that time isn't linear, it's cyclical. Any physicist will tell you that. It's a circle of circle of circles, a complicated concept but let's break it down to its core: a single circle. Draw a single circle on that sheet of paper.

A beat. She sighs and draws a circle...

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Now draw the same three dots. For yesterday, today and tomorrow.

And now, the diagram looks like this:



SAMUEL

Now tell me, doctor, where is today, yesterday and tomorrow in that diagram? Where is the past, present and future now?

She stares at her drawing, and sure enough...

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

They're all the same. Go far enough toward one, and you'll hit the other. That is what physicists mean when they say that time is an illusion, that it doesn't really exist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

The only difference between everyone else and men like Cayman and myself, men like Jesus and Buddha and others throughout history that have shaped your world, is that we remember the future because to us it's the past. I know what I know about you because we've sat in this very room before and had this very same conversation countless times-

KAY

Stop right there...

But he leans in, mile-a-minute-

SAMUEL

-Cayman is a Pilocyte, like me. We have the same disease; it's our gift but it's also our curse-

KAY

(firm)

I said that's enough.

Finally he stops, and leans back in his chair - watches as Kay flips through a copy of his file and finds a xeroxed copy of his MEDICAL REPORT.

KAY (CONT'D)

You were diagnosed with pilocytic astrocytoma when you were young. It's a benign brain tumor affecting mostly children before puberty.

(but)

It's not a disease Samuel. It has no effect on patients. It's been medically proven.

SAMUEL

How many times has something been medically proven then debunked when science catches up with the facts? Pilocytic astrocytoma affects a very small part of the population and doctors have no idea what it does, but I'm telling you what it does: it keeps our memories intact from life to life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

There are those of us who start religions or governments or countries because we think it'll help humanity, but there are those who want to destroy it because they're tired of being reborn, like Cayman, Mussolini-

KAY

You've heard of delusions of grandeur.

SAMUEL

-And you've heard of the men who stood before Jesus and spit in his face.

She studies his eyes closely, but he doesn't blink. He believes every word he's saying.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

He's in Wisconsin right now, fishing, wondering if he actually helped the world out or not.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE LARKSPUR - EARLY EVENING

Kay's Volvo parks on unpaved dirt in front of a Swedish Cope LOG CABIN in the middle of the woods. Only the light in the kitchen tells us that someone still lives here.

KAY (O.S.)

Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

INT. LOG CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

CLAUDE DESMET (60's) pours her coffee on the kitchen table - as Kay throws a discreet look around ... paint-peeled siding, torn furniture. Claude's resemblance to Samuel is striking: he's a wrinkled, white-haired version of his son.

CLAUDE

(thick Belgian accent)

That lawyer stopped by a couple of weeks back. I suggested he file the plea.

Kay is surprised to hear that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY  
You believe that your son's sick,  
Mr. Desmet?

An old Plott hound suddenly bounds in, leaps on Kay-

CLAUDE  
Oswald-!

KAY  
It's okay-

But Claude grabs the dog, gently but firm, mutters something in French that makes the old hound slink back outside.

KAY (CONT'D)  
You're French?

CLAUDE  
Belgian.

FOLLOW Claude as he heads back to the kitchen, leaving Kay to take the place in: Everything caked in a layer of dust.

KAY  
When did you come to the States?

CLAUDE  
Twenty years ago. Samuel was actually not born here. The entire family was born in Belgium. We came when he was about ten.

Kay's attention is caught by a mantle above the stone chimney LINED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS: a young Samuel, twin sisters, a woman. It's the only place in the house kept clean. A shrine.

KAY  
What brought you to the States?

Claude lets out a sad laugh as he approaches the mantle.

CLAUDE  
The stupidest thing. My wife grew up in an old house outside Brussels. When she was a girl she found this box full of old postcards in her basement with photos of Marin County...yes, this Marin County, along with old vinyl records of American music from San Francisco.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

I'm not sure how they got there, probably some American backpacker from years before, but she became obsessed with this country. This area in particular. I had a few good years in investment banking and we had the option to retire early, so we decided to come here for a few years with the kids.

Claude picks up a B&W photo of the elegant Belgian woman in a glass frame. RACK FOCUS TO HIS REFLECTION- staring at his wife with melancholy.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

She died of cancer a few years after we arrived. The children were already settled here, there was no more going back for them. I don't regret it to be honest. She got to die in the place she wanted to be most. And she never had to see Samuel how he became.

He sets the photo back down and approaches the table with a small PHOTO ALBUM.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

Losing her was difficult, but I think it happened for a reason. It was better than living and seeing him...

(trails off)

KAY

Kill those people?

(Claude nods)

And his sisters...they still speak?

Claude shakes his head.

CLAUDE

They have their own lives to worry about. It's not exactly something you want to speak to friends about, as I'm sure you can imagine. A brother in jail awaiting death. One of my girls is actually about to have a child herself.

KAY

Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Claude sets the album in front of Kay and takes a seat. She opens it- The photos are all from the 80's and 90's - a young Samuel with his sisters. Typical happy family. It's a haunting contrast to Samuel today.

CLAUDE

He's not a bad man, miss...

KAY

Call me Kay.

CLAUDE

He's truly confused. The lawyer came to ask for my advice and I told him the truth: if there is anyone out there who truly deserves the insanity plea it's my son. He hasn't been well in years.

KAY

When did Samuel get sick?

The old man sighs. And from his tone of voice, we can tell that it's a conversation he's had many times before.

CLAUDE

When he was thirteen. A few months after his tumor diagnosis. I remember the day exactly, he came back from soccer practice on a Wednesday afternoon and looked at me as if I was a stranger in my own house. He began speaking different languages around the house and telling us that he had been these great men in past lives and had been put here to help us do this and help the world do that. I checked with the coach if he had hit his head.

(sad laugh)

It was as if he had left my son and came back a different person. He got more delusional as time went on so we took him to several doctors who said the tumor had nothing to do with it-

KAY

Were the languages real?

(off Claude's look)

The languages he was speaking. Did you have him tested?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLAUDE

I did. We took him to a language specialist, and yes, the languages were real. And he spoke them fluently. But Samuel had always been a bright boy, he was going to an advanced school, and he had always studied languages. Have you heard of people who hit their heads and suddenly they can play the piano perfectly, or are hypnotized and can suddenly recall vivid details of a supposed past life that seems too real to be made up?

(Kay nods)

Most doctors who study these cases will tell you that these "memories" are created from books these people have read or movies they've seen mixed with a very vivid imagination. The human mind is an amazing tool, and I believe that we have not yet figured out all of its secrets, but that does not mean that Samuel is some... Hindu God. Three specialists told us the same thing. He's not well in the head. So please, doctor...if you have any say in this, please save my son's life. He shouldn't die. He doesn't know what he's doing.

The desperation in Claude's face is heart-breaking. Kay can't find the words to respond. She simply nods.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

I think I'm finally going to go back to Belgium. Tell Samuel that when you see him.

As Claude gets up with the groan of aging joints...

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

Can I get you more coffee?

KAY

I'm okay. I think I've heard what I need to hear.

...and heads to the kitchen...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLAUDE

I was going to leave a few years  
back, but...

Suddenly he supports himself on the kitchen counter, his back  
to Kay. He looks dazed.

KAY

But what?  
(off silence)  
Mr. Desmet?

She rises, concerned, and is shocked to see his shoulders  
shaking. He's weeping silently. Kay rushes to him but he  
signals her away, angles his face, ashamed to be seen crying.  
The hound bounds back in, as if sensing its master's tears.

CLAUDE

But he told me that you were going  
to come, and that I needed to wait  
for you. Because you were his  
consort, and he needed you to  
believe.

ON Kay, shocked.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

And so that I would know it too.

Claude does his best to stop his tears.

KAY

When did you last speak to him?

CLAUDE

About two years ago.

KAY

But-

CLAUDE

He told me your name.

She's speechless. Finally he looks over and wipes the tears,  
gives her the first genuine albeit sad smile we've seen:

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for six long  
goddamn years for you to come...  
just in case.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

AN OLD CARDBOARD BOX labeled "Samuel" falls on the table in front of Kay.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)  
This is everything that belonged to him, from when he was a kid. He wanted me to give it to you.

KAY  
I can't take all this from you.

CLAUDE  
Please. I think it's about time I move on.

Indeed, he looks like a new man. Refreshed.

KAY  
I might call you-

CLAUDE  
I won't be here.  
(then)  
Tell him... Just tell him goodbye for me, okay? And that we still love him.

With a final grateful nod she heads out, but stops and turns at the door. Seems almost afraid to ask-

KAY  
What did he mean, by his consort?

CLAUDE  
Excuse me?

KAY  
You said he referred to me as his consort. Do you know what he meant?

CLAUDE  
Laxmi, I think.  
(off her look)  
What can I say, I was curious so I took a trip to the library.

But her look tells him that she still doesn't understand.

CLAUDE (CONT'D)  
Hindu deities come in pairs. They have female partners, or consorts. Vishnu is the preserver of the universe, Laxmi is his consort.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CLAUDE (CONT'D)

She helps him accomplish his goals  
in every life.

Beat.

KAY

I'm not a consort, Mr. Desmet. And  
I can't promise you that I'll stop  
his execution. I hope you're okay  
with whatever decision I have to  
make.

Beat. He nods.

KAY (CONT'D)

Have a good day.

A shaken Kay exits.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Parked on the side of a country-side road. Kay - staring  
straight ahead. Throws a diffident look over at the CARDBOARD  
BOX waiting on the passenger seat. Opens it and digs out an  
aged COMPOSITION JOURNAL labeled, "Samuel Desmet, 1993." From  
when Samuel was thirteen.

She opens it and reads, as we hear SAMUEL'S VOICE...

SAMUEL (O.S.)

When I started getting my memories  
back, I finally understood the  
world as it truly was, why certain  
government systems and religions  
exist and who had created them. I  
remembered my encounter with  
Genghis Khan.

*EXT. A TEMPLE IN THE CITY OF KHAREZEM - 1219*

*GENGHIS KHAN - as looked in real life: short, stocky. Full-  
body caftan. Not the romanticized image that has survived  
history books.*

SAMUEL (O.S.)

The man who single-handedly  
butchered more people than anyone  
on earth.

BACK TO SCENE

As Kay reads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 And how I, as a Native American,  
 had traveled half the world to kill  
 him. Historians would have a field  
 day if they knew.

A PALACE, EASTERN IRAN - 1219

*A 13TH CENTURY PUEBLO INDIAN (yes, a Native American) stands before the great Genghis Khan, surrounded by armed Mongols. The Mongols take him in curiously - they've never seen anyone who looks like him in this part of the world. In fact, according to history, a Native American never traveled to this part of the world.*

*About to be killed, the Indian suddenly drops to one knee - pries up an EMPTY SPACE on the tile, where a KNIFE lies covered in fifty years of dust - attacks with a scream -*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I had left a hidden blade for  
 myself a half century before and  
 with it nearly ended Genghis Khan's  
 life. Sadly I missed his throat by  
 two centimeters.

INT. MEETING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Kay now sits across from Samuel, who's pointing to two very specific areas of his throat:

SAMUEL  
 From here, to about here. Two more  
 centimeters to the left, and  
 history would have completely  
 changed. Genghis Khan was so  
 embarrassed at having nearly lost  
 his life to my trickery that he  
 forbade anyone ever speak of it or  
 be put to death. That's why it's  
 never made its way into books.  
 (a smirk)  
 That's why you're staring at me as  
 if I were a crazy man on death row.

Samuel laughs. Indeed, Kay is staring as if he were an alien.

CUT TO:

THE METAL DOOR...

...Where a pair of eyes watches through the viewing slit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Nolan.

His eyes narrow. He looks over at his guard.

NOLAN

How long have they been in there?

PRISON GUARD

About an hour.

Nolan looks down at his watch, frowns.

BACK TO SCENE

SAMUEL

All religions are fabricated but  
some got a few things right.  
Reincarnation is very much a part  
of life. We just happen to remember  
every life.

BAM-BAM-BAM. They look over. The guard is knocking.

NOLAN (O.S.)

Time's up!

Samuel leans in, whispers:

SAMUEL

Look, I got proof that I am who I  
say I am. Troy took you to an  
Italian cafe two months ago. You've  
never told anyone about it, right?

KAY

(shaken)

Please stop.

SAMUEL

-There's a library across the  
street from that cafe. You'll find  
**a book in a red cover** in the non-  
fiction section right before the  
back wall. I wrote it ninety-seven  
years ago when I was a French  
diplomat so that you could read it  
today. Because I knew this day  
would come and you'd need proof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAY  
Samuel, you understand that  
delusion and insanity are defined  
as two very different things in the  
eyes of the law?

BAM-BAM-BAM!

NOLAN (O.S.)  
I said time's up!

Kay rises and gathers her things...

SAMUEL  
Are you willing to at least go look  
at the proof?

INT. VOLVO (MOVING) - EARLY EVENING

Kay is on her cell as she drives home. SPLAT, a raindrop  
slaps the windshield.

In moments it's POURING. She flicks on the wipers, but the  
rain BLURS the upcoming exit to "Hillcrest Dr - 1 3/4 Miles."

KAY  
Don't hate me, but I'm gonna be  
about a half hour late.  
(listens)  
I promise. No more work. Tonight  
it's you and me.  
(then)  
Gives you an extra half hour to get  
ready for me.

She hangs up and takes the Hillcrest exit, but sighs and  
shakes her head, "What am I doing?"

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

She moves past bookshelves. The rain outside sounds like tiny  
bullets on tin.

She reaches the NON-FICTION SECTION facing the back wall and  
spots THE RED BOOK. "A Perfect Circle" by Anonymous.

She glances around nervously before sliding it out, as if she  
were doing something illegal. It's caught the attention of an  
unseen LIBRARIAN, who quietly approaches.

LIBRARIAN  
Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kay nearly jumps out of her skin.

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE CHECKOUT BOOTH

The librarian stamps the back flap with a rubber stamp.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

You can usually find out who the author is from the publishing house. But this one -

(flips to the front of the book, reads through page)

Was put out almost a hundred years ago by some little house in Paris, which also did the translation. I could bet you that it's gone out of business by now.

(hands book over)

Congratulations though, you're only the second person to ever check it out.

KAY

Who was the first?

LIBRARIAN

I'm afraid we don't give out that information-

Kay sets a hundred dollar bill on the table.

Librarian stares at the bill, then up at Kay.

KAY

I'm just curious.

CUT TO:

THE BOOK lies closed on a night stand - Suddenly it SHAKES as the edge of a bed smacks the night stand -

INT. BUNGALOW HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOUNDS OF SEX (O.S.)

Kay and Troy make love under the sheets. We can tell that they've been at it for a while. Sweaty. Climaxing. Finally Troy rolls over, breathing hard.

TROY

Wow.

He envelopes her in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY  
Maybe we should always wait that  
long.

He pretends to think about it.

TROY  
Nah. Not worth it.

She laughs. Rests her head on his chest. After a moment,  
grows serious.

KAY  
Remember our date when we first  
visited? You took me to that little  
Italian cafe on Hillcrest?

TROY  
Yeah?

KAY  
Who have you told about that?

TROY  
No one. Why?

KAY  
You sure?

He glances over, knows where this is coming from.

TROY  
How was your meeting with the guy  
today? The cult leader?

KAY  
I'm gonna recommend that the state  
send him to an institution. This  
guy...he's not just delusional, I  
mean, he is but- He sees the world  
in a completely fictitious way that  
justifies the murders in his own  
head. He thinks he's saving the  
world from a nuclear holocaust that  
starts in San Diego.

Troy laughs. She reaches over and grabs a notebook from the  
floor, reads a transcribed conversation with Samuel:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAY (CONT'D)

On Thursday, a group of drunk guys will break into the naval base in San Diego and make it to within thirty meters of a nuclear submarine. In a year, Cayman will be a senator and use that incident as one of many to pass a bill to move the naval base to Hawaii.

Troy's smile falters.

KAY (CONT'D)

And in 2021... a group of extremists from Myanmar will hijack a nuclear sub off the coast of Hawaii. U.S. will mobilize against Myanmar and China will attack.

Troy is oddly silent now.

KAY (CONT'D)

You see, he's found a way to make it all make sense. Like the shot that killed Archduke Ferdinand and started World War I. Transferred logic is a clear symptom of schizophrenia.

TROY

How did he know Governor Cayman is running for the Senate?

Kay can't hide a reaction.

KAY

Has it been announced?

TROY

I mean. It's started leaking into the blogosphere, but it hasn't hit the news yet. I doubt he has access to the internet-

KAY

No, but someone around him might've mentioned it. That's all it would take with this guy.

Troy digests that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TROY

And all that Hindu stuff...did that start before or after he saw that you'd studied in India?

Good point.

TROY (CONT'D)

He's playing with you. It's obvious. He's just trying to get you to get him off death row.

KAY

I studied his face when he was telling me his theories; he believes every word he says.

Troy takes her in. Rises and grabs a nearby robe-

TROY

I'm gonna take a shower.

A moment later, we can hear the shower running.

KAY

How're classes coming! How's the campaign!

TROY (O.S.)

It's good! We're up on every poll!

Beat.

KAY

Want me to join you!

TROY (O.S.)

I'm gonna make it quick!

She sighs. Looks over at-

THE BOOK. "A PERFECT CIRCLE." Sitting on her dresser.

TROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey! Look at the bright side! Tomorrow's Thursday! Unless someone actually breaks into that naval base in San Diego, you'll be able to tell him he's full of shit!

That's true.

Kay opens the book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PUSH IN ON THE PAGE and-

CUT TO:

*THWIP-THWIP-THWIP! ARROWS PIERCE SCREAMING MEN.*

*-As an Egyptian Army collides against a Nubian wall. 10,000 men strong: crude battle-axes clash with flint spears and curved blades. Luxor. Circa 2123 BC.*

SAMUEL (O.S.)

Not even learned historians know of the true life of Iket Shepsut, a fellow Pilocyte peasant who in 2123 BC became one of Egypt's greatest generals.

*Suddenly- a spear drives its way through IKET SHEPSUT'S armor-*

*REVEAL A NUBIAN GENERAL holding the spear. Glaring. On Iket's wide eyes: recognition, before life leaves his eyes -*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Had he lived, Iket Shepsut would have ran the Queen's army from the southern tip of Kush to the capital of Assyria, killing more Nubians, Hittites, and even fellow Egyptians than anyone in history. He would have become the first self-made Pharaoh in history. For most, that is a theory. But for the Nubian General who ended his life, it was a fact. Because it had happened before.

TROY (O.S.)

No work, huh?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Troy's voice snaps us back to reality, as he enters wrapped in a towel, drying his hair before sliding on boxer shorts. He plops down beside Kay.

KAY

Just reading. For fun.

He nods, opens up his own poli-sci book.

TROY

I'm done with the shower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods but doesn't get up. Continues reading, intrigued despite herself.

TROY (CONT'D)  
What's the book?

KAY  
Huh?

TROY  
What you're reading.

KAY  
Oh. Recommendation from a friend.

SHE FLIPS THE PAGE...

And stops reading. Because a line in the book says...

"He's cheating on you Kay. Don't believe a word he says."

She doesn't move. Can't. Reads the line over and over to make sure that the sentence is really there.

TROY  
Well. Let me know if it ends up  
being any good.

She purses a smile, but can't hide the pallor on her face.

TROY (CONT'D)  
You okay?

She sets the book down and gets up.

KAY  
Yeah. I'm gonna go shower.

Stumbles toward the shower like a zombie.

He's left confused, looks over at the book before going back to his studying.

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD/SAN JOSE, CA - EARLY MORNING

A FRAGILE HOUSEWIFE (ELEANOR GATES) emerges from her house, carrying coats across the lawn for her two young daughters who wait for a school bus on the curb of their humble home.

She halts when she spots the Volvo parked across the street.

Kay emerges from the car and crosses the street, and Eleanor freezes at the sight of the red library book in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY  
You have a quick second to chat  
Mrs. Gates?

She takes Kay in with something like fear.

INT. SAN QUENTIN PRISON/CONDEMNED UNIT - DAY

Nolan stands conversing with a guard at his post when he spots Kay marching past.

NOLAN  
Agustin Sol's execution is today.  
You know you're expected to attend.

KAY  
I'll be there.

She hurries past.

NOLAN  
Doctor!

She turns. Visibly stiff.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
Today's your last day with Samuel.  
Let's make it quick, okay? We need  
to submit your report to the State  
Board by five p.m.

She quickly nods and heads through Receiving.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Samuel looks up from the bolted table as the steel doors shut behind Kay. He's excited to see her.

SAMUEL  
Do you believe me now?

She drops the book on the table with a loud THWAP. Only now does Samuel seem to notice the dark circles under her eyes. She clearly didn't get much sleep last night.

KAY  
You almost had me.  
(off his confused look)  
Eleanor Gates.

His face falls at the mention of the name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY (CONT'D)  
I tracked her down.

She sets her voice recorder on the table and hits Play, and we hear a conversation recorded earlier that morning:

KAY (VOICE RECORDER) (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Gates...do you mind if I  
record this?

INSERT: INT. TRACT HOUSE IN SAN JOSE, CA - EARLIER THAT DAY

We see the scene from that morning, with the voice recorder playback serving as the soundtrack to the scene.

Kay - sitting on a couch across from Eleanor Gates, as the mother of two meekly shakes her head. She has the demeanor of a former cult member.

KAY (VOICE RECORDER)  
Have you seen this book before?

We see Kay mouth the words as she sets the book down on a coffee table before Eleanor, who shyly shakes her head.

KAY (VOICE RECORDER) (CONT'D)  
How do you know about this book?

Suddenly Eleanor breaks down in tears.

ELEANOR GATES (VOICE RECORDER)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't  
mean to hurt anyone, I swear. I  
didn't know what he wanted it for.

BACK TO SCENE

KAY  
She told me about the letter you  
wrote her from here, instructing  
her on how to tailor an old book to  
make it seem like something that  
had been written ninety-seven years  
ago. She told me that you  
threatened her life if she didn't.

Samuel looks genuinely shocked.

SAMUEL  
That's a lie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY

She replaced a book with this one  
as per your instructions.

Samuel looks around, panicked eyes, as if the walls were  
closing in on him.

SAMUEL

He must've gotten to her... he  
must've threatened her life...

KAY

-Stop it-

SAMUEL

-Cayman must've gotten to her this  
time around because he knew that  
you would visit her, so he used it  
to make it look like I'm lying.  
He's being extra-careful now.

(off her look)

This has all happened before Kay.  
Don't you see? He's caused the  
apocalypse before, but he hasn't  
broken the circle because he keeps  
being reborn- but he's finally  
figured out why.

He's mile-a-minute now, excitable:

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

The miners, Kay. 'Cause of the  
people underground. There were  
miners below the surface when the  
bombs came down last time. There  
were still people left, you see?  
But he'll make sure there's no one  
left this time around so that the  
world will end for good- He's  
already doing what he can to shut  
mines down across the country-

Kay reacts at that statement. He doesn't notice.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

- and he'll make sure everyone dies  
when it all goes down this time.  
That's why he's being extra careful  
now and managed to catch me with  
the book. It was my fault, I  
should've anticipated-

Kay finally explodes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAY

Enough with the games already!

He's surprised by her reaction.

SAMUEL

I'm just trying to think what else  
he could've done-

KAY

You're making things up.

SAMUEL

Never! Everything I've ever told  
you is the truth-

KAY

You wanna look at the truth? Here  
it is! Look at it!

Kay opens the book and BENDS THE SPINE, revealing: a new  
manuscript has been inserted between an aged red cover to  
make it seem like an old book.

The book is a fake.

SAMUEL

That sonofabitch...

Kay notices that the guard is peering at them, keeping a  
close eye on Samuel.

KAY

I'm going to recommend an  
institution. You're going to be  
taken away today.

SAMUEL

(eyes wide)

No...

KAY

Unfortunately I have to make my  
decision based on the facts I see.

SAMUEL

There are things in the world that  
cannot be seen-!

KAY

And here are the facts I see!

Door opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PRISON GUARD  
Everything okay in there?

Beat.

KAY  
Everything's okay. We're fine.  
(then)  
Give us a moment?

Beat. The door closes.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Here are the facts I see. You  
killed seven men-

SAMUEL  
I didn't kill those construction  
workers, Albert Cayman had them  
shot - He anticipated me going to  
set that bomb and waited 'til I got  
there - The men were already dead  
when I arrived-

KAY  
And yet here you are,  
arrested-

SAMUEL  
-he wanted me thrown in jail  
so that I wouldn't just kill  
myself and come back after  
him-

KAY  
You started a cult out of a garage  
and took peoples' life savings-

SAMUEL  
I told them everything that I've  
told you! I showed them the truth  
like I've shown it to you and they  
donated their money for the cause-

KAY  
-And you approached one of those  
former cult members and threatened  
her life if she didn't help! You've  
seen it with your own eyes!  
(Samuel falls silent)  
You need help Samuel. If you can't  
see the facts as I've just told  
them to you, then you're truly  
sick. And I have no choice but to  
send you away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Samuel looks increasingly frantic, takes a look around and moves to rise but- CLANK. The manacles don't let him stand.

KAY (CONT'D)

I think we're done here!

The door opens as the guard enters to take Samuel away. Suddenly Samuel LUNGES, SLICES his skin open on his restraints but manages to grab Kay - pulls her close - whispers in her ear as she SCREAMS:

SAMUEL

If you send me away, I'll be locked up for good - I won't be able to stop him and everyone you know and love will die - !

But the guard is trying to yank him away -

ON Kay, frozen stiff, flecked with Samuel's blood - As the guard pulls out a baton and brings it down, once, twice - Samuel still doesn't budge -

PRISON GUARD

I need help!

Samuel keeps his grip on a terrified Kay as he's jerked away-

SAMUEL

(pleads)

Listen to me Kay - if you send me to that institution they will put me in a straightjacket and I will have to watch as he destroys the world for good!

A second prison guard barrels in, swings his baton - Samuel HOWLS in pain and Kay is able to extricate herself as the two guards flatten Samuel, grind his face to the ground and wrench his bloody arms behind his back. He nonetheless continues to buck and scream:

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Please! You need to let me die! You need to let me die so that I can get out - !

Suddenly he throws his head back - breaks second guard's nose - As more guards run in and drag him away, ripping his prison jumpsuit, hiking his shirt up to reveal -

-His torso covered top-to-bottom in home-made prison tattoos of circles with three points along the edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ON Kay, eyes wide, watching as he's dragged away screaming.

And- when he's gone, she lets herself break down. Crying silently. Until she catches sight of-

Nolan, standing at the door. Taking her in with a mixture of anger and sympathy. He's not going to comfort her this time.

NOLAN (O.S.)  
I'm just happy it's done.

INT. NOLAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Closed-doors- Kay, settled into a chair across from Nolan.

NOLAN  
I could see it taking its toll on you. No offense, but I don't trust anyone around him for too long, not even a smart one like you.

KAY  
Gimme a break.

NOLAN  
Did he tell you about the Prime Minister of Israel?

KAY  
What? The he used to be Joseph Smith?

NOLAN  
I always kinda liked that. He starts up the Mormons and then ends up as a Jew.

They laugh. He studies her closely... Then-

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
Good. 'Cause you're growing on me doctor, and I was this close to transferring you out.

She lets that little fact settle.

KAY  
He believes that Jesus is fishing in Wisconsin right now. He tell you that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN  
(laughs)  
No I hadn't heard that one.

KAY  
That's not the craziest one either.

NOLAN  
Actually that is the craziest one.  
Ever tried fishing in Wisconsin  
this time of year? Lakes are all  
frozen. Unless you own one yourself  
you'd be fishing on a block of ice.

Kay digests that.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
I'm usually not a fan of letting  
these guys off the hook... But this  
one... Well. By this point I gotta  
apologize. You were right. Seems we  
had a crazy one in the batch after  
all.

She tries not to wince at the word.

I/E. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON/EMPLOYEE EXIT - LATE AFTERNOON

Deb Stilson is handed her purse through a transaction drawer;  
she's headed out for the day. She approaches her beat up  
Honda on the employee lot but stops at the sight of Kay  
waiting by her car.

KAY (O.S.)  
You've still been visiting him. Do  
they know that?

For a moment, Deb doesn't know what to say.

DEB  
Visiting who?

KAY  
Don't lie to me Miss Stilson. I  
know.

Kay sets a newspaper down on the hood of her car; it's the  
same paper we'd seen Deb reading when we met her- "Mining  
town protest closing mines."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY (CONT'D)

He said something about miners today, and it made me realize that someone had been sneaking him newspapers.

Deb moves to speak, but her jaw quakes. Scared. She decides to come clean:

DEB

I just like to check on him every once in a while - I just want to make sure he's alright and he likes to read the paper - I don't take him anything else, I swear. I don't tell him anything either. They'll fire me Miss Margolis. Please. I can't lose this job.

KAY

You need to get help. He's still got you around his finger.

DEB

No. No! I just told you-

But Kay is already headed away.

DEB (CONT'D)

Please! You're not gonna say anything!? RIGHT!?

A panicked Deb follows after Kay who just gets into her car-

DEB (CONT'D)

Please!

Kay drives away, leaving a panicked Kay staring.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN VILLAGE - EARLY EVENING

Local and national news vans take up residential driveways.

On lawns and curbs - cameramen set up, news anchors prep, two police officers direct incoming traffic. A family peers through their windows at the cyclone of activity outside their home. The entire thing has a circus feel to it.

PAN UP to-

San Quentin's plain boxy EXECUTION WING.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - EARLY EVENING

Where Kay sits in the ten-person viewing area designated for journalists and officials. Every seat is full - journalists clicking away at laptops. Again: circus feel.

Kay looks uneasy and out-of-place.

The LA TIMES JOURNALIST beside her notices.

LA TIMES JOURNALIST  
First execution, huh?  
(Kay nods)  
It's like a roller coaster, except  
the car doesn't ever move and a few  
minutes later the conductor tells  
you to get out. You'll be fine.

Moments later, the doors are closed - and two guards including Nolan roll Agustin 'Culebra' Sol on a gurney into THE EXECUTION CHAMBER.

Silence falls.

INT. CONDEMNED UNIT - SAME

A bruised, handcuffed Samuel looks up from an infirmary bed where his arm has been bandaged.

FOUR ARMED GUARDS stand at the door, ready to take him away.

Samuel looks defeated, slumped, the fight in him now gone...

As one guard unlocks the cuffs and two others force him up.

INTERCUT THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

Nolan tightens the vinyl restraints on Culebra's gurney. The inmate's stare remains locked on the ceiling, remorseless. He nonetheless flinches when Nolan tightens the restraint holding down his right wrist. It's tied to the machine that's going to administer the chemicals that will stop his heart.

NOLAN  
That feel okay?

Culebra nods, terse, a gangster till the end.

IN THE VIEWING CHAMBER, everyone including Kay stares.

It's a roller coaster alright.

EXT. CONDEMNED UNIT - SAME

Samuel - led toward a TRANSPORT BUS outside in similar vinyl restraints. His movement is lethargic; he tries not to cry.

ARMED TRANSPORT GUARD  
Congrats. Looks like you drew the winning number out.

Samuel throws him a look laced with desperation.

SAMUEL  
If you only knew what's going to happen to all of you...

Armed Guard throws his guard buddy a look, "This guy's nuts." Before they yank him up the stairs, into the bus-

CUT TO:

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

Culebra has been left alone, restrained on the gurney and gazing at the ceiling. The soft beep of the lethal injection machine is his sole companion now.

From the anteroom, the warden's voice through a speaker:

WARDEN (O.S.)  
Would you like to say any last words?

Culebra shakes his head, defiant. But if we looked closely, we'd notice that his breathing is just slightly quicker now. And if we could see the heart monitor outside, we'd see his heartbeat rising. It's fear.

And from one moment to the next, he's bawling. The lethal injection machine is triggered: the injection with the sodium pentothal empties, soon followed by the one with the bromide.

CULEBRA  
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

He weeps like a child as the third syringe with the potassium chloride is triggered.

IN THE VIEWING ROOM- Everyone, including the LA Times journalist, watches in pin-drop silence.

IN THE CHAMBER- Culebra's denim pants grow wet as he urinates on himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON Kay, has to look away.

INT. TRANSPORT BUS - SAME

The door to the CAGE holding Samuel is locked and checked by Armed Security Guard, who takes a seat facing him - knocks on the driver's wall to start the bus. Samuel KICKS the cage door over and over.

ARMED TRANSPORT GUARD  
Calm down buddy. You're getting out  
of jail. You should be happy.

Samuel slumps, helpless - he glances through the window as it starts away from San Quentin. One man weeping because he's dying, the other manic because he's not.

SAMUEL  
(sotto)  
I'm sorry.

ARMED TRANSPORT GUARD  
What's that?

SAMUEL  
I'm sorry...for what has to happen  
now.

WIDE

As the transport bus approaches the gates; it's waved through and leaves San Quentin behind.

INT. BUNGALOW HOME - NIGHT

It's pitch black as Kay enters her living room, flips the light switch on but the bulb POPS. "Shit." She pads through the darkness, calling out for -

KAY  
Hon?

But slows when she hears Troy's voice leaking from the closed bathroom in their bedroom.

TROY (O.S.)  
- Of course. At least you'll give  
me something to look forward to.

Kay frowns, and follows the tiny sliver of light emanating from beneath the bathroom door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Have you ever seen me at anything  
less than striking?  
(laughs)  
Hey you said it first, not me.

Suddenly Kay bumps into a chair; Troy's conversation CEASES.

TROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Call you back.

Kay rushes back to the living room, opening and closing the door as if just entering - Just before Troy emerges from their bedroom. He's in the middle of putting on a tie.

TROY (CONT'D)  
Hey babe.

KAY  
Hey.

TROY  
You just get in?

KAY  
Yeah.  
(flips switch)  
I think the bulb's burnt out.

TROY  
I'll get it changed. Gonna have to  
be after I'm back.

KAY  
Where are you going?

He hurries back to the bathroom.

TROY  
I thought I told you, I'm on staff  
tonight for Wyatt's reception at  
the Four Seasons.

KAY  
No, you didn't.

He shuts the bathroom door, we hear rummaging from the bathroom as he yells out-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TROY (O.S.)  
Sorry, thought I did! Most of the  
seats are gonna be there, so I  
volunteered! I'm actually running a  
little late!

She stares at the closed bathroom door. Long beat.

KAY  
Who all is gonna be there!

TROY (O.S.)  
Almost everyone!

Kay thinks.

KAY  
Including State Legislature?

The rummaging in the bathroom suddenly stops, as he pokes his  
head back out -

TROY  
Yeah...Why?

KAY  
Including Governor Cayman?

Beat.

TROY  
I think so. Why?

But Kay doesn't immediately answer. As if just deciding at  
this very moment that-

KAY  
I'd like to go.

TROY  
No, I can't.

He continues getting ready.

KAY  
Why not?

TROY  
'Cause it's too last minute, you  
should've asked me earlier. It's a  
process to get someone through  
security at these things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KAY

Well I just found out about it,  
'cause you forgot to tell me. And  
besides...I'm sure they expect  
people to have a plus one at these  
things.

TROY

I'm running late Kay. You can't  
just throw this on me last minute  
like this.

KAY

(snaps)

-You can't bring your friggin'  
girlfriend to a work dinner? Since  
when is that too much to ask?

Whoa. He pokes his head back out. From his expression, we can  
tell that this is an unusual reaction from her. Beat.

TROY

Let me ask. Okay?

INT. VOLVO (MOVING) - NIGHT

They drive in silence. Troy behind the wheel, trying to hide  
his annoyance.

TROY

...How was work?

KAY

I saw my first execution today.

Finally he looks over. Softens.

TROY

Jesus. I'm sorry. You okay-

KAY

-What about you? How's everything  
with your co-workers?

Strange thing to ask.

TROY

There something you wanna say?  
'Cause we're not gonna get anywhere  
if you're not just gonna say what's  
on your mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She shakes her head. Glances out the window. The emerald palm trees and clean streets of Stanford flash past.

TROY (CONT'D)

Let's just try to have a good time,  
okay?

They drive in silence.

KAY

Well ... If there's anything a hot  
doctor girlfriend does for you...  
is make you look good.

A laugh escapes him. She cracks a smile.

TROY

Well look who's thinking highly of  
herself right now!  
(looks her over)  
I'm not gonna lie you look hot as  
all hell right now.

Indeed, she does.

KAY

I'm sorry about snapping earlier.  
It's just been a stressful week.

TROY

Hey. I'm glad you did. 'Cause I'm  
glad you're here.

He leans over. Lips meet halfway. All is right in their world  
again. Her content gaze goes to the window, but- A thought-

KAY

Let me ask you something. Are there  
private lakes in Wisconsin?

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL/BALLROOM SPACE - NIGHT

Red, white and blue balloons festoon the walls. Political  
banter and glad handing galore. Security wands every entrant  
at the door.

Find: Kay and Troy, mid-conversation with a white-haired  
DONOR COUPLE.

TROY

(introducing-)  
My girlfriend, Kay.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY (CONT'D)

She's a psychiatrist with the Department of Prisons. She helps death row inmates with mental issues.

DONOR WIFE

Dear Lord. How in the world is the that?

KAY

Never a boring day. Go ahead and interpret that however you want.

(off laughter)

Seriously, though, prison inmates are one of the most overlooked subsections of society, 'cause people forget that they're still part of society-

Donor Husband throws Troy a fleeting but distinct look: good job on her. Kay was right: she makes him look good.

ANGLE ON THE BAR- Where a PRETTY FEMALE STAFFER throws Kay discreet glances from across the room. A male staffer sidles up beside her to order a drink, starts chatting her up.

ANGLE TROY AND KAY

As Troy excuses himself from the conversation.

TROY

You guys want anything else? Heard the GOP actually sprung for good scotch this year.

He leaves Kay alone with the donor couple - the wife still fascinated by Kay's occupation.

DONOR WIFE

So all these men are on death row?

KAY

All have been sentenced to die, yes.

DONOR WIFE

What sort of things did they do?

DONOR HUSBAND

Honey that's enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON THE BAR- Troy moves in beside the pretty staffer, shakes hands with the guy chatting her up and gives the woman a hug. Could be just friendly. Could be more. Tough to tell.

Kay watches it all from across the room. Can't help but stare, even as Fundraiser Wife keeps rattling.

DONOR WIFE

That's awful. Absolutely awful. I had a nephew who went to prison once.

DONOR HUSBAND

We don't need to get into all that.

DONOR WIFE

He's embarrassed. I keep telling him, it's nothing to be embarrassed about...

But Kay keeps throwing periodic glances at her boyfriend.

KAY

You're right. Everyone makes mistakes.

Moments later, he arrives again with a glass of scotch.

TROY

(takes a sip)

Um. Nope. Same cheap stuff.

Chatter from the south end grabs everyone's attention.

In fact, the entire room seems to subtly shift focus. We soon see why: the governor of California has arrived.

DONOR WIFE

Excuse us for a moment.

And just like that, Donor Couple moves on to another couple closer in proximity to the governor's circle.

KAY

(jokey)

Uh-oh. How are we gonna get in there?

Troy shrugs, playing it off, but his attention is clearly on THE GROUP OF PEOPLE SURROUNDING GOVERNOR ALBERT CAYMAN. The mayor. Councilmen. Local journalists. It's like high school all over again, and the quarterback has just arrived.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

We get our first glimpse of GOVERNOR CAYMAN: younger than we expected (late 30's), but pure polish. Think John Edwards sans scandal. He plays his entourage like a violin.

LATER

Kay and Troy converse with another couple.

Like everyone else, they've managed to get a few degrees closer to the governor's circle.

Kay spots the pretty staffer from earlier walking past.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

TROY  
Who?  
(spots pretty staffer)  
Oh. Not sure.

Kay frowns. He's lying.

GOVERNOR CAYMAN (O.S.)  
Tell them that I have no idea. I plan for everything just in case, and in the long run it always pays off. If you quote me on that though tell them I'd had a few when I said it.

Laughter. The governor is only a few feet away now. Troy's posture changes; he stands a little straighter.

Suddenly Donor Couple intercepts the governor.

DONOR HUSBAND  
Albert!

GOVERNOR CAYMAN  
Chuck!

Cayman embraces Donor Husband; a hug and peck for the wife. The couple beams. They've donated millions for this.

DONOR HUSBAND  
Congrats on the Times article.

GOVERNOR CAYMAN  
You know everything don't you?

DONOR HUSBAND  
My daughter is an editor there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

How come I didn't know that?

DONOR HUSBAND

She forwarded me an advanced copy.  
I'm glad the Hurricane Debby thing  
if finally coming to light. You  
deserve it.

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

Hey- I got lucky. Just don't tell  
her I admitted that.

Donor Husband laughs.

ANGLE ON KAY AND TROY

KAY

(whispers)

What's the Hurricane Debby thing?

TROY

He got a lot of flack last year for  
investing thirty million dollars  
from the budget in coast  
restoration. People thought it was  
a giant waste of money, especially  
in this economy. Three months  
later, Hurricane Debby hits and it  
looks like it's saved the State  
eighty million dollars. Guess  
they're gonna do an article about  
it.

Kay throws Cayman a dubious look.

KAY

He's really young.

TROY

Youngest governor in the history of  
the state.

Cayman moves onto a power circle beside them, more hugs and  
greetings. This guy is the penultimate showman.

Troy is trying to look like he's not merely waiting for the  
governor to move past, but he's clearly just waiting for the  
governor to move past. Suddenly Cayman breaks away from his  
group, and moves right past them - Troy looks like he wants  
to say something but can't muster the courage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KAY  
Governor Cayman!

A startled Troy looks over at Kay "What-the-heck-are-you-doing?" Cayman stops at the sight of the attractive woman who just called his name. He approaches, sans entourage, hand extended- his million dollar smile always on:

GOVERNOR CAYMAN  
Have we met?

TROY  
(cutting in)  
I work on Councilman Wyatt's staff.

They all shake hands.

GOVERNOR CAYMAN  
And this is?

Troy realizes that he forgot to introduce Kay.

TROY  
Oh, my girlfriend- She's uh, she's a psychiatrist with the Department of Prisons. She helps death row inmates with mental issues.

Cayman's got that piercing stare that makes you feel like you're the only person in the room, and right now it's trained on Kay. She can't help but blush.

KAY  
Kay. Big supporter of yours governor.

GOVERNOR CAYMAN  
I've only ever met one other Kay in my life.

KAY  
Your professor. In Germany. When you went abroad sophomore year at Princeton.

Troy gives Kay a sidelong glance. She did research on him?

GOVERNOR CAYMAN  
They said my book sold seven copies. At least I know where one of them went.

Laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

TROY

We went abroad too. Spent a year in India together.

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

(in perfect subtitled Punjabi)

[Well I can safely say I'm a fan of you both already.]

(off their look)

I took a little detour to India as well. I left that part out of the book. Was gonna leave it for the follow-up but my publishers say the first one needs to sell more first.

(off laughter, to Troy)

Good job with this one. I wish I had time to get to know you two a bit more, but I'm sure we'll meet again. I'll ask Joe about you.

And like that, he turns to leave. Kay watches him walk away, possibly forever. Beat. She takes a leap-of-faith:

KAY

What do you think about Hawaii?

Cayman stops on a dime. He pivots, turns and marches back to Kay. His entourage looks over confused. Troy is also looking over at his girlfriend, at a loss. What is she doing?

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

That's a strange thing to ask, Miss...

(reads name tag)

Margolis. And you don't seem too strange to me. So why would you ask that?

KAY

I just- I was wondering if you thought there would be any advantages to moving something like a naval base-

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

Where did you say you worked again?

Governor's entourage has fallen silent around them.

KAY

Federal Bureau of Prisons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

And what in my proposals, policies  
or views screams Hawaii to you?

Kay feels the pressure of the eyes around her. What has she  
gotten herself into? Troy looks stiff as a board.

KAY

It was just a question-

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

Tied to my private holdings there,  
I know. You're trying to antagonize  
me, or lure me into a statement-

KAY

No! Not at all-

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

Yes, you are. And yes, my wife's  
family owns construction businesses  
there. But I think everyone already  
knows that. And yes, I have  
directed government business there  
when I thought it was the best  
place for it...but never, and feel  
free to quote this if you'd like:  
never have I used my position in  
the United States government to put  
a dollar in my pocket. I'm wealthy  
enough already. I don't need to.

(then)

It was great meeting you both.

He walks away, leaving Kay with nothing to say. Troy is beet-  
red with embarrassment.

TROY (O.S.)

Are you insane?

INT. VOLVO (MOVING) - NIGHT

Troy at the wheel, furious. Kay looks like she wants to crawl  
into herself.

TROY

You're not gonna answer now?

KAY

I messed up, okay? I had no idea  
that his wife's family owned  
companies in Hawaii.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

What, your prison guru failed to mention that? Or that he's been criticized about it for years? 'Cause you seem to have done a lot of research on him otherwise!

(then)

You promised me, you swore to me that you wouldn't bring your work into our lives-

KAY

This had nothing to do with that-

TROY

You think I don't know where all this is coming from? It was cute at first but your little obsession is making you look stupid now. And now you've made me look like an idiot in front of the people I work with.

KAY

I said I'm sorry.

TROY

How is that gonna make anything alright?!

Kay looks at Troy in shock. We can tell that she's never seen him this angry.

KAY

...I'm sorry. I'll send a letter tomorrow apologizing...

As he pulls into their drive, but doesn't turn the car off.

TROY

I'm gonna spend the night at Eric's.

She realizes that it's not worth arguing, so she gets out...

TROY (CONT'D)

By the way.

(she stops)

Those stories about the nuclear submarine and Myanmar and China and all that. I saw it on some Discovery Channel show this morning. I meant to tell you. I left it on the DVR.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TROY (CONT'D)

(then)

You need to open your eyes and see  
the obvious, or that job's gonna  
cost you more than me.

She watches the car back up and drive away.

INT. BUNGALOW HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Curled up on the couch, speechless, she watches

THE TV- Where a cheaply-made cable series called *End of the World* (think *Conspiracy Theory* on TruTV) plays, hosted by the professorial-looking HOST:

HOST (TV)

...if say, Burma, as it was known  
back then, attacked the coast of  
Hawaii instead of Japan. Today,  
China would immediately mobilize an  
attack which could cause a chain of  
events that could lead to mass  
nuclear war-

She clicks the TV off. Left alone in the dark. Staring into  
the nothing.

Suddenly she HURLS the remote control against the wall,  
breaking it to pieces.

Bzzt. Bzzt. It's coming from her purse. She glances at her  
watch (it's almost 2 am) as she digs out her vibrating cell.  
Reacts when she sees who the caller is, quickly answers-

KAY

Nolan?

Her face falls as she listens.

KAY (CONT'D)

I'm leaving now.

INT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON/CONDEMNED UNIT - NIGHT

She strides in-step beside Nolan.

TWO NIGHT GUARDS in Receiving exchange loaded looks with  
Nolan as he marches past. Something big has just gone down.

KAY

Is the guard gonna be okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN  
He might live.

They move past the PLEXIGLAS CELLS of death row housing - various inmates are awake and on their feet (including Charles Beresford). Watching her move past, more excited than concerned. This is an event for them.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
Mayor's sending someone to inspect safety on the premises now. This is going to make me look very bad.

And now, they reach -

SAMUEL'S CELL,

Where Samuel sits slumped on his cot, head hanging. His jumpsuit is covered in blood.

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
He tried to commit suicide with a piece of rebar when they caught him. - They'll be here in ten. Please make it count.

KAY  
(as Nolan heads away)  
Why are you helping him?

Nolan turns.

NOLAN  
I'm not. I need to know how he got out of that bus, which was completely secure and had two armed guards, and he's made it clear that he won't talk to anyone but you. So you know what you need to do.

Nolan exists. She and Samuel are left alone.

For a moment Kay doesn't move. She has to find the energy to take a step forward, moves the voice port aside.

KAY  
Samuel.  
(he still doesn't move)  
Samuel.

Slowly, his head tilts up. In this phosphorescent light, his skin looks even more balmy than it did before; that and his bloodshot eyes give him an altogether vampiric look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAY (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

Beat.

SAMUEL  
I'm sure they already told you.

KAY  
...Why?  
(no answer)  
The guard may never walk again.

Suddenly Samuel leaps out of bed and suddenly *bangs his palms* against the Plexiglass, making her jump.

SAMUEL  
I told you, to let me die! You  
stupid! Bitch!

Kay gapes. This is a totally different Samuel than we've ever seen. He laughs.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
But you know what - I fucked up. It  
was my bad. I was so good that you  
started to believe that I believed  
what I was saying.  
(laughs)  
Guy tries to drive a bitch away,  
and the bitch ends up falling in  
love. Ain't that how it always is.

Kay stares speechless.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
I told you we were good actors,  
doctor, and I'm Marlon fuckin'  
Brando up in here.

KAY  
Why did you call me...

SAMUEL  
-Because I wanted you to see what  
you'd done. You wanna know if I  
killed those construction workers?  
I blew their heads off. Look at the  
evidence. I needed money and I'd  
heard the hotel had a safe. You  
wanted the truth? There it is. And  
to be honest: I enjoyed it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kay studies his eyes for truth.

KAY

So why make everything up. About the governor. About your state of mind.

SAMUEL

... Because I didn't wanna die. Because I was scared. Because even a nut house sounded better than this. I'm not scared anymore.

Kay's eyes grow wet. She was played for a fool.

KAY

...How do I know... How do I know that you're not telling me what you think I need to hear to let your execution pass...

SAMUEL

Because if I were a god...what the hell would I be doing behind bars?

Beat. As it now becomes painfully obvious: he wouldn't be.

KAY

...Maybe he caught you, like you said - and maybe you think that being here is the best way-

SAMUEL

-I wanted to see if I could get someone as smart and educated as you to eat my shit. Unfortunately it backfired on me.

Kay wipes a single tear. Because maybe...just maybe...a tiny part of her wanted to believe.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry doctor...

KAY

Shuttup. Just...shuttup. - I was stupid enough to actually check the news this morning, if you can believe that.

(he reacts)

I actually expected to see something about that navy base.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

And his confusion turns into alarm.

KAY (CONT'D)

And not because I think you can see the future, because I've always known that's bullshit- but because you're good at predicting the obvious somehow.

SAMUEL

...What are you talking about?

Kay hears footsteps approaching and glances over.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Did you have any contact with Cayman since we spoke? Did you mention anything I said?

(realization dawns)

If you did, he must've changed his plan. He can't do what he was planning anymore because he knows you know now- !

KAY

That's what I thought.

He stiffens, caught in his lie.

KAY (CONT'D)

You've never told me anything you didn't think was true.

The INSPECTORS FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE approach with Nolan. She doesn't have much time.

KAY (CONT'D)

How did you get out of the bus? They need to know.

(off silence)

I'm not gonna change the verdict, Samuel. If that's what you want, I'm gonna let you die. I just need to know how you managed to get the key from the guard.

SAMUEL

...Was there really no break-in at the naval base?

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KAY

You were wrong.

Samuel nods, just once, as if accepting, for the very first time ever, that he might actually be insane.

SAMUEL

I convinced him to hand me the key.  
Then I spun the bus over and bashed  
his head to the ground till he  
couldn't move any more.

Kay takes a long final look at him, then backs away... turns and scurries off as the State inspectors arrive...

Nolan throws her a quick questioning look, "Did you get the info?" But she evades it and hurries out the door - can't stand to be there anymore...

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I remember my very last attempt on  
his life.

*EXT. MINISTRY OF NATIONAL DEFENSE COMPOUND/BEIJING - 1974*

*A MAN'S BACK*

*Sits hunched over a giant metal desk. See the austere sprawl and countless boxy cars of West Beijing through the window. Circa 1974.*

SAMUEL (O.S.)

It was the height of the Cold War.

*CAMERA SLOWLY ROTATES TO REVEAL- A small, pudgy Chinese DEFENSE MINISTER, scribbling furiously while muttering what sounds like an ancient language under his breath.*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He was a high-ranking Defense  
Minister in the People's Liberation  
Army with a direct line to then-  
party leader Mao Zedong ... who,  
though not admitted, I believe was  
a Pilocyte as well.

*The chubby Defense Minister is writing furiously in English (catch a glimpse, "invest in these stocks...") - when a BANG on the door makes him suddenly look up. He immediately folds the paper and slides it into an envelope addressed to- MISS MARY ELISE CAYMAN, PO BOX 76599, SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI. Sets a stamp on the envelope and rises as-*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHINESE DEFENSE MINISTER  
(in subtitled Chinese)  
Come in.

*A thin Chinese soldier sticks his head in- Defense Minister nods- "Show them in." And points out the recently-stamped LETTER he just set in his delivery box to be sent out.*

SAMUEL (O.S.)  
I was a diplomat with the French  
government-

*AS A RETINUE OF WELL-DRESSED FRENCH POLITICIANS are led in by the Chinese soldier.*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-born to a poor Algerian family in  
Auvergne but had worked my way into  
the government via a strong  
proficiency for languages and  
dialects, namely those of China.  
The truth is that I spoke thousands  
of languages from thousands of  
lives, as did he.

*Defense Minister shakes hands with the politicians, amiable. But freezes when he sees- THEIR TRANSLATOR: a dark French-Algerian diplomat who HOLDS STARES with Defense Minister. It is a loaded stare. Defense Minister pastes on a smile, shakes his hand, and-*

*They sit to begin their meeting: Translator translates perfectly, Defense Minister plays his role of host well. And though he addresses the politicians, his GAZE is directed mostly on Translator.*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He knew that I had come for him  
from across the world. I had gauged  
what had gone wrong the last time  
around, when he'd had me murdered  
in France, and played things  
perfectly to be able to show up at  
his doorstep this time-

*Chinese Defense Minister looks a tad bit paranoid, glancing around at his room as if it were suddenly alien to him.*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-With a gun hidden behind an old  
pipe in the wall-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

*PUSH IN ON- A WALL, PAST BEAMS AND OLD BRICK, WHERE WE SEE: A World War I era Type 26 REVOLVER taped to a rusty pipe.*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 -Which I, as a Japanese laborer  
 forty years earlier, had planted  
 during the building's construction  
 for this very moment in 1974.

*PULL BACK OUT TO- THE MEETING. As the men rise, say their good-byes, and once again shake hands. When Defense Minister gets to Translator, he SHAKES HANDS JUST A BIT HARDER THAN NECESSARY, HOLDS STARES A BIT LONGER THAN CUSTOMARY.*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 He knew that I had check-mated him  
 this time around. That I had most  
 likely covered every possible  
 escape route he could now plan-

INT. NOLAN'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Kay sits alone in Nolan's closed office - LISTENING TO SAMUEL'S VOICE SPILLING FROM HER VOICE RECORDER (WHICH IS THE SOURCE OF THE NARRATION WE'VE BEEN HEARING) -

SAMUEL (VOICE RECORDER)  
 -Except for one-

When suddenly the door opens and Nolan enters from his meeting with the inspectors. Kay SHUTS THE RECORDER OFF and rises, SLIDES IT INTO HER VALISE.

NOLAN  
 Did he tell you how he did it?

KAY  
 He said that he convinced the guard  
 to give him the key. You think he's  
 lying?

Nolan looks off, thinking.

NOLAN  
 ...I don't know. The guard's in a  
 coma so we can't ask him. The guard  
 driving doesn't remember them  
 chatting though, and they were comm  
 linked. We won't know til he wakes  
 up. If he wakes up.  
 (spots something outside)  
 I gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY

What's next? For Samuel?

Nolan looks back at Kay, surprised.

NOLAN

Well, doctor, that's up to you.  
Your review was the reason he was  
being sent away to begin with. This  
can be considered grounds for a new  
review.

(off her look)

So you tell me. You think he's  
really insane? Or was he aware of  
what he was doing when he put that  
guard in intensive care?

Kay glances out the window on the door- AT THE INSPECTOR  
GRILLING A SILENT SAMUEL ACROSS THE CONDEMNED WARD.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Make your decision in the next few  
hours. I need to get back to them.

(Kay whispers something  
under her breath)

What's what?

Kay speaks louder now:

KAY

...He knew what he was doing.

(off Nolan's surprised  
look)

He told me that he knew what he was  
doing when he killed those  
construction workers. He knew what  
he was doing when he attacked the  
guard in the bus.

Beat.

NOLAN

That your decision?

(Kay nods)

Okay then. I'll get that over to  
the Governor's office, and the  
execution Thursday will continue as  
previously planned.

Nolan moves to head out, but stops at the door. Turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOLAN (CONT'D)  
Listen... Given the unusual  
circumstances of this one, you can  
sit this one out-

KAY  
No. I'll be there.  
(off his look)  
Why should this be different than  
any other, right?

Kay tries to put on a brave smile.

INT. TROY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

She drives Troy's Wrangler back to Palo Alto (he took off  
with her Volvo) - eyes on the road. We HEAR SAMUEL'S VOICE  
FROM THE VOICE RECORDER ON THE PASSENGER SEAT -

SAMUEL (VOICE RECORDER)  
-Except for one. He threw me for a  
loop with his escape; I gotta give  
him credit for that-

INT. MINISTRY OF NATIONAL DEFENSE COMPOUND/BEIJING - 1974

[NARRATION CONTINUES WHERE WE LEFT OFF]

*...As an ashen-faced Chinese Defense Minister watches  
Translator head off with the diplomats... Knows that he's  
been beaten in this life...*

MOMENTS LATER

*Defense Minister is TRASHING HIS OFFICE, tearing pieces of  
the floorboards and walls. He finds the revolver hidden  
behind a hole in the wall, curses at himself.*

SAMUEL (O.S.)  
- performing an old Pilocyte trick  
I had to later implement myself.

*Exhausted, he finally looks up, an idea forming.*

EXT. A PLAIN APARTMENT IN WEST BEIJING - 1974

*He stands on the LEDGE of his tiny SPARTAN high-rise, gazes  
at the curled tendrils of the Yangtze River in the distance.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMUEL (O.S.)  
He did the math, of when technology  
was going to hit the pinnacle of  
potential mass destruction - the  
21st century - where he was going  
to be born and who he could  
potentially be if he played his  
cards right...

*The Defense Minister sucks a breath...*

*And steps off the ledge to his death.*

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And he must've figured that  
President of the United States  
could be a good place to be in  
sixty years.

EXT. BUNGALOW HOME - DAY

The old Wrangler sits parked on the drive.

IN THE CAR, Kay finishes listening:

SAMUEL  
And I knew that I had to follow him  
myself.

FLASH INSERT- 1974

*CLOSE ON FRENCH DIPLOMAT'S FACE - deep in thought and staring  
into nothing. Suddenly he sticks the barrel of a revolver  
into his mouth (no fear whatsoever) and-*

**BAM!**

BACK TO SCENE

We don't know how long she's been parked outside listening to  
the tape, but she rewinds again and replays:

SAMUEL (VOICE RECORDER) (CONT'D)  
And I knew that I had to follow him  
myself.

The Volvo pulls up beside her.

INT. BUNGALOW HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

Troy packs a suitcase as Kay watches from the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY  
I just need more time to do some  
thinking. About this. About  
everything.

Her silence makes him look over. She looks lost in thought.

KAY  
Are you seeing someone else?

TROY  
Don't try to turn this around on me-

KAY  
Look. I don't care if you move out.  
In fact I think you need to... But  
please, answer the question: is  
there someone else?

He holds her look, eyes flick to the left.

TROY  
No.

But her gaze doesn't let go of his.

TROY (CONT'D)  
...Yes.

Breath leaves Kay's lungs.

TROY (CONT'D)  
You can keep everything.

KAY  
Less than a week?  
(off his silence)  
Yes, or no?

Beat.

TROY  
Yes. I'm sorry.

*Meaning after she met Samuel.*

She nods, accepting this.

KAY  
I'll leave your stuff outside  
tomorrow.

She heads off, but turns and marches back into the room-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAY (CONT'D)

You can keep everything, but I'm gonna cash out our air miles.

TROY

What?

KAY

I'm taking a trip.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - DAY

Kay sits tucked away in coach, illuminated by the incandescent dome of an overhead light - flipping through various INTERNET PRINTOUTS. Glimpses of articles about a reclusive Hungarian billionaire named "Fyodor Gyenes."

KAY (O.S.)

There's only one private lake in the entire state of Wisconsin, and it's owned by a reclusive billionaire from Hungary. You think that's a coincidence?

INT. A TAXI CAB - MOVING

Kay's face- pressed against a frosty cab window- taking in the snow-capped sights of Madison, Wisconsin.

DISSOLVE TO...

The cab winds into a SPRAWLING REDBRICK DRIVE, approaches a pair of ornate wrought-iron gates. A LAKESIDE ESTATE: ranch-style mansion covered in frost.

CAB DRIVER

When is your appointment?

Kay hesitates; it makes the cabbie glance up from his rearview, realizing that...

KAY

I'm just gonna wait for him out here.

Cabbie shakes his head in disbelief.

CAB DRIVER

It's five degrees out there.

KAY

Keep the heat on. I'll pay.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY (CONT'D)

If he sees a woman freezing to death outside, he'll have to let me in. Right?

Kay notices the various SECURITY CAMERAS around the perimeter of the estate.

Suddenly: BZZZT. The gate groans open, startling them. A SPEAKER BOX below a camera by the gate CACKLES TO LIFE.

STATIC-Y VOICE (SPEAKER BOX)

Dr. Margolis?

Kay and Cabbie exchange surprised looks.

STATIC-Y VOICE (SPEAKER BOX) (CONT'D)

Dr. Gyenes will see you now. Please pull up to the south foyer.

(pronounced "Gaines")

INT. GYENES ESTATE - DAY

A gleaming marble waiting room with a single Jasper Johns sculpture (price: approximately \$10M).

Kay takes in the minimalist decorations of the extravagant space, notices the myriad DOME CAMERAS stationed around the house. They're everywhere.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Doctor.

She whirls; a fastidious SECRETARY at the door. We recognize her as static-y voice from the call box... and she's taking Kay in with a hint of disdain.

MOMENTS LATER...

She leads Kay down a hall (spot yet another set of cameras).

KAY

Do you mind me asking why all the cameras? You would think that five or six would be enough, right?

Secretary ignores the joke as they approach a STUDY with a call box, and one final Lytro camera.

SECRETARY

Stand here, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kay stands in front of the door, hears the camera whir several times. A moment later- CLICK. The door opens.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
Next time, please don't come  
without an appointment.

INT. GYENES STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

DR. FYODOR GYENES (a spry 60's) shakes snow off his work boots beside a hearth fireplace, his back to her. He brightens when he turns and sees her.

DR. FYODOR GYENES  
Dr. Margolis.

Takes her hand; a friendly, grandfatherly old man. She spots the GOLD CRUCIFIX around his neck.

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)  
Before you ask, I did receive your  
messages. You left quite a few. I  
had a feeling that I wasn't going  
to be able to stop you from coming.

KAY  
Why didn't you respond?

DR. FYODOR GYENES  
Because you mentioned Samuel  
Desmet, and I want nothing to have  
to do with him any more.

KAY  
How do you two know each other?

DR. FYODOR GYENES  
He tried to have me killed.  
(looks her up and down)  
What size are you?

EXT. LAKESIDE PIER - DAY

Despite her furred parka, Kay can't help but shiver uncontrollably as she follows Dr. Gyenes down a LITTLE WOODEN PIER that stretches out to

A HALF-FROZEN LAKE

He dumps a fishing reel onto the little ROWBOAT; she halts at the sight of the SHOTGUN wrapped in a blanket in the boat-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he steps in and turns to help her on. She hesitates, but hides her fear and gives him her hand.

IN THE LAKE, MOMENTS LATER

The boat bobs in the middle of the half-frozen lake. He picks up the shotgun.

DR. FYODOR GYENES

To the fish, it's as if it were still summertime down there. They have no idea what the world is like above the surface.

KAY

He told me that you were Jesus Christ.

BOOM! Gyenes blasts a HOLE into a frozen section of the lake, startling her. He drops a weighted fishing line through.

DR. FYODOR GYENES

And you believe him?

KAY

I don't know what to believe.

DR. FYODOR GYENES

What exactly did Samuel tell you about me?

CUT TO:

EXT. GALILEE - 13 A.D.

*A local BURNISHED-SKIN BOY in a coarse tunic, watches local Israeli craftsmen work wood with chisels and lathes. We're in the holy city of Galilee. Circa 13 A.D.*

*His name is YESHUA.*

KAY (O.S.)

When you turned thirteen...you got your memories back.

*ON Yeshua - staring into nothing, disregarding his work. As if in a trance. A nearby craftsman whispers to the boy's father, Joseph, who signals, "Let the boy be."*

*CLOSE ON YESHUA'S FACE- Staring into thin air.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And you saw a future plagued by  
endless war and suffering.

BACK TO:

DR. GYENES

Expressionless. Cradling the shotgun.

She hesitates.

DR. FYODOR GYENES  
Go on. It's an interesting story.

KAY  
It was a world that needed order,  
you thought.

EXT. GALILEE - VARIOUS

*Young Yeshua- in a synagogue, discussing matters of religion with local rabbis. The older men appear impressed/amused by the boy's sudden intelligence. [Note: these scenes should all correlate with well-known scenes from the Bible]*

KAY (O.S.)  
So you devised a plan- one which  
had already taken pair of lifetimes  
to set up.

*CUT TO AN OLDER YESHUA (and we'll now refer to him as JESUS, as he'll come to be known by Western civilization)- surrounded by FOLLOWERS beside a LAKE- He wades in- And-*

*CAMERA SINKS- INTO THE LAKE- PAST THE FISH, THROUGH THE GROUND, PAST LAYERS OF SEDENTARY ROCK, AND STOPS AT-*

*CORRODING CLAY POTS: MUST'VE BEEN SET HERE A COUPLE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, BEFORE THIS WAS EVEN A LAKE. CAUSE THEY'RE DISSOLVING, AND THE **WINE** INSIDE IS BEGINNING TO TENDRIL UP TO- THE SURFACE,*

*Where an older Jesus, surrounded by even more followers, stands surrounded by a lake of water becoming wine.*

*Followers fall to their knees at the "miracle."*

KAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And one more life to set it into  
motion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*CUT TO JESUS, CRUCIFIED.*

Followers in tears gaze up at him as if he were a god.

BACK TO SCENE

A stone-faced Dr. Gyenes listens silently. Impossible to tell what he's thinking.

KAY (CONT'D)

You started a religion because you thought that it would help the world. But since then, the world has still had wars and suffering, sometimes even because of the religion.

DR. FYODOR GYENES

It would have been worse otherwise.

Was that a slip?

Beat. His hands go to the crucifix round his neck.

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

As you know from having done research on me I'm sure, I am a devout Christian.

KAY

I know. You've donated millions to churches around the world.

DR. FYODOR GYENES

So why would I be worshipping myself? That would be a hell of an ego, wouldn't it?

Dr. Gyenes laughs.

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

I believe that all religions based on the mores of helping your fellow man - if followed as they are meant to be, make the world a better place. Yes, that is true.

(lets that settle)

I am not Jesus Christ reincarnated, Dr. Margolis. I am not a "Pilocyte," as Samuel called them, because Pilocytes do not exist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

Everything that Samuel has told you is a very convincing fabrication of his mind.

And Dr. Gyenes sighs, ashamed to admit that...

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

At one point, he even had me considering the validity of his theories myself. I was his philosophy professor years ago. We used to have these conversations about time and existence and the meaning of life, sometimes on this very boat, and I enjoyed his company quite a bit. Then one day, he finds out that I contributed to Albert Cayman's political campaign, and a man shows up at my doorstep and sticks a knife in my gut.

(off Kay's shock)

The man was a member of what I later learned was a cult started by Samuel, who believed that I had started an allegiance with his arch nemesis Shiva in trying to destroy the world.

Lets that settle.

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

Look. I will prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt that Samuel's religion is nonsense, I just need you to promise that you'll never speak of what you're about to see. Can you do that?

She nods. Suddenly, the line on his fishing rod goes taught; Dr. Gyenes' face immediately brightens - he reels in a flopping walleye, drops it into a small cooler and BASHES its head with a small mallet.

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

Another one sees the light of the world above.

INT. A PRIVATE ROOM IN THE GYENES ESTATE - DAY

A METAL TABLET ENCLOSED IN A BULLETPROOF PLEXIGLAS CUBE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kay approaches the enclosed case as Dr. Gyenes watches from the door. The entire wall is lined with SEVEN OF THESE TABLETS IN ENCLOSED SECURITY GLASS.

The room seems to exist solely for housing these artifacts.

DR. FYODOR GYENES

About eight years ago, these were found in an excavation I funded in the Middle East.

ANGLE- Kay's REFLECTION on the glass, staring at

THE TABLET

Shiny. Steel. Two feet by three. Gouged with hieroglyphics-like characters. Metal versions of the Ten Commandments.

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

As you know...the deeper you dig in an excavation, the older the artifacts one finds. You get past four hundred meters, that's two, three hundred thousand years of history. We found these steel tablets more than six hundred meters below the surface of the earth.

He lets that settle, as if expecting some sort of reaction.

KAY

They've found plenty of metal artifacts that old, no?

DR. FYODOR GYENES

Yes, but steel isn't just a metal Dr. Margolis, it's an alloy, and alloys don't occur in nature, they're made in a laboratory. And we were supposedly still living in caves three hundred thousand years ago. We hired a team of linguists to try and translate them, and when they finally managed to crack one... They read about the rise of the Hittite, the Roman, the Mongol and the Ottoman empires more than two-hundred thousand years in the future.

Kay doesn't know how to react.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAY

How come I've never heard about these?

DR. FYODOR GYENES

Cuz we kept them private. Do you know that when you find an artifact, a vase, a clay pot, anything of value, you can sell it to any reputable museum for about ten thousand dollars U.S.? But- if that same artifact has any writing on it, even a few words... the price goes up tenfold. How much do you think these would be worth if the world knew about them?

KAY

I'd say they're priceless.

DR. FYODOR GYENES

They're worth the current price of five pounds of steel. They're fake, Doctor Margolis. An art forger stepped forward after we found some inconsistencies in the way the markings were made. It was a very clever fabrication, but a fabrication nonetheless. We found all this out last year.

She lets that settle.

KAY

Does Samuel know that?

DR. FYODOR GYENES

No. He doesn't. I made the mistake of bringing Samuel into this room ten years ago, before we knew all this. And I believe this is what triggered his psychosis. The future and the past coexisting, ancient people with knowledge of technology, time travel ... gods on earth and all that.

(studies her for a reaction)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. FYODOR GYENES (CONT'D)

Samuel will tell you that Albert Cayman, myself and others around the world are gods who want to end it because we have "lived so many times," that we want to stop being re-born. But I am telling you that he saw these things- something he could not comprehend- and it drove him over the edge.

(then)

He's scheduled to die tomorrow and finally be at rest. That's what he needs doctor. If you have any heart in that body of yours, you'll let him.

Off her look.

KTLA REPORTER (O.S.)

- the convicted cult leader whose attempted bombing at a Doubletree hotel -

EXT. SAN QUENTIN VILLAGE - MORNING

PAN PAST parked news vans on the curbs and driveways. The sun has barely poked its head over the horizon.

KCAL 9 REPORTER (O.S.)

- for then gubernatorial candidate Albert Cayman resulted in the deaths of seven construction workers -

PAN PAST reporters setting up. Past a pretty KABC REPORTER speaking into her camera -

KABC REPORTER

- scheduled to die via lethal injection today -

Past another, standing beside a grieving woman -

KTLA REPORTER (O.S.)

- an interview with one of the victim's family members who will be watching the execution later today -

Past a tiny group of HAARE KRISHNA members chanting with burning censers outside the gates.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER/VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

In the viewing area, Kay sits alone. She's hours early.

Someone takes a seat next to her. It's Nolan.

NOLAN

You okay?

(she nods)

If it makes you feel any better,  
you've lasted longer than I thought  
you would. What are we at, day  
five?

She cracks a smile.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Kinda sad to see him go. Between  
us. He's nothing if not  
interesting.

Kay stares at her feet, in thought.

KAY

Think I can talk to him for a few  
minutes before?

NOLAN

It's not protocol. I'm sorry.

She nods, accepting this.

KAY

Did you figure out how he got out  
of that bus? He telling the truth?

NOLAN

We're still analyzing the tape.  
Guard's still in a coma but it  
looks like he's gonna make it.  
We'll get the full story when he's  
better to talk. Feel free to swing  
by the office to check out the  
footage if you want.

He rises to leave, but the sight of her sitting alone in the  
empty viewing chamber softens him.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Two minutes. If you promise not to  
tell.

INT. SAN QUENTIN STATE PRISON/CONDEMNED UNIT - DAY

Two guards open Samuel's cell door and he rises from his cot. *We might notice various new bruises on the exposed sections of his arms now;* and he winces as the guards tighten manacles around his ankles and wrists.

NOLAN (O.S.)

Guys-

The guards see their boss approaching with Kay in tow.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Give us a minute.

They're surprised by the request - it's not protocol - but they obey: leave them alone with Samuel.

Nolan slides the Plexiglas door closed between Kay and Samuel, gives her a look before he heads off.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Two minutes. He's due in the chamber in five.

And he's gone; they're alone. Beat. She opens the voice port.

KAY

I came to say goodbye.

SAMUEL

You should know by now that goodbye doesn't apply to us.

KAY

(a smirk)

I just know about me. I'm just a regular woman trying to do her job-

SAMUEL

-You don't then. You are not a regular woman; you are Laxmi and we are one. We always help each other, like you just helped me here. You know who I am, but you're letting the execution go through anyway. We'll be back together soon I promise-

KAY

He showed me the tablets Samuel. They're fake. Someone stepped forward and admitted it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reacts.

SAMUEL

They're real, Kay. I know because I was the one who planted them three hundred thousand years ago.

She looks disappointed.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

But I'm not even gonna try to convince you because I know how it's gonna sound.

KAY

Why not try a different way? If you're the Lord of Light and know everything about the future and the past and all that...why would you want to go through jail again?

Beat.

SAMUEL

Sometimes you have to sacrifice a pawn for positioning. One life is just the blink of an eye to me. I blink once and I see you again.

She looks disappointed. Moves close the voice port-

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Do you want to know where the legend of Vishnu and Laxmi comes from? In lore. You wanna know the real story?

KAY

Goodbye Samuel-

SAMUEL

-He destroyed the world, but you and I survived.

She doesn't close the voice port.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

We'd hidden in a bunker below the earth when it happened. And when the bombing ended...we repopulated the earth. I am Vishnu, you are Laxmi, and we give birth to the world after Shiva destroys it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Our story ends up as lore in the four vedas...but they're all very real, they started with you and I, and every love you've ever had before me only existed to prepare you for me.

He FLATTENS HIS PALM AGAINST THE PLEXIGLAS for her.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'll see you in the next one.

The way he smiles: genuine, unblinking - he truly believes every word he just said.

KAY

I'll see you in the next one.

She flattens her palm to his on the other side of the Plexiglas. Then exits, troubled.

INT. JOURNALIST VIEWING CHAMBER - EARLY EVENING

Kay takes a seat beside the only other attendant present: the LA Times Journalist from Culebra's execution. She's surprised to see him already there.

KAY

You're early.

Ineed, he's already clicking away at his laptop.

LA TIMES JOURNALIST

Cult leader being put to death is a story. Most people don't remember but he tried to kill Governor Cayman a few years back. You remember that?

(she nods)

You'd be surprised how popular execution stories are in the morning paper. Don't ask me why; they're our most tagged. Maybe they go well with cereal.

Other reporters are trickling in early as well.

LA TIMES JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

You're early too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAY

How do you think this execution  
will affect the announcement of  
Cayman's Senate campaign?

Journalist's head shoots up. You'd think he just saw Bigfoot.

LA TIMES JOURNALIST

Cayman is gonna make a run for the  
Senate? How do you know?  
(off her wry smile)  
That public knowledge?

She answers with another wry smile.

KAY

Guess you'll just have to trust me.

LA TIMES JOURNALIST

(beat)  
Do you mind, if I...

KAY

Didn't come from me.

Immediately Journalist digs out a Blackberry and starts  
typing away, excited, as-

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TWO-WAY MIRROR

Nolan enters the execution chamber with a MALE NURSE; they  
begin to prep the room for the procedure.

It all suddenly becomes real. She sucks a breath as more  
reporters enter/find seats, and she glances over through...

THE SQUARE WINDOW SEPARATING THE **OTHER VIEWING ROOM**,

Where teary eyed family members of the victims find seats.

A GUARD IN THE FAMILY VIEWING CHAMBER

shuts the door, tests that it's closed, then hand-signals a  
nearby guard, "We're ready to start" - as -

THE GUARD IN THE JOURNALISTS' VIEWING CHAMBER

moves to close his door as well when-

Somebody holds it open from the other side, and Albert Cayman  
enters the Journalists' Viewing Chamber with two aides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone falls silent. Stunned by the surprise visitor. The governor takes an empty seat on the far side of the room.

LA TIMES JOURNALIST  
(whispers in Kay's ear)  
See? This one's a bigger deal than  
most.

But Kay is gaping at the governor of California across the tiny room in shock...

...as Cayman glances over and HOLDS HER STARE.

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

Samuel is rolled in on his gurney, leather restraints strapped across his chest - eyes locked on the ceiling.

IN THE VIEWING CHAMBER

Kay is still staring at the governor, who DOESN'T LET GO OF HER GAZE.

LA TIMES JOURNALIST (CONT'D)  
(notices)  
You two know each other?

Suddenly she rises, like a seasick passenger...

LA TIMES JOURNALIST (CONT'D)  
You okay?

...and stumbles to the door, zombie-like... where the guard at the door tries to stop her:

VIEWING CHAMBER GUARD  
We're about to start.

KAY  
I don't feel well.

Indeed, she looks like she's going to throw up, so Guard lets her through, out into...

THE CONCRETE CORRIDORS

Where Kay blunders through - The WALLS SEEM TO SPIN AROUND HER and she has to support herself on a nearby column.

KAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I wanna see the tape.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

A surprised guard (GUARD JEREMY) outside Nolan's office looks up from his desk as Kay bursts in.

KAY  
Of Samuel Desmet's escape. Is it in his office?

GUARD  
Uh...yeah, I think so, but...

She follows his gaze to-

THE BANK OF SECURITY MONITORS

Behind his desk - which shows a live feed of the execution across the ward. *Nolan tests the restraints around Samuel.*

GUARD (CONT'D)  
There's an execution going on.

KAY  
Please. Can I just...? Nolan cleared it.

Confused, Guard rises and unlocks Nolan's door-

GUARD  
Yeah, sure, but...

KAY  
It'll just take a sec.

She enters NOLAN'S OFFICE, as we

PAN BACK TO THE SECURITY BANK

AND HOLD ON THE MONITORS showing Samuel's execution in choppy, pixelated B&W.

*Nolan tapes the catheter to Samuel's wrist.*

PUSH IN ON MONITOR

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - SAME

As the male nurse nearby checks the machine that will inject the drugs into Samuel's veins.

Samuel's eyes don't leave the ceiling, even as Nolan tightens the final restraint and uses the opportunity to lean in:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN

I'm gonna miss you, believe it or not. You're one of the braver-

SAMUEL

-Shuttup. You're giving me a headache.

Nolan frowns, then surreptitiously TWISTS the IV in Samuel's wrist for a painful pinch (Samuel doesn't flinch) before signaling to the nurse that he's done.

The two men exit.

Samuel is left alone. The beeping of the lethal injection machine his only company.

SUDDENLY SAMUEL LOOKS OVER at the two-way into the Journalists' viewing chamber - And although he couldn't possibly be looking through it... he seems to be STARING at someone on the other side.

CUT TO - Albert Cayman - staring back.

INT. NOLAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Kay cycles through the security footage from a hard drive on one of the Nolan's monitors.

ON THE MONITOR

*The transport bus flips over in the middle of the street. Grainy security cam footage angled oddly, so grainy that we can barely make anything out. It was clearly taken from a nearby ATM camera.*

Kay rewinds, then replays: *The bus veers, flips over.*

How could Samuel have done it?

*Grainy footage of Samuel climbing out of the upside-down bus, moving out of the way for a swerving car.*

Kay rewinds and replays. There's nothing to gleam from the footage as to how he did it.

But she rewinds and replays one more time...and pauses it.

Her face goes slack.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - SAME

Samuel's head taps lightly on the metal headrest of his gurney as he stares at the ceiling. Face inscrutable. The warden's voice calls out from the speakers:

WARDEN (O.S.)  
Do you have any last words?

Samuel stops tapping his head. Is he gonna say something?

He tap-tap-taps his head on the headrest again. Nope.

WARDEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Then on behalf of the State of  
California the procedure shall  
begin.

The machine releases the thiopental into his vein. In response, his head taps HARDER against the headrest.

INT. NOLAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Kay replays what it was that made her stop, and we see it:

ON THE MONITOR- Samuel *climbs out of the overturned transport bus, moves aside... and a speeding car swerves past.*

She now cycles through the footage frame by frame, and it becomes more evident that: Samuel, without turning his head, moved aside before the car shot past. She pauses it on-

*Samuel, staring at something on the other side of the street. Not running, not panicking, simply looking at something.*

As Kay peers closer...she sees it: a MANHOLE COVER.

MOMENTS LATER

Kay bursts out of Nolan's office, asks the guard outside:

KAY  
Do you still have a copy of the  
police reports from the bus  
incident? Did they check the  
sewers?

Guard Jeremy looks over but seems preoccupied by the execution on his security monitor.

GUARD  
Um...yeah... They're in here, I  
think...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bends down to search through his files while throwing distracted looks up at the monitor...

GUARD (CONT'D)

They found some old tools in there,  
from like the seventies or  
something. He got lucky. They  
helped him get past security.

ON Kay. Thinking.

KAY

...What about in the bus?  
(Guard looks confused)  
In the bus. Inside... the seats. Or  
the headrest. Any of the pre-built  
parts...

But Kay stops when she sees the live execution feed.

*Samuel beats his head to the headrest with alarming force.*

GUARD

He's panicking.

KAY

...He's not panicking.  
(sees nametag)  
Jeremy...get people out of that  
viewing room. I think something's  
about to happen.

GUARD

Don't worry. I've seen it happen  
before, sometimes they just freak  
out-

KAY

-No. I need your help getting  
everyone out of that room, now.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - SAME

Samuel bangs his head into the headrest harder and harder.  
Looks like he's having an epileptic seizure.

MICRO ON THE HEADREST- Where we see a tiny **round fissure**  
encircling the headrest's support frame. It seems old and  
made with a knife. But...how can that be?

Samuel's head bucks once- Twice- And- **CRACK**. **THE HEADREST  
SNAPS IN TWO**, EXPOSING THE SUPPORT FRAME'S HOLLOW TUBING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE VIEWING CHAMBERS

Several of the spectators rise to their feet.

VIEWING CHAMBER GUARD  
(into radio)  
What's going on? Get someone in  
there, now.

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

Samuel wrenches his neck to peer into the HOLLOW AREA, where we see the long rusty SHIV-LIKE BLADE caked in years' worth of dust inside.. HE SLIDES IT OUT WITH HIS TEETH.

IN THE VIEWING CHAMBER

More spectators including Governor Cayman rise now, increasingly alarmed.

VIEWING CHAMBER GUARD (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Everything is under  
control.

But the guard doesn't look so sure, even as...

WE INTERCUT WITH THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

Where Nolan barrels in-

AS SAMUEL SLICES THE RESTRAINTS AND SITS UP.

SUDDENLY NOLAN RUSHES HIM-

But Samuel's hand is a blur- He brings his palm to Nolan's trachea, leaves the head guard writhing on the floor as he yanks the IV's off and slides off the gurney.

Included among all those things that Samuel has learned over countless years...Martial Arts is apparently in the arsenal.

SAMUEL  
(to Nolan)  
No reason to miss me, I'm not  
leaving yet.

IN THE VIEWING CHAMBERS

Guard ushers terrified spectators out, but several of the ballsier reporters including LA Times Journalist refuse to leave, excitedly reporting via internet (now it's a story).

ON GOVERNOR CAYMAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Motionless. In shock. Even as his aides plea with him that:

CAYMAN AIDE  
We have to go!

IN THE EXECUTION CHAMBER

Samuel walks up to the mirror with the shiv, GOUGES A CIRCLE ON THE PLEXIGLAS. Guards bang on the locked door behind him. Samuel suddenly PUNCHES THROUGH THE MIRROR!

Full panic now.

Cayman lets himself get pulled with the fleeing spectators - even the LA Times Journalist abandons his laptop.

IN THE CORRIDORS

Kay strides through with Guard Jeremy who's on his radio:

GUARD JEREMY  
-more people into the execution  
wing as soon as you can, something  
might happen-

Panicked spectators stream past in the opposite direction. A surprised Jeremy lowers his radio. How did Kay know? Viewing Chamber Guard sees them approaching.

VIEWING CHAMBER GUARD  
You can't go back there - We're  
evacuating everyone -

KAY  
Where is he? Samuel? He still in  
the room?

Before he can respond, she spots across the corridor-

- Cayman getting hustled away via his aides and two guards. They're cutting through an ADJACENT WING. She knows where Samuel will go.

She moves to push through but Guard clamps her arm- hard-

VIEWING CHAMBER GUARD  
Doctor, we can't let anyone through  
- I'm sorry -

But she looks from Viewing Chamber Guard to Guard Jeremy, realizes there's no arguing to be done, and wrenches her arm away - rushes into the chaos-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VIEWING CHAMBER GUARD (CONT'D)  
Shit. Go after her.

Guard Jeremy moves after Kay.

Around them - Guards attempt to control the stampede.

If someone doesn't stop Samuel, it will be pandemonium.

EXT. SAN QUENTIN VILLAGE - SAME

Media outside seems to have gotten wind of it, because-

KTLA REPORTER  
(into her camera)  
-fielding reports of an injury in  
the execution chamber, where, as we  
were reporting earlier convicted  
bomber and cult leader Samuel  
Desmet was set to be put to death-

KABC REPORTER  
-as you know, cameras are not  
allowed inside the execution but we  
are hearing reports of a panic  
inside the prison-

KCAL 9 REPORTER  
-emails that Governor Cayman  
himself attended the execution and  
is currently still inside-

INT. EXECUTION WING CORRIDORS - SAME

With Samuel - marching through as KLAXONS BLARE and emergency  
lights twirl. The red flares give the entire ward a bloody  
crimson tint. Through the barred windows: faint HOWL OF  
POLICE SIRENS, winking lights of a DISTANT HELICOPTER.

On Samuel's face: single-minded focus.

Suddenly Kay rounds the corner and blocks his path.

SAMUEL  
Please move out of the way Kay. You  
know the enormity of what's at  
stake.

She stands her ground. He gently pushes through, but she  
follows in-step, panicked-

KAY  
What are you gonna do Samuel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMUEL

-You know what I'm gonna do. I thought he'd come and he came. Like I told you, I sacrificed a pawn and lured him in.

Suddenly Guard Jeremy ROUNDS THE CORNER WITH HIS GUN!

SAMUEL SHOVES HER OUT OF THE WAY, SIDESTEPS LEFT JUST BEFORE- BAM. A BULLET HOLE EXPLODES BESIDE SAMUEL'S HEAD! HE SIDESTEPS TO THE RIGHT A MERE SECOND BEFORE- A SECOND HOLE EXPLODES WHERE HE WAS STANDING JUST MOMENTS EARLIER!

Two quick strides forward and he disarms Jeremy- Smashes his palm to his throat- leaves the young man curled on the floor heaving for air.

ON KAY

Slack-jawed- **How did he do that?**

As Samuel leaves her behind-

KAY

Samuel...

He stops and turns; she has trouble getting the words out:

KAY (CONT'D)

Has this...happened before?

SAMUEL

(nods)

But Cayman wasn't here last time, and I didn't get very far. I was actually killed right around here. By your good friend Nolan. Get down.

And- We're now with Nolan, barreling around the corner with his REVOLVER ready to fire.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

(she doesn't move)

I said get down Kay, please.

She's too confused/alarmed to do anything but follow orders, as he trains his gun on an empty spot on the wall, waits a moment and FIRES-

- Just before Nolan rounds the corner and a HOLE EXPLODES IN HIS LEG. His revolver clatters to the floor and he crumples clutching his leg/screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ON KAY, terrified for a hundred different reasons.

Samuel disappears down the hall. On Cayman's heels. She scrambles up to follow but-

NOLAN

Doctor.

She look back at the injured Nolan who struggles to sit up. Pushes his revolver across the floor.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

You need to take him out. He trusts you.

Beat. Kay looks from the gun to Nolan, snatches the gun and follows Samuel.

I/E. GENERAL HOUSING BLOCK (GHB) - NIGHT

Inmates bang on their bars/cheer the chaos.

But even they fall silent at the sight of-

The governor of California and his aides being led through the catwalks by two prison guards.

They howl and scream! Guards beat arms back with batons.

CUT TO:

SAMUEL, MARCHING PAST EMERGENCY LIGHTS/BLARING KLAXONS-

He cracks the gun barrel, counts the bullets (there's six left)- Breaches the tiered honeycomb of cells that makes up the General Housing Block; he spots Cayman and his entourage-

ONE LEVEL BELOW HIM.

They're being led down the catwalk by the guards toward the-  
INGRESSION UNIT.

Much like Receiving, Ingression is comprised of TWO REMOTELY CONTROLLED METAL DOORS. They separate the GHB from the outside world. When Cayman breaches the IU, he'll be free.

Samuel sucks a breath- *first time we've seen him unsure of anything*- He drapes a leg over a railing, then the other...  
**He's going to let himself fall.**

KAY (O.S.)

Samuel please-!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances back to see-

Kay pushing through the chainlink doors, Nolan's GUN trained on him. Her hands tremble.

KAY (CONT'D)  
You have to stop.

SAMUEL  
You should turn and walk away. I've never gotten this far before. I don't know what's going to happen next and can't guarantee your safety.

She doesn't lower the gun.

KAY  
I'm sorry. I can't let you go on.

He looks hurt and surprised by her lack of belief.

SAMUEL  
...Do you know the death and suffering that happened after he becomes president? The world doesn't die immediately, it takes months, as people slowly die of starvation and radiation. Families turn on each other. Brother against brother, father against son. It is the darkest time in the history of the planet and this time around it might be everyone-!

HE LETS HIMSELF PLUMMET!

Kay gasps and sprints to the edge of the railing to see-

ONE LEVEL BELOW HER

Samuel gripped onto the catwalk railing; with a grunt he pulls himself over and continues after the governor.

Inmates let out a GIANT CHEER across all four levels of the GHB, which makes-

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

look over, and react at the sight of Samuel on the catwalk. Closing in. Genuine fear flashes in the governor's eyes-

As a guard suddenly steps past him and FIRES AT SAMUEL-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

-Who ducks down as SPARKS of gunfire dance around the catwalk. Even the inmates briefly fall silent.

PRISON GUARD 2

Don't- you'll hit the cells-

And he's right- So the guard stops firing and rushes Cayman and the aides toward the first door of the Ingression Unit. Mere yards away from freedom now.

ON THE THIRD LEVEL

Kay has found a small service LADDER and slowly/carefully climbs down - a long but necessary detour through the

SECOND LEVEL

Where Governor/aides/guards finally reach the Ingression door-

BAM-BAM-BAM. Bullets ricochet around the first door! REVEAL Samuel marching forward, out of cover, EMPTYING HIS GUN!

Guard 1 FIRES BACK BUT- HE SCREAMS, clutching his leg! BAM. Guard 2 screams and holds a bloody shoulder!

He kicks Guard 1's gun away - plucks up Guard 2's revolver; checks the barrel of the gun. Six more bullets to do the job.

CAYMAN AND HIS AIDES

LOCK THE FIRST MAGNETIC DOOR behind them as Samuel breaches the unit, firing at the Plexiglas door.

He's only separated from Cayman by the bullet-proof magnetic door. For a moment, the two men stare at each other. Pure hate tempered through countless years of warfare.

SAMUEL

Check.

The aides work frantically on UNLOCKING THE SECOND DOOR as FIREMEN AND POLICE chop away at it from the outside. Whoever gets through first will win.

CUT TO:

KAY

Inching down the catwalk. She can hear the commotion in the IU. She's terrified but still whitekuckling Nolan's gun when-

A HAND GRABS HER LEG and she SHRIEKS-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

But it's one of the injured guards. Worming on the floor.

PRISON GUARD  
You have to keep the doors locked.  
(off her look)  
Here.

He hands her

HIS MAGNETIC KEY CARD

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)  
There's a control box - room next  
door - wave that through-

She sees what he means, spots in an adjacent room the

CONTROL BOX

With the flashing red LED light that controls the doors' magnetic locks.

SAMUEL

Firing/kicking at the door, has managed to SPIDERWEB the Plexiglas. He catches sight of the control box in the next room, and a thought seems to cross his head as he spins to

KAY

Standing behind him holding the keycard.

Frozen.

His eyes fall on the keycard.

Each knows what the other is thinking.

Suddenly Kay BOLTS INTO THE ROOM WITH THE CONTROL BOX AND LOCKS HERSELF IN!

The firemen, meanwhile, almost have the second door open. They continue to chop at it with axes and a BATTERING RAM.

SAMUEL  
Kay...you need to open this door.

She shakes her head, tears in her eyes -

KAY  
I can't. You need to give yourself up. There's no way out. Please, just put the gun down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAMUEL

I'm not doing this for me! I'm  
doing it for you and for the rest  
of the world!

The police and firemen are mere minutes from breaking through  
the second door and freeing Cayman.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You need to open the door, now!  
If you don't...billions of people  
will die. I've seen it and it's  
worse than anything mankind has  
ever experienced. For once I need  
you to believe! For once I need you  
to open your eyes!

ON KAY

Staring at the keycard, at the Control Box flashing red -  
Looks up at the firemen, TEARING A HOLE THROUGH THE  
PLEXIGLAS, now climbing in - She catches Cayman's eye,  
staring at her - Arms reaching to pull him to safety -

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

YOU NEED TO DO IT NOW-!

**Kay swipes the key card across the Control Box.**

The red light flashes GREEN - magnetic locks disengage-

**Samuel is let through, before rescuers can pull Cayman away-**

IN SLOW-MO...he enters the space with the trapped governor,  
ALL SOUND FADES AWAY as Samuel lifts the revolver...

ON CAYMAN'S EYES- We expect fear, but it's strangely absent.

GOVERNOR CAYMAN

(sotto)  
...Checkmate.

Suddenly Samuel's body is pierced with bullets from several  
angles! His prison jumpsuit turns to bloody shreds as he's  
torn through with gunfire from various unseen sources!

AND SOUND RUSHES BACK IN as Kay lets out an involuntary  
scream, eyes the size of saucers as she watches Samuel's  
lifeless body SLAP THE FLOOR in front of Cayman.

And now- Rescuers YANK CAYMAN AND HIS AIDES OUT and the room  
explodes into a cacophony of screams/orders/shouts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CAYMAN

manages to look over and meets eyes with Kay as he's swallowed up by the tentacle of arms.

ON KAY

Left alone, taking it all in:

Samuel's corpse, face-down in an expanding pool of blood.

The paramedics rushing into the help the injured guards.

The terrified Governor's Aides, *throwing her accusing looks as they talk to police*. In fact, she's getting many looks.

BLACK

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

She let him through. We have reports from several witnesses that she pushed the key to let the escaped inmate into the Ingression Unit.

FADE IN ON

KAY

Slumped on a chair, we're not quite sure where...

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

All of them are willing to testify.

SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL... She's in Nolan's office. Her hand is cuffed to the chair.

She lifts her beleaguered gaze up to Nolan's frosted office window. HER POV- Of various people outside including Nolan, the mayor and the CHIEF OF POLICE conferring on her fate. QUICK CUTS OF LIPS MOVING (WE HEAR ONLY SNIPPETS IN V.O.)

CHIEF OF POLICE (O.S.)

...boyfriend is outside. We just spoke to him. He said they just broke up two days ago...

NOLAN (O.S.)

...might have been having other personal problems... I'm not really the one to ask...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MAYOR (O.S.)  
... you worked together for almost  
a week...we need to know everything  
you saw from when she started, via  
an affidavit preferably...

We hear the word "distracted" somewhere in there.

ON KAY. Staring into nothing.

NOLAN (O.S.)  
...how did he know to have  
snipers...

And now- Her head cocks up. She strains to read the Chief of  
Police's MOVING LIPS- But catches only:

CHIEF OF POLICE (O.S.)  
...precautionary safety measures...

And another officer, adding:

A POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)  
...glad he did, aren't we...

Her gaze falls to the floor again, her soul defeated.

CHIEF OF POLICE (O.S.)  
Is he pressing charges?

MAYOR (O.S.)  
No. He's being a good guy about it.  
Too good if you ask me.

CHIEF OF POLICE (O.S.)  
I'm sure the press wouldn't be  
great for it. He's running for  
Senate next year ain't he? I just  
read about it on some website.

BLACK.

NOLAN (O.S.)  
Look. I know what happened. Samuel  
Desmet had done this before. He was  
a conniving sonofabitch who could  
get in peoples' heads and turn them  
in some inexplicable way.  
(then)  
He got to her. It's as sad but as  
simple as that. He simply got to  
her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Long beat.

POLICE CHIEF (O.S.)  
 Don't matter. Either way...she's  
 losing her license and the prison  
 is filing a litany of endangerment  
 charges. ... One way or another,  
 poor girl's life is over.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CENTRAL CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S FACILITY - 22 YEARS LATER

CLOSE ON prison-issue Velcro tennis shoes. PAN UP the orange  
 jumpsuit to- Kay, 20 years older. Streaks of gray. Still  
 attractive. Hauling a dented metal lunch tray to the

MESS HALL

Takes a seat beside two other female inmates. Exchange  
 pleasantries.

A NEW ANCHOR'S VOICE (O.S.) draws her attention to THE  
 TELEVISION SET hanging in the corner.

She rises, approaches...

ON THE TV

A KTLA ANCHOR reports on:

KTLA ANCHOR (TV)  
 ...spoke with several of the  
 protesters gathered outside the  
 former missile range, which US  
 Naval Forces announced will also be  
 used to house two nuclear  
 submarines.

ON KAY

Silent.

KTLA ANCHOR (TV) (CONT'D)  
 Not only do the island's longtime  
 residents, but ecologists who've  
 kept a close eye on the fragile  
 ecosystem of Kauai all fear that  
 the subs, if used for testing-

A FEMALE GUARD moves past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE GUARD  
Margolis.

Kay turns, expecting the guard to tell her to get away from the TV. Instead:

FEMALE GUARD (CONT'D)  
Your public defender's here.

KAY  
I don't have an appointment.

FEMALE GUARD  
Well what can I say, he's here.

KAY  
I haven't talked to him in years.

FEMALE GUARD  
It's a new guy. Young. Cute, too.  
Should I have him leave?

VISITATION BOOTH - LATER

Kay takes a seat across from-

ADAM MBADINUJU (21), Nigerian, baby-faced.

She picks up the phone, takes her new public defender in skeptically behind the Plexiglas. He's a kid in a suit.

KAY  
No one told me I had an appointment.

ADAM  
My name is Adam Mbadinuju. I'm your new lawyer.

KAY  
How old are you Adam?

ADAM  
Twenty-one. I graduated early.

KAY  
Oh-kay. Goodbye Adam-

Kay moves to hang up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM

I filed a new appeal with the  
Parole Board yesterday. This one  
will go through.

KAY

(sigh)  
Don't bother.

She rises to leave.

ADAM

You should hear me out. You ever  
wondered why-

KAY

-No. And I doubt I ever will-

KAY (CONT'D)

-No matter what it is you're  
gonna say.

ADAM

You haven't listened to what  
it is.

KAY (CONT'D)

Look. Adam, right? I've been in  
here for twenty-two years, longer  
than you've been alive-

ADAM

There's a reason for that.

KAY

Yes. Because I let myself get  
duped by a madman, and I've paid  
for it with my life. I'm now due to  
get out in three more years. With  
all due respect, all the State's  
appeals and motions and attempts at  
dismissals haven't made a lick of  
difference in two decades, so  
please- feel free to let it go-

ADAM

Maybe it was necessary positioning.

Kay goes stiff at those words.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're safer in jail.

KAY

...What did you say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADAM

You're safer behind bars Kay. He would've had to kill you if you were on the outside telling the world your story. You sacrificed twenty years but it saved your life, and now it's time to strike.

The color has drained from her face as she listens.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You ever wonder why I didn't just say I was guilty from the start? If the execution needed to go through from the start for me to get out. Why say all those things...And not just save myself the trouble and let myself die?

ON Adam- staring intently through the bulletproof glass.

ON Kay- gone completely silent. Doesn't breathe.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Because when today came I wouldn't have time to convince you from the start. I needed you to believe right away. We don't have three years. Next month, it'll all be over. I need to get you out now.

FADE OUT.