

HEAD GAMES

By

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CAA/Grandview

Title: Several years from now.

A black void.

A wispy thread of pinkish grey bleeds into view.

It drifts along like a languid squid.

An abstract shape. Elegant and beautiful.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Greysteel.

INT. OLD BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

We're in the POV of a young boy.

He's huddled with a group of people hiding underneath a table on the second floor office of a BLASTED OUT bookstore.

Small fires are scattered across the room.

The boy's older brother holds him tightly. He trembles, his whimper growing louder by the second.

His brother wraps a scarf around his brother's face.

OLDER BROTHER
Shh. Shhhh.

Sporadic gunshots echo. In the hallway outside the room, we see an old woman run by.

We hear her descend a stairwell. Then she SCREAMS. BLAM.

The group freezes, petrified. The boy continues to whimper. A man turns to the brother, whispering in a deep Irish accent.

IRISH MAN
Shut him up, eh?

OLDER BROTHER
Trying. I don't wanna smother him.

Whomever shot the woman walks slowly up the stairs.

IRISH MAN
Silence him. Or I will.

Creak. Creeeeeak. The footsteps draw nearer.

The boy's whimper haven't softened. His brother reaches for a splintered plank of wood, the end of which is on fire.

OLDER BROTHER
(whispers)
Hush. Okay?

The boy tries, but can't stop. The brother holds the fire closer to his skin so he can feel the heat.

The sweat on his arm begins to evaporate.

Creeeak. Creeeeeak. Creeeeeeeeeak.

The boy holds his breath. His brother lowers the plank.

The gunman enters the room. The group of terrified people shudder in silence.

The boy looks at a shattered mirror with a single shard still in place, which reflects the legs of the gunman.

The gunman takes a few steps, then the boy sees his eyes through a ski mask in the mirror shard.

The man raises his rifle, moving around the desk.

The boy SCREAMS. His brother SNATCHES up the fiery plank and SHOVES it into the gunman's eyes.

The gunman SCREAMS and SHOOTS his brother in the stomach.

Wounded, the brother takes the gun, aims it at the gunman's head and RIGHT as he pulls the trigger:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Greysteel.

SNAP TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

Only a faint glimmer of morning light illuminates the endless mist of the Peloponnesian Sea.

We're CLOSE on the face of a man in his 20s.

He's at the helm of a classical wooden Riva boat.

He kills the motor. The gray sieve of mist surrounds us.

He leans over, picks something up and stands.

A gasoline canister. He pours it all over, soaking the boat's interior.

He returns to the steering wheel, strikes a match, the flame whips against the air in a heavy FLUTTER.

He throws the match. Fire rapidly spreads.

He stands, calmly awaiting his death by immolation.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAWN

Somebody watches from a cliff.

Wearing a green plaid peacoat with a small hole in its back.

They watch until smoke billows upward into the misty morning.

Then they leave. We stay with the smoke as it moves skyward.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Smoke. We move down to a skillet atop a fiery stove.

A hand grinds pepper onto a simmering slab of pork.

We pull back to see JACOB DALTON (late 20s), good looking and intelligent, a combination that fuels a latent cockiness.

He opens a small book and sticks a thermometer in the pork.

The book advises that it's ready at '145' degrees Fahrenheit.

Jacob looks at the thermometer. It's in celsius: 59.4. His brow furrows as he figures it out in his head.

COOK

(In Greek, subtitled)

Hey. Did Castor give you permission to cook meat in his skillet?

JACOB

Yeah, he uh--Náí. To ékane.

COOK

(Óchi den to ékane)

No he didn't.

JACOB

(Arkeí na to kathárisa...)

As long as I cleaned it with boiled water and a coarse kosher salt.

The cook stares. Then shrugs, scratches his beard and leaves.

Jacob looks at the thermometer: 66.1. He squints his eyes, figuring it out, then his eyes widen. Too hot.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Fuck.

And he WHIPS the skillet over to a cold burner.

JACOB (V.O.)
I lied.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

We're in a closeup of a nearly finished pork souvlaki.

A man with a trimmed beard, verging on scruffy, sits at a table in a lush outdoor Greek cafe.

His hair is slicked back with a few unruly strands. An untucked ascot rests against a tanned chest with a small scar beneath an open shirt.

This is GRAHAM CALDWELL (60s), brilliant and charismatic. He carries himself with an easy calm that belies his intense, driven gaze.

Jacob stands at the table as Graham looks up at him.

GRAHAM
You lied?

JACOB
About this being today's special. The chef didn't make it. I did.

GRAHAM
From my family recipe. Which I never gave you.

JACOB
You mentioned some ingredients and I reverse-engineered it from there.

GRAHAM
I'd say you improved upon it. As we do with our fondest memories.

JACOB
I'm just glad I didn't ruin it.

Graham strikes a match and lights his PIPE.

GRAHAM
Well, it was a tad overcooked, but nothing egregious. So. You've been working here for two months and you're already deceiving the patrons.

JACOB

Oh, I've been doing that since day one when I said I liked your ascot. This was meant to be a surprise.

GRAHAM

A very pleasant one at that. And I knew the compliment was a lie, but at least you're sensible enough to pretend you have good taste in fashion. I wonder if you'd entertain a deliberate request.

JACOB

Uh, sure, of course.

GRAHAM

Tomorrow, if you have the time, I'd like a Mushroom Wellington. My wife used to make it before she died. It has, let's see, a base of portobello, cremini, shiitake, and oyster mushrooms. And shallots and garlic cloves, both finely chopped, mixed with brie and buttered onions. Unsalted. And two tablespoons of fresh rosemary, I believe. All the rest, I'm sure, you can glean. Prepared improperly, it can be quite ghastly, but if you've got the goods, the dish will send me so deep into my past that I can practically feel my wife's hand upon my back, which will no longer ache because I will once again be a young man.

JACOB

You want me to cook something so good it makes you think I've resurrected your late wife?

GRAHAM

Yes.

JACOB

I typically only use the one tablespoon of rosemary, but I guess I can make an exception.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

'Let the Funk Flow' by EPMD plays.

We gaze in at the rising fire of a wood-burning oven.

Jacob takes a finely made Mushroom Wellington out of an oven.

The song plays from his old Yellow Walkmen in his pocket.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Jacob places the Wellington at Graham's table, who cuts into the Wellington and takes a bite.

JACOB

And?

GRAHAM

Good. Very good. Very good.

JACOB

Do you feel her hand on your back?

GRAHAM

It was a tall order, perhaps too tall,
but this is nonetheless divine.

JACOB

Well, enjoy it, my friend, because it's
something of a last meal.

GRAHAM

They haven't banned you from the kitchen,
have they?

JACOB

I've been offered a sous-chef position in
Arachova.

Graham takes another bite, then looks at Jacob closely.

GRAHAM

Tell me what you know about me.

JACOB

Aside from our conversations?

GRAHAM

Yes.

JACOB

Uh, I know you're a big deal in
technology. Neuro, uh--

GRAHAM

Neuroprosthetics.

JACOB

Yeah. That's about it. Maybe I should
have done some homework.

GRAHAM

I'm glad you didn't. I'd like you to turn down the offer from Arachova and come be my personal chef.

JACOB

Oh. Well, as flattered as I am, I didn't drop out of engineering school and study at Apicius to work as some rich guy's kitchen maid.

GRAHAM

I am not some rich guy. I can do many things for you. Many things.

JACOB

I'd have to think about it.

GRAHAM

I enjoy your food and your company. And I'll double their offer.

JACOB

Guess I'm done thinking about it.

GRAHAM

Lovely. Come by the house on Monday.

Graham lays out some euros and strolls off.

We go close on Jacob as he watches him.

CUT TO:

Title over black: Head Games.

BLACK VOID

We're back in a CLOSEUP of the pinkish grey faceless squid.

We PULL out to see a dozen others, clasped together.

An organic nebula of cosmic dust.

JACOB (V.O.)

Dear Niles.

An electrical FLASH sparks through the network of squids.

EXT. ACROCORINTH - DAY

We move along the rocky ruins of an old castle on a hill.

Jacob rides his motorcycle up a path of dirty cobblestone.

He comes to a wall with an arched design at its base. He peers around the corner to make sure nobody else is there.

He takes out his Walkmen and puts in his headphones, speaking into the mic.

JACOB

I told you I could get into your father's home if you gave me two things: Time and patience. It brings me great pleasure to inform you of the return on your investment. More to come. Much more.

He removes a loose stone in the wall. Inside is a case disguised as a rock. He opens it and puts the tape inside.

Title over black: Two months ago, a meeting.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE - DAY

Jacob is escorted into a corner office by a secretary.

NILES (40s), son of Graham and CEO of Caldwell Limited, stands in front of his desk and shakes hands with Jacob.

An ornately framed picture with him and the board of directors hangs behind his desk.

NILES

Care for some coffee, Mr. Dalton?

JACOB

Well, if you're going to have some, I wouldn't mind. Thanks.

Niles nods to his secretary and takes a seat.

NILES

Michael spoke very highly of your last endeavor. He said you, uh, infiltrated the inside circle of a military general in a third world country.

JACOB

A developing nation, yeah.

NILES

And then you gave him the idea to accept money and guns to lead a coup and overthrow the president if he agreed to drop the tariffs on cadmium exports. All without him finding out you were working for Parsons?

JACOB

That changed when my handler botched the exit plan, but everything was well on its way by then.

NILES

There's no room for botching here. You read the report?

JACOB

I did. Your father's conducting a memory retention study, blindfolded test subjects, very hush hush. Sounds like my bread and butter.

NILES

I hope so. The last guy we sent out failed to give us anything of use. Cognitech, uh, our--

JACOB

Your main competitors. I'm familiar.

NILES

They offered a handsome bribe to his right-hand woman, uh, Andrea's her name, but she told 'em to fuck off.

Jacob leans forward and hands a manila folder to Niles.

JACOB

There's an old saying in the trade, 'don't buy when you can spy.'

Niles reads through the pages of his proposal.

NILES

I know the salary of your whole department. We're certainly buying something. And aren't you supposed to call it an investigation?

JACOB

We can call it whatever you want.

Niles looks up at Jacob, pauses, then back down to the pages.

NILES

Investigation's fine. Y-You want to impersonate a waiter?

JACOB

Pastel's the only place he's regularly seen in public. It's our way in.

NILES
Lots of 'ifs' here. And you can cook that well, can you?

INT. JACOB'S NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

We're in a kitchen. A laptop plays a video of world class chef Joël Robuchon. Jacob speaks along with Robuchon.

He consults an open cooking book, among several stacks.

With a TURN of the page, he's making seared scallops.

PAGE TURN: He learns Lemony Mussels with Cherry Tomatoes.

PAGE TURN: We pull away from the stack of books, now weathered, dog-eared and littered with Post-Its.

Jacob's now watching a video of another chef stylistically flipping knives around. Jacob tosses the knife up and catches its BLADE and SLICES his finger open. He YELPS.

FLIP. Drop. Clatter. FLIP. Drop. Clatter. FLIP. Slice. Yelp.

PAGE TURN: Jacob stares at the chef's hands in the book. They're blistered, scarred and burnt.

Jacob looks his hands, he's got the cuts, but no burns.

He looks down at the burners and sighs. He PRESSES his thumb against the hot coil, GRUNTING in pain. He BURNS his palm.

PAGE TURN: An exquisite Chicken Tagine rests on his counter.

Jacob MASTERFULLY flips the knives around.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE - DAY

JACOB
Cooking is a second language to me.

NILES
(finishes the report)
Hm. Whole thing's kind of wonky, but given your pedigree, it's worth a shot.

JACOB
I'm not the kind of operative who collects data and pads his reports while running up billable hours. It may take months before I get into the house, but I will get in. Do you have the patience for that kind of thing?

NILES

Months, huh? Jesus. So what happens if you do get inside?

JACOB

If he's in the final stages of developing technology capable of retaining human memory, there's basically two options. Caldwell Limited can claim it as its own intellectual property through a series of legal, and if necessary, legislative battles that would span years, cost millions, destroy lives and careers but still, ultimately, be in the best interest of the company.

(beat)

Or I can just steal it.

NILES

Since secrecy is in your job description, I will be, uh, indecorous. We're the industry leaders in neuroprosthetics, but Cognitech is on track to surpass us in fewer than twenty-four months. And the board will throw me out just as they did to my father.

JACOB

Which they did at your direction.

NILES

...Yes. In order for us to remain on top, I need a magic bullet.

JACOB

Option number two, then.

Niles' mouth curves into a small grin. Then it fades.

EXT. GREEK COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Graham strolls along a dirt path along a lush hillside.

He takes the sights in, no matter how familiar.

He stops to observe some a small patch of purple bulbous herbs, muscari commutatum. He gently feels the stem, then his gaze moves to a small goat staring up at him.

Several meters up, a farmer herds his goats across the road.

NILES (V.O.)
 You need to know something, though,
 Jacob. About my father. Graham Caldwell
 is a brilliant man.

The stray goat stares at Graham for a moment longer, then takes a step to move further from his herd.

Graham gently clears his throat and keeps his eyes on the goat. The goat stops and looks at him again.

NILES (V.O.)
 He's helped millions of people, he developed the auditory brain implant and engineered a revolution in neuroprosthetics that many, including the Nobel committee, consider to be miraculous, but these accomplishments are incidental to his true genius.

Graham doesn't move. The goat gives a gentle huff and returns to join the others.

The farmer recognizes Graham and they wave to each other.

INT. NILES' OFFICE - DAY

NILES
 He can get under the skin and into the mind of anyone. Every interaction is a game he's hellbent on winning. And take it from me, the only way to win his game is not to play.

JACOB
 That general in the country I was in? His specialty was psychological torture. The C.I.A. is recreating his methods for their own purposes. Purposes neither of us will read about until the next time a few contraband terabytes leak to a journalist with a death wish. And I had the man wrapped around my finger.

Niles scans him. Then he leans back in a stretch, grimacing.

NILES
 Speaking of journalists with a death wish, I should probably bring something up. As a matter of, I don't know, disclosure. We sent a guy in, an Irish fella we had posing as a reporter working on a profile of Graham.

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)
He spent some time with him, but none of
it amounted to any useful intel.

JACOB
And what's the issue?

NILES
A few weeks later, he killed himself. In
a rather gruesome fashion.

Jacob sits with this for a moment. Then he looks at Niles.

JACOB
So?

EXT. GREEK FOREST - SUNSET

We pan past endless trees backed by ocean.

And a small stone bridge that slopes across a stream.

We hear birds chirp and living things crunch leaves.

The bridge goes to a brushy, outstretched field, which parts
the forest into a landing.

It opens to a row of hedges atop a rustic, sturdy wall.

And we hear something gently break the current of the air.

We can't hear the living things of the forest anymore.

Something else comes into focus: A thin, twenty-foot black
TOWER with a small radio dish at its peak.

Vines have grown around it and though the modest structure is
crafted with taste, it clashes with the surrounding nature.

It emits a BASSY HUM, which rises as we PUSH in closer.

It reverberates beneath the soil, muted by a frequency with
its own gravitational pull.

It isn't loud, but HEAVY. Like the earth is humming.

Then Graham walks into frame. He crosses the bridge. And as
he approaches, the disquieting hum lowers.

The radio dish lowers into a compartment within the tower.
Like a beast yielding to an apex predator.

Graham moves in a calculated stroll toward the gate.

We hear the birds again as it opens for Graham.

And he walks up a marble driveway curving into his estate.
The gate unsheathes itself from the wall, closing silently.
Once it shuts, the forest stops and the HUMMING returns.
Title over black: **Caldwell Estate.**

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

And it's interrupted by the steady, hard beat of 'Dreaming'
by The National.

We're in the same place in the morning. The dish above the
black tower is not visible.

Jacob rides his crackling old bike across the bridge.

He wears noise canceling headphones. The ground could be
vibrating and Jacob wouldn't feel it on his bike.

He looks over and sees the large tower, dish lowered, he
observes it for a moment as he passes.

He spots a DARK FIGURE standing near a tree in the landing.

Jacob's brake kick up gravel as he kills the engine and spins
to a swift stop.

He walks out to the field, then he sees it's only a statue.

It's the bearded Hades holding a two pronged bident and
standing with the three-headed Cerberus.

He walks closer to observe it. Then he turns around and sees,
on the other side of the bridge, a statue of ZEUS.

A white van drives over the bridge. Jacob looks back. The
gate draws open. And he sees a woman walk out.

She's narrow, gaunt with sharp eyes and a tight bun. She
wears a gray pantsuit over a green sweater.

This is ANDREA (Awn-Dray-Uh) MAHLER (50s), blithe, wry,
Graham's right hand woman, lab partner, keeper of secrets.

A group of eight men and women are helped by the driver out
of the van, all of whom wear BLINDFOLDS.

The driver lines them up, instructing them to hold onto a
nylon rope. The driver hands it to Andrea.

ANDREA
Good morning, everyone.

They're about to walk inside.

Then Andrea stops and sees Jacob standing in the foliage.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Jacob Dalton.

JACOB
Uh. ...Present.

She turns and leads the blindfolded group in. Jacob walks to the gate, but it begins CLOSING as soon as the group crosses.

Jacob quickens his pace up a bit as the doors slide. He sneaks through with about THREE FEET to spare.

Andrea supervises the group as they climb the hill.

ANDREA
(turns back to Jacob)
Why are you in Greece?

JACOB
(still catching up)
I worked at Pastel til Friday.
(she stares)
I came to Greece for the food. And 'cause
of the Hercules movie.

ANDREA
The one with that large Austrian man?

JACOB
No, the cartoon.

ANDREA
And before that?

JACOB
Florence. For food school. Who are they?

ANDREA
Where were you before Florence?

JACOB
America. ...Oklahoma.

ANDREA
Where in Oklahoma?

JACOB
Does it matter? ...I'm from Tulsa.

ANDREA

And why are you here?

JACOB

To work for Graham. At his request.

ANDREA

I'd like you to know something, Jacob. The warmth of Graham's attention burns bright, but fast. However long you amuse him is of no mind to me, but it is my task to scrutinize your conduct so he may focus on his work. I am not trusting. I am not lenient. If you you'd like so much as a fig from a tree, then you must get my permission.

JACOB

Okay, this isn't a boarding school. It's a job. And by the way, I already had one lined up. The only reason I agreed to come here in the first place is because Graham doubled their offer. Insistently.

(she says nothing)

And if I want a fig, I'll have a fig.

ANDREA

Very well.

Andrea drops the rope, the people stop walking, confused. She goes to a tree, takes a fig and hands it to Jacob.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Eat.

He looks at her, takes a bite, winces and spits it out.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

They've been going rotten.

Andrea smirks and walks on. After a delay, Jacob follows her up and around a corner.

The light of the sun spills over, providing a gold frame to a grand, classical mansion, covered in vines.

Six pillars line a central, two-story atrium.

Two wings sprawl from each side, forming a large U-structure.

A deck wraps around the roof, comprised of curved tiles.

A statue of DIONYSUS stands in a fountain at the base of the stairs leading to the entrance.

Jacob takes in the sight of the place, all at the crest of a private hilltop, stretching on for acres in all directions.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - MORNING

Andrea leads Jacob in through the atrium.

Jacob sees a LARGE canvas on one of its walls. There's a rough, half-finished painting of a section of the brain and the various neural connections around it.

JACOB

What's this?

ANDREA

I believe that's the amygdala. Now, to your right is the south wing of the house. There you'll find the kitchen and the dining room table. You will cook the food and serve the wine. The one thing for which your services are not needed is Graham's tea. I make it myself with a blend of medicinal herbs from the garden.

JACOB

And this must be the north wing.

ANDREA

Which is of no concern to you. Neither of which is the library, Graham's room or mine, for that matter.

JACOB

I wouldn't worry.

The north wing is partitioned by a giant glass wall with a pair of fortified steel doors.

In the room's center is an exotic, colorful garden beneath a retractable roof, around which hummingbirds buzz freely.

The windows are enormous, stretching to the ceiling.

In the garden is a white statue of a man. Not a god, just a plain, featureless man.

ANDREA

A moment, please, everyone, as I show the cook to his quarters.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - MORNING

Andrea leads Jacob up a spiraling staircase to his modest but smartly decorated room, with a glorious view of the ocean.

ANDREA

This door is to remain open while the sun is up.

Without delay, Jacob walks over and closes it. As it SHUTS, 'Sever' by the band Karate starts up.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY

The fire of a burner starts up. Sauce spills into a pan.

CLOSE on Jacob's Yellow Walkman, song playing, he FLIPS his knives around and nods his head, slicing up some salmon.

He prepares eggs Florentine in an enormous kitchen with a large island in its middle.

As he sizzles eggs, we CROSCUT to:

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - DAY

The song is INTERRUPTED as a blindfolded man slides into the tube of an MRI machine. The crosshair of a pale blue laser is projected onto his face.

He makes no expression as we hear a RISING hum from the machine. It grows louder. Then the man GASPS.

We PUSH in close to his face. His lips curve into a smile, then a toothy grin. Then he starts laughing.

BLINDFOLDED MAN

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God!

It's surreal, almost unsettling.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob whips up Béarnaise sauce from scratch. As we INTERCUT, the upbeat song is continuously interrupted by the clinical silence of the lab.

GRAHAM'S LAB: A blindfolded woman slides into the MRI. A few tears slide down her face and she covers her mouth.

KITCHEN: Jacob slices spinach and lays it on the Florentine.

GRAHAM'S LAB: The blindfolded woman begins to tremble.

BLINDFOLDED WOMAN

Na stamatísei. Na stamatísei.

IN THE KITCHEN, Jacob slides his salmon into the oven.

Then he hears a blood-curdling SCREAM.

He jolts and walks out to see the blindfolded woman ambling in a state of panic, held up by Andrea.

BLINDFOLDED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Ton eída. Eída ton Aléxandró mou.
Aléxandros! Aléxandros!

ANDREA
You'll be all right. Let's get some fresh air.

Jacob watches as Andrea leads her out the front door.

He stares curiously for a moment before returning to the kitchen. He settles back into cooking, when--

ANDREA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
When you're finished, Graham will receive you on the veranda.

Jacob SPINS around, startled, and instinctively GRABS a knife. Then he sees Andrea and stops himself.

JACOB
What was wrong with that woman?

Andrea stares, dull-eyed. Then she goes.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - DAY

Jacob steps out with a tray with two Florentine dishes on it.

He's surprised to see that the veranda is a hundred meters away, on the other end of an outstretched stone-bound esplanade and reflecting pool, lined with Greek statues.

He walks along the vast esplanade, smaller than an ant.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Graham lies on a marble platform beneath a leafy pergola, overlooking a magnificent view of a manmade pond, which leads into a rocky ledge descending into the ocean.

He extends his leg and presses his body against the hard surface, revealing an impressive physique for a man his age.

Jacob lowers the lemon chicken onto a small table beside him.

GRAHAM
Thank you, Jacob. Forgive me, I'm just doing some morning body work.

JACOB
No problem.

GRAHAM
This is this all very strange. That's what you're thinking.

JACOB
I've seen stranger. Can I ask you something?

GRAHAM
If I can ask you one in return.

JACOB
Fair enough. So, uh, what do you do up here all day? With those people.

GRAHAM
Oh. Yes. I'm conducting a study on memory. It's in a sensitive stage, so I can't say much beyond that.

JACOB
Sounds interesting.

GRAHAM
Very much so, yes. Now, let's eat. I like to smoke a pipe during breakfast. I have one for you if you're interested.

JACOB
Yeah, I read in Men's Health it's good to smoke after exercise.

GRAHAM
I like to earn my vices.

Graham opens a case with two pipes, hands one to him and they sit down together.

Jacob sees a box of matches on his side of the table, strikes one, lights up his pipe and breathes in.

Then Jacob's left eye tremors slightly. Graham watches. It happens again. Jacob stops and wipes his eye.

Jacob's left eye tremors again, twitching incessantly.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Too much smoke?

JACOB
I'm fine. So what was your question?

GRAHAM

Tell me your first lie.

JACOB

Uh. Can you elaborate?

GRAHAM

Oh, this Florentine. Delectable. Yes, it's a curiosity of mine. Your little fib the other day made me think of it. And I don't mean the childhood indiscretions of stolen macaroons.

JACOB

I can safely say I've never stolen a macaroon.

GRAHAM

I mean when a boy learns to lie like a man. A real lie.

JACOB

Like a bar mitzvah?

GRAHAM

A bar mitzvah, yes. Of deceit. Do you need some time to think about it?

JACOB

No. I don't.

GRAHAM

Must be a good one.

JACOB

Appropriately enough, I was thirteen when it happened. You don't know any rappers by name, do you?

GRAHAM

As in a Cadbury? Or the music genre?

JACOB

The latter.

GRAHAM

I only know the rappers whose deaths I read about in the newspaper.

JACOB

Well, this guy's still alive, I think, but he's not really big anymore. He went by the name of Gripe Warren and he was my absolute favorite as a kid.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

Mainly because he was my best friend Patrick's favorite. I looked up to him as one would a big brother. When we heard Gripe was coming to town, we swore an oath that we'd see the concert by any means necessary. His parents were rich and lenient, so they weren't gonna be a problem. My parents on the other hand?

GRAHAM

They did not approve.

JACOB

No. But they weren't, you know, fundamentalists or anything. In fact, they let me buy the, uh, clean versions of his albums.

GRAHAM

Clean versions. Do tell.

JACOB

Back when CDs were still a thing and, well, when K-Mart was still a thing, they wouldn't sell music with the parental advisory sticker on it, so the labels sent ones with the bad words cut out.

GRAHAM

The Hays Code lives on in retail.

JACOB

Uh, right, so unfortunately for me, rappers don't do clean versions of their concerts. Quite the opposite. But as fate would have it, Bruce Springsteen was performing the exact same night at Cain's Ballroom, a venue just a few streets away from the actual show. My dad loved Bruce Springsteen. And I hated him.

GRAHAM

I'm not even American and I enjoy him.
How could you hate Bru--

JACOB

Hey, I was a kid. He sounded old to me. And he was old, but all of a sudden I conveniently came around to him. My dad was overjoyed. Bought me a shirt, gave me his cassettes, his old Walkman.

GRAHAM

The same one you always have on you.

JACOB

That's the one. But yeah, I really put in my time. I must have watched a dozen old concerts with him, many of which I could barely hear over him ranting about the legal history of Born to Run and the subtext of his Nebraska album. Never heard the guy talk so much.

GRAHAM

You were quite devoted to this lie. Though I'm surprised he wouldn't want to take you to the event himself.

JACOB

Oh, he wanted to, but I told him it'd be a drag if we was there with me and Patrick. And It's not like his dad went with him to all these shows in his heyday. Thankfully, it worked, and, shit, man I could tell he was hurt. But there was just too much at stake, you know?

GRAHAM

And so? Was it worth it?

JACOB

Absolutely. We heard all the swear words, saw women on stage in their underwear, all from a private box where we ordered half the menu. It was the greatest night of my life. Right up until it wasn't. Patrick dared me to drink the rest of the soy sauce that came with our sushi. And that's how I learned I had a gastrointestinal condition that made me susceptible to acute hypernatremia. Basically--

GRAHAM

There was too much sodium in your blood and it gave you a seizure.

JACOB

Yeah. The paramedics were called. And then the parents were called.

GRAHAM

Oh no.

JACOB

As I was coming to, my biggest fear was still my dad finding out that I heard swearing live and in person. That fear went away pretty fast.

GRAHAM

Tell me why.

JACOB

Even in non emergencies, my dad didn't exactly observe the speed limit. I can only imagine what his speedometer looked like when he found out his kid had a seizure. It was November 9th in Tulsa. And the roads were icy.

Graham watches Jacob, moved.

JACOB (CONT'D)

They put him in a medically induced coma for a week. He asked for me as soon as they woke him up.

GRAHAM

And.

JACOB

He could barely breathe without it causing him pain, but his voice didn't tremor at all when he said he was rather impressed by my ruse.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - FLASHBACK

JACOB'S FATHER (40s), handsome, formidable, covered in gauze and casts, hooked up to an IV and a heart rate monitor.

He stares right at us in the POV of Jacob's memory.

JACOB'S FATHER

If you're capable of inventing a scenario of that magnitude, I'd rather you do it for something other than winning the approval of your friend. I want you to forge your own path in life.

(wheezes)

But if you want the truth, I'm not upset you lied. All that time we spent listening to music together? I'll cherish those memories forever.

EXT. VERANDA - MORNING

JACOB
Forever didn't turn out to be very long.
He succumbed to his injuries a few days
later.

GRAHAM
I'm very sorry, Jacob.

JACOB
Thanks. Long time ago.

GRAHAM
Grief never leaves us. It's a limp with
which you learn to walk.

JACOB
How about guilt?

GRAHAM
You weren't the one behind the wheel.

JACOB
Hm. May I ask when your wife passed?

GRAHAM
It was a death. Not a passing. And I'll
tell you about her some day, but I'm
rather honored you trusted me with such a
critical memory in your life. It deserves
to have its moment.

Graham takes a few more bites of his food.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(as he eats)
Mm. So. Tell me what kind of restaurant
you would open. The culinary palace of
your dreams.

JACOB
Oh, uh, well, you know. Maybe Athens.
Prague. New York, I don't know. Something
on a big patio with an even bigger
garden. An eclectic menu. Just whatever
feels right for the setting.

GRAHAM
What would you do for the opening?

JACOB
Oh, the usual stuff, pop a cork on some
fine wine and just take it in.

GRAHAM
I might suggest a bottle of Penfolds
Grange Hermitage. 1951.

JACOB
Sounds expensive.

Graham nods with a glint in his eye.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - SUNSET

We see a statue of three blind women on Graham's property.

JACOB (O.S.)
Okay, those are the oracles, obviously,
we got Daedulus and the Minotaur.

We PAN to the Daedelus and Minotaur statue, then the next.

JACOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And this--oh. Oh, it's when Prometheus
fooled Zeus into thinking a hunk of cow
bones was a juicy slab.

Graham observes Jacob, impressed.

GRAHAM
I had a professor of mythology from
Oxford here a few years ago. Even he
didn't get that one.

JACOB
I'll take that as high praise.

GRAHAM
I wouldn't. He's going blind. Still, I'm
glad you were able to point out the
sneaky little bugger.

JACOB
Sounds like you side with Zeus.

GRAHAM
Jacob. I've been accused of having a god
complex by people far more important than
you. Would you like to see my other
statue of Prometheus?

EXT. POND - SUNSET

Jacob and Graham are reflected on the surface of a large
pond, surrounded by sharp, cavernous limestone.

GRAHAM

See where that rocky wall dips into the water? If you dive down about six or seven meters, you'll come to the mouth of a cave that slopes into a fully ventilated chamber.

JACOB

...Uh huh.

GRAHAM

And that's where you'll find it.

JACOB

Six or seven meters? Twenty-two-feet?

GRAHAM

Ish. If I've done it, you surely can.

JACOB

Go ahead. I'll be right behind you.

GRAHAM

I don't have time for a shower before my work. You don't have to do it if you don't want.

Jacob watches Graham. To play or not to play.

JACOB

I'll do it if you triple the offer from Arachova.

GRAHAM

No.

Jacob stares down Graham. Then he sighs and takes off his shirt and wades into the pond.

JACOB

Jesus Christ, this is cold.

GRAHAM

Sorry, no statues in the jacuzzi. Have to draw the line somewhere.

Jacob paddles out and reaches the limestone.

He gazes down into the black water, then back at Graham.

He takes a DEEP BREATH and PLUNGES in.

Water surrounds Jacob, WARBLING into his ears.

He grasps the rocks, climbing downward. Pressure builds. He moves faster.

Wavy reverberations pound Jacob's ears as he descends.

His eyes WIDEN with a flash of panic.

Then the patchy limestone dips inward. The mouth of the cave. Jacob hunches in, gazes upward and sees light.

He BREAKS through the water, GASPS at the humid air.

As he catches his breath, he sees flecks of sunlight breaking in. He climbs onto a rugged landing.

Scattered rays of the setting sun illuminate a flawlessly sculpted statue:

Of Prometheus tied to a pole, with an eagle digging its talons into his legs, plucking out his liver with its beak.

All as he's taunted by a daily peek of what got him here.

Jacob gazes at the statue, entranced, unsettled.

EXT. POND - SUNSET

Jacob emerges out of the water back at the top of the pond.

He looks around. Graham is gone.

EXT. PATIO - SUNSET

Clothes wet, Jacob walks up to Graham's lavish dining patio.

He sits in a lounge chair, speaking on the phone.

GRAHAM

Any stocks other than Caldwell Limited are to be sold. The Milan, Prague, Cayman homes, I want them all sold. Anything that isn't liquid--Say that again, please. No, before that. ...Well, let me tell you something, Leonard. When you go on your little safari adventure next August, I'm going to pay a man to disembowel you and feed you to a Komodo dragon. À la mode.

(he winks to Jacob)

Thank you. Add an extra two percent to your fee for the trouble and send the rest along to my living trust account.

(he hangs up)

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
My apologies for abandoning you. How'd you like the statue?

JACOB
Honestly? Kinda pretentious.

GRAHAM
Can something be pretentious if it's hidden away from the world?

JACOB
If anything, that adds to it. Who else has seen it?

GRAHAM
Aside from the man who built it... Only the two of us now.

JACOB
Hm. The sunlight was a nice touch.

GRAHAM
Isn't it, though? That opening leads to a waterfall which pours into the ocean.

Through the window, Jacob sees Andrea leading the blindfolded people out by the rope.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
They'll go back to the hospital.
(off Jacob's look)
A psych ward. We aren't harming them. It just guarantees discretion.

INT. A BLACK VOID

We're in the network of the faceless pinkish-grey squids.

Something else moves into focus.

A small yellow husk with moldy tendrils, curling and uncurling in a gentle swimming motion.

Its appendages wrap around the wispy thread and LATCH, dispensing a flurry of molecules into its new host.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

POV: Somebody moves through a dark, ramshackle flat.

Moonlight pours in. They go into a bedroom with a shabby mattress with a ragged blanket and torn pillow.

The person crouches beside the bed and reaches two dirty hands out and removes two candles.

They take matches and light the candles.

And walks into the darkened bathroom.

Where we see a Greek man lying handcuffed to the toilet with a broken, bloodied leg and a bruise on his face.

GREEK MAN

Sofía. Sofía. Den écho daimones mesa mou.
 Óchi daimones. Óchi daimones. Egó eíma.
 Eínai o Aléxandros. Eímai o syzygós sou.
 Aléxandros.

The person silently lowers the candles onto the countertop.

A hand picks up a bloody hammer.

We see a dim glimpse of her face in the mirror.

It's the blindfolded woman Jacob saw.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Iisoús Christós. Den tha afíso ton
 diávolo na ton párel.

GREEK MAN

Eímai o syzygós sou! Aléxandros! Óchi
 daimones. Se parakaló, Sofía!

Her eyes gaze forward, not down at her husband.

We see the hammer SWING down. We hear it hit his skull.

He SCREAMS, but when she BLUDGEONS him again, he goes quiet.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - JACOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jacob's eyes SNAP open. He lies in bed, panting.

He's in a cold sweat as he comes out of his vivid dream.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jacob enters the kitchen.

We MOVE out of it, around him as he fills a glass of water.

He walks out to the atrium. Then he sees the moonlight pouring in through the skylight.

Graham has made progress on his painting on the canvas:

It looks like the silhouette of a hummingbird against sparkling orbs.

Jacob is mesmerized by it. Its familiarity concerns him.

Behind him we see a dark figure near a far statue.

Jacob is about to take a drink of his water when he sees a reflection of the glass and sees the person behind him.

He FLIPS around and slowly backs toward the kitchen in a defensive posture, eyes scanning the atrium.

Maybe it's eyes playing tricks.

Then he sees movement.

The blindfolded woman. Holding a bloody hammer.

He JOLTS, then ducks quietly into the kitchen and removes a steel meat tenderizer.

He slides it into the back-pocket of his jogger pants.

Then he cautiously crosses through the atrium, slowly approaching the statue in the corner.

He tilts his head, squinting, but he can't see anything.

Then a distant FLICK.

A lamp on a hallway table is turned on behind him.

Jacob SPINS around, clutching the tenderizer, keeping it in his pocket.

ANDREA is there, face illuminated from beneath, staring.

JACOB

I came down for a glass of water. Is that allowed?

She just watches him, then turns and leaves.

He stares, perplexed, unsettled.

His EYES move back to the HUMMINGBIRD on the canvas.

Then he looks up and sees a small black orb on the ceiling.

A camera.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - DAY

Graham comes out of the house as Jacob approaches his bike.

GRAHAM

I have a favor to ask. If you don't mind,
I have some clothing to be picked up at
the dry cleaners.

JACOB

Yeah, of course. Hey, uh, that woman from
yesterday, in the atrium, do you know why
she was admitted to the psych ward?

GRAHAM

I like a curious mind. I would tell you
it wasn't a breach of ethics.

Graham hands him his receipt and nods in thanks.

JACOB (V.O.)

Dear Niles. In the first week, I prepared
for him a Croque Madam, Coquilles St.
Jacques and a Blanquette De Veau. To
round the week out, I made a Chicken
Kapsa, which I served with a Cru
Beaujolais.

The gate opens for Jacob and he pulls out onto the dirt road.

EXT. ACROCORINTH - DAY

Jacob walks along the rocky wall on the hilltop.

He takes out the stone in the wall, unloads the cassette tape
from his Walkman, puts it in an envelope and a plastic bag
and tucks it in.

INT. NILES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Niles sits in his corner office. The tape audio plays.

JACOB (V.O.)

So far he hasn't displayed any real
suspicion toward me. He's even offered to
bankroll the opening of my own restaurant
one day in Athens.

Niles listens alone, dull-eyed, with a drink in his hand.

NILES

Always promising the world, aren't you,
Dad?

EXT. CORINTH - DAY

Jacob rides his motorcycle, weaving in and out of traffic, with the reckless joy of a cocky young man.

JACOB (V.O.)

Any errant snooping on my part is impossible. The entire house is covered in video surveillance. Fortunately, your father asked me to pick up his dry-cleaning, so that's presented an opportunity.

The Greek sun splashes on his shoulders and the breeze flows through his hair as he cruises into town.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Graham is hooked up to an EEG-like machine with a white cap on his head. Dozens of wires run to an out-of-focus monitor.

Graham wears a leather glove on his right hand.

Each glove tip connects to a small wheel in his palm, which expands and contracts when Graham moves his fingers.

INT. GREEK MARKET - DAY

Jacob's in a bustling fish market, addressing the deli clerk.

JACOB

Salahi? Yeah. Thank you--efcharistó.

Jacob glances up to see a beautiful redheaded woman standing behind him in line. They trade smiles.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Uh, sorry, would you... Mind asking him something for me?

She speaks with an English accent. Jacob gazes.

JACOB

If I can ask you something afterward.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

And what would that be?

DELI CLERK

Típota állo? As to prochorísoume.

JACOB

Sorry. Sygnómi.

(to redhead woman)

Maybe we do your thing first.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Can you see if he has ingredients that would be good for Spinialo?

JACOB

Oh, a delicacy. Let's see. Uh... Échete kanéna fouskáli?

The clerk shakes his head.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Sorry. Your best bet might be the Athens markets, early morning.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Quite the expert for an American.

JACOB

You might call me an expat expert.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

I might not.

DELI CLERK

Geia sou!

JACOB

Sorry, sorry.

Jacob pays for his fish and the clerk begins wrapping it up.

JACOB (CONT'D)

So who are you making the spinialo for?

Certainly not another man.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

As a matter of fact, yes, but he's eighty-six.

JACOB

Grandfather? ...Your husband?

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Do I look like the kind of woman who would marry a geriatric for money?

JACOB

I'll tell you the kind of woman you look like.

RED-HEADED WOMAN
That's really not necess--

JACOB
You're a woman who's both aware of and slightly ashamed of her beauty, which makes me think you grew up Catholic and held onto it longer than you care to admit, or, should I say, confess. Your earrings are elegant, but understated, which you--

RED-HEADED WOMAN
Sorry to interrupt your bloviating, but you're oh-for-three so far and I have too much empathy to let you keep embarrassing yourself. These earrings were a gift. My family's C of E--

JACOB
C of E?

RED-HEADED WOMAN
Church of England, which is to say I've been to church a grand total of twice in my life and the third and final time will be for my funeral. Oh. And I'm not the least bit ashamed of my beauty.

JACOB
Nor should you be. The only time I've taken my eyes off of you is to take note of the two other guys who've ogled you since you came in here.

RED-HEADED WOMAN
(playful)
Which tells me you're like every other man whose eyes are merely the far end of his dick.

JACOB
I try not to involve genitalia 'til the second date.

RED-HEADED WOMAN
And they say there are no more gentlemen left in the world. You're cute, I'll give you that, and a man who can cook is always nice, but handsomeness and arrogance are a recipe for nothing but trouble.

JACOB
You don't say trouble like it's a bad thing.

RED-HEADED WOMAN
(smiles)
Okay. One-for-four.

JACOB
I'll take those odds.

RED-HEADED WOMAN
Well, I'm sorry to say, but you're the odd man out. Thanks for the help.

She turns around and walks out the front door.

JACOB
Hey. Wait a second, I--

DELI CLERK
Geia! Éla na páreis to psári sou.

JACOB
Entáxei, entáxei, efcharistó.

Jacob takes his fish and hustles out to follow the woman, but she's nowhere to be found.

Perplexed, he walks off into the street.

EXT. HOUSING COMPLEX - DAY

Jacob ascends the stairs of an apartment building with Graham's dry-cleaning.

He walks to a numbered door and unlocks it.

INT. JACOB'S APARTMENT - DAY

He walks into a barren studio apartment. He goes to the closet and opens it.

There's a safe inside. Jacob opens it with his thumbprint.

Inside is a black visor, wires, a stun gun and several other electronic devices.

He removes a small black box and takes out an extremely small CAMERA, shaped like a button.

Behind it, he takes out a basic sewing kit.

He removes the second button from the top of Graham's shirt.

And carefully stitches the button-camera into place.

He shines a light on the camera, when illuminated, there's a faintly visible ZIG-ZAG.

Then Jacob pulls the plastic covering back over the shirt, covering his tracks.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - DUSK

We're looking at the black tower, humming, then the radio dish lowers into it and the humming ceases.

We PAN over to see Jacob's motorcycle riding into view.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - DUSK

Jacob strolls in through the atrium. Andrea stands, waiting.

ANDREA

You were gone for three hours and thirty-nine minutes.

JACOB

(dry)

I went to see Lawrence of Arabia.

ANDREA

I wasn't aware of any repertory screenings in the area.

JACOB

I didn't take you for a movie buff.

ANDREA

Lawrence of Arabia is three hours and forty-two minutes.

JACOB

I skipped the credits.

ANDREA

Which gave you time to pick up the dry-cleaning, I see.

Jacob sighs, hands it to her and goes into the kitchen.

He places several wrapped food items into the fridge along with assorted fruits, vegetables. He places a few bags of various grains into a cupboard.

Then he unwraps one piece to reveal raw cuttlefish. With a butcher knife, he decapitates them in a clean SWIPE.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Graham would like to increase your salary
by a third and keep you around for the
foreseeable future, barring any setbacks.

JACOB
I see it as more of a tax.

ANDREA
Jacob, you mustn't be so sensitive over a
bit of playful hazing.

Andrea grazes the bristles of his neck hair.

JACOB
I didn't know you were so funny.

ANDREA
(leans in, whispering)
I'm hilarious.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jacob sleeps. His left eye twitches a few times.

Then his left hand tremors. His eyes open and he sits up.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jacob walks out to go to the bathroom.

He hears a faint percussive rhythm down the hall.

A strange tone, nearly melodic and yet not. He follows the sound down a hallway to the south wing.

He comes upon a cracked door. He goes inside.

Inside is an enormous library that towers to the ceiling.

JACOB
Wow...

Jacob looks at the books. First editions of Darwin, Milton, the Brontes, Alcott, Rockwell Kent's illustrated Moby Dick, Hitchcock's copy of the 'Rebecca' script and so on.

But that's nothing compared to the centerpiece of the room.

An ancient papyrus fragment of Euripides's Orestes.

Jacob approaches it. It emits a deep, scratchy rhythm.

He kneels down and presses his face against the glass.

A yellow beam of light emits from beneath the papyrus.

And dust particles on the surface of the document rearrange themselves in concert with the percussion of the rhythm into different kaleidoscopic patterns. Then it stops.

JACOB (CONT'D)
What the fuck...

A distant movement outside the window CATCHES his eye.

He rushes over and peers out at the reflecting pool.

Someone's swimming in it. A naked woman. With red hair.

She resembles the woman he met in the market.

She swims to the edge and stands up. Jacob rushes outside.

He catches sight of the woman as she moves into the trees.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

Jacob sprints out to the reflecting pool. He rushes into the trees. He gazes around, searching, but he sees nothing.

Then he hears a caw. He sees a spotted eagle watching him from the top of a tree, silhouetted in moonlight.

He stares it at for a moment, looks around a little longer, then turns to walk back inside.

As he nears the house, he hears a low discordant hum.

He sees pale blue light beaming through the upper windows.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

Brow furrowed, he walks inside to see the source: A shimmering diamond hovering near the top of the atrium.

The low hum RISES, rumbling to a blare.

The diamond turns CRIMSON RED, illuminating all below.

Jacob sees the canvas, now with a painting of his father's face. And the silhouette of an eagle engulfing him.

Jacob STARES in disbelief.

Then his gaze slowly moves to the statue.

It's different than the usual featureless man, it's the one from the cave.

An eagle tearing out Prometheus's liver.

Jacob's eyes are wide with terror.

We see something before he does. A small patch of BLOOD forming on the lower end of his shirt.

A drop of it hits the floor. He looks down, horrified.

He lifts his shirt to find a GAPING WOUND in his stomach.

Jacob gasps, clutching at it in disbelief.

In his periphery, we see a dark figure approaching.

Jacob wheezes, panicking.

The figure comes into view beneath the diamond's red light.

It's the man who was in the wooden Riva boat.

He's blindfolded. He moves swiftly toward Jacob.

Then Jacob looks up and comes face to face with him.

Before Jacob can react, we hear a flame FLUTTER.

And the man's body is engulfed in FIRE.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Jacob's leg KICKS and his eyes SNAP open.

He's lying in bed. Having awoken from the vivid dream.

He pants, feeling his heart thump in his chest.

INT. ATRIUM BALCONY - DAY

Jacob comes out of his room and stares at the statue.

It's back to being a plain, featureless man.

Then he jolts as he sees Graham's face come into view.

Graham hangs from a rope suspended from the ceiling.

GRAHAM
Good morning, Jacob.

JACOB
Good--Good morning.

Graham is painting on the large canvas in the atrium, holding himself up on the rope with sheer strength.

He's halfway through a picture of the purple bulbous plant and the small goat he met on his walk.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Jesus. Doesn't that hurt?

GRAHAM
I can't do it as long as I used to, but it's a wonderful exercise, both physically and mentally stimulating.

Graham climbs down the rope and it retracts to the ceiling.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I hope you slept well.

JACOB
Sort of. I always have some weird dreams when I'm in a new place.

GRAHAM
I can sympathize.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob lays avocados atop finely arranged chips, eggs, sauce.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Jacob places a plate of chilaquiles at the table as Graham reads the newspaper.

JACOB
I thought I'd treat you to a recipe from my own family. Something my dad showed me when I was a kid. I probably made it a hundred times for my mom after he died.

Jacob sits at the table. Graham takes a bite and nods.

GRAHAM
It tastes like home. It's funny the way the things we do choose us.

JACOB
What do you mean?

GRAHAM
(looks at him)
Tell me your thoughts on free will.

JACOB

I'm, uh, in favor of it.

GRAHAM

So you believe in its existence.

JACOB

Yeah. Don't you?

GRAHAM

(chuckles)

Of course not. In neurology, it's a ghost in the machine like the soul or god.

JACOB

But wouldn't the absence of free will, or at least the belief in it, encourage less accountability in people's behavior?

GRAHAM

Yes, yes. We all need fairy tales to help the medicine go down. My home is a monument to them. And I do live my life as if I am accountable for my actions. I even expect it of others.

JACOB

How can you expect something from people you don't believe in?

GRAHAM

We are, all of us, hypocrites in one way or another.

JACOB

But we haven't all taken the Hippocratic oath.

Graham grins. This little fucker.

He wipes his knife, brings it across the table, pointing at Jacob and places it in front of him.

GRAHAM

Tell me where you think your free will originates.

JACOB

My brain and my balls.

Then he takes Jacob's spoon and places it next to the knife.

GRAHAM

Let's start with the brain. Pick one.

Jacob looks down at them. Then back up at Graham.

JACOB
No.

GRAHAM
Why not?

JACOB
Because I chose not to.

GRAHAM
Where in your brain did that occur? Your prefrontal cortex, your basal ganglia, perhaps your thalamus?

JACOB
...Let's say the first one.

GRAHAM
When I presented the flatware, I confined you to a series of reactions. My knife. Your spoon. Or, in your case, neither. External influence. Internally, when you were debating what it would mean to take your spoon or my knife, you gave yourself a little burst of dopamine at the idea of rejecting the terms altogether and you made a choice before you knew it.

JACOB
How would you know?

GRAHAM
I'm famous for knowing these things.

JACOB
I'm not sure I'm convinced.

GRAHAM
A fish doesn't have to be convinced he lives in the ocean. Your father's death likewise confined you to a series of reactions. You made chilaquiles for your mother because he was not there to do it. Dopamine and serotonin rewarded you for this and you wanted more. So you learned to cook other things. Which I'm grateful for as I now have the privilege of dining with you.

JACOB
(sighs)
Do you psychoanalyze all your employees?

GRAHAM

Only the intriguing ones. And I'd like to think our relationship has graduated from colleagues to, at the very least, acquaintances.

JACOB

I'd like to think that too. Hey, by the way, thanks for the raise.

GRAHAM

(grins)

I had no choice.

EXT. STREETS OF CORINTH - MORNING

Jacob walks away from a man in the back of a truck with food supplies, strolling onto the walkway along the waterfront.

He walks past rows of yellow umbrellas on the beach.

He spots someone. The Red-Headed Woman sitting beneath an umbrella, reading a book. He approaches her.

JACOB

Did you ever make the spinialo?

RED-HEADED WOMAN

What? Oh. It's the little cocky boy from the fish market. Unfortunately I haven't had much time for cooking lately.

JACOB

Why's that?

RED-HEADED WOMAN

My company lost three nurses in three weeks. I do in-home medical care.

JACOB

So explains the old man. Though I must say, having someone who both cooks for you and gives you sponge baths sounds like a pretty good deal.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Something to look forward to in fifty years, should you make it that far.

JACOB

I was gonna live fast and die young, but I may have to make other plans.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

My sympathies to the unborn future nurse
with such a dark fate. Now, if you'll
excuse me, I haven't had a day off in
weeks.

JACOB

And when's your next day off?

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Why are you asking like it's at all
relevant to you?

JACOB

Because I'm going to cook you the best
spinialo you've ever had.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

If you had my attention, I'd have seen
that coming, but you should know I'm
involved with someone.

JACOB

I'm sorry to hear that.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

You're sorry? What if he's the love of my
life?

JACOB

You shouldn't have to ask.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

It was a rhetorical question and, as
we've clearly established, you don't know
a thing about me.

JACOB

I know you help people. I know if you let
me cook for you, I'd get a second date
even if you hated everything else about
me. And I know I haven't been able to get
the freckle on the tip of your nose out
of my head since I first saw you.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

That sounds rehearsed.

JACOB

I swear I had no clue what I was gonna
say 'til the words came out.

RED-HEADED WOMAN

Well, the freckle on the end of my nose
is thoroughly flattered. As for the rest
of me--

(her beeper goes off)
Shit. I gotta go. I'll be polite and say
it was nice to see you.

JACOB

Whoa, wait, I still didn't get--
(she's already gone)
...Motherfucker.

Title over black: Pesseia.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Calm water reflects the robust clouds encompassing the sky, sun breaks through, lighting them up in pink and orange.

The bow of a sailboat crests the surface. We MOVE up to see Graham showing Jacob how to work the sails.

Graham instructs Jacob how to raise the sails.

JACOB (V.O.)

I should only know just enough about your father. There are things even the most seasoned professional can't hide. A split-second flash in the eyes can bring the whole operation down.

As Jacob mans the boat, Graham walks into the cabin.

GRAHAM

I think I have a bottle of scotch down here somewhere.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jacob sits across from Niles in his corner office.

This is from an early meeting two months ago.

JACOB

I need something I can use. I can't make your father trust me, but, well, I'm going to say something that may seem, uh, impertinent.

NILES

I'm intrigued.

JACOB
It seems like you two didn't have the best relationship.

NILES
I got a shrink for this kind of thing.

JACOB
If he starts to see me as, ah, the kind of son he never had, this all gets a lot easier.

NILES
What is this? Your way of getting the daddy experience you missed out on?

JACOB
First of all, emulating familial bonds to gain information is fairly textbook in my profession. And second of all, if I was doing that, I certainly wouldn't call it 'the Daddy Experience.'

Niles thinks for a minute.

NILES
Pesseia.

JACOB
What's that?

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Graham comes back up holding a bottle and a small chest.

GRAHAM
Aha! Provisions and recreation.

Graham opens up the chest, which unfolds into a checkerboard.

NILES (V.O.)
It's a game from Ancient Greece. On a scale from checkers to chess, Pesseia's a five. Dad liked it because it's as much about instinct as it is strategy. You play with eight stones, pieces that move like rooks and one piece simply called the leader that moves like a queen.

Within the box are eighteen carved pieces, black and white.

NILES (V.O.)
 The object of the game is to flank both sides of a piece to eliminate it from the board.

JACOB (V.O.)
 And the leader piece? That's the one you're after?

NILES (V.O.)
 That one, you have to completely surround in order to kill.

Jacob looks at the pieces as Graham sets them up.

JACOB
 Oh my God, this is Pesseia.

GRAHAM
 You know it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

NILES
 He never went easy on me. Never let me win. And I never did.

Niles sighs, takes a drink and looks around his office.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

JACOB
 I had a history professor I got close with in college. Kind of a mentor to me. He got me onto Ovid, Aeschylus, Sophocles, you name it. Why do you think I came out here in the first place?

GRAHAM
 You really know this game?

JACOB
 Yeah. I mean, I'm a little rusty, I haven't played in a while, but I'm sure it'll come right back to me.

Graham sits beside Jacob and rests his knees against his. He lays the board out across their thighs.

GRAHAM
 Soldiers used to play this game at sea. If there weren't enough tables, they'd have to use each other to keep the board balanced. Your move.

Jacob moves first. Then Graham. They go back and forth.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

NILES

Wouldn't it be more, I don't know, poetic if your dad taught you the game before he died?

JACOB

No, this insinuates I seek out father figures. If I'm in by this point, he may see me as a worthy protege.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

GRAHAM

So. Tell me about this professor.

JACOB

He became something of a mentor to me. We played well after I finished his class. When I told him I was dropping out for my culinary endeavors, we scheduled one last game. I had never beaten the old bastard and I was hellbent on getting at least one victory before I left.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jacob rehearses to Niles.

JACOB

So I checked out every book from the university library. And when I say every book, I mean three. I went on message boards, talked to guys who'd been playing for sixty years. I memorized every placement on the board and what it set up five moves into the future.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

GRAHAM

And? Did you win?

JACOB

We never got the chance. The head of the department had a family emergency and had my guy sub in for him. We kept in touch and tried to play over the phone once, but it just wasn't the same. He died a few years back.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

NILES
Is that, uh, interesting enough?

JACOB
It should almost be forgettable. The only thing Graham should take note of is the story behind the story.

NILES
I don't really know what that's supposed to mean, but sure.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Graham studies Jacob as he moves one of his pieces and corners Graham's leader piece with three of his own.

JACOB
I think I have you.

Graham smiles. And he SMACKS the board off their laps.

He TACKLES Jacob overboard. They SPLASH into the water.

Jacob resurfaces, coughing, as Graham treads water.

JACOB (CONT'D)
What--What the fuck, Graham?

GRAHAM
(laughing)
I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. I'm a bit of a sore loser.

JACOB
You crazy motherfucker. You seem to have recovered pretty fast.

GRAHAM
The look on your face was priceless. It's like your life flashed before your eyes.

JACOB
You saw that too, huh. Jesus.

Graham gazes intently at Jacob.

GRAHAM
I hope you're not someone who's come to hurt me.

JACOB

That's a funny thing to say to someone
after tackling them into the sea.

GRAHAM

My life has taught me that I can only
depend on paranoia, never trust. I miss
people. I have not isolated myself by
choice.

JACOB

You were confined to a series of choices.
And you made yours.

GRAHAM

I should have seen that one coming.

JACOB

Graham. Look, I already got Andrea
breathing down my neck. If this is all
too much for you, I can still see about
the Arachova job.

Graham gently places his hand on the back of Jacob's head.

GRAHAM

I'd like you to stay.

Jacob stares back. He can't help but be drawn in by this man.

Graham climbs onto the back of the boat and helps Jacob up.

Jacob looks into his eyes, then, water dripping off Graham's shirt, he sees the fading light of the day reflect off the buttons of Graham's shirt, above the scar on his chest.

He sees the faint zig-zag pattern appear in the button.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Are you still interested in my work?

JACOB

Of course.

GRAHAM

Very well. We've been using modified MRI
machines to animate the neurons in a
person's hippocampus and dorsolateral
prefrontal cortex. With millions of
little magnetized pinpricks, we exercise
the neurotransmitters and stimulate the
dormant memory.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
We then form a pathway to their photo receptors, allowing for an exact visual recreation of the information from the neuron.

JACOB
You've made it so people can... See their memories?

GRAHAM
Is that something that would interest you?

JACOB
Of course. Is it safe?

GRAHAM
The process? Quite. The effect on your psyche? That depends on you.

JACOB
If you think that's going to dissuade me, you're wrong.

GRAHAM
Lovely. We'd best get home anyway. This weather looks to grow quite unruly.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jacob lies blindfolded, the wires of an EEG on his head, sliding into a tubelike MRI scanner. Graham oversees.

GRAHAM
Focus on a memory of your choosing. It will help me locate it.

We PUSH in close on Jacob. Everything is quiet.

Jacob's POV, staring at the fibers of the blindfold.

The machine hums to life. It's all Jacob can hear.

Everything goes BLACK.

Then he hears ambient, warbling noises. A muted voice talking. A distant, sparse guitar.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
--My Father's House... A legendary night--
recorded fifteen tracks... Downbound
Train... Born in the--

YOUNG JACOB (V.O.)
Great, dad, can we just listen to--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
All right --- right. We can--

A song is turned up. A lone, somber guitar. Gravelly voice.
It's 'My Father's House' by Bruce Springsteen.

Out of focus orbs of light fade into Jacob's POV.

We hear a song. The somber guitar and crackly voice.

The orbs come into focus. Fireflies in his backyard at dusk.

Jacob's sitting on his patio. He sees a hummingbird flit up to the feeder. A few last swigs of nectar before rest.

Jacob looks over and sees his father sitting next to him, his feet kicked up on another chair.

He puts his arm around Jacob and smiles down at him.

"I broke through the trees and there in the night... My father's house stood shining hard and bright."

Then it's gone.

Against Jacob's eyelids we see the leftover starry spots of the hummingbird, the fireflies of the orbs.

It strongly resembles Graham's painting on his large canvas.

Green light shines on the tears beading down Jacob's face.

JACOB
Oh my God. Oh my God, Graham.

GRAHAM
It's really something, isn't it?

Graham reaches out and puts his thumb on Jacob's pulse.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Can I trust you?

Jacob breathes, still recovering from the memory.

JACOB
Uh, just--Recovering a bit from, uh--
(takes a breath)
You can trust me. Yes.

GRAHAM
Take off the blindfold.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jacob stares at a row of monitors above steel cabinets, each with the faces of different people on it.

Though only about ten are displayed, there appears to be dozens stored behind the visible faces.

Graham wears his glove device to navigate the monitors.

GRAHAM
All these people experienced what you did. They relived a memory.

JACOB
How many people have participated in this study?

GRAHAM
More than you'd think.

Then all of the monitors turn off except for one man. A man who's missing his left arm.

Graham navigates with his glove device. The monitor next to the man turns on and displays MRI footage of his brain.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Do you see the little flashes at the top of this man's brain? Those are his pain receptors, responding to a memory in which he was shot in his forearm.

The man then JOLTS and reaches for his absent arm.

Then the footage jumps. And we see the man has been outfitted with a prosthetic arm and hand.

The fingers and the arm move in perfect fluidity.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This technology is already being fine-tuned in Sweden, but it's clunky, slow, and it takes months for the patient to learn how to use it. What I've done is stimulate this man's dormant memories from before he lost his arm. This is the first time he's ever used the prosthetic.

JACOB
Holy shit. It's perfect.

GRAHAM
Your words.

Graham switches monitors. Now we see the blindfolded woman Jacob saw in the atrium.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This woman suffers from schizophrenia.
Though there is no consensus, its cause is thought to involve excessive dopamine production and a dysfunction in serotonin and glutamate processing. When I stimulate a memory, I can inhibit or even redirect the chemicals being produced. This opens a new pathway in the mind and increases its ability to function.

The woman speaks with ease and comfort. She even smiles and laughs. A far cry from the last time Jacob saw her.

JACOB
So, to put it in layman's terms, it's like you're working on a prosthetic arm, but one that works for the brain?

GRAHAM
Perfect analogy.

JACOB
How come you're showing me all this?

GRAHAM
I want someone to share it with.

JACOB
What about Andrea?

GRAHAM
She is reliable, organized and adept.

JACOB
But not exactly a good hang.

Graham smiles knowingly.

JACOB (CONT'D)
But, in here, you're in a lab setting, right? You have all these dials and levers to run the operation. So how would something like this work without you at the helm?

GRAHAM

An excellent question. I'm building a program that would pull the levers for me. These things begin in the lab and find their way into the world through, well, ostensibly modest transportation.

Graham opens up a drawer and holds something up for Jacob to see: It's a small capsule.

JACOB

Memory in pill form.

GRAHAM

What else?

Jacob's eyes flash as he looks at Graham, pondering the the vast implications of this technology.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT

Jacob and Graham walk into the atrium from his lab to find Andrea waiting. She stirs his tea and hands it to him.

ANDREA

Giving him the full tour, I see.

GRAHAM

Only of himself. And a few other things.

ANDREA

What other things?

GRAHAM

Nothing to fret over. Anything for me?

ANDREA

(a disapproving glare)

Mr. Koumedakis has gifted you a private box to the grand opening of Strauss's Daphne. Do you think it's wise to give such privileged--

GRAHAM

Oh, that old chestnut. I swear they do it every other year. Send them a donation and some flowers, please.

INT. JACOB'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jacob fills his contact lens case with saline solution.

JACOB (V.O.)
 Dear Niles. You got more than a magic bullet, my friend, this is the stuff dreams are made of.

His left hand is in the pocket of his bathrobe. Within it, we see his fingers slowly unscrew the cap on a small black case.

Jacob takes his contact lenses out with his right hand.

Very quickly, we see him secretly SWAP out one lens in his left eye with the one from the case.

JACOB (V.O.)
 Now I need to find out how he did it.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jacob lies in bed, eyes closed, as lighting flashes.

POV: In the left side of the screen, we see a circular moving image provided by the button-camera. The rest is black.

Thunder rumbles distantly as we watch the footage of Graham following Andrea as she enters the North Wing of the house.

She enters a passcode. Afterward, Graham holds his face up to a black panel, which scans his face.

They walk into an elaborate office and laboratory. Graham goes up to a computer and types in his password.

Then he goes to an island station filled with compartments and opens a drawer and takes out a small beaker.

He goes to the row of cases and picks up a white mouse. He slides the blinding mask over its eyes and puts it in a glass observation cage.

He goes over to his console, presses a few buttons.

Jacob watches, enthralled, as the blinded mouse expertly navigates the maze from beginning to end.

He returns to his computer and opens up a window with a live feed of the mice.

Then he unbuttons his shirt and lays it against his chair. The button camera is now pointed at the floor.

JACOB
 Fuck.

Jacob lies still for a moment, thinking.

He gets out of bed, unzips his duffel bag, takes out a bottle of mouthwash and goes to the bathroom.

He swishes it around in his mouth, lightning strikes, and then returns to bed.

Beneath the covers, we see a faintly perceptible movement.

JACOB (V.O.)

Your father uses an Optronics surveillance system, which operates on a generator independent of the main power grid. The only way to shut it down is with an electromagnetic pulse. Everything else should come back on in a matter of seconds, but the cameras shut down for twenty-one minutes as part of a diagnostics test to check for tampering.

Now we're under the covers, close on his fingers.

JACOB (V.O.)

Fortunately, I know how to create a localized EMP by recalibrating a stun-gun with coils and electrical wire.

Jacob carefully disassembles and reassembles his stun-gun.

Thunder crackles as he waits.

Jacob nods his head, counting silently, then as soon as the room is lit up with lightning, he presses the button.

Lights flash off and on. Jacob sets a timer on his watch.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jacob emerges from his bedroom, listening for movement.

He looks around the dark palace, sporadically lit by the occasional lightning flash.

He looks up at one of the cameras and sees a small red light blinking. He nods to himself. It's restarting.

He walks over to Graham's door, listens for anything, then he goes over to Andrea's room and does the same.

Jacob quietly makes his way down the stairs. He walks through the living room, continuously glancing over his shoulder.

He dons a visor that covers his whole face when he reaches the partition to the North Wing.

He enters the passcode and goes inside. Then the scanner reads his visor, displaying a reflection of Graham's face.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jacob enters. At the far end of the lab is a glass room with the MRI machine.

Closest to him are two island counter workbenches with biosafety cabinets and incubators.

Inside the cabinets are vials of different strains of fungi.

Across from the further counter is the row of steel cabinets with the monitors Jacob stood at earlier with Graham.

In the center of the room are two work stations with confocal microscopes and black cylinders encased in glass with tubes and trays.

Each station has HIGH-CHAIRS on either side.

Along the wall on Jacob's left is a row of refrigerators leading up to a large horizontal chest freezer.

At the far end are two desks with COMPUTERS facing the mice.

First he goes to a corner, takes a chair and stands on it.

Jacob places an adhesive on a SMALL CAMERA and sticks it in a dark gap between the wall and ceiling.

He presses a button on its side and sees the camera's feed go live in his left contact lens.

Jacob climbs down and goes to Graham's computer.

He logs in and searches through the various files.

The first one he looks at is marked SECURITY. Jacob opens it and sees SURVEILLANCE and ASSET PROTECTION.

He clicks on ASSET PROTECTION, and sees a grid of the property and something marked SONIC TOWER.

He clicks on SONIC TOWER and examines the layout. It shows a blueprint of the large tower outside Graham's home.

Then Jacob clicks out of it and opens PROJECTS.

He sees a folder marked TEST SUBJECTS.

He opens it and the faces on the file cabinet are illuminated.

Jacob CYCLES through the list and watches the faces above the on the file cabinet lower into the wall.

More and more keep moving in a circular motion, revealing more and more faces.

The number of Graham's test subjects are legion.

The footage shows Graham dropping small liquid droplets into a mouse's feeding dish. As the mouse feeds, the footage cuts to microscopic footage of small pellets inside the drops.

The mouse TWITCHES slightly as it eats.

The video cuts to an MRI scan of the mouse. The pellets in its stomach have opened like a seed. Red branches spill out.

The footage cuts through various slides showing a collection of blue orbs, microscopic footage of neurons, with red threads connecting them together.

Then the footage ends.

Jacob opens the next video. The mouse is alone in a case. Scurrying about. Then it stops. Graham narrates in the video.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Now stimulating the MLR and SLR regions
of the brainstem. Our little friend
should make a left.

The mouse moves to its left. The footage ends.

Jacob opens another file. A mouse putters about.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Here's where I got a little ahead of
myself. In this test, I tried to
distribute too many action potentials at
once and I induced a seizure in poor
Apollo here.

The mouse RUNS around the cage, keels over and convulses,
inflicted by a SEIZURE.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
The seizure in the mouse overloaded and
destroyed the axon terminals in my
synthetic neurons. They were irreparably
damaged and I had to replace them.

We CUT to footage of the same mouse.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

I corrected this by attaching more neurons to the mouse's striatum, neocortex, amygdala and cerebellum, emulating the pathways of non-declarative memory. I'll need to develop a longer term solution with the neurons themselves, however.

The mouse scurries about, unperturbed.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

If the mouse's nervous system accepts my neurons as part of its unconscious actions and implicit behavior, it allows for a greater range of them to fire at once without overloading the circuits, as seen here.

We then see the same mouse scurry to one side of the cage, turn around and scurry back to the other.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

It makes me wonder what could be done with declarative memory. Memory may be the ultimate pathway into fully controlling the behavior of the host.

The video ends. Mesmerized, Jacob opens another.

The mouse is in a case with a bigger mouse grooming it.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

If two mice share a cage, the more dominant one will groom its partner to communicate who's in charge. Let's see what it looks like for our smaller friend to take the upper hand. I've installed a dormant memory into the submissive mouse.

We see an MRI of Graham's synthetic neurons.

GRAHAM

I am now triggering a connection from the hippocampus and amygdala to the lateral septum, which will distribute epinephrine to the ventromedial hypothalamus, suggesting that the dominant mouse has shown a history of violent behavior, from which the smaller mouse must defend itself.

The smaller mouse BITES into the throat of the larger one.

Blood squirts out as the bigger mouse paws feebly, dying.

The other mouse, blood smeared on its face, looks like it has no idea what just happened. The video ends.

Jacob stares in disbelief, eyes wide.

He walks over to the rows of mice to take a closer look.

Each cage has a cell of an MRI posted above its various tendrils, marked in red, against the black and white, connecting to various parts of the mouse's nervous system.

Beneath each MRI is a different label:

MOTOR, SENSORY, MEMORY, TOUCH, VISION, HALLUCINATION.

Jacob returns to the computer, searching for more files.

He clicks further out and sees several folders: JACOB. NILES.

And a third name: SEBASTIAN. He clicks on it.

It opens footage of a blindfolded man.

Jacob instantly recognizes the man who set himself on fire in his dream. Or whatever it was.

The man in the Riva boat.

He hears Graham's voice: 'Greysteel.' Then he watches as Sebastian reacts: his mouth is muffled by something in his mind. He JOLTS, trembling, panicking, whimpering.

In a SPLIT of the footage, Jacob sees his memory: Hiding with his brother in the bookstore, the fiery plank, the shooting.

Then 'Greysteel.' The footage jumps in time:

The blindfolded Sebastian walks to a wall, touches it, then walks to the far wall to touch it. Then he starts over.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Walking is a surprisingly complex
function to dictate. It took some time to
map my synthetic neurons from the
cerebellum to the frontal lobe.

We hear 'Greysteel' again and Sebastian stops.

Jacob is mesmerized, disquieted.

Then he moves to click on his own name.

But the door OPENS.

He DIVES behind the desk and UNPLUGS the power strip, turning the computer off, then quickly plugging it back in.

Andrea walks in. She wears a peacoat.

Forest green with a plaid pattern and a hole in the back.

The pattern of the coat we saw on the smoky cliffside after Sebastian self-immolated on the boat.

Jacob HIDES low behind the desk, staying perfectly still.

Andrea stands motionless.

Jacob stays frozen. He watches her on the footage in his

Like they're playing a game of chicken to see who moves first. He holds his breath, not moving a muscle.

We move up slowly to see Andrea removing her SHOES.

She TOSSES each of them into separate areas of the room.

The clatter startles Jacob, but he keeps quiet.

Behind him, Andrea take several quiet barefoot steps closer.

Now she's right at the cages, he sees her closing in on him in the CONTACT LENS CAMERA.

Jacob hugs the far corner of Graham's desk.

He waits for her to circle around, then quickly shuffles behind her desk on the far end of the lab.

Andrea reaches Graham's desk, finding nothing.

Jacob crosses behind Andrea's desk and around to the far edge of the workstation.

He sets his eyes on the MRI room, but Andrea crosses, blocking his path.

He maneuvers to the space beneath the workstations.

He watches as she kneels, about to peer underneath.

Jacob positions his legs on the rungs of the high-chairs.

He presses his forearms against the rungs of the chairs on the other side and HOISTS himself up.

Andrea kneels and PEERS. She sees nothing underneath.

She climbs to her feet.

Jacob struggles to balance his weight with the chairs. One LEANS back, about to fall.

He rebalances it before she can see, sliding his hand underneath the chair.

He GRIMACES as it SMASHES his fingers.

She's on the move again, circling around toward him.

He crouches against the row of refrigerators as Andrea crosses between the CASE of MICE and the DESKS.

Thunder CLAPS, shaking the house.

Jacob sees on his watch that he has FIVE MINUTES left before the CAMERA SYSTEM comes back on.

He opens the fridge. No room for him in there.

He crawls away, over to the freezer. He opens the lid and looks inside.

There's enough room for him, but the temperature inside is marked -30 Celsius.

He squints his eyes. Figures it out: -4 degrees Fahrenheit.

With no other hiding place, he CLIMBS inside.

And SHUTS the freezer's lid above him.

It's deathly cold and nearly pitch black. Jacob SHIVERS.

Andrea moves swiftly through the lab.

Once she's finished her sweep, she goes to the door and gazes outward for one last look.

Jacob watches in his camera, QUIVERING, cold as ice.

Then she turns everything off, securing the lab.

The external LOCKS on the fridges and freezer all SNAP shut.

INSIDE THE FREEZER, Jacob trembles, frost forming on his eyelashes, sees her leave on the footage in his contact lens, which then CRACKS from the cold.

He PUSHES on the door. It won't budge. He shoves his bodyweight against it. It's futile.

The EXTERNAL LOCK on the freezer has him trapped inside.

He looks for a switch to turn the freezer off. Nothing.

He sees a small stream of LIGHT beaming in.

It flickers in from a humming FAN at the freezer's base.

Jacob looks at the camera and sees a PLUG running from the bottom of the freezer.

He might be able to get to it.

He grabs the PLASTIC LID of a sample case and unscrews it.

He PULLS his sleeve over the knuckle of his thumb and folds it over a few times for extra protection.

Then he STICKS his THUMB in the fan. THWAP. He yanks it out.

JACOB

Fuck.

He tries again, gently sliding his knuckle in.

It relentlessly NICKS his thumb through the clock.

He slows the fan down and JABS the lid in. SNAP. It halts.

Jacob POKES out the black pad behind the fan.

He draws haggard breaths, colder than he's ever been his life. Eyes flutter. He's on the verge of FALLING UNCONSCIOUS. The plug is SIX INCHES AWAY from the fan's opening.

Jacob slides two fingers through the slats of the fan.

Desperately straining to get to the cord. Just out of reach.

Jacob's skin is pale. Lips blue.

One of his fingers manages to graze against the cord.

Quivering, he curls his finger to bring it closer.

And it FALLS away. Jacob WHEEZES.

He holds the fan with his finger and takes the container lid.

With only a few waking seconds left, Jacob reaches out with the lid and ushers the cord closer to him.

He reaches through with his other hand, PINCHES his fingers together and TUGS on it.

The three pronged plug won't budge.

Jacob tugs and tugs and TUGS.

On his watch, he sees that he has ONE MINUTE LEFT.

Finally, with his final burst of energy, he clamps his fingers onto it and hurls his body back.

He PULLS the LID in with him and CATCHES the edge of the fan, SHAVING off a fleshy chunk of his ring finger. Jacob SCREAMS.

The plug RIPS out of the wall and the freezer turns off.

The EXTERNAL LOCK clicks OPEN, unlocking.

Jacob SHOVES it open with his head.

He crawls out of the freezer and collapses onto the floor.

He hunches into the fetal position, wraps his bloody finger in his shirt sleeve and rubs his chest as he tremors. 45 seconds left. He weakly stands up. Clamors for the EXIT.

INT. NORTH WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jacob darts out the lab as quietly as possible, keeping an eye out for Andrea.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

Jacob opens the door from the NORTH WING partition.

His finger's wrapped in a paper towel, still woozy from nearly freezing to death.

He gazes around, looking for any signs of movement. Nothing.

With 10 SECONDS LEFT, he rushes over to the kitchen and OPENS the fridge, feigning a sleepy glance for a midnight snack.

The cameras BEEP as they boot back up. He leaves the kitchen and goes up the stairs, heading to his room.

Just as he rounds the corner, the door to Graham's bedroom BURSTS open.

Jacob JOLTS as Graham stumbles out and falls to the floor, clutching his chest.

GRAHAM
Puh... Pace...

JACOB
(crouching)
What? What's wrong?

Graham points to his chest, then slumps over.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Graham...

Jacob opens Graham's shirt to find a scar on his chest.

Jacob rushes to his bedroom and RIPS open his duffel bag.

He takes out his rewired stun gun and sprints back to Graham.

Andrea comes in from outside, sprinting up the stairs.

ANDREA
What the hell's going on?

JACOB
Graham's pacemaker shut off. Call the
paramedics.

Andrea takes out her phone and makes a call.

Jacob presses his head against Graham's chest. We hear a
steadily declining heart rate.

Thump... Thump... Thump... ...Thump.....Thump....

Andrea hangs up and gets to the top of the stairs.

ANDREA
They're on their way.

JACOB
How close are they?

ANDREA
Nearest hospital's fifteen, maybe twenty
minutes away. Why?

JACOB
The lightning storm must have caused a
pulse or something that shut down his
pacemaker. He's gonna be dead in ten
minutes if we don't do something.

Jacob BREAKS open his stun-gun and PULLS out the red and
black WIRE.

ANDREA

What the hell are you doing?

JACOB

I'm trying to figure out how to restart
his pacemaker.

ANDREA

With a stun gun? Why do you have that?

JACOB

Not sure if you know this, but there's
more to Greece than secluded mansions.

ANDREA

And what makes you think you can restart
a pacemaker with a stun gun?!

JACOB

I studied engineering.

ANDREA

I thought you went to culinary school.

JACOB

Yeah, I left to pursue, I don't have time
to--

ANDREA

Tell me just how unqualified an
engineering dropout is in this situation?

JACOB

If you know what you're doing, the
difference between a pacemaker and a stun
gun is a matter of second grade
arithmetic. And, in case you forgot, he's
about to fucking die. On your watch.

ANDREA

Fine. But if he does, I'll be the lead
testimony for negligent manslaughter.

Jacob rushes to the kitchen, RIFLES through a few cupboards,
then returns with a knife, washcloth and a bottle of vodka.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

What's all this?

JACOB

I have to make a small incision to get to
the leads.

Andrea's eyes widen. Jacob pours vodka onto his hands and a washcloth and rubs it on Graham's chest.

ANDREA
We do have rubbing alcohol.

JACOB
Now you tell me.

Jacob presses his fingers down, locating the leads.

He holds the knife steady, looks up at Andrea, as if waiting for her protest. Andrea, tentatively, nods.

Jacob cuts into the flesh. Blood pools out.

He sticks his fingers in, feels around for a moment, then slides out a small pouch.

Inside is the pacemaker's generator connected to a lead that runs through his subclavian vein to his heart.

Jacob disconnects it and attaches the ones to the stun gun.

He powers it on and hovers his thumb over the stun gun's discharge button.

He looks down at Graham, then back to Andrea.

The STUN GUN, rewired and primed, is now directly attached to Graham's PACEMAKER.

Serving as a makeshift defibrillator.

Jacob presses the button to DISCHARGE the stun gun.

Graham doesn't convulse. He COUGHS. A throaty rasp.

Jacob disconnects the leads to the stun gun, then reattaches the ones connected to the pacemaker system.

He PRESSES the washcloth against the incision.

Then he lowers his ear and puts it up against Graham's chest.

.....Thump.....Thump.... His heart slowly BEATS.

ANDREA
Well?

JACOB
Shh.

Thump... Thump... Thump... Thump... Graham's heart BEATS slightly faster.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It's working.

Andrea leans over and listens. They watch Graham. Eyes closed, steadily breathing.

GRAHAM
...What... What's working?

Graham's eyes OPEN. He's AWAKE, regaining consciousness.

JACOB
Graham. Graham, are you okay?

GRAHAM
I'm fine. What's going on?

ANDREA
Jacob may have saved your life.

GRAHAM
Oh. Well, I may have to thank you.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - LATER

A paramedic talks to Andrea and Jacob as he checks vitals.

PARAMEDIC
Mr. Caldwell suffered a transient ischemic attack when his pacemaker went out. With the interruption to his heart rate, to say nothing of his condition, he's going to require in home care.

JACOB
What condition?

ANDREA
Give us a moment, please, Jacob.

JACOB
What condition is he talking about?

ANDREA
You are excused, cook.

PARAMEDIC
Are you okay?

JACOB
What?

PARAMEDIC
Your finger.

JACOB
Huh? Oh. I--I cut it in the kitchen.

Andrea GLARES down at his finger, seeing the BLOOD.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

The lights to the laboratory turn on.

Andrea stands at the doorway. Scanning the space.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The sun shines through the window on a man hooked up to a heart rate monitor and IV drip.

A nurse obscures the face of the man. Is it Graham?

We move closer, over her shoulder. It's Jacob's father.

We're in a VISION of his last day with his father.

He looks directly at us.

We hear the vague rhythm of hip hop music, concert lights flash across his face.

JACOB'S FATHER
You never became your own man.

Jacob stares down at his father, horrified by his words.

The concert lights and the shining sun fuse together, forming a BLINDING light.

Then everything goes foggy.

And water BREAKS the glass. Spilling into the room.

Before Jacob can do anything, he's SWEPT away by the water.

He THRASHES around.

He's now beneath the surface of the OCEAN.

His shin COLLIDES with rock, splitting open, blood billows out like smoke.

His CRIES are muted warbles as he tumbles and flips.

Then he sees something above the water. A figure.

A woman silhouetted in the gold of the shimmering sun.
He swims desperately toward her.
And WASHES up along the shore, bloodied and battered.
She walks over to him, the sun washing out her face, he can only make out long red hair, draping over her.
She kneels down and presses a cloth against the wound.
She holds his head up and strokes his hair.
He looks up as the sun clears to get a look at her face.
INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY
Sunlight peers in from Jacob's window.
He covers his eyes, slowly waking up.
It was a dream.

JACOB (V.O.)
I've been inside your father's lab.

EXT. ACROCORINTH - DAY
Jacob drives up the cobblestone path on his motorcycle.

JACOB (V.O.)
The tower outside his home? It's a sonic weapon he purchased from a private contractor and personally modified. If anyone unauthorized gets too close to the property, it emits a localized sound wave that grows in decibels as the person gets closer.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - DAY
The tower stands, we hear the bassy sound wave humming.

JACOB (V.O.)
Eventually, the decibels increase to the point that a trespasser could not physically bear it.

We see a jack rabbit bumbling along, the hum is at a low pulse, the rabbit turns around and bounds away.

JACOB (V.O.)

If an unauthorized person is somehow already on the property, however, and tries to escape, the tower would blast them with two-hundred-and twenty decibels all at once. Rupturing their eardrums and frying their brain.

EXT. ACROCORINTH - DAY

Jacob stands outside of the cavernous dead drop area, speaking into his walkman.

JACOB

Now for the main course. He's designed microscopic pods which are orally consumed by the test subject. Once ingested, a parasitic fungus emerges from the pod and attaches to the enteric nervous system of the gut. Then it dispatches iron oxide nanoparticles which mimic the behavior of neurotransmitters. They travel up to the cerebral cortex and are then redistributed to the targeted neurons. This allows him to dictate the behavior of the host.

(beat)

To state it plainly: This isn't memory retention anymore. It's mind control.

Jacob stops recording. Then he starts again.

JACOB (CONT'D)

One more thing. My predecessor? I don't think he killed himself.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob walks into the house with bags of food and supplies.

He walks to the kitchen and begins to unload everything.

Then he sees someone in his periphery.

He walks out to the atrium to see a woman rolling a suitcase into one of the many spare bedrooms.

He takes a few steps then stops as she comes back out.

The red-haired woman he met in the market and at the beach.

Her name is HELENA (late 20s), kind, wry. She wears a modest and elegant dress.

Jacob just stares.

HELENA
Oh my God. It's you.

JACOB
And it's you. What're you doing here?

HELENA
I'm Mr. Caldwell's new in-home health care worker. I was told you saved his life. And you can cook. And you're fluent in Greek. On top of your interminable arrogance. ...Are you a secret agent or something?

JACOB
I think MI6 has a more rigorous criteria than that.

HELENA
Seems like you'll do in a pinch. So. Are you making your spinialo tonight?

JACOB
I only cook for people with names.

HELENA
Just because I didn't give it to you doesn't mean I don't have a name, but since we're now coworkers, I'm Helena. And you're Jacob Dalton. How debonair.

JACOB
Oh yeah? Does it suit me?

HELENA
(a wry smile)
Not in the slightest.

Graham walks into the kitchen.

GRAHAM
Ah, Jacob, I see you've met Helena.

JACOB
Yeah, hey, uh, how are you feeling?

GRAHAM
Oh, quite all right, thank you.

HELENA
I'm going to finish unpacking.

She leaves the kitchen.

GRAHAM

So. Tell me what you think of her.
(when Jacob hesitates)

I'm not some lecherous old man asking you to wax poetic about her *derrière* and bust size. I'm simply curious.

JACOB

She's pretty. But kind of a pill. What do you think of her?

GRAHAM

It's my opinion that only young men should talk about young women. Tell me what you noticed about her.

JACOB

Her hair. I kinda like redheads.

GRAHAM

Don't we all? I wanted to thank you again for last night.

JACOB

I'm just glad you're all right. They said something about your condition?

GRAHAM

Oh, that. Just my jittery heart. Nothing for you to worry about. God, it feels good to be alive. I just thought of something. Andrea?

(he waits)

ANDREA. Andrea, where are you?

The bathroom door opens and she rushes out.

ANDREA

What?! What is it?

GRAHAM

I've changed my mind about the opera. Tell them I'm coming.

ANDREA

(staring daggers)

They'll be overjoyed, I'm sure.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT

The moonlight beams down on Graham's sprawling estate.

We pull back to see Jacob sleeping in his room.

We hear a continuous gentle knocking against the wall.

Jacob doesn't stir. Then a loud THUMP.

Jacob wakes up. He gazes around, foggy.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT

We move through the darkened upstairs corridor.

Jacob drowsily wanders out of his room.

He hears something rhythmic, buzzy.

Then he sees something in one of the larger sculptures encased in glass. A small burst of green and red moving around from within.

Jacob goes downstairs to investigate.

When he reaches the case, he realizes what it is.

A hummingbird has somehow gotten stuck inside.

Jacob observes the glass. There's no compartment to open.

His only option is to lift up the glass.

He gently pushes it to the edge of its table.

Then he goes over to the other side and LIFTS it up.

He wheezes slightly. It's heavy. The hummingbird doesn't get the idea just yet.

JACOB
Over here. Goddammit. Come on.

He tries to stick his hand out to usher the bird. It flits over and lands on his finger. He takes it out of the case.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Whoa.

Its wings begin to buzz, it levitates and meets his eyes, right as it takes flight through the open roof.

Jacob watches it leave, then slowly pushes the glass case back to its original state.

THROUGH THE GLASS: He sees a figure.

It looks like his father.

He raises his head to look over the glass. Nobody's there.

Then he sees someone outside through the window.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT

Jacob walks out. Helena's smoking a cigarette on the patio.

HELENA

Ah. My naughty habit's exposed.

JACOB

Got one more?

HELENA

This is my last. Wanna share?

He nods. She hands it to him and he takes a drag. They take in the view together.

JACOB

So how's the love of your life?

HELENA

Oh, him. He's around.

JACOB

Sounds like I was right.

Helena looks at him with sleepy eyes. She takes a drag.

HELENA

This place. It's like a dream land.

Then she places her fingers on the back of his neck.

And softly brings him in for a kiss.

He stares at her, baffled and mesmerized.

JACOB

And here I thought you found me far too
troublesome.

HELENA

Don't read too much into it.

A wisp of smoke drifts out from each of their lips as they pull away from each other.

JACOB

Dream land, hm. I should go inside.

He takes one last drag of the cigarette. He and Helena watch each other as he walks away.

Title over black: A night at the opera.

IN. CALDWELL MANOR - SUNSET

A kettle whistles. Andrea, in a modest dress, takes some tea leaves out of a glass jar and pours the water over them.

She walks out to the atrium where she finds Graham, dressed in a tuxedo, already sipping tea, standing with a suited Jacob and Helena in a dazzling dress.

GRAHAM

Oh, no need, Andrea. Jacob already made me some.

JACOB

I had some Gyokuro tea shipped in from Japan. You're welcome to some.

GRAHAM

It's divine. Order a whole case.

ANDREA

You might have told me before I prepared this. The car is here.

EXT. GATE - NIGHT

A town car pulls out of the Caldwell Manor estate.

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Jacob, Graham, Helena and Andrea sit in the back of the car.

Graham puffs on his pipe.

GRAHAM

I can't remember the last time I went out to paint the town red. Since Jacob came along, I haven't left the house.

JACOB

Was going to the opera always your idea of painting the town red?

GRAHAM

Wipe that look off your face, young man. I saw Joy Division perform three times before Ian Curtis shuffled off. Twice with the Buzzcocks at the Rainbow Theatre and once with the Cure at the Odeon.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

So, listen, sonny, just because I play
Dvorak and Smetana around the house
doesn't mean I wasn't a proper young man
once upon a time.

EXT. ODEON OF HERODES ATTICUS - NIGHT

The ruins of a stone amphitheater built in AD 161 and renovated in 1950 to host contemporary events.

Graham, Jacob, Andrea and Helena watch as the Strauss opera 'Daphne' plays. Ballet dancers act as Apollo and Daphne and Eros, gracefully and passionately moving in orbit.

Jacob keeps his eyes fixed on the opera, feeling Graham's eyes occasionally glancing over.

He wants to see if Helena's looking at him. But he doesn't want Graham to see.

Jacob leans forward slowly, scratching his head slightly and shifts it to his left to sneak a tiny glimpse at Helena.

Purple, green and yellow stage lights shimmer against the odeon's godlike stacks of ancient granite.

Graham leans forward, gently stretching.

Jacob and Helena quickly find each other's eyes behind the narrow area between Graham's back and his chair.

Then they're back on the opera as Graham leans back.

Jacob stares forward a little longer.

He can't help but simply shift his eyes to the left.

They only get far enough to see Graham's matching his.

They smile to each other and Jacob's eyes dart away.

The dancer playing Daphne pirouettes, moving elegantly.

She crouches down, picks up two hidden tree branches.

She SPINS, backlit by emerald green. Quicker and quicker.

Then Jacob sees something. Her face looks different.

He leans in. It's Helena. Onstage. Spinning.

Right then. A CURTAIN falls.

In an instant, Daphne/Helena has been replaced by a Laurel Tree, into which she transforms in the myth.

Everyone stands up and applauds. Jacob does, too.

He glances to Helena, but he sees Graham looking back at him.

Graham offers a small smile.

Jacob looks to the stage, then back to Graham.

He knows it. Graham is messing with his mind.

EXT. ODEON OF HERODES ATTICUS - NIGHT

The motley quartet of Jacob, Helena, Graham and Andrea move along cobblestone streets, buzzing with the Athens nightlife.

Graham's town car idles nearby.

HELENA

Uh, Graham, if it's all right with you, I think I'm gonna stick around for a bit and catch a cab later.

GRAHAM

It's a perfect night to be young.

Jacob looks from Helena to Graham, who chuckles knowingly.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

LATER, Jacob and Helena stroll together, passing an old woman playing a modernized lyre in a street band.

HELENA

You ever see someone and instantly fall in love with them?

JACOB

Uh... What do you mean?

HELENA

Her.

JACOB

Oh. Yeah.

HELENA

I've worked with hospice patients, and it can be hard to think of myself reaching that age, you know?

(MORE)

HELENA (CONT'D)
Then I see someone like her and it makes
it seem real somehow.

JACOB
Hm. When the elderly do something with
the essence of youth, it gives them a
sense of identity stronger than the one
we assign to them.

HELENA
That sounds like something Graham would
say.

He smiles, then it fades. They walk in silence for a moment.

JACOB
Did you like the performance?

HELENA
Yeah. I just feel bad for Daphne. Being
turned into a tree for no other reason
than to punish a man.

JACOB
I guess not everyone gets old.

HELENA
Well, neither does Apollo, but he gets to
keep on living.

JACOB
Technically, Daphne keeps living too.

HELENA
Yeah. As a tree.

They come upon a lively cavernous night club against a beach.

HELENA (CONT'D)
Oh, this place. It's amazing. It was
built right into a cave. It used to be a
tavern but in 1960, they turned it into a
nightclub. Steinbeck used to go there.
Jackie Onassis, Sophia Lauren. It's
really famous.

JACOB
Well, if there's anyone I associate with
dancing, it's John Steinbeck.

HELENA
(takes his hand)
Come on.

The Cure's Three Imaginary Boys fades in.

INT. CAVE OF PARASKEVAS - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Purple and white lights flash, lighting up a nightclub housed beneath a rocky cave filled with colorful mosaics.

A band plays, backlit by spooky yellow lights, reflecting the rocky wall. We can't see who they are, but they look outside of time. Everything looks out of time.

Jacob and Helena move and sway with a crowd of druggies, hipsters, goths and tourists.

The lights yield to a STROBE of green, white and black.

Green. White. Black. Green. White. Black.

We PUSH in on Helena's face, she directly faces Jacob's POV.

She moves furtively, purposefully, a calculated stroll.

The GREEN-WHITE-BLACK rays across her face.

She pulls Jacob in toward her. The key change of the stark guitar chord of 'Three Imaginary Boys' BLARES.

Helena moves closer. It's sudden. Intentional.

Jacob's almost startled, but he moves with her. Her lips drift across his.

Jacob responds with more forward movements, subtly lowering his arm and gripping her waist with his hands.

He looks down at her. She doesn't look up at him. She stares at his chest.

Then she gently leans in toward him, never looking directly at him, and moves her nose to his ear, opening her lips and breathing against the hairs of his neck.

Jacob closes his eyes in a small euphoria.

Then his eyes open. Green. White. Black.

Jacob looks out into the blinking bodies of the crowd.

Green. White. Black.

It's hypnotic in a way that Jacob can't break his gaze from, despite a sure thing cooing sweet nothings in his ear.

Then his vision distorts.

SPLIT-SECOND FLASH: The canvas PORTRAIT of his FATHER. The entire crowd behind him is a frenzied blend of brushstrokes.

Then a GREEN FLASH.

Among the crowd is his father. In the flesh.

In another split-second FLASH. He's **gone**.

Jacob stares. Too shocked to move.

Helena runs her fingernails through Jacob's hair.

Then gently, lovingly turns his head toward her.

She looks up at him, locks eyes with him and gives him a sweet little smile.

HELENA
Is everything all right?

Jacob nods, subtly, then moves in and kisses her.

It's passionate but slow, almost cordial as they find the chemistry of their mouths.

We're close on their bodies, feeling the heat and reckless joy of their bodies.

All around Jacob, the lights of the club rearrange themselves in KALEIDOSCOPIC VISION, moving in concert with the music,

Jacob is too enamored with Helena to notice.

As they sway together, we DISSOLVE to them at the bar.

Jacob is shouting over the music at the bartender.

Helena hangs onto him, a soft pull, the heat of the moment.

He tries to be patient, but there's urgency in his eyes.

Then the guy brings him two Manhattans.

She sees, nods and turns, herding him to follow her. He does.

She walks out to the bar's patio, climbs over the fence and offers to hold the drinks while he does the same.

He looks behind him to see if anyone's watching.

Then he hands the drinks to her, climbs over the fence and they walk off into the night.

EXT. SACRED ROCK ACROPOLIS - NIGHT

Jacob and Helena come upon a patch of grass amid the rocky archeological site of the Sanctuary of Eros and Aphrodite.

On a bed of soil and their discarded clothing, they make love beneath the starry sky, moving in slow, hot passion.

Their lips brush against each other, trading heavy breaths.

Arms and legs pulling themselves desperately into each other, unable to bear even a sliver of space between their bodies.

We see a vignetted POV of Jacob staring at her.

And then they come together, gasping for air, breathing in moonlight.

As the night breeze washes over them, Helena turns to Jacob.

HELENA

I... Have to tell you something, but before I do, I want you to know that this, us, isn't a part of it.

JACOB

What are you talking about?

HELENA

I was sent by Niles to help you.

JACOB

What. Are you talking about?

HELENA

You don't have to keep up the front with me. Niles Caldwell, the man who hired you. He hired me.

JACOB (V.O. OVER BLACK)

What the fuck were you thinking sending her out without telling me beforehand? This is not how I do things--this is not how anyone does things. This could all be fucked now.

INT. NILES' OFFICE - DAY

An opened case of MaCallan 25-year-old scotch sits on the desk of Niles Caldwell.

A note says: 'Best Wishes, Dad.' Niles has SCRIBBLED it out.

Niles drinks the scotch, fuming, as he listens to a recording of Jacob's most recent tape.

JACOB (V.O.)
 And now because of the situation you've put us in, I don't think we have a choice. We have to find a way to grab whatever we can and get the fuck outta here. Christ, man.

The tape stops. Niles KNOCKS back the scotch, then HURLS the glass at the wall. It SHATTERS.

He presses record on his own tape recorder.

We PUSH in on the bottle. As we get close, we see a collection of very small pods at its base.

NILES
 Jacob. I pray to god this reaches you before you move forward with whatever you're thinking of doing. I did not send that woman. I got no idea who this bitch is. This is exactly what I meant when I said you couldn't trust anything when it came to my father. I'm flying to Athens tonight.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

It's still dark out. Jacob flips his knives around, slicing some onions, nodding along to his Walkman.

He stops, sensing the presence of someone else.

He sees a hand place a BLOODSTAINED FAN BLADE on the counter.

He takes off his headphones. Andrea standing beside him.

JACOB
 What's that?

ANDREA
 It's what you cut your finger on the other night.

JACOB
 No it isn't.

ANDREA
 I've left word with Graham that I'm going to Athens. When I come back, the federal authorities will be with me.
 (MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)
If you leave now, you may be able to flee
the country before your world is turned
upside down.

JACOB
Got an accusation? Let's hear it.

ANDREA
No thank you.

Andrea strides promptly to the front door.

Jacob stares at her.

She closes the door behind her.

Jacob beelines for the staircase.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - DAWN

Jacob enters the laboratory and flips up the facial visor.

He quickly logs into Graham's computer, then accesses a folder titled SECURITY.

He opens AUTHORIZED PERSONS.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - DAWN

Andrea goes to her car, parked at the base of the hill.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - DAWN

Jacob SELECTS Andrea's name.

He looks at security footage of her getting closer to the wall.

He hovers over 'DEAUTHORIZE' but doesn't click it.

She's almost there.

Sweat beads down Jacob's brow.

His finger quivers.

And he presses ENTER.

The small dish at the top of the tower RISES slowly.

He stares for a moment, then RUSHES out of the lab.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - DAWN

We hear a rapid RISE in the bassy HUM.

Then Andrea's eyes go vacant.

POP. A small burst of blood splashes out of her ears.

One of her pupils LURCHES upward. Her eyes go bloodshot.

And she's DEAD before she hits the ground.

Jacob SPRINTS out to her. The dish retracts into the tower.

He stares down at what he's done.

JACOB

I--I didn't... I... Oh God. Oh fuck.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT

The door to Helena's bedroom opens. She sees Jacob, distraught.

HELENA

What is it? Is Graham all right?

JACOB

I'm going to tell you what happened. Then I need your help.

EXT. POND - DAWN

We move along the rippling water of Graham's sprawling POND.

JACOB (V.O.)

Andrea's dead. She was going to expose me and... I changed the security so that--. I didn't know what to do... The important thing is I'm going to handle everything. I just need you to keep watch over Graham while I do. Okay?

HELENA (V.O.)

Okay.

Jacob moves into the water, dragging Andrea's body.

JACOB (V.O.)

Graham's, he's using his technology on me, I know it. I'd already been seeing things, but then he showed his hand.

(MORE)

JACOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't even know if what happened to
Andrea was me or him, but I know we have
to leave tomorrow night. Okay?

HELENA (V.O.)
Okay. Yeah. Okay.

He wades through the pond with her in tow. He DIVES down. She
floats lifelessly, eyes bloodshot and scrambled.

Beneath the surface, he sees the cave.

Jacob resurfaces, moving the floating Andrea back to him.

He SWALLOWS a deep breath and PULLS her down with him.

Beneath the surface, he kicks, thrashing downward.

And FINALLY, he gets to the mouth of the cave, curving
upward, away from the Earth and...

AIR. The air of the cave. Jacob GASPS. And pulls up the body.

He HOISTS it up, enough of its weight landing on the rocky
edge of the cave to sustain some momentum. Breathing hard,
dripping, Jacob grabs onto rock, and climbs up into the cave.

Then he pulls Andrea up, bringing her to the flowing water
down to the beach, and guides her into its current.

She washes along the cave's path as it flows into the ocean.

Jacob watches her disappear into the water as the statue of
Prometheus looms over him.

He goes still, RECKONING with what he's just done.

Then he jumps into the water.

EXT. POND - DAWN

Jacob breaks the surface of the water as the sun comes up.

He gasps, settles, then moves to the edge of the water.

EXT. VERANDA - MORNING

On the table overlooking the Peloponnese, we see two empty
plates with some leftover crumbs and sauce.

Jacob and Graham play a game of Pesseia, sitting cross-legged
on the marble platform overlooking the Mediterranean Sea.

GRAHAM

You're not going to make me ask about
last night.

JACOB

What? ...What about it?

GRAHAM

Nothing scandalous occurred?

JACOB

What do you mean?

GRAHAM

Between you and Helena.

JACOB

Oh. Well... I'd tell you, but it would be
a breath of ethics.

Graham smiles, then moves on the board, cornering Jacob's
leader piece. He's won the match.

GRAHAM

I think you let me win.

JACOB

I thought the same thing the first time
we played.

GRAHAM

Would you like to know what happened to
my wife?

JACOB

Uh, yeah, sure if you're--Yeah.

GRAHAM

My son. Niles. He killed her.

JACOB

...What?

GRAHAM

He was sixteen years old. He and his
mother went sailing together. It was
windy. I always stressed the importance
of staying well clear of land since a bad
draft could steer the boat into the
rocks. He was at the helm. He was being
reckless.

JACOB

Oh my God. Was... he hurt?

GRAHAM

Minor injuries. Like a drunk driver who emerges with bumps and scrapes after killing an entire family.

JACOB

That's... what a horrible accident.

GRAHAM

But not an act of god. An act of negligence. He did not do what I told him to do. And the love of my life paid the ultimate price.

JACOB

Jesus. I... I don't know what to say. I'm so sorry.

GRAHAM

As I said, it was a death. Not a passing. And he was at the wheel.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob takes the two plates and rinses them off.

He watches Graham go to the North Wing.

He sees Helena out in the garden, reading a book near the fountain with a statue of Pegasus drinking from it.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Jacob approaches Helena as she reads. The elaborately designed fountain splashes and babbles actively.

HELENA

Are you okay?

JACOB

We're going to be perfect tonight. Graham may be influencing me, making me see things, but I don't think he's expecting us to move tonight. That's why this is going to work.

HELENA'S VIGNETTED POV is CLOSE on Jacob's lips:

JACOB (CONT'D)

You have it on you?

Helena reaches out and holds Jacob's hand and kisses his cheek. Then she gets up and walks away.

Jacob slides a small bag of powder into his pocket.

EXT. OCEAN - MORNING

POV: Eyes open, staring up at the morning fog of the ocean.

We see a rocky cliff. The person weakly climbs to their feet.

They're on a boat that has CRASHED into the cliffside. Scattered fires. The boat is broken into several pieces.

NILES (V.O.)

Mom? MOM?!

His gaze moves to a fallen sail partially draping a body.

Niles SCREAMS at the top of his lungs.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Niles tremors awake in a bed on his private jet.

He's blindfolded by a sleeping mask. He lifts it up. Tears are in his eyes. He heaves a haggard breath.

Then he just sits. Lost in the terrible memory.

INT. KITCHEN / GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jacob slices portobello mushrooms, mixing shittake, oyster and cremini. Then chops up garlic cloves.

He slices onions up and throws them into butter.

Jacob slices into a raw slab of beef. And he turns around and sees Andrea standing, eyes shot, ears bleeding.

He jolts. Then she's gone. He stares for a moment, then shakes it off.

The oven's nozzle is turned and FIRE blazes around it.

Jacob takes the powder Helena gave him. And pours it into Graham's tea. It dissolves into the liquid.

He washes his hands as the Wellington bakes.

He lathers his hands, firmly, then viciously.

Like He needs to get every last spec of dirt and grime.

He scratches at his cuticle. Pick, pick, pick, pick, pick.

The skin breaks. Blood trickles.

GRAHAM
Mushroom Wellington.

Jacob JERKS his hands away, instantly broken of his spell. His eyes whip up to see Graham.

JACOB
Oh. Beef, actually. With mushroom.

GRAHAM
(looking around)
Hm. I expected Andrea to be back by now. Sometimes she stays in the city, but she usually tells me first. You didn't scare her off, did you?

JACOB
I don't think she's too frightened of me.

Graham smiles, then leaves. Jacob grimaces.

EXT. CALDWELL MANOR - SUNSET

The sky is purple as the sun sets into the sea, illuminating Jacob's eyes and hair as he watches.

He's by himself, taking in the scenery of the estate.

He breathes in slowly, knowing this is the last time he's going to be here. He feels the sun on his body, the air against his closed eyes, the bristling moisture of the ocean.

If only he could stay a little longer.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The candles along the wall are lit as if for mass.

The moonlight glimmers in through the wide open roof.

The chandelier hangs like a spider on a golden web.

The Beef Wellington is at center table.

Jacob takes Graham's plate, serves him and sits.

GRAHAM
I'd like to say grace.

JACOB
Really?

GRAHAM

Yes, you heathen.

(he takes their hands)

Our father, whether thou art or art not in heaven, we thank thee for this lovely meal. As it says in Deuteronomy, when thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. And please see to it, Lord, that Andrea safely returns to this good land. Amen.

JACOB

Amen.

HELENA

Amen.

Graham cuts into the Wellington and eats.

Then Graham looks to Jacob and stares him right in the eye.

GRAHAM

I can feel her hand on my back.

JACOB

Your wife? Really?

GRAHAM

Yes.

JACOB

I--I'm honored, Graham. Thank you.

GRAHAM

Thank you, son.

Then he takes the FATEFUL SIP of his POISONED TEA.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

And the tea. Top notch as always.

INT. GRAHAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mirrors everywhere. Graham reflected into eternity.

He lathers shaving cream onto his face.

INT. JACOB'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jacob wears a face full of shaving cream.

He runs the razor along the side of his neck.

Then he stops. Jacob looks at his hand for a moment.

He resumes shaving. Slowing as he nears his Adam's Apple.

He stops again, waiting. He doesn't move a muscle.

We're CLOSE on the razor SCRATCHING specks of hair off, grazing the fleshy bump of his Adam's Apple.

He closes his eyes, breathing in. He moves smoothly over it without issue. He sighs, unnerved.

INT. GRAHAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jacob walks into Graham's bedroom through the bathroom's cracked door. He walks slowly into the bathroom and opens it.

He sees Graham lying on the bathroom floor.

He walks over, gently lifts Graham up and takes him to his bed, tucking him in with care.

He stares at the unconscious Graham for a moment longer.

JACOB
I'm sorry, Graham.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Jacob and Helena enter the lab.

She has a camera, taking pictures of everything.

Jacob plugs in an external hard drive to Graham's computer and starts going through, selecting everything.

Then he sees a folder marked DISTRIBUTION.

He clicks on it. More folders: PATENTS, PRODUCTION, ROLLOUT.

Jacob looks through all the patent applications to different countries.

In PRODUCTION, he finds a copy of an invoice sent to a production warehouse in Taiwan with a launch date.

JACOB
My God. He was moving fast on this.
Patents, contracts with a pharmaceutical company. He had it all set up as a medical treatment. He had big plans.

HELENA
The bigger his plans, the better for us.

JACOB
We're bringing fire down from Olympus.

HELENA
That's a little melodramatic.

The hard drive finishes copying everything and Jacob disconnects it and accesses the security footage.

Helena gathers various samples from the refrigerator and freezer chest and places them into a cooling bag.

Jacob slides Andrea's hard drive out. Helena takes several mice places them into a ventilated carrying case.

JACOB
I've deleted all of the camera footage going back months before I arrived. That should be everything.

HELENA
Have you looked at any of it?

JACOB
Should I have?

HELENA
Just curious.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT

The two of them walk out. The house is still.

HELENA
The effects of the agent should wear off in a couple hours, guiding him into a nice normal sleep. He'll wake up groggy, but that's all.

EXT. GATE - NIGHT

The gate opens. Jacob and Helena ride out on his motorcycle.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jacob's motorcycle echoes through the Greek countryside. A full moon beams upon him and Helena. She hangs on tight.

EXT. ATHENS - NIGHT

Jacob cruises with Helena through the vibrant Athens streets.

INT. ROYAL SUITE - HOTEL GRAND BRETAGNE - NIGHT

We move through an opulent hotel room, through the golden curtains of the towering windows.

Jacob, disquieted, smokes with Helena on the balcony against the ancient citadel of the Acropolis. She takes his hand.

HELENA

It was an accident. We did everything we needed to. It's okay.

He nods, exhaling, then she leans in and kisses him.

They quickly move to the bed, undressing rapidly, Jacob kisses down Helena's neck to her stomach, then he slides off her underwear and buries his head between her legs.

Their bodies are silhouetted by illuminated Acropolis.

Then she pulls him inside of her.

They move fast. Hard, raw, passionate fucking.

Then the sheets begin to move, slowly raveling around them.

Sliding up and around the shoulder of Jacob.

Grazing softly around the waist of Helena.

For a moment, they look like togas on perfectly sculpted statues of two young Greek lovers.

Then she climbs atop him and straddles him.

She rides him, slowly at first, sensually.

Then she speeds up, gyrating back and forth.

Green, white and black lights begin to FLASH in the room.

A bassy RASP crackles along as the flashing QUICKENS.

Helena STARES at him wildly, ROCKING, THRASHING.

Jacob gazes up at her, transfixed, frozen.

Then the sheets TIGHTEN around Jacob's wrists.

And RISE, WHIPPING around Helena.

The entire room goes DARK as the sheets around Helena fall to the bed.

Jacob GASPS, he leans forward, RIPPING apart the sheets.

She's gone.

And all that remains in her place is his yellow Walkman.

The tape is rolling. Jacob, reeling in disbelief, reaches out and presses STOP.

With a seismic-shifting THUMP:

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT

We're back in Graham's home in the dining room.

It was all a vision, a hallucination created by Graham.

Jacob sits alone at the table. His vision hazy.

In a state of shock. Trembling. Sucking in air.

He stares at the canvas in the atrium. It's blank.

It fills his view.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
Rest your nerves. Look.

Jacob does. A VISION is projected onto the canvas.

We see RED MICROBES. The gray, pale soma of a CELL.

The beautiful organic wires of the axon, a glowing branch sprawling from the nucleus of the cell.

We follow along its dendrites, tentacles stretching out.

As they reach for the terminals of another neuron.

This one is GREEN, the color of the pods made by Graham.

We move along with the molecular electrical charges, SWIMMING along a branching FUNGUS from one CELL to the other.

An arboreal path of fertility. The soma, gray and dying, REJUVENATES.

Gray yields to a GOLDEN shine. We move toward it as Jacob's backyard BLEEDS into view.

Fireflies. Night. 'My Father's House' by Springsteen plays.

Then we're in a CLOSEUP of GRAHAM'S PIPE.

A plastic dropper dispenses small beads of water into it.

Behind it, we see a screen projecting its microscopic contents, GREEN PODS littered within.

We MOVE into the pipe, then PULL out through smoke. Jacob sits next to Graham, breathing it in.

Then Jacob exhales, smoke fills our view.

We're in a BLACK VOID, wisps of smokes drift upward.

Rearranging itself into colorful kaleidoscopic patterns. The patterns shift, growing more intricate, then reshaping themselves into the form of a human body.

The body forms into HELENA. Floral wings of Dendrobium flowers slowly emerge behind her. A gorgeous siren.

Then a dark smoke billows through her wings, forming a cloud, smothering all light as everything goes black.

The vision ENDS.

Light. Jacob sits at the table in Caldwell Manor.

As if coming from the wall, Graham steps into focus and sits down across from the paralyzed Jacob.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
At last. We can speak without the noise
of ulterior motives.

JACOB
I think... You have plenty.

GRAHAM
No. My motives are clear. I'm dying, Jacob. The condition to which the paramedic referred is that I'm dying of cancer. I've been able to stave off the more harrowing effects but eventually the water takes us all into the ocean.

JACOB
I don't believe you.

GRAHAM
You will. I no longer have any reason to lie to you.

JACOB
Because I'm under your control?

GRAHAM
Not entirely. The majority of the 86 billion neurons inside you just keep the gears moving.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I can stop or start the gears if I so choose, but for the moment, you're able to speak and think as yourself. I'm guiding you along the path I've laid for you. With safeguards in place, of course.

JACOB
And Helena's with you, isn't she? She's a part of this.

GRAHAM
Have you ever wondered why I don't have any pictures of my wife around?

JACOB
Graham...

Suddenly Jacob feels a hand on his shoulder. And a picture is handed to him from behind.

HELENA in a summer dress, with a YOUNG GRAHAM in a photograph they've taken of themselves.

And they're at the Sacred Rock of the Acropolis. Where Jacob and Helena had sex for the first time.

Helena walks in front of Jacob. She wears the same dress.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You're... You're not real.

HELENA
I was real enough for you.

JACOB
(in disbelief)
I... I touched her. I--

GRAHAM
Touch is only what our minds tell us it is. Sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch, they're all ingredients of a recipe into which I can add my own flavor to your sensory neurons.

JACOB
You... You made a hallucination of your dead wife and made me fuck her? What the hell's wrong with you?

GRAHAM
Rest assured, you didn't fuck anyone.

Helena strolls over to him, cradles her arms around his chest and leans in and coos in his ear.

We CIRCLE around Helena, roving past her and Jacob and back to Graham as they all speak.

In a RAPID cut between the two of them, Helena and Graham speak every other word of the next sentence:

GRAHAM/HELENA
 You're /a/ pioneer /in/ the /most/
 advanced /act/ of /masturbation/ on
 /human/ record.

She brushes her lips against his ear, all while he's frozen.

JACOB
 (breathing heavy)
 Graham. I know... I'm not liberty to
 lecture you... on false pretenses.
 (nods to Helena)
 But this is pretty fucked up.

Graham nods gently. Helena looks down at Jacob, then rolls her eyes and walks off.

GRAHAM
 You will have to forgive my
 unoriginality. I drew upon my early
 memories with her and made some
 alterations tailored to you. We first
 danced at the Cave of Paraskevas and made
 love at the Sacred Rock of the Acropolis.
 It's why I settled here in Greece.

FLASH: Jacob talks to Helena at the fish market.

FLASH: Then he's by himself at the market, talking to himself

FLASH: Jacob dances with Helena. Then he's by HIMSELF.

FLASH: Jacob kisses her on the beach. Then he's alone.

JACOB
 This--This isn't happening.

GRAHAM
 At the moment, I wouldn't say you're a
 reliable judge as to what is and isn't
 happening. You have to admit, though,
 they're lovely memories.

JACOB
 Wh--What are you going to do to me?

GRAHAM

We'll get to that. First, I'd like you to answer the door for me. My son is here. Stopped by for a visit, prompted by you, I believe.

The doorbell chimes. Jacob walks over, observing himself in disbelief as he does.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You see, I'm making you walk right now, but you're able to observe yourself of your own accord.

JACOB

Jesus fucking Christ.

GRAHAM

See? You can even speak as yourself.

Jacob gets to the door and opens it. It's Niles. He stares at Jacob, seeing Graham behind him at the table.

NILES

Hello.

JACOB

Hello. Please come in.

Jacob returns to the table. Niles joins them, puzzled.

Helena sits at the table, speaking to Jacob.

HELENA

He can't see me. Not yet.

GRAHAM

Good evening, Niles. This is Jacob, he's my personal chef. To what do I owe the pleasure of your company?

NILES

I, uh, I was in Greece. And it's been a while since we've seen each other.

GRAHAM

Yes. It has. You're just in time for dinner. Jacob's made us a Mushroom Wellington. Just like mum used to.

NILES

That's... Very thoughtful.

GRAHAM

So. Tell me how things are going at the family business. I hear Cognitech is nipping at your heels.

NILES

Nothing we can't handle. How are things here?

GRAHAM

You know the thing I used to tell you. One must have chaos in oneself to give birth to a dancing star.

NILES

You've never been lacking in chaos. So what kind of stars you got dancing?

GRAHAM

I can tell you or I can show you.

NILES

Might as well show me.

GRAHAM

I was hoping you'd say that. Helena.

From one moment to the next, Niles can see sees the manifestation of his younger mother.

He reacts, bewildered, distraught.

HELENA

Hello Niles.

NILES

What... What--

HELENA

Tell your father what you're going to do.

Niles stops trembling, then, almost unconsciously, speaks.

NILES

I will resign as the CEO of Caldwell Limited. Then I will name Jacob Dalton as my successor.

Niles comes out of his trance and hyperventilates.

NILES (CONT'D)

What--What the fuck is this? What the fuck's going on? What have you--Why is... Why am I seeing her? H--How is--

GRAHAM

Calm down.

(he does)

You've already been acquainted with my dancing star. Jacob informed you of it. And I gave you a sample in the scotch I sent you.

NILES

You fucked with my head for some... science project?

GRAHAM

Yes.

Jacob's mind is racing. Then he realizes something.

JACOB

Andrea. What about Andrea? Did you make me do that?

GRAHAM

Please, eat. You must both be hungry.

They do, at Graham's prompting.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I told Andrea of my intention to leave everything to you rather than her and her loyalty finally faltered.

JACOB

So you made me kill her.

GRAHAM

I... let you. You remember our game with the spoon and the knife. You and she were confined to a series of reactions. Her punishment was certainly too harsh for the crime, but disloyalty is something I take very personally. And there's too much at stake.

JACOB

Jesus Christ.

GRAHAM

You see, with this technology, I've been able to clone my memory, my cognitive neural regions and put them inside of you, bit by bit, in your waking hours and your dreams. When I die, I will carry on my work through you.

JACOB
As your puppet.

GRAHAM
Not so different than the head of any large company. I will give you certain freedoms, but for the rest? You'll have a front row seat to a global revolution. Endless conflicts between nations can be resolved overnight. Economic suffering can become a thing of the past.

NILES
And here I thought you had a god complex. So you killed Sebastian. And then you killed Andrea.

HELENA
Son, I don't believe you're in any position to judge.

NILES
(to Helena)
That was--
(turns to Graham)
That was a FUCKING ACCIDENT. And--I was sixteen. I was a kid.

Graham calmly walks over and SLAMS his hand on the table.

GRAHAM
YOU WERE THE ONE AT THE WHEEL.

Graham, just as calm, returns to his seat.

NILES
I was sixteen. Is that what this is all about? You're gonna take back your company and leave it to some stooge I hired just to spite me?

GRAHAM
I prefer to look at it as a partnership over a single body. Jacob is a more worthy vessel.

Niles, tears forming, glares at him with hurt and rage.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Tell me your thoughts, Jacob.

NILES

You're not going to go along with this. I brought you in. I gave you this opportunity.

JACOB

I thought I was just your hired stooge.
(he looks to Graham)
And since it looks like I don't have a choice in the matter, I guess I can trade my free will, or the illusion of it, for extreme wealth and power.

GRAHAM

Then I think champagne's in order if that matter's settled. Would you mind doing the honors, Jacob? As a curtain call to your role of personal chef in our sordid play? ...I won't make you.

JACOB

It'd be my pleasure.

Jacob nods, then goes to open a bottle in the kitchen.

GRAHAM

I have to keep the training wheels on, though, I'm afraid. Can't have you bopping me on the head.

JACOB

I figured.

As he pours the wine into glasses, he looks over at a small ceramic salt holder, thinking, staring.

FLASH: A MEMORY of a flashing concert lights are in the background as a paramedic tends to young Jacob, on the ground, we see an empty bottle of soy sauce come into focus.

FLASH: The FOOTAGE Jacob saw earlier of the mouse scurrying to one side of the cage, then keeling over, convulsing, having a seizure.

FLASH: We PULL back to see the synthetic neurons severing, breaking apart from the mouse's seizure.

The only way to break himself free of Graham's control.

Jacob looks down at his hand and gently waves it to and fro.

Then he closes his eyes. And reaches for the SALT HOLDER.

And DUMPS it all into his own wine.

Then he takes the corkscrew and slides it into his pocket.

As he picks up the two glasses, he hears something. My Father's House by Bruce Springsteen plays in the atrium.

Jacob's brow furrows as he walks out with the two glasses.

Where he finds his FATHER sitting at the table.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Very cute, Graham.

But he can't keep up the unfazed act with his father's eyes boring into him.

JACOB'S FATHER
I was made from our memories. As a gift.

JACOB
I didn't ask for this.

JACOB'S FATHER
I'd give anything to have seen you through this life, but I will always be here in your memory, with you, alive as you remember me. And you can see me whenever you want.

JACOB
I can?

As his father speaks, we hear a trace of Graham's voice.

JACOB'S FATHER/GRAHAM (O.S.)
Whenever you want.

JACOB
Are you... Are you proud of me?

JACOB'S FATHER
I am.

JACOB
Have I forged my own path in life?

JACOB'S FATHER
You've done very well for yourself. And you took care of your mother. Maybe that's enough.

JACOB
Not in your eyes.

JACOB'S FATHER
What do you think I would say?

JACOB
I... I think you'd say I made a
profession of the one thing you told me
not to do.

JACOB'S FATHER
It doesn't change my love for you.

JACOB
(looks away)
Graham, please.

The music stops. Without theatrics, Graham has replaced Jacob's father.

The Pesseia board is laid out for them.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry. I thought you might like to
see him.

JACOB
Where's Niles?

GRAHAM
I've sent him back to Athens. He's going
to be a busy boy, informing the
shareholders of the new regime.

JACOB
How long did you know? That you couldn't
trust me?

GRAHAM
Not as long as you'd think.

JACOB
What did you think when you found out?

GRAHAM
I was disappointed at first. But
considering you couldn't trust me either,
I felt it all came out in the wash. Shall
we play? Just for the hell of it?

JACOB
Truthfully, Graham, I'd love nothing
more. But I've seen what you're willing
to do with the people under your control.
The pieces at your end of the board.
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
(then)
The only way to win is not to play.

Jacob finishes his salt-filled wine. Graham stares, curious.

Jacob's vision blurs, tunneling rapidly. Then BLACK.

We're CLOSE on the conjoined dendrites of a yellow and the green synthetic neuron of Graham's creation.

A small electrical surge passes through the connection.

And the green dendrites break away and drifts off. A dying squid floating to the surface of the ocean.

We move through its phosphorescent body.

Into Jacob's open eye: He lies on the marble floor.

Graham stands over Jacob, gazing down at him.

Jacob can feel it. He's destroyed Graham's neurons inside of him, he's no longer under his control.

He's free.

Jacob REACHES into his pocket and takes out the corkscrew.

And LUNGES at Graham's heart. Graham GRABS his hands.

But he only diverts the thrust by inches.

It PIERCES through his chest.

And into the generator of his PACEMAKER.

Circuits POP and CRACK.

Graham falls back and observes a small trickle of blood.

GRAHAM
A self-induced... Seizure. I hadn't
thought of that.

JACOB
Forging my path.

GRAHAM
I'd wish you well, but I can't let you go
without a fight.

The lights SHUT off.

Except for a border of red lights along the ceiling.

And scattered moonlight through the windows.

Mechanical groans reverberate through the house. The windows and doors are metallically reinforced, preventing any escape.

Jacob is blinded. He can't see anything.

He moves slowly, trying to asses his surroundings, we REVOLVE around him as he scans the surrounding atrium.

Except for the dimly lit Helena, standing at the table.

She buckles over, convulsing, rasping.

Jacob SCANS around him, trying to move toward the stairs.

But the image in his MIND is searing. Consuming.

Flesh MELTS off her face. Her clothes melt into her body.

Globs of hair SINK down her skull.

A TERRIFYING VISION of how Graham's malfunctioning neurons appear to Jacob as they warp and are slowly destroyed:

She is artificial, but her matter is sickeningly organic.

Even the light receptors in his vision are deranged:

Her body BENDS upside down in a fluidly circular motion.

Then the light of her REFRACTS, splitting into a mirrored image of herself, arched in the sideways OVAL of Jacob's eye.

Her rotting flesh FLICKERS rapidly back and forth between the contorted bodies.

We CUT to Graham, watching in the shadows.

He sees none of what Jacob sees, the room looks normal, but Jacob reacts in a horrified trance.

The moonlight ILLUMINATES Jacob's face. Graham is fascinated.

Back in Jacob's VISION: Wet chunks rip away, appearing and detaching from each husk disappearing into a growing FLARE of light at the center of Jacob's iris.

The two Helenas mutually eviscerate, their subatomic parts BLEED into the swelling light.

Then in a FLASH, she's gone, the marrow and light folding in on itself and disappearing.

Then in a FLASH, Jacob is in the ocean, SUCKING in water.

He SNAPS back to the house. He COUGHS and hacks.

Then Graham RUSHES at him from out of the darkness.

And he STABS him in the upper shoulder, PINNING him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

My neurons are dying, malfunctioning as they fire through your system. It must be quite the spectacle.

Jacob stares up at Graham, as he sees fading blends of his father. winded. He clutches his heart.

Jacob REACHES up for the knife, Graham tries to stop him, then Jacob DECKS him off of him.

He RIPS the knife out, PRESSES down on the wound and rushes toward the tree in the center of the atrium.

Then as Jacob runs, he FLASHES into the blind woman's memory, but he's in her husband's POV, battering him with the hammer.

Then the light of the vision SCATTERS into his retina.

And he QUICKLY snaps back to reality, stumbling toward the tree, dropping the knife, Graham, blood pouring from his nose, in pursuit.

He gets to the tree and begins to climb up it.

A MECHANICAL lurch. The ROOF begins to slowly RETRACT.

Graham's ROPE descends from the ceiling.

Then he FLASHES to the firefly-lit backyard with his father.

The Springsteen song pitches wildly, warbling.

He looks over to see his father staring at him, he has NO FLESH on his face, blood seeps down.

The light BLEEDS away in an instant again.

Jacob CLUTCHES the tree, pulling himself slowly up it, blood oozing down from his shoulder.

He SCREAMS. Graham has PLUNGED the knife into his leg.

The roof continues to retract. Maybe EIGHT FEET to go.

Graham, beleaguered, reaches out for his rope and wraps it around his forearm as it PULLS him up toward the ceiling.

Graham crawls to it and WRAPS it around his forearms.

Bleeding everywhere, Jacob nears the top of the tree, narrowly outpacing Graham as he rises.

Jacob is near the top of the tree.

Graham shifts his momentum, beginning to swing toward Jacob.

Jacob stables himself as best as at the top. And LEAPS.

A split-second of air. He catches the edge of the roof.

The retracting roof MOVES toward him, six feet away.

Clutching, holding up his entire body with his fingertips.

He HOISTS his elbow up, leveraging it upon the roof.

Progress. He lifts his other elbow.

He spots a pipe on the roof. Just out of reach.

He pushes himself up more, inches, millimeters away.

His fingers are almost to it. And he's PULLED back down.

Graham COLLIDES with him and WRAPS his arms around his neck.

Jacob CRIES out as he holds them up with a single elbow.

He quickly positions his other arm and pulls himself back up.

He WHIPS his head back to hit Graham in the face.

Graham staggers down to Jacob's back.

And stops himself from falling by CLUTCHING the knife in Jacob's leg. Jacob SCREAMS in agony.

The roof's edge is two feet away, moving CLOSER and CLOSER.

Graham PULLS the knife out of Jacob and SLASHES at his arm.

Jacob HOWLS, but maintains his grip, finally, with all his might, he steadies one elbow on the roof and REACHES into his pocket for the corkscrew.

Graham SLASHES at him again and Jacob STABS the corkscrew into Graham's hand. Graham shouts and drops the knife.

Jacob takes the corkscrew and STABS it into the rooftop, it immediately pulls back but it gives him enough momentum to claw desperately forward, moaning as he does.

He PULLS Graham up with him whose legs still hang inside.

Jacob reaches out and CLUTCHES the pipe. He bends his knees and SWINGS his legs up.

Then his foot gets CAUGHT.

The platform's STEEL BORDER is less than a FOOT AWAY.

It begins to CLOSE on Graham's back, he grimaces.

Then Graham reaches out.

And LIFTS Jacob's leg up, freeing him.

As the platform CRUSHES his pelvis.

Flesh BREAKS. Graham HOWLS.

His organs COMBUST. Bone CRUNCHES.

Graham buckles forward, hacking blood out of his mouth.

And the platform finally gives, pinning what's left of him.

Jacob pants desperately.

Graham fades, seconds from death.

He reaches his fingers out, bloody, weak and vulnerable.

Jacob can't help but hold his hand.

And looks into the eyes of Graham.

They share a quiet moment together.

Then Graham moves his other hand up.

Slowly at first. Then Jacob sees him holding something.

It's the smoking PIPE he used to first infect him with the synthetic neurons.

He THRUSTS it toward Jacob's mouth.

Jacob JERKS his head away.

He RESISTS, shoving Graham's hand back.

Then Graham buckles forward, heaving a ragged breath.

He gently bows his head.

And breaks from Jacob's gaze. Then he's gone.

Jacob watches him for a little longer.

Then he rolls over and lies spread eagle.

Just then, we hear the tires of a car GRIND against dirt.

Jacob sees a Mercedes S-Class fishtail into the field outside the gate and RUNS into the statue of Zeus.

Niles gets out of the car, disconcerted, woozy.

Jacob lies back down, exhausted.

OVER BLACK, we hear a tape start up, recording.

JACOB (V.O.)
Dear Niles. This will be my final entry.

EXT. ATHENS - NIGHT

Jacob sits on a lavish veranda across from the Acrocorinth.

In an exquisitely tailored navy blue suit with black lapels.

He speaks into a microphone attached to his Walkman.

JACOB
I'd like to thank you for your continued
friendship during this entire process. If
anyone had reason to object to him
leaving his shares to me, it was you, so
your support means the world.

INT. CALDWELL MANOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A ruffled Niles speaks to Jacob at the table in the atrium.

NILES
That was fucking crazy. I came out of
that--that... that fuckin' trance and I
just lost control of the car. This is
great, though. I fuck up his statue and
you fuck him up. We can still get
everything. We can scrub this all away
and get the company back on track.

(MORE)

NILES (CONT'D)
You've done very well. You're getting a promotion for this.

JACOB
A ...Promotion?

NILES
Yeah. Big one. I know Graham was trying to, uh, make that cockamamie will of his part of his manipulation of you, but once you renounce it and we sort everything out, you know, legally, I'll get you set up good. Juicier salary, company car, that kind of thing. You got a big future at Caldwell Limited, my friend.

Jacob watches Niles, thinking.

INT. GRAHAM'S LABORATORY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jacob goes into the lab.

He turns on the lights and logs into Graham's computer.

He pulls up the database. Then the folders.

Jacob looks over to the rows of mice.

Then he looks at the name on one file:

NILES.

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Jacob drives, glancing at Niles in the rear view mirror, massaging his shoulder.

Jacob stands up and wanders, feeling the night breeze.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A row of lawyers smile and nod to Jacob as they shake hands.

JACOB (V.O.)
Now that things have settled, we can all finally take the time to mourn the tragic, untimely passing of your titanic and legendary father. I will never forget how much you and he have done for me.

EXT. ATHENS - NIGHT

JACOB

You're always welcome to our finest table whenever you're in Athens. After all, if you didn't hire me to pretend to be a chef, I never would have developed a genuine passion for it. Funny how things work out.

Jacob pauses, looking out.

JACOB (CONT'D)

We both cared for your father. That much is true. In fact I still have dreams of our time together. Thank you for everything, Niles. Goodbye.

He stops the tape, takes out his headphones and walks away from the veranda. He passes a woman in a black suit.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Chloe, would you mind putting this in my office? Thank you.

Jacob goes to a private booth perfectly observed to oversee a sprawling, luxurious outdoor restaurant.

People nod and smile to Jacob as they pass. A waitress approaches him with a bottle of wine.

WAITRESS

Mr. Dalton, this was sent to you from the Attica & Argosaronic Hotel and Restaurant Association. Would you like a glass?

Jacob is briefly distracted by an attractive woman who passes and nods to him.

JACOB

Uh, yes, certainly. Thank you, Chloe.

She opens the bottle, then pours a glass and walks off.

Jacob looks down, swivels the wine, then takes a long drink.

As he does, he hears a voice.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I hope there's no salt in there.

The hairs on Jacob's neck stand up. As he slowly brings the glass down and lowers his gaze.

Graham Caldwell sits across from him.

GRAHAM

The stars are dancing tonight. Orion is looking splendid. And Arcturus, the Herdsman, with his flock.

Jacob, sits, too stunned to speak, staring at the vision of a dead man.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

As you may have gathered, I sent the wine. What's left of me, that is.

Jacob looks at the bottle: Penfolds Grange Hermitage 1951.

JACOB

Graham. ...Is this... Is--

GRAHAM

Don't worry. Everything here is real. Except for me, of course. A marionette in a show put on for you and only you.

Graham lights his pipe and smokes it.

JACOB

I... I... How is... How?

GRAHAM

It's because of you. And, intriguingly enough, a choice you made. You were one step away from forging that elusive path of your own making. You used my technology to secure your future, then you planned to destroy it. But you couldn't give up that power. You couldn't rid yourself of this thing that would forever change the course of what we know as reality.

JACOB

But... I saw you die.

GRAHAM

You did. But as I told you, I used my invention to clone my consciousness, my memories, everything that makes me me except for, of course, a body. You kept me alive, such as I am. And, slowly, but surely, as you slept, I rebuilt myself inside of you.

Graham reaches over and takes a drink of Jacob's wine.

JACOB
You're still pulling the strings.

GRAHAM
I'm not strong enough to pull them all just yet. By exposing my one oversight, however, you helped me iron out the remaining wrinkles. A sodium overdose is no longer on the table for you, I'm afraid.

Jacob stares, bewildered but, paradoxically, glad to see him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Beyond us, however, you must remember the choice you made was nothing more than a reaction to an endless series of reactions. Free will is a story we invented, the players telling themselves they are not in a play.

(a peaceful sigh)
I've missed our time on the stage.
Haven't you?

JACOB
...What happens now?

GRAHAM
Oh, we have plenty to do, but tonight I just wanted to drop by and say hello. I'd like you to enjoy yourself this evening. As for everything else?

Graham stands and gives a twinkling smile to Jacob.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I'll take it from here.

He strolls off into the night, behind a crowd of patrons.

Then he's gone, wisps of pipe smoke still trailing.

As Jacob watches, we move behind him to a winged statue.

And up to the full moon, reflecting the fire of the sun.

Forever in the shadow of its orbit.

THE END.