Untitled Emmerich & Kloser Project
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ACT 1

1 EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

A rugby game. A summer storm hangs over the field. The pitch is a mess, slippery as hell. The game is violent, on edge. We are at Cardiff University in Wales, UK.

Number 11 of the home team makes a bold run down the sideline. This is CARTER HENDERSON (26). He gets brutally tackled by number 4 of the guest team.

But Carter is unstoppable. On his next run he scores a five pointer. A mixture of rain and sweat pours down his heavy, dark hair as he glares at his opponent.

2 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - MORNING

Close: A grey haired MAN (52), meticulously assembles a sniper rifle. He hears a CAR entering the parking structure, a black Mercedes with tinted windows. His target. The assassin CLICKS the TELESCOPE into place--

3 EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

The COACH (35), watches tensely from the sideline as Carter is tackled again by his Rival, roughly. Carter’s anger erupts, he jumps up and goes after the guy. Teammates separate them as a penalty is called, costing Carter’s team precious yards.

Coach calls a time-out, pulling Carter aside.

COACH
Carter, control yourself! We’re winning.

4 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - DAY

Through the telescope: The door of the Mercedes opens. A tall GENTLEMAN (45) in an impeccable suit steps out. He nervously checks his watch.

Just then, the assassin pulls the trigger, at least three times-- The target sinks to the ground.

5 EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

The final two minutes. Again, Carter catches the ball and pushes forward. In utter determination, number 4 goes after him; aiming straight for Carter’s body--
INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - MORNING

The assassin quickly disassembles his rifle, throwing it into a metal case, when suddenly, he realizes that someone has a gun with a silencer pointed to his head--

A MAN (35), wearing an ear piece. The assassin looks up in horror, then... resignation. A single SHOT thumps--

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

Just as Carter is about to collide with his opponent, a BOLT OF LIGHTNING lashes down onto the field. A deafening THUNDER.

Carter is hit; unconscious. A SET OF EYES FLY OPEN--

INT. ARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - MORNING

--They belong to the man who was shot by the sniper. He lies on the concrete, stunned.

From his POV-- A young woman, WYNTER-LEE (20), comes running. She’s soaking wet by the time she gets there--

For a moment the two scenes seem to INTERCONNECT. Then--

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

Wynter-Lee throws herself down to the passed out rugby player.

WYNTER-LEE
Carter! Wake up-- Look at me!

The REFEREE looks down at Carter and blows the WHISTLE.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - MORNING

The man with the earpiece walks over to the victim of the sniper, who, to our surprise, sits up and opens his jacket.

We realize he’s wearing a bulletproof vest but there’s blood on his shoulder. He opens the vest’s buckles.

TALL GENTLEMAN
I’m hit. Call an ambulance-- and get this thing off me.

(A beat
I saw something... at the moment I was shot... he’s not the one. There’s someone else.
VOICE (V.O.)
(whispering)
Is he dead?

11 EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

The PLAYERS look on, concerned, whispering to each other. Suddenly, Carter opens his eyes, glancing up at Wynter-Lee.

CARTER
Wynnie? What are you doing here?

WYNTER-LEE
You got hit by lightning.

CARTER
(sitting up)
What? No, I feel fine.

He gets up and they walk to the sideline together. The onlookers give a unanimous SIGH OF RELIEF, LIGHT APPLAUSE.

CARTER (CONT’D)
In fact, I feel great. Are you sure?

WYNTER-LEE
It was kind of hard to miss.

When they reach the sideline, THE TEAM DOCTOR shines a light in his eyes, checks him over. A STERN WOMAN APPROACHES.

STERN WOMAN
Carter Henderson. The Dean would like to see you in his office. At once.

12 INT. DEAN’S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Carter is awaited by the stern looking dean, JAMES BRETT (58). A bony man with thick, horn-rimmed glasses. The only sound we hear is the BUZZING of a MEAT FLY on the window, trying to escape the room. Carter ENTERS.

MR. BRETT
Mr. Henderson. Thank you for coming. I’ve received a phone call from New York, you should brace yourself.
(A beat)
I’m afraid your father has been killed.

Carter stares back. Is he in shock, simply unmoved, or a combination of both?
MR. BRETT (CONT’D)
Mr. Henderson?

CARTER
He’s been dead to me for a long time.

There is an awkward pause.

MR. BRETT
Nevertheless. Apparently he was the victim of a violent crime.

CARTER
Who called?

MR. BRETT
A gentleman from New York. He left an address for the funeral.

He hands Carter a card. Carter gives it a cursory glance, tucks it away. He turns to leave.

CARTER
Well. Thanks for letting me know.

MR. BRETT
You know, regardless of your... estrangement, this institution is extremely grateful to your late father for his ongoing philanthropic support.

CARTER
What are you talking about?

MR. BRETT
Dr. Franklin has been a major contributor since you arrived here. I assumed you knew that.

CARTER
(A beat)
Like I said. I barely knew the man.

He EXITS.

OMITTED

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - DUSK

The rain has stopped. Carter and Wynter-Lee walk across the rugby field.
WYNTER-LEE
I’m really sorry, sweetie. At least he’s in a better place now.

CARTER
You know I don’t believe in that stuff.

He glances at the cross around her neck; clearly she does and he’s belittled it before. He kisses her, looks in her eyes.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Sorry, baby.

WYNTER-LEE
I’ll go with you. To the funeral.

CARTER
I’m not going. I hated the man.

WYNTER-LEE
Carter. He was your father.

CARTER
I haven’t seen him since I was twelve, what kind of father is that?

WYNTER-LEE
So this could be your chance to get some answers. Find out what happened after your mum died. Why he sent you to live with his Aunt over here.

CARTER
It’s no great mystery. My mother died giving birth and he blamed me. I spent my whole childhood trying to make him love me... after a while, I just stopped trying. I got tired of all that need.

(A beat)
And now, he’s dead.

She takes his hand. They stop in a dark circular spot on the field. The grass is all burnt.

WYNTER-LEE
This is where the lightning hit.

CARTER
Jesus. How am I alive?

Wynter-Lee looks spooked. There’s something lying on the charred earth. It’s a pendant from a necklace. A blackened metal cross. Wynter-Lee is drawn to it. She picks it up.
He goes to her and she hands it to him. He runs his thumb over the charred cross. Looks into her eyes.

CARTER (CONT’D)
You’re right. Of course you’re right.
I’ll go to the funeral.

WYNTER-LEE
I’ll come with.

CARTER
You can’t miss your conservatory. I’ll be okay.

He goes to hand her the cross back but she wraps his fingers around it, closing it in his fist.

WYNTER-LEE
It might bring you luck.

INT. AIRPLANE – BUSINESS CLASS CABIN – DAY

Carter is reclined in his seat with an empty stare. The BUSINESS MAN in the next seat is watching CNN on his SEAT BACK MONITOR. A story about an assassination attempt on NY SENATOR JOHN DANIEL TERAS. The crawl under the reporter we can’t hear reads: ATTEMPTED ASSASSIN STILL NOT IDENTIFIED.

Two rows ahead of Carter, a MAN WITH CRUTCHES (48) keeps looking back at him. Carter eyes him, what’s the deal?

BUSINESS MAN
That’s a Saint John’s cross.

We realize, Carter is holding the charred pendant from the rugby field in his hands. His fingers all black.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT’D)
 Probably dates back to World War Two.
 Jewish parents gave them to their kids to pretend they were Christians. What does it say on the back?

CARTER
Something about the Son of God--
‘Vicarius Filii Dei’

BUSINESS MAN
Vicar means Representative-- of the son of God. The message on the tiara.

CARTER
On what?
BUSINESS MAN
The crown of the pope.

CARTER
You a priest or something?

BUSINESS MAN
Oh no. God forbid. I’m an engineering physicist. Bill Boston, I work for NASA. Religion and mythology are just a hobby for my wife and me.

CARTER
I’m majoring in Astrophysics.

The man gives Carter his NASA business card.

BILL BOSTON
No kidding? Drop me a line when you hit the job market.

INT. US IMMIGRATIONS - JFK - DAY

Carter lays his passport down at an immigration counter. The OFFICER quietly flips through the pages.

On the counter to his left, he again notices the man with the crutches staring at him with a strange intensity. We realize, one of the man’s legs is amputated.

AGENT MEYERS (O.S.)
Mr. Carter Henderson.

A brunette woman, TRACEY MEYERS (42), in a grey business suit has stepped over flashing an FBI badge.

AGENT MEYERS (CONT’D)
Senior Special Agent Meyers. Please follow me.

The PASSENGERS in line behind Carter can’t help but notice, including Bill Boston, who takes out his phone.

CARTER
Why? What’s going on?

AGENT MEYERS
Just come with me. Please.

Carter looks around, realizes he probably shouldn’t make a scene in the airport. He follows her.
Carter sits at a desk. He looks tense.

CARTER
Someone want to tell me what’s up?

AGENT MEYERS
Are you aware of the assassination attempt on Senator John Teras?

Another agent ENTERS: AGENT WALKER (38), red-ish face. Hands Meyers a file, she flips through it.

CARTER
Vaguely. I saw something on the plane about it.

AGENT MEYERS
I’m sorry to have to be the one to tell you this. Your father was the gunman.

CARTER
(Stunned)
What? That’s crazy.

AGENT MEYERS
At 11:02 Friday morning, your father tried to assassinate Sen. John Daniel Teras, in a parking structure near the Guggenheim museum.

Carter can hardly comprehend what he hears. The Agents watch him closely as his mind races, trying to read his reaction.

CARTER
Are you sure?

AGENT MEYERS
Yes. He was killed in the attempt, by one of the Senator’s bodyguards.

CARTER
My father was a renowned neurosurgeon, why would he do something like this?

AGENT WALKER
We’re hoping you can help us with that. What can you tell us about him?

Carter pulls himself together, looks up at them, shrugs.

CARTER
Sadly, not much.
AGENT WALKER
Was he a religious man?

CARTER
I have no idea. I don’t remember him ever going to church when I was kid, or at least he never took me.

AGENT MEYERS
What do you know about his friends?

CARTER
Nothing.

AGENT WALKER
Was there a woman in his life?

CARTER
You’re not listening. I have no clue.

AGENT MEYERS
Maybe I don’t believe you.

CARTER
(A beat)
You know what? I’d like to talk to a lawyer now.

He takes out his cell phone.

AGENT MEYERS
Put it down.

He looks up at her, decides she’s not to be fucked with.

AGENT MEYERS (CONT’D)
Agent Walker, please show Mr. Henderson to one of our phones.

Walker leads him out-- We hear J. S. BACH’s, CELLO SUITE No. 1

EXT. SMALL AUDITORIUM - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

Wynter-Lee’s fingers slide over the strings of her cello, almost effortlessly. FACULTY MEMBERS of the music department, sit scattered in the first few rows, making notes.

We hear an ELECTRIC GUITAR, refrains WHOLE LOTTA LOVE. Wynter-Lee glances at her jacket. The FACULTY CHAIRWOMAN looks up at her, with the pinched expression of a constipated owl.

WYNTER-LEE
I’m sorry, this is quite important.
CHAIRWOMAN
More important than your future at this university?

WYNTER-LEE
Possibly.
(Into phone)
Sweetie?

CARTER (O.S.)
Wynnie, thank God you answered.

WYNTER-LEE
(whispering)
I can’t talk now. I’ll call you later.

CARTER (O.S.)
No, no! Don’t hang up. My father tried to kill someone. A US Senator. I’m being held by the FBI.

Wynter-Lee glances at the faculty members. Makes a decision.

WYNTER-LEE
Please excuse me, it’s really important. My boyfriend’s been arrested.

CHAIRWOMAN
As has my interest in this performance. Keep it short.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR - JFK - DAY

Agent Walker stands next to Carter, who is on a wall phone.

CARTER
I need to find a lawyer here in New York. Do you think your dad knows anyone?

WYNTER-LEE (O.S.)
Probably. Where are you?

Agent Walker taps Carter on the shoulder.

AGENT WALKER
Wrap it up.

CARTER
What terminal are we in?
(into the phone)
I’m at JFK. Wynnie, it’s crazy here. They’re saying all this stuff about my dad. Asking me questions -
WYNTER-LEE
Don’t tell them anything.

CARTER
I can’t, I don’t know anything. I don’t know anyone here. No one to call.

WYNTER-LEE
Just stay quiet until I talk to my dad.

AGENT WALKER
Please hang up now, sir.

CARTER
At least tell me what terminal I’m in.
(No answer)
Wynnie. Listen, I -

The agent hangs up Carter’s call--

This makes Carter snap. He pushes Walker away. But before he can make another move, Walker rams his knee into Carter’s stomach and pulls his gun on him.

INT. DETENTION CELL - JFK - DAY

FBI agents shove Carter into a dark room. The door SLAMS SHUT! Sparse rays of sunlight shine through a thin air vent.

In a corner, Carter makes out the silhouette of two crutches--There’s another inmate. Carter recognizes him instantly--

CARTER
You were on my flight.

MAN WITH CRUTCHES
So I was, Mr. Henderson.

He gets up and approaches Carter on his crutches. When he steps under the ceiling light, the bulb begins to strobe.

CARTER
Do I know you?

MAN WITH CRUTCHES
No... but your rotten soul will remember me forever...

CARTER
What the hell does that mean?

A strange BUZZING. Carter notices a big MEAT FLY crawling out of the man’s nose. Just then-- The man leaps at Carter.
At first, Carter is able to fend him off. But the one-legged man is immensely fast. He snaps his hand around Carter’s neck, easily lifting him up and under the flickering light. His teeth are rotten and totally black--

**MAN WITH CRUTCHES**
And thus the Codex Gigas shall be fulfilled.

With this, he smashes Carter against the wall, ready to strike for the kill--

The LOCK TURNS and the cell door flies open. Just like that, the man with the crutches is back sitting in his corner.

The silhouette of MR. ARMIN (80) stands in the doorway, his eyes hidden behind dark glasses. He’s flanked by an African American secretary, GASTON (38). FBI Agent Meyers appears and hands Mr. Armin Carter’s passport.

**AGENT MEYERS**
He’s free to go.

Still red and choking, Carter points to the one-legged man.

**CARTER**
He attacked me! Crazy son-of-a-bitch almost choked me to death!

Meyers opens the door wider, shining light on the one-legged man. He’s sitting on his bench, holding on to his crutches, looking small and weak. He shrugs, I don’t know what he’s talking about.

**AGENT MEYERS**
You want out or not?

**INT. HALLWAY - JFK - DAY**

Carter follows Mr. Armin and Gaston down a hallway.

**CARTER**
The guy was a lunatic. We should sue the INS. The FBI, everybody! Look at this--

Carter unzips his hoodie, exposing the scratches on his neck.

**GASTON**
Mister Armin can’t see you.

**CARTER**
Oh, I’m sorry. What kind of trouble am I in?
MR. ARMIN
I don’t know. I’m not that kind of lawyer.

CARTER
Didn’t Wynter-Lee call you?

MR. ARMIN
Who’s Wynter-Lee?

CARTER
My girlfriend! Wait-- who are you then?

MR. ARMIN
The executor of your father’s estate.

EXT. WEST GATE – CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS – DAY

A seventies Lincoln limo pulls in. Behind the tombstones, the Manhattan skyline lies drenched in the afternoon sun.

MR. ARMIN (O.S.)
I knew your father quite well, Carter.
At least I thought I did until recently.

INT. LIMOUSINE – CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS – DAY

The car stops under a massive statue of the Archangel Michael.

MR. ARMIN
I had no idea you existed until two weeks ago.

CARTER
What happened two weeks ago?

MR. ARMIN
He asked me to update his will.

The point of that hits Carter; his father knew he probably wouldn’t survive the assassination.

CARTER
(Bitter)
To put me in or take me out?

MR. ARMIN
Mr. Henderson. As of last Friday, you are an extremely wealthy man.

This takes Carter by surprise. Gaston opens the door for him. Further back, the funeral is already underway. Carter exits.
MR. ARMIN (CONT’D)
You’ll miss the service.

CARTER
You’re not coming?

MR. ARMIN
Meet us back here. Then we’ll talk.

Before Carter can answer, Armin rolls up the window, and the limo takes off.

PRIEST (O.S.)
It’s Death again - He’s always there.
Watching, waiting – e’er the stare.

EXT. CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS – DAY

A haggard PRIEST (64) reads from a heavy book. Carter looks around as the casket is lowered into the ground. It’s an odd gathering of STRANGE PEOPLE, maybe twenty total.

PRIEST
The toll that claims my destiny,
Hail: You’re next, it has to be.

Further back, FBI AGENTS observe the ceremony. One of them is Agent Meyers. On the other side, THE PRESS has set up camp. CITY COPS are making sure they stay at a safe distance.

PRIEST (CONT’D)
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust--

He scoops up a shovel of earth and tosses it onto the casket.

A BLOND WOMAN in her early 40’s stands by the open grave holding the hand of a young GIRL (10) who throws in a handful of rose petals. Carter approaches them--

CARTER
My condolences, ma’am. Were you Dr. Franklin’s wife?

Her teary eyes flicker behind the veil. She shakes her head.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Oh. Sorry, I-- my name is Carter.
Carter Henderson. He was my father.

The little girl looks up at him.

GIRL
He was my daddy, too.
Carter is stunned, speechless for a moment. The Blond Woman takes in his reaction. To the Little Girl:

CARTER
Really? What’s your name?

BLOND WOMAN
My lawyer told us not to speak with anyone.

She grabs the girl by her hand. Carter calls after them.

CARTER
Can we maybe talk some other time? I can give you my number--

But the blond woman keeps walking. The girl looks back at Carter for the longest time.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
The bitch won’t call you anyway. She’s all about the money.

A flamboyant looking GODFREY MILLER (45), stands behind Carter, wearing a silken scarf over a black velvet jacket.

CARTER
And you are?

GODFREY
Godfrey Miller. Your father and I used to go to openings together. He was quite the patron of the arts.

Carter holds out his hand, hopefully. Godfrey shakes it.

CARTER
Didn’t know that. Any chance I can buy you a coffee?

GODFREY
Sure, why not. But first you need to find the well of wisdom.

CARTER
I beg your pardon?

Godfrey keeps shaking Carter’s hand, pulling him in.

GODFREY
Father Anselm receives confession every Saturday, 8 to 9 am at Trinity Church, Brooklyn Heights. It would make your father very happy if you attended.
Godfrey frees his hand from Carter’s grip and walks away. A BEARDED MAN (45) in a business suit, a straight-forward type, falls into step with Godfrey, upset--

BEARDED MAN
What did you tell him?!

GODFREY
I planted the seed. Get him moving.

BEARDED MAN
You might have scared him away.

GODFREY
Then he’s not the one we’re looking for.

BEARDED MAN
That’s not for you to decide.

EXT. WEST GATE – CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS – DAY

Carter turns a corner, arriving back at the west gate. But instead of Armin’s limousine, he finds a horde of PRESS PEOPLE surrounding a white Mercedes CLS 550.

An ELEGANT WOMAN (44) exits followed by her TWO DAUGHTERS (20). The PRESS are all over them as they approach Carter.

REPORTERS
Can you comment on your husband’s recovery, ma’am?

The city COPS hold back the JOURNALISTS as the woman and her daughters step up to Carter.

ELEGANT WOMAN
I’m Angelica Teras. The Senator is my husband-- Our twins, Gwen and Stephanie.

They do not look alike. Stephanie is gorgeous, the other one... well, not. Carter is intimidated by the cameras.

CARTER
I don’t think this is a good idea, ma’am.

MRS. TERAS
Our parents taught us not to harbour feelings of revenge. Neither my husband nor I believe in the ‘sins of the fathers’.

CARTER
That’s extremely kind of you--
MRS. TERAS
John would like to invite you to pay him a visit in the hospital.
(whispering)
He’s doing great.

CARTER
That’s a relief. I’ll think about it. Thanks for reaching out, though.

He’s about to leave.

MRS. TERAS
Your father meant a great deal to this family, you know.

Carter turns back to her, surprised.

CARTER
Ma’am?

MRS. TERAS
Fifteen years ago, Steph had just turned five--

Stephanie, the attractive twin, glances at Carter.

MRS. TERAS (CONT’D)
The doctors found a tumor on her Diencephalon... the very center of her brain. She underwent a seven-hour brain surgery. Dr. Franklin was her surgeon... Your father saved her life.

Silence. Carter is stunned.

MRS. TERAS (CONT’D)
Please consider the invitation. This is a great opportunity for-- closure. For both of our families. Come on girls.

She extends her hand to Carter. He accepts it in a frenzy of CAMERA FLASHES! Then Mrs. Teras heads towards her car. Gwen, the other twin, looks back at Carter.

GWEN
I’d stay away if I were you.

END ACT 1
ACT 2

26 EXT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY

Wynter-Lee pulls her cello case across campus.

WYNTER-LEE
My dad found a great lawyer for you.

27 EXT. STREET ALONG THE CEMETERY - QUEENS - DAY

Carter rounds the cemetery wall, the phone pressed to his ear. They are INTERCUT.

CARTER
Thanks, but they let me go. I don’t know what I walked into here, everyone my dad knew is a loon. Plus in the cell a one-legged man tried to kill me--

POV -- All of a sudden, we see Carter from a distance. Someone is following him in a car.

WYNTER-LEE
What?

CARTER
--Out of no where! And then he said something about a ‘Codex Gigas’.

WYNTER-LEE
What kind of Kotex?

CARTER
Codex. I have no idea what it means.

Carter crosses the street, and the car suddenly speeds--

CARTER (CONT’D)
Then, I found out I have a little sister. And to top it all off, a blind lawyer took off with my luggage.

28 EXT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY

Wynter-Lee approaches the music building. A cacophony of instruments echoes out of the windows.

WYNTER-LEE
Carter, did you eat? You should check your blood sugar, sweetie.
CARTER
I’m fine.

WYNTER-LEE
Remember Tuscany? You slammed on the brakes ‘cause you saw a deer --

CARTER
(Overlapping her)
-- only there was no deer. You’re right, I’ll check my levels as soon as I land somewhere.

EXT. STREET ALONG THE CEMETERY - QUEENS - DAY

SCREECHING TIRES-- Carter jumps. HONK-- HONK! Armin’s limo pulls up beside him. The window rolls down, revealing Gaston.

CARTER
(Into phone)
I have to go. I love you.

WYNTER-LEE
Love you too.

She hangs up. Wynter-Lee stares down at her phone, worried.

CARTER
Speak of the devil. Where’s your boss? I thought he wanted to talk.

GASTON
Too much Press back there. Mr. Armin is a very private man.

CARTER
I have had a long, weird day. Can you take me to a hotel?

GASTON
Mr. Armin had me take your things to your father’s apartment. He thought you might be more comfortable there.

CARTER
He still on Park Avenue?

GASTON
Yes, but this is a different place. It’s ‘off the books’ if you know what I mean?

CARTER
Not the slightest idea. But whatever...
Carter looks out the window, a little surprised, as they drive deeper and deeper into Harlem.

The limo comes to a stop in front of a big, Gothic looking Brownstone. A PEDDLER hold up a sign: “2012 IS HERE”. Then he sprays some Windex onto the windshield. Gaston jumps out, grabs the guy by his throat, pushing him into the street.

GASTON
Get a job, crack-head!

Tires SCREECH! The peddler nearly gets hit by a cab. Carter looks on, shocked.

GASTON (CONT’D)
(opening the door)
Third floor, 3F. There’s a combination lock. Code is 666.

Carter glances at Gaston, who bursts out laughing--

GASTON (CONT’D)
Just kidding, man. It’s 4885.

Carter looks irritated.

GASTON (CONT’D)
Does that scare you too?

CARTER
It’s my birthday.

GASTON
Call me if you need a ride to Trinity Church tomorrow.

CARTER
For confession? How’d you know about that?

GASTON
You have my number.

CARTER
Doesn’t matter. Tomorrow I’ll be on my way back to England.

Gaston drives off. Carter looks up at the apartment, sighs.
Carter slowly walks up the dark, run-down stairs to the third floor. There’s a massive wooden door with a high-tech lock with a sleek digital keypad. He punches in his birthday code.

The place is dark. Curtains are closed. Left and right, the walls are draped with Christian crosses in all sizes.

He looks into the bedroom and sees HIS CLOTHES hanging in the closet. He opens a drawer and sees his shirts neatly folded. Glances into the bathroom; his toiletries are laid out.

The BUZZING OF FLIES. Carter peers through the kitchen door-- A half eaten sandwich is rotting on a plate. Carter hears VOICES from the other end of the hallway. He follows them--

NEWSCASTER

Just hours after authorities finally released the name of the alleged assassin--

The living room is spacious. RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS everywhere.

On the TV: Carter sees footage of himself talking Mrs. Teras.

NEWSCASTER

--the Senator’s family has reached out to Henderson’s estranged son, who came from England to attend his father’s funeral.

The news cut to the Senator’s wife, addressing the press--

MRS. TERAS

It was just the right thing to do. And Carter Henderson was very gracious. My husband looks forward to meeting--

Carter shuts it off, annoyed. In the silence, he looks around the eerie room and almost can’t believe it--

A whole wall is plastered with news articles and photographs of Senator Teras. Carter stares at them in total disbelief.

His heart skips a beat, when he sees a picture of Teras handing a medal to the one-legged man who nearly killed him. The headline reads: SENATOR TERAS HONORS IRAQ WAR VETERAN.

The CLICKING SOUND OF CRUTCHES echo through a hallway--
The one-legged man approaches a security guard outside a hospital room. He is the man who shot Carter’s father.

**MAN WITH CRUTCHES**

I need to see the Senator.

(No response)

Boris, please.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEW YORK - DUSK**

The curtains are drawn. It’s dark in here. The Senator sits propped up in his bed. There is a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Teras looks over to his wife as Boris enters the room.

**BORIS**

Mr. Crispen is here to see you, sir.

**SEN. Teras**

Show him in.

A second later, the man with crutches enters with extremely submissive demeanor. The Senator’s wife glances at him--

**MRS. SENATOR**

You have some nerve coming here.

**MAN WITH CRUTCHES**

I’m sorry. I had him, in my grip, but I was interrupted by the FBI.

**MRS. SENATOR**

You failed. You failed my husband.

Crispen looks at the Senator, terrified.

**SEN. Teras**

Crispen, we’ve supported you all these years. We even gave you a medal for that leg you lost in our service--

Suddenly, THERE’S BLOOD DRIPPING FROM CRISPEN’S NOSE--

**SEN. Teras (CONT’D)**

But this is not something we can overlook.

Crispen’s crutches fall, and he slowly sinks to the ground, his body twitching once or twice-- Then he is dead!

Mrs. Teras goes to her husband, takes his hand, kisses his fingers tenderly.
MRS. SENATOR
You have to control your temper, love.
(Goes to the door)
Boris, call the doctor. Poor Crispen has had a heart attack.

Teras glances to the other side of the room, where we discover the dark figure of an OLD LADY. She has a black scarf wrapped around her head, like old women in Greece wear--

SEN. TERAS
Mother, will you please take care of this?

The lady nods, gets up from her chair, and leaves the room.

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - DUSK
Carter holds a syringe in hand, injecting a dose of insulin to his side. Then he turns on the shower.

There’s a NOISE. Carter holds in, listening-- But all seems quiet. He steps into the shower and closes the curtain.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - DUSK
At the entrance, the door is slowly pushed open. We see a conservative pair of black pumps entering the apartment--

POV-- The intruder makes her way through the corridor, past the crosses on the walls--

She looks into the kitchen. There’s the rotten sandwich-- She moves on to the living room. We hear the SHOWER running--

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - DUSK
POV: The intruder enters the bathroom now, moving towards the shower. We see Carter’s silhouette--

In the last moment, Carter senses the danger and with a quick reflex, TEARS the curtain open--

It’s agents Meyers and Walker, aiming their guns at him.

AGENT MEYERS
Put some clothes on.

END ACT 2
CLICK. CLICK. Walker and Meyers case the apartment, taking pictures. Carter sits on a couch, his hair still wet and messy as he glances up at agent Meyers.

AGENT MEYERS
You think you can play us, Mr. Henderson? You claim you don’t know anything about your father—yet here you are, in his ‘hideout’ that nobody else knew existed.

CARTER
I had no idea about this place. The executor brought me here, Mr. Armin.

AGENT MEYERS
(Sighs; wrily)
We really need to establish a better rapport. Some trust, even.

CARTER
So you come and rip me out of the shower? I’d help you if I could.

AGENT MEYERS
Really? Because you told us at the airport that your dad wasn’t religious. So, how do you explain all this?

Meyers pulls some books from a shelf.

AGENT MEYERS (CONT’D)
‘The Magnus, a handbook of ceremonial magic’. Or this one: ‘Hitler and the occult’.

CARTER
I didn’t say he wasn’t religious. I said he never took me to church.

AGENT MEYERS
Sure seems religious to me. Walker, you got that tape?

Walker pulls out a small microrecorder.

AGENT WALKER
These are parts of messages your father left on the Senator’s voice mail in the days leading up to the assassination.
Carter’s FATHER’S VOICE comes out of the recorder. He sounds manic.

CARTER’S DAD (O.S.)
We will conquer the beast -- the wrath of God shall rain fire and brimstone -- the reign of Satan will crumble beneath our feet --

Carter looks stricken; that’s definitely his dad.

AGENT WALKER
You get the idea.

You get the idea. Meyers points to a bunch of diagrams and photographs on the wall.

AGENT MEYERS
Know what these are?

CARTER
No.

AGENT MEYERS
Unsolved murder cases. And people who disappeared under mysterious circumstances. I think we just hit the tip of an iceberg here--

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello! You can’t be in here! I am effecting a citizen’s arrest! Stay put while I call the police.

A tiny, ELDERLY LADY (72), has appeared in the doorway. The FBI agents flash their badges.

AGENT WALKER
We are the police, lady, FBI. Who are you?

The lady answers with a slight eastern European accent.

MRS. RUTH
Ruth Ingrid Wozniac, I own this building. Now, can you please show me your search warrant?

The agents fall silent. She points to the door.

MRS. RUTH (CONT’D)
Nice to meet you, then. Have a good day.
AGENT MEYERS
It’s all right. Let’s go.
(to Carter)
We’ll be back with a warrant later. In
the meantime, you might want to look up
the definition of “aiding and abetting”.

Annoyed, they EXIT. Agent Walker turns back in the doorway--

AGENT WALKER
Don’t even think about removing any of
this stuff.

Carter and the old lady look after them until the DOOR CLOSES.

MRS. RUTH
I heard all these noises--
(looking at Carter)
My goodness, a spitting image of Dr.
Franklin. Quite handsome, too. I’m
Ruth. Your father was such a wonderful
man... and then this tragedy.

She holds out her hand and Carter shakes it.

CARTER
Mrs. Ruth, I haven’t seen him in a long
time. I’ve got a lot of questions.

MRS. RUTH
I’m sure you do. But, I have to get some
food for my babies now. Would you like
to stop by for a cup of tea later?
You’ve been in Britain, right? You must
drink tea.

CARTER
(Smiles)
That would be nice.

MRS. RUTH
I’m just across the hallway, dear.

With that Mrs. Ruth leaves.

41 INT. KITCHEN - APARTMENT - HARLEM - NIGHT

A trash can springs open. Carter throws away the rotten
sandwich. From the living-room we hear the TV running.
COMMERCIALS.

Pinned on the kitchen door, Carter discovers a whole series of
long-lens photographs, taken over the course of many years--
They all show CARTER-- at school, in rugby games, having fun with friends, holding hands with Wynter-Lee--

Carter is disturbed by these surreptitious images. Just then, he hears BREAKING NEWS on the living-room TV--

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
In a stunning reversal, Sen. Teras has had a major spike in the polls since the attempt on his life--

INT. LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - NIGHT

Carter enters the living room turns up the volume.

NEWSCASTER
--there are even those within the party urging him to get into the race for the presidential nomination.

Carter turns it off and looks out the window at the neighborhood. Several blocks down the street, he can make out a neon sign: CANDY BAR, A STRIP CLUB.

Something on the window sill catches his attention-- A LEICA DIGITAL CAMERA, with an 800 millimeter zoom lens. Carter turns it on. He clicks through the photos.

They are all close-ups of people entering or exiting the Candy Bar-- Club’s patrons, barflies, strippers, etc. As well as delivery guys, a mailman, the club’s managers and waiters.

In one of the shots, Carter spots-- ANGELICA TERAS, the Senator’s wife.

Carter puts the camera down and grabs his jacket.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE - HARLEM - NIGHT

Carter strides down Amsterdam Ave, towards ‘Candy Bar’. He hesitates at the entrance, but then steps in.

INT. CANDY BAR - HARLEM - NIGHT

The place is packed. The sound of the bass makes the joint vibrate like a plane in turbulence. Carter pushes through the crowd, looking around, bewildered--

TWO STRIPPERS in latex masks and doggie collars dangle in mid-air, suspended by heavy chains. Carter stops and leans to wall, his view getting blurred--
The PATRONS are staring at him, awkwardly. Everywhere he turns, the scenery becomes stranger and stranger.

**It feels like Carter has stumbled into purgatory.** The place could be straight out of an Otto Dix painting.

In a corner, he spots an extremely OBESE MAN with TWO YOUNG GIRLS giving him a lap dance.

Sweat pours down Carter’s face. He looks pale now--

**INT. BATHROOM - CANDY BAR - HARLEM - NIGHT**

--Carter splashes some water on his sweaty face, struggling to get his glucose tester out of his pockets. He looks really disoriented now.

He pokes his finger to get a drop of blood onto the test strip. His glucose meter only flashes an **ALARM: LOW- LOW-**

Carter stumbles out--

**INT. CANDY BAR - HARLEM - NIGHT**

--Back in the club, a waiter walks by with a tray of drinks. Carter slips him a twenty and grabs a Coke bottle.

    CARTER
    I need some sugar.

    WAITER
    Honey, don’t we all.

With trembling hands, he downs it and collapses onto a bar stool, just as, out of nowhere, an ugly, fat WOMAN (50), with garish make-up, suddenly leans over him--

    UGLY WOMAN
    Na, Kleiner, bei mir kannst ohne Gummi ran.

Carter pushes her back.

    CARTER
    Whatever that means, I don’t think I want it.

Finally, the Coke is kicking in, and Carter recovers from his hypoglycemia. Just then--

Carter spots Gaston, Mr. Armin’s secretary, stepping out of a private booth that’s covered with a heavy velvet curtain. They lock eyes, momentarily.
Shocked, Gaston bolts towards the exit. Carter makes a decision and goes after him.

As he passes the private booth, its curtain opens and we see someone else we already know—GWEN TERAS, one of the Senator’s twins (Not the hot one).

EXT. BACK ALLEY - HARLEM - NIGHT

A METAL DOOR flies open. Gaston sprints out of the club. Carter is going after him full speed, like on the rugby field.

They race over trash cans, parked cars, until—

Carter finally leaps for Gaston, tackling him to the ground. Gaston is no pushover... he fights back, and the two of them get into a full fledged, “Missing” quality fist fight. Between blows:

CARTER
What the hell was going on with my father? What was he into?!

Gaston throws a blow, gets the upper hand.

GASTON
I don’t know. Back off!

CARTER
Don’t lie to me. The FBI is all over me, I want to know why!

Carter sweeps Gaston’s legs out from under him, gets him in a strong grip. He pushes his face into the grimy asphalt, hard.

CARTER (CONT’D)
What about your boss? Said he wanted to talk then disappeared. He the one who called the dean? Figure in the time difference and someone called him not more than a half hour after it happened. How is that possible?

Gaston suddenly holds a jack-knife to Carter’s throat.

GASTON
Back off! I’m just a driver.

Reluctantly, Carter lets him go and slowly stands--

CARTER
We’re not done yet.
CARTER (CONT’D)  
Sure. Why not.

He turns to leave, finds Mrs. Ruth in his way. Carter jumps.

CARTER (CONT’D)  
Sorry. The door was open--

MRS. RUTH  
No worries, dear. My, what happened to your face?

She leads him to a chair and sits him down. Through the dialogue, she tends to his beat up face with a first aid kit.

CARTER  
How long has my father had this place?

MRS. RUTH  
Three months, maybe. But we have been watching the Candy Bar for a long time.

CARTER  
Who’s we? You and my dad?
MRS. RUTH
The Council, dear. We never knew he had a son. We only learned about you two weeks ago. Totally by accident, I might add. Your father was livid.

CARTER
Why?

MRS. RUTH
He planned to keep you a secret from us, of course.

CARTER
Okay, so he was in some kind of group-

MRS. RUTH
Council.

CARTER
- with you, and his job was to spy on a strip club? Who are you people?

MRS. RUTH
Oh! I almost forgot. Your father gave something to me, the night before he... well, before the incident. I guess he knew you’d come, whether he was successful or not.

She goes to a drawer and takes out a sealed envelope.

Frustrated, Carter takes the envelope out of her hands and rips it open, takes out a few photos. One of them shows Carter as a two year old toddler, in the arms of a woman. He picks it up and cannot believe his eyes--

CARTER
That’s my mother! She’s holding me--

MRS. RUTH
Such a lovely lady.

CARTER
My father always told me she died at childbirth. What kind of monster was he?

MRS. RUTH
I guess he kept secrets from all of us.

Off of Carter, confused and dismayed...

END ACT 3
ACT 4

INT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY

It’s stormy outside. Wynter-Lee sits, a lone figure at a computer, entering the words ‘codex gigas’.

ON THE MONITOR: Eerie pictures and ancient paintings pop up--
The Codex Gigas (English: Giant Book) is the largest medieval manuscript in the world, also known as the Devil's Bible.

INT. LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - MORNING

Carter’s phone RINGS. He is asleep on the couch. Documents are scattered on the floor. Diplomas, old photographs and--

A Driver’s License for MRS. HENDERSON, HIS MOTHER, expired in 1995.

Carter finally awakes and grabs his phone--

WYNTER-LEE (O.S.)
Hi, sweetie, did I wake you?

CARTER
I was dreaming I could smell your hair.

WYNTER-LEE (O.S.)
(Smiles)
I miss you too. You remember telling me about the Codex Gigas?

INT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY

Wynter-Lee stares at the image of a huge, ancient book. THEY ARE INTERCUT.

WYNTER-LEE
It’s an old manuscript, supposedly written by a monk who sold his soul to the devil.

CARTER
Of course it is.

WYNTER-LEE
It says here it was written in a single night, over three hundred pages. To help guide his hand to perform this impossible task--
INT. LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - MORNING

Carter gathers the documents from the floor, sliding them back into Mrs. Ruth’s envelope.

WYNTER-LEE
--‘The monk bargained with the devil to find the well of wisdom.’

CARTER
The well of wisdom? That’s what that psycho at the cemetery told me to find. (remembering)
And he said I should go to confession--

He checks the clock: ten minutes past eight. He gets the photos back out, quickly flipping through them. There it is--An old black and white print of Carter’s father and mother standing on the steps of a church, between two ANGEL STATUES.

CARTER (CONT’D)
Google Trinity Church, in Brooklyn. Tell me what it looks like.

He shoves the documents into his bag and heads out.

EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE - HARLEM - MORNING

Carter exits the building, shouldering his duffle bag. He hails a cab while still on the phone--

CARTER
--And two angel statues on either side, right?

WYNTER-LEE (O.S.)
Yeah. How did you know?

As he hails a cab, Carter doesn’t realize he’s being watched by Agents Meyers and Walker, from their car down the street.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - MORNING

The taxi crosses Brooklyn Bridge and exits the expressway. Walker and Meyers on its tail--

CARTER (O.S.)
I can’t believe he let me grow up thinking my mother died because of me. I’m starting to think he was sociopath. Why would anyone do something so cruel?
INT. TAXI - NEW YORK STREETS - MORNING

Carter stares back at the Manhattan skyline.

WYNTER-LEE (O.S.)
Are you sure it was a lie?

CARTER
It’s definitely her in this photo, holding me.

WYNTER-LEE (O.S.)
I wish I had answers for you. You sound lost. It scares me.

INT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY

Wynter-Lee has pulled up a bizarre image of a horned being, half man, half animal.

CARTER (O.S.)
I’ll be home as soon as I can. Promise.

Suddenly, Wynter-Lee senses someone’s presence. Mr. Brett, the Dean of the university, stands behind her.

MR. BRETT
Reading scary stories, Mrs. Cardigan?

A CHURCH BELL TOLLS--

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

We look down the clock tower, as the tiny figure of Carter walks towards the entrance.

INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

The whole church is lined with scaffolding. It’s undergoing restoration. Carter walks up to the side altar. There’s a door to a confessional. A sign reads: ‘Fresh Paint’.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You’ll have to use the one on the other side.

Way up on the scaffolding, lying on her back, is a young woman, AMY (26), with a boyish face, wearing rugged overalls.

AMY
Father Anselm should be here any minute.
She’s been removing a layer of paint from a massive fresco, her legs dangling off the sides as she talks down to Carter.

AMY (CONT’D)
Amazing, isn’t it. For over a hundred years these walls were all plain and simple stucco. And then we found this.

CARTER
(looking up in awe)
What is it?

AMY
Whoever painted it copied it from a 16th century fresco in southern Catalonia. It’s at least 150 years old.

CARTER
I like cover versions.

AMY
(Smiling)
It’s the Apostle John on the Isle of Patmos, writing the book of Revelation.

CARTER
I’ve seen it, you know.

AMY
(Astonished)
The original book of Revelation?

CARTER
No, Patmos.

AMY
Of course. Right. Duh.

CARTER
They have awesome beaches there, tiny rounded stones, in thousands of colors.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I don’t think the Apostle was there on vacation--

FATHER ANSELM stands silhouetted against a side window. He’s the haggard priest Carter saw at his father’s funeral.

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Walker and Meyers watch as a white Mercedes CLS 550 stops in front of the church. We know it from calvary cemetery.
AGENT MEYERS
Take down the number.

INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Father Anselm’s silhouette shimmers through the perforated confessional screen.

FATHER ANSELM
Passio Domini nostri Jesu Christi--

CARTER
You can skip that. Tell me about ‘the council’.

The priest slides a little window open to see Carter’s eyes.

FATHER ANSELM
It’s a very special group of people, Mr. Henderson, from all walks of life, different views and religions. Some are called, others are chosen. We carry a responsibility that has been passed down through generations, all around the world. We fight the ultimate battle against the reign of evil.

CARTER
So, my father was in a cult.

FATHER ANSELM
There’s a delicate balance between good and evil in our world. The survival of humanity depends on us to tip the scale in the right direction. That’s what the council is here to do. That’s what your father was here to do.

Carter looks at him a beat, then gets up to go. He is halfway out of the confessional...

FATHER ANSELM (CONT’D)
And so was your mother.

Carter hesitates, then sits back down.

CARTER
What do you know about my mother?

ANSELM
Your father had doubts too, in the beginning. Before he accepted his calling.
CARTER
My father was a liar and a murderer.

FATHER ANSELM
Who lied to protect you.
(A beat)
Do you have an ‘unusual’ birthmark, son?

CARTER
No, what kind of question is that?

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - MORNING

The door of the white Mercedes finally opens. The FBI agents watch as Senator Teras’s mother from the hospital room emerges and heads into the church.

When she comes up the stairs we get the first good look at her face. It’s strange beyond belief. Tiny eyes cold as stone.

INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Father Anselm’s voice is now an intense whisper.

FATHER ANSELM
I know you’re a man of science, but the wisdom of the creator is much greater than our minds can comprehend.

On top of the scaffolding, Amy hears FOOTSTEPS— She looks down and watches as the Old Lady enters the church.

FATHER ANSELM (CONT’D)
Times are coming to an end, Carter. You must meet the Council. They’re the only ones able to protect you.

CARTER
I’ll be fine on my own.

FATHER ANSELM
Do you ever see things? Evil things?

CARTER
Yeah-- every day on the news.

FATHER ANSELM
But can you sense things? In a store full of customers, do you know who is going to shoplift? Can you feel when a mechanic is going to overcharge you?
CARTER

(Very quietly)

How did you know that?

Carter hears the FOOTSTEPS of the Old Lady now too, echoing through the church. He peeks out and sees her kneeling down.

Carter’s sight becomes blurry. Father Anselm notices a change in Carter’s eyes. A dark shadow has come over them.

FATHER ANSELM

What’s happening to your eyes? Do you see something?

CARTER

It’s just my blood sugar. Or that lightning, I was in a freak accident.

FATHER ANSELM

It was not an accident. It was your calling.

Carter looks out and sees-- The Old Lady has gotten up, and is looking straight at him. Her eyes are now totally black. When she opens her mouth--

A STREAM OF INSECTS, BEETLES AND COCKROACHES BURST OUT. They fall to the ground and, in seconds, are all over the church, and begin to crawl up the scaffolding.

FATHER ANSELM (CONT’D)

Mr. Henderson! Follow your path --

The scaffolding begins to SHAKE! Amy SCREAMS IN HORROR.

CARTER

We have to get out of here!

But it’s too late. The scaffolding is crumbling. Its support pillars SMASH down onto the confessional. Carter dives out of the wooden structure, just as the whole thing collapses.

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Out here it is totally calm; no sound from the church, no sign of the chaos within. Meyers (who is alone) watches the old lady exiting the church and getting into the white Mercedes.

INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Through the dust Carter makes out Amy, hanging from a ledge.
CARTER  
Hold on! I’ll come up and get you!

AMY  
I can’t! I’m falling!

Carter discovers stairs leading up to a balustrade. He races up, leans over the railing and reaches out for Amy’s legs.

CARTER  
Let go. I got you--

Amy lets go and Carter gets her to safety-- For a moment, he holds her in his arms. They hear strange MOANING--

They rush down the stairs and frantically clear the debris from the confessional.

Finally, they get to Father Anselm. He lies in his own blood.

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Agent Walker returns with two coffees, gives one to Meyers.

AGENT WALKER  
They didn’t have Mocha, I got you a latte.

AGENT MEYERS  
You remember no foam?  
(She sips; he did)  
I kind of feel sorry for this kid. Stepping into all this mess just because his father was a jerkoff.

Walker looks her over for a moment. Speaking of dads:

AGENT WALKER  
Been down the shore to see your old man lately?

AGENT MEYERS  
Yeah, this is the day you get me to talk about him. Way to be optimistic.  
(Sets down her coffee)  
Let’s see what this kid’s doing.

INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

Amy cradles Father Anselm. Carter kneels by her side, hangs up his cell phone.
CARTER
Hold on father. The ambulance is coming.

But it’s too late for Father Anselm. He glances at Carter.

FATHER ANSELM
You are in grave danger, son. Amy will lead you to the others--

He dies. Carter looks at Amy, perplexed.

CARTER
Not you too?

FOOTSTEPS. The two FBI agents have appeared at the entrance. For a moment, Carter is unsure, but then he makes a decision--

CARTER (CONT’D)
Can you get me out of here?

AMY
This way--

INT. AMY’S VAN - BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

An old VAN thunders towards Holland Tunnel. It has ‘Cohen Brothers - Fine Art Restorations’ written on it.

CARTER
What the hell happened back there?

AMY
It’s because of you. You must know why.

CARTER
No, I don’t!

AMY
You don’t know why he’s after you?

CARTER
Who’s after me?! What is wrong with you people?! I can’t get one straight answer.

AMY
Some call him the beast, or the prince of darkness-- We call him the AntiChrist.

As Carter looks at her in disbelief...

END ACT 4
ACT 5

INT. WOJTYLA RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - DAY

A mirrored reflection in a window reads: ‘Quality Polish Dining’ as we see Amy and Carter crossing the street. A WIND CHIME tinkles as they open the door. It’s a musky setting.

There are only two people inside: A 17 year-old KID with a skateboard, listening to ‘Foo Fighters’ on his iphone, and an elderly WAITRESS stocking the bar. It is Mrs. Ruth.

Amy walks up to the kid and pulls his headphones out.

SKATEBOARD KID
Hey, what’s your problem?

AMY
Father Anselm is dead.

MRS. RUTH
(crossing herself)
Oh, my great God.

The demeanor of the kid totally changes.

AMY
Anthony is my little brother.

GASTON (O.C.)
You should not have brought him here. What if someone followed you?

Gaston and Armin have entered through the back door. Gaston gets close to Carter, whispering to him--

GASTON (CONT’D)
You mention last night-- I’ll kill you.

Armin takes off his dark glasses.-

MR. ARMIN
I don’t know what Father Anselm was able to convey to you about our mission.

CARTER
Doesn’t matter. I just came here to tell you people to leave me alone.

MR. ARMIN
We are what the scriptures call ‘The Council against the Third AntiChrist’. The last and most powerful one.
Through the window we see a MAN entering the restaurant. Carter knows him immediately. It’s BILL BOSTON, the NASA engineer from the plane.

CARTER
Please tell me you’re just here for lunch. Or was your job at NASA a lie too?

BILL BOSTON
No, it’s true. We come from all walks of life and have different things to add to the council. I know physics. Amy is our religious historian. Mrs. Ruth has vital experience... she met the second AntiChrist in the flesh.

MR. ARMIN
As did I. He took my eyes.

CARTER
All right, I’ll bite. Who was the second AntiChrist?

MRS. RUTH
His name was Adolf Hitler.

Carter shakes his head. This keeps getting more absurd.

MR. ARMIN
I asked Billy to look after you on the flight. We couldn’t take any risks.

CARTER
Well, some guy on that flight almost killed me, so next time pick someone else. I’m out of here.

He heads for the door.

MR. ARMIN
Your father would want you to stay.

Carter whirls on him, his anger pouring out.

CARTER
My father abandoned me! He sent me three thousand miles away and ignored me, for his entire life! Why would I possible care what he would want?

MRS. RUTH
He died to protect you!
CARTER
What are you talking about?

MR. ARMIN
When the council learned of your existence, your father knew it was only a matter of time before he found out about you too. So he took matters into his own hands, acted rashly. And he failed.

CARTER
A matter of time before who found out about me?

Anthony kicks his skateboard across the room.

ANTHONY
The Antichrist, dumbass.

Carter stares at him for a few moments.

CARTER
You’re saying my father thought Senator Teras was the AntiChrist?

BILL BOSTON
The cross you found on the Rugby pitch was meant to tell you what your calling is. Who you were chosen to battle--Vicarius Filii Dei.

CARTER
I’m supposed to battle the pope?

Mr. Armin signals Bill to let him speak.

MR. ARMIN
Of course not. But his triple crown symbolizes the ultimate culmination of powers in our world. The power of a teacher, a lawmaker and a judge. That’s what the Antichrist is aiming for. Total worldly power. The number of the beast is hidden in the inscription on the tiara as a warning to the ones in the know. Why don’t you explain it, Tony.

The kid walks up to the chalk board with the restaurant’s specials and writes the words VICARIUS FILII DEI--

ANTHONY
Okay. The secret lies in the value of the Roman Numerals. VICARIUS first--

(scribbling)

(MORE)
ANTHONY (CONT'D)

V = 5, I = 1, A and R have no values,
I = 1, U/V = 5 and S has no value again.
Adds up to 112.

Carter tries to follow.

ANTHONY (CONT’D)

FILII. F has no value. I = 1,
L = 50, and I = 1 and I = 1. Adds to 53.

He picks up a new piece of chalk.

ANTHONY (CONT’D)

DEI is easy. D = 500, E no value, I = 1.
Makes 501. Get it?

CARTER

Get what?

ANTHONY

112 plus 53 plus 501 equals 666.

Carter looks perplexed.

MRS. RUTH

You must stop his rise to power. You
must complete what your father could not.

Carter looks at them all for a beat, a thought forming. It’s
like a light bulb goes on in his head.

CARTER

You’re trying to talk me into
assassinating Senator Teras. That’s what
this is all about. You want me to finish
the job for you.

BILL BOSTON

It has to be you. You bear the mark of
light.

CARTER

I don’t bear anything! No birthmarks,
none! What do you want me to do? You
want me to strip down and show you?

There is a pause and he realizes they would like that very
much. Carter picks up his bag.

CARTER (CONT’D)

Goodbye.

He heads for the door. Mrs. Ruth calls out from behind the
bar.
MRS. RUTH
It’s too bad your mother isn’t here to explain everything.

Carter turns back, sharply. Everyone in the room falls silent, staring at Mrs. Ruth.

MRS. RUTH (CONT’D)
She knew Senator Teras very well.

For a moment, Carter looks stunned. But then, he shakes his head and walks away, turning to Amy on his way out.

CARTER
Good luck.

The members of the council look after him, disillusioned—

A THUNDER ROLLS—

EXT. WOJTYLA RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - DAY

It’s starting to rain. Just as Carter exits, he runs into two more familiar faces—The flamboyant artist from the cemetery and the bearded man, still wearing his suit.

GODFREY
Are we late?

CARTER
Better hurry. They might drink the Kool Aid without you.

Carter turns on 2nd Ave, hailing a cab.

TIME CUT—Carter is soaked, cab after cab passing him by.

AMY (O.C.)
Need a ride?

Amy has pulled up in her van, raindrops dripping from her eyebrows. She looks cute in her color splashed overalls.

CARTER
Only if you promise me—No more talk about the Antichrist.

Amy nods, smiling. Carter opens the car door.
INT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

Amy and Carter walk to the elevators. They notice a group of JOURNALISTS, setting up their cameras outside the entrance--

AMY
Are you sure this is a good idea?

CARTER
You could have stayed in the car.

INT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

BING-- Amy and carter exit the elevator on the second floor. Mrs. Senator spots Carter first, alerting her husband.

MRS. SENATOR
Johnny! Look who’s here.

The Senator walks to Carter with an enigmatic smile, his arm in a sling. Boris trails him, with Mrs. Teras and the twins. Amy stays back as the two men shake hands.

SEN. TERAS
Mr. Henderson! May I call you Carter? I hate formalities.

CARTER
Sure.

SEN. TERAS
I’m very happy that you took this step.

CARTER
I’m sorry for what my father did, sir.

SEN. TERAS
And Angie and I will never forget what he did for our little girl. Strange how life works, isn’t it? A man who gave us so much tries to take so much away. (A beat) If there’s any way I can help you--

CARTER
You can tell me about my mother.

Teras and his wife exchange a look. He takes Carter aside--

SEN. TERAS
Let’s take the stairs. (to his wife) Honey, meet us in the lobby--
Together, Carter and Sen. Teras stride down the stairs, Teras taking two steps at a time.

SEN. TERAS
My brothers and I have been doing this since we were kids. What about you?

Carter looks back at him, puzzled.

CARTER
Uh- We do it in practice sometimes.

SEN. TERAS
How did you find out I knew your mother?

Carter says it to gauge his reaction:

CARTER
The counsel told me.

Teras glances at him, then smiles. He stops at the bottom of the stairs and fixates Carter with his cold blue eyes.

SEN. TERAS
Political visionaries always attract a few lunatics along the road. I’m sure you know what I mean.

CARTER
You just called my father a lunatic.

SEN. TERAS
You’ve clearly met his... friends. How would you describe them?

Carter nods. Fair point. Teras fixes Carter in his gaze.

SEN. TERAS (CONT’D)
Don’t worry about me son. I’ve survived worse than them, and I’ll survive this.

CARTER
They’re very determined.

SEN. TERAS
So am I.

(A beat)
You’re clearly a very smart man, Carter. Why don’t you stay for a while? Get to know me. I could use a mind like yours on my campaign.
CARTER
I just want to know about my mother.

SEN. TERAS
I respect a man who knows what he wants. But I still think we’d make a formidable team, and I have a feeling we will... someday.

(A beat)
Your mom’s in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

With that he EXITS the stairwell. Carter goes after him.

INT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

They enter the lobby through a side door.

CARTER
How will I find her? Is she using her own name?

The Senator connects with his people, and is momentarily flanked by his wife and daughters again.

SEN. TERAS
You’ll figure it out. Let’s get out of this depressing place.

With that, they step through the main EXIT, to the outside--

EXT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NEW YORK - DAY

Hundreds of PRESS line the steps to the entrance as Teras walks purposefully up to a cluster of microphones, Carter standing only a few feet away--

SEN. TERAS
Good to be back on the street!

As if on cue, the sun parts through the heavy rain clouds, drenching Teras in an aura of light.

SEN. TERAS (CONT’D)
Times have not been easy for New Yorkers, and just as difficult for all Americans.
Times have also been tough for this stunning young man from Wales-- Yes that’s in England guys.

His aides LAUGH OUT LOUD. The crowd joins them sparsely.
SEN. TERAS (CONT’D)
He was destined to achieve great things, when he got the news that his father was killed.

A big moment of SILENCE fills the air.

SEN. TERAS (CONT’D)
--By one of my security men.

SILENCE again. It takes the crowd a moment to realize who Carter is. But then, a violent CHEER erupts!

SEN. TERAS (CONT’D)
My fellow Americans, time has come to forgive each other our mistakes! Time has come to share each other’s dreams again!

Carter now fully realizes how he’s been played. Luckily, he spots Amy leaning against a side railing.

SEN. TERAS (CONT’D)
I’d say-- We can do it.

The Senator’s people hold up signs: WE CAN DO IT! Carter finally reaches Amy. She keeps her cool.

CARTER
What a jackass. Could you give me a ride to the airport?

AMY
Where are you going?

CARTER
Louisiana.


SEN. TERAS
Ladies and Gentlemen-- Today, I announce that I will be running for the office of the President of the United States of America!

Carter looks back at the stage--- His view gets blurry again-- He sees the SENATOR ENGULFED IN A DARK SWARM OF FLIES!
Senator Teras walks off stage. He spots Carter in Amy’s van, just as they turn the corner. He turns to his wife.

SEN. TERAS
His mind was completely closed to me. He’s definitely the one.

MRS. SENATOR
Our little birdie just told me, their group is a sorry mess. He may be the one, but he doesn’t know it. He doesn’t even know he’s got the mark.

SEN. TERAS
Let’s get it over with before he does. I sent him to Baton Rouge, let’s find out what flight he’s on.

Amy stops at the curb. Carter grabs his bag and opens the door. She gives him her ‘Cohen Brothers’ business card.

AMY
Call me when you get back. I owe you one.

CARTER
For what?

AMY
You saved my life, remember?

CARTER
Well. I guess it’s not quite saving all mankind from the devil, but it will have to do.

He gives her a last smile and heads for the terminal. Amy watches him go. As she takes off we see a familiar car pulling into the terminal drive-- The white Mercedes CLS 550.

Carter settles into his seat. A Steward’s voice comes on--

STEWARD (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen, our Captain has just informed us that he’s not feeling well.

(MORE)
STEWARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Airline regulations require us to exchange the cockpit crew. Sorry for the short delay.

Passengers SIGH and GROAN. Carter takes out his phone and sends a text to Wynnie—‘Baby, I’m on the way to New Orleans. Will explain everything later. Love C.

When Carter looks up again he sees the two Pilots exit the cockpit to make way for the new CAPTAINS. Carter notices one of the new Pilots looking back at him.

For a moment they make eye contact.

STEWARD (O.S.) (CONT’D)
You need to buckle up now, sir.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DUSK

79

The United 767 thunders down the runway-- and takes off into the grey New York sky.

INT. UNITED AIRLINES 767 - ATLANTIC - NIGHT

80

Carter grabs his bag from under the seat and looks for the envelope he got from Mrs. Ruth. He searches through the documents and photos--

One of them catches his attention. It’s thicker than the others. He turns it sideways and notices, there’s a second picture stuck to its back. Carefully, Carter peels the two photos apart, revealing--

A baby picture of little, bald Carter sucking on a pacifier. A Stewardess walks through the aisle.

STEWARDESS
Oh-- what a sweet little man. Can I get you a drink?

CARTER
Ah-- Yeah, I think I could use a--
scotch, a single malt, please.

Carter’s about to stow away his baby picture, when he discovers something odd. At a closer look, baby Carter seems to have a dark grey spot on the side of his head--

Carter’s demeanor changes instantly. With a tense face he unbuckles his belt and makes his way to the rest room.
INT. REST ROOM - UNITED AIRLINES 767 - NIGHT

Carter locks the door and searches the drawers and cabinets until he finds-- A one way razor set.

He gets his hair wet and starts to shave it off the side of his head, revealing-- A DISTINGUISHED PALE BIRTH MARK.

Just then, a MASSIVE JOLT rocks the plane! Carter nicks his head with the razor, blood trickles down his ear. One of the engines is spitting fiery sparks.

INT. COCKPIT - UNITED AIRLINES 767 - NIGHT

We see the Captain turning the rudder of the plane all the way to one side-- HIS FACE CRACKS OPEN, RELEASING A DARK SWARM OF FLIES INTO THE COCKPIT.

INT. MAIN CABIN - UNITED AIRLINES - NIGHT

The rest room door flies open. Carter tries to make it back to his seat. People PANIC! A FUTZED VOICE COME ON.

CO-PILOT (O.S.)
THIS IS YOUR CO-PILOT SPEAKING! We are going to try and turn back to New -

Carter hears an EXPLOSION. The left wing is ablaze--

The United Airlines 767 enters a deadly tailspin!

CUT TO BLACK