

Untitled Emmerich & Kloser Project

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PILOT, THIRD DRAFT  
FEBRUARY 6, 2012  
WGA-W



## 6 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - MORNING 6

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--

## 7 EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON 7

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--

## 8 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - MORNING 8

--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--

## 9 EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON 9

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.

## 10 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NEW YORK - MORNING 10

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** 11

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** 12

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.

13      **OMITTED**      13

14      **EXT. RUGBY FIELD - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - DUSK**      14

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.

15 **INT. AIRPLANE - BUSINESS CLASS CABIN - DAY**

15

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.

16 INT. US IMMIGRATIONS - JFK - DAY

16

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.

17 INT. INTERROGATION OFFICE - JFK - DAY

17

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

18 **EXT. SMALL AUDITORIUM - CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON**

18

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.

19 **INT. BACK CORRIDOR - JFK - DAY**

19

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.

20 **INT. DETENTION CELL - JFK - DAY**

20

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?

21 INT. HALLWAY - JFK - DAY

21

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.

22     **EXT. WEST GATE - CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS - DAY**     22

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.

23     **INT. LIMOUSINE - CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS - DAY**     23

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.

24 **EXT. CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS - DAY**

24

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.

25 **EXT. WEST GATE - CALVARY CEMETERY, QUEENS - DAY**

25

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**



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.

29 **EXT. STREET ALONG THE CEMETERY - QUEENS - DAY**

29

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...

30 **OMITTED**

30

31 **EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE - HARLEM - DAY**

31

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.



35     **INT. HALLWAY - PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NEW YORK - DUSK**     35

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.

36     **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEW YORK - DUSK**     36

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.



## ACT 3

40 INT. LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - LATER

40

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**

41

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--*

42 **INT. LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - NIGHT**

42

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.

43 **EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE - HARLEM - NIGHT**

43

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

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

44

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--

45      **INT. BATHROOM - CANDY BAR - HARLEM - NIGHT**      45

--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--

46      **INT. CANDY BAR - HARLEM - NIGHT**      46

--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 du 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).

47 **EXT. BACK ALLEY - HARLEM - NIGHT**

47

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.

GASTON

Don't ever touch me again.

Carter turns away, walks out of the alley.

48     **INT. STAIRCASE - HARLEM - NIGHT**     48

Carter comes up the staircase. He notices, across the hallway, Mrs. Ruth's apartment. The door is ajar--

49     **INT. MRS. RUTH'S APARTMENT - HARLEM - NIGHT**     49

Carter enters. MUSIC PLAYS from an old gramophone. An oily baritone sings a polish love song--

CARTER

Hello?-- Mrs. Ruth?

Nobody answers. He enters the living room. The furniture here is all strangely small, children's furniture.

Mrs. Ruth's babies, five massive CHARTEUX SHORTHAIR CATS sit around a table, eating dinner from intricately decorated porcelain plates. They look up at Carter-- it's a weird sight, but after everything he's seen today he is resigned to the absurdity of it:

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

50 INT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY 50

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.*

51 INT. LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - MORNING 51

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?

52 INT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY 52

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--

53 INT. LIVING-ROOM - APARTMENT - HARLEM - MORNING

53

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.

54 EXT. AMSTERDAM AVENUE - HARLEM - MORNING

54

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.

55 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - MORNING

55

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?

## 56 INT. TAXI - NEW YORK STREETS - MORNING

56

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.

## 57 INT. CARDIFF UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - DAY

57

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--

## 58 EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

58

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

## 59 INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

59

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.

60

**EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING**

60

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.

61 INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING

61

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?

62 **EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - MORNING**

62

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.

63 **INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING**

63

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.

64     **EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING**     64

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.

65     **INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING**     65

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.

66 **EXT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING**

66

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.

67 **INT. TRINITY CHURCH - BROOKLYN - MORNING**

67

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--

68 **INT. AMY'S VAN - BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY**

68

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

69 INT. WOJTYLA RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - DAY

69

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 in to 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)

FILIII. 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--

70

**EXT. WOJTYLA RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - DAY**

70

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.

71 INT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

71

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.

72 INT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

72

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--

73 INT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - STAIRWAY - DAY

73

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.

74 **INT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY**

74

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. Lets get out of  
this depressing place.

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

75 **EXT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NEW YORK - DAY**

75

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.

A MARCHING BAND begins to play 'The Stars and Stripes  
Forever'. PARADE GIRLS carry in a giant sign-- TERAS 2012.

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!

76 **EXT. PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL - NEW YORK - DAY**

76

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.

77 **EXT. TERMINAL 7 - JFK AIRPORT - DAY**

77

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.

78 **INT. UNITED AIRLINES 767 - JFK AIRPORT - DUSK**

78

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 Wynn timer-- *'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.

79 **EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DUSK**

79

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

80 **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.

