

ONATHA

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EXT. VINEYARD - DAY

Early morning. The sun illuminates a five-acre vineyard.

CHLOE, (13, studious and energetic) carries two SHOVELS as she zig-zags through a thick maze of VINES and CANES, until she arrives at a specific GRAPE VINE.

CHLOE
Ya find it?

DANNY
Good catch, Buttercup.

Her Dad, (DANNY, early-40s, bearded, wise eyes) examines a withered fruiting cane. Then another.

Chloe bites her lip. Danny looks at Chloe, shakes his head, apologetically. Chloe reluctantly hands her Dad a shovel.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

A small BONFIRE burns the ailing vine.

Behind them is a rustic FARMHOUSE, with a covered back porch. Danny puts an arm around Chloe.

DANNY
School in thirty. Hop to.

Chloe nods. They shuffle toward the backdoor. Chloe casts a plaintive glance back at the burning tree, shakes her head.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chloe and Danny walk through a hallway, parallel to a staircase. At the bottom awaits Briana, (late-30s, fair, dark-haired, assured). She holds two CUPS of COFFEE.

Chloe carries on to the kitchen. Danny pauses at the stairs, gives Briana a kiss. She hands him a coffee. She notices the dirt under Danny's fingernails.

DANNY
Black rot. Thankfully caught it early.

BRIANA
Yeah. I smelt the burn. Chloe help?

DANNY
Might as wella been a cremation.

BRIANA
Which is why we don't do pets, D.

They share a warm chuckle. Briana slaps Danny's butt.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A rustic kitchen. With a big WOOD DINING TABLE.

PATRICK WALSH (late-60s, bald, commanding) serves Chloe a BOWL of OATMEAL. She holds a SPOON over the bowl. Hesitates.

CHLOE
Same as Nana's?

PATRICK
Carbon copy.

CHLOE
We'll see.

Chloe shovels a spoonful in her mouth. Takes a few seconds to explore the taste and texture. Swallows. Then *beams brightly*.

CHLOE
Good. But needs more vanilla.

PATRICK
Uh-huh. I'll inform the chef.

Briana and Danny enter. Patrick hands oatmeal to Briana, and a PLATE with EGGS and BACON to Danny. Pat's eating the same.

PATRICK
(To Danny)
Saw the burn.

CHLOE
You mean, the funeral pyre?

DANNY
Buttercup, c'mon; The vine had to be sacrificed for the greater good.

CHLOE
Killed.

BRIANA
Consider the sacrifice an offering to the God of Wine; *Dionysus*, to help protect the rest of our harvest.

Chloe surveys the bacon her Dad and Pops are eating.

CHLOE
So, does that make *bacon* a sacrifice to the *God of Pigs*? Or what about Steak? Is there a *Cow God*?

PATRICK
In India, cows are considered sacred.

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CHLOE
Why not here?

PATRICK
Because God invented the Cheeseburger.

Danny tries to swallow a laugh but can't help himself. Pretty soon, they're all giggling.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Patrick hands Chloe a LUNCH BAG. Gives her a kiss on the head. She runs over to an SUV, where Danny awaits. He wears a baseball CAP with an emblem of a BEE riding a GUN. SEABEES.

As she is about to get into the passenger side, Briana busts out the front door with a VIOLIN CASE. Hands it to Chloe.

BRIANA
(To Chloe, smiling.)
Practice for the *Fall Fair's* tonight.

CHLOE
Gracias!

BRIANA
Robert DeNiro.

Briana holds her tongue out and wiggles her hands next to her face. Chloe does the same.

DANNY
Time's-s-tickin', goofettes.

Briana goes over to Danny's side. Kisses his forehead.

BRIANA
To infinity...

Briana holds out a fist. On her ring FINGER is a BAND with a raised INFINITY emblem. Danny makes the same gesture. His RING also has an INFINITY symbol, but his is indented. So when they touch rings, one goes into the other.

DANNY
Forever.

Briana kisses Danny. The truck takes off.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Pat washes dishes. A picture on a windowsill above the sink shows him and his wife AMANDA shaking hands with the Obamas. A caption reads: *Rear Admiral Patrick Walsh - "Your country thanks you for 30 years of noble service and leadership."*

Briana enters the kitchen just as Pat cleans out Chloe's half eaten bowl of Oatmeal.

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PATRICK

She was right, it needed more vanilla.

Briana puts her arms around her Dad.

BRIANA

She doesn't need a replica. Just a bowl of oatmeal from her grandpa.

Briana kisses her Dad's cheek. Leaves the kitchen.

Once Briana leaves, Patrick picks up the pic.

PATRICK

(Looks at his wife)
I'm trying, Darlin'.

Patrick puts the picture down. As he grabs a PAN to wash, he slightly winces. Rubs his chest. Then carries on.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BRIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Her office is filled with BOOKS, PAPERS. And coffee CUPS.

Book shelves also include PUZZLE boxes. And her desk is a variety of different RUBICS CUBES and 3D PUZZLES.

She sits at her LAPTOP, on a VIDEO call, with PETER, (late-50s, rotund, bookish). Briana's friend, agent, and lawyer.

PETER (ON PC SCREEN)

Discovery wants you on the panel.

BRIANA

Me? Beschlos. Goodwin. Ainsworth.

PETER (ON PC SCREEN)

Meacham, Berry... and Briana Walsh.

BRIANA

Holy guacamole.

Briana leans back in her chair, soaking in the news.

PETER (ON PC SCREEN)

What will you say about the new book?

BRIANA

That it's, uh, percolating.

PETER (ON PC SCREEN)

Percolating?

BRIANA

And that's all the news that's fit to print, *Petey-pie*.

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PETER (ON PC SCREEN)
I hate you, *Baked-Bri*.
(Blows Briana a kiss)
Now, go forth and "percolate"!

Peter ends the call. Briana takes off her HEADPHONES and does a happy '*chair dance*'. Which abruptly ends when she looks at the blank SCREEN staring back at her from the laptop.

One word reads: 'Introduction'. There's nothing else.

BRIANA
I am so screwed.

Briana puffs out her cheeks, and gets to work.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun is rising. Danny and Briana are still asleep.

CHLOE (OS)
(Shouting)
Mom. Mom. Are you awake?

Danny pokes Briana.

CHLOE
(More urgent)
Mama! I need you right now.

Danny pokes Briana again. She wakes.

CHLOE
What's going on?

DANNY
Not sure. She's asking for you.

CHLOE (OS)
MAMA!

Briana slowly roles off the bed, puts on a robe.

DANNY
I'll have coffee waiting.

BRIANA
(Singing)
Did you ever know you're my hero?

Briana exits the bedroom.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Danny has COFFEE waiting when Briana comes downstairs.

DANNY
How's the girl?

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BRIANA
Well, the girl has taken her first
step toward womanhood.

Danny thinks for a moment, then it dawns on him.

DANNY
Oh. Oh. She-?

BRIANA
Yep.

DANNY
Uh. Um. Wow. How's she feeling?

BRIANA
Confused at first. Then proud. Then
confused again. And back to proud.

DANNY
Isn't she a little young?

BRIANA
I was 12. So, no. She's right on time.

Danny blinks a few times. Not smiling. He's suddenly distant.

BRIANA (CONT'D)
The clouds have come in. What-

The front door opens. Patrick enters. Sweaty from a run.

PATRICK
(Surprised)
Mornin, kids. You're up early.
(Off their expressions)
Sitrep?

Briana faces her Dad, ready to recap Chloe's morning.

INT. FARMHOUSE, CHLOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Danny enters Chloe's room. She is propped behind a TELESCOPE
aimed up at the STARS.

DANNY
Whaddya see, Buttercup?

CHLOE
When will *Halley's comet* be visible?

Danny swallows, seems stressed. Takes a deep, calming breath.

DANNY
Maybe in eleven months-or-so.

Danny sits on Chloe's bed, gestures for her to do the same.

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DANNY (CONT'D)
Tell me, how you feeling?

CHLOE
Fine. I suppose.

DANNY
You suppose?

CHLOE
(Sits up. Pauses)
I'm, I'm still Buttercup, right?

Danny leans in closer to Chloe.

DANNY
As you wish, Princess.

Danny kisses Chloe on the forehead. She suddenly gives him a massive hug, gripping on tight.

CHLOE
Promise.

DANNY
Today. Tomorrow. Forever and ever.

Chloe latches on to her dad even in harder. Danny smiles. But again, another split second of worry flashes across his face.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny enters the bedroom. Briana is moisturizing her hands.

BRIANA
How'd it go?

DANNY
She wanted assurances.

BRIANA
About?

DANNY
Can a Princess still be a Princess
even if she's ready to be a Queen.

Briana nods, understanding.

Danny shuts the window CURTAINS. Pauses. Something catches his eye out in the vineyard; Sixty yards away he sees two sparkling green lights, close together. They move. They're eyes, flickering. And then they are gone. Back to black.

BRIANA
Baby, you see something?

Danny hurriedly shuts the curtains tight.

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DANNY

No. Nothing. Maybe a coyote.

BRIANA

A coyote?

DANNY

Yeah. Or some, some critters.

Danny gets into bed. Kisses Briana on the forehead.

DANNY

Night, Bubba.

Danny turns to his side, away from Briana. His eyes wide open, with a look of worry written all over his face.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patrick and Briana watch Danny, who's outside on a LADDER, nailing a security CAMERA to a TREE.

PATRICK

How many has he put up?

Briana raises her eyebrows.

INT. FARMHOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

A large garage, with spaces for TOOLS and WORKBENCHES. On one workbench are wood-carved BOATS in stages of completion.

On a different workbench there are dozen SECURITY CAMERA boxes and MONITORS. Briana nods to the Boxes.

PATRICK

Why's he setting a security perimeter?

BRIANA

Something about coyotes and hobos.

Patrick moves to a steel 6ft CABINET. Opens the doors to reveal a set of RIFES and HANDGUNS.

PATRICK

Got all the security we need here.

BRIANA

He hasn't been himself since Chloe got her period. He's skittish. Worried.

PATRICK

Maybe Papa bear kicked-in? Know it did for me when you were that age.

BRIANA

We all know how that turned out.

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Patrick rolls his eyes and shrugs. Looks at the monitors.

PATRICK
I'm sure he has his reasons.

Briana folds her arms. Looks around the garage, worried.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, COVERED PORCH - NIGHT

Post sunset. Danny sits on a CHAIR, deep in thought. Violin plays from inside the house. It's Chloe practicing.

The door to the porch opens, out walks Patrick with two BEER BOTTLES. He sits next to Danny. Hands him a beer.

They clink bottles, sit back in their chairs.

PATRICK
Spend over 20 years at sea, you miss a lot. One day you're sharing ice cream with your babies and then overnight they turn into young women.

Danny listens to the violin. Nods to where it's coming from.

DANNY
And that's why I got out.

PATRICK
(Nods. Recalls something)
We'd been at Pearl for a month. I took the munchkins out to lunch.
(Smiles to himself)
The girls were smiling, but not 'cos of me. At some boys. And the boys smiled back. Which was fine, 'til I noticed their eyes fixed on my girls', you know-

DANNY
Chest area?

PATRICK
I saw red. Tightened the perimeter. Even had an NCIS buddy run background checks on boyfriends.
(Sucks in a breath)
When the girls found out, I ran out of fans for shit to hit.

DANNY
This about the cameras?

PATRICK
Simply saying: there's a fine line between safety and tradecraft.

Danny notices the Violin playing has stopped. He finishes his

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beer. Looks up at the sky and stands.

DANNY

Time to tuck in the Ranking Officer.

Patrick nods. Danny goes back into the house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Briana loads SUPPLIES into her SUV for the *Fall Fair*. Blankets and baskets full of GRAPES. Danny lends a hand. Briana pauses, looks at Danny.

BRIANA

When are you gonna tell me the truth?

DANNY

'Bout what?

BRIANA

The CCTV-palooza?

DANNY

I told you why.

BRIANA

You're a lousy liar, D. It's one of the many reasons I love you. But something's got you wound up. Talk to me.

Danny sighs, swallows hard. Pauses.

DANNY

You're right. I'll explain la-

Chloe bursts through the front door with Pat. She holds her violin and wears a black DRESS. Her excitement is palpable.

CHLOE

Time for the show to hit the road!

PATRICK

You heard the boss.

They pile into the SUV. Danny blows Chloe a kiss.

CHLOE

We're on at 7.

DANNY

I'll be there by 6.

Danny moves forward, and plants a kiss on Briana's cheek.

BRIANA

(Whispers to Danny)

Tonight?

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Danny nods, solemnly. The SUV starts up, and they head out.

Danny trudges to the garage, his head bowed, lost in thought.

INT. FARMHOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT

On a workbench, there are eight small MONITORS displaying various areas surrounding their home.

Danny checks each monitor. Everything's working.

His PHONE vibrates. It's a TEXT from Chloe: "Where are you?"

Danny looks at his watch: **6.20 PM**. He hurriedly grabs a JACKET hanging from his chair, and gets into a generic SEDAN parked in the garage.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Danny turns the ENGINE over. He reaches up to the SUN VISOR, where a garage DOOR OPENER has been fastened. He clicks it.

Nothing happens. He tries again. And again. Won't budge.

Then, the garage LIGHTS suddenly switch off, as do all the security monitors on the workbench. Then the car doors lock simultaneously. Danny tries to open the door but can't.

Danny stops trying. Sighs heavily.

He reaches up to the REAR-VIEW MIRROR. Adjusts it. Behind him, in the back seat is a MALE FIGURE, shrouded in dark.

DANNY

I hoped you stopped looking.

MALE FIGURE

(Deep baritone voice)

We never lost sight.

DANNY

Why couldn't she start over?

MALE FIGURE

She would have. But your curiosity rendered that option untenable.

DANNY

Tell her; nothing lasts forever.

MALE FIGURE

The Blue is eternal. *Onatha*, is eternal. We are eternal.

DANNY

No. You are an abomination.

A thin plume of MIST whisps from the AIR VENTS. It surrounds

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the front seats. A grey, dense haze. When it clears, the Figure from the back seat is gone. And Danny... is dead.

EXT. COUNTY FALL FAIR, STAGE - NIGHT

Chloe is on STAGE with a small YOUTH ORCHESTRA. They play 'WINTER' from VIVALDI'S *FOUR SEASONS*.

Chloe scans the crowd. She can see her Mom and Pat but there is an empty SEAT between them. Chloe's disappointed.

She refocuses. Begins a solo portion of 'WINTER'. It's going well, until a STRING suddenly SNAPS. The music stops. Chloe runs off of the stage in tears.

INT. BRIANA'S SUV - NIGHT

There's a heavy silence in the car. Chloe dolefully stares out a window at a FULL MOON.

BRIANA
Sweetie. You have nothing to-

CHLOE
Where was Daddy?

Patrick and Briana exchange glances.

PATRICK
If he couldn't make it, he probably
has a rock-solid reason why.

Briana shakes her head. Her lips tighten in annoyance.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Briana, Patrick, and Chloe enter the house.

Chloe puts on headphones goes into the LIVING ROOM, adjacent to the kitchen. Sits on a COUCH, that faces away from the kitchen. Stares into a cold, dark FIREPLACE.

BRIANA
Danny? Danny? You here?

No response.

PATRICK
I'll check the garage.

Patrick walks over to a DOOR that leads to the garage.

Chloe doesn't see Pat re-enter the kitchen. *White as a ghost.*

Because she has her headphones on, playing music loudly, Chloe doesn't hear Pat speak to Briana. She doesn't hear Briana *shriek* or see her *crumble* into Pat's arms.

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She doesn't see Pat hold her back from going to the garage.

EXT. VINEYARD FARM - DAY

A small crowd of PEOPLE have gathered under a grand TREE, elevated on a small hill, 100 yards from the Farmhouse.

Some are in civilian clothing, others in NAVY DRESS ATTIRE, including Pat. Plus two of Danny's best friends: VIRAT (CHIT) CHITTARANGA and ALPHONZO (FONZ) BRANTLEY. SEABEES.

Next to Chloe is her AUNT, ELLA (mid-30s, poised, fair skinned like her sister, but with red hair). And Ella's husband, JACK (mid-30s, civil servant, policy wonk).

Danny's COFFIN is placed in a GRAVE next to another GRAVESTONE: "**Amanda Walsh 1957 - 2018: Loving Mother, Joyous Daughter, Soul Mate.**"

Briana stands behind a small PODIUM. She reads.

BRIANA

*At the rising of the sun and at its
going down, We remember them. / At the
opening of buds and in the rebirth of
Spring, We remember them. / As long as
we live, they too will live; for they
are now a part of us, as we remember
them. / When we are weary and in need
of strength, We remember them. / When
we have joys we yearn to share, We
remember them. / As long as we live,
they shall live, for they are a part
of us, as we, as we, re- remember...*

Pat steadies Briana as tears overwhelm her ability to speak. Pat takes over. (*He speaks the words, rather than sing.*)

PATRICK

*My Danny boy. The pipes are calling.
From glen to glen, and down the
mountainside. The summer's gone, and
the roses falling, you must go, and
we, we must abide. But come to us,
back when summer's in the meadow, or
when the valley's white with snow. We
will be here in sunshine or in shadow.
Our Danny, our boy, we love you so.*

An older MAN in NAVY WHITES plays the BAGPIPES. Chloe grips her Mom's hand. They hold each other tight, crying.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Inside the house, ATTENDEES are eating and drinking.

Briana enters the covered porch. She holds a PICTURE.

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Chit and Fonz sit by the side, having a BEER. They notice Briana and immediately stand to attention.

BRIANA
At ease, Gentlemen.

Briana hands them a framed 7 by 9-inch picture of 4 young men in Navy Uniforms (Chit, Fonz, Danny, and TIM).

A caption underneath reads: THE SEABABIES.

They smile fondly at the image.

FONZ
Shit, bro. Look at T's lip fuzz.

They all smile.

BRIANA
Danny kept it on his dresser.

Chit puts an arm around Briana.

CHIT
Rough day. How are you holding up?

BRIANA
Was gonna ask you the same.

FONZ
Why?

BRIANA
Why? You've lost two brothers in the past three years. We're family. We grieve together. Like you grunts say: 'I got your six o'clock'.

Both Chit and Fonz stifle a laugh. Briana looks back at them quizzically, not understanding what's funny.

CHIT
(Smiles, nodding)
Hooyah.

FONZ
Hooyah. Bring it the fuck in.

All three huddle together for a big hug.

INT. KITCHEN, FARMHOUSE - DAY

Briana waves off the last GUESTS to leave (Chit and Fonz) from the front porch. She stays outside, looks at Chloe, who is sitting next to Danny's grave.

Ella's by the kitchen window watching her sister. She sighs. Pat puts a hand on Ella's shoulder. Gives her a squeeze.

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ELLA

What was the cause of death?

PATRICK

Heart failure resulting from an undiagnosed cardiomyopathy.

ELLA

So, one of the kindest people on the planet died from a big heart?

(Shakes her head)

God has a sick sense of humor.

Ella notices a LIMO driving toward the farmhouse.

EXT. FARMOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A sparkling, long WHITE LIMO pulls in front of the farmhouse.

Chloe has returned from the grave, and is next to her Mom. At the same time, Pat, Ella, emerge from the house.

The front door of the limo opens. A 6.5ft HAITIAN man, BEAUVOIR (early-40s, imposing and inscrutable), wears a WHITE LINNEN SUIT, emerges. The sun glistens off of his BALD head.

He opens the limo's back door. A RENEE Frank (early-60s, elegant and unflappable) comes out. She wears an DARK BLUE DRESS, with white-feathered HAT, and a pale-blue lacey VEIL.

Renee scans the family, stops at Briana. Moves to her, as if gliding on water. She holds a sympathetic smile, places her LACE-GLOVED hands on Briana's shoulders.

RENEE

The dynamic and distinguished, Briana.

Renee switches to Chloe. Cups Chloe's cheeks.

RENEE (CONT'D)

The bright and beautiful, Chloe.

Renee turns back to Briana, with a look of sympathy. She ignores everyone else.

RENEE (CONT'D)

I deeply regret our first encounter is beneath the banner of tragedy.

BRIANA

Renee, is it? Uh, who are you?

RENEE (CONT'D)

Oh, how rude. I got swept away. See, I've dreamt of this moment for years. I am Marcus's mother; Renne Frank. Or, as you know him: Danny.

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Briana's mouth is agape, along with everyone else.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BACK PORCH - DAY

Chloe, Briana, and Ella sit at a TABLE. Beauvoir stands outside, surveying the vineyard. Still, like a statue.

Patrick emerges from the house with a TRAY of DRINKS. One drink is in a cocktail glass. He hands it to Renee.

PATRICK

'Gin Rickey'.

He, Ella and Briana each have a BEER. And Chloe is handed a bottle of VANILLA SODA.

RENEE

(Sips drink)

Splendidly mixed, sir.

Pat nods laconically, before taking a seat. All are surveying their mysterious, eccentric guest.

BRIANA

So, you're Danny's mother?

RENEE

Yes, my dear. Womb to whelp.

CHLOE

Then you gave him up for adoption?

RENEE

Adoption? Interesting.

BRIANA

Danny said he was abandoned outside a hospital when he was a baby.

RENEE

Tell me Briana, do I look like a woman who would do such a deed?

PATRICK

You look like a stranger.

RENEE

What else did "Danny" tell you?

BRIANA

He was raised by a foster family who lived in a brownstone in Brooklyn. But they died when he was 18. That's when-

PATRICK

He joined the Navy.

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RENEE

Brownstone, yes. The rest, hogwash.

BRIANA

You're saying the man I've loved for fifteen years, is... was a *charlatan*?

RENEE

(Smiles sympathetically)
Charlatans are liars and grifters.
Marcus. Or, Danny? Assumed a fictional identity out of necessity.

BRIANA

Why?

RENEE

His father was a narcissistic sociopath with a thirst for cruelty.

BRIANA

He escaped a violent father? That's not a secret Danny'd keep from me.
What am I missing?

RENEE

His father was the head of powerful family, who built a their empire over multiple generations. And "Danny" was next in line for the throne. But he didn't covet the crown.

BRIANA

Then why not let him be?

RENEE

Unfortunately, our world isn't a life from which you can simply abscond.

(Looking at Chloe)

Keeping his identity secret was an act of love and self-preservation.

PATRICK

Then how did you find out he died?

RENEE

I've kept an eye on him from afar. I respected his privacy and kept his whereabouts from Nathaniel.

ELLA

Wait a minute. THE Nathaniel Frank?

RENEE

Smart egg this one.

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ELLA

(To Briana)

He died three years ago. One of those
reclusive billionaire types who give
millions to politicians and lobbyists.

A faint flash of annoyance crosses Renee's face.

CHLOE

Wow! You're really my grandma?

RENEE

I assuredly am, dear girl.

CHLOE

And you're super rich?

RENEE

I'm not destitute.

(To Briana)

And neither are you.

Briana looks at Renee, inquisitively.

EXT. VINEYARD FARM, DANNY'S GRAVE - DAY

Renee is alone with Briana. Overlooking Danny's grave.

RENEE

Despite many amends left unresolved
between me and my son, I'd be humbled
were you to grant me kinship.

BRIANA

Danny believed we should honor the
principles of those we've loved and
lost. Especially, forgiveness.

Renee reaches into her PURSE. Pulls out an ENVELOPE. She
hands it to Briana.

BRIANA

What's this?

RENEE

His inheritance. It's the deed to the
brownstone. It's where he spent the
first 15 years of his life.

BRIANA

I can't take this. It's too too much.
Besides, we aren't ready to move.

RENEE

I understand. Be if you reconsider,
it's yours. And should you reside
there but dislike the accommodation, I
will purchase the house from you at

(MORE)

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RENEE (CONT'D)
market value. My only caveat, is you
give it two years.

BRIANA
If anything changes I'll let you know.

RENEE
Very well. Would you give me a moment?

Briana steps away. Renee approaches Danny's grave.

RENEE (CONT'D)
(Softly)
Oh, Marcus. You're vexing curiosity
left us no choice. But I thank you for
delivering unto us the *sine qua non*
for *The Provenance*.

Renee places a dozen white ROSES tied together by a BLUE
STRING BOW on Danny's grave.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Briana, Pat, Ella watch the white limo drive away.

ELLA
A 25 mil brownstone? And, you said no?

Briana glance at the TREE hill where Danny's buried. Chloe
sits under the tree, reading to Danny.

BRIANA
This is our home.

Pat puts an arm around Briana. As does Ella.

The front door suddenly opens. It's Jack. He looks drowsy.

JACK
Man, sorry Bri. I totally passed out.
(Notices the Limo)
What did I miss?

Ella shakes her head, takes Jack's hand leads him inside.

Briana and Pat remain outside, looking over at Chloe, as the
sun slowly sets on the one tree hill.

INT. FARMHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Briana's in bed, with Chloe. Plugged in to the wall is
Chloe's STAR PROJECTOR. The ceiling is a cluster of STARS.

Chloe buries her face into the PILLOW.

CHLOE
Smells like Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Briana puts her head on Danny's pillow, right next to Chloe. Their cheeks touching as they look up at the 'STARS'.

Briana wears a simple silver NECKLACE with Danny's *Infinity Ring* strung through. Chloe plays with it.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Do you think Daddy's in the stars?

BRIANA

That's what he believed; when we die we return to our everlasting state.

CHLOE

Stardust. And what do you believe?

BRIANA

I'm not sure anymore, Sweetie.

A long pause as they both survey the 'universe'.

CHLOE

One day we'll join him and explore the whole universe together.

BRIANA

Maybe we will.

CHLOE

I know we will.

Chloe holds her Mom even tighter. They're both crying.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, DRIVEWAY - DAY

SUPER: Six Months Later.

Briana drives her car through the GATE and up the long dirt driveway that leads to the farmhouse. By the gate a 'FOR SALE' SIGN has been hoisted.

The once bountiful vineyard looks dry, barren, and decrepit.

Briana pulls up to the front of the house. She gets out of the car, goes to the passenger side, opens the door and helps Pat get out of the passenger seat. He's frail and fragile.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Briana enters behind Pat.

BRIANA

Can I get you something?

PATRICK

Unless you're hiding a healthy lung in the pantry, I'm squared away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pat shuffles down the hallway to the back porch, goes to sit outside, slamming the door shut behind him.

The kitchen table is covered in BILLS. Mostly 'late notices' for various payments: Utilities, Phone, Mortgage.

Briana's phone rings. She puts the caller on SPEAKER. It's Peter. She closes her eyes, calms herself before answering.

BRIANA

Hey, Pete. So, lay it on me.

PETER (OS)

(A beat)

How are you? I'm sorry about-

BRIANA

Peter. Exhume the lead.

PETER (OS)

It's been a year. And without a chapter to flavor, they lack the appetite for an additional advance.

BRIANA

But, it's me. ME! The same gal who wrote them two bestsellers.

PETER (OS)

I know, honey. But this is a '*what have you done for me lately*' world.

BRIANA

My father's sick. Our business is dying on the vine, literally. I'm caring for a broken daughter. And juggling this on my own. Where is their FUCKING DECENCY?

CHLOE (OS)

You think I'm broken?

Briana notices Chloe sheepishly leaning against the entrance of the kitchen. Tears in her eyes.

PETER (OS)

Bri, I know how hard-

BRIANA

No. You don't.

Chloe runs up the stairs.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Briana is perched on Chloe's bed. Chloe is under the covers with her knees pulled up to her chin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA

That came out wrong.

CHLOE

Then why'd you say it?

BRIANA

Sometimes life squeezes too hard and
you see red. Makes you say dumb shit.

CHLOE

I'm not broken.

BRIANA

I know. I know you're not.

(Pauses to reflect)

Maybe I'm the one who's broken.

CHLOE

This place used to be happy and
sparkly. Now, it's sad and dark. Even
the stars look dull.

Briana thinks, leans over and embraces Briana.

BRIANA

Maybe we need a new perspective.

CHLOE

Are you saying '*dumb shit*' again?

Briana smiles back at Chloe. Kisses her head.

BRIANA

Firstly, I have a license for cussing.
You don't. Secondly, time's come to
switch things up.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Briana and Pat drink coffee at the table.

PATRICK

We can't abandon our home.

BRIANA

Daddy. The home's abandoning us.
Besides, we're not selling. We're
leasing. Taking a break.

PATRICK

You trust this Frank woman?

BRIANA

She has access to the best Oncologists
in the world. She can open the doors
to the most prestigious school in New
York City. And maybe being there will

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA (CONT'D)
help me get back on track.

PATRICK
It's a big risk. A lot of unknowns.

BRIANA
(A beat)
You used to say; when a ship deployed,
there's the Sea. And once out of port
you were at her mercy. You needed to
have faith She'd grant safe passage.
(Shrugs her shoulders)
Besides, if it's a bust, at least
we'll be 25 million dollars richer
than we are today.

Pat finishes the last of his coffee. Gets up to go.

BRIANA (CONT'D)
Where you going?

PATRICK
Call a buddy who owns a moving
company.

Patrick starts to head away, then pauses.

PATRICK
Promise me this; If even one fish's
rotten, we cut bait and dump the haul.

After that, Patrick departs.

Briana picks up her phone, hesitates, then dials a number.

BRIANA
Hi, Renee.

Briana looks outside the window, sees Chloe sitting crossed
legged in front of Danny's grave, reading to him.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

"Happy Days, Movers" truck is in front of the house. Fonz
wears a T-Shirt with the Truck's logo. Chit's also helping.
He wears an MIT SWEATSHIRT. The last ITEMS are being loaded.

Chloe and Briana are in the SUV ready to take off.

Pat surreptitiously pulls Chit aside and gives him a small
jar filled with dirt.

PATRICK
Like we discussed.

CHIT
I'll take a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrick nods to Chit. Walks over the waiting SUV.

EXT. BROWNSTONE, STREET - DAY

A picturesque street, with classical Brownstones. Most of which have been converted into apartments.

But there is one at the end of the street. Not converted. Parked in front of the house is Fonz's moving TRUCK.

Briana is orchestrating movers in and out of the house.

The hears a loud CRAW. Looks up, sees a RAVEN. That's when she notices that the roof of the house is capped by a DOME.

Atop the dome, is the RAVEN.

INT. BROWNSTONE, FOYER - DAY

Chloe follows one of the MOVING MEN into the house. He has a hand-truck piled with BOXES. Chloe points up the stairs.

BRIANA
Office is the first room on the right.

RENEE (OS)
Excellent choice.

Chloe swives to see Renee, Beauvoir beside her.

BRIANA
Hi, Renee. Didn't know you'd stop by.

Briana and Renee embrace, albeit awkward and stiff.

RENEE
What kind of Grandma would I be, if I
wasn't here to welcome you home?

Briana unconsciously steps back.

BRIANA
Yeah of course. Thank you.

CHLOE (OS)
DowDow!

Chloe bounds down a STAIRCASE and embraces Renee. Briana seems confused. Renee notices.

RENEE
Your daughter decided that I reminded
her of a character from a TV Show
about an Abbey?

CHLOE
(To Briana)
Dowager of Grantham, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Briana nods, hesitantly. Thrown off by their intimacy.

RENEE

Come, let's do the two penny tour.

Renee signals Beauvoir to give them some space.

Patrick is at the top of the stairs. Still as a statue. His demeanor is inscrutable.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM, BROWNSTONE - DAY

Renee, Briana, Chloe and Pat enter a room with BAY WINDOWS, a WOOD FLOOR covered by a lustrous ORIENTAL CARPETS.

The room empty, except for built-in BOOK SHELVES that flank the bay windows, and a large, antique ARMOIRE.

RENEE

This, was Mar-, I mean, Danny's room.

Chloe smiles. She looks hopefully at Briana.

BRIANA

It's all yours, sweetie.

RENEE

We can remove the *armoire* and any of the furniture not stored away. I wanted you to see, before deciding. After all, they belong to you.

Briana furtively glances at the floor. Uncomfortable.

CHLOE

I want to keep it. Anything here that was Daddy's should stay.

Pat is checking a RADIATOR. Puts an ear against it.

PATRICK

These need flushing.

Renee gestures to her surroundings.

RENEE

She's an old and quirky home. Which is why we have a handyman who's familiar with her idiosyncrasies.

PATRICK

If I can handle an *Essex Class* Aircraft Carrier I'm sure we-

BRIANA

Welcome any help we can get. Thank you, Renee. For all of your kindness and generosity. Right, Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrick grumbles something, and then nods in agreement.

CHLOE
I love this room. I love this house!
Thank you, DowDow.

Chloe gives Renee a big, hard hug. Briana frowns.

EXT. BROWNSTONE, STREET - DAY

The movers have left.

Briana and Pat walk Renee to her limo. Beauvoir opens her door. Renee turns to Briana.

RENEE
Let's set up time early next week to
look at schools for Chloe.

BRIANA
Great idea. Thank you.

Renee gets into the limo.

RENEE
Welcome home.

She shuts the door. The limo drives away. Patrick stomps back inside the house.

BRIANA
Where you going?.

PATRICK
Flush those damn radiators.

Briana shakes her head. Then hears a SQUAWK. Notices the Raven again sitting atop the domed roof.

Briana feels a sudden chill. Heads into the house.

INT. BRIANA'S ROOM, BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

That same night. Chloe is in bed with her Mom.

BRIANA
First impression?

CHLOE
I like being in Daddy's old room. And
it's nice having DowDow close by.

BRIANA
'DowDow'? When'd that start?

CHLOE
Sorry I didn't tell you. But we've
been texting ever since Daddy died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
Why keep it a secret?

CHLOE
You don't seem to like her.

BRIANA
I don't know her. Nor do you. Maybe
there's a good reason Daddy kept her
at arm's length.

CHLOE
Give her a chance. She's funny. And
nice. Reminds me of Daddy.
(Smiles to herself)
I think, we'll be happy here.

They lay silent; Chloe, content. Briana, ill at ease.

INT. KITCHEN, BROWNSTONE HOUSE - MORNING

A few weeks have passed. Pat and Briana are eating breakfast.

BRIANA
Daddy, I've researched the clinical
trial. The results are impressive.

PATRICK
I don't deserve to jump the line.

BRIANA
Your Grand daughter doesn't deserve to
lose another person she loves.

PATRICK
(Frowns)
Your Ma was a maestro at playing the
heart strings. She taught you well.

JOSH (mid-30s, blond, handsome, with southern charm) enters
the kitchen.

JOSH
That's the last of it, Ma'am. Moved
all the "old stuff" to the basement.
(Tilts his head to Pat)
Sir.

BRIANA
Thanks, Josh. We could've moved 'em.

JOSH
Ms. Frank is a mite particular about
the handling of family heirlooms.

BRIANA
How long've you worked for her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH
Goin' on seven years, give or take.

BRIANA
So, any skeletons in the closet?

Josh laughs.

JOSH
None I'm privy too, Ma'am.

BRIANA
Quit it with the 'Ma'am'. Makes me
feel old.

JOSH
My apologies, M-... Briana.

Patrick gets up. Josh is about to say something, but Pat
looks Josh intensely in the eyes.

JOSH
(Contrite)
Sir...?

The Admiral nods, affirmatively.

INT. CHLOE'S ROOM - BROWNSTONE

Chloe is folding up her CLOTHES. Puts them into the armoire.

She's whistling to herself. Content. On her bed is a white
POLO SHIRT with an emblem that reads: TRINITY SCHOOL.

Chloe holds the shirt against her and looks in the MIRROR.

CHLOE
My name is Chloe. Um. I'm Chloe. Allow
myself, to, uh, introduce myself...
(Laughs. Straightens up)
Pleased to meet you. I'm Chloe Walsh.

GIRL VOICES
(Whispered)
Pleased to meet you, Chloe Walsh.

Chloe drops the shirt. Peers around the room. The voices
sounded faint. But all whispered in unison.

CHLOE
Hello? Hello?

Nothing comes back. Chloe picks up the shirt from the floor.
Briefly glances in the mirror again, and for a split second,
she can see four GIRLS, her age, in white night shirts behind
her. Staring. Their eyes are BLACK HOLES. Their skin pale.

Chloe gasps. And the Girls are gone. Chloe breathes heavily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits on the bed.

GIRL VOICES
Pleased to meet you, Chloe Walsh.

Chloe sits up again.

CHLOE
Who's there?
(Worried)
Who are you?

GIRL VOICES
You're a dandy, Chloe Walsh.

Chloe exits her room. Hears the voices again. But louder.

GIRL VOICES
You're a peach, Chloe Walsh.

Chloe follows the direction from which the voices are coming.

They repeat, and repeat, and get louder, as Chloe follows them through the house, until she reaches an **ALCOVE** at the top of the house. Here, the voices are loudest.

CHLOE
Where are you?

The **CEILING** above Chloe shakes. She looks up to see a very large **ATTIC DOOR**. It's too high for her to reach. But she notices a **SWITCH** with a **NOB** on the wall, made of **BRASS**.

She turns the nob. The **ATTIC DOOR** creakily slides open. A **BRONZE** staircase slowly unfurls down to the floor.

GIRL VOICES
(Loudest yet)
Welcome, Chloe Walsh.

Chloe furtively glances around. Climbs up the stairs into-

INT. ATTIC, BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

A corner of the "attic".

A big space with a 20-ft high dome-shaped **CUPOLA**, capped by a large glass **CAPSTONE**. The walls look like dark-grey **SLATES**.

The the majority of the floor, is a grand **MOSAIC** surface that has been meticulously engrained and carved. Comprised of shiny blue/green crystalline stones. It *shimmers* like a pool.

Something about the '*shimmering*' floor mesmerizes Chloe.

GIRL VOICES
Swim The Blue, Chloe Walsh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chloe stirs from her reverie. Sees the same ghost-like Girls that she thought she saw in her bedroom. They stare at her.

GIRL VOICE (OS)
(Singular, louder, angrier voice)
Swim with us forever.

Chloe looks behind her: it's another girl. But she is a older than the rest. Her clothes are different. She wears a CROWN made of BIRD CLAWS. She is NAKED. Covered in BLOOD.

She PUSHES Chloe to middle of the Mosaic. Which comes to life around her. The girls gather around her. The oldest grabs Chloe's HEAD and dunks it under the LIQUID substance.

Chloe SCREAMS. The world turns black. Until a faint whisper:

DANNY (OS)
Wake up, Buttercup.

The light returns. Josh kneels over her.

JOSH
Wake up. Wake up.

Chloe sits upright. Briana and Pat have just entered. They're all out of breath. Josh stands back to let Briana through. She holds Chloe by the shoulders.

BRIANA
You okay? What happened?

CHLOE
I, I, don't know. I heard voices. And followed them. And then, then...

PATRICK
You were screaming.

CHLOE
I was?

BRIANA
What voices?

CHLOE
They... they...
(Confused)
I, I, I'm not sure.

Briana pauses. Takes in the appearance of the attic. She notices the SLATE WALLS are filled with SYMBOLS and GLYPHS.

BRIANA
What the hell?

INT. LIVING ROOM, BROWNSTONE - DAY

The FIREPLACE is aglow with flames.

Chloe's on the COUCH, snuggled into Pat's chest. She shivers. Briana enters, hands Chloe a CUP of TEA. Kisses her daughter on the forehead, and burrows in beside her.

Josh stands with his arms crossed, furrowed brow.

BRIANA

It was an observatory?

JOSH

S'posedly this place was owned by an Astro-physicist, scientist. Then the Frank family bought it in the 1920s.

BRIANA

What about the engravings? They're...

(A beat, deep breath)

Did they use the attic?

JOSH

For storage n' the like.

Josh notices Chloe shiver again.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(Looks at Briana)

Y'all got my number.

Josh exits the living room. Chloe, Briana and Pat sit in silence until they hear the FRONT DOOR close.

PATRICK

The engravings in the attic mean something to you?

Briana pauses, looks at her daughter's traumatized face.

BRIANA

No clue. But I know someone who might.

Patrick pats Briana on the leg and leaves her with Chloe. Who in turn, stares into the abyss of her cup, as the tea swirls around, and around, and around.

CHLOE

(Whispers to herself)

Swim.

EXT. TRINITY SCHOOL - MORNING

Chloe's walks with Chloe to the entrance of the school. Chloe is prim and proper in her new school uniform.

Chloe wears a small BACKPACK and carries a VIOLIN CASE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
When do you audition?

CHLOE
End of day.

BRIANA
You're gonna Mozart the shit out of
them. I promise.

Chloe nods. She walks into the school. Small and quiet.
Briana watches on, with a look of apologetic melancholy.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE ROOM - DAY

The 'Office' is flanked floor-to-ceiling with mahogany book
shelves. Many are antiques. They came with the room.

Briana's mostly unpacked. One last box open. From it, she
pulls out books, adds them to the shelves.

She can hear Pat *coughing* from somewhere in the house. It
makes her grimace. She goes to the door. Closes it.

For a few seconds she rests her head against the door. Slowly
breathing in-and-out. Calming her nerves.

Chloe goes back to the box. Pulls out one last item: A SAIL
BOAT in a BOTTLE. Exquisitely crafted. Briana stares at it.

INT. FLASHBACK - FARMHOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

Briana wears a BABY SLING, with an infant Chloe snuggled to
her chest. She finds Danny at his workbench, carefully
inserting a model SAILBOAT into a BOTTLE.

BRIANA
Shouldn't you *Christen* her first?

Danny swivels to see Briana with Chloe. He gets up and
embraces them both. Kisses Chloe's forehead.

DANNY
As your old man'd say: *Can't Christen
a boat 'til she's ready to set sail.*

BRIANA
Oh? This isn't a replica?

DANNY
It's ours. We'll build it together.
And one day, sail the seven seas.

BRIANA
Chasing sunsets and stars.

Danny smiles, warmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY
That's the gambit, Bubba.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Briana returns to reality with a sad smile.

As she places the boat on a shelf, something catches her eye. So, she grabs a MAGNIFYING GLASS from her desk. She examines the boat and sees a tiny inscription: "UTOPOS".

Briana sits at her desk. Stares inquisitively at the bottle.

INT. CHLOE'S SCHOOL, RECITAL HALL - DAY

Chloe alone, on a small STAGE. A spotlight illuminates her. Everything's dark. Shadowy FIGURES sit in the front seats.

MUSIC TEACHER (OS)
Ready when you are, Ms. Walsh.

Chloe nervously tucks her VIOLIN under her chin.

She starts to play, but makes a mistake. Some GIRLS sniggering at the side of the stage. She's about to give up-

GIRL VOICE (OS)
Swim with me, Chloe Walsh. Swim.

The voice from the attic. The older girl. Chloe closes her eyes. The background noise fades away. Then she starts again.

CUT TO

INT. BROWNSTONE ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Briana's studying the etchings on the grey slate stone walls. She jots down notes. She also shines a LIGHT along the wall.

Quite suddenly some of the etchings *glow incandescently*. They blink in and out. No rhyme or reason to the timing.

Briana can hear the faint sound of a violin. And then, the music and 'light show' suddenly ends. Leaving Briana baffled.

CUT BACK TO

INT. CHLOE'S SCHOOL, RECITAL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Chloe's eyes are still closed tight. The room is silent.

MUSIC TEACHER (OS)
Are you alright, Ms. Walsh?

Chloe opens her eyes. The female MUSIC TEACHER (mid-50s) stands a few feet from Chloe. Her face is filled with joy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Uh, yea. Sorry. Nerves, ya know?

MUSIC TEACHER

Nervous?

CHLOE

Can I go again?

MUSIC TEACHER

Why? That was sensational. I've never heard or seen someone your age take on, let alone succeed playing *Niccolò Paganini's Caprices*.

Chloe glances around. The girls at the side of the stage are no longer sniggering. They're in awe of her.

MUSIC TEACHER (CONT'D)

Your Mother was modest about your skill level. There are students at the Julliard years away from being able to play with such verve and skill.

Chloe swallows. Confused. She nods back. Puts away her violin away and quickly exits the stage, with a furrowed brow.

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Briana lays next to Chloe, head-to-toe.

BRIANA

You don't remember anything?

CHLOE

No. I, think I maybe blacked out.

BRIANA

You've never play *Paganini* before?

CHLOE

I don't even know who they are.

BRIANA

Did you bump your head at school?

CHLOE

(Rubs her head)

Nope.

BRIANA

Hmm. Reminds me of a story your Dad told me. It happened right here.

Chloe sits up, eager to learn more.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

He was 13. Slipped on a shoe and hit
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
his head on the window sill. Blood
everywhere. But, all he could recall,
was being in the room, and then six
hours later he was in the kitchen,
eating a Mac'n Cheese casserole.

CHLOE
What happened in the six hours?

BRIANA
During his blackout, he stitched and
bandaged the wound. Cleaned up the
blood. And made himself dinner.

CHLOE
Stitched himself up? That's cray.

Briana nods, lost in the reverie of the memory.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
So, Dad's a surgeon and I'm *Paganini*.
But only when we're blacked out.

Briana chuckles. But her eyes remain sad.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Brian can't sleep. She's trying to write. Nothing comes out.

She has the boat in the glass bottle on her desk. Keeps
looking at it. She thinks. Something occurs to her.

BRIANA
Utopos. Utopos. Utopos.
(A beat, remembers)
No place.

She goes to the bookshelf with the antique books. She scans
the shelves. Finds a thin leather NOVEL. She pulls it from
the shelf. The title of the book reads:

"UTOPIA, by *Sir Thomas More*".

The book is old. Briana takes care to open it slowly. The
inside page indicates this copy was published in 1888.

Briana browses the pages of the book. Reaches the back cover.
Notices the right of the back page is slightly distressed and
barely a millimeter of the corner is curled up.

She checks the side of the book again. The back cover is
marginally wider than the front.

She examines the parchment and decides to peel it back. She
finds a small KEY embedded in the back cover. Plus a note:

"Pain of the past, starts by wiping the slate clean".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLANK. CLINK.

Briana hears a commotion outside. So she goes to the window.
Sees a FIGURE across the street, in an alleyway.

A car passes down the street. The figure disappears.

INT. BROWNSTONE KITCHEN - MORNING

Patrick inspects the key and book Briana found.

PATRICK
Definitely Danny's handwriting.
(Looks at the book)
Utopia. Translates to '*perfect place*'?

BRIANA
The word comes from the Greek term:
'ou-topos'. 'No Place' or 'Nowhere'.
(A beat)
My thesis was about *Sir Thomas More*.

PATRICK
Danny would've known that.

BRIANA
Why all the cloak and dagger?

PATRICK
Best guess? Protection.

BRIANA
From what?

PATRICK
Or from whom?

Briana sizes up the key with a look of concern.

EXT. NYC CAFE - DAY

Briana sits at a TABLE with QUAN LIN (late-30s, smart and striking). Quan nods to a HOSPITAL across the street.

QUAN
How's the Admiral?

BRIANA
Currently interrogating his care team.

QUAN
Poor bastards.

They giggle. Quan takes a deep breath.

QUAN (CONT'D)
Sorry I couldn't make the funeral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
You were in Egypt. Its-

QUAN
(Sympathetic)
I know. Still. I shoulda been there.
(Shakes her head)
And Chlo?

BRIANA
Coping some days. Some days not.

QUAN
You?

BRIANA
The same.

QUAN
And the house?

BRIANA
Big. Too big. And it's...

QUAN
What?

BRIANA
Odd.

QUAN
Odd?

BRIANA
I found a set of unusual engravings in
the attic. All from different cultures
and time periods. It's like speaking
in tongues but through symbols.

QUAN
Ooookay... Now I'm curious.

BRIANA
Wanna take a look?

QUAN
Does a gal with a PHD in Semiotics
spend her life deciphering symbols?

Briana smiles, relieved.

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, ONCOLOGY OFFICE - MORNING

Patrick sits on a wooden CHAIR, in front of an old oak DESK.
Opposite DR. MATHIAS MEISER (early-60s, faint German accent).

Meiser studies Pat's medical records.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEISER

So, you're Marcus's father-in-law?

PATRICK

Danny.

MEISER

Ah, yes. My condolences.

PATRICK

You've reviewed my charts?

MEISER

I have.

PATRICK

What's your prognosis?

MEISER

Ah yes. Straight to business.

Meiser gets up and fixes two X-RAYS of Patrick's lungs to a wall-mounted X-Ray FILM SHEET holder, with a backlight.

MEISER

The slow progression of your tumor,
enhances the probability of a
favorable outcome.

PATRICK

How does the treatment work?

MEISER

Yes. Yes. In this clinical trial, we
extract T-Cells from your blood.
Reprogram them at the cellular level,
and then reinsert them into your body.
Then they detect and destroy the
cancerous cells. Like, like a hunter.

PATRICK

How far along is the trial?

MEISER

Seven years.

PATRICK

Success rate?

MEISER

85% complete remission.

PATRICK

FDC approval?

MEISER

One year away from full approval.

(Animated)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEISER (CONT'D)

Then, Mr. Walsh, we can share this treatment with the world. It may not be THE 'cure for cancer'. But close.

Patrick takes a beat. He looks behind the doctor at the wall. Sees a picture of the doctor alongside Renee Frank.

PATRICK

Tell me, Doc. How much does this whole treatment cost. Soup-to-nuts.

MEISER

About four hundred thousand dollars.

PATRICK

Your investors must have deep pockets.

MEISER

My investors have deep ambitions.

Patrick looks again at Renee's picture. Frowns.

INT. BROWNSTONE, ATTIC - MORNING

Briana shows Quan around the space. Quan takes pictures.

QUAN

I see what you mean about tongues.

(Points to one wall)

Here... those are ancient *Egyptian* glyphs mixed together with *Hittite* symbols, *Nordic* runes, early *Aramaic*, and this could be *Essonian*.

BRIANA

Essonian? As in, *The Dead Sea Scrolls*?

QUAN

Yeah. But, it's semiotic gibberish.

(Looks at Briana)

Who designed the room?

BRIANA

A scientist, apparently.

QUAN

A scientist who was off his meds.

BRIANA

Maybe. I deciphered one section. Base language was *Mayan*. Roughly speaking it's some sort of summoning ritual.

Briana continues to stare at the wall. Tracing the various etchings with her fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUAN

The Mayans had many Gods.

BRIANA

Wasn't about a God. Something else.
Something to do with the stars.

QUAN

Well, my professional diagnosis is
that all of this is fascinating. But I
believe we're ultimately looking
inside the mind of a man who was
batshit crazy.

Brians sighs, surveys the room and nods in agreement.

INT. BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - DAY

Quan's drinking tea with Briana and Chloe.

CHLOE

(To Quan)

Didn't you introduce Mom and Dad?

QUAN

Guilty! I met Danny via my boyfriend
at the time: Dim Tim. They were BFFs.

BRIANA

Timmy Dougal.

CHLOE

Uncle Tim. He was nice. It was sad
when he died.

QUAN

Good 'ol DT. What happened was tragic.

CHLOE

Why'd you and Uncle Tim split?

QUAN

DT wasn't the brightest bulb. God rest
his soul. But, what he lacked in
brains he made up for with a huge-

BRIANA

Heart and brave soul.

QUAN

We lasted a year. Then two years later
he married a nurse.

CHLOE

Auntie Rachel.

QUAN

Darnit! I could've been Auntie Quan!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quan gives Chloe a big kiss on the head.

BRIANA
Without Q and Tim I never would've met
Daddy.

Chloe smiles for a moment. Then her face turns sad.

QUAN
You're a lot like him. And I bet he's
super-duper proud of you.

Chloe hugs Quan.

QUAN (CONT'D)
Now, has your mom introduced you to
Mr. Chow's restaurant?

Chloe shakes her head.

QUAN (CONT'D)
That's just bad parenting. I say we
make like plane and jet over there.

Briana gestures a silent '*thanks*' to Quan, who nods back.

EXT. BROWNSTONE, SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Briana takes out the GARBAGE. Pulls it out to the curb. She looks up, sees that same mysterious figure in the alley.

Briana's clenches her fists. Heads toward the alley. By the time she gets there, the figure has gone.

BRIANA
If you keep scoping my house I'll call
the police.
(Louder)
STAY AWAY.

Briana takes shallow breaths. Then, she notices a symbol, drawn in chalk against the wall. She takes a PICTURE.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Briana examines the picture from the alleyway. Something about it is familiar.

Next to her is an open book about NATIVE AMERICAN ART.

She flips through the pages, and stops. Finds the same symbol she pictured. A notation says the symbol is a COYOTE.

She reads an inscription on the page out loud.

BRIANA
*"Coyotes symbolize a trickster deity.
This spirit is mischievous, selfish,
(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA (CONT'D)
deceitful, and greedy."

Briana reaches into her pocket. Pulls out the BRASS KEY. There's a crude engraving on the handle. The *Coyote Symbol*.

INT. BROWNSTONE, CHLOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The witching hour. And Chloe's wide awake. She stares at the ceiling's dancing stars, with tears in her eyes.

Chloe's STAR PROJECTOR switches off. The room goes dark. Chloe tries to switch the projector on but it won't work.

She hears the faint sound of a VIOLIN playing.

The emanates from outside her room. She follows it all the way to the closed staircase that leads to the attic.

Chloe's in a trance. She opens the door to the attic. The stairs silently unfurl. She languidly climbs up.

INT. BROWNSTONE, ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Chloe reaches the top, the attic door retracts. She's alone.

Chloe notices one of the GHOSTLY GIRLS. It's the older one. For the first time, Chloe can clearly make out their faces. All of them are white, accept for one, who's Native American.

The older girl is in an old-fashioned SCHOOL UNIFORM. Attached to her collar is a GREEN BROCH. She's scared.

None notice Chloe. She's watching a sort of re-enactment.

The floor mosaic starts to glimmer with incandescent illuminations. Undulating like ripples on a pond.

The older girl's eyes are ablaze with fear.

Behind her, a large man in a GREEN VELVET ROBE approaches. His face covered by a shiny BLACK MASK with EMERALD EYES.

He holds an opulent DAGGER to the Older Girl's throat. She stares imploringly at Chloe. Past Chloe. At someone else.

OLDER GIRL
 No Mama. Please!

Chloe then hears CHANTING. Sees there are EIGHT ADULT FIGURES in the room. Circled around the glimmering MOSAIC island. They wear DARK GREEN ROBES with WHITE MASKS and EMERALD EYES.

They're chanting: "ONATHA".

They stop. Then, the figure with the black mask cuts the Older Girl's throat. Blood pools from her neck, raining onto the floor Mosaic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The mosaic transforms into a shimmering lagoon. The Older Girl sinks into it. Unable to scream. Choking on her blood.

Suddenly all is silent. The robed figures point at Chloe.

"*Onatha. Onatha. Onatha*" they chant.

Then, quiet. The lagoon is a mosaic again. Everyone's gone.

NATIVE AMERICAN GIRL (OS)
The Blue is Eternal, Chloe Walsh.

The Native American Girl is behind Chloe. Chloe turns to face her. With a speedy flick of her wrist, The Native American Girl opens up Chloe's neck with a RAZOR BLADE.

Chloe's blood spits and spurts from her neck. She can't scream. Gargles and gags on her blood.

GHOSTLY GIRLS (OS)
Swim, Chloe Walsh. Swim. Forever.

Chloe's world turns black.

BRIANA (OS)
Chloe! Wake up, Sweetie. Wake up!

PATRICK (OS)
Open your eyes, Chlo. Open them.

Chloe comes to. She's in the attic. Everything is normal.

CHLOE
Onatha.

BRIANA
Ona-what?

Chloe turns to her side and loudly vomits.

INT. BROWNSTONE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chloe's asleep in Briana's bed. Briana pulls the door ajar.

Patrick is in the hall. Arms folded.

BRIANA
What is an '*Onatha*'?

PATRICK
The name of a nightmare. Conjured up by a child in severe distress.

BRIANA
I know that, Daddy. But-

PATRICK
But what? She lost her Granny. Then
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 her Dad. Her home. She thinks I'm on
 the outs. She's in a constant state of
 fear and pain. And this house. I
 swear, it's twistin' her up inside.
 (A beat)
 The fish's turned rotten.

Briana looks at Chloe, nods her head in agreement.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

The same night. A CLOCK on Briana's desk reads: 3:53 AM. She is studying Danny's note again. Fixating.

BRIANA
*"The pain of the past, starts by
 wiping the slate clean".*
 (Thinking)
 You wanted me to find this. 'Cos you
 knew, only I can figure it out.

Briana flops back in her chair, sighs. She stares at her forearm. There is a three-inch scar.

An apparition of Danny sits in a chair opposite Briana.

DANNY
 You were cutting Roses. The pruner
 snapped. The blade slashed your arm.

BRIANA
 There was blood all over the place.

DANNY
 Everywhere. The counter. The sink.

BRIANA
 The wooden floors. And no matter how
 hard we cleaned them-

DANNY
 The stain never went away.

Brian gets up excitedly. She looks back at the chair, but Danny's gone.

INT. BROWNSTON, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A minute later, Briana walks past her room. Pops her head through the door and can see Chloe is still asleep. She continues to walk quietly down the hallway towards-

INT. BROWNSTONE, CHLOE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Briana gently closes the door behind her. Turns on a LIGHT.

Briana pulls up the RUGS covering the wooden floor boards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But, nothing's out of place. So, she sits on Chloe's BED to think. Scans the room from a different angle.

She looks between her feet and sees the head of TEDDY BEAR staring back at her. Half under the BED FRAME. Briana kneels down, pulls the Bear out. She then grabs her CELL PHONE and urns on the FLASHLIGHT.

Something grabs her attention. She pulls the bed away from the wall. A section of flooring underneath the bed is darker, and discolored... *stained*.

BRIANA

'Wiping the slate clean'?

Briana notices that along with the discoloration, these floorboards are different sizes and cuts.

She moves one. And then another. And then another. The pieces are a SLIDING PUZZLE. Eventually it reveals a 10x10 inch METAL square. With a circular metal GRASP in the middle.

Briana puts her finger through the circle and opens up the metal slate. Inside, is an aging CIGAR BOX from HAITI.

There are 3 items inside; A BRONZE KEY. A rolled-up PARCHMENT NOTE, and a POSTCARD entirely written in BRAIL. Briana unravels the note and reads. It's from Danny.

FLASHBACK

Briana and Danny's wedding day. They are on a BEACH with friends and family. Danny's reading his vows but the words Briana hears are from the note she just found under the bed.

DANNY (VO)

*Hey, Bubba. If you're reading this,
I'm dead. And you and Chloe are in
danger. I thought the less you knew,
the safer you'd be. But here we are. I
failed. You're in their world now. Do
not trust anyone. This is a fail-safe.
Designed for you as a last resort. I
know I don't deserve your faith. But
gift me this chance. To Infinity, DT,M*

Danny and Briana complete their vows, and kiss.

END FLASHBACK

Briana stares, mouth agape.

BRIANA

You son-of-a-bitch.

As Briana fold's the old parchment, she notices that the top of the page is embossed with a name: CASSANDRA WALTER

INT. BROWNSTONE STAIRWAY - MORNING

The next morning. Briana walks up the stairs.

BRIANA
Chlo. We gotta go.

No response.

BRIANA
We're late, Chlo.

Briana reaches the second floor. Chloe's door is half-open. She has her school uniform on staring into the mirror.

CHLOE
When will I swim?

BRIANA
Who are you talking to, Sweetie?

Chloe is surprised to see her Mom.

CHLOE
No one. It's, uh, a quote from a book
we're reading at school.

Briana looks suspiciously at Chloe. She also notices how pale and bedraggled her daughter looks.

BRIANA
Hey, I have an idea. Why don't you
invite some of the girls from your
Violin group for a sleepover?

Chloe thinks about it. Looks into the mirror. She smiles.

CHLOE
Smashing idea.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Briana sits on a COUCH. There are PICTURES all over the wall.

One picture is a HIGH SCHOOL graduation shot. Peter, with two YOUNG MEN and BRIANA, with her head leaning against Peter's shoulder. She holds a PLACARD that reads: CLASS OF 1994.

The DOOR opens, and in enters Peter. He hugs Briana.

PETER
Baked Bri! Oh my God! She's alive!

BRIANA
I've been been a butt hole, Petey-pie.

PETER
Oh shush. You've been spinning plates.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER (CONT'D)

One of which I hope has a book on it?

Briana looks over a picture of a man on Peter's desk.

BRIANA

How's Georgey?

PETER

D. Flection. But, for what it's worth,
he snores too much and could lose
twenty pounds, other than that, we're
as smittens as kittens

BRIANA

That's good. Good. Very good.

PETER

You're not here about the book. You're
here about a legal issue. Hmm?

BRIANA

Uh. I need to break an unbreakable
tenant agreement with one of New
York's the most powerful women.

PETER

Consider my curiosity piqued.

Briana reaches into her BAG. Pulls out FILES.

BRIANA

We have to find a way out.

Peter flips through the files, smiles reassuringly.

PETER

Lemon squeezy.

Briana tries to say 'thank you', but bursts out crying. Peter
puts the files down, and holds his friend as she sobs.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Briana's at her desk. LAPTOP open. She initiates a VIDEO CALL
with her sister ELLA.

ELLA (ON SCREEN)

Look at you in the fancy shmancy!

BRIANA

Lipstick on a rattlesnake.

ELLA (ON SCREEN)

Uh oh. Trouble in upper-class?

BRIANA

Turbulence. Lots of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLA (ON SCREEN)
Is it Dad?

BRIANA
It's this place. It's Renee Frank.

ELLA (ON SCREEN)
What about her?

BRIANA
That's the rub. There's nothing about her online or anywhere. She's an enigma warped by a black hole.

ELLA (ON SCREEN)
You want me to use my position at State to do a semi-illegal background check on Renee?

BRIANA
Yes?

ELLA (ON SCREEN)
Done.

Briana glances at the Parchment Letter, which is on her desk.

BRIANA
One more thing. Can you look up the name *Cassandra Walter*?

ELLA (ON SCREEN)
Who's she?

BRIANA
Not sure. But she's connected to Danny's family.

ELLA (ON SCREEN)
I'll dig. And then, I'm coming to you.

BRIANA
Thanks, El.

The video call ends. Chloe closes the laptop, and then places her head on top of it, with a big sigh.

EXT. MARSH, WOODS - NIGHT (PATRICK'S DREAM)

Patrick wakes, covered in MUD. He is surrounded by woods and marshland. Off in the distance he hears SCREAMS.

He gets up, glances down at himself. He wears the NAVY BLUE UNION Army Uniform from the late 1800s.

He hears more screams. Moves briskly toward the sounds of distress. He also notices BLACK SMOKE in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes to a CLEARING, with a small hill. On top of the hill is a HOUSE that looks similar to the *Brownstone*.

It's on FIRE.

As he gets closer to the house, he sees dead, mutilated BODIES everywhere. Some are dressed like FARMERS and NATIVE AMERICANS. Men, women, children of all ages.

CHLOE (OS)

HELP ME!

Patrick sees Chloe by the front door. On the PORCH is the body of Briana. Covered in blood. *Disemboweled*.

A tall ENTITY emerges from the flames from behind Chloe. He stands nearly 7-feet tall. Light from the fire bounces off the white marble-esque skin of this alabaster Goliath.

The Entity picks up Chloe by the neck, with one hand. He holds her two feet above the ground. Chloe cries louder.

PATRICK

No. No. NOOOOOOO!

The Entity snaps Chloe's neck. Throws her on top of Briana.

Patrick SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE, PATRICKS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick sits up in bed. Covered in sweat. Hyperventilating.

Patrick turns on a LIGHT. His breathing slows.

He gets out of bed, goes to a CLOSET. From the top shelf, he pulls a red velvet BOX. Opens it. Inside are TRINKETS that belonged to wife. Also in the box is a small Bible.

He opens it. Reads. Slams it shut.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Patrick's inside of a CONFESSIONAL BOOTH. A LATTICED OPENING divides the spaces. A PRIEST is on the other side.

PATRICK

Bless me Father, for I have Sinned.
I'm a nonbeliever who thinks all this
'10 Our Fathers' and '20 Hail Marys'
is bunch of bull.

CHARLIE(OS)

Is 'dat you, Admiral Atheist?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Yes it is Chappie Chaplain. I come
bearing gifts from the homeland.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, OFFICE - DAY

Patrick and CHARLIE HOUIRHAN (Irish New Yorker, same age at Pat) sit on an old LEATHER CHAIRS separated by a DESK. Charlie wears ROSARY BEADS around his neck.

There is a PICTURE on a SHELF behind the desk of Patrick and Charlie (Both in their early-40s), wearing Navy Whites.

On the desk is a BOTTLE of Irish REDBREAST 27 WHISKEY. Each man sip a three-fingered pour.

CHARLIE

Let me get 'dis straight; Ya think dat
ya's in haunted house?

Charlie sits back in his chair and chortles.

PATRICK

Only time I entered the Naval Chapel
was to console grieving family
members. The Bibles, God, Crosses...
(Swallows deeply)
Angels and demons, heaven and hell.
Fairy tales and hokum. But this,
Chappie. Got me second guessin'.

Charlie can see Patrick is dead serious.

CHARLIE

What yer describin' sounds like a
demonic infestation.

PATRICK

An 'infestation'? Like rats?

CHARLIE

More like misguided souls.

PATRICK

Then what do I do?

CHARLIE

You do nothin', ya heathen shite.
(Chuckles)
the Church has people who can help
with your 'rat' problem.

PATRICK

Oh, like *Ghostbusters*?

CHARLIE

You're the one who called us, Laddy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patrick sits back in his chair, looks above Charlie's head at a large oil-on-canvas painting of CHRIST on the CROSS.

INT. BROWNSTONE, BRIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter and Briana sift through various documents.

PETER

Way I see it, you're free to leave.

BRIANA

Just like that?

PETER

This house's title wasn't submitted to the county records. Maybe she forgot or hasn't gotten around to it.

BRIANA

She's not the forgetful type.

PETER

Pray tell, what type is she?

Briana goes to her desk, from a drawer pulls out the rolled up parchment letter from Danny.

She walks it over to Peter.

BRIANA

The '*not to be trusted*' type.

INT. BROWNSTONE, STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Chloe sits on the stairs, eavesdropping on her Mom. She cocks her head, as if hearing someone.

CHLOE

Consequences? What kind?

Chloe listens, aghast.

The silent conversation continues. Chloe nods her head, makes a gesture of *zipping up her lips*.

INT. BROWNSTONE, BRIANA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Peter completes reading the *parchment letter*. Hands it back, to Briana with a look of deep sympathy.

PETER

Do you trust what he wrote?

BRIANA

What choice do I have?

PETER

You can get the hell outta here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA

It's not that simple. He knows we're in trouble. He wrote this for me. Meaning, if someone else found it they wouldn't detect the hidden clues.

(A beat)

Take how he signed off: *DT comma M*. That's a clue. I have no idea what it means, but I'm certain it's a clue.

PETER

Maybe he's referring to something or-

BRIANA

Someone else! *DT*. Tim Dougal. *Dim Tim*.

PETER

What's with the 'M' at the end?

BRIANA

(Thinks)

Hold on. First gift D gave me was a puzzle. His second gift was a schlocky whodunnit mystery book.

Peter stares, his head slightly cocked, at the BOOKSHELF behind Briana's right shoulder.

PETER

"M is for Murder."

BRIANA

M is for what?

Briana turns, sees the book Peter pointing at. She grabs it from the shelf: *"M is for Murder"*, By Sue Grafton.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

That's it. That was the gift.

PETER

What does it mean?

Briana takes the book. Looks it over. Thinks.

BRIANA

Tim's death wasn't an accident.

Peter and Briana stare at each other, mouths agape.

INT. BROWNSTONE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Briana shuts the door. Waves 'goodbye' to Peter.

CHLOE (OS)

You need to stop involving outsiders.

Briana's spooked, caught off guard. Turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
Involving them in what, sweetie?

CHLOE
Just stop. Or-

BRIANA
Or, what?

CHLOE
There'll be consequences. Bad ones.

Chloe pivots and goes upstairs, shuts her bedroom door. While Briana stands in the foyer, confused and wary.

INT. CDC, LAB - DAY

A mid-sized lab, with equipment used for BIOLOGICAL analysis.

CHIT hovers over a MICROSCOPE. Pulls away, and looks up at a LARGE MONITOR that shows what's under the microscope.

The SCREEN is split. One side shows MICROBES from Slide titled SAMPLE A. The other side of the screen shows microbes from SAMBLE B. The looks the same.

Chit scratches his chin, surprised.

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND - DAY

SUPER: Yonkers, New York

Chloe plays with two younger BOYS (9 and 11), pushing them on a SWING SET. Briana sits with RACHEL DOUGAL (late-30s).

RACHEL
So good to see you guys.

BRIANA
We should've come up sooner.

RACHEL
Moves are traumatic. Especially after-

BRIANA
Yeah. It's been tricky for Chlo.

RACHEL
Between Tim dying and moving in with my parents, the boys struggled. Took 'em a year-or-so to settle.

BRIANA
That's good to know.
(Prudent)
Look, I have a question about Tim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Oh, is this the *'when is it okay to date other men'* question?

BRIANA

Not quite. It's about Tim's accident.

RACHEL

He was installing a circuit board for our solar panels. A fuse flipped by mistake while he was holding the wire. He didn't know. And... that was that.

BRIANA

Were you there?

RACHEL

No, we were at T-ball practice.

(Frowns)

Why are you asking, Bri?

BRIANA

Did, you know, anything feel off?

RACHEL

Off? Sure. I mean, how does a veteran Seabee make a mistake like that? And-

BRIANA

And what?

RACHEL

Probably nothing, but same week of the accident he asked about my Aunt Denise who works over at the New York Times.

BRIANA

Did he give a reason?

RACHEL

He said it was something sensitive. Something from a friend.

BRIANA

A friend. Huh.

RACHEL

Wait. Was it Danny?

BRIANA

I don't know. Maybe.

RACHEL

Oh my God. Do you think it had something to do with the accident?

Briana looks at Chloe. She has stopped pushing the boys. Puts a finger to her mouth in a SHUSHING gesture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA

Sorry, Rach. I didn't mean to upset you. My imagination's gone to some pretty dark places recently.

RACHEL

Been there. Bargaining for answers where there are no questions?

Rachel gives Briana a fond rub of the shoulder.

BRIANA

(Deep breath, smiles)

While we've broached the topic, so what is the right amount of time before diving into the dating pool?

Briana glances over at Chloe, she smiles back, and nods.

INT. BROWSTONE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Early morning. Briana is asleep on the couch.

BRIANA'S DREAM

A large, beautifully furnished APARTMENT. Night.

A FIGURE in a HOOD enters via a WINDOW. They walk silently through the kitchen. They pause, pick up a BUTCHER KNIFE.

They make their way through the apartment to a BEDROOM. Two men are asleep. One is PETER.

Peter opens his eyes. Looks at the figure. Recognizes them. Then, they see a reflection in the Knife that shows his HUSBAND, GEORGE next time, *throat slit*. Dead.

Before Peter can scream, the Figure plummets the knife directly through Peter's chest into his heart.

END BRIANA'S DREAM.

Briana wakes with a startle to the sound of the DOORBELL.

INT. BROWSTONE, FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Chloe answers the door. It's Auntie Ella. Pat saunters down the stairs as Ella enters.

CHLOE

Auntie El! BEAR HUG!

Chloe and Ella embrace, both HOWLING like bears. Ella puts Chloe down, sees her Dad.

ELLA

Looking fighting fit, Admiral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Cut this shit, *cake eater*. Bring it in, front and center.

Ella gives her Dad a tender hug and kiss on the cheek.

CHLOE

Just in time for breakfast.

Chloe grabs El's hand, leads her to the kitchen.

INT. BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Pat, Ella, and Chloe are in the kitchen. Chloe prepares a CUP of COFFEE for Ella.

BRIANA (OS)

Thought you were arriving later?

Briana enters the kitchen, half-awake and looking haunted.

ELLA

Hopped on an early flight.

(Noticing Briana's appearance)
Were you sleeping?

BRIANA

Nightmaring.

El goes to her sister, embraces her tightly.

ELLA

I'm here.

Patrick turns on a TV in the kitchen. The news is on. A REPORTER is on screen in front of an APARTMENT BUILDING.

REPORTER (ON TV)

The Commissioner's Office haven't officially declared this a hate crime. But those close to the deceased say they consistently receive threatening, homophobic letters. This gruesome scene has the LGBTQ+ community on high alert, as *Peter & George Robarb* were highly influential advocates and lobbyists for LGBTQ+ rights.

The TV suddenly switches off. Briana's face is pale.

PATRICK

Was that-

ELLA

Your Peter?

Briana can't speak. She barely notices Chloe put a mug of coffee into her hands. She whispers to her mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Told you there'd be consequences.

Briana drops the cup of coffee.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH, CARDINAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlie sits on a SOFA opposite Cardinal VOGEL (late-60s).

VOGEL

You served with this Admiral?

CHARLIE

Aye. On da USS Carl Vinson.

VOGEL

An atheist, you say?

CHARLIE

More like a cranky skeptic.

Vogel smiles to himself.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Have you spoken to Father Vittorio?

CHARLIE

No, yer eminence.

VOGEL

I will consider your appeal and
consult with Father Vittorio.

CHARLIE

Greatly appreciated, yer eminence.

Vogel glances toward the door.

VOGEL

If that'll be all.

Charlie gets up, and leaves.

Vogel goes to his DESK, opens a DRAWER. Then within the
drawer there is a secret compartment, with a PHONE. He
switches it on, makes a call.

VOGEL

It would appear we have a "demonic
infestation" on our hands.

Vogels listens, nods his head.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Pat walks Chloe toward her school. They hold hands. Before
Chloe enters through the Gates, Pat pauses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Hey, Kiddo. Why did you say to your Mom that thing about 'consequences'.

CHLOE

It was a warning.

PATRICK

From who?

Chloe stops before the school gate.

CHLOE

It doesn't matter now. It's too late.

Chloe sees GIRLS at the gate, with VIOLIN cases, smiles.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

Chloe kisses Pat's furrowed brow. Rushes away.

Pat's PHONE vibrates. It's CHIT.

INT. DINGING ROOM - DAY

Ella and Briana stand over the DINING TABLE. On the surface are various DOCUMENTS. Some old. Some copies.

Briana is still shaken up.

ELLA

Sure you want to do this now?

BRIANA

I don't have the luxury to mourn.
There's worse to come. I can feel it.

Ella studies his sister, worried.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy. Or paranoid.

ELLA

I know. I'm worried.

BRIANA

Stop worrying. Start debriefing.

ELLA

You're right about Renee; She's a cipher. Renee Cotton. Born in Brooklyn 1956. Parents John and Sara. John died in '73. Sarah in '91. Plus we have a birth certificate for Marcus Frank. That's as deep as I could dig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA

Anything on the Frank family?

ELLA

That's where it gets interesting. The Frank's are OG New York high society. Been around since the 1700s. Most are gone. Nathaniel was the last of them.

BRIANA

So, Renee inherited over 300 years worth of accumulated wealth?

ELLA

Maybe. Maybe not.

Ella grabs a new document. It's an old street map.

ELLA (CONT'D)

This is your house. It was originally built in 1831. Then fifty years later all the houses within five square blocks were built by a property magnate. Johnson Walter, in partnership with... you guessed it, the Frank family.

BRIANA

Cassandra Walter?

ELLA

(Nods)

The daughter of Johnson and his wife, Mary. Maiden name; Frank.

BRIANA

What happened to Cassandra?

ELLA

Suicide. Fourteen. Not much on her, other than she was a violin savant.

BRIANA

Christ.

ELLA

There's eight families, along with the Franks and Walters. And they're all interconnected. All immigrated from Bavaria. All arrived at on the same boat, the same day, in 1701.

Briana reads through the names, mouth agape.

ELLA (CONT'D)

These people have limitless resources and unfettered access to everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA

They can do anything they want.

ELLA

Or be anyone they want.

(A beat)

I follow trails for a living. People who falsify identities. *Legends*. And Renee fits the profile.

JOSH (OS)

'S'cuse me ladies.

Josh leans against the doorway. Sweaty, wearing his TOOLBELT, JEANS, and a slightly greasy VEST.

BRIANA

Josh, this is my sister, Ella.

JOSH

Pleasure to make your acquaintance, ma'am.

BRIANA

She doesn't like the ma'am thing ei-

ELLA

Nah. You can ma'am me all day long.

(Shocked at herself)

Crap that came out wrong.

JOSH

I catch yer meanin', ma'am.

(To Briana)

Bought up last of the cots.

BRIANA

Thank you, Josh. Total life saver!

JOSH

If that'll be all, I'll get to settin'

'em set up in the livin' room.

(Winks at Ella)

Ma'am.

Ella gushes back and ogles Josh's *butt* as he departs.

BRIANA

Shameless.

ELLA

No law against window shopping, Bri.

The girls giggle. A much needed giggle. Briana gets serious.

BRIANA

With all the crap going on, maybe I should cancel the sleepover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLA

Or maybe 'cos of the crap going on, a sleepover is just what Chloe needs.

Briana contemplates for a moment, then nods.

INT. BROWNSTONE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe and THREE GIRLS (GABBY, TAYLOR, MARGO) from her school Violin Quartet take turns singing KAROKEE. They're having fun. For Chloe, much needed fun.

The furniture in the room has been moved to the sides, and in the middle are SLEEPING COTS covered in DUVETS and PILLOWS.

INT. BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laughter can be heard from the Living Room.

Meanwhile, Ella, Briana, and Patrick are gathered in front of a LAPTOP SCREEN. They are on a VIDEO call with Chit.

BRIANA

You ok? Your message sounded urgent.

CHIT

I'm good. It's about the soil sample the Admiral gave me from the vineyard.

PATRICK

(Looks at Briana)

I asked him to keep testing.

BRIANA

Did you find something?

Chit hesitates.

CHIT

Your vineyard was poisoned.

BRIANA

How? Every specialist were stumped.

CHIT

So was I. But with some research and luck I found something. First, I looked for similar cases.

The SCREEN switches to a CORN FIELD. Everything's dead.

CHIT (CONT'D)

This is a corn field in Haiti. And like your vineyard, the crop died mysteriously. While a dozen corn fields nearby were unaffected.

The screen switches again, to a HAND holding DIRT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIT (CONT'D)

The luck part, is a friend I made in Haiti when I was down there in 2010.

BRIANA

I remember. Danny wanted to help the relief effort but I was 8 months huge.

CHIT

My buddy was able to send a sample.

ELLA

Looks like normal 'ol dirt.

CHIT

Dirt that contains *Aflatoxins*. A toxigenic fungi native to Haiti. Now, this sample is unique. It's been modified at the cellular level. Almost undetectable. Unless you have access to military grade bio-chemical research equipment. Thank you, CDC!

BRIANA

So these *Aflatoxins* were the culprit?

CHIT

I'm certain.

PATRICK

Chit. Consider this TS. Our eyes only.

Chit nods. The call ends.

BRIANA

You think...?

PATRICK

Without a shadow of doubt.

ELLA

None whatsoever.

Each take a collective beat, as they process the information.

INT. BROWNSTONE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Briana opens the door to the living room, sees Chloe and her friends are all asleep.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Briana enters, quietly closes the door. El's cross-legged on the floor. She's laid the items from the *Cigar Box*. And the '*M is for Murder*' book.

Briana stands, circles everything on the floor. Thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ella holds up the BRAIL POSTCARD.

ELLA

Ever figure out what's on here?

BRIANA

A Swiss Cheese recipe.

Ella shakes her head in disbelief. She then picks up the '*M is for Murder*' book. Flips through the pages. Smiles.

ELLA

Do you still read the last page of a book half-way through?

BRIANA

It'd make Danny's blood boil.

ELLA

Mystery books, mystery keys, a mystery name... and cheese with holes in it. C'mon Danny. You're killin' us here.

BRIANA

(Suddenly animated)

"Cheese with holes in it"!

Briana grabs the 'brail page' from Ella. Goes to her desk, and pulls out a TOOTHPICK. She punches HOLES through the embossed brail letters.

ELLA

What are you doing?

BRIANA

God, I'm an idiot. X marks the spot.

Ella looks at her sister, baffled and confused.

INT. BROWNSTONE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe's friends are still asleep. Chloe is awake. Stands in the middle of the room. She is in a trance-like state.

She wakes the girls. When they awake, Chloe puts a finger to her lips, indicating they should remain silent.

Once they're all up, Chloe gestures for them to follow her.

INT. BROWNSTONE, ATTIC - NIGHT

Chloe has brought the three girls into the attic space.

MARGO

Whoa. This is sick.

TAYLOR

And creepy AF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABBY

Why are we up here?

Chloe points at the *floor mosaic*. She has placed three VIOLINS, propped together, like a *triangle*.

TAYLOR

Uh. Are those our-

GABBY

What's that smell?

MARGO

Is it gas?

Chloe moves closer to the violins, kneels down, picks up a CAN of LIGHTER FLUID.

CHLOE

Cassie says you're all *cow-handed circus freaks*. She'd rather see your violins burn, than hear you clowns play them again.

TAYLOR

Are you screwing with us?

GABBY

Oh my god! She's fucking crazy!

Chloe pulls out a box of MATCHES.

CHLOE

Cassy says you're '*go-alongers*'.

MARGO

Who's Cassy?

CHLOE

She also says you're *loathly hags*.

GABBY

Loathly, what?

CHLOE

Talentless mingers.

Chloe lights a MATCH, then throws it at the violins. They immediately go up in flames.

The Three Girls *scream*. Chloe stands in the middle of the room laughing, louder and louder. Soon, it sounds like a chorus of Girls are laughing all around them.

The Ghostly Girls materialize next to Chloe's friends. Who now scream at the top of their lungs, terrified.

They try to get out of the attic the the door is locked. They

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

shout for 'HELP'. The *Ghostly Girls* laugh louder.

Then, the Attic door CRASHES inward. The *Ghostly Girls* disappear. Patrick dashes in with a fire extinguisher and puts out the flames. He is followed by Briana and Ella.

Chloe has stopped laughing. Now, she is crying.

BRIANA

Chloe, what happened?

CHLOE

It wasn't me, Mama. I swear. It was like the audition. I-

GABBY

I wanna go home. Like, NOW!

TAYLOR

My Mom is head of the PTA. When she hears about this, you're done.

Ella comforts Margo, who's in shock. She's also standing in a small puddle of her own urine. Ella looks at Briana, aghast.

EXT. BROWNSTONE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Pat, Ella, and Briana stand on the front door stoop. Chloe is behind her mom. The Girls' MOTHERS are on the pavement. They glare at Briana. Except for MARGO'S MOM. She's on her PHONE.

GABBY'S MOTHER

She should be institutionalized. And do you know how much that Violin cost?

TAYLOR'S MOTHER

I will make it my mission to kick your girl out of our school. She will nev-

Margo's Mom hastily taps Taylor's Mother's shoulder. Whispers something in her ear. Shows her something on the phone. Margo's rage fades, replaced by something akin to fear.

Margo's Mom whispers to Gabby. Her demeanor also changes.

GABBY'S MOTHER

I apologize for my outburst.

TAYLOR'S MOM

We overreacted.

The Mothers and their girls hastily get into their cars.

Briana turns to her sister and dad, baffled.

BRIANA

What just happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chloe saunters back into the house.

CHLOE
I texted DowDow.

INT. CHIC RESTAURANT - DAY

Late afternoon.

Briana enters, and is escorted by a waiter to a VIP TABLE at the back, that is walled off by RED VELVET curtains.

Renee is at the table. Sitting a few yards away is her body-man, BEAUVOIR.

RENEE
Greetings, my darling girl.

Renee gets up and kisses both Briana's cheeks.

RENEE (CONT'D)
If you don't mind, I took the liberty
of ordering you a mimosa.

A bottle of Dom Perignon chills in bucket next to the table.

BRIANA
Thank you for agreeing to meet at such
short notice, Renee.

RENEE
My pleasure. After Chloe told me about
last night's tribulations, you must be
at your wit's end.

BRIANA
I was and then their mothers arrived.
They were so angry. Demanding I pay
for their violins. Threatening to kick
Chloe out the school. It was horrible.
(Shakes her head)
No idea what you said, but they ran
with their tail between their legs.

RENEE
New money hussies. They tend to forget
there's always a bigger bear.

BRIANA
"New money hussies"?

RENEE
Yes, they're loud, gaudy, and worst of
all, pig-ignorant bullies.

BRIANA
And married to powerful billionaires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENEE

Power? You speak of men like the bald fellow with his internet bodega. Or, the other repulsive reptile with his electric cars. They have money. But that does not equate to true power.

BRIANA

What is true power?

RENEE

People like that grow trees. But families like mine, we are the land upon which those trees flourish.

BRIANA

Ha ha! I always knew the *Illuminati* were for real!

The share a small, yet stiff laugh.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

Regardless, I'm in your debt, Renee.

RENEE

(Deadpan)

Yes. Yes you are, Briana.

Briana can't tell if Renee is joking. She isn't.

RENEE (CONT'D)

I've caught wind that you are considering leaving the house. Breaking our agreement.

BRIANA

I... Well, we are, um-

RENEE

For pity's sake woman, stop stuttering and use your words.

BRIANA

I don't mean to be ungrateful. It's just that Chloe's suffering. Something about the house is hurting her.

RENEE

Then she'll see a therapist. What do you expect? Her Dad died. Your father is sick, and you spend your days fixating on how to escape a priceless property gifted to you.

BRIANA

Gifted. Or, maybe forced into?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENEE

Ah. There she is. That's the woman
Danny fell for. I see you now, Briana.
I see your power. But, you're a mouse.
Living in a lion's den. So I suggest
you stop nipping at the hand that
feeds or, there will be consequences.

BRIANA

Consequences.
(Swallows)
What do you want with us?

RENEE

Like any matriarch, I desire legacy.

Renee opens up a CHECK BOOK. Scribbles something, and then
hands it over to Briana.

RENEE (CONT'D)

This will cover the cost for the
violins that were destroyed.
(Beat)

You see, items can be replaced. But
blood. Blood is irreplaceable.

Renee gets up to leave.

BRIANA

Who's Cassandra Walter?

Renee pauses. Her jaw clenches. She starts to say something,
when Beauvoir gets up and takes her hand, leads her away.

RENEE

Something else you should understand
about true power: It takes sacrifice.
The will to sacrifice even that which
you care for the most.

Briana watches Renee leave. She then looks at the signature
on the check and smiles.

BRIANA

Bingo.

INT. BANK, WAITING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Five Hours Ago

A large, lavish old bank.

Briana waits in an elegantly decorated room, next to a door
with a sign that reads: SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES. Next to her is
a BANKER, (DEVON, late-50, perfect 3 piece suit).

Devon unlocks the door and they enter a spacious room, with
floor-to-ceiling safety deposit boxes of all sizes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
Box, 480816.

Devon locates the BOX. Hands it to Briana. Exits the room.

Briana places the box on a plush TABLE. Unlocks it. Inside is a SCROLL, a Black BUSINESS CARD, and building BLUEPRINTS.

The *card* contains a number and the same Native Indian sign that was left in the alley next to her house: *The Coyote*.

Also in the box, is a packet of BUBBALICIOUS Bubble Gum.

INT. BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: Three Hours Ago

Briana shares with Ella the contents of the box. They unfurl the *scroll*. It contains a NEWSPAPER CUTTING and what appears to be a LAND DEED. Ella reads the deed.

ELLA
It's an original bill of sale for
thirty acres of land. This land.

BRIANA
Who sold it?

ELLA
Piali Kitsawatima.

BRIANA
Kitsawatima was a Seneca chieftain.
This was their land until the 1700s.

ELLA
Hmm. Look at the signature.

BRIANA
Rachel Walter?

Ella grabs a set of PAPERS from her bag. Puts them out on the table next to the Bill of Sale.

ELLA
These are the sales documents filed
with the New York City housing and
property department when the Frank
Family bought it from Professor
Langley Overmars in 1920.

Briana studies the signatures.

BRIANA
James Ambrose, grandfather of
Nathaniel Ambrose.

Ella places the original *bill of sale* signature next to the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

one of *James Ambrose*. The writing style is identical.

ELLA

In our line of work, we say '*Two is chance. But three is a guarantee.*'

Briana nods to herself.

BRIANA

We need a signature.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Super: 11 Hours Ago

Briana has finished using the Brail card with the holes punched through. Ella is scribbling into a NOTE PAD.

BRIANA

That's it. Show me.

Ella and Briana look at the notepad. Briana smiles.

ELLA

This make sense to you?

Briana is on her phone, as she speaks to Ella.

BRIANA

Every anniversary we'd go to dinner. A week prior, I'd receive an official invitation in the mail. It'd be a page from a random magazine article. Hidden within the letters of the page was a simple alpha numerical code I'd have to decipher, to get the longitude and latitude of the restaurant.

ELLA

So, you're saying the first two sets of numbers are coordinates? Dorks.

(Thinks for a moment)

What about the third set: 480816?

BRIANA

Think about it?

Ella stares at the page. Then realization kicks-in.

ELLA

It's your birthday, backwards. Why?

Briana shows Ella her phone.

BRIANA

The coordinates are for a bank. And if I were a betting woman...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELLA

480816 is a safety deposit box.

Briana grins back like a Cheshire cat.

INT. BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Super: Now

They have the Cheque (Renee signed at the restaurant), Bill of Sale, and Land Sale, documents next to each other. The writing style for all three signatures match-up.

ELLA

Shit. Definitely the same person.

Briana opens up the grainy NEWSPAPER picture from the Safety Deposit Box. Looks over the picture with MAGNIFIER GLASS.

BRIANA

This is the announcement about the property sale. What do you see?

Ella looks closer. She's puzzled.

ELLA

Can't make out their faces. Not with the Sun's behind them.

Briana redirects the Magnifier to a SHOP WINDOW. There is a clear reflection of a tall black man, in WHITE. Shows Ella.

BRIANA

Look familiar?

ELLA

That's... That's... not possible.

BRIANA

I can't explain it. But I know it's real. Someone must know how this is all tied together.

Ella picks up the *black card*.

ELLA

Maybe whoever's at the end of this number knows?

Briana is about to answer when Pat bursts into the kitchen. Turns on the TV.

A reporter is standing outside a BURNING BUILDING. The headline ticker reads: "CDC Research Facility Explosion - 11 Dead". Briana looks at her Dad. His eyes are puffy.

BRIANA

Chit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pat nods, slowly.

ELLA
Dear God.

CHLOE (OS)
Consequences.

They all look at Chloe. She also seems sad.

BRIANA
She's right. *Consequences*. Anyone
we've involved needs to be warned.

ELLA
Jack's in the dark. But I should
probably fly back in the morning.

BRIANA
Good idea.
(Beat)
Daddy?

Patrick contemplates, then his eyes light up, worried.

BRIANA
Daddy. Did you talk to someone?

INT. BROWNSTONE, PATRICKS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick shuts the door to his room. Pulls out a phone

INTERCUT - Patrick in his Room, Father Charlie on the Street

Father Charlie walks down a busy street. Pulls out a PHONE
from his JACKET'S inside pocket.

CHARLIE
Was about to call, Pat. 'Fraid da
Cardinal's playing silly buggers-

PATRICK
Drop it, Charlie.

Charlie stops at a busy crosswalk.

CHARLIE
Drop what now?

PATRICK
Forget everything I told you.

CHARLIE
'Bout da house?

PATRICK
I was wrong. My meds were giving me
nightmares. You can stand down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Ara ya sure Paddy. I-

PATRICK
Charlie. I said stand down. That's an order.

Patrick abruptly ends the call. Sits on his bed.

Meanwhile, Charlie stares dumbfounded at his phone. He looks at the SCREEN, finds Patrick's name, calls back.

He stands at the CURB. Just as a large CITY BUS flies by, a LARGE BLACK HAND reaches and grabs the back of Charlie's JACKET and leans Charlie's body outward.

The SIDE MIRROR of the bus catches Charlie's head.

His string of ROSARY BEADS split and they roll a ten feet down the street. Followed by a splattering of BLOOD. Followed by Charlie's DECAPITATED HEAD.

His lifeless eyes look back at the busy curb. People are screaming. All accept one, a large black man: BEAUVOIR.

END INTERCUT - Back to Patrick's bedroom

Pat sees Charlie is calling him back. He answers the phone.

PATRICK
Charlie, I told you to leave it be.

Patrick can hear background noises of cars and screams.

PATRICK
Charlie?

Patrick hangs up. Holds his head between his hands.

INT. BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Black Card is alone, on the table.

ELLA
Make the call.

BRIANA
But, what if it's a setup? What if it puts us in even more danger?

ELLA
Asked Alice two miles down the hole.

At that moment, Josh breezes into the kitchen.

JOSH
Evenin' ladies.
(Looks at Briana)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH (CONT'D)

Attic's cleared up. Damage is minimal.
A little bitta paint here and there 'n
she'll be right as rain.

BRIANA

Thanks, Josh.

JOSH

Hey. Uh. Y'all okay?

BRIANA

Been a strange few days. And, your
employer is being... difficult.

Josh starts to move toward the door.

JOSH

My grandpappy always used to say: If
the Wolves are on the hunt, ain't no
shame in playing possum.

BRIANA

In the military they call that-

JOSH

Keep your head on a swivel and stay
frosty. I know. Former Ranger.

Josh lifts up a T-Shirt sleeve to reveal a standard ARMY
RANGER TATTOO. Briana smiles.

BRIANA

Thanks, Josh.

ELLA

Yes. And thank you for your service.

JOSH

All the best, Ma'am.

Josh reserves a special big smile for Ella. Leaves. Briana
shakes her head at her sister's shameless flirting.

Briana turns her attention to the BLUEPRINTS.

BRIANA

Let's take a look at-

ELLA

Hey, Sis. Don't know 'bout you, but
I'm beat. Let's pick this up in AM.

Briana nods. Ella kisses her on the head and exits the
Kitchen. Briana studies the Blueprint. She then pulls the
BLACK CARD from her pocket. Looks at the number.

There will be no sleep for Briana tonight.

INT. BROWNSTONE, ELLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ella's in bed, asleep. She moves and groans in pleasure.

ELLA'S DREAM

A MIRROR over a CHEST OF DRAWES facing the BED reflects Ella on top of a MAN in the throws of sex.

A muscular arm reaches around her back, his shoulder has an ARMY RANGER TATTOO. The man underneath moves upward so that ELLA sits over him, with her legs crossed behind his back.

The man looks in the mirror: It's JOSH. Ella orgasms. He looks at his reflection with a *sinister, devious smile*.

END ELLA'S DREAM

Ella wakes in a cold sweat. The sun is rising. Ella grabs her PHONE next to the bed. Dials a number.

ELLA
Hey Baby, it's me. I'm flying out in a couple of hours.
(Listens, grins)
I miss you too, Congressman. A lot. In fact I'm going to show you just how much I miss you tonight.

Ella takes a series of deep, calming breaths.

PING

Ella glances at her phone. It's a text message. She opens it. In the mirror her face melts in HORROR.

INT. BROWSTONE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Briana's up. Still studying various documents. Drinks a coffee. Ella enters. Her BAGS packed. She's flustered.

BRIANA
El. What's going on?

ELLA
I moved my flight up.

BRIANA
What happened?

Ella takes out her phone. Shows Briana the contents from the text she received. Briana cups her mouth, aghast.

BRIANA
Did you-?

ELLA
GOD NO! At least, not intentionally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
I don't follow.

ELLA
I thought it was a dream. But when was
the last time you had dream sex and
your hips and bits hurt?

BRIANA
How? Why?

ELLA
Leverage. This gets out, my career's
caput. Jack's too. And our marriage.

BRIANA
(To herself)
Consequences.

ELLA
Bri, you have to run.

BRIANA
If I run, they'll destroy you. Or
worse. Look at Chit and Peter.
(Jaw clenches)
And Danny.

ELLA
Danny?

BRIANA
C'mon. An undiagnosed cardiomyopathy?

ELLA
How do you fake something like that?

BRIANA
How do you destroy a healthy vineyard?
How do you turn reality into a dream?
How does any of this shit make sense?

Ella phone pings. Ella looks at it.

ELLA
Cab's outside.

El makes a b-line to the door. Briana follows.

EXT. BROWNSTONE, FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

There is a CAB by the curb. Ella hesitates.

ELLA
Maybe I should stay. I can't let you
guys face this alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
We're in their world. Their rules. And
as we both know...

BRIANA/ELLA
Rules are meant to be broken.

Ella holds Briana tightly. Whispers in her ear.

ELLA
Fuck. Them. Up.

Briana nods. Ella goes to the car.

Meanwhile, from a two floors up, in the window frame is
Chloe, watching Ella go. The Ghostly Girls surround her.

INT. BRIANA'S CAR, CHLOE'S SCHOOL - MORNING

Briana and Patrick have just dropped off Chloe, who is
running through the front gate of the school.

Patrick is in the passenger seat. They drive away.

PATRICK
An "emergency", she said?

BRIANA
Pentagon 'five-alarm-fire' situation.

PATRICK
Honey. What really happened? Feels
like you're not tell... tell.. tell...

Briana notices that Pat is pale and is sweating.

BRIANA
Daddy, are you okay?

PATTY
No, hon. I'm having a heart attack.

Briana eyes widen, alarmed. She steps on the gas.

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU - MORNING

Pat is unconscious in a BED. He's wired to various MACHINES
tracking his heart rate and blood pressure. Briana sits next
to her father.

Two MALE NURSES enter the room with a female DOCTOR.

BRIANA
What's going on?

DOCTOR
We didn't know your Father was under
Doctor Meisler's care.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
We want to stay here.

DOCTOR
The heart issue could be related to
his cancer. Dr. Meiser insists we move
him immediately.

The Nurses prep the bed to be moved.

BRIANA
Please, don't. He's in-

Briana looks past the door. Sees Beauvoir, in his sparkling white suit, overwatching the proceeding. He then casts a glance at Briana and gives a slight, menacing head shake.

Briana watches the nurses and doctor take her Dad away.

Beauvoir remains by the door. He gestures with his head for Briana to follow him out. Briana swallows, terrified.

INT. RENEE FRANK'S LIMO - DAY

Beauvoir drives. Briana is in back. The interior is plush. There's even a TV screen.

BRIANA
Where are you taking me?

BEAUVOIR
Ms. Frank's residence.

Briana tries to open the door, but it's locked.

The TV screen turns on. Shows Chloe at school, sitting in the CANTEEN, eating. Briana exhales, frightened and surprised. She takes out her PHONE. Finders her sister's number.

The screen changes again. It shows Ella with Josh in bed.

BRIANA
How did you get to her?

BEAUVOIR
Dreams can blur the distinction
between fantasy and reality.

Briana watches Josh leave El's bed. He looks at the camera. His body vibrates and he morphs into Beauvoir. Briana glances up at Beauvoir, but he's now Josh. He swivels his head.

BEAUVOIR/JOSH
Ya sis fantasized 'bout a cowboy.

On the screen, Beauvoir blows a kiss at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEAUVOIR

And we made it a reality.

Beauvoir has transformed back to himself. He smiles at Briana, and closes the PRIVACY DIVIDER. Then, the WINDOWS TINT to black. Briana is alone in the dark.

EXT. THE DAKOTA APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The limo pulls up front. A DOORMAN let's Briana out. Beauvoir hands the KEYS to the doorman, who drives the limo away.

Beauvoir takes Briana's elbow firmly leads her inside.

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

An *Elevator Door* opens up to a glorious penthouse apartment.

Renee greets Briana, like an old friend with a faux kiss to each cheek. She fondly squeezes Renee's shoulders.

RENEE

My dear girl. I do believe it's time to satiate your curiosity before it gets someone else killed.

BRIANA

Is Chloe safe?

RENEE

Her welfare is my highest priority.

BRIANA

My dad?

Beauvoir holds a TABLET. Shows Briana the SCREEN; It's a live feed from Pat's hospital room. He's speaking to Meisler.

RENEE

I hear he's in a fragile state. We'd abhor his fragility to turn fatal.

Renee saunters forward, gestures for Briana to follow. They walk through a LIVING ROOM filled with ANTIQUES, SCULPTURES, and PAINTINGS until they arrive at a small DOOR. It's old, made of wood, the paint fading, the handle is ordinary.

RENEE

This door is from our first home. It was built in 1802. It reminds me each day of how far we've come.

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT, THE CIRCLE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renee opens the door to a large CIRCULAR ROOM. The walls and floor are similar to the Attic in the Brownstone.

The middle of the room contains three GLASS CASES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENEE

Once upon a time, a poor family from Bavaria travelled to the New World. A land of limitless possibilities.

They arrive at the glass cases. One holds an old SCROLL containing GLYPHS.

The second, is a preserved HEAD of an Native Indian MAN, wearing a WAR BONNET, his face painted in black and red.

The third contains an aging VIOLIN.

BRIANA

What are these?

RENEE

Totems that represent our power.

(Points to the *Scroll*)

A chimera to harness the impossible.

(Points to the *Head*)

A reminder to be vigil or be betrayed.

(Points to the *Violin*, sighs)

The will to sacrifice what you love for the greater good.

Briana inquisitively scans the items.

BRIANA

Why am I here, Renee?

RENEE

You deserve to understand the purpose of your sacrificial destiny.

BRIANA

Which is?

RENEE

To fuel our future.

BRIANA

Why us?

RENEE

Fate. Legacy. Marrying the wrong man.

BRIANA

"*Sacrificial destiny, Fate, Legacy*"?

Hate to be a party-pooper, but once we're done here, me and my family are getting the fuck out of crazytown.

Renee laughs raucously.

RENEE

Oh, I'm sorry. It tickles me watching you pretend pluck with such panache.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
I'm not pretending.

RENEE
You're too smart to act the brat. You
know defiance comes with consequences;
Peter. Chit. Father Charles... *Danny*.

Briana eyes well-up. She defiantly rubs a tear away.

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Briana follows Renee through the hallways and the apartment.

RENEE
Your sacrifice allows us to sustain.

BRIANA
Your wealth?

RENEE
Superficially speaking, yes. But
wealth accumulated over a mortal
lifespan fitters away. As does it's
intent. But when that lifespan is
expanded, the intent to innovate,
evolve and solve, never dies.

They pause in the LIVING ROOM. Renee points to set of PYRAMID
sculptures, including *The Great Pyramid of Giza*.

RENEE (CONT'D)
Some think the ancient pyramids were
built by aliens. After all, how could
the most impressive, longest-lasting
construction be the first, and yet, in
the years that followed the structures
got progressively worse. How? Not
because the aliens flew away in their
spaceship. It's because the knowledge
and skills were lost over time due the
limits of mortality.

They continue to walk.

RENEE (CONT'D)
But, if mortality is ensured, time
becomes a currency to invest in
solving problems and amplifying ideas.
Take Dr. Meisler. The man's on the
verge of finding a cure for cancer.
The Spanish flu? We ended that. The
internet. Electricity. Satellite
technology. For over 200 years we've
been behind some of humankind's
biggest advancements. We've also been
there to solve the world's most
pernicious problems.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stop at a balcony. Renee points to the Sky.

RENEE (CONT'D)

You should have seen the sky in the 1700s. So pure and clear. Now, humans have ravaged the climate. Who will reverse this damage or find a way to live alongside it? Us.

BRIANA

You think you're gods.

RENEE

No. We are vanguards, healers, and exemplars. We are a necessity.

BRIANA

At what cost?

They arrive back at the elevator doors. Renee frowns.

RENEE

Age cannot be reversed without life.

The elevator opens. Beauvoir awaits. Ushers Briana in.

BRIANA

Oh, so you're philanthropic vampires?

Renee giggles to herself as the elevators doors close. Briana's lips tighten. Her face shows no fear. Only anger.

INT. BROWNSTONE, BRIANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The *stars* twinkle against the ceiling. Briana holds Chloe.

A star from the projector, shoots across the faux nightscape.

CHLOE

The Blue will open soon.

BRIANA

What's the *Blue*?

CHLOE

The source of life and death. Where the girls go after they die. Where they stay trapped with the keeper of The Blue.

BRIANA

Who is the keeper?

CHLOE

The Girls call it many names; The Creator, The Traveler, Archangel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
Is 'it' evil?

CHLOE
It's neither good or evil. But it is
angry. Because it's been trapped.
(Starts to sob)
I don't want to be trapped, Mama.

Briana squeezes Chloe even harder

BRIANA
That won't happen. I promise.

Chloe stops crying. Moves away from Briana.

CHLOE
Daddy made promises too.

INT. BROWNSTONE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Briana traverses her office. Agitated. A CLOCK on her desk shows that it's 2.30am.

She reaches into her pocket, pulls out the black card.

She dials the number on the card. Puts the phone on *Speaker*. Someone answers. They say nothing. They just breath.

BRIANA
Who are you?

MALE VOICE (VO)
A friend.

BRIANA
Can you help?

MALE VOICE (VO)
Yes.

The person hangs up. Then Briana's phone DINGS. It's a text message from an UNKNOWN number. It includes a MAP PIN. She clicks on it to reveal the location of a CAR PARK.

Another ping, with TEXT: "Follow these instructions".
Briana scans her phone as she receives a series of texts.

Her lips are pursed in steely resolve.

INT. BRIANA'S CAR - MORNING

Briana drives, making various turns. She keeps glancing at her rear view mirror. Notices a White VAN following them.

Briana is dressed in black, with a black HAT. Chloe wears blue JEANS and black HOODIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE
Where we going, Mama?

BRIANA
We are going to try something
completely inconceivable, Buttercup.

Chloe relents with a slight smile.

Briana suddenly speeds up past a RED LIGHT. Leaving the White Van behind. She makes a few quick turns, and then enters a-

INT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Briana drives to the top floor. Once there, she spots a blue FORD F150. The back and side mirrors are tainted black.

Briana and Chloe exit their car.

Two PEOPLE (wearing similar clothes to Briana and Chloe) jump out of the back of the FORD. They take Briana's CAR KEYS, jump into her car, and drive away.

Briana peers over the edge, watches her car join traffic. A block away the White Van spots them, and takes the bait.

The back doors of the Blue FORD remain open. From inside-

MALE DRIVER (OS)
Get in.

Briana and Chloe do as instructed. There is a MAN in front. He has a CAP on his head.

The FORD pulls out the parking lot, moves in the opposite direction of Briana's Car.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Driver looks up at the Rear View Mirror, catches Briana's eye. She notices the emblem on his cap: *A Bee riding a Gun*.

The Driver turns their face toward Briana: It's ALPHONZO.

BRIANA
Fonz?

FONZ/MALE DRIVE
(A kind smile)
Danny sent me. Or, I should say... His
fail safe sent me.

BRIANA
You knew about his other life?

FONZ
No. Once Tim died Danny put a plan in
place. I was told only what I needed
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FONZ (CONT'D)
to know.

BRIANA
Compartmentalization.

FONZ
Right on. My job was overwatch. And
exfiltration.

BRIANA
You were the one in the alley. You
left the card.

FONZ
Bein' a creepy motherfucker. I know.
But Danny was specific about how shit
needed to go down.

BRIANA
Now what?

FONZ
Now you relax. We gotta long drive.

Fonz focuses on the road. Briana nods. Chloe leans her head
against Bri's shoulder.

EXT. SASKATCHEWAN RESORT & CASINO - DAY

It's late in the day. They park outside of the large casino.

Fonz gets out, checks the area, then lets Briana and Chloe
out. They follow him into the Casino.

Two SECURITY GUARDS let them in, after Fonz gives them a nod.

INT. SASKATCHEWAN RESORT & CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Fonz leads them through the Casino, all the way to the back,
and then through staff quarters and a kitchen.

As they pass the last section of the kitchen, two STYRAFOAM
BOXES await. Tim grabs them, gives them to Briana and Chloe.

They exit the kitchen.

INT. PASSENGER VAN - DAY

They're inside a casino PASSENGER VAN parked in the employee
lot. Fonz drives the car back to the main road.

FONZ
We'll be there in thirty.

Briana is about to say something-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

God really did invent the
cheeseburger!

Briana sees Chloe greedily eats from one of the Styrofoam boxes. Briana notices that Chloe looks less pale and sickly.

EXT. BACK ROADS - DAY

The Passenger Van drives through WOODS. They go past a road sign that reads: Saskatchewan Indian Nation Reservation.

They pull off the road down a long DRIVEWAY.

INT. SASKATCHEWAN RESERVATION, HOUSE - DAY

Briana, Chloe and Fonz enter a large, wood-cabin style home. The interior is replete with indigenous rugs, sculptures and pictures from the various Indian tribes.

KAI, (native-Indian, 70s) enter the room. She greets her guest with a kind and tender smile. Briana seems confused.

KAI

Kai Kitsawatima. I am a direct
descendent of Chief Piali Kitsawatima.

She takes Briana and Chloe's hands. Walks with them.

KAI (CONT'D)

Thank you for trusting our protocols.

They pass through a living room, out double doors into-

EXT. SASKATCHEWAN RESERVATION, HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A garden.

BRIANA

Chief Kitsawatima? He was the one who
sold the land to the Frank family?

KAI

Not sold. Tricked. Betrayed.

BRIANA

Betrayed?

(Thinks, then horrified)
Jesus. I saw-

KAI

His head. Yes. His soul is trapped
between worlds until he can be made
whole again.

BRIANA

How did you know Danny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAI
He found me, on a vision quest.

BRIANA
I-

KAI
Come. Answers await.

The continue to follow Kai down Tree-filled path.

INT. LODGE - DAY

Kai, ELDERS, Briana, Chloe and Fonz enter a large wooden LODGE, covered in different SKETCHINGS and GLYPHS. The middle section of the ceiling is OPEN.

A FIRE burns in the middle, next to small LAGOON. In front of the fire is: SAKIMI, an old Shaman.

A YOUNG WOMAN (FAYA, early teens) waits by the fire with a TRAY holding CUPS OF TEA. She gives a cup to Chloe and Briana. Kai sits next to them. Briana looks at the tea.

BRIANA
What's in this?

KAI
A tincture to open your eyes.

As SAKAMI speaks, Faya translates.

FAYA
Many millennia before settlers from
the west made our land their own,
there was a symbiotic alchemy between
man and Mother Earth.

The fire rages bigger and bigger. It starts to take the shape of the story being told by SAKIMI.

The FLAMES shoots upwards toward, form a STAR MAP in the sky.

FAYA
One thousand and eighty years ago a
celestial visited our planet.

A large COMET flies across the sky, and from it an object drops to Earth. IT lands in the Lagoon. The water seems to alter. It shimmers, like the mosaic in the *Brownstone* attic.

Out of the Lagoon a HUMANOID figure emerges. An 8-ft tall entity, with skin like WHITE MARBLE.

FAYA
'Onatha'; He who swims with the stars.
And the elemental pool from which he
emerged; 'Unkanus Katohetha'. The
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAYA (CONT'D)
Lagoon of Life.

Part of the flames peel off and take the shape of People.
Their people. They engage with 'Onatha'.

FAYA
'Onatha' visited millions of worlds
with the capacity to generate and
sustain life. In some, he would
initiate genesis. In others, he would
study how life had evolved.

CHLOE
He sounds like a God.

Sakami chuckles, warmly. Then speaks in his native tongue.

FAYA
Creation itself is a deity. Onatha was
an emissary of sentience.

The flames illustrate a DYING field of BARLEY. Onatha
sprinkles water from *Unkanus Katohetha* on the field and the
Barley immediately grows back.

FAYA
Onatha helped our people survive
deadly droughts and meager harvests.
He lived beside us for 76 years.

The flames show the Comet returning to Earth's orbit.

FAYA
And then it was time to leave.

BRIANA
Halley's Comet?

KAI
Onatha's home.

The flames show The Elders on their knees in front of Onatha.

FALA
They implored him to stay.

*The Elders, on their own, argue. ONE emerges, it wears a
large headdress.*

FALA
A mighty Shaman had studied Onatha
since he was a child. He had a strong
alchemic connection to elemental
power. And been concocting a...
(Listens, a beat)
What we'd call a 'spell'. A spell to
trap Onatha in his lagoon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An Elder with a young GIRL approaches the lagoon.

FALA

But it came with a sacrifice. Only the blood of a newly moon-bound girl could reanimate the Lagoon. And only a girl, bound by blood to the proprietor.

The Elder kills the daughter. Her blood spills into the lagoon. Onatha tries to stop them. WARRIORS surround Onatha. They trap him in a SARCOPHAGUS. Lower it into the lagoon.

FALA

Onatha, was trapped. Bound to the pit of Unkanus Katohetha.

The Lagoon CLOSES. Becomes the shiny MOSAIC in solid state.

The ceiling shows the turning of the Earth.

FALA

Another 76 years passed.

The flames show an Elder CHIEFTAN, kill a YOUNG GIRL over the closed Lagoon. The Lagoon opens. The blue shimmering pool.

Tribes People take buckets of liquid from the pool.

FALA

Every 76 years for 76 hours Unkanus Katohetha would reanimate. The people would use the elixir to produce bountiful harvests and heal the sick.

On the ceiling, the world turns and the sacrifice sequence happens over-and-over again.

Then, the Flames transform into boats carrying PEOPLE.

FALA

For generations they hid this secret but then the real aliens arrived.

Tribes people meet with PILGRIMS, exchange gifts. And when the Tribes people turn their backs, the Pilgrims SHOOT them.

FALA

The latest Chieftan who possessed Unkanus Katohetha hid it from the Westerners. Their thirst for land and wealth was insatiable. Should Unkanus Katohetha fall into their hands, they feared what they'd do with that power.

CHLOE

But your tribe imprisoned Onatha?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALA

It took the arrival of the westerners
to see what they did was wrong.

The flames show: A *CHIEFTAN* and *SHAMAN* take the *Scroll* that
ensnared *Onatha* and bury it under a tree.

BRIANA

Why not destroy it?

KAI

They hoped one day to set *Onatha* free.

CHLOE

What happened?

KAI

They were naïve.

Briana notices the flames have returned to normal.

EXT. SASKATCHEWAN RESERVATION, HOUSE - DAY

Chloe and Briana flank Kai as they walk along a path next to
a field filled with WHEAT sprouts.

KAI

The Frank family and their peers
settled here, alongside us.

(beat)

They were peaceful people. Kind and
resourceful. They also knew what it
meant to lose their home. So we showed
them how to use this land to help feed
and nourish their families.

They stop momentarily. To watch an EAGLE fly past.

KAI (CONT'D)

And they showed us how to ferment
barley into a drink that dulled the
mind and muddled the senses.

Then continue to walk.

KAI (CONT'D)

Because of this, an elder shared the
secret of *Unkanus Katohetha*. Even
showed them the sacred lagoon.

They arrived back at the house.

KAI (CONT'D)

For 200 years they obsessed over
Unkanus Katohetha. They renamed it;
"Aeterna Aqua Vitae".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
Pool of eternal life.

KAI
The first of many ways they took what
was ours and made it theirs.

INT. SASKATCHEWAN RESERVATION, HOUSE - DAY

They are back in the LIVING ROOM. Sitting.

KAI
One day, the family was joined by a
man from the French islands. A
powerful medicine man. And it was was
his grandson who conjured a way to
open *Unkanus Katohetha*.

BRIANA
But they would need ownership.

KAI
And we swore to never sell.
(Sighs)
But when your people are hungry and
your children are dying of starvation,
you become desperate.

BRIANA
They poisoned your crops.

KAI
(Surprised)
Yes. How did you know?

BRIANA
They did the same to our vineyard.

KAI
Piali Kitsawatima could not let his
people perish.

BRIANA
Now they owned the lagoon. And found a
way to pry it open.

KAI
All that remained was the matriarch's
will to make a hereditary sacrifice.

CHLOE
Cassandra. It was Cassandra.

KAI
Yes, my child. And on it went for many
generations. Nobody knew their secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
Not even Danny?

KAI
No. Like the fathers and sons before
him. They were unwitting mates to a
Black Widow, who'd kill them once they
served their purpose.
(Shakes her head)
Your husband uncovered the truth. He
came here to confirm it. And resolved
to end the cycle of perversion.

BRIANA
But something changed?

KAI
He fell in love.

BRIANA
Yet somehow we still ended up here.

KAI
Perhaps this is fate.

CHLOE
Daddy believed everything happens for
a reason. And our fate is to stop 'em.

KAI
In two days, Onatha's home will
return. *The Provenance*, will commence.

BRIANA
And Chloe is their key.

Kai nods.

BRIANA (CONT'D)
There must be a way to stop this?

KAI
You need the scroll. It contains the
original invocation and the means to
undo the curse.

BRIANA
Then what?

KAI
Only Onatha knows the answer.

Briana looks at Chloe, her face awash with anguish.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT, MALL - EVENING

The sun is setting. Fonz's truck is parked behind a mall.
Briana, Fonz, and Chloe are outside the truck. Fonz holds a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

plastic cylindrical CASE.

FONZ

Did you bring it?

Briana reaches into her bag, bring out the old *Blueprint* for *The Dakota*. Lays it down across the of hood of the truck.

Fonz opens the cylindrical case. It's also a blueprint for "*The Dakota*" but newer. He puts it beside the old blueprint. They scan both. Fonz finds something. Points.

FONZ

Boom. See. There was a room here in the original blueprint.

BRIANA

Inside what?

FONZ

Shit if I know. A panic room? All rich people have one, right?

Briana chuckles.

FONZ

Go through the back entrance. Your car's in front. As far as your tail knows, you been having a mommy daughter day. Shopping, eating, films.

Briana swallows hard. Looks at the blueprints again.

BRIANA

This is insane.

Fonz leans his head against hers.

FONZ (CONT'D)

Ain't shit you can't do.

INT. BRIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Briana and Chloe exit the parking lot. Chloe stares out the window. Says nothing. They turn on to a busy road. The White Van tails fifty feet behind them.

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU - NIGHT

Briana sits on the bed. She has been speaking quietly to Pat. In the corner, Chloe has her headphones on, eats a CANDY BAR.

PATRICK

It's risky. A lot of moving pieces.

BRIANA

True.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

But they'll never see it coming.

Pat puts his hand over Bri's. She nods, kisses his forehead.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU, NURSES STATION - NIGHT

Briana head to the Nurse's station. Catches one's attention.

BRIANA

Hi. My daughter wants to spend the night. Can we find her a cot?

NURSE

It's against hospital policy. Sorry.

BRIANA

Oh, okay. Um, can you remind me what is the name of this wing?

NURSE

The *Frank Oncology Department*.

BRIANA

And who's my Daughter's grandmother?
(Looks at the Nurse's name tag)
Nurse Brydon?

The nurse's eyes widen.

NURSE BRYDON

You know, I think we can find a cot.

BRIANA

I have no doubt you can and you will.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Briana presses a button for the *basement*.

INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is full of lockers and laundry. Briana grabs a white LAB JACKET from a BASKET. Puts it on over her clothes.

She puts her hair into a PONYTAIL. Grabs a baseball CAP from her bag, puts it on, along with a set of large GLASSES.

She stores her bag into an open LOCKER.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Briana exits the hospital via side entrance. Casually walks toward the BACK. Lots of STAFF outside. Cabs come and go.

One cab drops off a LADY, and Briana quickly hops inside.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

The CAB DRIVER looks back, smiles. It's Fonz.

The cab pulls away from the curb, drives out the parking lot, and glides past the WHITE VAN parked at the front of the hospital facing the VISITOR LOT. Briana's decoy worked.

INT. ALLEY, THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

The cab's parked opposite the SERVICE ENTRANCE. Lurking next to the door is Briana and Fonz. The latter totes a backpack.

The door *opens*. TWO WORKERS exit. Fonz furtively slides a piece of CARDBOARD along the hinge side of the door, preventing it from closing all the way.

Once the workers go, Fonz and Briana enter the BUILDING.

INT. THE DAKOTA, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Briana and Fonz stealthily weave through a maze of corridors. They arrive at a DOOR: POWER & COMMUNICATIONS HUB

Fonz picks the lock. The door opens. They enter.

INT. THE DAKOTA, POWER & COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room contains; *servers, switchboards, circuit breakers*. Fonz scans the space, seems to find what he's looking for.

FONZ

Okay, here's the access point. Best I can do is knock out their cameras. They'll reboot and troubleshoot. Once that doesn't work, they'll come here.

BRIANA

How long?

FONZ

Five minutes, give-or-take.

Fonz reaches into a different pocket, pulls out a tiny COMMS DEVICE. Briana fits it into her ear.

FONZ

Copy?

Briana nods. Fonz hands her his BACKPACK.

EXT. ROOF, THE DAKOTA - NIGHT

ELEVATOR doors open. Briana steps out. She runs to the North East Corner of the roof. She finds a DOOR with a KEYPAD.

She pulls a BLACKLIGHT from the backpack. Shines it against the keypad. Four numbers have finger prints: 8210.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Briana thinks. She suddenly recalls something Renee told her when she toured the apartment.

FLASHBACK

Briana and Renee in the ornate Living Room. Standing in front of the OLD HOUSE DOOR made of wood, with the faded paint.

RENEE

This door is from our first home. It was built in 1802. It reminds me each day of how far we've come.

END FLASHBACK

Briana takes a deep breath, types on the keypad: 1-8-0-2.

The door UNLOCKS. On the other side is a STAIR CASE that leads down to another door. Briana touches her ear.

BRIANA

Now.

Briana pulls a pack of BUBBULICIOUS from her pocket. (The one from the Safe Deposit Box.) Stuffs two pieces in her mouth.

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT, PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Briana enters the "Panic Room". It's a plush space filled with ANTIQUES, COUCHES, TWO FRIDGES and a WINE COOLER.

It also includes security MONITORS for the whole apartment.

INT. THE DAKOTA, SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO MEN monitoring security cameras for Renee's apartment. Their monitors flicker, and then everything turns OFF.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

What the hell?

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT, PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Briana sees video from the security MONITORS switch off. That's her queue to move.

She opens the door for "Panic Room". On the other side is Renee's Library. The "Panic Room" door is a fake BOOK CASE.

Briana examines the door's lock latch. She pulls a wad of BUBBLE GUM from her mouth, covers the lock, leaving it ajar.

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Briana sneaks through the hallways of the apartment. Until she reaches the door to the CIRCLE ROOM. And-

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT, THE CIRCLE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Enters. She moves to the THREE glass cabinets in the center of the room. The first cabinet contains the SCROLL. She uses her PHONE to take picture of both sides of the SCROLL.

She then shifts to the cabinet with the head of *Chief Kitsawatima*. She pulls a BURLAP BAG from her backpack.

FONZ (OS)
You have two minutes.

BRIANA
I know. I know. I know.

Briana opens the BURLAP bag. From it, extricates a HEAD. It's face has been painted in black and red to look the same as *Kitsawatima's*. She unlatches the cabinet.

BRIANA
Time to go home.

Briana removes *Kitsawatima's* head. Places it into the Burlap Bag. Then puts the other head in the case and fixes the ornamental WAR BONNET atop its crown.

The replacement is identical.

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT, PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Briana returns to the Panic Room. Enters via the Bubblegum wedge. She removes it, and puts it back in her mouth.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The monitors are still off.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
(Into a radio)
Tried everything. Check the Hub.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD (OS)
On my way.

EXT. ROOF - CONINIOUS

Briana enters the roof elevator.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The monitors flicker back on.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
(Into his radio)
System rebooted. Stand down.

EXT. THE DAKOTA, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Briana bobs through the corridors, just evading the second security guard. She reaches the service entrance.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Briana jumps into the backseat. Fonz is in front.

FONZ

Sitrep?

BRIANA

Got a head in my bag. And pictures of an ancient spell on my phone. So, yeah, I'd say situation normal-

FONZ

...all seriously fucked up.

Fonz starts the car. They drive off.

EXT. HOSPITAL BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Briana has her LAB JACKET and CAP back on. Fonz remains in the cab, the engine running. The burlap bag in the backseat.

FONZ

Kai'll work on the translation.

Briana nods, takes a deep breath.

BRIANA

Hooyah?

FONZ

Damn right, Hooyah!

Briana swallows, taps the roof the cab. Fonz drives off.

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU - NIGHT

Briana enters Pat's room. Chloe is asleep on a chair. Briana sits on the bed next to her Dad. They're holding hands.

PATRICK

You did good, Kiddo.

Briana gazes at Chloe, with sadness in her eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What aren't you telling me?

BRIANA

We can seal the door shut. But, we can't change how it opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Chloe would have to... You can't. No.

BRIANA

It's the only option. But that doesn't mean there isn't a way back.

(Off of Pat's inquisitive scowl)

Resurrection. And you're gonna help.

Briana whispers softly to Patrick, telling him the plan.

INT. BROWNSTONE, ATTIC - NIGHT

Briana sits cross-legged with a PENCIL in her mouth, and a LAPTOP open on the floor. She is surrounded by BOOKS.

She has STICKY notes next to various Glyphs and Sigils. She sits up, steps back, and takes in what she sees.

A smile creeps up on her.

BRIANA

I knew it.

Briana looks at her WATCH. It's 1.30 AM. Her phone vibrates. It's a text message: "Garbage"

EXT. BROWNSTONE, SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Briana opens the lid of a Garbage CAN. Under the lid, is a TAPED ENVELOPE.

INT. KITCHEN, BROWNSTONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Briana sits at the table, opens the Envelope. It contains multiple pages, plus a note from Kai.

KAI (VO)

Recite these words as instructed.

FLASHBACK - OUTSIDE OF KAI'S HOUSE

Fonz and Chloe head to the car. Briana and Kai follow behind.

BRIANA

Will it also open Onatha's tomb?

KAI

No. That secret is known only to the captors and the captive.

BRIANA

The prison guards won't speak. But if I could talk to the inmate...

KAI

You would invoke Onatha's spirit? How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
I have a theory. Sort of a theory.

END FLASHBACK

Briana turns over the page reads the *translation*. Puts down the letter, gathers her resolve.

INT. BROWNSTONE, ATTIC - NIGHT

Briana holds a NOTEBOOK she used to transcribe the symbols and glyphs along the walls. She sits in the mosaic.

She utters words in Aramaic, Latin, Old Norse.

With each word the equivalent symbols on the wall sparkle. Once she is done speaking, the room is aglow.

Briana sits perched. Waiting. But nothing happens.

ONATHA (OS)
Why do you summon me, human?

Briana swerves. From the corner of the room, a humanoid FIGURE approaches. Standing nearly 7ft tall, the white marble-skinned Onatha emerges. His eyes are green emeralds.

His spirit form is lightly translucent.

BRIANA
I'm Briana. I-

ONATHA
What do you want?

BRIANA
I want to free you and give back what's yours.

ONATHA
You are no shaman or sorcerer.

BRIANA
And yet, I summoned you.

ONATHA
Why?

BRIANA
I can undo the curse. But I don't know how to unlock your tomb.

ONATHA
You hold the key.

BRIANA
Look, Mr. Onatha, I don't have time-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Briana notices a glow from under her shirt. It's Danny's Infinity Ring. It glows brighter the closer it is to Onatha.

BRIANA
(To herself, surprised)
'To infinity. Forever.' That was easy.

ONATHA
My prison's at the bottom of *The Blue*.

BRIANA
How far down?

ONATHA
Far enough to reach. Too far to return

BRIANA
And there's the catch.

ONATHA
How will my freedom benefit you?

BRIANA
I fulfill the wish of someone I loved.

Onatha sets his eyes toward the STARS seen through the attic's *glass capstone*.

ONATHA
I feel him. Your connection is strong.

BRIANA
Where is he?

Onatha steps closer to Briana. Holds a hand to her forehead.

Briana closes her eyes. Suddenly, the world folds in on itself. Everything spins like a *cylindrical current of sky and stars*. Taking Briana on a voyage through the COSMOS.

When the voyage ends, she is hovering in *stardust*. She sees Danny. He glides toward her. Holds her face, smiles. He is about to speak, but then Briana is pulled back into the cosmic current. And within seconds returns to the attic.

She is woozy and unsteady. Onatha dissipates. Briana cries.

INT. BROWNSTONE, KITCHEN - DAY

Briana and Chloe at the table, eating PANCAKES. There's also a plate stacked with gooey CINNAMON ROLLS. They both sit quietly and eat. Chloe recalls something, smiles.

CHLOE
Remember when Daddy bet he could eat
12 pancakes in less than 4 minutes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIANA
(Laughs)
Oh my God! *The Pancake Massacre!*

CHLOE
He did in three.

Chloe grins to herself again. Takes a big bite of a cinnamon roll. Briana does the same. Suddenly it turns into a race of who can get the most in their mouth.

A contest that ends with fits of laughter.

LATER - IN THE KITCHEN

Briana washes, as Chloe dries DISHES. Briana peers out the WINDOW, sees the sun start to set. Chloe has also noticed. She stopped drying. Lost in thought.

CHLOE
Will it hurt?

BRIANA
(Swallows)
For a moment. Then you'll feel sleepy.

Chloe appears anxious.

BRIANA (CONT'D)
And then you'll wake up. *Comprende?*

Chloe squeezes her mother firmly.

CHLOE
Gracias.

BRIANA
Robert DeNiro.

Briana lets go of Chloe. Nods solemnly. *It's time.*

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Pat's alone in his bed. Doctor Meiser enters. He wears a long outdoor COAT. He removes the coat to reveal fine three piece SUIT. With a pressed FLOWER on the jacket lapel.

MEISER
Good evening, Mr. Walsh.

PATRICK
Party tonight?

MEISER
Yes. A dinner with dear friends.

Meiser reads Pat's CHART, while Pat studies the flower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
Unusual flower, Doc.

MEISER
My Grandson pressed it for me.

PATRICK
Your grandson hikes in the Alps?

MEISER
(Baffled)
No. No. He is only eight.

PATRICK
My uncle had one. Said they only grow
in the Alps. *Leontopodium Alpinum*. Or,
in German: *Edelweiss*.

MEISER
Oh? I was unaware of their origin.

Meiser steps closer to Pat.

PATRICK
My uncle took that same flower from a
dead *Fallshirmjager* officer, after he
killed him in Bastogne, France. 1944.

Meiser steps closer again to Pat.

MEISER
I'm not an historian or botanist, Mr.
Walsh.

PATRICK
The *Fallshirmjager* were elite SS
paratroopers. The *Edelweiss* was a
symbol of their bravery.

MEISER
Ah. A coincidence. My apologies.

Patrick grabs Meiser's arm. Rolls up the SLEEVE to reveal a
small TATOO of a TRIANGLE.

PATRICK
O-Neg.

MEISER
Excuse me?

PATRICK
They also used tattoos to identify
blood type. Triangle equals O-Neg.
(In German)
*How long did you serve in the
Fallshirmjager, Doctor?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meiser's 'Baffled' façade fades into a devious smile. He grabs hold of Pat's left arm, pins it to the left side of the BED with a ZIP TIE. He then slowly walks to the right side.

MEISER

(In German)

I was a Fallshirmjager field medic.

(In English)

And then a scientist for Himmler.

Meiser holds Pat's RIGHT wrist down. Pulls a SYRINGE from his pocket, filled with blue liquid. He injects it into Pat's IV.

Pat COUGHS and SPLUTTERS. He thrashes in his bed, while Meiser covers Pat's mouth. Pat stops thrashing. Meiser let's go, as Pat takes two sharp breaths, then dies.

Meiser shakes his head. Glances at his WATCH.

MEISER (CONT'D)

(In German)

Shit. I'm late.

Meiser grabs his LARGE JACKET and hurries away.

A few seconds later, a DOCTOR, wearing a FACE MASK, bursts into the room, and sees Pat's dead.

DOCTOR

Fuck. No, no, no.

PATRICK

You're tardy, Sargent.

Pat opens his eyes. The doctor removes his mask. It's FONZ. Pat pulls up the bed sheet, shows he removed the CANNULA from his arm. The liquid spread underneath him.

EXT. SASKATCHEWAN RESERVATION, HOUSE - EVENING

Kai sits on a ROCKING CHAIR on her porch. Fala sits cross-legged between Kai's legs. Kai brushes her HAIR.

In the yard, there's a BONFIRE.

The ELDERS are gathered. They wear ceremonial garbs. They glance up to the evening sky, and see a burning trail of gasses cutting across the horizon: THE COMET.

The Elders start to chant and dance around the fire. Kai nods to FALA to join them.

Kai rocks in her chair, closely watching the night sky.

INT. BROWNSTONE, FOYER - NIGHT

The FRONT DOOR opens. SEVEN figures enter. Each wear dark green ROBES, and a white FACE MASK with EMERALD EYES. The

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEVEN figures march upstairs toward the attic in unison.

Renee enters last. Hood down, mask off. Beauvoir follows carrying two CLOTHING BOXES.

Renee finds Briana & Chloe in the **KITCHEN**, playing CHECKERS. Briana chews BUBBLEGUM.

BRIANA

Hey, DowDow. Don't you look lovely.

Renee is thrown off by Briana's affability. She nods to Beauvoir. He hands the boxes to Briana and Chloe.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

Aww. How thoughtful. Is this from Gucci's special murder collection?

Renee cocks her head, evaluates Chloe and Briana.

RENEE

Never in my years have I witnessed such audacity in the face of death.

CHLOE

My Daddy, Danny, taught me that sometimes you have to sacrifice for the greater good.

BRIANA

I told her all about your altruism. And how our deaths will help DowDow continue to build a better world that'll help millions of people.

RENEE

You're either an imbecile or cunning. If the latter, there will be-

BRIANA

Consequences. We know.

(Smiles)

Let's get this ritualistic sacrifice on the road!

Briana blows a BUBBLE with the GUM. Pops it in Renee's face. Briana takes Chloe's hand squeezes it tight.

INT. ATTIC, BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Briana and Chloe are escorted by Beauvoir. Both wear matching, ankle-length white linen NIGHTSHIRTS.

Renee, has joined the other 7 'Acolytes', to form an oval shape around the Mosaic (The Blue).

Beauvoir hands Chloe to one of the hooded figures: a WOMAN. He then proceeds to the far wall, presses a TILE. A thick,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCK SLAB, with RESTRAINTS pushes out from the wall.

Briana holds Chloe's face, points it toward her.

BRIANA

You look at me. Only me.

Chloe swallows nervously, nods back. Beauvoir then leads Briana to the SLAB and ties her down. Briana never breaks eye contact with Chloe.

A few seconds of silence. Then, in unison the Acolytes and Beauvoir gaze upward. The COMET is now above the capstone.

Beauvoir nods to a Woman. She ushers Chloe to the side of the Mosaic. Beauvoir chants an incantation. The Acolytes follow.

The Woman that holds Chloe pulls a DAGGER. Chloe flinches. But doesn't stop looking at her Mom.

BRIANA

It's just a dream, Buttercup. A dream.

With a swift flourish the woman cuts Chloe's FEMORAL arteries. Chloe SCREAMS and sobs as she sees blood - so much blood - drain from her at an alarming rate.

The Mosaic absorbs her blood. It shimmers and shudders, slowly comes to life, until it transforms into *The Blue*.

Chloe's eyes flutter. Her light fades. Briana gasps, cries quietly, as she watches her daughter slowly succumb to blood loss. Chloe collapses to the floor, Dead.

Beauvoir takes the dagger, turns his attention to Briana.

The Acolytes remove their White Masks. First, Renee. Then: 'CARDINAL VOGEL', 'MEISER', and the final person Briana recognizes is the woman who killed Chloe: "QUAN".

The rest are the original SETTLERS. MEN and WOMEN in their sixties to seventies.

Each of the Acolytes pull an swank GOBLET from their robes, step forward to *The Blue*, fill their cups and drink.

Their faces slowly transform. Each get younger. Until they all appear to be in their mid-to-early 30s.

Renee looks stunning; A striking 24-year old, with curly locks of Blonde Hair. She smiles, winks at Briana.

Beauvoir approaches. Briana begins her own incantation.

The Blue begins to bubble and lose its illustrious color, vacillating between blue, green, and grey.

The, multiple SPIRITS (the girls), fly out of *The Blue*. They

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

bounce against the walls. Flutter across the room, screaming.
Renee notices the change. She can also see Briana speaking.

RENEE
(Shouts at Beauvoir)
Kill her NOW!

Beauvoir brings the dagger down on Renee's chest, but is interrupted by a GUNSHOT.

Briana sees blood and brain on her belly. Peers up and sees half of Beauvoir's face is missing.

At the top of the STAIRS is Fonz and Pat. Pat has a SHOTGUN, smoking trickles out the barrel. Fonz has a PISTOL.

Meiser tackles Pat to the ground.

Fonz runs to Briana. Frees her from the restraints.

FONZ
You've got five minutes 'til it shuts.

BRIANA
I know.
(Looks behind Fonz)
Watch out!

A rabid-looking Quan jumps at Fonz. He hold her at bay as she tries to scratch his eyes out. She's preternaturally strong.

FONZ
GO!

Quan throws Fonz across the *Stone Slab*. He stumbles up. She jumps over the slab and pins Fonz down.

QUAN
I want you to know that it was me who
killed you dim little Tim.

Fonz headbutts Quan.

Briana moves toward *The Blue*. But pauses when she gets a close-up look at Chloe's bloody body. Patrick grabs her.

PATRICK
Move your ass, Kiddo.

Briana re-focuses, dives into *The Blue*.

Meiser punches Patrick in the face. Pat drops the gun.

INT. THE BLUE

Chloe swims downward. Far, far, far down, until she eventually sees a Dazzling TOMB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She perches herself over it. Sees the lock, with the INFINITY symbol. Pulls out the INFINITY KEY. Puts it into the LOCK. As she is about to turn, she gets pulled away, by Renee.

INT. ATTIC, BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Meisler strangles Patrick. Easily besting him. But his face starts to transform. It can't hold it's shape. The same happens to all the Acolytes. Who then begin to freak out.

They're aging.

Patrick kicks Meiser off him, grabs his gun and shoots the German splattering blood all over the *Edelweiss* flower.

Meanwhile, Quan is holding the Dagger over Fonz's heart. Slowly pressing it inward. Then, like Meisler, she starts to lose strength. Fonz quickly pushes her off. And smashes her head against the *Sacrificial Stone Slab*.

Smashes her head one more time, caving in her skull.

FONZ

That's for Tim.

While the Acolytes are preoccupied with their accelerating aging. Fonz and Pat get to Chloe.

PATRICK

She needs to drink.

Fonz grabs a GOBLET, fills it. Fonz opens her mouth.

INT. THE BLUE - CONTINUOUS

Renee and Briana struggle in *The Blue*. Renee knees Briana in the stomach. Pushes her aside. Then goes to grab the Key.

She puts her fingers around it, but is shoved away by Briana.

Briana grabs Renee's hands. Shows them to her. *They're aging*. Renee stares in shock. She starts to gasp. She let's go of Briana, frantically tries to swim back to the surface.

INT. ATTIC, BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Pat holds Chloe's head up against his chest, as she drinks. He can see that Chloe's wounds are healing, but very slowly.

Meanwhile, *The Acolytes'* aging has brought them back to where they were when they arrived: (60s and 70s).

Pat's eyes beg Chloe to heal. Fonz watches, distressed.

FONZ

Are we too late?

INT. THE BLUE - CONTINUOUS

Briana returns to the *Tomb*. She can't hold her breath much longer. It takes all she has left to finally unlock the *Tomb*.

A blinding WHITE LIGHT blasts outward from the *Tomb*. Onatha emerges. Stands tall. Glances up, with BLACK EYES, sees Briana. She is unconscious.

EXT. THE UNIVERSE

Briana spirals through the cosmos until she reaches the same NEBULA Onatha had shown her the night before.

She is surrounded by glistening STARDUST. It coalesces and amalgamates to form a humanoid figure: Danny.

Now, fully corporeal, Danny floats toward Briana.

DANNY

Hey, Bubba.

BRIANA

Hey, D.

DANNY

Are you ready to set sail?

Briana takes Danny's hand.

BRIANA

To Infinity?

DANNY

Forever.

Their bodies dissipate into glistening dust. Shining lights, shimmy and sway as they set sail through the cosmos.

INT. ATTIC, BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Onatha emerges from the *The Blue*, holding a lifeless Briana.

The Acolytes continue to age until they become SKELETONS.

Floating up to the surface of *The Blue* is Renee. As she is about to emerge a HAND grabs her ankle. Drags her down, until they hit the bottom. It's Cassandra. She smiles as Renee chokes down the watery substance, drowning to death.

Cassandra swims swiftly upward. As she crosses the threshold of *The Blue*, it closes. Becomes the *mosaic* again.

Onatha observes the angry spirits. He places his hand on the *mosaic*. It contracts to the size of a GOLF BALL. It maintains its crystalline color. He places it into his chest. His black eyes turn into an illuminous, rippling blue/green color.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The angry spirits suddenly calm. They start to fade. They float upwards toward the stars above. Free.

PATRICK
Please. Please help us.

On either side of Patrick is Briana and Chloe. Both, dead.

ONATHA
They are gone.

PATRICK
They died. To set you free.

Onatha looks at the stars. He notices one spirit hasn't left: Cassy. She regards Onatha, then Chloe. She tilts her head, and nods to Onatha, before finally fading away.

ONATHA
For a million I fulfilled a bigger purpose. Then I spent a million more fulfilling my curiosity. Long after my purpose had passed.
(Glances directly at the Mosaic)
My entrapment gave me time to reflect. I realized my desires were similar to those who seized my power. Like them, I denied my journey's end. I rejected the natural order of the universe. I put my needs above the many. I forgot there is a time when all life must return to it's creator.

Onatha pulls the crystalline object from his chest. He clasps his hands around the object. When he opens them, it has been transformed into *The Blue*. He then he pours it from his hands into a GOBLET. He hands the cup to Patrick.

ONATHA
Every journey's end starts with a new beginning.

Patrick looks at his daughter and granddaughter. Realizes.

PATRICK
I can't save them both, can I?

Onatha shakes his head. His corporeal state becomes translucent. He fades, until all that is left are shimmering white particulates.

They swirl and swirl until they disappear altogether.

Pat looks with sad eyes at Briana and Chloe. He must choose.

EXT. VINEYARD, FARMHOUSE - DAY

Super: One Year Later

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's late in the day. Patrick stands on the front porch.

From the field emerges Fonz. He carries two buckets of GRAPES. Plops them down in front of Pat. He pulls out a handful. Looks them over. Smells them.

PATRICK

Perfect.

The front porch door opens. It's Ella and JACK. Jack holds El close.

ELLA

Miss DC?

JACK

Not one bit.

PATRICK

Okay, cake-eater. Time for you to learn how the sausage gets made.

Jack picks up a bucket, follows Fonz and Patrick to the Barn.

El scans the fields, then at the *One Tree Hill*. Sees Chloe.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, BIG TREE - CONTINUOUS

Chloe sits cross-legged between her Mom and Dad's graves. There's a PICTURE of them all together. Smiling for a selfie.

Chloe sits up, kisses both of their graves.

She strides into the vineyard. Carefully examines each vine.

She pauses at one. Sees the bushel has withered. Chloe furtively checks to see if anyone's watching. She then touches the ailing vine. *It spontaneously heals itself.*

Chloe grins. Her eyes have turned into that swirling blue/green crystalline color, similar to Onatha.

She blinks and her eyes return to normal. Then, she fixes her gaze upon the sky. Her lips curl into an all-knowing smile.

FADE OUT, END