

# LUZ 'S KEY

an  
original  
film  
script  
by

Lise Eleanor

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SCREEN BLACK

BURN ON (CRYPTIC LETTERING):

"The doors to the windows of  
heaven  
are open for you, and the ways of  
the sunlight are loosened."  
~ Ancient Egyptian  
Proverb

DISSOLVE TO:

1 INT. ART GALLERY. AFTERNOON.

1

An older, balding, frumpy-looking GENTLEMAN is moseying through an eclectic art gallery. He is fascinated by a section featuring art pieces fashioned after ancient weaponry and war implements. He stares into a free-standing, upright glass case admiring its contents - a suit of full-body armor made from tiny shards of mirror. It looks very intimidating. A colorful image in the background is obscured through the glass case. Its rainbow-like prisms augment the armor's mirrored shards, catching the GENTLEMAN'S eye. He moves to the wall where it hangs coordinated among other colorful pastel works displayed eloquently together. The GENTLEMAN is immediately drawn to one piece in particular: AURORA.

GENTLEMAN

(mumbles)

Latin... Aquilo - north wind.  
Auster - south wind.

The GENTLEMAN leaves that area and locates a gallery employee.

GENTLEMAN

Excuse me? You have work by an  
artist named Margot Sicambri over  
there. I wondered if you had any  
information about her.

EMPLOYEE

Yes. Right over here, Sir...  
Doesn't she exhibit a wonderful  
use of color?

EMPLOYEE walks the GENTLEMAN to a large, wall-mounted rack. The EMPLOYEE scans the data in each of the pockets before finding the one she seeks. She hands the GENTLEMAN a picture postcard featuring "AURORA".

EMPLOYEE  
Here you go, Sir.

The GENTLEMAN looks at the picture postcard front and back.

GENTLEMAN  
Uh... there's no contact information on here.

EMPLOYEE  
No. We handle all Ms. Sicambri's work. She used to give private showings up until a few years ago when she had some trouble over a controversial exhibit. Somebody broke into her home, or something like that. Anyway, since then, the Gallery handles all transactions on her behalf.

GENTLEMAN  
Is there no phone number you can give me where I can reach her?

EMPLOYEE  
No, I'm sorry. I really can't give you her number - for reasons of client confidentiality, you understand.

GENTLEMAN  
Uh-huh... I'd like to talk to her about some work I need done. I'm not sure if she can do it, but I'd like to ask her. If I give you my phone number, would you call her and ask her to call me?

EMPLOYEE  
Yes. Gladly. That I can do.

GENTLEMAN writes his phone number for the EMPLOYEE and begins trudging his way out of the gallery.

FADE OUT TO  
BLACK

OPENING TITLE: LUZ'S KEY

BACKGROUND: From a distance, a spinning hour glass comes closer.

As it slows to a full stop, glinting fine white sand from the top half begins sifting into the bottom half... BEGIN OPENING CREDITS... camera moves closer into the grains of sand. ECU of grains of white, glinting sand shifting, filling the screen... SLOW ZOOM OUT of ECU becomes grains of white, glinting sand...

2 INT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

2

...being poured from a small glass jar into a larger plastic mixing container. MARGOT puts the glass jar down onto the kitchen counter. Two other jars - one paint, one gel medium - wait on the counter. One by one, MARGOT scoops an amount out of each and adds it into the sand in the mixing container. She replaces the lids to all the jars and stirs the soupy-textured mixture with a wooden stick. While stirring, MARGOT glances out the kitchen window to the fenced-in front yard where little SARAH is running around playing with another little child and a dog. From the sidewalk, a mailman unlatches the front gate and enters the yard, closing the gate behind him. He laughs lightly along with the children as he approaches the front door of MARGOT'S house. The PHONE rings. Putting her mixing container on the counter, MARGOT answers the phone. She writes down a phone number, thanks her caller and hangs up. Outside the front door of the house, she can hear the SOUND of her mailbox opening and closing. MARGOT opens the front door and thanks the mailman for his delivery while retrieving the deposit. There are several envelopes, mostly white, different sizes. MARGOT does not look through the mail. Instead she watches her daughter, SARAH, playing happily with her little friend, chasing the dog around. SARAH notices her mom standing on the porch and waves.

SARAH

We're playing "Lion Safari"!

MARGOT

Wow!

SARAH

Can we go?

MARGOT

To the African Lion Safari?

SARAH

Yeah!

MARGOT

Maybe.

SARAH

Today?

MARGOT

No. Maybe when your Aunt Sal and Uncle Alan come down. What d'ya think?

SARAH

(thinks)

Okay.

SARAH'S little friend and the dog playfully engage with SARAH. The three stalk away, playing as lions again. MARGOT calls after SARAH.

MARGOT

I'll be starting dinner - shit!

MARGOT dashes back into the house sprinting towards the kitchen - on her way, tossing the small pile of mail onto a hall desk. MARGOT doesn't notice the one small envelope sliding too far back and falling behind the desk out of view. In the kitchen, MARGOT quickly stirs the mixture she left on the counter. She picks up a dish-towel and lays it over top of her mixing container, then roots around in the cupboards looking for something. After several cupboards, she locates a clean, lidded glass jar and brings it to the counter into which she pours her sand/paint mixture. MARGOT tightens the lid and puts the jar aside, then begins cleaning up to prepare dinner.

CUT TO:

3 INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING. 3

A MAN sits in the dark on the edge of the bed with his back to the camera. In one hand, he holds a telephone receiver to his ear. A lit cigarette dangles in the other. He inhales sharply, exhales heavily, as he waits for an answer.

MAN

It's me... An hour ago... Not yet - tomorrow... Whatever she knows, you'll know. If he told her anything...

The MAN hangs up. He blows a smoke ring and stabs a finger through its center. The smoke scatters in all directions.

FADE TO:

4 INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING. 4

MARGOT is relaxing on the couch, the telephone receiver cradled under her chin.

The telephone number she wrote down earlier that day is on the coffee table in front of her. She takes a sip from her coffee mug.

MARGOT

Yes... I can come by tomorrow, if you don't mind my daughter, SARAH, being with me... She's five. And curious...! Worse than I am, I think sometimes. She knows how to look with her eyes and not her hands though, which is good because I can take her anywhere... I'm not sure if I can help, but I'll see what you have at least, anyway... Okay, Mister Hamwick... Thomas... we'll see you tomorrow morning then.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

5 EXT. HAMWICK'S PLACE. MORNING.

5

MARGOT and SARAH exit a taxi that has pulled up in front of a group of stores on a small-town main street. A weathered pink awning greets them on which is written "70 Hamwick House". An old brass tongue-styled door handle warms to MARGOT'S touch. A DOOR CHIME sounds gently as MARGOT and SALLY enter a cramped, dusty store. SARAH presses her face against the glass of an L-shaped display counter in which is a clutter of objects - mostly antique medallions, coins and weapons. The entire top of the counter is covered in stacks of one-inch trays. MARGOT peers into the top of one tray and sees more coins, these ones neatly labelled. The frumpy man in the gallery comes out from behind a curtained doorway to greet them with a warm smile. He peaks over the counter down at SARAH.

HAMWICK

Lots of neat stuff in there, eh, SARAH?

SARAH

(giggles)  
It's a mess!

HAMWICK

Fancy anything? I'll get it for you if you point it out - if that's okay with your mother, of course.

SARAH

Can I mom?

MARGOT

Sure, Honey. Do you see something?

SARAH nods excitedly, pointing out an object in the case. HAMWICK touches several things, teasingly not the object of her desire, finally landing his hand on the correct object.

SARAH

Yeah. That one!

HAMWICK removes a hand-sized clear globe from the case. A mature dandelion is magically suspended therein, perfectly poised, held in the ready moment of offering its feathery seeds up to the wind. He passes it down to SARAH who is fascinated by its infinite detail. HAMWICK turns to a shelf behind him and pulls two coins in holders and passes them to MARGOT.

HAMWICK

These are the coins. I think the writing is Latin and maybe Greek.

MARGOT looks at the coins one at a time. After a quick but keen investigation, MARGOT tells him what she finds.

MARGOT

Well, I hope this isn't a disappointment, but there is only Aramaic on these coins.

HAMWICK

Aramaic? As in Hebrew, Aramaic?

MARGOT

Uh-huh. I worked on something a number of years ago and I ended up learning Hebrew afterwards, and thereafter, Aramaic. There are different styles of Hebrew, let's put it that way. But, as I told you last night on the phone, I'm hardly an expert.

HAMWICK

And what do they say?

MARGOT

Well, only one coin is readable... the first line reads "melekh 'alam", meaning "king of the world" or "king forever". The first letters of the next line are damaged but the last four letters spell a name: David. This matches the harp image below it. David... harp...

(MORE)

MARGOT (cont'd)  
 oh, and here, beside the seated man, the last three letters of his name again, so yes... it's David.

HAMWICK  
 So, "King of the world... David"

MARGOT  
 Basically.

HAMWICK  
 Can you date them?

MARGOT  
 The writing is a form of Aramaic known as Egyptian cursive. I'm weak on it, but given the shape of the letters, I'd say - 400, maybe even 300 BC.

HAMWICK  
 (surprised)  
 That's older than I expected.

MARGOT  
 You really should contact a museum and have them tell you.

HAMWICK  
 I did. You told me far more than they were able to. They told me: a King and his successor - Mithradates and Vologases, 141-194 AD and nothing much else. When I tried to find more data, I found a conflicting reference that said one of them ruled in 200 BC. I suspect what you're telling me is more correct... Thank you. Thank you very much.

HAMWICK takes back the two coins from MARGOT and puts them back on the shelf from where he obtained them. SARAH hands back the dandelion globe to HAMWICK, but he tells her she can keep it. HAMWICK then reaches under the counter and, with both hands, brings up a basket filled with rough white stones of all shapes and sizes. MARGOT and SARAH are curious.

MARGOT  
 (inquisitive)  
 And these are...?

HAMWICK  
 A mystery...



SARAH

They look like rocks.

HAMWICK

Close... it's called sediment. After long periods of time, mud gets really hard, like rock. Like this. And sometimes, things get trapped in the mud before it hardens.

SARAH

There's things inside? What kind of things?

HAMWICK thinks for a second, goes to another shelf and retrieves a small object to show them.

HAMWICK

See this ring? At first it looked like these rocks here. But, when I removed the sediment, I found it hiding inside.

MARGOT

So, there's ancient jewelry inside these pieces of sediment?

HAMWICK

I'd venture to say so. I have friends in England - archaeologists - who'll send me "nuggets" from time to time... all up and up... from a dig. I only want coins, arrow heads, that type of thing, but they just send a melee of objects...

MARGOT

... and you have to guess what might be what.

HAMWICK

Exactly. It's not that hard though. What I want are flat objects. These are all rounded. The chemical process to clean these is very pricey, so...

MARGOT

... what you're not interested in goes in this basket.

HAMWICK

Right. So, in exchange for translating the coins - and agreeing to do so as a favour to me, a retired, poor gentleman - you can each pick an object from the basket.

MARGOT AND SARAH

Really?

HAMWICK

Yep. And we'll go downstairs to the lab and see what they are.

SARAH

Cool! Like finding treasure.

HAMWICK

Yes. Actually, it is treasure - buried thousands of years. Even this ring, two-thousand years old, was a surprise. It didn't start life out as a ring.

MARGOT

How do you mean?

HAMWICK

It was originally the end of a stylus, uh, pen, probably belonging to a scribe, who converted it to a ring when he got a better stylus, or perhaps an increase in position. So, yeah, these little nuggets hide all manner of surprises inside.

SALLY and MARGOT each pick out a "nugget". SARAH'S is a round ball. MARGOT'S looks like a cement cigar.

CUT TO:

6 INT. HAMWICK'S LAB. NOON.

6

MARGOT, and especially SARAH, look comical in old rubber Platex gloves, worn rubber aprons, safety goggles. HAMWICK is better suited. MARGOT and SARAH stand aside as HAMWICK finishes up something and turns off a buffing machine.

HAMWICK

Okay. We can undress and I'll tell you what you've got.

MARGOT helps SARAH get out of the "lab wear", then herself. They are both eager to hear what HAMWICK has to say.

HAMWICK hands a shiny ring to SARAH and an eight-inch long pin to MARGOT. SARAH tries the ring on her tiny finger, but it's too big. She disappointedly hands it back to HAMWICK.

SARAH

It doesn't fit.

HAMWICK laughs. Giving her a "one minute" hand gesture, he disappears momentarily from the room and returns with a silver chain. He puts the ring on the chain and then puts it around SARAH'S neck. SARAH is thrilled.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I can keep it?

HAMWICK

It's yours. Now... you know what you have there, eh?

SARAH innocently shakes her head no, waiting for him to say.

HAMWICK (CONT'D)

That, my Dear, is an Ancient Egyptian universe ring, made in the time of the Pharaohs. Do you know what a Pharaoh is?

SARAH

(beams knowingly)

He's like a king. I know all 'bout that stuff. I watch ainslant mistrees on TV.

MARGOT

It's true... she loves those documentaries... we both do.

HAMWICK

Well, your ring is from then... 1500 BC. So, from the days of Queen Nefertiti. Do you know who she is?

SARAH

Uh-huh - that pretty lady.

HAMWICK

(laughs)

Yes, that's her. Well, the Ancient Egyptians knew that the universe is all around the earth. So, the bezel on your ring - the flat top part - represents the universe. And the band is the earth.

SARAH

Cool. What about Mom's thing?

HAMWICK

(to MARGOT)

Your treasure, M'Lady, is a bronze Judaic cloak pin.

MARGOT

Oh... I thought it might be a hair pin, but then I wondered about this little hole in it.

HAMWICK takes the pin from MARGOT to demonstrate its use.

HAMWICK

The Hebrews would overlap the edges of their cloak and push the pin through the layers of fabric. Then they'd feed a wire through the hole here...

MARGOT

Like a sewing needle.

HAMWICK

Right, but they would wrap the wire around the tip.

SARAH

That's neat!

MARGOT

Sort of an ancient safety pin.

HAMWICK hands the pin back to MARGOT.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

I still like it as a hair pin.

HAMWICK

Then, use it as a hair pin. No rule saying you can't. It's certainly durable enough.

MARGOT

What's this green stuff here?

HAMWICK

Patina... a green-colored corrosion that sets in as it ages.

MARGOT

Oh, yeah... like those buildings with the copper roofs that go green after awhile.

HAMWICK  
Exactly. Same thing.

SARAH tugs on MARGOT'S shirt bottom. MARGOT knows what that means and sends a look at HAMWICK, who catches on.

HAMWICK (CONT'D)  
Well, seems we're done now.  
Ladies room is right through  
here, if anybody needs it.

SARAH  
Me!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

7 INT. ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM. MORNING. 7

MARGOT and SARAH are enjoying a day at the museum. They are moving away from the Egyptian section, leaving behind bright, ten-foot high, red-painted carved stones (stele). They walk along a narrow corridor, each looking at the displays along their own wall. They get deeper into the Middle Eastern section.

SARAH  
Mom?

MARGOT  
Hmm?

SARAH  
Look, Mom. It's your pin. In this  
window.

MARGOT turns to look and sees five pins - exactly like her own - displayed in a fan formation. They are labelled "bronze Judaic cloak pins c. 2000 BC".

MARGOT  
Well, it says here exactly what  
Mr. HAMWICK said.

SARAH  
Yours is way nicer than these.

MARGOT removes her pin from her hair and they compare it against the ones in the display. MARGOT'S pin is much longer, whole, pristine. The ones in the display are broken, caked with sediment and patina, ancient-looking. The VOICE of a TOUR GUIDE coming down the corridor prompts MARGOT to replace her pin to her hair. She winks and motions "Shh" to SARAH, who understands.

When the TOUR GUIDE arrives at their position with a group of visitors, MARGOT questions her about the pins in the display.

MARGOT

We wondered if anybody could tell us more about these pins?

TOUR GUIDE

Dr. Rosenthal is head of this department. You can contact him here on Wednesdays.

MARGOT

Okay. I guess we'll do that then.

TOUR GUIDE

The gift shop has many educational tools. You may want to check in there... maybe you'll find something of interest.

The TOUR GUIDE continues with her group along their way. MARGOT looks at SARAH.

MARGOT

Do you want to follow the guide, Honey, or go to the gift shop?

SARAH

Gift shop!

DOLLY with MARGOT and SARAH to the gift shop where they each pick out some objects of interest: a couple of painted papyrus, a lapis lazuli pyramid and two books - a big one for SARAH and a small one for MARGOT.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. HOME. EVENING.

8

MARGOT is laying above the bed sheets beside SARAH who is tucked in for sleep. Together they go through the large book SARAH obtained from the museum gift shop - a wonderful pull-out/gadget book about Prince Tutankhamun. When the book ends MARGOT gets up and kisses her daughter good-night. MARGOT turns off the bedside lamp and exits the room, leaving the door open a bit. DOLLY with MARGOT as she gets herself a coffee then sits on the couch to relax. She removes the pin and shakes her hair loose. As she examines the pin more closely, she notices something amiss and moves to brighter light to examine it better.

MARGOT

What's this red stuff? Hmm... looks like red paint.

(MORE)

MARGOT (cont'd)  
 (sniffs)  
 Smells like a new penny.

MARGOT walks to the desk and gets a phone directory. Finding a number, she writes it on a separate piece of paper. She writes: University Lab Services 555-4277.

FADE TO:

9 INT. HOME. MORNING.

9

SARAH comes charging into the house full tilt from outside, hollering, looking for MARGOT.

SARAH  
 Mom? Mom!? Can I play at Nancy's house? They have margmelon treats. Can I, please?

SARAH crashes into MARGOT as they round the same corner.

MARGOT  
 Whoa! ... you mean "marsh-mallow" treats. Yes, you may please play at Nancy's house.

SARAH zooms away. MARGOT calls after her.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
 Watch yourself crossing the street!

SARAH  
 Yes, Mom!

MARGOT  
 Have Nancy's mother call me before you leave to come home. Okay, Honey?

SARAH  
 (faintly)  
 O-kaaay!

Out the door goes SARAH. MARGOT goes to the large living room window to watch her daughter. She sees SARAH look both ways before skipping across the street and entering a yard, then a house. MARGOT goes to a linen closet and digs out a medium-weight tablecloth. She drapes it over her shoulders, then removes her pin from her hair. She forces the pin - with ample effort - through the layers of fabric, mimicking what HAMWICK showed her. She holds it in place as she dashes to the kitchen and digs twine out of the drawer. She feeds the twine through the hole and ties it to the pointed end of the pin. MARGOT parades around for a bit in her funky get-up.

She's not pleased with the initial results: as she moves around, the pin is turning itself so that the pointed end is northward, jabbing her uncomfortably in the throat.

MARGOT  
(muttering)  
Well... that can't be right.  
Definitely not a cloak pin.

As MARGOT rips the experiment apart, the PHONE rings. She places the pin on a chair and heaps the tablecloth over top of it. She grabs the PHONE.

MARGOT  
Hello? ...Yes. I left a message  
earlier this morning... Okay.  
I'll see you this afternoon.

MARGOT hangs up, flips through her Rolodex and pulls out Nancy's mother's phone number. She is about to dial it when a KNOCK sounds at the door. MARGOT opens it only to find an odd-looking forty-ish year-old MAN standing there. He smiles politely at MARGOT.

JEREMY  
My name is JEREMY. I've come from  
Father Abrams.

MARGOT is caught totally off-guard.

MARGOT  
Whoa! Lyman Abrams? There's a  
name I haven't heard in a long  
while... Com'in, com'in.

JEREMY enters into the living room and MARGOT closes the door.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
(laughs)  
If Abrams sent you with  
parchments for me, tell him he  
can keep them.

JEREMY  
You don't know, then.

MARGOT  
Uh-oh... know what?

JEREMY  
Father Abrams died recently.

MARGOT is visibly saddened by this news.

MARGOT  
Oh, that's too bad.



JEREMY

Well, he was old. It was his time.

MARGOT

You didn't come here just to tell me this, did you?

JEREMY

No... no. Actually - and we're a little embarrassed about it all - I'm here to retrieve a letter you received.

MARGOT

From Abrams?

JEREMY

Yes.

MARGOT

I haven't received anything - not a letter, not a phone call. Nothing. Last I even spoke to Abrams was... four or five years ago now.

JEREMY

Hmm... Well, a few days before he passed on - wise prophet that he was - Father Abrams asked a fellow member to write a note to you on his behalf, since he was too weak to write it himself.

MARGOT

O-kay...

JEREMY

Well, somehow - and no one can figure out quite how, but - somehow another member ended up posting the letter to you with a letter that wasn't for you. It's quite important and...

MARGOT

Oh... you need it back. Of course. Well, no problem. When I get his letter, I'll let you know. How's that?

JEREMY

That's fine... You're certain you haven't received it?

MARGOT

Well... hang on a second...

MARGOT walks to the desk where a small heap of mail awaits her attention. She scoops it up and rifles through it.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Nope... nothing here. So, what did Abrams have to say?

JEREMY

About what?

MARGOT

In the letter. To me.

JEREMY

Oh, just how he felt about you and SARAH... he spoke of you both very often.... that God watch over you both, keep you safe.

MARGOT

Well, I look forward to receiving it - whenever it gets here. I'll let you know when it comes in. Where can I reach you, JEREMY?

JEREMY

Uh - I leave tonight. Back to the Lodge. I'll call you from there. How's that?

MARGOT consents and JEREMY leaves. MARGOT is consternated, but then the clock catches her eye. Time to go! MARGOT lifts the tablecloth and fetches the pin. She dials Nancy's mother's number and arranges for SARAH to stay there for the afternoon while MARGOT steps out. Finally she dials a taxi to come and take her to the university.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. LAB. AFTERNOON.

10

MARGOT is leaning over the shoulder of a seated TECHNICIAN. They are both staring at a computer monitor. The TECHNICIAN swivels his chair around to talk to MARGOT.

TECHNICIAN

So, what's happening here is: the microscope and EDS - energy dispersive spectrometer - our machine, is deciphering the actual composite of your pin.

(MORE)

TECHNICIAN (cont'd)

The laser inside the chamber, in effect, temporarily breaks apart the metal and examines it, and the resultant data is sent to the terminal. It'll show up as a series of spikes - peaks - basically, the same process as with the sampling of red paint we took from the pin, which we examined earlier.

MARGOT

I'm certain it's copper. Same as I know it's not a pin. It's something else...

TECHNICIAN

Well, you certainly have peaked my curiosity. Do you think the museum will change their data from bronze if it proves to be copper?

MARGOT

(shrugs)  
That's my hope.

TECHNICIAN

Oh - here we go... Let's see.

The TECHNICIAN suddenly pushes himself away from the monitor, as if under attack by a threat only he can see.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Holy cow! Wow! ...Oh, sorry.

MARGOT

What? What does it say?

TECHNICIAN

It says you're right as rain. It's copper alright. As pure as copper gets - meteoric copper.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. HOME. EVENING.

11

SARAH is sleeping. MARGOT throws the ever-growing heap of mail into the desk drawer, then quietly gathers some objects - red paint, thin brush, small bisque pieces with imprinted symbols - and sets them on the desk. She sits down and begins the process of painting red paint into the recessed areas of the bisque piece. The brush bristles do not go into the groove smoothly. Some of the hairs creep above to the surface and drag red paint there.

MARGOT

Shit!

MARGOT lays her brush down and thinks. In a revelation, she jaunts to the kitchen and gets a box of toothpicks. Using the toothpicks to paint the bisque proves highly effective - paint cleanly is applied into the slender recesses, perfectly, where it should be. MARGOT stops abruptly. She gets up and retrieves her copper pin and, taking it to the desk she picks up a fresh piece of bisque. MARGOT holds the pin as if it were a pen. It sits balanced, ready.

MARGOT

Nice weight distribution.

MARGOT mock paints the bisque with her copper pin.

MARGOT

It's a pen! Ah, red paint - of course! The stele at ROM. Shit. Wait a minute - can't be Egyptian. It's supposed to be a Judaic cloak pin... But, if it's not bronze... maybe... maybe it's not Judaic either. It's gotta be Egyptian... where's that little book...

MARGOT finds the little book she purchased from the museum gift shop and flips through it, looking for pictures of stele. She stops at the image of an ancient Egyptian scribe.

MARGOT

Here we go... what's that he's holding?

MARGOT'S POV: scribe image - the scribe has a thin paint brush tucked behind his ear, but an object in his hand that is identical to MARGOT'S pin - and the scribe is using it to write on something.

MARGOT

Oh my God... there it is. Hmm...

MARGOT keeps flipping through the little book finding yet another image of note.

MARGOT'S POV: artists at work image - three artists are painting stele and hieroglyphs using an object identical to MARGOT'S pin.

MARGOT

It is an Egyptian pen. Wild!!  
Wait 'til I tell HAMWICK.

MARGOT begins cleaning up to go to bed, putting everything away, leaving the open box of toothpicks until last. She fumbles the box as she picks them up and toothpicks land all over the desk. Some roll back and fall behind the desk.

MARGOT

Shit!

MARGOT stops any more toothpicks from falling behind, scraping up what's on the desk and shovelling them into the box. She pulls the desk out from the wall to clean up those that fell behind and finds a small envelope.

MARGOT

What's this?

The envelope has unique handwriting addressing it to her.

MARGOT

Must be that letter from  
Abrams...

MARGOT opens the envelope and withdraws from it two small pieces of paper.

MARGOT

Hmm... this looks weird.  
(laughs)  
Figures - no letter... JEREMY had  
his facts wrong.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING. 12

JEREMY is on the PHONE.

JEREMY

She doesn't have it yet...  
Surveillance? Easy. She thinks  
I'm going back to the Lodge...

CUT TO:

13 INT. HOUSE. 2 AM. 13

MARGOT is on the PHONE.

MARGOT

I'm really sorry for waking you  
up, SALLY. Don't panic, though.  
It's not an emergency phone call.

SALLY  
 (groggy)  
 Okay, MARGOT... what's up?  
 Everything okay?

MARGOT  
 Yeah, yeah. Fine. Listen, I need  
 a favour -

SALLY  
 At... three o'clock in the  
 morning?

MARGOT  
 No, no, silly. Listen - I need  
 you to come visit us. Can you get  
 some leave time? I'll pay for  
 everything.

SALLY  
 Why? What's up?

MARGOT  
 Can you? Get time off?

SALLY  
 Yeah, sure... I'm pretty sure.  
 Can I call you tomorrow - in a  
 few hours - and let you know?

MARGOT  
 Yeah, sure!

SALLY  
 Good. Now - go to bed!

FADE TO:

14 EXT. HOUSE. MORNING.

14

An airport limousine pulls up in MARGOT'S driveway. MARGOT and SARAH run out of the house and out through the gate to meet it. A chauffeur lets SALLY out and proceeds to the trunk where he fetches SALLY'S luggage.

SARAH  
 Aunt SALLY!!

SALLY  
 (to SARAH)  
 Hi Kiddo!  
 (to MARGOT)  
 I didn't need a limo.  
 (to SARAH)  
 I brought you presents.

MARGOT  
Thanks for coming SALLY.

They all go inside the house, followed by the CHAUFFEUR, who leaves happy after receiving a large tip from MARGOT for dropping SALLY'S luggage in the living room.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. HOUSE. EVENING.

15

SALLY sits on the couch with SARAH beside her showing SALLY her Prince Tut book and her ring. MARGOT sits on the desk near them absorbed by the two small pieces of paper she received from Abrams. Moonlight filters through the living room window casting a strange glow onto the pages.

SARAH  
... and my ring is from when  
Prince Tut was a little boy!

SALLY  
That's really special, Sweetie.

MARGOT  
(to SARAH)  
Better go get ready.

SARAH  
(whines)

MARGOT  
Time for bed. You can see Aunt  
SALLY tomorrow.

SARAH  
(to SALLY)  
Want to sleep in my room?

SALLY  
Sure Honey... think you'll be  
cozy enough on the couch?

SALLY tickles SARAH and SARAH laughs wildly.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Sweetie. Your bed's big  
enough only for you.

SARAH dashes off down the hallway to the bathroom.

MARGOT  
I don't think there ever was a  
letter from Abrams.

SALLY

Just that name gives me the shivers!

MARGOT

He was alright... Saved our lives...

SALLY

Yeah, but -

MARGOT

He has three symbols on this page and three sayings on this page. Think they belong with each other?

SALLY

Like a puzzle?

MARGOT

Yeah... like a puzzle.

SALLY gets up and joins MARGOT at the desk in front of the window, leaning in to view the papers with MARGOT.

SALLY

Those sayings are nice and all, but I don't see any relationship.

MARGOT

Well, here's the ankh. It means "long life", as in afterlife, so that goes with: "Gone am I, caught by the Underworld, yet cleansed and alive in the Beyond."

SALLY

Okay... the eye?

MARGOT

Is often seen with pyramids.

SALLY

Right. I've seen that on TV.

MARGOT

Okay... Pyramids were built beside the Nile river for some reason, so...

SALLY

That one...



MARGOT

..."They tremble that behold the Nile in full flood. The fields laugh and the river banks are overflowed - the God's offerings descend."

SALLY

Okay. Right. That leaves this last symbol - whatever it is...

MARGOT

... a molecule-looking symbol...

SALLY

... and this, "Follow your heart as long as you live."

As SALLY goes back to the couch, MARGOT takes to the armchair across from it.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Who knows? Maybe that professor we're seeing tomorrow will know. He is an Egypt expert, isn't he?

MARGOT

Dr. Rosenthal - Egyptologist.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MARGOT'S HOUSE. EVENING.

16

JEREMY is watching MARGOT and SALLY through binoculars - as they stand before the living room window. The lights inside the house allow him to lip-read much of what the two women are discussing. When the women move away from the window out of his observation, he makes a call on his cell phone.

JEREMY

She has it, but there's another woman with her... The little girl? SARAH. Yes?... If necessary. I'll wait a bit first. They'll probably go out tomorrow. I'll go in then.

FADE TO:

17 EXT. MARGOT'S STREET. MORNING.

17

SALLY and MARGOT help SARAH bring an overnight bag to Nancy's house and say goodbye.

A taxi is waiting in the driveway of MARGOT'S house. The two women cross the street, get in the waiting taxi and drive away.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. MARGOT'S STREET. NOON. 18

JEREMY parks his car in front of MARGOT'S house. He sees SARAH playing with a dog in Nancy's yard alone, unattended. JEREMY exits his car and approaches SARAH.

JEREMY

Hi there... is your mom home?

SARAH

Nope... but Nancy's mom is! I'll go get her.

SARAH dashes into Nancy's house and gets Nancy's mom and they both go out to the yard. JEREMY is nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

19 INT. TAXI. AFTERNOON. 19

MARGOT and SALLY share the back seat of the taxi. MARGOT has a distinct scowl on her face.

MARGOT

(ranting)

No pens in Ancient Egypt! How dare he!

SALLY

I gotta say it, MARGOT... that doctor what's-his-name made me mad the way he spoke to you...

MARGOT

Yes, in that patronizing tone... just because he learned I have no formal training in this field! I can't believe he wouldn't even acknowledge my evidence!

SALLY

Well, I don't care what he says - your pin is a pen.

DISSOLVE TO:

20 INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON. 20

JEREMY is snooping around MARGOT'S house looking everywhere possible for Abrams' letter. He finds the envelope, but not the contents. He gets frustrated. Suddenly, he notices a taxi pulling into MARGOT'S driveway. He looks around quickly, then moves through the house towards the back door.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DRIVEWAY. EARLY EVENING. 21

MARGOT and SALLY exit the taxi. DOLLY as they walk through the gate and to the house.

SALLY

Do you want me to get SARAH?

MARGOT

No... SARAH'S expecting to stay over. She was pretty excited - her first time spending a night away by herself, so...

SALLY

We'll leave her where she is.

MARGOT puts her key into the front door lock and lets them into the house, closing and locking the door behind them.

MARGOT

You relax... I'm going to get something for us for dinner.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARGOT and SALLY finish eating the meal MARGOT prepared for them. SALLY cleans up the dishes from the coffee table in the living room where they ate and brings them into the kitchen. MARGOT straightens up to go to bed. She takes her purse, removes Abrams papers from inside and lays everything on the desk. SALLY comes back into the living room with her arms full of sheets and a pillow.

MARGOT

Hitting the hay?

SALLY

Yeah... I'm tired.

MARGOT

Yeah, me too. Are you okay with that? Want any help?

SALLY

No. I'm fine.

MARGOT

Okay then. Good night, SALLY.

MARGOT heads to her bedroom as SALLY makes up the couch for a bed. SALLY turns out all the lights and crawls between the sheets, easing into slumber.

DISSOLVE TO:

SALLY wakes up slightly and groggily makes her way to the bathroom. She flicks on the light - hurting her eyes - takes a pee and turns out the light again. She makes her way past the hall closet back towards the couch. Behind her the closet door opens and a PERSON steps out quickly and hits SALLY on the back of the head. SALLY goes down, hitting the floor with a loud THUNK. She groans loudly, feeling for the back of her head. Her attacker steps over SALLY'S prostrate body and moves to the desk. A gloved hand swipes up Abrams' papers, then moves to the front door to unlock it. The intruder flees leaving the front door swinging open. MARGOT comes tearing out of her bedroom and trips over SALLY in the dark. SALLY lets out another loud yelp. MARGOT scrambles back to her feet and runs out the front of the house, where she can vaguely make out the form of a PERSON running away down the street in the blackness of the night. SALLY gets to the door behind MARGOT.

MARGOT

I could swear that was JEREMY!

SALLY

You have to learn to pick better friends!

MARGOT and SALLY go back into the house and close the door, turn on the lights. MARGOT notices that Abrams' letter is gone.

MARGOT

That shit!

SALLY

Who?

MARGOT

JEREMY. He took Abrams' letter. That's what he was after all along - I knew something was up with him and Abrams' letter!

SALLY

Tell me something, MARGOT...

MARGOT

Huh?

SALLY

Why is it that every time we get together, something bad happens to us?

MARGOT

I... I'm so sorry, SALLY. Really.

SALLY rubs the back of her head gingerly.

SALLY

He sure walloped me good!

MARGOT

You want me to get you some ice for that?

SALLY

No... I'm just going to sit here on the couch. I'll take some Aspirin, if you got it. I suspect I'm going to need it.

MARGOT scratches the back of her head in an automated reaction to SALLY'S injuries. She removes the pin, still in her hair.

MARGOT

Thank God I had this with me. He might have taken it too.

SALLY

That thing? That, that cursed pin.

MARGOT

Pen, SALLY. It's a pen.

SALLY

Fine... the thing is trouble... Curse of the Pharaoh's Pen...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN

22 INT. CAR. 3 AM. 22

JEREMY drives down a barren road. He is speaking on his cell phone, ABRAMS' papers occupying the passenger seat.

JEREMY

It's done... No trouble, not really... No mention of it - symbols, sayings, no box... I'm an hour from the border.

CUT TO:

23 INT. HOUSE. 3 AM. 23

MARGOT finishes a phone call and hangs up. SALLY comes out of the bathroom and sits on her bed - the couch.

SALLY

Did you get it?

MARGOT

Nope. No listing. Not under lodge, or church, or anything.

SALLY

Did you have her look under "secret societies"?

MARGOT

Ha, ha... Next you'll be telling me I should have told her to go... ALAN can go!

SALLY

You want ALAN to get the phone number to the lodge?

MARGOT

No. I want ALAN to get an answer as to why this is happening in person.

SALLY

Like they're going to tell him.

MARGOT

Got any better ideas?

SALLY

You want me to call ALAN? Fine.  
I'll call ALAN. But you're asking  
him, not me.

MARGOT

Okay, we'll call now and then, at  
first light, he can go there and  
check it out. It's only a twenty  
minute drive and then he can call  
us back and let us know. How hard  
can that be?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

24 EXT. LODGE. MORNING.

24

ALAN stands before the huge wooden door of an ominous-  
looking structure - too big to be a house, too small to be  
a church. ALAN rings the BUZZER. It ECHOES from inside.  
After a few moments, a small peep window in the door opens  
up and inquisitive eyes stare out at him.

ALAN

Uh, hi. I'm here about Lyman  
Abrams, and-

The tiny window closes and the latch on the door gives way.  
The door opens enough to allow ALAN in. He enters into a  
poorly lit, vast entranceway dense with ornately-carved  
columns towering to the high ceiling. A larger-than-life  
"Madonna and Baby" statue seemingly smiles warmly at ALAN,  
a play of the sun streaming through a stained-glass window.  
ALAN is taken aback with this interior grandeur. He is  
completely caught in the moment when he feels something  
cold and hard being pressed up against the back of his left  
ear. He hears the sound of a gun being cocked.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. HOUSE. MORNING.

25

MARGOT

So, I'll wake you every hour...  
are you going to be okay to fly  
home later?

SALLY

Pretty sure. ALAN was pretty  
upset, so I have to go home  
tonight.

MARGOT

I want you to take SARAH with you.

SALLY

Hmm... ALAN said that. He said you should come too.

MARGOT

Not yet. Against your better judgement, I want to see if I can figure out what Abrams was trying to tell me. Obviously it was something he felt I should know.

SALLY

Maybe it was just something he wanted to unload.

MARGOT

Well, you rest for now. I'm going to dig through some books I have and see what I can find, since I have to wait for ALAN to call.

CUT TO:

26 INT. LODGE. MORNING.

26

ALAN puts his hands in the air as if under arrest.

ALAN

Whoa, whoa! What's going on?

MONK

What do you know of Lyman Abrams?

ALAN

My wife - she's in some kind of trouble. She asked me to come here and ask you...

MONK

Who's your wife?

ALAN

Well, it's actually my sister-in-law, MARGOT -

The gun is uncocked and lowered. The MONK steps into ALAN'S view. ALAN gets the impression he's not going to be killed and slowly lowers his arms.

MONK

You're ALAN.



ALAN  
(surprised)  
Yeah, that's right.

MONK  
Good. Now, tell me, why are you here?

ALAN  
I told you. They're in some kind of trouble - something to do with a letter Abrams sent MARGOT - and a member, JEREMY.

MONK  
(scowls)  
We have no member by that name.

ALAN  
...Well, I don't know. They told me he said his name was JEREMY and he was sent by this lodge to get the letter back.

MONK  
Did he?

ALAN  
Yes. Apparently so.

MONK  
Well, it seems your troubles are over. Now that he has the letter, your wife and sister-in-law are safe. That's all he wanted.

ALAN  
So, you know who this JEREMY is then?

MONK  
Yes. He calls himself by many names - we learned. He came here from another Chapter. He started asking questions about Father Abrams and we became somewhat irked by his intrusive nature. Then, a few weeks ago, Father Abrams requested that one of our members dictate a letter.

ALAN  
To MARGOT.

MONK

Right. This was unusual - Father Abrams didn't have any contacts outside the Order. His whole life was spent inside these walls, on this land. This JEREMY somehow learned about the letter. He tried questioning the member who wrote it, but that was useless.

ALAN

Why is that?

MONK

Well, Father Abrams was a great prophet. He must have known or saw something, because the member who wrote the letter was specifically chosen by Abrams for the task.

ALAN

You say that like it means something.

MONK

Well, yes. It's not coincidence that Father Abrams chose a member who was mute.

ALAN

Was?

MONK

Sadly, this Jeremy, as you call him, killed the member trying to extract from Father Abrams whatever it was he wanted to know. But Father Abrams didn't say. By the time we heard the commotion, our member was dead. Father Abrams died shortly thereafter and this JEREMY had slipped away.

ALAN

And then he went after MARGOT.

MONK

We had no idea where he went. When we tried to investigate him, we learned of nothing but deception.

ALAN

So what did Abrams know that was worth dying for?

MONK  
We don't know.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. HOUSE. MORNING. 27

MARGOT is on the phone with SARAH.

MARGOT  
Okay, Honey. Aunt SALLY and I  
will come and get you in a bit.  
You stay and play with NANCY...  
Okay - luv ya!

MARGOT hangs up. She goes to the desk and removes a pad of paper. She begins to write whatever she can remember of Abrams letter. The symbols are easy, but the sayings give her trouble. MARGOT gets up and comes back with a small stack of books, all on the topic of Egypt. As SALLY snoozes on the couch, MARGOT quietly thumbs through the first book... looking.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. HOUSE. EVENING 28

SARAH is in her bedroom packing some luggage. SALLY and MARGOT are in the living room talking, passing time. SALLY'S luggage waits ready at the front door.

SALLY  
Did you find anything useful in  
those books?

MARGOT  
Yeah, lots -

SALLY  
Stop! My head hurts more when you  
explain things. Can I get the a-  
la-carte version?

MARGOT  
Guess I have to. The airport limo  
will be here in an hour.

SARAH runs into the living room holding her Tut book.

SARAH  
Mom?! Can I bring my Tut book to  
show Nana?

MARGOT  
Sure. You can read it to her.

SARAH

I can't read.

MARGOT

Okay, then you can help Nana with the big names.

SARAH

Okay. Like Ank-sen-patten.

SALLY reaches out to tickle SARAH, teasing her.

SALLY

Oh, you just think you're so smart...

SARAH runs back to her bedroom. SALLY reaches for one of the Egypt books. She slowly flips through with mild disinterest.

SALLY (CONT'D)

They were pretty strange, eh?

MARGOT

How do you mean?

SALLY

Well, top half animal, bottom half human. Strange image of God. There's one here holding that symbol. The awk.

MARGOT

Yeah, an ankh. They're almost all holding one.

SALLY

What for?

MARGOT

No idea. But, I don't think they were "gods". There's kinda like one chief god and nine lesser ones. I think the lesser gods are really planets.

SALLY

(thinks)

Yeah, okay. The math works.

MARGOT

And they had a saying - I found it when I was looking for the ones Abrams listed. A pet saying was, "As above, so below".

SALLY

Uh-huh.

MARGOT

Well... what if the top half -  
the animal half - is supposed to  
represent a particular planet,  
and the lower half - always human  
- represents earth?

SALLY

Maybe. They say the moon affects  
humans. Why not the planets?

SALLY flips through the book some more.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Did you find Abrams' sayings?

MARGOT

No, nowhere.

SALLY

Hey - this is weird.

MARGOT

What?

SALLY

Oh, nothing, really. It says  
something here almost exactly  
like the Bible.

MARGOT

What's that?

SALLY

Flesh of my flesh, bone of my  
bones stuff.

MARGOT

You're kidding? That's Egyptian?  
I noticed the author, Budge,  
always makes reference to the  
Bible.

SALLY

No, no. This is Egyptian.

SALLY shrugs and flips further through the book.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Here's something else from the  
Bible that's supposed to be  
Egyptian - "cubits".

MARGOT

Cubits - it's a measure, like inches or miles.

SALLY

Just strange seeing Adam and Eve, and Noah's Ark stuff in Egyptian writings.

MARGOT

Well, not so strange actually. The Hebrews were in Egypt.

SALLY

Oh yeah... they were all slaves and built the pyramids, or something like that.

MARGOT

Well, something like that. They proved recently that the pyramids weren't built by slaves. But, I was thinking, maybe the Bible is the Hebrew version of the Egyptian texts.

From the bedroom, SARAH begins calling out.

SARAH

Mom! ...Mom!

MARGOT

Coming, Sweetie.

DOLLY with MARGOT as she plods to SARAH'S bedroom. SARAH struggles to zip her over-stuffed luggage closed without success. MARGOT laughs and helps her out - by unpacking it. MARGOT removes the various unneeded things SARAH has crammed in the suitcase one-by-one.

MARGOT

SARAH, you're just going for a visit. Like at NANCY'S except a bit longer.

SARAH

Why can't you come, Mom?

MARGOT

I have some things to do first.

SARAH

Gal-ry stuff?

MARGOT

Yes, that's one thing, but I'll be out there soon enough.

(MORE)

MARGOT (cont'd)  
 You won't even miss me, you'll  
 be so busy playing with your  
 cousin Meaghan...

SARAH jumps up and down excitedly then she stops.

SARAH  
 But she's only little.

MARGOT  
 (laughs)  
 Well, she's a lot bigger now than  
 when you last saw her. She's  
 almost as big as you!

SARAH  
 Really?

MARGOT  
 Yeah.

MARGOT finishes putting together SARAH'S luggage. DOLLY as MARGOT and SARAH together bring the luggage from the bedroom to the front door.

SALLY  
 Good timing. The limo just pulled  
 up.

MARGOT lets in the CHAUFFEUR who proceeds to take luggage to the trunk of a limousine. DOLLY with MARGOT, SALLY and SARAH out the door to the limo. MARGOT hugs and kisses SARAH good-bye. SARAH scampers into the limo. SALLY hugs MARGOT.

SALLY  
 You sure you're going to be okay?

MARGOT  
 Sure. I just need to advise the  
 gallery, tie up some loose ends.  
 Just a few days here and then  
 I'll come out.

SALLY gets in the limo. After the limo pulls away, MARGOT goes back in the house. She is visibly tired after the long night and day spent up. She removes a bible from a bookshelf and lays on the couch with it... and falls asleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

MARGOT'S POV: MARGOT is a twenty-year-old female, clad in a thin, white cotton gown sitting near a Pharaoh in the middle of some sort of desert. The floor upon which she sits is covered with fine grain. There are festivities all around as she keeps sifting grain through her hands.

She periodically looks up at the Pharaoh who is seated in an elaborate chair. She calls him Djoser as she asks him to tell her about the sand...

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOUSE. DAY.

29

MARGOT awakes from her dream, knocking the bible to the floor where it falls open to a passage. MARGOT hangs her head over the edge of the couch and sees the account of the building of Noah's Ark.

MARGOT'S POV: The word "cubits" leaps out at her.

MARGOT sits up, lifts the bible to the coffee table, then makes her way to the kitchen where she makes herself coffee. She takes it back to the couch. Half awake, she glances at the open bible. She pauses halfway through a sip of coffee, puts down her mug and, with intense sudden interest, takes up the bible for a closer read of the Noah's Ark account.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES. DAY.

30

MAN # 1 enters MAN # 2's office and places a fax on the desk. MAN #2 reads it, lays it back down, and they have a short discussion in Arabic.

ENGLISH SUBTITLES

MAN #2

Again? How many times must we tell them no before they stop requesting?

MAN #1

To dig at Restau?

MAN #2

Yes. That's them.

MAN #1

What do they think is there?

MAN #2

Same as everyone else - lost treasure. Evidence of Atlantis. Who cares. Until we are certain there is nothing there, no one digs.



MAN #1

So, what do you want me to do about it?

MAN #2

Same as always. Fax them our answer - "Request Denied".

CUT TO:

31 INT. AMORC OFFICE. DAY.

31

JEREMY is standing in a small office speaking with a distinguished-looking, elderly gentleman who's robe is decorated with an AMORC (American Order of Rosicrucians) medallion. They both look over when the fax machine sounds. JEREMY walks over to retrieve the transmission. He is not happy about what it says.

JEREMY

Shit! Shit!

MAN

They refused again.

JEREMY

Yes... Shit!

MAN

Why so upset? This is actually good news.

JEREMY

How do you figure that?

MAN

It means the Egyptian government hasn't found it yet.

JEREMY

So, it's still there.

MAN

(thinks)

Are you certain there were only two pages?

JEREMY

There were only two I found.

MAN

We're running out of time. We have to step this up a notch. Tie up loose ends.

JEREMY nods in understanding.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

32

INT. HOME. EVENING.

32

MARGOT is on the phone saying good-night to SARAH, who has arrived safely in Nova Scotia. She hangs up. A stove timer RINGS and MARGOT retrieves her dinner. She brings it to the coffee table in the living room where a paper and pen lay waiting, beside the opened bible. As MARGOT eats she, side-by-side, compares the bible passage to notes she's going to write on the paper. She speaks aloud to herself.

MARGOT

Gopher wood... pitch - no idea.

(writes)

"Three hundred cubits" equals...

MARGOT gets up and grabs a dictionary from the desk. She looks up a word as she sits back down.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Cubit... cubit... here it is.

"... an ancient measure of length... about eighteen to twenty inches"... multiply, say, eighteen inches - so, a foot-and-a-half - multiplied by 300 cubits equals - four hundred and eighty feet. Shit! That's the height of the great pyramid! ..."Light upwards" equals shaft. "Door in side" equals door in side.

(pauses)

What ship had a door in the side?

None...

(writes)

"Chambers" equals rooms...

"lower, second and third" equals - all three pyramids?

(pauses)

The three main pyramids are successively larger sizes.

MARGOT takes a few more bites from her dinner as she eyeballs her comparison.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Okay, so, Noah's Ark is the great pyramid. And the pyramid is always associated with the eye that Abrams had in his letter.

MARGOT gets up, goes to the desk, opens the drawer and pulls out a paper with her attempted reconstruction of Abrams' letter. She then goes to the bookshelf and selects a book, a dictionary of glyphs. She flips through the dictionary. First she checks one glyph, the "eye".

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
 Number 17. "Divine Eye". Hmm,  
 there's a note here... "U2"...

As MARGOT is checking, an object in the background begins coming into focus. MARGOT looks in the dictionary.

MARGOT'S POV: the "eye" glyph in the dictionary. Then note "U2".

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
 "Part". The squiggly under the  
 eye is a part. So, "Divine Eye  
 Part".

The object in the background becomes clearer.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
 Divine Eye Part...

MARGOT looks up, straight ahead, thinking, and the object before her becomes clear. MARGOT notices it: the telescope.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
 Of course - the shaft! It was  
 part of a huge, kinda, telescope!  
 "Divine"... divination... Holy  
 shit! They were using the planets  
 for divination.  
 (pauses)  
 Astrology!

MARGOT catches herself, and ponders intently about what she's just realized.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
 Maybe. Need a lens. Hmm... Lens,  
 glass - crystal! Shit, Herodotus  
 said something about the  
 Ethiopians being expert crystal  
 carvers... Wow - Ethiopia was  
 part of the Egyptian territories  
 way back when, so... okay, the  
 pyramids had carved crystal  
 lenses, set with an "eye part" -  
 optical apparatus - just like my  
 telescope.  
 (dismayed)  
 Okay... I know why: to regulate  
 harvest, predict cycles, all  
 that...

(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

(chuckles)

... tell fortunes, but how? How did you build them? You're too smart to drag blocks four hundred miles, so... how?

MARGOT shakes her head. She lays down the book and gives up on it for a while. She decides, instead, to work on her art. MARGOT goes to the kitchen. On the counter in the corner is the glass jar containing her sand/paint mixture. She gets out a wooden stir stick, removes the lid from the jar and begins stirring the mixture. She walks around a bit, holding the jar as she stirs. On the floor in the corner is a discarded wooden tomato crate. MARGOT stops stirring. She looks at the crate, then at her mixture, then at the crate.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Of course! Moulds! Wooden moulds! Okay, that's what Noah used the wood for - the gopher wood. What about the "pitch within and without"? It was a mixture. Pitch... tar... the Nile - just like the tar pits in California. Sand, pitch and some kind of gel, or glue... Jeez, this is turning out just like my pin - begins with something Hebrew only to learn it's actually, really, ancient Egyptian!

MARGOT tosses the stir stick into the sink, and replaces the lid to her jar, leaving it unused on the counter. She goes back to the coffee table and picks up the dictionary. She stares at the "eye" glyph a little while.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Well, if the pin isn't a pin, and the ark isn't an ark, maybe you're not what you appear to be either. Maybe that's what Abrams was trying to tell me.

(pensive)

Oh my God! You're not an eye looking at me with a smudge of kohl underneath... If you're an eye looking into an optical apparatus on the pyramid, then you're a 3D image, not a flattened two-dimensional one. So... the ankh, the eye and the pyramid are all related.

(perplexed)

How does that molecule-looking symbol fit in? Hmm...

A beautiful moon hangs outside the window, catching her attention. She walks to the window and admires the evening sky, lightly dotted with stars. As if speaking to God, MARGOT raises her face upwards.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

You sure made everything so beautiful... Hmm.

MARGOT puts her objects down and gets her purse, checking to ensure she has her cell phone and house keys. She checks her hair and finds her pin snugly there. She dons a light sweater and goes out the front door, locking it behind her. She pops the handle on the gate effortlessly. It swings out and bounces forward again as she walks down the street away from it, enjoying a rare evening moonlight stroll.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. HOUSE. MIDNIGHT.

33

A car pulls up to the curb near MARGOT'S house, the house, relatively remote, nothing around it, except a high hedge, a yard fence and across the street, a few newer houses filling space where trees once stood. All lights are off, and a single street lamp casts a yellow tinge across the quiet street. MARGOT'S house is dark and quiet - JEREMY'S presence, as he creeps around back of MARGOT'S house, the only disturbance. With professional tools, JEREMY quietly lets himself into the house from the back door. He does not close the door completely behind himself, making every attempt to be perfectly silent. He removes a ceramic gun fashioned with a silencer tip from under his jacket, and then stealthily moves down the hallway to SARAH'S room. The door is open ajar through which he can make out the edge of a little girl's bed. He aims from the doorway, and through the door fires two shots into the dark room, into the bed, quickly moving on to MARGOT'S bedroom, which he enters.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. HOUSE. MIDNIGHT.

34

MARGOT saunters slowly down the street towards home. She digs her keys out of her purse before she gets to the yard gate, noticing the car that wasn't there before. She stops walking and looks across the street at the other houses. All is quiet. MARGOT shrugs and proceeds to the front door where her key quietly slides into place. As she opens the door and steps in, a beam of moonlight is cutting down the hallway, escaping across the floor from the slightly open back door. MARGOT hears silent alarms going off in her head. JEREMY comes out of MARGOT'S bedroom, looking down the hallway at the back door. MARGOT sees him before he sees her and she bolts out the still open front door.

JEREMY catches her movement and pursues MARGOT out the door. MARGOT runs full-tilt, popping the gate as she flees. The gate swings open hard, bouncing back to closed just as JEREMY reaches it, sending him flying backwards into the yard onto his ass. MARGOT sprints around the hedges in the direction she just came. She hangs a sharp left and cuts across a scrap yard where train tracks are silhouetted in the forefront on a small grade of hill. As MARGOT reaches the tracks, JEREMY rounds the hedges, pausing to take a shot at MARGOT with his gun. MARGOT slides over the other side of the tracks as the bullet WHIZZES by her head. She slides down a slight embankment, landing deep in a thick clump of trees and bush that line a farmer's field. Wild animals, startled by MARGOT'S sudden arrival, dash out in all directions. Beavers, raccoons and rabbits sprint off. JEREMY reaches the summit of the tracks and begins shooting at the movements, only after several shots realizing he's shooting wild animals. A shadowy image further down the track catches his eye, then disappears. JEREMY goes down the tracks after it, thinking it to be MARGOT. When he's a bit away, MARGOT quietly removes her cell phone from her purse. She depresses and holds the number nine button. When an emergency OPERATOR answers, MARGOT just BREATHEs into the speaker audibly.

OPERATOR

Just try to remain calm. The  
police are being dispatched to  
your address.

Suddenly, MARGOT hears the SOUND of gravel under boots. She cups her hand over the phone, silencing the sound of the operator, and holds her breath for what seems an eternity. JEREMY is standing nearly directly above her. He begins moving tree branches, peering down, looking for MARGOT. A new wild animal darts out from the thicket and JEREMY aims to fire at it, realizing at the last instant it is not MARGOT. Faintly, in the absolute stillness of the night, sirens draw nearer. From the summit, JEREMY can see FLASHING LIGHTS moving nearer to his position. He runs to the street, gets into his car, and drives off. MARGOT removes her hand from the cell phone.

MARGOT

(small voice)

Help me.

OPERATOR

Help is on the way.

MARGOT lays the cell phone down in the bushes, still on, and leaves the area, cutting across the FARMER'S field bog and cow dung, finally coming to a farm house. MARGOT approaches the farm house, keeping to the shadows. A dog begins BARKING, causing her to meld up against a large tree, in an attempt to hide herself. At the road, the SOUND of a car alerts her to take better cover.

MARGOT watches from a hidden vantage as JEREMY drives slowly by in his car, looking in all directions. He slows to a stop, listening to the BARKING. He opens his door and steps out. He proceeds cautiously across the dark property. Suddenly, porch LIGHTS blaze on, and the front door swings open. An old FARMER with a shot gun in one hand fills the doorway. In the other hand is a thick leather strap, securing an enormous German Shepherd. The sound of SIRENS blare on the backside of the farm, from MARGOT'S house. The FARMER braces himself as he calls out to the darkness.

FARMER

I know you're out there... Better  
be moving on...

JEREMY levels his gun at the dog, thinks better of it, and slinks back to his car, unseen.

FARMER

I means it... You best be on your  
way.

JEREMY gets in his car and drives away slowly, still looking, trying to pierce the thicket in hopes of spotting MARGOT, almost like he can smell that she hides there. The FARMER stays where he is, dog snarling and ready for attack release, as JEREMY'S car rolls out of sight. As the FARMER turns to go inside, telling his dog to "hush", MARGOT calls out to him pleadingly, as loudly as she dare.

MARGOT

Please help me... I'm your  
neighbor across the tracks.

MARGOT steps out from behind the thicket, revealing herself to the FARMER.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Please. I just need to use your  
phone.

The FARMER looks to the road to make sure the car is gone, then nods at MARGOT. He understands. As MARGOT enters the farm house, the dog licks her hand.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Actually, I don't need to use  
your phone exactly. If you would  
order me a taxi to meet me at the  
library in one hour, I'd much  
appreciate it.

FARMER

(concerned)  
Where's your little girl?

MARGOT

I knew you'd know who I am.

FARMER

I know everyone around these parts. Besides, I take my scrap there. I've seen her playing.

MARGOT

She's alright. She's with my family right now - safe and sound, thank God! Anyway, if you could just make that call for me, I'll be out of your way.

FARMER

Sure, no problem. Is there anything more I can do? Money? A lift somewhere?

MARGOT

No. I'm better off on my own. Thank you anyway. I'm okay. Can I cut through your field?

FARMER

Certainly. Ah...

From a closet the FARMER pulls an old fishing hat, an overcoat and some billy boots, handing them to MARGOT.

FARMER (CONT'D)

To get through the cow shit.

MARGOT takes the clothing from the FARMER and smiles gratefully.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

35

EXT. HAMWICK'S. 3 AM.

35

MARGOT exits a taxi in the still of night in front of HAMWICK'S place. Her heightened sense of awareness and high-octane adrenaline make the silence of the street deafening. Electrical wires HUM loudly, dim street LIGHTS cast strange and intimidating SHADOWS all around her. MARGOT hastily presses the door bell button. Soft CHIMES are heard from inside. Soon a light goes on in an upper floor level and the sound of FOOTSTEPS come downstairs and meet up with the front door. HAMWICK peeks out the front door, recognizes MARGOT and opens the door to let her in, completely aware that she is extremely upset.



MARGOT

Mr. HAMWICK? I'm so sorry for  
bothering you...

HAMWICK

No bother, no bother at all,  
Dear.

HAMWICK ushers her into the house.

MARGOT

I'm sorry, I had no place else to  
go.

HAMWICK

You're in some kinda trouble,  
obviously.

HAMWICK peers out the door window to the street for a quick  
check, then guides MARGOT to a cozy, old-fashioned living  
room.

MARGOT

Yes, but the scariest thing is, I  
don't understand why!

MARGOT plunks herself heavily down into an over-stuffed  
armchair.

HAMWICK

How about a nice cuppa?

When HAMWICK sees MARGOT doesn't understand, he asks her in  
a different way.

HAMWICK

Tea?

MARGOT

No thanks.

HAMWICK

How about you sit and I'll make  
up the couch for you.

MARGOT

Thank you, Mr. HAMWICK. Really.

HAMWICK leaves the room and comes back with bed covers and  
a pillow.

HAMWICK

You sleep. Tomorrow, we'll talk.  
The lamp switch is on the wall  
there.

MARGOT  
Thanks. Thanks so much, Mr.  
HAMWICK.

CUT TO:

36 INT. CAR. 3 AM.

36

JEREMY is driving down a dark highway, speaking on his cell phone. He is seething with controlled anger.

JEREMY  
The police were all over the place... No, nobody saw me - except her... I drove around for a bit trying to find her, but... Yes. I'm on my way back right now.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

37 INT. HAMWICK'S. AFTERNOON.

37

MARGOT enters the kitchen and leans against a counter looking at HAMWICK who sits at the central table.

MARGOT  
(heavy sigh)  
Well, I spoke with the police. They said they found bullets at the tracks... and in SARAH'S bed!  
(shudders)  
They locked up my house, anyway. That's good.

HAMWICK  
Are you going to file a report?

MARGOT  
I told them I would later, since I have no idea why this guy wants me dead! I know nothing about him! All I keep thinking is, "Thank God SARAH'S in Nova Scotia"!

HAMWICK  
What are you going to do now?

MARGOT takes a seat at the table with HAMWICK.

MARGOT

Call an agent. Sell the house.  
What else? This isn't the first  
time I've had trouble there.

HAMWICK

That's not what I meant. I meant,  
"What are you going to do" about  
this guy who's after you?

MARGOT

No idea. If I knew why he was  
after me...

HAMWICK

You said it started with a letter  
you received. Can you draw me the  
symbols? Fill me in? Maybe  
together we can figure it out.

DISSOLVE TO:

38

INT. HAMWICK'S. EVENING.

38

Two TV dinners, butter, salt/pepper, utensils and beverages  
are barely noticeable among a barrage of opened and piled  
books on the kitchen table. MARGOT is reading while she  
eats. HAMWICK enters from another room with a Greek  
Septuagint, opening it to the Noah account. He eats and  
reads as well.

HAMWICK

You never said anything about  
this... "Thou shall narrow the  
ark in making it, and in a cubit  
above thou shall finish it...".

MARGOT

Narrow the ark?

HAMWICK

"...narrow the ark in making  
it...".

MARGOT

To a point. An apex!

HAMWICK

I've never seen that in any other  
bible.

MARGOT

You're right. May I see it?

HAMWICK passes it over to MARGOT.

MARGOT

I'm not surprised it isn't in any of the other bibles. This is the Septuagint.

HAMWICK

Penned for Ptolemy of Egypt's Alexandrian Library, 280 BC.

MARGOT

I remember that story from when I was a little girl. We learned it in school. The Alexandrian Library contained more than a half-million hand-written books, the greatest collection of its time.

HAMWICK

Did they tell you how Ptolemy got the Septuagint?

MARGOT

No, tell me.

HAMWICK

Well, first off, the word "Septuagint" means "seventy" in Greek. And the story goes, that when the Hebrews were enslaved and Ptolemy, King of Egypt, heard about a book that the Hebrews revered, he immediately felt he had to have a copy for his new library. So, he had Hebrew scholars brought to him and he made them a deal, which was: Ptolemy would take seventy of their greatest Hebrew scholars and put them each in an individual room. They would each translate their Hebrew sacred text into Greek. When that task was completed, the translations would be duly compared and, if the task was done with integrity, the Hebrews would be given their freedom and Ptolemy would rebuild their temple.

MARGOT

Wow. So, this bible is one of the most original bibles there are. Even the Hebrews no longer have anything that dates this far back...

(MORE)

MARGOT (cont'd)

So, there you go - another tidbit supporting my hypothesis about the pyramids and Noah's Ark.

HAMWICK

Okay, so you've explained to me how to make the blocks from sand, but, how did they get them up there?

MARGOT

I thought about that... most likely a ramp that wrapped around the pyramid as it grew, though at first, for some strange reason, I thought they might have used ladders.

HAMWICK

(chuckles)

No, I can't see them going up and down ladders with pails of wet cement - too dangerous.

MARGOT

You just reminded me of a dream I had a few nights ago -seems like an eternity ago now.

HAMWICK

Oh?

MARGOT

Yeah... I was with someone named Joseph, in Egypt, and there was so much grain.

HAMWICK

Like Joseph of the bible.

MARGOT

And, Joseph was the son of Jacob, a descendent of Abraham. They were all quite significant in Egypt.

HAMWICK

Jacob, makes me think of Jacob's Ladder. Let's look it up.

MARGOT

Good idea.

MARGOT finds the account of Jacob's dream. They read it quietly to themselves.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Says he called the place where he had the dream Bethel, but it was originally called Luz.

HAMWICK

Well, there's a mention of him in Beer-Sheba - a place that had a different name as well until Abraham called it Beer-Sheba - though we don't know what its original name was. Why I mention this, is because Abraham was having a meeting with an Egyptian governor named Abimelech.

MARGOT

More connections with Egypt.

HAMWICK

As well as the "House of God"...

MARGOT

It denotes an awesome pre-existing structure.

HAMWICK

Right, and Jacob also calls it the "Gate to Heaven".

MARGOT

Like I said, a giant telescope to the heavens...

MARGOT flips through a dictionary.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

...and all dictionary references indicate Luz is a form of Lux and Luc - like Lucifer - which just means "shining" or "light".

HAMWICK

Accounting for the bright, high-polished limestone that once covered the pyramids.

MARGOT

A mountain of light!

HAMWICK

Whoa! Hang on! Be right back.

HAMWICK leaves and comes back with a BBC news clipping.

HAMWICK (CONT'D)

I found this discovery... See? On this, where it says that the little tag is called "mountain of light"? And how there is a picture of the pyramids with it?

MARGOT looks at the article.

MARGOT'S POV: BBC article of Egyptian tags.

MARGOT

It says here this goes back to at least five thousand years ago... It would have been blinding at high noon!

HAMWICK

Lucifer is also the name of the morning star, day star or...

MARGOT

Venus!

HAMWICK

Exactly, the brightest star, Venus.

MARGOT

Again tying the pyramids to astronomy.

HAMWICK

Why are you so certain Luz is modern-day Giza when the bible says clearly that it was in the Middle East?

MARGOT

Because Jacob's parents sent him from the west moving east. Jacob left from Egyptian territory. But, also, a lot of the map is upside down.

HAMWICK

What do you mean, "upside down"?

MARGOT

Okay - I love this - the Nile river flows from south to north on our maps, yet the Egyptians called the south portion "Upper Egypt" and the delta portion - the north - "Lower Egypt".

(MORE)

MARGOT (cont'd)

Now, our maps show the Tigris River west of Ninevah. However, Genesis 2:14 says it's east of Ninevah.

HAMWICK

Really?

HAMWICK grabs the bible so he can check this for himself.

HAMWICK

(surprised)

How did you know that?

MARGOT

Oh, just one of those little things about the bible that don't add up. I suffered such realizations as a child in a strict religious household. Kinda like the Cain getting a wife anomaly.

(shrugs)

So - I notice things.

HAMWICK

(chuckles)

I'm noticing!

MARGOT

So, sometimes you have to turn the map around. Now, if you take the distance between Beer-Sheba - Dead Sea area - and Haran - where Jacob says he went - near Babylon, that distance eastward is roughly the same distance as from Beer-Sheba to Giza going westward.

HAMWICK

You're right about the Tigris River thing. So, if the bible is correct, he did definitely leave from Egyptian territory to go east to Babylon. And, if the bible is upside down as you say, then moving from Beer-Sheba west the same distance, still puts him in Egypt. Either/or, Jacob had his dream in Egypt.

MARGOT

Oh, yeah... My silly dream is starting to make sense. Egypt, sand, grain, Joseph, son of Jacob, all of them in Egypt.

(MORE)



MARGOT (cont'd)

Now you know why I believe Luz is modern-day Giza, the location of the pyramids. But, now I'm thinking, maybe it wasn't a ramp or a ladder. What if it was stairs?

HAMWICK

Stairs?

MARGOT

Yeah, stairs. I've seen many glyphs of stairs in Egyptian writing. And, if you look straight on at a set of stairs and draw them, what you draw looks like a ladder.

HAMWICK

Like the "Divine Eye" you showed me... That makes better sense than anything else. They could build the stairs right up along with the levels as the pyramid stepped-up to completion.

MARGOT

Here's something else I just remembered. Jacob also had associations with Shechem, supposedly a place in the middle east, but what was actually a place in Egypt re-named Letopolis by the Greeks. And, my best friend SALLY and I came to the conclusion that the Hebrew bible is simply a translation of Egyptian text.

HAMWICK

Okay - I'm convinced enough. So, we have pyramid blocks made from sand, bitumen from the Nile and some kinda glue.

MARGOT

I suspect papyrus juice for glue. It's very bonding, which is why it makes great paper.

HAMWICK

Alright, I'll buy that... then they used a water-tight wood, gopher wood, to create moulds which were filled, in place...

MARGOT

Filled by pails of "cement"  
carried by workers up and down...  
a wide set of stairs!

HAMWICK

Okay, and it was used to observe  
and record the movement of the  
heavens.

MARGOT

Right, with crystal lenses carved  
by Ethiopians.

HAMWICK

Observing constellations and  
planets like Venus...

MARGOT

Or, Orion!

HAMWICK

I've seen connections made in  
documentaries about the way the  
three main pyramids align  
perfectly with the constellation  
Orion.

MARGOT

That's true. I've seen it too.  
Amazing how accurately aligned  
the pyramids actually are...  
There's just one problem: there  
are five points of Orion and only  
three of them covered by the  
pyramids. Why didn't they build  
the other two?

HAMWICK

Maybe, they were prevented from  
finishing their project.

MARGOT

We should try and finish it.  
Wouldn't that be something - go  
to Egypt and build like an  
Egyptian!

HAMWICK

Where would we build it?

MARGOT

(ponders)

Do you have a star map and a  
topographic photo of the  
pyramids?

HAMWICK gets up to leave the room.

HAMWICK

Yep, I'm certain I do. Be right back.

MARGOT calls out after him.

MARGOT

And a straight pin, safety pin - something sharp and pointy.

HAMWICK returns with most of the things MARGOT requested. She takes the pin and star map from him, holding the pin ready to puncture the Orion star system on a seriously old map.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

May I?

HAMWICK

Sure, go ahead. You've got me so damn excited. What are you trying to do now?

MARGOT

Well, if I create small holes in each of the five stars of Orion...

(does it)

...I can shine a light through the holes...

HAMWICK

And align the centre three star points to that of the topographic pyramids.

MARGOT

Exactly...

HAMWICK opens a kitchen utility-type drawer and pulls out a flashlight and a magic marker, bringing them to the table and turning the flashlight on. He holds it over the star map which MARGOT is holding. The light shines through the three centre stars, aligning them perfectly to the three main pyramids.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

...leaving two additional locations... Give me the flashlight and mark the two new locations on the map with the marker - if that's okay.

HAMWICK

Yep, okay... hold it steady... a little higher - good!

HAMWICK marks off the two new locations with the magic marker.

HAMWICK (CONT'D)

Done!

They put everything down and look at the map.

HAMWICK (CONT'D)

The most northern location is uncharted.

MARGOT

Okay. But, the other one sits on a grid mark... a place called... Restau.

FADE TO:

39

INT. AMORC OFFICE. EARLY EVENING.

39

JEREMY is speaking with the MAN in the AMORC robe. Another person, a THUG, is present.

MAN

You've created a panic. What were you thinking shooting at a little girl, regardless whether she was there or not?

JEREMY

I didn't know not to take them out. I was not informed. Do we know yet?

MAN

The girl is with her aunt. They flew out yesterday evening.

JEREMY

And the woman?

MAN

We want you to leave and get the girl.

JEREMY

(annoyed)  
Now?

MAN

There's no time to lose.

JEREMY

(shrugs)

Okay. Now... Am I driving or flying?

MAN

Flying. It's important you get there as soon as possible.

JEREMY nods. He exits, closing the door behind him.

MAN

Did Cole make the arrangements?

THUG

Yes, Sir.

FADE TO:

40

INT. NANA'S. EVENING.

40

SARAH and MEAGHAN are playing a kids game on the floor of NANA'S living room, while NANA, ALAN and SALLY watch television, a new program about to begin.

TAG: CLOCK 8 PM

The PHONE rings. NANA is about to go answer it, but SALLY indicates she will, going to the kitchen and answering it.

SALLY

Hello?

MARGOT

Hey there! How's it goin'?

SALLY

Hey there you! Where the hell have you been? We've been calling and calling... just got the answering machine.

MARGOT

Oh, I've been visiting with a friend.

SALLY

I didn't think you had any of those? Which friend?

MARGOT

SALLY, can I speak to SARAH?

SALLY

Sure, hang on.

SALLY calls out to SARAH to come to the kitchen and take the phone. SARAH races into the kitchen and takes the phone from SALLY.

SALLY  
It's your Mom.

SARAH  
Hi Mom!

MARGOT  
Hi, Sweetie! It's so good to hear your voice.

SARAH  
When are you coming?

MARGOT  
You and MEAGHAN having fun together?

SARAH  
Oh yeah. We went swimming today in a lake.

MARGOT  
Wow! Bet that was fun.

SARAH  
Yeah, but then some bloodsuckers got stuck on me and MEAGHAN - ew - it was yucky.

MARGOT  
Oh my!

SARAH  
Yeah, but NANA put salt on them right away and they curled up in a ball and fell away.

MARGOT  
Ick!

SARAH  
I gotta go finish my game with MEAGHAN now. Aunt SALLY wants to speak with you again.

MARGOT  
Okay, Honey. I miss you and love you.

SARAH  
Love ya too, mom.

SARAH hands the phone back to SALLY and dashes back to the living room.

SALLY

So, when are you coming?

MARGOT

Not sure. I've have some... complications.

SALLY

Like...?

MARGOT

Like... JEREMY came back.

SALLY

Good God, MARGOT! Are you-? Is that why-?

MARGOT

I'm fine and yes, that's why I'm at a friends.

SALLY

Did you call the police, finally?

MARGOT

Yes, the police came. And, I've called an agent and she can sell the house. She can access the key under the rock in the front garden, so I don't have to be there.

SALLY

And move where? Here?

MARGOT

Yeah. I think so, but I'll see.

SALLY

Are you sure you're okay?

MARGOT

Pretty good. I'm safe. SARAH'S safe. You're safe.

SALLY

Well, okay...

MARGOT

I'll give you a call in the morning. We can talk more then. Okay?

SALLY

Okay.

SALLY hangs up, looking a little worried.

CUT TO:

41

INT. HAMWICK'S LIVING ROOM. 7:15 PM.

41

MARGOT joins HAMWICK in the living room on the couch.

HAMWICK

Everything okay?

MARGOT

Yeah. Fine.

HAMWICK

Good... While you were on the phone, I got to thinking about some things.

MARGOT

Yes? Like?

HAMWICK

Like... How would we ever fund such a project, building a pyramid? Nobody is going to back this. It's too... crazy!

MARGOT

I'm backing it.

HAMWICK

You?

MARGOT

Sure. I got money. My husband's insurance awarded me a large sum after he died, most of which I still have. When FRANK died, the house became debt free and so did I. Basically, SARAH and I live off the earnings from my art sales.

HAMWICK

Handled through the gallery.

MARGOT

Right. They sell it, take a commission and deposit my cut directly into my bank account.



HAMWICK

How long has it been since your husband died, if you don't mind me asking?

MARGOT

No, I don't mind... I still suffer a broken heart - a broken soul - but I've learned to say his name without breaking down. For SARAH'S sake. Five years. Five, heart-wrenching, lonely years.

HAMWICK

I understand... after Suzanna - my wife - died, I stopped living for ten years... ten years...

MARGOT

When did ya snap out of it?

HAMWICK

Oh, about five years ago... strangest thing... I was at one of those outdoor markets, you know the kind...

MARGOT

Yeah.

HAMWICK

...and a little girl talked me into buying a small plant, making me promise I'd take excellent care of it. Well, I brought it home, tossed it in the corner and forgot about it. And, a few days later, I noticed it all wilted, begging for water and sunlight. I felt bad suddenly because I had promised that little girl... anyway, I took care of that plant and took pride in its growth. And one day I realized that as I began taking better care of the plant, I began taking better care of myself. Just like that.

MARGOT

A little girl...

HAMWICK

Yeah... cute as a button... like your little one, SARAH... Suzanna was barren and so we never had children.

MARGOT

I'm sorry to hear that.

HAMWICK

No. Don't be. I never had to share Suzanna's attention and so we truly enjoyed each other's company, thoroughly, constantly. It was okay, because our love was never wasted. We gave it completely to each other.

MARGOT

What about the rest of your family?

HAMWICK

Suzanna's brother, Edward, has two children, both in their early twenties now. They live in England. Edward is one of my archaeology friends I told you about, who sends me nuggets from digs.

MARGOT

Like the ones in the basket where I got my pin and SARAH got her ring.

HAMWICK

Yup. Exactly.

MARGOT

Digs in Egypt?

HAMWICK

Egypt, Palestine, anywhere, really.

MARGOT

Do you think he might be able to get us permission to build a small-scale, removable pyramid? At Restau?

HAMWICK thinks about it. He goes to a desk and gets paper and pen, and sits back on the couch, poised over the coffee table ready to write.

HAMWICK

I can't call him for a few hours yet, but I'll set my alarm and call him at his 9 AM, and ask him. In the meantime, we should create a pliable scenario...

MARGOT

Like "a family fun experiment"?

HAMWICK

Yeah! That's good! That's perfect, actually... EDWARD is well respected, very professional. If he approaches it from a "build only" angle, the Egyptian government might actually grant us permission. What else should we tell him?

MARGOT

Do you trust him?

HAMWICK

Totally. Completely.

MARGOT

Then tell him the truth. Tell him we learned that Noah's Ark is not a ship sailing the oceans of the world, but rather, a vessel navigating the expanse of the heavens! Tell him we learned Noah's Ark is the Great Pyramid...

HAMWICK

And that we've learned how it was built exactly...

MARGOT

And that we'd like to test our theory - for the fun of it - entirely at our expense.

HAMWICK

Oh, they'll like that... anything bringing money into their country is welcome.

CUT TO:

42 INT. CAR. EVENING.

42

From the back seat looking forward, the LED of the clock on the dash of JEREMY'S car reads 7:30 PM. He is grumbling under his breath, tired of being on the road. The camera ZOOMS out above the car as it proceeds down the stretch of country road, on its way to... the car EXPLODES, sending DEBRIS and FLAMES everywhere. SLOW MOTION as the pieces fall to the road, the roadside, the land beyond.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. AMORC OFFICE. EVENING.

43

The THUG enters to speak to the robed AMORC MAN.

THUG

Sir... Cole has just notified me that your arrangements have been executed.

MAN

And the replacement?

THUG

Standing by, Sir, for your orders. Should I send him after the girl?

MAN

Not yet. I want him to find that woman.

FADE TO:

44 EXT. LAKESIDE PARK. AFTERNOON.

44

MARGOT and HAMWICK stroll together on the boardwalk, taking in the fresh air and sunshine as they converse.

HAMWICK

EDWARD said he's got one month's leave beginning in a week - and he'd love to spend at least some of it in Cairo.

MARGOT

Excellent! So, he's curious.

HAMWICK

Oh yeah! He told me he's contacting the Department of Antiquities in Cairo today to make the request.

MARGOT

Does he think he'll be able to get permission?

HAMWICK

Well, he seems confident.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

45 INT. DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES. MORNING.

45

MAN #1 and MAN #2 are in MAN #2's office, talking in Arabic.

ENGLISH SUBTITLES

MAN #2

I just got off the phone with  
EDWARD Morgan.

MAN #1

Oh, is he coming back?

MAN #2

He wants permission for a  
project.

MAN #1

I thought he was already on a dig  
in South Essex?

MAN #2

He doesn't want to dig. He wants  
to build.

MAN #1

Build? Build what?

MAN #2

(laughing)  
A pyramid.

MAN #1

(laughs)  
A pyramid?

MAN #2

Yeah, a little pyramid.

MAN #1

Well, where does he plan on  
building this?

MAN #2

Restau.

MAN #1

(taken aback)

MAN #2

I want you to send an okay.

MAN #1

I thought we weren't allowing anyone in that area.

MAN #2

I find it far too coincidental that two separate parties are interested in the same location for nothing of importance.

MAN #1

So you suspect something?

MAN #2

Morgan plans to hire a small crew. If we play this right, maybe we can slide one of our own people in there, see what he's really up to.

MAN #1

What about that other group? Are you going to let them dig after Morgan gets through with the site?

MAN #2

Interesting... I want you to send permission to the first group to dig in approximately six months. Tell them that currently, a project has been approved at Restau, and that they can go in once this current project is completed. Let's see what results.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

46 EXT. MARGOT'S. NOON.

46

A real estate LADY is posting a "For Sale" sign at the roadside of MARGOT'S property. As she finishes, a car drives slowly by her. She looks up, points at the sign, then at the driver. She nods, points at the driveway then points to the front door of MARGOT'S house. As the car pulls into the driveway, the real estate LADY goes through the front yard gate, digging keys out of her purse. She unlocks the front door and enters the house, leaving the door wide open behind her.

CUT TO:

47

INT. HAMWICK'S. AFTERNOON.

47

HAMWICK and MARGOT are in the kitchen sitting at the table. A pen and paper are in front of MARGOT.

HAMWICK

So, are you ready for this?

MARGOT

Not really, but at least it'll put some distance between me and JEREMY. Give me some more time to find out what Abrams' "secret" is.

HAMWICK

When are you going to tell SARAH?

MARGOT

I was just getting ready to call her. It's not SARAH I have to explain myself to - she's totally absorbed in playing with her cousin right now. I could go to China and SARAH'd be "Okay, Mom. See ya.", sort of thing. No, it's SALLY that concerns me.

HAMWICK

Well, in three days we leave for Cairo. You can tell them now or you can tell them then.

MARGOT

Hey, I just got another bright idea - why don't you tell her.

HAMWICK

Tell SALLY?

MARGOT

No, SARAH. Yeah, that's what we'll do. When I call, you can talk with SARAH too. Then I'll talk to SALLY. 'Cause that way, when SALLY questions SARAH about my "friend", - that being you - SARAH will show no worries and that'll keep SALLY off my back. Don't get me wrong, I know SALLY has my best interest at heart...

HAMWICK

But she doesn't understand what's behind this.

MARGOT

Well, her and I went through something traumatic a number of years ago and I think that's more the problem - she understands too well and she's terribly afraid for me.

HAMWICK

Well, I'm going to take a jaunt over to the travel agency and finalize our arrangements.

MARGOT

I'm going to call home. Can you wait a sec before you go - to talk to SARAH for a sec?

HAMWICK nods and they both go to the living room. MARGOT dials the phone.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Hi ALAN... Pretty good, better.

Is SARAH there?... Thanks...

SARAH? Hi Honey, it's Mom...

(laughs)

Really? It's good you have a new friend. Honey, remember Mom's friend, Mr. HAMWICK?... That's right - the man who gave you your Nefertiti ring...

HAMWICK

(chuckles)

MARGOT

... He's right here and wants to say hello.

MARGOT hands the phone to HAMWICK then heads to the kitchen. MARGOT gets her pad and pen from the table and goes back to the living room, where HAMWICK is finishing up small talk with SARAH. He hands the phone to MARGOT.

HAMWICK

(to MARGOT)

I'm going now... I'll be back shortly.

HAMWICK leaves the living room and MARGOT keeps talking to SARAH.

MARGOT

Hey, Honey. Mom's got to go somewhere for a little bit... Well, it's a little far... Not too long. Couple of weeks.

(MORE)



MARGOT (cont'd)  
 I'll send you lots of very  
 special presents - everyday.  
 How's that sound?... Yes, and  
 I'll call every chance I can...  
 Well, there aren't many phones  
 where I'll be...

(laughs)

No, I don't think my cell phone  
 will work all the way out  
 there... Okay, Honey... Is your  
 Aunt SALLY home?... Okay, when  
 she gets home from work tell her  
 I'll be calling at nine tonight,  
 your time. Got that, Honey?...  
 Okay. Love you!

CUT TO:

48 INT. AMORC OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

48

The THUG is speaking to the AMORC MAN.

THUG

Our contact in Cairo has  
 confirmed the fax you received  
 earlier from the Department of  
 Antiquities.

MAN

And?

THUG

There are five project members:  
 EDWARD Morgan -

MAN

The archaeologist. This is not  
 good... Go on.

THUG

Morgan's two children, BARRY and  
 MELISSA, a Thomas HAMWICK and  
 MARGOT Sicambri.

MAN

Good. That confirms what her  
 realtor said about her being out  
 of town and needing her passport  
 to leave the country.

THUG

What do you want me to do, Sir?

The MAN paces around his office, thinking, picking at his  
 hands.

MAN

Set up our man in Cairo. Have him ready to move on Restau if necessary.

THUG

You think she knows about the box?

MAN

I'm certain. There's no other reason for her to be going there.

DISSOLVE TO:

49

INT. HAMWICK'S. EVENING.

49

HAMWICK enters the kitchen where MARGOT is cooking them dinner.

MARGOT

I hope this was alright?

HAMWICK

Better than alright. Were you able to find your way around okay?

MARGOT

Well, it's ready to eat, so you'd better hope so.

HAMWICK laughs and sits down at the table as MARGOT puts together two plates of food. She sits herself at the table and they both eat, talking between bites.

HAMWICK

So, everything's set.

MARGOT

Do we get a guide?

HAMWICK

The agency said it would be organized for when we arrive - guide, who dubs as a translator and driver, hotel, everything we need.

MARGOT

And the tickets?

HAMWICK

Mmm... This is good!

MARGOT

Thanks.

HAMWICK

We pick them up at the airport. They are being held on your credit card, but they'll have to be paid for at the airport before we board. That's when we get them.

MARGOT

Anything else?

HAMWICK

Well, I picked-up your passport from your real estate LADY. It's in my jacket pocket. I'll get for you later.

MARGOT

I called my doctor. I go in tomorrow for shots and afterwards I'll get a new passport photo.

HAMWICK

Me too. How about I pick you up after your doctor's appointment, if you want, and we can do the photos together. That way, we can take them immediately to the passport office for finalizing.

MARGOT

Sure. Sounds great! So, we just show up with our passports and tickets?

HAMWICK

That's right.

(laughs)

In your case, that's exactly right.

MARGOT

(laughs)

No, no. I'm going shopping for some luggage long before I get on that plane. I'm going to need something to bring back all my tourist trinkets in.

HAMWICK

How'd it go with SALLY?

MARGOT

She wasn't there. I'm going to call her again in a bit.

HAMWICK

What're ya going to tell her?

MARGOT

Well, I told SARAH I'm going away for a bit and she took that as well as I knew she would. I think I'm just going to tell SALLY that I need some time to think, that whatever will solve my Abrams' problem is in Egypt and that I have to go there in order to end all this nonsense. And that I'll be home in a few weeks.

HAMWICK

Home?

MARGOT

My mother-in-law's home.

HAMWICK

Well, that will make them all feel a lot better.

MARGOT

Not really. SALLY'S going to freak when she hears we're leaving in three days!

FADE TO:

50 INT. CAIRO AIRPORT. MORNING.

50

MARGOT and HAMWICK push their way through a noisy, crowded, bustling airport terminal, luggage in hand, finally reaching a clearing near the main doors. Among many persons holding name placards is one tall Ethiopian MAN, with a Bob Geldoff-like massive doo of dreadlocks. He holds a placard with MARGOT'S name on it. MARGOT and HAMWICK quickly approach the MAN who smirks at them.

MARGOT

Hi. We're "SICAMBRI".

MAN

I am FASIL. Welcome to Cairo. Come. We go now.

FASIL takes MARGOT'S luggage from her and heads out of the airport.

DOLLY with MARGOT and HAMWICK as they follow closely behind FASIL, stopping outside the airport in front of a jalopy. FASIL opens the trunk and puts all the luggage inside. He motions with his hand for MARGOT and HAMWICK to get into the back seat. MARGOT whispers to HAMWICK.

MARGOT

Not very friendly, eh?

HAMWICK

(snide)

He's just having a bad hair day.

FASIL drives away from the airport. The drive is a panicky journey - so many cars racing to seemingly nowhere, in all directions, road rage in a heightened state, an absolute congestion of gas and brake, gas and brake. When FASIL sticks half his body out of his driver's window while he's driving to curse another driver, MARGOT and HAMWICK become visibly concerned, though they don't say anything about it. FASIL finally pulls up to a beautiful hotel. As MARGOT and HAMWICK exit the vehicle, FASIL gets the luggage from the trunk. They all enter the hotel lobby and proceed to the main reception counter. FASIL drops their luggage onto a cart and taps MARGOT'S shoulder. He hands her a business card, then jabs a hard finger at his own chest.

FASIL

Call me. FASIL. I am good guide.  
I am good translator. I drive you  
anywhere you want to go. Call me.  
FASIL. Yes?

MARGOT can't help it. Though FASIL is rough-cut, he means well. She smiles at him and nods "yes". For the first time, FASIL smiles - a huge smile that hides a secret.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. 10 AM.

51

Five people sit around a table having brunch: MARGOT, HAMWICK, EDWARD, BARRY, MELISSA.

SPLIT DIALOGUE: The males talk about equipment, materials, supplies, crew, tools and basic needs required for the building project. MARGOT and MELISSA discuss the city, the people, the shopping.

BEGIN - DIALOGUE MALES

HAMWICK

Here are more drafts for you,  
EDWARD.

EDWARD

Great. We have seven moulds ready, thirty pails on shoulder yolks, bulldozer to level the site...

BARRY

The bulldozer operator is meeting us on Thursday morn.

HAMWICK

Right, okay. For a minute I forgot what day it was. Okay, Tuesday. Thursday morning we begin.

BARRY

We're surveying tomorrow, hiring crew...

EDWARD

We have most of the basic supplies - rope, shovels, picks, all that.

HAMWICK

What about food and such?

BARRY

We're setting up a tent for all that. MELISSA'S going to buy the chow and beer!

EDWARD

Yeah, so a few final tasks and we're ready to build.

HAMWICK

How many men do you figure we need to hire?

EDWARD

Twenty. Maybe less. We'll hire a pit-boss. They usually have their own workmen.

BARRY

Basically, we show the pit-boss the project site and give him some details about the project, and the next day, they all show up and work.

## BEGIN DIALOGUE FEMALES

MARGOT

It certainly is loud here!

MELISSA

Yes. They're very active and expressive people.

MARGOT

Yeah - and they like to hug a lot. I noticed that... Very physical. It's true.

MELISSA

Your first visit, yes?

MARGOT

(laughs)

Yes. That obvious, eh?

MELISSA

You'll get used to it. In a couple of days, we'll have ya trading in the market pits with all the other dealers!

MARGOT

"Trading in the market pits"?

MELISSA

It's like an auction with an enormous amount of loud squabbling, elbowing, shoving, like a mosh-pit, all just to buy something.

MARGOT

No thanks. I'm too passive for that... I was interested in buying some particular things while I'm here though.

MELISSA

I'll help you... Like what?

MARGOT

Some rock crystal, some myrrh.

MELISSA

Do you like fabrics? They have the most striking colors and textures. Dad says you're an artist?

MARGOT

Yes, that's right. Sure, if you want to take me shopping, I'd love to experience it.

END SPLIT DIALOGUE

MELISSA

(to EDWARD)

Dad?

EDWARD

Yeah?

MELISSA

MARGOT wants to do some shopping. Can she come with?

EDWARD

Sure, Poppet. Be sure FASIL takes you Lasses around.

MELISSA

Why? I thought you were driving us?

BARRY

No, we're going to the site. For a few hours.

EDWARD

And we'll meet up with you both at the Cairo Museum, say four o'clock?

MARGOT

That sounds great. I love going to museums.

HAMWICK

That's where the office of the Department of Antiquities is located.

MARGOT

Oh.

BARRY

We have to acquaint ourselves personally with them, though, they already know Dad.

MELISSA

This is the first time for BARRY and myself, being involved.

(MORE)



MELISSA (cont'd)  
Usually we just hear about Dad's exploits.

EDWARD  
The Department just likes to know things with their own eyes.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. CAIRO MARKET. NOON.

52

Smelly camels, loose-running livestock, heady spices, exotic jewelry, brilliant textiles, all collide around MARGOT and MELISSA as FASIL leads the way from stall to stall in the densely crowded streets. It is very loud with hustle and bustle and MARGOT has to yell out to be heard by FASIL.

MARGOT  
FASIL! FASIL! Stop!

FASIL  
You see something?

MARGOT  
Come. I'll show you.

FASIL closes in on MARGOT'S position as she points at the objects of her desire - carved, Ethiopian crystal. As FASIL draws near her, she points out two large crystal balls. FASIL begins ardently debating with the VENDOR in Arabic. They flail their arms at each other, yelling, arguing. As MARGOT watches in dismay, and MELISSA in fascination, the entire match ends and FASIL calmly turns to MARGOT.

FASIL  
Four hundred pounds for both.

MARGOT  
Is that good?

MELISSA  
Oh, yeah. That's great!

FASIL  
(to MARGOT)  
Shake your head "no".

MARGOT does as she is told. Suddenly, FASIL goes into another tirade with the VENDOR. Insults are hurled and finally the VENDOR throws up his arms in a show of resignation, waving a hand to take them away, take them away, the crystal balls.

FASIL (CONT'D)  
(to MARGOT)  
Three hundred pounds for both.

MARGOT  
 (worried)  
 Am I allowed to say "yes" now?

MELISSA giggles and nods "yes" to MARGOT, who nods "yes" at FASIL who nods a stern "yes" at the VENDOR.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. RESTAU. 2 PM.

53

Sand. Lots and lots of golden sand as far as the eye can see. And near it, the Nile. The pyramids loom in the background and the Sphinx watches over them. HAMWICK, EDWARD and BARRY head back to the jeep, dusting themselves as they walk, discussing. HAMWICK is patting his sweating head with a hanky.

HAMWICK  
 So, this project is not being conducted as per ancient Egyptian technology, per se. Bulldozer, pulley systems, mixers, generators...

BARRY  
 That's just because we are on a short time schedule. The actual blocks, the pyramid and the stair mount will all be as per ancient technique.

EDWARD  
 If this actually works, we'll apply to build a "true pyramid" maybe next year.

They all pile into EDWARD'S jeep and drive towards the city.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. CAIRO MARKET. 2:30 PM.

54

FASIL, MARGOT and MELISSA are busy buying things. A WOMAN sits on the ground weaving a basket from brilliant-colored wool. Her weaving tool is identical to MARGOT'S pin. MARGOT stops, fascinated. MELISSA stops too, curious.

MELISSA  
 What's up?

MARGOT  
 Not much... well, see that thing she's using to weave with?

MELISSA  
The metal tool?

MARGOT  
Yeah... It didn't start life off  
as a weaving tool...

FASIL leads MARGOT and MELISSA away, cutting through the crowd like a man fighting his way through thick jungle. MARGOT dallies for a moment at a stall, mesmerized by some brightly colored fabrics. A MAN pushes in behind her, a small, black object in his hand. The MAN presses the object with his thumb and a six-inch blade lunges forward. As he sweeps in to puncture MARGOT'S mid back, MELISSA pulls her by the elbow, yanking MARGOT forward to show her something, while behind her, the knife slices through the back of her garment and punctures another PERSON who has stepped unwittingly into MARGOT'S place. As MELISSA pulls MARGOT along, a huge squabble breaks out behind her, gaining FASIL'S attention. FASIL stops, looks at the melee, listens to the shouting then grabs both women and quickly moves them away from the area. He is rough and stern as he pulls the women through the thickening, curious crowd, pressing them in as they try to get out. Finally, FASIL finds a break in the crowd and the three of them find a place to stop for a moment. MARGOT is visibly shaken, MELISSA, flustered.

MARGOT  
What the hell was that about?

FASIL  
Fight.

MARGOT  
Is that normal?  
(shrugs)  
We go to the museum now.

MELISSA  
Whoa! That was too wild!  
Absolutely invigorating!

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES. 4 PM.

55

MELISSA and BARRY are waiting on a bench in a hallway outside a closed office door. MELISSA fidgets while BARRY checks his wristwatch. BARRY is about to say something to MELISSA when the office door opens. MARGOT, HAMWICK and EDWARD step out. EDWARD is thanking a MAN in Arabic, they laugh and shake hands. DOLLY with the five as they proceed down a corridor, through a minor museum towards the building's exit.

As the others look at the museum's few statues, mummies and artifacts, MARGOT proceeds immediately to a wall of stele. HAMWICK joins her and MARGOT points to a detail in the carved image.

MARGOT

See that?

HAMWICK

The ankh?

MARGOT

One of Abrams' symbols.

They gaze in silence together at the carved symbol.

EDWARD

Come on you two. Dinner time.

DOLLY as they all exit the building. As they move towards the sidewalk, a man, a BRIT, approaches the group.

BRIT

G'day. My name is NIGEL, Sinclair. I was told by the Department of Antiquities that you might be still in need of a crew foreman and crew.

The group look from one to the other.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

This is the Morgan Group?

EDWARD

Yes. Yes, we're in need of a pit boss and crew, except we're not digging.

NIGEL

Not digging?

(laughs)

What? Are you trying to raise an obelisk?

MARGOT

No. We're going to build a pyramid.

NIGEL

(smiles)

Well, that's certainly novel.

EDWARD tosses his keys at BARRY.

EDWARD

Here, son. Take everyone back to the hotel.

(MORE)

EDWARD (cont'd)  
 I'll meet you at the restaurant.  
 (to NIGEL)  
 So, let's talk money...

DISSOLVE TO:

56

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. EARLY EVENING.

56

MELISSA, MARGOT, BARRY and HAMWICK are finishing dinner as EDWARD enters the restaurant - NIGEL at his side. They take a seat at the table with the rest of their group.

EDWARD  
 NIGEL'S got some good news - we  
 can get started tomorrow morning.

MARGOT  
 Instead of Thursday?

MELISSA  
 What about the tent, the camp?

BARRY  
 And the moulds and supplies?

EDWARD  
 Relax... MELISSA, you and MARGOT  
 can set-up with HAMWICK while  
 your brother, NIGEL and I survey,  
 clear and level the site. Moulds  
 and supplies will be delivered  
 tomorrow.

HAMWICK  
 We can be ready to mix and pour  
 the moulds on Thursday - a day  
 ahead of schedule...

They all toast to the welcome news. MARGOT gets up, excusing herself.

MARGOT  
 I'm heading up to my room,  
 everyone.

MELISSA  
 Tired?

MARGOT  
 Yeah, a little. I need to call my  
 daughter, and FASIL about  
 tomorrow and wrap my days'  
 shopping for mailing home...

NIGEL

There's an excellent shop in the hotel lobby. They have a postal service.

NIGEL smiles interestingly at MARGOT.

MARGOT

Thank you Mr. Sinclair.

NIGEL

Sinclair, or NIGEL. Mr. Sinclair is my father.

MARGOT

Thank you, NIGEL. I'll see you all in the morning, then.

DOLLY with MARGOT as she goes to the hotel shop, where she picks out some shipping supplies. She passes a group of books on a turnstile rack. She stops and pulls out one book: The Eye of Horace.

MARGOT

(to herself)

There's Abrams' eye again... "an oracle of Ancient Egypt"... oracle, which is divining, "divining eye".

MARGOT brings it to the counter with her purchases.

FADE TO:

57

INT. AMORC OFFICE. NIGHT.

57

AMORC MAN is working at his desk. A KNOCK at the door gets his attention.

MAN

Come.

THUG

A report in from Cairo, Sir.

MAN

Good.

THUG

Our man has made contact.

MAN

Contact?

THUG

Yes, Sir. The market place proved unsuccessful.

MAN

Damn!

THUG

Our man is confident though, that he'll have the box soon.

MAN

Even with her alive?

THUG

Seems she's not there for the box, Sir. Apparently...

(chuckles)

She knows nothing about it. She says she's building a pyramid.

MAN

So she says...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

58

EXT. RESTAU. NOON.

58

The sun is high, blazing, unrelenting. The camp is nearly completely set-up. Everyone except NIGEL and his crew are present. Moulds have arrived and stand waiting. Agitation rises with the days' temperature as they all wait for NIGEL to arrive. MARGOT is helping MELISSA prepare food in the tent when EDWARD comes in to talk to MARGOT.

EDWARD

We're going to begin surveying.  
We're not waiting for him any longer.

MARGOT

Let's get at it!

EDWARD

(angry)

Exactly my sentiments.

EDWARD shuffles back out of the tent. MARGOT and MELISSA keep working on the food prep. MARGOT wipes her hands on a towel after a few moments and looks at MELISSA.

MARGOT

I'd better go see what those men are up to.

MELISSA

Don't worry. Dad's an old hand at this stuff.

MARGOT

Well, when tempers flare, cooler heads should prevail...

DOLLY with MARGOT as she leaves the tent and walks to where BARRY, HAMWICK and EDWARD are stringing cord from one wooden stick stuck in the sand to another, creating a squared-off grid.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

You guys aren't in the right place.

The men all stop and glare at her, annoyed.

BARRY

What?

MARGOT

We're supposed to be building over there.

BARRY

Bugger! What bloody difference does it make?

MARGOT

Well, I just figured if we're going to do it, let's do it right - right at the point of alignment.

BARRY

What alignment?

HAMWICK

Between Betelgeuse, the Alpha Star of Orion...

EDWARD

And Earth. I've heard that theory.

BARRY

What? About the pyramids and Orion? That's poppycock!

EDWARD throws BARRY a stern glance.

EDWARD

She's right. The alignment is further north. Okay, let's move to there.



MARGOT is satisfied, and after she turns her back on the men to make her way back to the tent, she smiles, proud of herself.

BARRY

(quietly to EDWARD)

Why are you playing up to her?

EDWARD

Because, son, she's paying for it. It's her research project and, like any woman, it's much easier than arguing with her.

They remove the wooden sticks and string and move further north about fifty feet. The men begin to re-grid the area. NIGEL pulls up in an expensive Land Rover - a bulldozer, several vehicles filled with Arab MEN and a flatbed with a generator and various other supplies following him onto the site. NIGEL hand-signals out his window for his convoy to stop as he pulls his Land Rover up alongside EDWARD.

NIGEL

Sorry we're a bit behind, mate.

EDWARD

(scowls)

Just glad you're here now. If you want to get your crew organized, we'll be done laying the outer grid by the time you're ready to clear and level the site.

NIGEL nods agreeably then hand-signals his convoy to follow as he parks near the tent.

DISSOLVE TO:

59

EXT. RESTAU. FADING LIGHT.

59

The BULLDOZER is clearing sand from a 30'x30' gridded area. The BULLDOZER clears half the sand and goes to make another sweep when a scraping sound is heard against the huge dozer's shovel. NIGEL hollers out and flags his arms at the DRIVER signalling him to stop, then to back away. The immediate CREW moves in, curious, for a better look. They see something hard and dark in the sand. EDWARD removes a hand-held whisk broom from his back jeans pocket and begins sweeping sand away from the object.

HAMWICK

Patina!

EDWARD

Yep, it's definitely metal.

EDWARD keeps sweeping. As he clears more sand away, the object becomes more exposed. A bit more sweeping and a 4'x3' METAL SLAB is exposed. They all stare at it.

MELISSA  
What is it, Dad?

EDWARD  
Not sure, Poppet.

BARRY  
Is it just laying in the sand?

EDWARD feels around the edges.

EDWARD  
No. It's as if it's set into the sand.

EDWARD sweeps more around the outer edge of the METAL SLAB, exposing what seems to be stone block all around.

MARGOT  
It's a door! Look, there's something written on it...

EDWARD clears more sand away, and a four-inch slot appears. Beside it is a strange-looking symbol. MARGOT discretely elbows HAMWICK. She points to the symbol on the door.

MARGOT'S POV: Patina-covered door with a four-inch slot, etched with the molecule-looking symbol from Abrams' letter.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

60 INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING.

60

MARGOT is speaking on the phone with SARAH.

MARGOT  
(laughs)  
...Yes, I know I sound funny, Sweetie. It's called a delay. It means when you talk, I have to wait to hear you because your voice has to travel so far to get to me... Yep, same thing when I speak to you... SARAH, Honey, I need to talk with Aunt SALLY. Is she there?... Okay... I love you!

As MARGOT waits for SALLY to come to the phone a KNOCK sounds at the hotel room door.

MARGOT stretches the phone cord as far as she can to get to the door, opens it and finds HAMWICK standing there. MARGOT motions him to come in and have a seat in one of two chairs.

MARGOT

(in phone)

SALLY?... Yup, listen, I only have a little longer to speak. First, is SARAH okay?... Good, everyone else?... Good... Has there been - any "trouble"?... Nothing out of the ordinary, good. Listen, I sent three packages home. One is for SARAH, one is for you guys, can you put the other one away for me? They're all properly labelled so you'll know which is which when they arrive... Thanks, SALLY... Yeah, okay... well, with the eight-hour time difference, I can really only call you at night... Okay, love ya, gotta go. Bye.

MARGOT hangs up and takes a seat in a chair beside HAMWICK.

MARGOT

Hi. What's up?

HAMWICK

EDWARD got back a bit ago. He wants us to meet at the Department of Antiquities tomorrow morning at nine.

MARGOT

About the door?

HAMWICK

Yes. As part of the permission to build, we agreed to advise them of any anomalies encountered.

MARGOT

Anomalies... is that what they call it? I want to show you something...

MARGOT gets the "eye" book purchased yesterday from the hotel bookstore, and hands the book to HAMWICK. MARGOT sits.

HAMWICK

There's the eye again.

MARGOT

I've dog-eared a corner of a page near the back...

HAMWICK

Yeah, got it.

MARGOT

Okay, flip back a few pages and check out the other images. See what they hold in their hands?

HAMWICK looks at the images.

HAMWICK'S POV: All images of half animal/half human "gods" are all each holding an ankh.

HAMWICK

They're each holding an ankh the same way.

MARGOT

And the ankhs are all the same size. But look at that first one again, where I've dog-eared the page. See how that "god" is holding the ankh differently than the others?

HAMWICK

Right, pretty much all of them have the ankh in a vertical position.

MARGOT

Except that one guy.

HAMWICK

And he has it positioned towards?

MARGOT

I think the ankh is a key. He holds it like a key. All the gods who are walking or standing hold the key at rest, so vertical. But the ones who are seated have the key in a horizontal position as though they're ready to insert it like a key into a door lock.

HAMWICK

A key to a door? As in our newly-discovered door?

MARGOT

Exactly... Now watch this...

MARGOT gets a pen and paper and draws a five-pointed star for HAMWICK without lifting her pen. She turns it upside down and draws another five-pointed star on the heels of the first one, creating a "mirrored image" of the first star. She draws a line through the two stars from point to point, then draws a tight perimeter line around the entire object by following along the outer points. When she finishes, she turns it for HAMWICK to get a better view, and he is uniquely surprised.

HAMWICK

Wow! That's neat. That's what's on the door!

MARGOT

It was also the diagram I was trying to draw for you at your house. The one in Abrams' letter. It's Venus twice - morning star, evening star.

HAMWICK

I don't get where you're going with this.

MARGOT

Venus begins its travels from an exact starting point. Over the course of eight years, it creates the five-pointed star pattern before realigning to its original starting point. At that time, it starts the pattern all over again. Remember? When we checked out "Luz" at your place?

HAMWICK gets where she is going.

HAMWICK

That's right, the encyclopedia said it was associated with the Venuses.

MARGOT taps at the page with her fingernail.

MARGOT

Right - the two faces of Venus, aka Luz. I think the door is part of a system of objects that collectively comprise "Luz" the place. And, I think the ankh is the key that opens the door to Luz.

HAMWICK

You think the ankh goes into the slot in our door?

MARGOT

Precisely! We need to get an impression of that slot.

HAMWICK

Why?

MARGOT

So we know how big to make the key.

HAMWICK looks at her with incredulity. He laughs.

MARGOT

Are you laughing at me?

HAMWICK

No... Well, yes... Okay, I'll play along... How do you propose we obtain said impression? A cast?

MARGOT

Nope. We'll simply use pencil and paper and take a rubbing. We can go in the morning.

HAMWICK

(thinks)

Actually, that would work... We have to meet at the Department of Antiquities at nine, so we'll have time to go to the site first and get the rubbing.

MARGOT

Sure. Then we'll meet the others.

HAMWICK

EDWARD also told me that NIGEL is securing the site tonight. So we can't go now, we have to wait until morning.

MARGOT

How do you mean?

HAMWICK

NIGEL'S sectoring it off with fencing and he's posting sentries.

MARGOT

Sentries - as in guards?

HAMWICK

Sort of. Not quite that  
regimental. Just a precautionary  
measure of keeping an "eye" on  
things.

(laughs)

MARGOT

(laughs)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

61

EXT. RESTAU. 3 AM.

61

Several WORKERS shine lights, run by generator, on the exposed METAL SLAB in the sand. Ten other WORKERS hold crowbars, each of them strategically positioned around the METAL SLAB. On a shouted command by a MAN off-screen, the WORKERS wedge the crowbars into the lip around the METAL SLAB and wait. Another off-screen command causes them to simultaneously lean into the crowbars and attempt to pop open or dislodge the METAL SLAB. Suddenly, a vapor geyser shoots through the four-inch slot in the METAL SLAB, like Old Faithful. The WORKERS look up as the geyser showers down on the WORKERS in tendrils, like exploded fireworks. When the gas touches the WORKERS, they scream, fall down, writhe, claw at their faces as the settling vapor eats at their flesh, their clothes, the crowbars and lights - like an insatiable acid. None escape, and soon their corpses, tools and equipment are eaten away into dust. When all is calm again, NIGEL steps up to the METAL SLAB. He nods, as though he knew this was going to happen. NIGEL calls to a MAN off-screen who comes on-screen. NIGEL puts his arm around his shoulders guiding the MAN to walk with him.

NIGEL

Get ten more men. And more crowbars.

MAN

They will not go. They are afraid now.

NIGEL

The pressure seal has been broken. The gas is released, it's done. Tell them it is safe to continue.

MAN

Okay... I'll tell them.  
(shrugs)

NIGEL

Ten men. Same as before. Oh, and get someone to move the cars in closer. We'll have to use the headlights.

Ten new WORKERS are arranged around the METAL SLAB, poised with crowbars ready. The MAN shouts a command, and the crowbars wedge their way around the METAL SLAB lip. Another command from the MAN and this new group of WORKERS proceed to force the METAL SLAB open. One WORKER stops, yells, points at the METAL SLAB.



He drops his crowbar and begins to run away from the site, yelling, panicked. The other WORKERS stop forcing the METAL SLAB. The tiny circles in the molecule-looking symbol of the door seem to be moving, though it is too shadowy to be sure. Some of the WORKERS lean in for a better look.

NIGEL

(to MAN)

Why have they stopped?

MAN

Something is happening.

NIGEL

What?

MAN

I... do not know...

NIGEL

(frustrated)

Well, what does it bloody look like is happening?

The MAN leans in closer. Nothing in the METAL SLAB is moving. All is as it was before.

MAN

Must've been a trick of the shadows. The men are in fear, they are nervous. Anything will make them jump.

The MAN tells the WORKERS to get ready again. They position their crowbars. As the MAN opens his mouth to shout the command to proceed, a thin piece of METAL - like a silvery toothpick - strikes him in his open mouth, lodging itself at the back of his throat. As he garbles strange noises from his wound, he looks down at the METAL SLAB. The circles of the symbol are now OPEN HOLES. As the facial expressions of the WORKERS change from curiosity to outright horror, an artillery of thin, silvery DARTS shoot out with alarming force, killing every WORKER within a 12-foot radius. One DART whizzes past NIGEL, a near-miss, and he moves himself back to a safer distance, watching with dismay as the WORKERS die before his eyes. All the other WORKERS present run screaming from the site in all directions. Pandemonium sets in. A select few THUGS gather together with NIGEL. NIGEL gives them instructions.

NIGEL

Bloody hell! Bugger!! Okay, okay, get the flatbed, load the bodies and bury them in the sand a few kilometers out.

One THUG asks NIGEL a question, nodding towards the METAL SLAB.

THUG

What now?

NIGEL

Most unexpected... We're going to let someone else open it - properly.

THUG

Who?

NIGEL

Who else? Our dear Miss "pain-in-the-ass" Sicambri.

THUG

What makes you so sure she knows how to?

NIGEL

I'm not sure she knows how to. I'm sure she'll figure it out, though. Seems she knows more than we credited her for.

FADE TO:

62

EXT. RESTAU. 7 AM.

62

MARGOT, HAMWICK and FASIL arrive on site. It is deserted.

MARGOT

(to HAMWICK)

Didn't you say NIGEL was supposed to have secured this?

HAMWICK

(shakes head)

That's what EDWARD told me last night after he got back.

They all approach the THUG. As MARGOT leans in for a better look, FASIL grabs her arm, pulling her back.

FASIL

Very dangerous.

MARGOT

You know about this?

FASIL

All tombs have protection.

MARGOT

What kind of protection?

HAMWICK bends down, pokes in the sand, and removes a DART.  
HAMWICK shows it to MARGOT.

HAMWICK

Looks like very serious  
protection to me. Someone has  
been here since we left last  
night. Tried to open the door.

FASIL

It will open only one way.

MARGOT removes paper and pencil from her purse. As she approaches the METAL SLAB again, FASIL tries to stop her, but she shakes off his grip. She cautiously approaches the METAL SLAB, carefully kneels down onto it, positions the paper over the SLOT in the METAL SLAB and uses her pencil to take a rubbing. When she finishes, she slowly gets up and moves back to stand again with FASIL and HAMWICK.

MARGOT

Okay. Done. Now, let's go meet  
the rest of the gang.

FADE TO:

63

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES. 9:30 AM.

63

MARGOT, BARRY, MELISSA, HAMWICK and EDWARD stand together in the museum portion.

EDWARD

I have been informed that we are  
no longer allowed to continue the  
project until they have the  
opportunity to check out the door  
we discovered.

BARRY

So what now? We go home?

EDWARD

Yes, seems so. The Department of  
Antiquities will advise us if  
there is any change of plan.

MARGOT

So that's it? No more project?  
What about building somewhere  
else?

EDWARD

I asked them about that and they  
said they'd consider it, but not  
this visit. Maybe in six months,  
or so.

MARGOT

Did they know about the door  
before we told them?

EDWARD

Well, they admit it's something  
new to them though I got the  
impression they suspected  
something was up with the site  
long before we got there. They  
said they are leaving right now  
to investigate the door and post  
guards.

MARGOT

Yeah, speaking of which - where's  
NIGEL?

EDWARD

No idea. He was supposed to be  
here. I spoke with him first  
thing this morning and he said  
he'd be here.

BARRY

"Supposed to be here", like he  
was "supposed" to be there  
yesterday morning, but wasn't.

MELISSA

So, Dad, do we stay or do we go  
home?

EDWARD

We're leaving for home tomorrow.  
I really don't see the Department  
granting us permission to build  
anywhere. So, there really is no  
reason for us to stay.

BARRY

Well, that's it, then. I'm going  
to do some last minute shopping  
and meet you all later at the  
hotel for dinner.

MELISSA

Do you mind if I go with?

EDWARD

I have to go out to the site to  
finish up the report of the  
finding with the Department  
heads. So I'll meet you for  
dinner later too.

MARGOT

Okay. Sounds good.

EDWARD

(to MARGOT and HAMWICK)

What are you two going to do today?

HAMWICK

Probably tour a bit more.

EDWARD, MELISSA and BARRY say good-bye and leave the building. MARGOT discretely elbows HAMWICK, nods for him to follow her. MARGOT leads HAMWICK to the stele they viewed once before. MARGOT points to the ANKH.

MARGOT

See the size?

MARGOT digs the paper from her purse with the SLOT impression.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Keep an eye out so nobody's watching, can you?

HAMWICK

Sure.

MARGOT compares the SLOT impression to the size of the ANKH on the stele. Perfect size match. She turns the paper over to the blank side, removes the pencil from her purse and rubs an impression of the ANKH onto the paper. DOLLY as they leave the building.

HAMWICK

Okay, I presume we now have the key to the door.

MARGOT

Yep.

HAMWICK

I don't get it, MARGOT. You're going to open the door with that piece of paper?

MARGOT

No. Were going to a jeweler.

HAMWICK

Ah, to make a key from the impression.

MARGOT

Exactly. By the end of the day we'll have a key we can use.

(MORE)

MARGOT (cont'd)  
 We'll just have FASIL take us to  
 the site late tonight.

HAMWICK  
 Just us three?

MARGOT  
 Yeah, for the moment.

HAMWICK  
 What if something goes terribly  
 wrong - like I suspect it did  
 last night with those darts?

MARGOT  
 (shrugs)  
 As strange as this may sound,  
 Thomas, things don't go wrong for  
 me, per se. It's more like, in  
 the middle of the wrong, things  
 go right for me.

HAMWICK gives MARGOT a disagreeable look, but concedes all  
 the same.

HAMWICK  
 Well, at least you now know why  
 JEREMY is trying to kill you.

MARGOT  
 He thought Abrams told me about  
 the METAL SLAB.

HAMWICK  
 Well, he did, didn't he?

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. HOTEL LOBBY. 2 AM.

64

MARGOT and HAMWICK are waiting together in the lobby near  
 the front doors looking out to the street. MARGOT has on a  
 small backpack.

HAMWICK  
 Did FASIL say how long he'd be?

MARGOT  
 Well, I think I woke him up. He  
 said about half-an-hour.

HAMWICK  
 In that case, since I have time,  
 I'm going to get us coffee to go.

MARGOT nods as HAMWICK leaves. She keeps watching out the  
 large hotel windows.

After a brief time, she feels a tap on her shoulder from behind. MARGOT turns to take her coffee and instead finds MELISSA.

MELISSA

Yeah - I'm as surprised to see you as you are to see me. What are you doing down here at this time of night?

MARGOT

Couldn't sleep.

HAMWICK returns with coffee.

MELISSA

(to HAMWICK)

Seems neither of you could sleep - nor want to.

MELISSA tugs at MARGOT'S backpack.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

O-kay. You two want to fill me in on what you're really up to?

CUT TO:

65 INT. JEEP. 3 AM.

65

MELISSA is driving EDWARD'S jeep. MARGOT is in the passenger seat with HAMWICK in the back seat.

MELISSA

We should've brought BARRY.

HAMWICK

It'll be easier for two women with money to bribe the guards than two men.

They pull up and park on site near a clearing. MARGOT removes a thick envelope from her purse and goes to hand it to HAMWICK.

MELISSA

What's that?

MARGOT

Bribe money, what else?

MELISSA

(laughs)

And you think "Mr. English" here is going to be able to bribe the guards?

MELISSA takes the envelope from MARGOT and gets out of the jeep. MARGOT and HAMWICK exit the jeep and watch as MELISSA slinks up to two GUARDS, swaggering, sexy. In Arabic she talks with the GUARDS, pointing at the METAL SLAB in the sand. She opens the envelope, fans through the MONEY as she is showing it to one of the GUARDS. The GUARD takes the envelope, grunts roughly and hand-motions to MELISSA in a go-away mannerism. MELISSA semi-bows in gratitude to the GUARD and saunters back to MARGOT and HAMWICK.

HAMWICK

Well?

MELISSA

We have one hour. So, whatever magic you think you're going to do, you'd better do it now.

MARGOT nods, lays her backpack on the sand and removes a relatively heavy object from therein: a GOLD ANKH. MELISSA laughs.

MELISSA

Bloody hell! You two have been busy!

HAMWICK

Very busy.

(to MARGOT)

Better let me do it, just in case.

MARGOT

No. It's my guess, therefore it's my risk. After what we suspect happened last night, I can't allow anyone else to do this. It's my responsibility.

MELISSA

You knew about the door before we found it?

MARGOT

No, not exactly. We did know the site itself was particular, but we didn't know why until yesterday.

MARGOT takes the ANKH and approaches the door. She looks around. The GUARDS have gone somewhere out of sight. Carefully kneeling on the METAL SLAB as she did before, her hands shaking, she holds the ANKH as the gods in the book did, and slides it into the SLOT. It fits perfectly. When nothing attacks them, they all sigh in relief.



MARGOT (CONT'D)  
Okay, folks. Here goes.

HAMWICK  
Wait! Which direction?

MELISSA  
Turn it east, clockwise.

MARGOT  
No. It's like a screw. It's  
mechanical. To open, counter-  
clockwise.

MARGOT turns the ANKH counter-clockwise and they all hold their breath, MELISSA and HAMWICK raising their arms for protection, wincing in anticipation, uncertain as to whether MARGOT is turning the ANKH in the right direction. Suddenly, an audible CLICK is heard, like the sound of bolts shifting inside the METAL SLAB. MARGOT jumps back. Together they all move back to a safer distance. A HISSING sound begins, growing louder and it seems steam is escaping from around the lip of the METAL SLAB. Then, as if on some hydraulic mechanism, the METAL SLAB slowly opens releasing stale air and a minor smell of putrefaction.

HAMWICK  
Whoa, what a smell!

MELISSA  
Hang back a sec. It will clear.  
Usually small animals get trapped  
inside and can't get out and die  
in there. That's what you smell.

Soon they are able to approach the door and peer down inside. Stone stairs lead downwards.

HAMWICK  
Do you think it's safe to go  
down?

MELISSA  
Pretty sure. The key opened the  
door properly, and, as I  
understand it, the key also  
triggers a "hold" on any lethal  
security systems down there.

MARGOT  
So, who wants to go first?

HAMWICK  
I'll lead. Got that flashlight?

MARGOT removes a FLASHLIGHT from her backpack and hands it to HAMWICK.

He turns it on, angles it down the stairs and carefully proceeds downwards. MARGOT, then MELISSA, follow him. At the base of the stairs is a large, open round chamber. As HAMWICK shines the light around the room, colorful carvings and hieroglyphs leap out covering the walls. MELISSA approaches a specific group of GLYPHS.

MARGOT

What is it MELISSA?

MELISSA

It's a cartouche.

HAMWICK

Like a name tag.

MELISSA

Yes. This one reads "Djoser".

MARGOT

(surprised)

Oh my God - the man in my dream... with the grain, about the sand.

MELISSA

(to MARGOT)

You dreamt about King Djoser?

MARGOT doesn't respond. She is still looking around the room. There is only one other DOORWAY. They move towards it and see that it is a long, slender hallway.

HAMWICK

Shall we?

They huddle together as they move down the hallway which leads them to a new round chamber. This one, however, has three additional corridors besides the one they just exited: one left, one right, and one directly ahead of them. HAMWICK goes to the one on the right, and using the flashlight, peers inside the corridor. He jumps, startled - a SKELETON lies there, decayed rags laying loosely around the dried, brittle, human bones.

MARGOT

What? What did you find?

HAMWICK

Good reason not to go down this hallway.

MARGOT and MELISSA gasp when they see the HUMAN REMAINS, the flashlight casting an ominous glow on everything. HAMWICK checks the corridor ahead. The girls follow closely behind. There is nothing in that corridor. They move to the corridor on the left, and peer inside. Nothing.

MARGOT

Hmm... which way now? Comments?  
Opinions?

MELISSA

I have an idea... Try throwing a  
stone into each corridor. Maybe  
that will help.

HAMWICK and MARGOT start looking for a stone. As MARGOT is  
searching, she notices something in a wall drawing and  
turns to HAMWICK who is about to lob a stone into the  
corridor.

MARGOT

(shouts)

Stop! MELISSA, you know your  
Egyptian pretty well, eh?

MELISSA

Yes?

MARGOT

I remember reading about a  
labyrinth at Abydos.

MELISSA

Are you talking about "The Halls  
of Amenti"?

MARGOT

Yes! Then you know about the  
twenty-one pillars.

MELISSA

What? The ones that began each  
new section of labyrinth?

MARGOT

Yes, that's the ones. Do you know  
what was carved on them?

MELISSA

No, nobody really knows for  
certain. Why?

MARGOT

When I read the story, I don't  
know why, but it reminded me of a  
style of chant known as Gregorian  
Chant. And, Pope Gregory borrowed  
the chant style from the ancient  
Egyptians.

HAMWICK

What does this have to do with  
the twenty-one pillars?

MARGOT

I think the Ancient Egyptians used the sound, or chant, as a security system. Twenty-one pillars and a door equals twenty-two - three consecutive octaves of sound... HAMWICK, drop that stone at the entrance of the corridor.

HAMWICK does so. A THUD sound echoes in the left corridor.

MARGOT

Good. MELISSA, you drop a stone at that one ahead of us.

MELISSA does so. A RINGING sound echoes back at them.

MARGOT

See? See how it sounds different, one corridor to the next? Now, if I take my stone and drop it in front of the right corridor, it'll come back as a dead sound too.

MARGOT walks to the right corridor and drops her stone. The sound is a dull THUD. MARGOT points at the north-most corridor, the one that gave a RINGING sound.

MELISSA

It's in... stereo.

MARGOT

Exactly, as opposed to mono-toned. Just as I suspected - an ancient security system based on sound... Go down a corridor not in stereo, and you end up like our buddy over there in the right corridor. So, okay, HAMWICK, toss the stone down the north corridor.

HAMWICK throws the stone. Nothing happens. MARGOT, MELISSA and HAMWICK proceed safely down the corridor.

FADE TO:

66 INT. CAR. 3 AM.

66

NIGEL is parked near the hotel, speaking on his cell phone. Three THUGS accompany him, silent, listening to the tone of NIGEL'S conversation. FASIL can be seen waiting in his car alone parked in front of the hotel.

NIGEL

Well, the driver has been waiting for more than half an hour... No sign of them... Yes, sir. We'll head there now.

As NIGEL pulls away from the curb, he informs his THUGS as to the plan.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

It is thought she's already there. If so, we persuade her to lead us to the box.

ZOOM OUT as NIGEL'S car exits TOP OF SCREEN. ZOOM IN on FASIL, growing impatient. He throws his hands in the air and shakes his head. He turns his key in the ignition, firing the engine up, and drives away from the hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. LABYRINTH. 4 AM.

67

By calling down different corridors, MARGOT, HAMWICK and MELISSA are managing to stay alive as they move through the labyrinth. A corridor opens to a new, huge, rounded chamber, the walls bare except for one group of GLYPHS. MELISSA and MARGOT check them out while HAMWICK calls down five possible new corridors. MELISSA runs her fingers right to left across the GLYPHS translating.

MELISSA

"Gone I am... to the Netherworld, also cleansed... and well, uh, alive... in the Beyond."

MARGOT

Read that again?

MELISSA

"Gone am I to the Netherworld, also cleansed and alive in the Beyond."

MARGOT

HAMWICK! This is one of the sayings Abrams wrote in his letter. MELISSA, have you ever read this saying before?

MELISSA

No. But this is not an unusual sentiment for the Ancient Egyptian culture... We should keep moving.

MARGOT  
HAMWICK, which way?

HAMWICK points to a corridor and they proceed further into the labyrinth. Another corridor and they enter a new rounded chamber. One drawing of a man with his arm raised 45 degrees from vertical, facing away from them, is on a wall. In the center of the room is a STONE BOX with no lid, measuring four-feet long, three-feet wide and three-feet high. The TRIO cautiously peer inside. It is empty. HAMWICK begins checking five more new, possible corridors, trying to determine the next correct one for them to proceed down.

MELISSA  
Which one, HAMWICK?

HAMWICK  
(confused)  
Not sure. They're all safe.

MARGOT  
They're all coming back in stereo? Are you sure?

HAMWICK  
Yes. Positive. So what now?

MELISSA  
The stele is pointing down, so...  
the northwest corridor.

HAMWICK picks up a rock and is about to throw it into the northwest corridor when MARGOT stops him.

MARGOT  
No, wait. The image is pointing north. He faces three corridors, offering three dimensions. He's indicating the centre corridor, not the left one. It's like the eye, remember, HAMWICK?

MELISSA  
What eye?

MARGOT  
The Eye of Horace. It's an eye looking into an optical apparatus. It's a 3D glyph.

MELISSA  
(shakes head)  
I have no idea what you're talking about. But, for now, I'll go with it. You can explain the eye to me later.

MARGOT

Okay, HAMWICK. Center corridor.  
Bombs away!

They duck behind the STONE BOX for protection in case something goes wrong. HAMWICK pitches the rock into the corridor. Everything is fine. MELISSA looks at MARGOT with surprised admiration. MARGOT turns to MELISSA.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

What do you think was in this  
stone box?

MELISSA

A sarcophagus. Probably that of a  
child, judging by the size.

MARGOT

Aw, that's sad.

HAMWICK

Get the lead out, ladies.

The next rounded chamber they enter is huge. A group of stele show workmen carving into arc-shaped tablets - using a pin, the same pin MARGOT got from HAMWICK.

MARGOT

HAMWICK, look! It's my pin, er, I  
mean, my pen! I knew it!!

The TRIO walk around looking at the images on the walls.

MELISSA

It looks like a publishing  
assembly line.

The pictures lead from one natural sequence to another: fashioning of the tablets, the writing thereon and a final image showing all the tablets around the STONE BOX they found in the previous chamber. In this image, the STONE BOX is surrounded by rays of light, either emanating from or to the STONE BOX. HAMWICK is doing a sound check, to no avail.

HAMWICK

Which way? No sound system in  
this chamber either.

They look again at all the images. One image beside each of six corridors.

MARGOT

Okay, the opening scene of images  
begins where we came into this  
room. Of the five images left,  
which is the ending sequence?

MELISSA  
 (points)  
 That one. The one with the  
 brightened box.

HAMWICK  
 I'm on it...

HAMWICK finds a rock and tosses it into the preferred  
 corridor. Again, a good choice. The TRIO moves forward.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. SITE. 5 AM. 68

NIGEL and his three THUGS exit the car at the site. NIGEL  
 nods at THUG #1 and indicates the GUARDS, now back on duty.

THUG #1 approaches the GUARDS, distracting them while THUG  
 #2 and THUG #3 remove guns from holsters and each SHOOT one  
 GUARD.

CUT TO:

69 INT. CHAMBER. 5 AM. 69

MARGOT grabs MELISSA'S arm as they move down the new  
 corridor.

MARGOT  
 Wait! Listen...

They all stop and listen.

HAMWICK  
 What? What did you hear?

MARGOT  
 (waits)  
 I thought I heard something.  
 Maybe not. Okay, we'll keep  
 going.

MELISSA  
 I hope we can find our way back.  
 It feels like we've been down  
 here for hours.

A new rounded chamber opens up. Everywhere are GREEN  
 TABLETS in heaps and piles, hundreds of them, some in solid  
 shape, all arched like in the carvings. The TRIO is  
 stunned.

CUT TO:



70 EXT. RESTAU. 5 AM.

70

NIGEL and his THUGS are standing at the open door in the sand. NIGEL gives his THUGS commands.

NIGEL  
Box first, then the woman. Kill  
anyone else.

They proceed down the stone stairs and enter the first chamber at the bottom and go down the corridor to the next chamber.

THUG #1  
Which way?

THUG #2  
Not this way. This chaps  
buggered!

NIGEL  
Check for footprints in the sand.

THUG #3  
This way.

NIGEL and his THUGS follow the correct path. With each new chamber encountered in the labyrinth, the less sand is on the floors. They enter the STONE BOX chamber. NIGEL races over to the STONE BOX and peers inside. He begins freaking-out.

NIGEL  
Gone! It's gone!

NIGEL steps back, pulls his gun from his holster and fires in anger at the STONE BOX. Chips of stone fly off in all directions. One large CHIP flies down a corridor. Instantly, a JAVELIN shoots out impaling THUG #3 where he stands. Silently he falls to the floor dead.

THUG #2  
Well, we know not to go that way!

NIGEL  
Any tracks to follow?

THUG #1  
No. None. Just this guy on the  
wall, pointing ahead.

NIGEL  
Then go, go ahead.

THUG #1  
Who me?

NIGEL

Sure. Why not you?

NIGEL waves his gun at THUG #1, motioning him to pick a corridor. THUG #1 looks at the three possible choices, finally picking one. He gets partway down the corridor safely. He signals the other two to follow. He then keeps moving forward. Another step and he plunges head-first into a pit, YELLING partway down, his screams cut-off by a heavy THUDDING sound, the sound of a body hitting rock.

CUT TO:

71

INT. CHAMBER. 5:30 AM.

71

HAMWICK is calling down corridors.

HAMWICK

Hey... the sound system is working again.

MARGOT

We must be near the end.

MARGOT, MELISSA and HAMWICK go down the corridor and enter a new chamber, identical to one they were already in. A single saying in GLYPHS is on one wall. MELISSA translates.

MELISSA

"Gone I am"... It's the same saying as we already read.

HAMWICK

Oh God - have we gone in circles?

MARGOT

No. The first time, the saying on the wall was when we first entered that chamber. This saying is on the wall opposite where we entered.

MELISSA

She's right. It's a repeat, of sorts.

MARGOT

It's a mirrored image. HAMWICK, it's like the two Venuses. This means we are near the end.

HAMWICK

Near the other point of Orion?

MARGOT

Exactly!

HAMWICK  
 (relieved)  
 Good. We're almost out of here.  
 And not too soon. I'm quickly  
 tiring of this.

They all freeze in place as they hear the screams of THUG #1 fallen in the PIT.

MARGOT  
 Okay - you had to have heard  
 that!

MELISSA  
 Someone else is down here.

HAMWICK  
 We've been followed!

MELISSA  
 Okay. Time to go. HAMWICK, which  
 way?

HAMWICK calls down each path, finding the right one.

CUT TO:

72 INT. CHAMBER. 6 AM.

72

NIGEL and THUG #2 are making their way quickly through the labyrinth. Each new corridor is challenged by a barrage of bullets. Each wrong corridor sends out a weapon as retaliation, failing to hit either NIGEL or THUG #2.

NIGEL  
 Listen!

Faintly, MARGOT'S voice can be heard.

THUG #2  
 They're not that far ahead.

NIGEL  
 Finally... let's finish this.

CUT TO:

73 INT. CHAMBER. 6 AM.

73

MELISSA, HAMWICK and MARGOT come to a final chamber, stone rungs creating stairs leading to a door similar to the first one. It too, has a SLOT. MARGOT removes her gold ANKH from her backpack and climbs up the rungs to the door. She puts the ANKH into the SLOT and turns it counter-clockwise.

The SOUND of shifting bolts inside the metal door finally stops. The door slowly opens inward and as it does so, a huge amount of SAND pushes through, knocking MARGOT off the ladder to the floor. She CRACKS her skull on the stone floor and sand piles down on top of her. MELISSA and HAMWICK scramble to pull MARGOT safely away from the incoming sand. MARGOT coughs and sputters as MELISSA and HAMWICK help her to her feet. MARGOT touches the back of her head. Her hand comes away covered in fresh BLOOD.

MARGOT

Uh-oh... problem.

MELISSA and HAMWICK look at MARGOT'S head carefully.

HAMWICK

No worries, Love. Just a nasty gash. Head wounds bleed more than any other. They seem much worse than they actually are. The good news is, we're out of here. I'll help you up the ladder first, MARGOT, then MELISSA. Okay?

MARGOT nods. MELISSA and HAMWICK help her as they move heavily through the large pile of sand to access the rungs. MARGOT climbs first and as she gets near the exit, with MELISSA behind her, NIGEL and THUG #2 come into the chamber. THUG #2 takes a SHOT and shoots HAMWICK in the shoulder. HAMWICK drops his flashlight in the sand. MELISSA stops climbing and looks down at HAMWICK, who is sinking to his knees.

HAMWICK

Keep going. For God's sake, child, get out! Go!

NIGEL

No. Better come down, Lass.

MARGOT looks down on the scene feeling helpless, unable to do anything. She looks up out the exit door to the star-lit sky above. A gun is suddenly pointed at her face and she freezes. A face comes into view above her. It's FASIL. He motions to her to be quiet as he aims his gun into the chamber. FASIL FIRES, hitting THUG #2 who goes down clutching his chest. THUG # 2'S gun slides across the floor. MARGOT jumps down, back into the chamber, sinking into the sand. NIGEL fires a BULLET at the door, aiming for the unseen enemy. NIGEL moves around the chamber trying to get a better shot off. The flashlight, is growing weak, half buried in sand. There is virtually no light left in the chamber. NIGEL takes aim as FASIL fires again at NIGEL. The BULLETS ricochet and miss NIGEL. HAMWICK tries to get out of further harms way. NIGEL turns his head to see where the bullet landed in the wall, his attention diverted for a split second. MELISSA grabs the flashlight and throws it at NIGEL with all her might.

NIGEL SHOOTS at the flashlight in reaction to the oncoming movement. The BULLET shatters the glass lens, sending SHARDS everywhere. Some hit NIGEL in the face. He calls out in pain, his hands racing up, stumbling backwards. He sets one foot too far back into a corridor. A shifting SOUND of blocks scraping against blocks is heard and a pit opens up behind NIGEL. As he teeters on the edge, he spots MARGOT making her way out of the sand dune. NIGEL aims his gun at MARGOT and a SHOT is heard. NIGEL falls backwards into the pit. MARGOT and MELISSA look towards the fallen THUG, where HAMWICK lays holding the THUG'S smoking gun. After a few moments of silence, FASIL sticks his head inside the door opening and peers down at the TRIO.

FASIL

Are you three done now?

MARGOT

Hey... You speak very good English suddenly.

FASIL

Yes. Great English. Don't anybody move. We're going to come down and move you all out safely.

MELISSA

We?

FASIL

We - the Department of Antiquities - and a team of medics.

MARGOT

I thought you were just a driver.

FASIL

I am - one of my many jobs. Just like my next job, to ensure your good health so I can take you to the airport, and escort you out of the country.

MELISSA

Why, did we do something wrong?

FASIL

Quite the contrary. We just feel you've all done enough right for one visit.

The MEDICS arrive and prepare to move out MARGOT, HAMWICK and MELISSA from the chamber.

FADE TO:

74

INT. CAIRO AIRPORT. EARLY EVENING.

74

MELISSA, BARRY, EDWARD, HAMWICK and MARGOT are all saying good-bye to each other at the airport, FASIL keeping a watchful eye. MELISSA, BARRY and EDWARD leave. HAMWICK goes up to MARGOT and gives her a hug.

HAMWICK

You'll come visit soon, right?

MARGOT

You bet. We'll have to go home and pack up the house soon, so we'll stop in and visit.

HAMWICK

I'd like that. Very much. At the very least, you're truly interesting company.

MARGOT smiles. HAMWICK leaves to board his plane.

FASIL

How's your head?

MARGOT

Throbbing. Could you tell me something, please?

FASIL

Maybe.

MARGOT

Why didn't you just tell me right from go you were with the Department of Antiquities? Why all this secret stuff?

FASIL

We didn't trust your motives. Not because of you, but because of NIGEL SINCLAIR. He was involved in a group who had been requesting to dig at RESTAU for years. We always turned them down. But when your request came in to build in the same location, we became curious.

MARGOT

So, basically you were spying on me.

FASIL

(shrugs)

Yeah, I guess so.

(MORE)

FASIL (cont'd)  
 Though I must confess I really  
 did want to see you build a  
 pyramid.

MARGOT  
 (surprised)  
 Really?

FASIL  
 Sure. We thought your proposal  
 was one of the best we had ever  
 heard. We were curious to see you  
 pull it off. Too bad, really.

MARGOT  
 Yes. I'm truly disappointed. This  
 was the perfect place to build  
 it.

FASIL  
 Well, I guess you'll just have to  
 find another sandy spot to try.

A boarding announcement for Flight 333 leaving for London  
 comes over the speaker.

MARGOT  
 That's me... Here's my address in  
 Nova Scotia, just in case the  
 Department of Antiquities decides  
 to give me another chance.

MARGOT looks at FASIL. He looks back, both feeling awkward.

MARGOT  
 What the hell!

MARGOT give FASIL a hug good-bye.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
 Thanks. Thanks for being there  
 for me, for us.

FASIL  
 No problem. You could say it's  
 all in a day's work for me.

MARGOT  
 Elsalemo 'Alekom.

FASIL  
 Peace be upon you, as well.

MARGOT leaves to board her plane as FASIL watches to ensure  
 her departure.

FADE TO:

75 INT. NANA'S. NIGHT.

75

MARGOT is tucking SARAH into bed. MARGOT crawls in on top of the blankets and holds SARAH closely.

MARGOT

I missed you soon much! And I love you more than anything.

SARAH

I love you too, Mom... Mom?

MARGOT

Hmm?

SARAH

Are you sad?

MARGOT

A little, Honey.

SARAH

Do you miss Daddy?

MARGOT

(surprised)

Yes... Yes, sometimes I miss your Daddy very much.

SARAH

I know... it's okay, Mom. I'll take care of you.

MARGOT begins to cry, holding SARAH closer.

SARAH

Don't cry, Mom. It's okay. NANA told me that Daddy watches over us, keeps us safe.

MARGOT

Uh-huh...

SARAH

And NANA said that Daddy isn't gone, just invisible, kinda, but he's all around. So he can still be with us.

MARGOT

NANA is very smart. And so are you, my Love.

MARGOT gets up, wipes her tears, and leans in to kiss SARAH.



SARAH

'Night, Mom.

MARGOT

'Night, Sweet Pea.

MARGOT composes herself before going back downstairs to join the rest of the family who is in the living room watching TV. MARGOT goes into the kitchen and picks up the phone to make a call.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. HAMWICK'S. NIGHT.

76

HAMWICK is puttering around putting things away as he unpacks his luggage. He takes an empty suitcase and feels around the inside edges.

HAMWICK

There you are!

He pulls back a piece of the lining, along a metal band, and removes an object taped there. He takes it to the room where the display cases are, taking an empty, one-inch tray. He gets a small paper on which he writes.

HAMWICK'S POV: Ancient Egyptian Poisonous Dart circa 2600 BC.

HAMWICK positions the LABEL in the lower-half of the tray, only then placing the thin, silvery DART in the space above the LABEL. HAMWICK admires his small treasure. He is satisfied.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

77 EXT. NANA'S. NOON.

77

MARGOT, NANA, SALLY, ALAN, SARAH and MEAGHAN are all outside eating lunch around a picnic table in the huge yard.

NANA

(to MARGOT)

Any nibbles on the house?

MARGOT

Some. The realtor told me there is a lot of interest in the house and property, and she sees no reason why it won't sell within the next couple of months.

NANA

Good... I'm so glad you decided to come live here. You know I love you both. You're the daughter I never had.

SALLY looks mildly wounded.

NANA

(to SALLY)

Oh, pooh-pooh on you, SALLY-doo. You're the second daughter I never had.

SARAH and MEAGHAN laugh at NANA'S language.

MARGOT

She did make a great suggestion.

SALLY

What was that?

MARGOT

She gave me the phone number for a reputable moving company. They'll pack everything in the house properly for shipping to here. I don't even have to be there. The realty company will handle it all.

NANA

Well, that's handy.

NANA gets up, clears some mess from the table and proceeds into the house.

MARGOT

(to SALLY)

I spoke with the police last night.

SALLY

Oh? Do you still need to go there to make a statement?

MARGOT

No. They said something really strange... they said there was a car accident not long after I left for Egypt. When they investigated it, a gun was found on the scene that matched the bullets the Police found at the tracks behind my house.

SALLY

Really?

MARGOT

Yes, really. They also told me the accident was caused by some kind of powerful explosion. The driver had no chance of survival.

NANA comes back to the table.

NANA

The mail came. I think there's a box for SARAH and MEAGHAN.

SARAH AND MEAGHAN

Huh? For us?

NANA

Yes. A box for you two from Egypt. In the living room.

SARAH and MEAGHAN go running to the house.

MARGOT

Was that the only box that arrived, Mamma?

NANA

No. Two others arrived with it. One addressed to the family and one for you.

CUT TO:

78

INT. AMORC OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

78

The AMORC MAN is mad. He holds a fax in his hand. The THUG is simply taking the verbal abuse.

MAN

How did this happen?

THUG

I'm sorry, Sir. There has been no contact from our man in Cairo for a few days now.

MAN

The Council is going to be... it's beyond words.

THUG

May I ask, Sir, what the Department of Antiquities said?

The MAN hands the THUG the fax. The THUG reads it to himself.

THUG'S POV: "From the Department of Antiquities... This is to inform you that a recent discovery at RESTAU has caused us to rescind any former permissions to dig at this site. We apologize for any inconvenience this may cause."

THUG (CONT'D)

You think they got the box?

MAN

We can only assume yes. We know the box was buried in the chamber at RESTAU. If they've found the chamber - which they basically say here that they have - then they also have found everything inside.

THUG

We received word the woman, MARGOT Sicambri, was escorted out of Egypt. She is in Nova Scotia with her daughter and family. Do you want me to send a man out there to finish the job?

MAN

No. She doesn't have the box. The focus now is to locate the box, find out what the Department of Antiquities found in the chamber.

THUG

Yes, Sir. I'll get someone on it right away, Sir.

FADE TO:

79

EXT. NANA'S. MORNING.

79

MARGOT is relaxing in a lawn chair, watching SARAH and MEAGHAN play by the wading portion of the lake. NANA comes out of the house. She drops a letter in MARGOT'S lap.

MARGOT

What's this?

NANA

It's from Egypt.

MARGOT tears open the envelope and reads through the letter. She laughs out loud.

NANA (CONT'D)  
 What's so funny?

MARGOT just hands NANA the letter.

NANA (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God! "Please find enclosed a cheque in the amount of \$35,000 U.S. This amount is based on a standard pay scale. The cache at RESTAU has produced in excess of twenty-two hundred emerald tablets, to eventually be exhibited in the Cairo Museum, as well as various museums around the world. This payment represents the allowable percentage paid as a finder's fee on the estimated gross value of the find."

ALAN and SALLY pull up in a pick-up truck, the back filled with pails of tar. MARGOT gets up to see what they're up to.

MARGOT  
 Is that tar?

NANA  
 Yes, Dear. Didn't I tell you?  
 We're doing the roof.

MARGOT  
 Oh. That's a lot of tar for one roof, isn't it?

NANA  
 It's a big roof.

ALAN and SALLY join them.

ALAN  
 (to NANA)  
 I got everything. The rest of the supplies will be here later this afternoon.

SALLY  
 (to MARGOT)  
 Seems we have our work cut out for us.

MARGOT  
 Why are you looking at me? I don't know anything about taring roofs.

ALAN looks at NANA. SARAH and MEAGHAN run up.

SARAH

Uncle ALAN. Aunt SALLY! You're back. Can we build it now?

MARGOT

Build it? Build what? You said we were tarring the roof.

SARAH

Your pyramid, Mom! We picked a spot at the sandbar. It's all ready.

MARGOT is stunned.

MARGOT

Build... a pyramid... here?

They all nod yes.

ALAN

Well, we have tons of sand. We knew you were upset about Egypt and we wanted to cheer you up. Besides, it's a great family project.

MARGOT

But, how did you know how much in supplies to get? Only I knew that.

SALLY

I took it from your room, from your dresser.

MARGOT

(thinks)

I took the details out of my luggage, and then I... that's right, I did put them on my dresser. You sneak!

SALLY

(shrugs)

Well, you've just been a total misery since you've been back. We had to do something to cheer you up.

MARGOT

So you went and bought the supplies to build it. Aw, you guys are great.

SALLY

Well, at first we were going to buy you a book about artifacts. But then we realized it would probably cause more trouble than to just build your pyramid. So...

A huge TRUCK pulls up in the driveway. A DRIVER gets out and approaches the family with a Bill of Lading in his hand.

DRIVER

I have a load here for MONDY?

ALAN

That's right. I'll take you down the property a bit. You'll need to unload it there.

The DRIVER hands the Bill of Lading to ALAN, who passes it to SALLY, who passes it to MARGOT.

MARGOT

(reading)

White glue... cypress boards?

NANA

There's no such thing as "gopher wood". The lumber yard said it's probably cypress wood. So, cypress wood it is.

SALLY

They said not to worry. Cypress wood will make great moulds.

FADE TO:

80 EXT. NANA'S. VARIOUS.

80

A montage of the construction of the pyramid: SARAH and MEAGHAN collecting sand from the sandbar in their little plastic pails with the others; pouring the sand into a mixer; MARGOT adding glue; SALLY adding tar; additional male HELPERS pour the mixture into the cypress wood moulds. Block by block the moulds harden and are flip-flopped, then collapsed, then moved one-inch into place. Specific areas are left where no blocks are placed, these open spaces forming a door leading into a room with a shaft on each side.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

81 INT. NANA'S. MORNING.

81

MARGOT gets out of bed and goes downstairs. The house is eerily quiet. Nobody is home. She makes herself a coffee and sits, half-awake at the kitchen table. Faintly she catches the sound of VOICES - the family, from outside the house. She vaguely hears them calling her to come outdoors. MARGOT takes her coffee mug with her as she goes out the front door. SARAH runs up and takes MARGOT'S hand, tugging her along.

SARAH  
Come on, sleepy head.

MARGOT  
What's up? What's going on?

SARAH  
It's a surprise, Mom.

MARGOT  
Oh, a surprise...

Everyone walks to the sandbar together. A 20-foot high object is covered by a white shimmering cloth. ALAN picks up a rope that is attached to the top of the cloth.

ALAN  
Ready?

GROUP  
Ready!

ALAN yanks on the cloth and it billows down one side of the pyramid. The rough blocks make stairs leading to a single stone apex. The pyramid is shimmering white.

MARGOT  
You painted it!

SALLY  
(winks)  
Cheaper than buying limestone!

SARAH  
Come on, Mom. Let's go in.

MARGOT lets SARAH lead her through the doorway into the chamber. The only object in the room is a telescope on a tripod with a barrel partially set-up into one shaft.

SARAH  
See, Mom? That shaft you look through. And that one let's light in so you can see.



The rest of the family squeezes in around MARGOT and SARAH. MARGOT has tears in her eyes.

SALLY  
Okay. Let's go.

MARGOT  
Let's go? Why?

SALLY takes MARGOT'S hand and they lead the way out, the rest of the family following. SALLY marches MARGOT to the farthest side of the pyramid where a table and chair are set-up. On the table is a thick, copper sheet, a lettering stencil and MARGOT'S copper pin. MARGOT checks it out.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
What's this?

SARAH  
You're supposed to write, Mom.

MARGOT  
Write what?

SALLY removes a folded piece of paper from her pocket and gives it to SARAH. SARAH dutifully gives it to MARGOT.

SARAH  
(excited)  
Open it!

MARGOT unwraps it and reads what is written there.

MARGOT  
(to SALLY)  
Where did you get this?

SALLY  
Where else? The only place I could think of - ROM. It's a saying from Ancient Egypt. The museum told me a few different sayings, but that's the one we all picked for you. It's a dedicatory plaque.

SARAH  
Go on, Mom. Write it. Uncle ALAN is going to hang it on the pyramid!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

82 INT. PYRAMID. LATE NIGHT.

82

MARGOT and SARAH are looking through the TELESCOPE, making notes in a little journal about what they see. They are happy to be together.

MARGOT

So, what animal do you think we should use for Saturn?

SARAH

A raccoon. It has rings in its tail, like Saturn has a ring.

MARGOT

And an animal for the moon?

SARAH

An owl. He lives at night like the moon...

MARGOT

And... we'll show them facing this way - left - when the planets are going, and facing the other way - right - when the planets are coming. That sound good by you, Honey?

SARAH

Perfect!

MARGOT

And when two planets are together - in conjunction...

SARAH

They can face each other!

MARGOT

Good idea...

ZOOM OUT of the chamber to the outside where a COPPER PLAQUE hangs above the pyramid door. ZOOM IN and HOLD. It reads:

"The doors to the windows of heaven are open for you, and the ways of the sunlight are loosened."  
~ Ancient Egyptian Proverb

FADE TO BLACK

CLOSING TITLES

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

THE END

CAST  
(in order of appearance)

THOMAS HAMWICK  
aged 65; collector of ancient weapons, medals and coins

**MARGOT SICAMBRI**

TAG: LONG CURLY/WAVY HAIR; aged 47, attractive, petite, agile; cynical, quick-witted, challenging; empathetic type; questions everything; established artist with home studio (medium: pastels, subject: environmental); raised in foster home (abused by real parents), no contact with any family members; enjoys antiques, literature and nature; MARGOT is a widow. Her husband Frank died five years earlier, but MARGOT is still devoted to the memory of their love together. Their daughter, SARAH, is five years old.

JEREMY

Bad guy # 1; employed by "secret society"

**SALLY MONDY**

TAG: SPEAKS BEFORE SHE THINKS; aged 43, big-boned, very tall; simple, frivolous, humorous; SALLY is again a nurse and is MARGOT'S best friend. Sally is married to ALAN MONDY (MARGOT'S brother-in-law) and they have a 3-year-old daughter MEAGHAN.

**ALAN MONDY**

TAG: HANDSOME; aged 43; a nice guy; SALLY'S husband; MARGOT'S brother-in-law.

FASIL

TAG: ETHIOPIAN; Guide, translator

EDWARD

age: 45+; professional archaeologist; HAMWICK'S brother-in-law.

BARRY

age: 23; amateur archaeologist; EDWARD'S son

MELISSA

age: 22; amateur archaeologist; EDWARD'S daughter

NIGEL SINCLAIR

TAG: BRITISH; Foreman; Bad Guy #2; JEREMY'S replacement

MOMMA/NANA

MARGOT'S mother-in-law; aged 70; logical, kind, strong; SARAH'S Grandmother.

NOTE: **BOLD**-type names cannot be changed.