# MAGDALEN'S REPRIEVE

# An original screenplay by Lise Eleanor

Based on a mostly true story

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#### FADE IN:

A quote in Old English lettering:

"... you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." ~ John

# EXT. SNOW-COVERED RUINS IN NOVA SCOTIA - EVENING TWILIGHT

A tall MAN in long black coat and gloves snoops around an abandoned property. His face is obscured by darkness. Nearby are the burnt-out ruins of a stone structure.

The man walks to one corner of the ruins and bends down to investigate. His gloved hand swipes snow from a foundation stone. It reveals an etched, ancient Egyptian ankh symbol (a T with a circle on top).

Dogs bark faintly in the distance. The man stands and looks around.

MAN'S POV: The clearing in which he stands is surrounded by a protective outer grove. A FOR SALE sign crookedly hangs from the dilapidated structure. Across the road an ominous-looking building with an arched door fills the evening sky.

From a small peep-window in the arched door, someone watches with eyes the man can sense, but can't really see.

The wild barks grow louder, closer. They break the man's concentration. He leaves the property and gets into his sleek black car.

A DESK CALENDAR, SEEMINGLY SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR, SHOWS A NUMBER THIRTY-THREE. A WIND BLOWS THE PAGES FORWARD... THEY STOP MOMENTARILY AT TWO-THOUSAND-AND-FOUR THEN FLIP FORWARD IN A BLUR OF NUMBERS...

EXT. QUAINT MAIN STREET IN ONTARIO - EVENING

SUPER: "Boxing Day, December 26th"

A petite, auburn-haired MARGOT, 41 (looks 30) and a very handsome, well-built FRANK, 41, saunter arm-in-arm down the street window-shopping. Light snowflakes flutter down and collect on Margot's long curls.

They pause at the window of an exercise equipment store. Frank stares at the huge multi-machine behind the glass. Margot squeezes Frank's arm. MARGOT

I wish I could buy it for you, Babe...

FRANK Two-thousand dollars. That's a lot of cake.

MARGOT Or one art piece. I could buy it for you then.

Frank looks at Margot and dusts some of the snow from her hair.

FRANK Has the gallery called yet?

MARGOT No. But I'm hoping.

They move to the next window.

Margot points a gloved hand to a book in the window titled SURVIVING CHILDHOOD SEXUAL ABUSE.

MARGOT There's so many people reaching out these days. It's good they're able to find help.

FRANK Yeah... You hear a lot about that kind of thing now. Never did before.

#### MARGOT

Well, back then, people didn't get "involved", which just allowed other people to get away with things they shouldn't have. Like my parents - revered publicly as such devout Christians, when everyone really knew that behind closed doors...

Frank and Margot keep walking. They pass more stores.

FRANK Yeah, I was going to tell you that...

## FRANK(cont'd)

on the news last night, I heard the Catholic Church has paid out almost half-a-billion dollars to victims of the priest sex scandals.

## MARGOT

Oh my God! So much for the tithe! Not surprising, though, this scandal. Not really. I mean, God said multiply and fill the earth, and priests are told to do the opposite. I can see how it breeds deviance...

## FRANK

That's true. Why do you think that is, that priests can't have sex?

#### MARGOT

Something to do with Jesus not having sex. Doesn't make sense to me though... Anyways, I just think it's criminal that it's usually the children who suffer.

Frank and Margot stop at a second-hand store.

FRANK Wanna take a look inside?

#### MARGOT

Sure. Never know what you'll find in these used places.

As Margot and Frank are about to enter the store, a dishevelled MAN, 70, exits. He looks with crazy eyes at Frank and Margot, smiles crookedly and takes off down the street away from them.

Frank and Margot look at each other and laugh. They go into the store.

# INT. MUSTY USED-GOODS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Margot mill around. A well-aged VENDOR putters. He readies to close. Frank spots a dusty, discarded Nativity scene. He laughs and points it out to Margot.

FRANK Weren't we just talking about this?

#### MARGOT

See? There's another thing... the more I see how rich the church has gotten off this type of commercialism, the more I wonder if there really ever was a Jesus.

FRANK How do you mean?

#### MARGOT

Not sure how to explain it, really... Just a sense I get. Too many things about it that don't add up for me, you know... Virgin birth... dead person who doesn't leave a corpse... I just don't see the sense in God sending a superhuman example that we as humans can never aspire to...

Margot and Frank find nothing of real interest. As they leave, they walk past the cash counter. Tucked behind is a small, unusual-looking table. The vendor comes over to them.

> VENDOR Anything I can help you with?

Margot points at the table.

MARGOT What's that?

VENDOR Just got that in, actually.

The vendor gets the table and places it near Margot.

VENDOR (CONT'D) It's got a mean warp in it. Not sure what you can do to fix it.

Margot runs her hand over the table's surface.

POV: The table is ornate, painstakingly inlaid with fine pieces of wood arranged to create symbols, columns. The design appears to be an alchemist's room.

> MARGOT Any idea what all this symbolism means?

VENDOR

Not really... Actually, I don't know anything about it except it's got this mean warp...

MARGOT

How much?

VENDOR

Well, legally I'm supposed to keep anything I get for a couple of weeks - or until the police can make sure it isn't stolen - you know, before I sell it. But I doubt this thing is stolen... (grimaces) What'll you give me for it?

MARGOT Would you take thirty-five bucks?

The vendor takes Margot's offer. Frank and Margot exit the store excited.

EXT. QUAINT MAIN STREET - ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Frank's car disappears from view around a corner. As it does, a sleek black car pulls up and parks in front of the secondhand store. There is now a CLOSED sign in the window.

EXT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LATER

Frank and Margot pull into the driveway of a relatively remote property. They make their way into their moderate onelevel home.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Margot step into the living room and remove winterwear. Frank unloads the table. He moves into the hallway and checks the house (i.e.: for intruders).

Margot watches Frank from the living room, amused. He opens a nearby closet and peers inside.

MARGOT Wouldn't you be surprised if someone actually did jump out at you from in there! Frank pulls his head out of the closet and shuts the door. He feigns a wounded look at her.

FRANK I'm just keeping us safe...

Frank sees the humor in his actions.

FRANK (CONT'D) You're right though... they'd probably scare the shit outta me.

MARGOT

Hmm... So, considering how much noise we just made coming in, doesn't what you're doing defeat the purpose?

#### FRANK

No, 'cause if someone's here and they lunge out at me, at least I know they're there and I can fight them. Better than them creeping up on me when I'm sleeping.

Margot heads to the bedroom.

#### MARGOT

Well... when you're done securing the castle, Galahad, you'll find me in the Queen's chambers... It is safe to go in there, right?

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margot lays luxuriantly across the bed. Frank joins her promptly and they passionately share a tasteful, romantic interlude.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SUPER: "January"

Margot sits on the floor surrounded by screwdrivers, pliers and other small tools. She attempts to dismantle the table. Frank cuts through the living room on his way to another room. He pauses to see what Margot is doing.

> FRANK Finally decided what you're doing with that thing?

## MARGOT

Үер...

Margot wrestles with a bolt on the table.

MARGOT (CONT'D) I'm going to take off the top, flatten it with weights, and then hang it like a picture.

FRANK

Hmm... that'll be different... Do you really think you should do that though?

MARGOT Well, it's so old. Can't see the harm in it.

FRANK Well, if you need help, let me know. I'm going into the gym.

Margot struggles with another bolt. She slips and cracks her elbow on the side of the table top which causes a small piece of wood to jut out.

Margot pushes the wood back in with one hand and rubs her elbow with the other. The small piece of wood springs open again.

MARGOT

(mutters) ... have to put some glue to that later.

Margot finally gets the last bolt off. As she lifts the top, the underpart falls out. She looks at the bottom of the table top.

A large cloth, like a bundle, is secured there. Margot puts the table top down and removes the cloth. She unwraps it.

Inside are four parchments. Three are in a cryptic-looking language. One is in a weird kind of English. She examines them, and as she does so, Frank comes back through the room.

FRANK What's that ya got?

MARGOT I found these wrapped in some kind of burlap cloth. FRANK Inside the table? ... That's strange... Any idea what they are?

MARGOT Well, this one is a funny English... old... but these three are the same writing. Maybe Phoenician, maybe Hebrew. Maybe not. I'm not sure.

FRANK They look really old.

Frank rubs them between his fingers.

MARGOT Yeah. That's what I thought.

FRANK They're too thick to be paper.

MARGOT I think it's skin.

Margot moves them closer to Frank's face.

MARGOT (CONT'D) See the pores?

FRANK (mortified) Eww! Human skin??!!

MARGOT No, silly - animal.

FRANK Oh... So? What're we going to do with them? Put it all back together?

MARGOT No way! We're taking these babies to a translator. Somebody's gotta know what these are.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - MORNING

Margot holds a pastel in one hand and the phone in the other. She speaks to Frank at work.

## MARGOT

Oh, guess what, Babe? We have an appointment to see a translator next week. A Dr. Couch or something like that.

# FRANK (V.O.)

Yeah, I was telling Sally about our table. She said it sounds like it's a Mason's table. You should check it out.

# MARGOT

What makes her think that?

# FRANK (V.O.)

Something about her Grandfather being a Mason in a lodge in Montreal. She said she's even got an old book from his lodge you can check out, if you want.

## MARGOT

Cool. Definitely... Yeah, maybe I will take a stroll to the library later. I'm working on Aurora right now, so I'll see how that goes first.

# FRANK (V.O.)

She said check for columns and globes. Especially that symbol with the book and compass in the middle.

A BUZZER (V.O.) in the background.

FRANK Anyway, there's the buzzer. We gotta go. Love ya!

#### MARGOT

Love ya too. Say hi to Sally for me.

Margot looks dismally at her pastels.

# INT. LIBRARY - SAME AFTERNOON

Margot researches Masons. She views several books on the subject and studies one in particular.

POV: THE TEMPLE AND THE LODGE by Baigent and Leigh.

Margot flips through it and views the pictures. One catches her eye.

POV: image of Jesus holding the same compass that is on Margot's table.

MARGOT Oh, shit! It's the compass.

Margot reads the caption.

MARGOT (CONT'D) ..."Christ as the Divine Architect... from the midthirteenth-century Bible moralisée."

Margot flips through further. Another image stops her cold.

POV: image of columns and compass

MARGOT (CONT'D) Oh, my God! That's it. That's our table! Let's see... what's it say here... "Masonic apron worn by George Washington... in 1784." ... Sally was right. It is a Mason's table.

Margot flips more pages. She checks something in the book's index and seeks a page. She scans the data. She mumbles what she reads.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Page two-oh-one. Here we go. 1600s... further influences on Freemasonry... Some kinda split occurs, yaddah... begun to call itself Rosicrucian under the mythical founder Christian Rosenkreuz... blah, blah, blah... Wow! Sir Francis Bacon was a Rosicrucian... okay, so our table is Masonic, not Rosicrucian...

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank and Margot go up a long set of stairs. DR. KOCH, 50, greets them in a small reception area and invites them into his office.

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Koch motions for Frank and Margot to sit in two chairs in front of a huge desk. He sits behind his desk and asks to see the documents they've brought. Margot passes them over and he takes them. He glances over each of them.

> DR. KOCH I'm surprised you brought the originals. They're very fragile. It's not usual for me to examine original documents of this antiquity.

Dr. Koch opens his desk drawer, removes a set of prophylactic gloves and puts them on.

DR. KOCH (CONT'D) I'm going to make some copies - if that's alright?

FRANK AND MARGOT

Sure.

DR. KOCH Then, I'll be right back.

Dr. Koch leaves the room. Frank and Margot giggle and joke about the gloves thing.

MARGOT (whispers) Snap, snap - remember that movie with Leslie Neilson...?

Frank and Margot both laugh.

Dr. Koch comes back and carefully gives Margot the cloth with the parchments. Margot wraps them while Dr. Koch hands Frank some photocopies "for your records". Dr. Koch takes a seat.

> DR. KOCH Okay... Three documents are Hebrew -Aramaic - one is Scottish. We'll look at that one first... basically, it talks about a manor house called New Cross, that it's been earmarked - whatever that might mean... Um, it describes the property, like, a "man's shoulder" and an "outer grove"...

Frank is disinterested. Margot scrunches her face in disappointment.

# DR. KOCH (CONT'D)

It's a description for a piece of real estate, but it doesn't say where this property is located. Just a description of it. (pauses) There's what appears to be a lot size and several other dimensions.

Outside of that, there is no date, signatures or other indicators as to where this might have originated.

(pauses again) The writing style is late 1600s, early 1700's, Scottish.

## MARGOT

Can you provide a complete written translation for us?

# DR. KOCH

Oh yes. I'm just skipping through these to give you some idea of the content. It will be a week before I begin a proper transcription for you. I do it by document, onehundred-and-fifty dollars per transcription page.

### MARGOT

(winces) And the other three?

## DR. KOCH

Well, as I mentioned, they're
Aramaic, a form of Hebrew... It's a
woman's story. Let's see...
(glances down each copy)
Yes... she speaks of her childhood,
 (looks a little concerned)
her marriage, her, um, travels...

FRANK

Any idea when she lived?

DR. KOCH (astonished) Where did you get these!?! Margot and Frank are startled. They look at each other and then back at Dr. Koch.

MARGOT Tell me why you want to know and I'll tell you how we acquired them. DR. KOCH (sits back, shakes head) Well - it can't be and I'm sure I'm wrong, but, it appears - appears that these three are second-century documents, possibly 60 AD. And it seems... (sits up; picks next page) ... Okay, here she talks about her wedding at Cana... (next page) ... here she's talking about running from the Romans and being in Gallia - uh, today's France... (another page) ...and here she speaks about her childhood guardian... (long pause) ...Zacharias, and her childhood friend, Yohchanan - uh, John...

MARGOT Whoa!! What about Jesus? Any mention of Jesus?

Dr. Koch scans all the pages.

DR. KOCH No. None. But, there are things she mentions that could only make her one person - one person that I can think of - and that's the woman we today call Mary Magdalene.

Margot and Frank are stunned.

DR. KOCH (CONT'D) Tell you what. I'll do the lot for four-hundred dollars. By next week I'll have the Scottish translation and the first page of the Aramaic document finished.

Dr. Koch, Margot and Frank all stand up, preparing to disassemble.

DR. KOCH (CONT'D) All I need now, really, is your address.

Margot writes an address on a piece of paper and gives it to Dr. Koch. Frank and Margot leave.

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Margot go down the long staircase towards the exit.

FRANK (MORE) Why did you give him Richard's address?

#### MARGOT

Well, he's our lawyer. Who better? If these documents are what he thinks they are, then they're pretty important and we shouldn't take any chances. I don't want this guy to know anything about us, really, yet. And, we're putting these in our safety deposit box at the bank - for safe-keeping.

FRANK You never did tell him how we got them.

MARGOT He never told us why he wanted to know.

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - SAME

Dr. Koch stares out his office window. He watches as Margot and Frank get into their car and drive away. A sleek black car pulls out behind them, but Dr. Koch doesn't notice. He stares aimlessly at the slushy street below, lost in deep thought.

Dr. Koch sighs and walks to his desk. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

DR. KOCH Abrams? What did you do?... Well, they're here... Some woman and her husband... Providence? These people are amateurs! DR. KOCH(cont'd) They have no idea what they have... Then I guess it is - and may God help them!

INT. FRANK'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank waits outside the lawyer's office. Margot comes out with an envelope and gets in the car. They sit together and look at the documents. Margot folds one up and puts it in her purse.

#### MARGOT

This is that one about real estate. We can check it out later. I want to see the MaryM stuff.

Franks leans in towards Margot for a better look.

FRANK Yeah... that's what I want to know about.

MARGOT There's a letter here from the translator. Uh, blah blah (skips over it) ...he'll have another parchment ready in about a month. He's really busy, so we'll have to wait a bit.

Margot tosses the letter into the back seat.

MARGOT (CONT'D) So, let's see what's in the MaryM document.

Frank and Margot read the transcription each to oneself.

FRANK Wow! If even half this shit is true...

MARGOT Let's go find out. Let's go to the library. It's only quarter-of-five. We have time. I found lots of stuff when I was there researching the table... (Twilight Zone music) Doo-doo-doo-doo... FRANK Oh, stop it, silly! (mimics) "Doo-doo-doo-doo"

Frank laughs and shakes his head.

INT. LIBRARY - 20 MINUTES LATER

Frank and Margot sit at a very large empty table.

MARGOT The MaryM document says she was Syrian, so we should check Syrian history, literature, the Koran, artwork...

Frank and Margot each run off in different directions. They each return with a variety of books. Titles accumulate on the table as one area of research leads to another.

MARGOT'S POV: KORAN SURAH III:35-37

MARGOT Whoa! Listen to this... the wife of Imran birthed a girl who was named Mary... "and her Lord accepted her... and made Zechariah her guardian." And a little further down, it says, to Zachariah "John is born."

Margot deduces.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Okay, so, if John and Jesus are about the same age according to the Bible, and MaryM says in her document that she was just a wee child when Zachariah was her guardian, and add to that, that this Koran shows that John and MaryM were maybe a few years apart, and we know that this is Mary Magdalen.

Frank holds an open book.

FRANK

There's a story about MaryM and an egg in here. Basically, it says that MaryM travelled to Rome.

# FRANK(cont'd)

She's in Emperor Tiberius' court and some talk comes up about Jesus still being alive. Tiberius tells MaryM something like, "I believe Jesus is alive as much as I believe you can turn this egg red." ...I guess there's a bunch of eggs on a table or something 'cause it says that MaryM picks up an egg and it turns bright red in her hand!

#### MARGOT

Wow... what a cool story! Kinda explains why Easter Eggs are painted red. (MORE)

#### FRANK

Look, there's even a picture.

POV: image - Syriac MaryM in red robe holding an egg.

Margot flushes out the dictionary buried on the table and rifles through it.

## MARGOT

The caption says the writing at the bottom is Syriac. I want to know what it means... Here it is -"Syriac... the language of the Syrians, belonging to the eastern Aramaic subgroup of the Northwest Semitic languages." ...So, another confirmation that MaryM was Syrian.

FRANK

Aramaic... isn't that the language Jesus spoke too?

MARGOT

Yes, it is. Interesting point. Actually, this MaryM's egg story reminds me of a Dali piece - I'll be back.

Margot returns with a book she shows Frank.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

See this?

POV: Salvador Dali abstract of a Madonna-type woman.

MARGOT (CONT'D) See the egg above Mary's head? See what it's called? MARGOT(cont'd) "First Study for the Madonna of Portlligat"... Madonna!

FRANK So, some art is Mary Jesus' mother, and some art is Mary Magdalen...

Margot is suddenly confused by the Dali image.

#### MARGOT

Well, if the Madonna is Jesus' mother, why would Dali put Mary Magdalen's egg above her head?... Hmm...

#### FRANK

Maybe it's not Jesus' mother. Maybe it is MaryM.

Margot puts the book down and Frank lifts another book to show Margot.

FRANK I found this, too - for you.

POV: MARY MAGDALEN by Susan Haskins; a Magdalen-looking woman with a silvery robe covering her head graces the Haskins book cover.

MARGOT Wow... what a beautiful cover! I'm taking this one home with me when we go.

Margot puts down the Haskins book and picks up THE OTHER BIBLE and reads from the GOSPEL OF PHILIP.

MARGOT (CONT'D) And listen to this... "And the companion of the Saviour is Mary Magdalene... But Christ loved her more than all the disciples and used to kiss her often on the mouth." She was his wife! ... Actually, something is starting to make sense. Okay...

Margot grabs a Bible. She finds JOHN 13:23.

## MARGOT (CONT'D)

Right... here - "Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved." They never identify who the mysterious disciple is in the Bible version. And because they say all the disciples were male, I've always thought the passage strange. But if it's MaryM leaning on his bosom, then that makes sense.

## FRANK

Here's something called a Nag Hamadi Scroll...

Frank reads from the GOSPEL OF PETER.

# FRANK (CONT'D)

Listen to what I found. Wow! You're going to love this... "Early on the Lord's day, Mary of Magdala, a disciple of the Lord..." Etcetera... So MaryM was definitely an official disciple! ...Aren't these those texts they found in Egypt in the caves?

MARGOT Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's them.

FRANK Oh, get this... I flipped back a couple of pages and found this about MaryM...

Frank reads from the INFANCY GOSPEL OF JAMES.

# FRANK (CONT'D)

...there's a couple of paragraphs about Mary being put in sanctuary when she was 3 years old.

## MARGOT

That would've been when Zachariah became her guardian. Cool. Okay... so we know that's right.

#### FRANK

It also says that Mary had to leave the sanctuary when she was twelve years old. That's when Joseph takes over her guardianship.

#### MARGOT

Okay. Good. Great! ...We're doing great here. So far, everything MaryM says about her early life in our transcription from Dr. Koch, is accurate.

# FRANK

Well, get this (reads another book)
"Michele Roberts depicts the
Magdalene as Jesus's lover and as
the mother of his child."

#### MARGOT

Child? Let's see which book that is?... "The Messianic Legacy"... Hey - that's by the same authors as that book I found our Mason's table in!

## FRANK

Yeah... that reminds me, Sally said something else too - that to be a Rabbi, ya had to be married.

#### MARGOT

So, Jesus and Mary were married... Wow! ... We better get copies of this stuff, borrow what we can, and see what else we can find.

#### FRANK

Right behind you, Honey. Lead away.

Margot and Frank clean up.

MARGOT I'm going to the bathroom.

# FRANK You okay, Hon?

# MARGOT

Yeah, just queasy all of a sudden. I'm okay. I'll be right back.

As Margot leaves, Frank looks with mild disgust at the huge pile of books on the table. He closes and stacks some in preparation to move them. He pulls out the chair beside him and finds a newspaper lying on it. He looks at it for a moment. A look of curiosity crosses Frank's face. He picks up the newspaper and reads it. Margot comes back. Frank looks up at her.

FRANK You okay? Wanna leave?

MARGOT No, I'm okay... Find something?

FRANK Yeah. No, yeah...

Frank hands Margot the newspaper.

FRANK (CONT'D) I pulled out the chair to clear some of these books from the table and this newspaper was there. It has an article about a new discovery in Nova Scotia near Dad's place, New Ross.

Margot glances at the article.

MARGOT The translator said New Cross.

FRANK Hmm... I didn't even think about that - I just was interested because it was about home.

Frank shrugs. Frank and Margot laugh. Margot eyes the article more. She opens her purse and gets out the copy of the original Scottish text.

MARGOT Hey - look at this... See how the "C" is out of place?

FRANK Here's another one.

MARGOT There's a bunch of them. Here, Hon, can you call them out for me?

Margot sits down and takes a clean sheet of paper to write down only the out-of-place letters. Frank takes the document and calls them out. FRANK

T-P-Y-G-E-R-E-P-P-U-O-T-5-3-N-U-S-H-T-I-W-S-E-C-A-P-0-7-E-N-O-T-S-R-E-N-R-O-C

Margot and Frank look at it. They both try to read it. They laugh. It's nonsense. Margot laughs.

### MARGOT

If we scramble the letters around a bit, I can spell s-h-i-t... Hey, wait a sec... Look at it the other way... Corners-ton-e7-opaces-withsun-35-toupper-egypt. Of course! Right to left.

FRANK What the hell does that mean?

#### MARGOT

Right to left? That's how those nations read their languages.

FRANK That's not what I meant! What the hell does that mean? (points at new code)

MARGOT Beats me. Probably not even what it says. At least it seems to be English.

An announcement warns of the library closing.

MARGOT (CONT'D) I don't know what it means, dear. But I do believe you've found where the real estate is located.

Margot waves the newspaper and Scottish copy.

Frank and Margot clean up, grab their stuff and go to the front of the library. They photocopy the newspaper and borrow books on the way out.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "February"

Margot sits on a metal table. She has a very comfortable relationship with her female DOCTOR, 35.

MARGOT

Well?

DOCTOR

Your temperature is a little higher than normal, but nothing to be concerned about. Blood pressure, fine. All systems fine. Dare I ask could you be pregnant?

MARGOT

Doubt it.

DOCTOR

When was the last time you had sex? You're still with... Frank - right?

MARGOT

Yep. Blissfully so... I really don't think I'm pregnant. I think it's the flu.

DOCTOR When was your last period?

MARGOT Mid-December, roughly.

DOCTOR And none since? No spotting? Nothing?

MARGOT No, but that's menopause for you. Right? Menopause?

The Doctor opens and scans Margot's file.

# DOCTOR

Well, you are in the right age range - forty+. But, we're going to send you to the lab for some blood work... and a urinalysis. We'll know if it's pregnancy not long after that - three days to a week.

MARGOT

Okay. I'll go to the lab now.

DOCTOR

If you develop any other symptoms-

MARGOT Like what? Coughing, sinus problems...?

DOCTOR More like strange cravings and bloating that won't go away, you'll know it's not the flu.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Margot comes into a quiet house and unloads herself. She retrieves her purse and pulls out the Scottish document with the scribbled code. He heads to the kitchen.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Margot lays the paper on the counter. She divides her attention between the paper and making a coffee. She runs the faucet to fill the coffee carafe, then turns off the tap. Margot turns.

Margot screams and drops the carafe.

Frank is standing there.

The carafe cascades to the tile floor and shatters. An equally surprised Frank laughs reactively and reaches for Margot to calm her frightened state.

FRANK

What?

MARGOT You're home!?

FRANK Yeah. I was in the gym... Didn't you see the car?

MARGOT Yeah, but I was thinking stuff, and it was so quiet in here...

FRANK I'm sorry, honey, I didn't mean it.

MARGOT Well, you scared the shit outta me! FRANK Well, you should check the house anyway when you come in.

The phone rings and Margot jumps. She side-steps the broken shards of glass and answers the phone. SALLY, 37, is calling.

MARGOT

Hello?

Frank grabs a broom and dustpan and cleans the broken glass.

SALLY (V.O.) Hey, Girlfriend! What's up? Frank said you're not well.

MARGOT Oh, it's nothing much, Sally. Winter bug.

SALLY (V.O.) And? You went to the doctor's?

MARGOT Yeah. Got in just a little while ago.

SALLY (V.O.) Well? What did the doc say?

MARGOT Oh, nothing yet. She's running tests and she'll let me know within

a few days.

SALLY (V.O.) Tests? Since when do they take tests for flu?

MARGOT Hey, Sal. I got a small mess on my hands. Can I call you back?

Margot helps Frank clean the last of the mess.

FRANK So. What do you want for your birthday?

MARGOT

You.

FRANK (mock surprise) You're going to come fishing?

MARGOT No! Why would I go fishing? Why would you go fishing?

Frank grins at Margot mischievously.

MARGOT (CONT'D) You're just trying to bug me.

Frank examines the paper.

FRANK Corners... ton... Masons... Cornerstone!

#### MARGOT

Huh?

FRANK Look. The word is <u>cornerstone</u>.

MARGOT Cornerstone... Masons... brickwork...

FRANK Seventy paces! See? It's... <u>directions</u>.

MARGOT Ooh - a treasure map! Espionage, danger.

FRANK

Danger...

MARGOT I don't have to worry. I've got you to protect me.

FRANK

You're right. And I always will.

They stand a few moments in each other's comfort.

MARGOT To buy one of my pieces. FRANK

Huh?

MARGOT That's what I want for my birthday that somebody buys one of my art pieces.

FRANK Yeah, like that expensive swirly one... I could buy it!

MARGOT

No, silly.

FRANK

Why?

MARGOT Because. It's not the same.

FRANK

Why?

Margot laughs.

MARGOT

Because... You love my art 'cause you love me. I need to know someone loves my art for the art's sake.

## FRANK

(obnoxious) Why?

Margot catches Frank is teasing her and slaps him playfully.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - AFTERNOON

The phone rings. Margot answers it. A MAN with a heavy European accent speaks.

MAN (V.O.) The Gallery informed me you craft geometric-styled art.

MARGOT I guess you could call it that. I call it "block art". Were you interested in a private showing? MAN (V.O.) Yes. Is it possible to come by today? I'm here only for a while longer.

MARGOT Yes. That's fine, but I should advise you I only have one piece available now and another in progress.

MAN (V.O.) That's enough to give me an idea of your style... Where are you located?

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME LATE AFTERNOON

Margot opens the front door to the European man who phoned. A tall well-tailored SCHMIDT, 47, in long black coat and gloves forces a smile.

SCHMIDT Miss Sicambri?

MARGOT Margot. Come in Mister...?

SCHMIDT Otto Schmidt, out of Rome, with galleries in Paris, Berlin and Hong Kong.

Schmidt hands Margot his card. She looks at it, impressed.

MARGOT If you'd care to follow me to my studio, down here...

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt follows Margot to an art piece. He removes his gloves.

POV: "Spiraré", Margot's colorful artwork.

MARGOT (CONT'D) This is the completed piece I spoke of, "Spiraré". It meansSCHMIDT

To breathe.

MARGOT Yes, exactly. (feels stupid) Of course: Latin, Italy, Rome, you... Anyway, it's done per eleventh-Century Gothic style. I used two types of sand to obtain the castle wall effect, as well as that of the Mason's stones.

Margot hands Schmidt a postcard.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Here's the piece featured, and a written detail about it on the reverse.

Schmidt takes the postcard and views it. He removes a pen from his inner jacket and jots some notes on the postcard.

> SCHMIDT Your asking price?

MARGOT Two-thousand. American.

SCHMIDT

That's a fair price. I will have to discuss this matter with my partners, you understand. We usually work with known artists who have a collection for exhibit. I'm certain, from this sample card, that they will agree with my penchant.

Schmidt wanders around a bit. He snoops discreetly. He sees Margot's current piece and approaches it.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

And this?

MARGOT The work-in-progress I told you about. It's the Aurora Borealis my vision of it, at least.

SCHMIDT You have an excellent eye for color. Schmidt sees Margot's Masonic table lying dismantled in a corner. He approaches it.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D) And this? Another "work-inprogress"?

#### MARGOT

No. Well, not really. More like a work-in-regress! I'm kicking around the crazy notion of converting it from a seriously warped table into a glorified wall ornament.

SCHMIDT Has it been in your family many generations?

#### MARGOT

No, actually. I picked it up from a second-hand store just this past Christmas.

SCHMIDT It is truly a unique piece.

Schmidt puts his gloves on and prepares to leave.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D) You'll be hearing from me shortly. Thank you for seeing me in such short notice.

### MARGOT

No problem.

Margot escorts Schmidt to the front door.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt leaves and Margot closes the door behind him. Moments after she walks away, the front door opens.

FRANK Who was that that just left? Did you see his car? Beautiful!

MARGOT That... was my birthday present - I hope. INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - MORNING

Margot is on the phone.

MARGOT Hello, Mr. Schmidt.

## SCHMIDT (V.O.)

Guten morgen... good morning. I'm calling to advise you that I am in a position to purchase "Spiraré". I wondered if I might stop by shortly to make payment and pick-up the piece. Could you have it ready for transport if I were to arrive in an hour?

#### MARGOT

Yes, that's fine. If the house is a bit messy when you get here, please excuse us. It's my birthday today, and, well, we're gearing up for small get-together tonight.

## SCHMIDT (V.O.)

In that case, Congratulations. Now you will have twice the reason to celebrate!

# INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME EVENING

A small group of PEOPLE mill around. They laugh and toast glasses. A few birthday gifts decorate a central table. Paper streamers and balloons cover the walls and ceiling.

Sally arrives with a small brown paper bag in tote. She takes Margot's arm and semi-drags her to a more private place.

SALLY So? Are you going to tell me what's going on?

#### MARGOT

What do you mean? Nothing's going on.

SALLY

Margot, I was a nurse, remember? They don't give tests for flu. They give antibiotics. So, what are ya not telling me? MARGOT She thinks I'm pregnant.

SALLY No way! Really??!!! I knew it! This is fantastic... Wow, I'm going to be an Aunt Sal!

#### MARGOT

Shh!

SALLY What d'ya mean "Shh"? Oh... You haven't told Frank.

MARGOT Right. And we're... (waggles a finger between) ...not going to - until I'm certain. Right?

SALLY Right... I'm glad you feel that way.

Sally hands Margot the small paper bag.

SALLY (CONT'D)

For you!

Margot takes the bag and turns to add it with the other gifts.

SALLY (CONT'D) Oh no you don't. Besides, I don't really think you want what's in that bag on the gift table... Go on. Check it out.

Margot opens the bag and peers inside. Hastily she closes it. She looks around nervously to see if anybody watches. Margot lays a mean look on Sally.

> SALLY (CONT'D) Look - the way I see it, you have one choice: you take the test. You take the test now. That way, I won't be bugging you non-stop, hounding you every minute, nagging you every millisecond...

MARGOT Okay! I'm going.

# Correction - we're going.

Margot and Sally slip away to the bathroom.

### INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally and Margot watch in anticipation as the pregnancy test vial on the counter-top works its magic. The test vial liquid turns blue. Sally jumps up.

# SALLY

I knew it!

MARGOT Shh! Sally, put a lid on it!

Sally grabs the vial and dashes out the bathroom door towards the main, most crowded, room. Margot sweeps any evidence on the counter into the garbage. She sprints after Sally.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank joins up with them a little drunk and feeling happy.

FRANK Alright! Babe! Woo-hoo! Two grand! American, too! That's...

Frank tries figuring the math. Sally jerks a thumb at Frank.

SALLY What's this one on about?

MARGOT I sold "Spiraré".

SALLY For two-thousand American? Really? Wow. That's great. I mean, really, really great.

MARGOT Thanks. Sally -

SALLY What a great Birthday you're having. You know, you're the luckiest person I know. FRANK (teeters) How much is that, Hon?

SALLY Lots, Frank. Lots! Never mind that, now. Com'ere.

With Frank in tow and Margot on her heels, Sally stands up on the coffee table.

SALLY (CONT'D) Everyone! Everyone! I need your attention.

Margot pleads with Sally to stop.

SALLY (CONT'D) I have a very special announcement to make...

FRANK (wobbly) What's goin' on? What're ya doin', Sal?

## SALLY

We...

Sally indicates herself, Margot and Frank.

SALLY ...sold a piece of artwork today. Yep. Two-thousand bucks. Cash! Congrats! Congrats!

Sally cups her hands around her mouth and imitates the sound of a crowd cheering. Margot looks somewhat relieved.

> SALLY (CONT'D) And... we're going to have a baby!

Frank is taken aback and looks up at Sally.

FRANK You're pregnant?

SALLY No, silly. (points at Margot) She is! You are! She is! INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - MORNING

SUPER: "March"

Margot, starting to show her pregnancy a bit, works on her art piece "Aurora". The windows of the house are open and fresh spring air billows the curtains.

Margot puts down her pastels, cleans her hands on a dry cloth and picks up the phone. She flips through a list of business cards in a Rolodex and removes one card - Dr. Koch. She is about to dial when the phone rings.

> MARGOT Hello?... Yep. Okay... I'll tell him.

Margot hangs up, then dials a number.

FRANK (V.O.)

Hello?...

MARGOT Hi Hon. Want to go to the library tonight?

FRANK (V.O.) Do we get to go to the lawyer's office first?

### MARGOT

We do.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Frank and Margot sit around a large table. They read to themselves the latest translation.

## FRANK

Sheez! No wonder it took so long to get this translation. Must of blown his mind while he was doing it!

Margot gets up and indicates she'll be back in just a minute. Frank keeps reading. Margot returns with a big book which she hands to Frank.

> MARGOT Georges La Tour. Look at this stuff.

POV: Georges la Tour's THE PENITENT MAGDALENE

# MARGOT Yeah, and pregnant. Always pregnant.

Margot fans through a different book, JESUS AND THE RIDDLE OF THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS.

MARGOT (CONT'D) And, it says here... that the women were pregnant by the time they were married.

FRANK

Really?

# MARGOT

Yeah. And I checked out the Jewish Talmud - which defines Hebrew Law and it basically says the same thing: that when a man and women decide to marry two things happen. First, two people witness the proposal by the man to the woman. This proposal is secured in a variety of ways including sexual intercourse. After this, the woman was usually three or four months pregnant, at which time a public celebration was held and a marriage ceremony took place... That sounds exactly like what MaryM says about her marriage at Cana.

# FRANK

That sounds exactly like us!

# MARGOT

Yeah, exactly like us, or rather, we're like them. Interesting... it says that the custom of being married by a Rabbi didn't come into practice until the middle ages.

Frank jumps up.

FRANK I'll be back!

### MARGOT

Me too!

Margot returns with an armful of books. Frank comes back with a calendar.

# FRANK

Pick a date!

# MARGOT

For what?

FRANK To get married. What else?

MARGOT

Yeah?

Franks gathers Margot into his arms.

# FRANK

Yeah.

# MARGOT

In Nova Scotia? Can we get married in Nova Scotia on the water? Your brother's a ship's captain. He could marry us, couldn't he? They're allowed to do that, aren't they?

### FRANK

Wow! That's a great idea! But he's only allowed to marry us if we're two hundred miles from shore.

MARGOT

But would he? Would he be willing to?

FRANK

Sure. He'd be honoured. And Momma would love that too.

MARGOT

Yeah, Momma...

FRANK I can take holidays any time.

MARGOT What about Sally? FRANK The same. Sally's been there as long as I have.

MARGOT Right. Of course. (opens to April) The twenty-sixth. The week after Easter.

FRANK That's like soon! (MORE)

MARGOT Yeah. Not like there's any big planning to do. You know, just a small gathering of friends.

FRANK April twenty-sixth. It's a date then! ... What's all that?

### MARGOT

Suggested research material the translator mentions in his letter. And some texts from that Nag Hamadi Library, you know, the scrolls found in Egypt, well... Check this out.

Margot reads from the GOSPEL OF THOMAS.

MARGOT (CONT'D) "Let Mary leave us, for women are not worthy of life."

FRANK

What?

MARGOT

Apparently Peter is saying this about the disciple who loved Jesus most.

### FRANK

Right. MaryM. We read that earlier.

#### MARGOT

There's another passage here in the "Gospel of Mary", where Peter treats Mary abusively.

He says things like "Why should we listen to Mary... Did Jesus choose her over us?", and other nasty things.

FRANK Peter? The disciple?

### MARGOT

Yeah. It gets to the point where one of the other disciples actually accuses Peter of always being inclined to anger and fighting, and that Peter is a wrathful person. Pretty condemning... (another book)

Hey!?

### FRANK

Hmm?

### MARGOT

I was reading Josephus earlier the first-century Jewish historian and he mentions all kinds of stuff about "John the Baptizer", but only one little tiny paragraph about Jesus.

#### FRANK

Yeah, and...?

### MARGOT

Well, I found <u>this</u> guy - Blaise Pascale - from the 1600s. Here... in section 786 it says, "On the fact that neither Josephus, nor Tacitus, nor other historians have spoken of Jesus Christ..."

# FRANK

0-kay...?

### MARGOT

Well, if this 1800s copy of Josephus has the Jesus blurb, but Pascale's copy of Josephus did not in the 1600s, then who added the Jesus blurb to our copy?

# FRANK

Obviously something's been fudged in the last two-hundred years!

#### MARGOT

Josephus also talks about JohnB being in a place named Macherus, one of Herod's castles.

Frank shows Margot a book, INFANCY GOSPEL OF JAMES.

### FRANK

I found some weird stuff in here about Salome... in those Nag Hamadi Scrolls. It says here that Salome was a healer.

# MARGET

Right. They called them therapeutae - physician or doctor. The therapeutae were trained in Egypt.

### FRANK

Yeah... okay... but that's what doesn't add up. Why would a physician demand the head of someone to be cut off? That is the way the Bible story goes... And, look at this picture of Salome, fifteenth Century.

POV: JOHN OF BERRY'S PETITES HEURES, Bibliotheque Nationale de France.

### MARGOT

Whoa! What is she doing? Oh my God! She's sneaking John's head out of the castle - at night. I just saw another picture recently like that. You're right though - there's no way she would have ordered John dead. And the New Testament says it happened at Herod's birthday party in the castle Macherus! But think about how it goes down.

# FRANK

0-kay...

# MARGOT

There's a party. Imagine it: the long linen-covered dinner tables, good tableware. A situation happens and John is to be executed. They lay him across the table with his head dangling over the edge.

Then, they remove his head with a sword and put it on a platter. Herodias put his blood in a cup to drink from.

Frank listens as Margot goes on, excited. She jumps up and down, childlike, ecstatic.

# MARGOT (CONT'D)

And a staff! The staff would have been John's, since all the art we see always shows him with a staff... Tarot equals Arot. Arot equals Herod. Of course! The sword, cup, platter, Staff - all the symbols of the Tarot!

### FRANK

Ya know? I remember a Bible story where someone brings someone John's head. Something like that. The disciples have to go back for the body.

# MARGOT Yes! Hang on. I'll get it.

Margot compares scriptures MATTHEW 14 and MARK 6.

# MARGOT (CONT'D) This is strange... Both accounts start by saying that Herod is shocked to hear that John the Baptist has been raised from the dead. I wonder why it says that?

FRANK Yeah, that is strange.

# MARGOT

And that Herod brought John into the castle to "keep him safe". Then John is beheaded and the disciples have to go to the castle to retrieve his body.

# FRANK

It's all so deliberately confused, like a magic act.

### MARGOT

That's it! "Hocus Pocus". It's Latin. It means, "we have the cup".

(smug)

And what's Hocus Pocus' partner?

### FRANK

Abracadabra.

### MARGOT

Right! Except in Latin, it's, "Avracadavar", meaning, "we want the body". Therefore, Hocus Pocus has to mean, "we have the head"... Holy shit! It <u>is</u> a magic act, but it's not about magic! It's about a true story!

Frank and Margot are shocked.

#### FRANK

Wait a minute. Back up. You just said, Herod was shocked to hear John had been raised from the dead. That sounds like the MaryM egg story.

### MARGOT

Can't be MaryM. She's married to Jesus. Did John have a wife?

# FRANK

None that I've ever heard.

# MARGOT

This stuff about Salome and pictures of her sneaking around outside the castle at night with John's head in a basket - what do you think she was up to?

#### FRANK

Maybe Salome brought the head to John's mom, Elizabeth. How else would John's disciples have known to retrieve his body?

#### MARGOT

That's a great question! I just remembered something I read last time I was here. I didn't think much of it at the time I read it but... I read that an Early Church writer named Baronius, wrote some stuff about Salome being with MaryM and some other people when MaryM went to France.

It's possible that Salome and MaryM were friends. Or cousins, or something. Why else would Salome have been with MaryM?

An announcement warns the library is closing.

Frank and Margot pack it up and leave the library.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Frank drives while Margot looks at a letter included with the latest translation.

MARGOT What do you think he means by, "just in case"?

FRANK

Who?

### MARGOT

This letter from Koch. He says that he's put a phone number in here, "just in case". What do you think he means by that?

FRANK

Who knows? He seemed like a strange character to me. Maybe it's some expert's number who knows about translating ancient parchments.

MARGOT

Maybe.

FRANK Maybe it's a number dialled in the Twilight Zone. Doo-Doo-Doo...

MARGOT

Silly!

Margot tears the number out of the letter and stuffs it in her purse. She tosses the remainder into the back seat of the car.

> FRANK What're ya doin'?

MARGOT I only need the number, not the letter. INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SUPER: "April"

The telephone rings. Frank answers it, mumbles responses and hangs up. He finds Margot in the kitchen.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Margot sits at the table. She mumbles names she writes her "wedding list". Frank sneaks behind her and kisses her neck.

FRANK Hey, Hon. I'm just going out for a beer with Peter.

Margot doesn't flinch, just concentrates on her list.

MARGOT Hmm... Okay, Darlin'.

FRANK I won't be late. Luv ya.

Frank leaves.

INT. POOL HALL - LATER

Frank and friend, PETER, 35, play pool. It's Frank's shot.

PETER You don't really want to marry <u>her</u>, do you?

FRANK Of course. I love her. I'm happy. We're having a baby. We want to spend the rest of our days together... Need I say more?

Peter puts his arm around Frank's shoulders. He points out the various attractive women around them.

> PETER Buddy, look around... her, her, her. They can all be yours. Margot's so at the bottom of the list she's not even worth counting.

Frank removes Peter's arm.

FRANK It's your shot.

PETER No. Seriously, man. Ya can't marry -

FRANK Your shot, Peter.

PETER Dude! I'm tellin' ya, don't do this.

Frank puts his pool cue away calmly. He puts on his coat and starts leaving. Peter runs behind and objects, but Frank leaves.

Peter quits the chase and goes back to his game. As Peter bends to take a shot, Schmidt lays thirty dollars on the edge of the pool table.

> PETER What's this, man?

SCHMIDT I'm buying your time.

# PETER

Thirty bucks just to listen? Sure. Grab a stick. You can finish this game with me.

SCHMIDT Yes, I noticed your friend left in the middle of the game.

PETER Ah... he's okay. He just had to go home - guy's whipped.

#### SCHMIDT

Well, I have a business proposal that I'd like to discuss with you. And I'm sure your friend will be interested in getting in on this as well.

PETER What kinda deal?

SCHMIDT I'll fill you in as we play. Timing is everything. Frank and Margot's wedding. Frank's older brother RUSSELL, 45, ship's captain, marries them. Sally is Maid of Honour. ALAN, 37, Frank's younger brother, is Best Man. Margot and Frank don rings and kiss.

EXT. CRESCENT BEACH IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATE AFTERNOON

Frank and Margot honeymoon on a deserted beach. They share a large beach towel and watch Sally and Alan frolic at the waterline.

(MORE)

FRANK So, what do you want to do this afternoon?

MARGOT Not sure, Hon. Any suggestions?

FRANK Well, I should visit my dad while I'm here.

MARGOT In New Ross?

FRANK Well, he's not far from there.

MARGOT Could we go there? Now? Let's go now!

FRANK Sure. Why not? There's not much light left to the day, but it's not too far from here. So yeah, sure.

Sally and Alan come up and join Margot and Frank on the beach towel.

FRANK (to Alan) We were thinking of heading up to see Dad. You guys wanna join us?

ALAN Nah... I think we'll hang out here. I got a spot I want to show Sally. (to Sally) ALAN(cont'd) Remember that place I told you about where that petrified wood is?

SALLY Oh yeah... right. I remember you saying something...

# INT. FRANK'S CAR - HALF-HOUR LATER

Frank and Margot drive along a country road. Margot has a copy of the newspaper article about the New Ross discovery in her lap. She points to an upcoming cryptic-looking building.

MARGOT That must be the lodge mentioned in the article.

Frank slows down and pulls over onto the gravel shoulder. He looks at the building and points.

FRANK Look! There's that same symbol that's on our Mason's table.

Margot and Frank look around. It's getting dark and hard to see. There are many trees and bush. They notice a clearing across the road. Frank and Margot exit the car.

# EXT. CLEARING ACROSS FROM LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Margot stand in a grassy property protected all around by a dense boundary of thick trees. In the center lies the burned-out remains of an old stone building (same location as opening scene).

> FRANK There's nothing here.

MARGOT It's been torn down.

Margot and Frank approach the building and poke around. Frank bends down to a large, deep tread mark in the dried mud.

> FRANK Looks like some heavy machinery was in here recently... Look! It's for sale.

A FOR SALE sign loosely hangs from the dilapidated remains of the building.

Margot parades around the perimeter and looks at foundation stones. She zig-zags between two stones at either end of the building.

MARGOT Hey! Check this out! <u>This</u> stone has a funny T-circle symbol on it... but <u>that</u> stone... has a cross on it.

Frank compares the two corners on his side.

FRANK This has a cross on it too... (other corner) This one too!

MARGOT So this corner is the only one that's different. Corner, stone...

Margot suddenly, and excitedly, gets a paper from out of her purse. Frank joins her and Margot shows it to him.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Remember? That day in the library... and in the kitchen? Cornerstone? Here it is. Cornerstone. Seventy paces.

FRANK So, we go seventy paces. But which way?

MARGOT With the sun - I think. Could be what the "sun" in the second part means.

FRANK Well, let's try it. With the sun... West!

Margot and Frank count off seventy paces. They find themselves in an area of the field.

Margot reads more.

MARGOT Thirty-five to Upper Egypt. Do you see a marker... or a grey stone anywhere? Frank begins pacing off, but Margot stops him with a gentle tug on his shirt sleeve.

MARGOT No. It's south, actually. Upper Egypt is really to the south. It begins at the mouth of the Nile.

# FRANK

Okay. Thirty-five paces south.

Frank paces. Margot trails behind. They stop at a fairly large boulder and both stare at it. They walk around it.

Margot finds a groove in the stone and puts her hand in it. She puts her shoulder in it and tries to move the stone. She stops and points at the groove.

> MARGOT "Man's shoulder". Think ya can budge it, Herc?

Frank wedges his shoulder into the groove. It's a perfect fit. Frank moves his arms in position and levies himself against the stone. A perfect grip.

> FRANK Okay. I'll lift, you look under.

Margot gets down on all fours like a dog.

# MARGOT

Ready!

Frank sees Margot doggy-style and smirks obviously at her. She looks at herself, then up at Frank. She giggles a blushing smile. Frank laughs and readies himself to lift.

> FRANK Don't get too close, though, in case it slips and the thing rolls.

Frank lifts the boulder long enough for Margot to peer under. He grunts a bit with the effort. Margot looks under the boulder and pulls out quickly, excited.

> MARGOT There's something under there. There's something under there!

Margot jumps to her feet and Frank releases his grip on the boulder.

FRANK (strained) Seriously?

MARGOT Yeah! Lift it again! Lift it again! (sweetly) Can you <u>please</u> lift it up again? Herc?

FRANK Are you sure you saw something? 'Cause this thing... is going to give "Herc" here a hernia.

Dogs bark in the far distance.

MARGOT

No, really!

Margot gets on all fours again, ready.

MARGOT (CONT'D) There really is something under there.

Frank sighs and sets his shoulder into place. He lifts the boulder. Margot quickly pulls something out from underneath and jumps up out of the way. The barking dogs are closer.

FRANK What is it?

MARGOT (fascinated) A cloth. Like the one I found in the table. Like the kind the parchments were wrapped in.

FRANK Is there something in it?

The barking dogs are really close.

MARGOT

Yeah. Feels like it... We'd better get outta here. Those dogs are getting closer and I'm getting a creepy feeling like we're being watched. FRANK

Yeah. Okay. It's getting really dark now anyway. We'd better go now.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - SAME

Peter is on the phone.

PETER Well, I have to wait 'til he gets back. He's on his honeymoon... Yes, sir... I'll call ya the night I got it arranged with Frank.

INT. MOMMA'S HOUSE IN NOVA SCOTIA - KITCHEN - LATER

MOMMA, 64, Alan and Sally are in the middle of a card game. Frank and Margot sit with them around the table, very excited about their find. They tell the family.

> FRANK See Mom, in this letter, it says, "man's shoulder," and it was there, in a huge rock!

MARGOT And when Frank lifted it, this cloth was under it.

MOMMA

What is it?

FRANK Don't know. We haven't had a chance to open it yet.

SALLY So. Open it. Let's see.

Margot unwraps the cloth. Inside is a pristine leather drawstring pouch. A compass and book symbol are branded on it. Margot opens it and tilts the pouch. Everyone fixates on the object that falls out.

### MOMMA

What is it?

Margot picks up a dulled metal ring and examines it. It's encrusted with something that looks like dried brown paint. Everyone leans towards Margot for a better look. MARGOT Looks like a gold earring.

FRANK An earring. Cool. Let's see it?

Margot gets up, opens a drawer and pulls out a clear plastic baggie. She returns to the table and bags the earring. She hands it to Frank.

MARGOT Here. We should try not to contaminate it.

MOMMA No treasure. No maps. Just an earring. Hmm... at least it's gold.

FRANK No Mom - Mary Magdalen's earring.

MARGOT Of course! That's why it was with her parchments. Very good, dear. That symbol on the lodge that matched our table, this pouch. Mary's story with the earring clue... (reverent) Wow - MaryM's earring.

INT. MOMMA'S HOUSE IN NOVA SCOTIA - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

FRANK Our last day. Where would you like to go? Crescent Beach?

MARGOT

What about Alan and Sally? Do they want to do something with us?

FRANK

They're already gone. They decided to spend today alone together... wink, wink, nudge, nudge.

MARGOT O-kay... Sure, the beach... How about Paula Harmon's? FRANK Good plan! We'll go to Crescent first, then Paula's.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - LATER

Frank and Margot drive away from PAULA HARMON'S USED BOOKSTORE. Margot hugs a large book tight to her chest. She opens and flips through it.

> FRANK So? What is it?

(punctuated) Letters from Herod to Pilate.

FRANK No shit! Really?

MARGOT Yeah, and... Letters from Pilate to Herod. (giggles)

FRANK Didn't you just say that?

MARGOT

Nope. This is a collection of correspondence going back and forth. And, Paula said that although some say these are forgeries, others swear they're the real deal.

They pull into Momma's driveway.

MARGOT

I'll have to look at this more another time.

FRANK

Yeah... We got to get ready. We're leaving early tomorrow morning... Is Sally ready to go, do you know?

MARGOT

Yeah... Well, the way her and Alan carry on, I'd venture to guess that Sally would rather stay, but, yeah. She knows we gotta go tomorrow...

Are we driving around or taking the Princess of Acadia to St. John?

FRANK Nah. We'll take the ferry. Remember last time we took the ferry? When we saw the porpoise jumping in the water?

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

SUPER: "May"

The open doors let the cool breeze in while Margot drafts a new art piece. The phone rings from another room. She watches through the doorway as Frank answers, nods "yes" and hangs up. He walks towards Margot.

# MARGOT

See ya!

FRANK I won't be long. Just going for a beer.

Frank kisses Margot lightly and heads out.

INT. POOL HALL - LATER

Frank drinks a beer at a table by himself. He checks his wrist watch periodically and waits for someone who is not showing up. He drains the last of his beer and leaves.

EXT. POOL HALL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Frank crosses the parking lot and opens his car door to get in. Two ATTACKERS step out of the shadow. They beat Frank badly.

The attackers smash Frank against the car - blood oozes from Frank's forehead. One attacker punches Frank in the left eye with a heavily ringed hand.

Frank's earring gets caught on his assailant's clothing and his earring is torn from his left ear. The other attacker deals very hard blows to Frank's ribs - something CRACKS.

Frank falls to the ground and his sandals fly off. His feet are scratched, marked.

One of the attackers grabs Frank by the back of the T-shirt and steps on Frank's hand, causing further damage. As he brings Frank to his feet, he pulls a gun.

A group of MARINES exit the pool hall and notice the scuffle. They run to help Frank. One attacker pushes the other's gun away and they both run into the shadows. The Marines try to help Frank up from the ground. One of the Marines dials 911 on his cell phone.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Margot arrives at the hospital reception desk flustered, very upset. A wall clock reads 4:20 AM.

MARGOT I got a call. My husband is here -Frank Mondy.

The RECEPTIONIST checks the register.

RECEPTIONIST Yes, Mrs. Mondy. He's recovering in room 350, third floor. You can take the elevator up. It's just right there.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 350 - MOMENTS LATER

Frank lays unconscious in a hospital bed. Margot gasps quietly when she sees the extent of Frank's injuries. Most of Frank's head is bandaged, etc. Tears well up in Margot's eyes.

Margot pulls a chair up beside his bed, lays her head down near his thigh and closes her eyes. She prays softly. Margot nods off and dreams...

DREAM SEQUENCE: In a small, archaic room lit by an unusuallooking oil lamp, Margot's hands apply salve to the body of a man who has suffered Christ's wounds. Tenderly, she smears aloe juice and myrrh resin on his wounds. Her hands are her own, but at the same time, they are someone else's...

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM 350 - MORNING

Margot wakes up sharply in the chair next to the bed. Frank wakes up and tries to sit up. He is groggy from medications. An intravenous unit feeds into his arm and tubes run out his nose. MARGOT How did this happen, babe?

FRANK Can't really... talk. Hurts.

MARGOT Okay, babe. You tell me later. I'm going to find the doctor and get the low-down. You just relax.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Margot paces the hallway floor. A male DOCTOR approaches her. He holds a thick file folder.

MARGOT Is he going to be okay? How bad is it? It doesn't look very good.

Margot cries. The doctor puts a comforting hand on Margot's arm and guides her to sit down with him.

DOCTOR Mrs. Mondy, correct?

MARGOT (wipes her tears) Yes.

DOCTOR Let's have a seat together and I'll explain what's happened to your husband.

MARGOT

Okay...

DOCTOR It is bad. But, at the same time, it looks worse than it actually is.

MARGOT Uh-huh... okay.

DOCTOR (checks file) He suffered a number of abrasions and cuts to his hands, feet and back. These will heal fine. MARGOT

Uh-huh...

DOCTOR He suffered injury to his left eye, which will most likely result in permanent loss of sight.

Margot gets very upset at this news.

MARGOT Most likely?

DOCTOR We'll just have to wait. (flips page) His left ear was quite damaged as well. Did he wear an earring?

# MARGOT

Yes. Yes he did. He has holes in both ears but he only wore an earring in his left ear.

# DOCTOR

Well, we've sutured that and it will heal well, but he might want to look into cosmetic repairs at a later date.

### MARGOT

0-kay...

### DOCTOR

(a new page)

He suffered a severe trauma causing concussion. There were some rather nasty cuts - deep wounds on his scalp, to which we had to apply staples.

### MARGOT

Good God!

The doctor calms her.

DOCTOR These too will heal. All these injuries are relatively minor. But-

MARGOT But? But what?

### DOCTOR

We're concerned about the damage to the upper torso.

MARGOT

What do you mean?

### DOCTOR

A blow dealt to the rib cage caused several ribs to break, but one rib somehow managed to puncture the pleural sac.

# MARGOT

What's that?

### DOCTOR

It's a sac that sits near the lungs. We've gone in and surgically closed the wound to prevent further bleeding, but now it's up to your husband. We can't do anything more for him.

# MARGOT

And recovery? How long does he have to stay in here?

### DOCTOR

I'd say, by tomorrow we'll know if he can leave. If his recovery goes well, he'll be back within, oh, say, a couple of days. As to a full recovery, he's looking at about a month, maybe a bit longer.

#### MARGOT

Can you tell me how this happened to him?

# DOCTOR

According to the police report, he was jumped by two men in a dark parking lot. Apparently, some Marines came out of the bar in time to stop the assailants. Good thing for him...

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Frank and Margot relax in the living room. Frank looks better than he did at the hospital, much improved.

A knock strikes the front door. Margot answers it to two DETECTIVES with badges.

DET. #1 Hello, Ma'am. We're with robberyhomicide. We're investigating a case and wondered if Mr. Mondy was home?

### MARGOT

Yes.

DET. #2 May we speak with him? It won't take long.

Margot leads them to the couch near Frank.

DET. #2 (CONT'D) Mr. Mondy, we wondered if you'd mind answering a few questions regarding an investigation we are conducting.

FRANK Sure. What's it about?

MARGOT

Have a seat.

DET. #1

When was the last time you were in contact with Mr. Peter Judd?

#### FRANK

(thinks)

Well, I talked to him just over a month ago, but the night I was jumped he was supposed to meet me and he didn't.

DET. #2 Was this a pre-arranged meeting?

### FRANK

Well, yeah, no big deal. We had just recently gotten back from our honeymoon. He called to see if I wanted to go for a beer at the pool hall. I waited and waited, but Peter never showed. DET. #2 Were you two meeting to conduct any kind of business?

FRANK No. No special reason. You know, May two-four weekend, beer with a buddy, game of pool... That sort of thing.

DET. #1 (to Margot) What were you doing that night, Ma'am, if you don't mind my asking?

MARGOT No, no problem, let's see... Oh, I know. I was working on a new art piece.

DET. #1 Oh, you're an artist?

MARGOT Struggling artist-

FRANK (interjects) Is Peter in some kind of trouble?

Det. #2 reaches in a pocket and produces a silver coin. He tosses it into Frank's lap.

DET. #2 Have you ever seen this?

Frank examines the coin.

FRANK Nope. What is it?

Frank hands the coin back to Det. #2, but he does not take coin. Instead, Det. #2 motions toward Margot to take a look.

DET. #2

You?

Margot takes the coin, examines it and gives it back.

MARGOT

No.

We found thirty of these in Mr. Judd's apartment. We have no robbery report, however, we were brought in after a neighbor called in a complaint to the Police the evening he was supposed to meet you. When we inspected Mr. Judd's apartment, we found signs of a struggle and thirty of these coins scattered around the room. We think he was meeting a buyer that night. We thought it might have been you.

#### FRANK

Nope. Not me. Sorry there isn't more I can tell you, but I really don't know anything you're talking about or anything about any coins.

The detectives prepare to leave. They thank Frank and Margot for their cooperation. At the door Margot asks one last question.

MARGOT What is that coin, anyway?

DET. #1 A silver Denarius.

EXT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - BEAUTIFUL DAY

SUPER: "June"

Frank and Margot relax together in separate chairs. Frank is very healed though his left eye remains bandaged. He reads a Bible. Margot reads the Haskin's book.

> FRANK Have you ever noticed that everything Jesus said, John said first?

> > MARGOT

Hold that thought for a sec, you're not going to believe this... Look!

POV: Marriage certificates of MaryM to JohnB from Haskin's book.

FRANK It says it's a marriage story.

### MARGOT

At Cana, MaryM marrying John!! And look, the only Jesus-looking dude in the drawing, and it's John. Whoa!

FRANK So, MaryM really was a whore!

MARGOT

What??!! No, silly. You just finished saying it. Maybe John and Jesus are the same person.

FRANK

Can't be.

MARGOT Why not? Hang on, I got an idea.

Margot enters the house and comes back quickly with a dictionary. She looks up a word.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Christ... Christ... here it is... it says: "Originally a title as Jesus the Christ, later a proper name: Jesus Christ." ... Originally a title...

FRANK So, what was his real name then?

MARGOT Pass me your Bible. I just remembered something about Zachariah. (flips to Luke 1) He was of Abijah, married to Elizabeth who is daughter of Aaron nothing about the line of David. (flips to Matthew 1) Okay, the first verse of the New Testament tells us his lineage. Who he is... Wait a minute... (flips back and forth) Abijah.

Margot looks up a reference at the back of the Bible before she flips to another area of it. She reads from 1 CHRONICLES 21:10.

# MARGOT (CONT'D)

Okay, here... says David set 24 divisions from twelve tribes as outlined by Aaron, chosen from the heads of the families of the priests of Israel.

# FRANK

Okay. Twenty-four families.

# MARGOT

Their job was to perform temple duty for a two-week stretch each year on a rotated schedule based on the full moon. Each division was called a house. Abijah was the eighth house.

# FRANK

Okay...?

### MARGOT

Well, if Zachariah was of the House of Abijah, and Elizabeth was of the daughters of Aaron - as well as being of the House of Abijah by marriage, then that means Christ was of the House of Abijah, which it says right here in Matt. 1:7 that he was. Therefore, Christ's original name could only be John, the only begotten son of Zachariah and Elizabeth.

### FRANK

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! This is crazy! Do you realize what you're saying??!!

#### MARGOT

Are you kidding? Just think how off the walls this sounds. Do you realize that this means that the church has been lying about Jesus since Day One, about MaryM being John-the-Jesus' wife?

#### FRANK

We have to get to the library again.

Frank looks up at the darkening sky.

FRANK (CONT'D) Wind's pickin' up.

MARGOT Looks like a storm's rolling in. I'd better get this stuff inside.

Margot collects books to bring inside.

MARGOT (CONT'D) You start back to work day after tomorrow, don't you?

FRANK Yeah. Not sure if I'll still be welding anymore, but yeah, back tomorrow.

# MARGOT

Well, we'll see how you're feeling after work and if you're up to it, we'll go to the library.

FRANK

Okay. We'll see.

Frank and Margot go into the house.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

#### FRANK

I'm going to head to bed for a nap. Coming?

MARGOT Yup. Just going to straighten up, lock the house and I'll be there.

Frank heads to the bedroom. Margot putters in the living room.

Margot stretches across a pile of books on a desk and accidently knocks them to the floor. As she collects them, she sees a photocopy of Syriac MaryM with the egg. She drops the books and picks up the photocopy. She stares at it.

> MARGOT (under her breath) How'd ya do it, Mary? How did you turn that egg red in your hand?

Suddenly, Margot jumps up excited.

Margot dashes to the bedroom.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margot jumps on the bed.

MARGOT I figured it out! I figured it out!

FRANK

What? What did you figure out now?

MARGOT How MaryM turned the egg red.

FRANK With the Emperor?

MARGOT

Right - her own blood. She cut her hand and colored the egg red with her own blood!

Frank blinks, astonished.

MARGOT

That's why they say Easter eggs are painted red with the blood of Christ. It <u>is</u> a title. Jesus-John passed it to MaryM at the tomb. She became the Christ! She took the title because he gave it to her. Hence, her blood on the egg was the blood of Christ on the egg. Wow!

FRANK

Ain't that a kick in the head for the Vatican! Boy, are they gonna be surprised when they get a load of this.

MARGOT No they won't. They know all this shit. Oh my God! They must know...

I remember reading that Pope Leo X said, "It has served us well, this myth of Christ" and that Pope Gregory said something like, "God has no use for our lies." Now I know what they meant.

### FRANK

Doesn't surprise me. Look at their history: cover-ups, inquisition, burnings, leading people through fear and lies, like bulls with rings in their noses.

# MARGOT (stunned) Bull! Ring! ...Earring!!

Margot leaps off the bed and dashes out of the room. She brings back the pouch and removes its contents.

MARGOT (CONT'D) The earring!

FRANK What about the earring?

Margot snuggles in close to Frank. Together they look at the earring.

MARGOT There's some brown crusty stuff on it. See it?

FRANK

(whispers) You think it's MaryM's blood?

### MARGOT

Yeah. I think this stuff is blood... We still have money from that "Spiraré" sale I made. Let's see what it costs to get a lab to verify it. Okay? Please. Instead of the library? Please, please...

FRANK

Okay. Okay. We'll check it out. Can we nap now?

MARGOT Okay. We nap now. INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Margot and Frank speak with a TECHNICIAN.

MARGOT I called earlier about a sample for analysis.

TECHNICIAN

Yes.

Margot presents the earring in the baggie.

MARGOT I want to know if this is blood and, if so, the blood type.

The technician takes and looks closely at it.

TECHNICIAN I can take a sample from this.

FRANK Can we wait or should we come back?

TECHNICIAN No. You can wait if you'd like. It'll take about a half-hour. We can't type it today, but we can let you know in three to four days... First though...

The technician puts on gloves and gets tweezers.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D) ...we'll remove it from the bag. Has anybody else handled this recently?

# MARGOT

Not since we obtained it. We never touched it - except to put it in the baggie.

# TECHNICIAN

Good. Any idea how long this blood if it is blood, and it does at first glance seem to be blood - how old it is?

MARGOT

Well...

Margot and Frank look at each other.

MARGOT (CONT'D) ...I'd rather not venture to guess at this point. Not fresh, how's that?

# TECHNICIAN

Okay. I'm going to scrape some of this material onto a slide. Add a few drops of fluid... and now I'll take a look.

The technician puts the slide in the microscope and takes a look.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D) Not animal blood. Definitely human. Very deteriorated. Very old...

The technician pulls his eye away from the microscope and opens his mouth to ask something, but doesn't.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D) Never mind... I'm not going to ask. Where should I send the results of this typing, and the bill?

Margot gives him the lawyer's address.

EXT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - SAME LATE NIGHT

It is very dark. The sleek black car is parked near Frank and Margot's house. Through the car's open driver's window Otto Schmidt can be heard talking.

SCHMIDT (V.O.) ...Yes, they're asleep now... He's back day after tomorrow which leaves her at home alone again... Okay.

Schmidt disconnects. His sleek black car slowly drives away.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: "July"

Frank prepares to leave for work.

MARGOT Almost ready to leave, Hon?

FRANK (sighs heavily) Yup. First day back.

MARGOT I have a present for you.

FRANK Oh? I like presents.

Margot holds up the earring.

MARGOT No more crusties!

FRANK You cleaned it?

MARGOT Yeah. Just for you.

Frank puts the earring in his right ear and leaves the house. Margot heads to her studio.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Margot works on artwork throughout the day... 10:12 am... 12:13 pm... 3:15 pm...

The door bell stops Margot mid-color. She lays down the pastel and wipes her hands on a cloth. She heads to the front door.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margot opens the front door to Sally. Sally looks a fright. Her puffy red eyes shed fresh tears down her cheeks. Dried blood matts her hair, dots her face, stains her work clothes.

> MARGOT Oh my God! Sally? Are You okay??!!

Sally just stands there.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Sally? Sally!!?? Say something, please! ...Please say something! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU!? Sally slowly raises one of her arms. She opens a closed hand, palm up. The earring glints in the mid-afternoon sun. Sally speaks in a quakey voice, barely audible.

> SALLY The nurse gave it to me... I asked her... For you.

As Margot collapses, Sally's image morphs momentarily into that of a woman from ages gone by, holding out a basket filled with wheat-colored hair...

INT. FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON

Margot and Sally sit with Frank's family in the front seats facing the coffin. VISITORS sit throughout the room and several mill around at the back. In groups they whisper.

WOMAN Can you imagine? Finding out one sunny afternoon, out of the blue, that your husband's been decapitated?

MAN I heard it happened so fast, he never felt anything.

Another low-toned conversation.

GIRL #1 Jerry, is it true you were right there when it happened?

JERRY

Yeah. It was too weird... I started walking away and Frank came to tell me something and where I had been standing - that's when the fork on the tow-motor broke and the skid came down. Swoosh... clean off... I didn't really understand anything bad had happened until I heard Sally screaming.

GIRL #2

Bet you feel kinda strange being here, then, eh Jerry, knowing that it could be you lying in that box right now? EXT./INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - VARIOUS

A MONTAGE of one month of Sally's visits to Margot in grief, despair, denial. Sally always patiently tolerates it.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

SUPER: "August"

Margot doesn't even look up when Sally walks in the dark and gloomy bedroom - she is fully focused on something she holds in her hands. Sally cuts across the room, whips the curtains open and sits on the bed beside Margot.

SALLY

(tenderly) You gotta get out. It's been more than a month since... well, you know... You need to get out.

MARGOT

Why?

SALLY

To blow some stink off! Baby needs fresh air and sunshine... What are you fiddling with? Oh, right. His earring. Honey... I don't mean to offend, you know I love you dearly, but - isn't that a bit morbid?!

MARGOT

(monotone) It's special.

# SALLY

Yeah, I know. Remember? I was there. Yeah, Yeah, I know, I know, it belongs to MaryM...

Sally stands and cleans the bedroom.

SALLY (CONT'D) If you were to ask me, honestly, I would say it was more John the Baptist's earring than Mary's. I mean, it was John who lost his head, wasn't it? Sally looks at Margot. Margot has a shocked look on her face.

SALLY Oh, God. Oh, Margot. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean...

MARGOT (dazed) What did you say?

SALLY Really, Margot, I'm sorry -

MARGOT No, it's okay. You made me realize something.

Margot gets out of bed and puts the earring into her purse. She walks to her closet and picks a change of clothes.

## SALLY

(leery) Okay. That's better. We're going out. You, me and baby makes three... Now I'm not so sure this was such a good idea...

MARGOT (softly) Yes. It is. We're going out alright. We're going to the library.

INT. LIBRARY - ONE HOUR LATER

Margot is on the Internet. Sally peers over her shoulder. They find the mythical Donatello statue.

INSERT - COMPUTER MONITOR

Internet screen - Donatello's Carrera John the Baptist sculpture - with all the Christ wounds.

MARGOT

Oh my God.

SALLY What? John with an earring?

MARGOT Close... but, no. Sal, got an Email addy? SALLY (hesitantly) Yeah.

MARGOT

I need it.

Sally doesn't answer and just stares at Margot.

MARGOT Sally, I need it. (sighs heavily) I need it so I can tell these people with this statue that I need more info. I need to see pictures of this thing. Okay? Normal enough?

SALLY rescue911@yahoo.com. What'cha doin' Margot?

Margot prints the image from the monitor.

MARGOT Done. Okay Sal, I need your help.

SALLY

0-kay...

MARGOT You've heard of the Shroud of Turin?

SALLY Yeah. Jesus' burial cloth.

MARGOT Yes, precisely. Go find everything you can on it and meet me back here at this table.

SALLY The Shroud has an earring on it?

Margot gives Sally the evil eye mockingly.

SALLY I'm going. I'm going.

Margot finds a Bible. She looks up a scripture.

MARGOT John 20:5-7... ah, here it is... uh, "...linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes...". (thinks) Clothes - plural - and a napkin. Three things: one cloth is the Shroud of Turin, and the napkin is the Sudarium of Oveido. What's the other cloth?

Sally joins Margot.

SALLY You look constipated. What's up?

MARGOT

I'm missing something here... Sudarium, Shroud... what is the other cloth?

SALLY

Mandylion?

MARGOT

What?

## SALLY

A Mandylion? There's something in the Shroud section about it. It's like there were two little cloths on his head and the shroud around his body. That's what the Mandylion is from what I can tell.

#### MARGOT

So - there are two cloths and a Sudarium... Can you get it for me, Sally, please?

Sally gets the material from the shelves about the Mandylion. Sally and Margot finally leave the library with arms filled of books.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Sally waits outside the lawyer's office. Margot exits the office and gets in the car with two white envelopes in her hands. Sally drives.

MARGOT Thanks for bringing me here, Sal.

SALLY Is something wrong? You seem a little... bothered.

MARGOT

No. Not really. I just got a really creepy feeling, chills. (shrugs) It's just strange. That's all.

SALLY Well, all this death stuff. I don't think it's very healthy, you know? ... Wouldn't have anything to do with those letters, would it?

MARGOT (fidgets) Nah... Hungry? I could go for a light dinner.

SALLY I'm starved. Sure, let's go for a bite.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BACK HALLWAY - SAME

Schmidt closes the back door behind him. He slips sophisticated tools into his inside jacket pocket. He's very professional. He pulls out his cell phone and makes a call. He snoops as he talks.

> SCHMIDT They've been gone twenty minutes. Wait. I see it. I'll call back.

Schmidt closes his cell phone and snoops more.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt struts over to the Mason's table. It lays in pieces on the floor. He squats and pokes a finger at the spring-wood pice that juts out. He gets his cell phone out again and dials.

> SCHMIDT They're gone... Okay.

Schmidt hangs up and snoops more intently.

Schmidt spots the pouch, investigates it and finds it empty. He rubs the branded symbol on the leather face with his gloved thumb. He puts the pouch into the pocket of his long coat. He snoops more.

INT. DINER - SAME

Margot and Sally eat dinner. Two white envelopes lay unopened on the table.

SALLY Boy or girl?

### MARGOT

Huh?

SALLY Is it - a boy or girl?

MARGOT

I don't know.

SALLY Well, hasn't the doctor sent you for an ultrasound?

## MARGOT

What doctor? I haven't seen one since I first learned I was pregnant.

SALLY You haven't been, even for a quick check-up? Are you crazy?

MARGOT

I feel fine.

SALLY Well, what if there are problems?

## MARGOT

Will you relax, Sal. I just didn't go to the doctor's because I felt fine. No morning sickness, no back pain, no tired legs. Just - fine.

SALLY What about pre-natal classes? Have you signed up for any? MARGOT No. Why would I?

SALLY To know how to take care of your baby, silly!

MARGOT What's to know that isn't already obvious?

Sally opens her mouth to speak, but gets cut off.

MARGOT Girl. It's a girl.

SALLY And how do you know that?

MARGOT 'Cause that's what Frank wanted - a little girl. Sarah Elizabeth Mondy.

SALLY (mock shock) What? No "Mary"? (laughs) So, you just goin' to stare at those envelopes, or are you going to open them?

MARGOT I already know what they are.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Schmidt discovers Margot's pile of research books on the living room floor. He bends down to examine them. One by one, he looks through the books.

He stares a long time at the paper Margot printed at the library of the face of John the Baptist.

POV: the Donatello sculpture's face

Schmidt takes it, folds it up and slides it in the same pocket as the pouch. He prepares to leave.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt exits Margot's back door.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - SAME

While Sally drives, Margot opens one of the two white envelopes. Inside is a bill for five-hundred-thirty-five dollars and the blood-typing results.

> MARGOT Sally, I think you're right.

SALLY (puffs with pride.) About what? What was I right about?

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sally and Margot come through the front door. Sally looks around, mildly shocked.

SALLY

What a mess.

Sally pulls a paper from her purse.

SALLY Oh, yeah... Here's that E-mail about the photos, you know, the Roman dude... says he'll send you photos and other stuff on that sculpture.

Margot walks around the living room and peers down the hallway. Margot has a strange look on her face - something is wrong. Sally stuffs the paper back in her purse quickly and takes up a pace behind Margot.

SALLY

Margot?

MARGOT

Shh!

SALLY

Margot???

Margot creeps around nervously. Sally grabs an object off the desk and holds it as a weapon.

Margot cautiously opens the hall closet and reluctantly peers in. Nothing. They find nothing out of the ordinary. They move to the studio.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Margot looks at where the pouch was. She notices it is gone. Margot rifles quickly through her purse and removes the earring. Relieved, she throws it back into her purse.

> MARGOT (whispers) Somebody's been in here.

SALLY What? When? Are you sure?

MARGOT Yes. We have to get out of here...

SALLY How do you know for sure?

MARGOT The pouch. The one the earring was in? It's not here. It's gone. Someone's come in and taken it. (pauses) Sally, grab all these books and everything on the floor in the living room. I'm going to go grab some clothes. Start putting things in the car.

Sally grabs Margot's shirt.

SALLY Are you sure they're gone?

The two women move back to the living room.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Margot and Sally are sure no one is there. As Margot heads to the bedroom, Sally dumps the books on the floor into a laundry basket and takes them outside. She returns a few minutes later and joins Margot in the bedroom. INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SALLY The books are in the car.

MARGOT Okay. I'm going to lock-up. If you could grab this luggage, I'll finish up here.

Sally grabs the suitcases and follows Margot out the bedroom.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Margot checks the back door lock and looks out a curtained window, Sally right behind her.

MARGOT

I knew it!

SALLY

What?!

## MARGOT

See? Dirt. It rained last night. Frank and I haven't used the back porch since last year. But look. Shoe marks. That means somebody was in here while we were at dinner.

SALLY Margot, let's go. Let's just get outta here right now.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

MARGOT

Go downtown.

SALLY Why? What about the police?

MARGOT

No, not yet.

As they near the quaint main street seen earlier, Margot points to a particular store.

80.

MARGOT (CONT'D) There! That second-hand store. Pull over.

Sally parks the car. Margot gets out.

INT. USED-GOODS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Margot enters the store, which is different now - much cleaner, painted. She approaches a COUNTER PERSON.

MARGOT Hi. I was in here last year. It's, uh, different now than it was. There was an elderly man, kinda worn looking, kinda tall...

COUNTER PERSON Yes. You're talking about the previous owner.

MARGOT Previous? Any idea where I might find him?

COUNTER PERSON At Mary Hill.

MARGOT Where's Mary Hill?

COUNTER PERSON Mary Hill Cemetery. He died. Stabbed outside in a robbery, poor old guy. That's when the store was sold to the current owners. Is there something I could help you with?

MARGOT (disappointed) No. Thanks. Oh well, thank you.

Margot leaves.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

SALLY Why do you need to find this old guy?

### MARGOT

He's the one who sold us the table the Mason's table. I thought maybe he could tell me where it came from or something about it, at least.

## SALLY

Oh! That reminds me.

Sally feels around underneath her seat. She withdraws and gives Margot a little red cloth book.

SALLY (CONT'D) Ya might find something in this, but I don't know.

## MARGOT

What's this?

## SALLY

I don't know if Frank told you, but after he told me that you guys bought that table, I told him that my Grandfather used to be a Mason and that I have one of the lodge books. I was going to give to you, but I forgot. It's been under my seat for months. I just remembered... So, what now? Police station?

MARGOT

No - wait. Yes.

Sally drives to the police station, pulls up and stops in front.

#### MARGOT (CONT'D)

Sal. I'm going in. I want you to drive to the corner of Wilson and Marcus. You know? Just around the corner?

SALLY Yeah. A few blocks from here.

MARGOT Right. Wait for me there. I won't be long. EXT. POLICE STATION - SAME

A sleek black car pulls up to the curb nearby. Schmidt speaks on a car phone.

SCHMIDT (V.O.) The target is inside... The driver has gone. What do you want me to do?... Alright... I'll wait for target to exit the building and follow her home... It'll be done before the sun rises.

INT. SALLY'S CAR - LATER

Sally waits patiently parked on a quiet, dim-lit side-street. When the passenger door opens, Sally jumps. Margot gets into the car.

> SALLY Jeez, Margot - you scared the shit outta me!... What did the police have to say?

MARGOT I didn't talk to them.

SALLY

What? Then what was the point in going there in the first place?

#### MARGOT

If we're being watched, or followed, they now think I'm in the police station. We're going to sit here a few minutes longer. If we don't get gunned down in the next few minutes, or something, then it means they think I'm still in there.

#### SALLY

Yeah, that or we're both overly paranoid. Well, wouldn't they have seen you come out?

MARGOT Nope. I went out the back.

SALLY Sneaky... cool. Okay, so where now? MARGOT

Just start heading east. We're going to hole out at a motel on the outskirts for a while.

SALLY

We?

MARGOT Yep, we. I've got a plan... this is what we're going to do... Tomorrow, you're going to go to your work...

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN ONTARIO - LATE MORNING

SUPER: "September"

Margot, in a housecoat, brushes her teeth. She's very pregnant. A secret knock strikes the door. Margot unlocks and opens it to Sally, her arms full with parcels.

MARGOT

How'd it go?

SALLY I did everything you asked... rental, airport - we're leaving for France tonight.

Sally giggles, reaches in a bag and pulls out a wig.

SALLY (CONT'D) Ooh-la-la! (pouts) Couldn't find a single cloak and dagger ensemble in my color.

MARGOT

And the IDs?

## SALLY

That was easy. I went to work like you told me - to ask for my two-week leave of absence and it occurred to me that I should go to my locker - where all the other lockers are... snicker, snicker...

MARGOT You broke into lockers and stole ID?

## SALLY

Not the ID, silly. Just the personal data, you know, bank account numbers, driver's licence number, credit card number... that sort of thing. Color photocopies of the works! ...Am I good, or am I good!?

#### MARGOT

Brilliant!

## SALLY

Yeah, it works out great actually -I rented the car under Jennifer's name, you know that bitch with the brown, bobbed hair? Well, I'll just say that if for some bizarre reason, this car gets trashed, well...

### MARGOT

Jennifer's stuck with the bill! So, everything was okay with work?

#### SALLY

No problem. I never took any leave after Frank - well, you know. And so they gave me my leave without even blinking an eye.

### MARGOT

Did you stop by your place?

### SALLY

Before the sun was up... early bird catches the worm.

## MARGOT

Yeah, but the second mouse gets the cheese. Did you get enough things?

# SALLY

Yeah... It all fit so nicely just thrown in my luggage. They're in the car for now. So, are you going to tell me where we are really going?

## MARGOT

I don't know yet. First, we're going to the bank. I have a withdrawal to make.

## MARGOT(cont'd)

Then we'll grab some travel food. And I have to call in a favour. Oh, and drop this in a mailbox.

SALLY

What is it?

## MARGOT

A note to my lawyer, advising that a special envelope will be arriving from Rome for me and that I'll have someone pick it up for me - since I'm not sure when I'll be able to get there to pick it up myself. (MORE)

### SALLY

Right. Those pictures you think are so important? Why are they so important, Margot?

### MARGOT

Let's finish what we still have to do and I'll tell you everything when we get back.

SALLY Everything? You've been holding out on me?

#### MARGOT

No... not deliberately. Look, it's better if you just wait and I'll explain it all later. Basically, I didn't know what was going on until today.

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN ONTARIO - LATER

Sally and Margot unload various bags filled with food and supplies. Margot removes a huge zipped sac from one of the bags and tosses it onto the desk.

# SALLY

Okay. Why all the money? What the hell is going on? That's almost twohundred-thousand dollars - cash! Are you crazy walking around with that kinda money?

## MARGOT

Yep. Frank's life insurance policy. That's all I had left in the bank.

## MARGOT(cont'd)

If you pay cash, it's yours and nobody can take it from you.

SALLY Are we going to be buying something?

### MARGOT

Not sure, but that was a little saying my foster father taught me way back when. It also means, more importantly, that no one can trace our movements or whereabouts. And if we don't get back for awhile, well... (rubs belly)

at least we have ample finances.

SALLY Shit, Margot! I need to know something! Just a little bone, please?

Sally mimics a panting dog until Margot walks to the desk and opens a drawer. She removes a paper and tosses it to Sally.

MARGOT

Here.

SALLY Blood type AB. Who? Frank's?... Whoa! Frank <u>is</u> the daddy, right?

#### MARGOT

What? ... Of course he is, silly. This is about the blood that was on the earring Frank and I found.

SALLY This is about the blood on the earring. Phew!

## MARGOT

Yeah. Human blood. Frank and I took it to a lab and had it typed and these are the results... AB. Frank and I thought it was MaryM's blood, but something you said recently got me thinking.

Margot picks up a few books from a stack of them on the floor. One by one she shows them to Sally.

MARGOT (CONT'D) This book talks about the Sudarium the napkin on Christ's head - DNA test results: AB. (changes book) In this book, it talks about a place called Lanciano, Italy, and that in the eighth-century a Eucharist Miracle occurred where wine and wafer "became" blood and flesh. DNA test results? AB.

## SALLY

Earring - AB. Jesus' earring?

MARGOT

Right... and...

SALLY Not Jesus' earring... John's?

#### MARGOT

Exactly. I haven't been able to find it, but - remember that sculpture by Donatello we saw in the library? The one I printed?

# SALLY

Yeah, the one that looked like a gargoyle?

### MARGOT

Okay... see in this book... the image taken from the Shroud? Look at the base of the neck. See the decapitation mark?

POV: Shroud of Turin (the image of Christ on linen), at the base of the neck is a severe line. Between it and the torso is nothing but space.

## SALLY

Okay. I'm confused.

### MARGOT

Okay, hang on... see in this picture how it shows all the traditional markings associated with Christ's face in art?

POV: Christ's face with various wounds numbered 1-15. Number thirteen indicates a severe cut at the base of the throat.

## MARGOT (CONT'D)

See how in the list of markings, number thirteen is "transverse line across throat"? Sally, think! Who got beheaded?

### SALLY

(thinks) Jesus is John.

#### MARGOT

Right. Shit! I wish I could figure out what I did with that print... Oh well, I guess I'll have to wait until the photos arrive from Rome before I can check for certain, but I recognized at least half these "Christ" vignette markings on that Donatello sculpture.

## SALLY

And the sculpture matched the Shroud markings as well, right?

MARGOT And, I learned that the Siena Cathedral in Rome has a bronze replica of the sculpture. It is also called-

SALLY John the Baptist.

#### MARGOT

Right. And...

Margot digs in the drawer for several other papers which she hands to Sally.

MARGOT (CONT'D) These are the first two translations we received of the MaryM documents. The other one is the Scottish translation, the one that lead Frank and I to that Manor in New Ross-

SALLY Where you guys found the earring.

MARGOT

Right.

Sally reads the papers. Margot takes the unopened envelope from the desk top and tosses it on the bed.

MARGOT (CONT'D) And this one... is the ending.

## SALLY

Now I know why you won't open it. You're afraid because everything that's happened to MaryM has happened to you!... Whoa!! Is that even possible?

### MARGOT

I don't know. It's just too much coincidence for me, you know? It's like these envelopes are each a Pandora's box. I open one and whammo! something bad happens... I just don't know, Sally. And I'm so afraid for Sarah. And worse - I don't know how to stop all this.

Sally points at the unopened envelope.

#### SALLY

Yeah, but maybe the answer is in the ending.

#### MARGOT

Yeah, and maybe it's the death of us all. I'm just not sure if by opening the envelopes we caused this stuff to happen. Maybe if I don't open the last envelope...

### SALLY

Maybe we should just open it. Better the Devil you know, you know?

### MARGOT

Are you sure you want to know? You're a part of this too.

SALLY Well - now I am!

#### MARGOT

No.

Margot points to one name.

MARGOT (CONT'D) You always were. See?

SALLY Salome!? Oh, no... no way... this can't be!

### MARGOT

You were a nurse... she was a nurse of sorts. Your name is Sally... her's is Sal-o-me. She was there when John was killed, just like you were there when Frank - well, you know. She told MaryM... you told me.

# SALLY

(disturbed) So, is this like, reincarnation? We were them?

#### MARGOT

No. I don't think that's it. I think it has to do with blood, like bloodlines and generations, and information being passed down through the blood. Kinda like with cloning - one cell with the entire memory and life of a person can make a cloned person. Well, the cell from a parent can make a descendant, fully loaded with the additional memory and knowledge of its ancestors... And cycles, like history repeats itself, kinda thing.

#### SALLY

Okay, you can stop now. You're losing me... So what now? We can't just stay here. We have to do something - not sure what, but anything is better than just sitting here. We should keep moving...

(a revelation) That's why someone broke into your place. They were after the earring.

### MARGOT

Most likely the parchments. I don't think anybody really knows about the earring. I've never seen it in any of my research.

## SALLY

Of course! The parchments expose everything - the lies, the deception... This is really big information.

## MARGOT

Yes. And it seems that everyone who has ever known about it has been murdered.

SALLY Correction - "martyred". (thinks) St. Sally... St. Sally... Has a certain ring to it, don't you think?

MARGOT That's not funny.

## SALLY

I know. Do you see me laughing? We really should get out of here.

MARGOT

I agree. Okay. Tomorrow we leave.

## SALLY

Which way?

MARGOT

Well, like the Good Book says east. We're heading east. Get your Parisian disguise ready, Sal - next stop, Montreal.

INT. SCHMIDT'S CAR - SAME EVENING

Schmidt is parked near Margot's house in his sleek black car. He checks his wristwatch: 8 p.m. He makes a phone call.

> SCHMIDT Nothing yet... France? Can our people verify that at the other end? ... Yeah, okay.

Schmidt hangs up. He exits his car.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Schmidt snoops the desk first. He plays back the answering machine. Nothing of interest. He opens the drawers, roots around and finds Dr. Koch's business card. He gets his cell phone and makes a call.

SCHMIDT It's Koch, for sure... Okay.

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - LATER

Schmidt climbs the long staircase to Dr. Koch's office.

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt searches through files. He finds MONDY, Frank's file, and in it, the address of the lawyer's office.

Suddenly, Schmidt hears FOOTSTEPS climb the stairs. He hides. The footsteps arrive at the office. Dr. Koch turns on the light.

Dr. Koch pulls several files, tucks them under his arm and leaves. He turns out the light as he goes never noticing Schmidt hidden nearby.

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Koch is at the top of the stairs about to head down. He senses something and turns around. Schmidt stands inches away.

SCHMIDT Where are the parchments?

DR. KOCH Who the hell are you? And, how did you-

Schmidt pulls a gun. Dr. Koch is visibly afraid.

SCHMIDT Where are the parchments? DR. KOCH Which parchments? I know of so many!

SCHMIDT The Mondy parchments.

DR. KOCH I don't have them... (backs up) I swear, she didn't leave them with me. She - the woman, Margot - took them with her... (backs up more) I...

Dr. Koch moves too close to the edge of the stairs. He looks back behind himself at the long descent. He teeters offbalance. He looks pleadingly back at Schmidt.

Schmidt hits him with the butt of his gun. Dr. Koch falls down the stairs to his death.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

A SECRETARY putters. A YOUNG MAN enters.

YOUNG MAN I'm here to pick-up an envelope for Margot Sicambri.

SECRETARY Yes. That's right. I received something this morning about you.

The secretary roots through a "Pending" tray on her desk. She retrieves a letter from Margot.

SECRETARY (CONT'D) According to her letter - for security reasons - you are to provide me with a special password.

YOUNG MAN Yep. Aristocrats.

SECRETARY That's the word.

The secretary tosses the letter back into the tray. She goes into a filing cabinet and removes a padded envelope.

Here you go.

INT. COURIER SERVICE FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

The young man addresses a large courier envelope to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia - overnight express.

INT. MOTEL ROOM IN MONTREAL - SAME LATE EVENING

Margot and Sally settle into their room, sore and cramped from the long drive. Margot has back pain and lays down for a nap. Sally is worn, a little agitated.

> SALLY I'm going to step out for a bit, stretch my legs.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - SAME

Schmidt picks open the locked filing cabinet and looks through the files. He finds nothing new. He slams the file drawer shut.

As he turns to leave, his coat catches the corner of the filing trays on the secretary's desk. They crash to the floor. Schmidt picks everything up quickly and places it all back on the desk.

Schmidt sees the letter from Margot. He picks it up and reads it. Nothing there. He roots in the stack for the envelope and reads the face. He smiles and puts the envelope back. He makes a phone call.

> SCHMIDT Yes... They never went to France... They've headed east... I'm heading to the airport... Yes, I'll be in Montreal by the morning.

INT. MOTEL ROOM IN MONTREAL - LATER

Sally peers outside through a window curtain, nervous, fidgety. Margot sits on one of two beds, a spread of open books before her. She turns the earring over and over in her hands. She's very pregnant and very pensive. MARGOT I understand what's going on... I'm just not sure quite what it means. (pauses) On one hand, it's about synchronicity and on the other hand, it's about truth. It's kinda like some type of cosmic clock, and when it strikes four o'clock, kinda thing, this shit happens.

Sally pulls away from the window and sits with Margot on the edge of the bed. Sally looks at her very seriously.

#### SALLY

Look. I don't know what you just said, but one thing I know for sure is, it's not helping us any. All I want to hear, is you've figured out how we get out of this shit. (disgruntled) You don't know, do you?

MARGOT Not yet. But I know the answer is here. (indicates books) I'll find it. I'll get us out of this.

Sally nods at Margot's very swollen belly.

SALLY Hopefully sooner, than later, eh?

Margot sweeps up the books and stacks them on the floor beside her bed. They each get into a bed and turn out the lights. Sally lays on her stomach and faces away from Margot.

Margot lays on her back and stares at the ceiling. She looks over at Sally, then back at the ceiling, thinking... Suddenly, Margot sits up and turns on the light.

> MARGOT Oh, my God!

SALLY What? You better not tell me your water broke.

Margot gets her purse and empties the contents onto the bed. She roots through it and finally finds a small, very worn scrap of paper. MARGOT No, no... here it is!

SALLY

Here's what?

## MARGOT

A while back, Dr. Koch - the translator - wrote me a letter and in it he gave me a phone number "just in case". I remember Frank and I laughing about it then. I kept the number and tossed the rest of the letter.

SALLY And it's been hiding at the bottom of your purse all this time?

MARGOT Yeah... better late than never.

Sally leaps out of bed and grabs the scrap from Margot.

SALLY I'm handling this.

Sally plods to the phone and dials an eleven-digit phone number.

### SALLY

(to Margot)
It's ringing
 (into phone)
Hello? You don't know me but we
were told to call this number "just
in case"... That's right... Dr.
Koch... He's dead? ...I don't
really want to say right now. Where
should we be?... Yeah... yeah... uhhuh... Okay, bye.

MARGOT

Well?

SALLY Dr. Koch is dead. He fell down the stairs at his office last night, apparently.

MARGOT That's awful.

#### SALLY

Well, you know what they say, no rest for the wicked... We have to go to a place called St. John figures! From there we take a boat. It's about another two-hour drive after that.

## MARGOT

We're going to Nova Scotia?

## SALLY

Yeah, and in a strange kinda way, we're going around in circles. Anyway, anything is better than just sitting here waiting.

## INT. RENTAL CAR - MORNING

Sally and Margot wear their disguises. Sally scratches fervently at her scalp.

SALLY This wig is driving me crazy! Do we really need to wear these?

MARGOT Only until we get to the hairdresser's.

SALLY Manicure and a pedicure?

## MARGOT

Dye jobs.

## EXT. BEAUTY SALON - LATER

Sally and Margot don't look like themselves anymore as they exit the salon. Simultaneously, Margot and Sally leave the hair-dressers as Schmidt drives by. Though he does not see them, Margot recognizes him.

> MARGOT Sally! In the car, fast. We gotta go!

SALLY What? What's the matter?

MARGOT

I just saw something I didn't like.

SALLY No argument here. St. John - save us!

INT. RENTAL CAR - VARIOUS

A MONTAGE of stops along the road for gasoline, coffee, meals, rests, etc. Margot's back gets very sore. Long hours of being on the road take their toll on both women. Sally gets very tired having to do all the driving.

Location names such as Riviere-du-Loup, Grand Falls and Fredericton appear along the way as day becomes evening, which becomes late night, which becomes day again. Finally a sign for ST. JOHN comes into view.

A storm brews in the distance.

EXT. FERRY DECK - MORNING

Margot and Sally stand in salt water winds. They stare at the foamy waves. The Princess of Acadia ferry churns across the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia. New Brunswick is still visible on the shoreline.

The weather turns for the worse. Mean clouds fill the darkened sky and thunder rumbles in the distance. It starts to rain.

SALLY

Only two-and-a-half hours to go before we reach Digby. We should go inside. I see some empty couches in there to curl up on for a bit. Take a nice, relaxing power snooze.

MARGOT

(concentrated) Yeah, okay.

Sally turns to leave but Margot does not follow.

SALLY

You coming?

Margot stands still, pasty-faced.

MARGOT Sally? Something's wrong.

SALLY Yeah, it's called sea sick.

MARGOT Then why is there warm water running down my legs?

SALLY Oh, no... no, no. This is <u>not</u> happening! (MORE)

MARGOT Sally? What's wrong with me? What's happening?

Sally tries to move Margot inside.

SALLY Just don't worry. Everything is fine. Stay calm and just do what I tell you to. Okay?

Margot groans over a contraction.

SALLY It's going to be just fine. Just fine... We're going to get an attendant to help us. Just hang in there...

Sally yells to a ferry EMPLOYEE, 20, who runs over to help.

SALLY (to employee) Her water's broke. She's about to deliver. I need you to take me to your medical facility, inform the doctor.

EMPLOYEE There is no doctor aboard.

SALLY

No doctor?

EMPLOYEE No. The staff have advanced medical training, though. And we'll call ahead to shore.

## EMPLOYEE(cont'd)

They'll have an ambulance waiting when we dock to take her to the hospital.

SALLY What's your name?

#### EMPLOYEE

Dylan.

SALLY Ever help deliver a baby, Dylan?

As Margot doubles over from another contraction, a lightning bolt cracks in the distance and rain thunders down.

Margot's POV: Her legs and feet become those of a long-ago woman. Sally's jeans and running shoes morph into thick skirts and open sandals.

Margot looks up at Sally.

MARGOT'S POV: Sally looks like a woman Margot saw once before, holding a basket... But then it's gone and Sally is just Sally and, Margot is...

... fading.

INT. FERRY - NOON

Through darkness, and what seems a long ways away, a name is called: Margot... - Sally's voice - after which is heard a faint WHISPER on the howling wind which sounds like: Mary.

Again Sally's faint voice cuts through the veil, this time closer...

SALLY (V.O.)

... followed by a faint whisper: Mary.

A fogginess penetrates Margot's blackness.

INT. FERRY - CONTINUOUS

MARGOT'S POV: from the gurney, looking up, Sally's loving face comes into focus.

Sally stands beside the gurney and looks out a huge window. Snuggled warmly with Margot is newborn SARAH. As the ferry comes into range, the flashing lights of an ambulance can be faintly made out on the dock. Sally nods. Margot blinks her eyes to focus better.

> SALLY Margot? We're almost docked, Honey. They're already waiting to take us to the hospital.

### MARGOT

Sarah?

SALLY She's fine. She's sleeping right beside you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Margot sits in bed. Sally comes in with a folded newspaper under her arm. She glances into the crib in the room.

> SALLY Hello, baby Sarah. You're famous! (to Margot) Hello, little mother. You're looking more alive today.

MARGOT Yeah. They tell me I slept twentyfour hours.

SALLY Yep. Since they wheeled you in yesterday.

MARGOT The doctor says I can leave this afternoon, if I want. All Sarah's paperwork is finished.

SALLY Are you feeling up to that?

MARGOT

Yeah. I called Momma and told her we were coming - with her newborn grand-daughter.

### SALLY

I guess she doesn't mind if we hang out there a bit then, eh? So? What was the verdict? New Brunswick or Nova Scotia?

#### MARGOT

Sarah Elizabeth Mondy, born September twenty-sixth at exactly eleven a.m. in... wait for it... Digby, Nova Scotia.

## SALLY

Hey, look. I brought you this article. It's about us. They actually call Sarah the "little Princess of Acadia", just like the name of the ferry. Isn't that adorable?

EXT. MOTEL IN MONTREAL - AFTERNOON

Schmidt parks. He goes to the open office window. He shows a MAN behind the glass pictures of Sally and Margot.

MAN They looked different than they do in those pictures.

SCHMIDT But, you're sure it was them?

MAN

Oh, yeah. I got an eye for faces, especially pretty ones. This one was fat, but she was awfully pretty.

SCHMIDT

Can you check your records, see when they were here?

Schmidt slides a twenty-dollar bill to the man.

MAN Sure. Here... almost a week ago.

Schmidt notices a column with auto data.

SCHMIDT What kind of car were they driving?

MAN Yep, that's right here... License plate number... Margot and Sally seem more relaxed as they lounge at the kitchen table. Margot's long hair is loose, with some front pieces of hair tied at the back of her head. Momma enters the room with an envelope.

## MOMMA

(to Margot)
This came for you by courier
earlier this week. Didn't
understand then why it was
delivered here for you, but now I
do. Sarah sleeping?

Margot opens the envelope.

MARGOT Yeah. Sleeping like a baby.

Sarah whimpers suddenly from the other room.

## SALLY

## Spoke too soon!

Margot lays the envelope on the table and leaves to attend Sarah. Sally opens the envelope. She withdraws a group of photos. She gets up from the table with them to join Margot in the next room.

## INT. MOMMA'S LIVING ROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - CONTINUOUS

Sally walks and flips through the photos. Sally views a particular photo when she looks up at Margot. Margot stands, holding Sarah tenderly, with her back to the room. A look of surprise creeps over Sally's face. She holds up that one picture and compares it to Margot.

SALLY'S POV: Donatello sculpture - back of John the Baptist's head, the hair type and styling identical to Margot's.

Sally shakes her head and leaves for the kitchen. She jams the photos back in the envelope as she walks.

INT. MOMMA'S KITCHEN IN NOVA SCOTIA - CONTINUOUS

Sally plunks herself into a chair at the kitchen table and holds her head in her hands, disturbed by what she just saw. Margot enters the kitchen and sits at the table. Margot takes up the envelope. MARGOT How do the pictures of John the Baptist look, Sal?

SALLY (strange tone) Oh, you could say he's got a seriously interesting profile...

INT. MOMMA'S LIVING ROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

Margot, Sally and Momma lounge. Margot reads the Masonic book Sally gave her awhile back.

SALLY Have you found anything useful in that thing yet?

### MARGOT

Well, I think the continual reference to specific numbers is of note... numbers like 3, 7, 9 broken into 3s, stuff like that. Oh and then...

(flips further) ...there's something here about visitors need explicit permission to visit a lodge.

## SALLY

I was thinking more along the lines of an eye-of-newt potion. You know? Something we could whip up to Poof! everything back to normal.

MARGOT We do have expressed permission, don't we?

## SALLY

He told us to come tonight.

Margot lays down the Masonic book and picks up the Paula Harmon book. She flips slowly through and reads. Momma gets up.

> MOMMA I'm putting water on. Anybody else want tea?

SALLY AND MARGOT Yes, please.

MARGOT

Listen to this... it's a letter from Herod. He writes "because of the many evil things which were done by me to John the Baptist, and because I mocked the Christ..." (flips page) and this... "because I persecuted the introducer of baptism by water, which was John..."

SALLY

Same letter?

MARGOT Yep... and that he "blinded the eye of righteousness"...

Margot gets the photos and looks at John's sculptured face.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Yep. John's eye is definitely botched. (back to the book) Ooh... there's even a mention here about earrings.

SALLY

John's earring?

MARGOT

No. Herod's daughter's earrings, but still... just strange to see the word earring here.

SALLY "Let he who has eyes, see. And he who has ears, hear."

MARGOT Holy shit... that's it... they were mocking him!

SALLY

Who?

MARGOT John's torturers. It was deliberate. Eyes and ears... a blind eye... MARGOT It <u>is</u> John's earring.

Sally sits on the couch with Margot.

SALLY Look at the photos again. Can we see his ear?

Margot and Sally look through the photos together. Nothing can be ascertained about John's ear from them.

SALLY (CONT'D) They sure are creepy, eh? So real looking. As if...

MARGOT As if Donatello had carved this with the actual head as his subject!

Momma enters the room with tea cups. Margot jumps up off the couch and goes into an adjacent den.

INT. MOMMA'S DEN IN NOVA SCOTIA - CONTINUOUS

Margot stares at the computer there. She yells to the next room.

MARGOT MOMMA? Do you have the Internet on this computer?

Momma enters.

MOMMA Yeah. Want to browse?

MARGOT No. I need to send an E-mail.

MOMMA

Okay.

Momma sets up the computer for Margot and goes back to the living room. Margot fires off an E-mail.

INT. MOMMA'S LIVING ROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - MOMENTS LATER

Margot sits back on the couch to have her tea. She picks up a SHROUD OF TURIN book and eases back. She flips through it.

# SALLY

Who'd you E-mail?

# MARGOT

(taps photos) Rome. I asked them, could they please take a good look at the statue, at the left ear and tell me what they find. If we're right, and Donatello did carve it from John's actual head, then the ear on the sculpture should be mangled. I mean, Donatello got everything else right, right?

MOMMA Well, I'm off to bed, girls. This is all the conversation I want to hear. Good night.

Momma kisses each of the women good-night.

# MARGOT AND SALLY

Good night.

Margot compares the vignette markings and the Shroud image in the book to the face of the sculpture in the photo. Sally snuggles in for a better look. They compare everything.

> SALLY Everything is there... the triangle thing on his nose between his eyes... the puffed cheeks... the mouth... everything!

MARGOT And the decapitation mark. The man

of the Shroud is John. Jesus is John.

SALLY And, John is Jesus. Whoa! Amazing!

MARGOT Yes... What a great example of human behavior to mentor. It's quite inspiring. Sally checks the time on the wall clock: 10 PM

SALLY We better get ready to go.

MARGOT Okay. I'll get Sarah ready.

SALLY Can't we leave her here?

MARGOT And tell Momma what?

SALLY Right... wrong... since she would have to baby-sit and then we'd have to explain where we're going... yeah, I'll get the car started.

EXT. GAS STATION BOOTH IN GRAND FALLS - SAME

Cars on a busy highway roar by. Schmidt is at the pump. He shows Sally's and Margot's pictures to an ATTENDANT.

The attendant nods, points at Sally's picture and motions with his hands on his hair. The attendant rubs his hair again, motions his arms indicating someone with a huge stomach and points at Margot's picture. Schmidt leaves.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD IN NOVA SCOTIA - SAME LATE NIGHT

Sally and Margot drive to their meeting. A sign fluoresces NEW ROSS - EXIT 2 KM. Sally takes the exit and soon parks the car in front of the Lodge.

Margot gets out of the car and unbuckles Sarah from the back baby's seat.

Sally and Margot, with Sarah in tote, approach the huge wooden door of the ominous-looking structure - too big to be a house, too small to be a church. Sally rings the doorbell. Chimes echo from inside. The door opens.

A dishevelled LYMAN ABRAMS, 70, Grand Master and priest, answers. He looks sternly at them. He motions them in.

INT. LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Sally and Margot (holding Sarah) enter a poorly lit, vast entranceway dense with ornately-carved columns towering to the high ceiling.

A larger-than-life Madonna and Baby statue looms over them from the rear. It casts a shadow towards Margot. Margot's shadow (while holding Sarah) reflects back, joining itself to the statue. One shadow morphs into the other.

Margot and Abrams eye each other curiously.

Sally looks at Margot, spellbound by the shadow play.

SALLY'S POV: Margot and Sarah's stance appear identical to that of the Madonna and Baby statue.

Sally blinks several times, then laughs with mild hysterics.

MARGOT Sally, why don't you take Sarah and wait in the car?

Sally takes Sarah from Margot. Abrams lets them out. Margot digs in her purse and pulls out some papers.

MARGOT I guess you knew Dr. Koch?

#### ABRAMS

Yes.

MARGOT Did he tell you about these?

ABRAMS

He didn't have to. I tried to bring them to him, but he wanted naught to do with them.

## MARGOT

Why not?

ABRAMS He had his reasons.

## MARGOT

Fear? He was afraid. I understand why... Okay, wait a minute. If you had the parchments, how did I end up-

FLASHBACK: Margot remembers the dishevelled man who smiled crookedly at her and Frank way back at the second-hand store.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

You!

## ABRAMS

Yes, me... They were no longer safe here, so, in a fluster, I moved them. The only thing I could find to put them in was in the boiler room in the basement...

MARGOT The Mason's table, of course!

ABRAMS I did what was necessary.

#### MARGOT

So, when Dr. Koch wanted nothing to do with the parchments, you sold the table to the second-hand store. Right.

ABRAMS

<u>Gave</u> it. I guess Schmidt followed me there.

MARGOT

Schmidt?!

ABRAMS Otto Schmidt, an evil man.

MARGOT Why would an art dealer want the parchments?

ABRAMS Art dealer? Schmidt is a "man for hire".

MARGOT What? He kills people?

ABRAMS

If necessary, but more for the acquisition of articles - damaging articles.

MARGOT The parchments. But why?

#### ABRAMS

To prevent further scandal in the church. His job was to retrieve the parchments and return them to his superiors.

#### MARGOT

But, this is a scam that goes way back, hundreds of years, knowingly, deliberately!

## ABRAMS

All the more reason for them to want to keep it under their control.

# MARGOT

"Them"? As in who? The Vatican?

# ABRAMS shrugs.

## MARGOT

Okay... back to the games. You're not going to tell me. Okay, then maybe you can answer this: why didn't you guys expose it?

# ABRAMS

Rules of confidentiality. We're like a bank. We just hold the goods, we don't own them. And they only pass from our possession if an heir is located.

#### MARGOT

Then why did you give them to a dusty store?

## ABRAMS

I told you. I did what was necessary. I asked God what to do, and God told me. Seems God was right - by the time Schmidt was able to question the store owner...

# MARGOT

We already had the table. So, the old vendor was murdered! Schmidt murdered him!

ABRAMS Possibly. Probably.

But why were the parchments no longer safe with you?

ABRAMS Because Schmidt showed up here.

#### MARGOT

Schmidt shows up here, spooks <u>you</u>, and somehow, they're safe with me?! How dare you? Do you know what I've endured since these stupid documents came into my life? And I have a daughter. Who is going to protect her?

#### ABRAMS

You. Have you no faith in God?

## MARGOT

Yeah. But, God's not doing this to me. You and Otto Schmidt are. Schmidt's been following us. I thought it was strange when I saw him in Montreal. I knew it was him! I just couldn't understand why an art dealer would be trying to hurt me.

Abrams looks concerned. Margot levels a stare at him.

#### MARGOT

How do I stop him? This?

# ABRAMS

You can't. If a man is set on killing you, you cannot change his intent. This is set. You either do nothing and perish, thereby fulfilling the natural course of his intent, or, you defend yourself and maybe live to know that you changed the course of events... You are talking about forcing a group of dynamics over which neither you nor I have any amount of control. It is like the earth's rotation. Every 365 days, it begins again and nobody can stop it.

So. God works in mysterious ways, history repeats itself and the only thing I can do - we can do - is make the best of it? Is that your answer?

ABRAMS Fundamentally, yes.

MARGOT Well, that's not good enough. (frustrated) Okay, Margot, think, think... Okay, let's get past this for a sec. What can the Masons do to help us?

#### ABRAMS

Nothing.

MARGOT What do you mean, "nothing"?

ABRAMS Exactly that. Nothing. The Order cannot help you.

MARGOT Oh, yeah. That's right - because I'm a woman. We're women.

# ABRAMS

Rules are rules.

# MARGOT

Oh, that's priceless. An organization of cowardly warriors and unethical priests who dump their shit on a single mom - a widow - with a newborn child. Just peachy!

Margot turns and walks towards the outside door. She stops and spins around, angry.

MARGOT (CONT'D) What was the point in bringing us here if you had no intention of helping us?

ABRAMS I just finished telling you how to change it.

What? To not let it happen the same way this time as it did the last time? Great. What am I supposed to do with that?

#### ABRAMS

Providence.

MARGOT Yep. Sounds about right. You get me into this mess and expect that God's going to get me out of it. Let me out of this, this den of iniquity!

Before Abrams unlocks the door, he pauses.

#### ABRAMS

I saw you.

MARGOT What? In a vision?

ABRAMS Across the road. Last Easter... God told me great things about you.

Margot isn't the least bit impressed. She wants out. Abrams lets her out, a look of loss on his face.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

SALLY

Well?

MARGOT Drive home, to Momma's.

SALLY What did he say?

Margot sits silent for a while.

MARGOT He said... He said we're on our own.

116.

INT. GAS STATION OUTSIDE FREDERICTON - SAME

Schmidt speaks with two gas bar ATTENDANTS. They recognize the women.

SCHMIDT Any idea which way they were headed?

ATTENDANT # 1 Highway 2. They were asking about it - going to Moncton.

SCHMIDT

Thanks.

Schmidt leaves and the attendants watch as he gets in his car and drives away.

> ATTENDANT # 2 What'cha tell him they were goin' to Moncton for? Those ladies didn't say they was headed there.

ATTENDANT # 1 No. But they were askin' 'bout Highway. 2, and Highway. 2 goes to Moncton.

ATTENDANT # 2 Or St. John.

ATTENDANT # 1 Yeah, but that's takin' the scenic route. If you want to go to St. John from here, you takes Highway # 7. And that's exactly what I told those ladies.

INT. MOMMA'S KITCHEN IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

Margot and Sally creep into the dark, quiet kitchen. Suddenly a light flicks on - Momma. She sits at the kitchen table.

MARGOT AND SALLY

Momma?

No shit. Alright you two. First things first - are you both outta your minds, dragging a wee baby around outside at this hour of the night?

SALLY AND MARGOT Well, we-

MOMMA

Shh!

(glares, then softens) Okay, now that that's done -Margot? Why don't you put my granddaughter in her crib and com'on back in here. Sally - you sit down right here. I'll put on the water for tea and you two girls are going to do some explaining.

Margot and Sally do as they are told.

INT. MOMMA'S KITCHEN IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

Margot, Sally and Momma talk into the early morning hours.

MARGOT

So that's it.

# SALLY

All of it.

MOMMA What if you give this Schmidt guy

the parchments? If that's what he's after, why not?

# MARGOT

I considered that. The problem is, then the lies and secrets just keep going. No. I'm going to give it until tomorrow. If by tomorrow night nothing's resolved, I'll go to the police and see if they can help. I'm just afraid they won't believe me.

SALLY Yeah, considering we can't prove he's after us.

Right, but I can sense it... and it gives me the creeps - all these years gone by, and these secrets have just gotten buried deeper and deeper under mounds of lies.

Margot, Momma and Sally sit quietly, pensive. Suddenly, Margot jumps up.

MARGOT That's it! That's it! That's it!

SALLY What? What?

MARGOT

Secrets!

#### SALLY

Huh?

Margot takes Sally by both hands, pulls her out of her chair and dances her around. Sally plays along.

> MARGOT (lyrically) No more secrets! No more secrets!

Momma watches with raised eyebrow.

MOMMA Okay...? You wanna settle down now?

Margot stops dancing. She looks at Sally and Momma.

MARGOT It's so easy... What's the one thing nobody has ever been able to do before now?

INT. LIBRARY IN NOVA SCOTIA - NOON

Margot and Sally sit at a table together. Margot gives Sally instructions.

MARGOT Sally, I need you to compile a list of key names and addresses for these major organizations, okay?

## SALLY

Yeah. Sure.

Margot looks through a section of topical material somewhere else in the library. She pulls down a book that has a beautiful maiden gracing the cover, THE ILLUSTRATED BLOODLINE OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

Margot takes the book to the table and thumbs through it. The artwork is spectacular. Margot looks at the front cover again and mumbles.

#### MARGOT

"By Lawrence Gardiner". This guy seems to know something.

Margot flips through it again and is visibly startled when she comes to a chart in the book. There, in the genealogical table for the fourth through sixth centuries, is her name, and Frank's name with hers.

MARGOT'S POV: Margot's finger traces the line above the names SICAMBRIAN PRINCESS ARGOTTA and MONDO KING OF THE FRANKS. It says, SEE BLOODLINE OF THE GRAIL.

Margot flips to the "Bloodline of the Grail" chart.

MARGOT'S POV: Margot's finger locates her namesake in the middle of the chart. Following downwards, her finger makes its way to PERCEVAL, GUARDIAN OF THE GRAIL. Her finger moves upwards again, past her namesakes, to the top of the tree. There are two names: JESUS and MARY MAGDALEN.

#### MARGOT (CONT'D)

Parents to us all! ... Guardian of the Grail, the cup - the truth. My family line is responsible for maintaining the integrity behind the Grail secrets... Oh my God, look at that. Abrams actually did manage to pass the documents to an heir.

Sally comes over and presents a thick print-out to Margot. Margot closes the book.

> SALLY Got it. All seventy.

MARGOT Good. Let's get out of here.

Margot and Sally leave the library.

A MONTAGE of Sally and Margot going store to store, getting numerous photocopies, large envelopes, various supplies.

INT. MOMMA'S KITCHEN IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

Margot and Sally heap all their purchases onto the kitchen table. Momma and Alan are there.

MARGOT Momma, did you make the call?

MOMMA Yes, dear. They'll be here tomorrow morning.

MARGOT Good. Thanks, Momma... So, everyone, are we ready?

INT. SCHMIDT'S CAR ON HIGHWAY - SAME

SCHMIDT'S POV: the road.

Schmidt speaks on his cell phone. He keeps his eyes on the road signs and other stops where the women might have gone.

SCHMIDT ...on Highway #2... to Moncton, but I haven't been able to find anyone who has seen them since I left Fredericton.

Schmidt passes a highway sign that reads HWY 1 TO ST. JOHN - EXIT NEXT RIGHT.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Shit!

Schmidt slams on the brakes as he passes the turn-off and pulls up on the gravel shoulder.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D) I found them.

Schmidt hangs up the phone, then backs up the car enough to take the St. John exit.

INT. MOMMA'S LIVING ROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - SAME

Thin piles of paper are everywhere. Momma, Alan and Sally collate pages that follows a procession that leads to a stapler. Margot staples the pages and puts each stack into a large envelope addressed according to the list Sally obtained from the library.

The hours go by. Afternoon becomes late evening, which becomes morning. Finally, the envelopes are ready.

EXT. MOMMA'S HOUSE IN NOVA SCOTIA - PORCH - MORNING

SUPER: "October"

A courier van pulls up and a DRIVER gets out. He sees the family with armfuls of envelopes.

DRIVER I suspect all these envelopes are being delivered to different places. Am I right?

ALL

Yes.

INT. FERRY - SAME

Schmidt is on the morning ferry to Digby from St. John. His cell phone rings. He answers. He listens. He scowls.

SCHMIDT Cancel? ... Yes. I'll take the first ferry back when I dock.

INT. MOMMA'S LIVING ROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - MORNING

Momma and Margot watch television. News reports ring out. Momma clicks another broadcast, and another, and another.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

ANCHOR # 1 ...when a densely packed, mysterious envelope arrived via courier.

# ANCHOR # 2

...a rash of fires being deliberately set. More than four churches were set ablaze by angry citizens in one city this morning as a result of the fallout from this story. So far, no injuries have been reported...

#### ANCHOR # 3

... the information seems to support evidence that Mary Magdalene, as she is called, was married to John the Baptist. At first glance, this appears disturbing since many texts recently discovered in the Dead Sea region show that Mary and Jesus were intimate together. However, our respect for Mary is restored when it is learned that Jesus is merely a title, like the designation of doctor today, and that Jesus and John are actually the same individual. On the other hand, the implications this presents are steeped in controversy...

## ANCHOR # 4

... With me here in the studio, is Dr. Montford, professor of Religious Studies at the University of Calgary. Is there anything you can tell us, Dr. Montford, that might shed light on who authored this body of information? ... "The evidence presented in the envelope is guite comprehensive and thorough. And it is factual. As to the two Hebrew documents and their associated translations, their authenticity is a topic of major discussion among world scholars as we speak. Whether the parchments prove true, though, really has no bearing on this issue, because even without them, the collection of evidence stands on its own merits."...

#### ANCHOR # 5

...later this month, when a third document, apparently a final installment, is to be received by journalists around the world, to be submitted, it is presumed, by the same individual or individuals who initiated the sending of these current seventy envelopes...

Momma hits the remote to mute the TV.

MOMMA Why did you hold off on sending that last page?

#### MARGOT

Because as long as they know there is another parchment coming, it'll keep the story alive. And - if I had sent all three parts, then they could re-write them and try to put out an alternative version. I can't risk them creating doubt in the minds of readers as to whether any of it is true. But, by holding back a page, they won't risk adding to their current heap of troubles by trying to scream 'forgery'.

Momma un-mutes the TV.

# ANCHOR # 6

... it seems the entire contents of the envelope delivers one message loud and clear: think for yourself, question everything ...

## ANCHOR # 7

... to speak to a Vatican representative, but there was nobody available for comment...

Sally and Alan come in from outside. Sally skips into the living room excited. Alan follows Sally into the room, his arms laden with many newspapers. Alan lays the pile at Margot's feet, like an offering.

#### SALLY

You should've seen it, Margot. They have a store here that carries newspapers in all languages...

## SALLY(cont'd)

that's all this store sells newspapers. Anyway, every country in the world, just about, is carrying the story! No more secrets, eh?

Margot glances down at the bold print headline of the first newspaper. GLOBAL FALLOUT FOLLOWS VATICAN BOMBING. Margot slides it over to expose the one underneath. JESUS, JOHN AND MARY ROCK WORLD. Margot points at the word ROCK in the headline.

## MARGOT

Rock... John, uh, Jesus called Peter a rock, and rock didn't mean then what it means now. Today, rock means dependable, solid, but, back then, rocks were used to stone people to death. Pretty accurate headline.

Sally sits on the floor with the newspapers.

SALLY He also called Peter Satan, remember, "Get thee behind me Satan"?

ALAN

Pretty grim...

Margot scans the front pages of a few more. ANCIENT DOCUMENTS EXPOSE CENTURIES OF LIES ... JESUS DISCOVERY TOPPLES DOGMA ... MARY MAGDALENE EXONERATED. The next newspapers are foreign language.

SALLY

All of these are international. The man at the store told us that every nationality has been in this morning buying up the reports. We were lucky to get as many as we did.

MARGOT Yes... it's an historic day all around the world.

ALAN Yeah... we can make it a global holiday - Oct. 4th - Truth Day. MOMMA

It's on every station, pretty much, too.

ALAN And darn near every newspaper's got it.

## SALLY

And on the radio, while we were driving around, some guy phoned in and was saying things like, "If Jesus is the founder, and Peter the bedrock, then why do the Popes always change their name to John?"

ALAN

Yeah, all kinds of stuff like that... You've got fans, Margot!

MARGOT We've got people thinking.

SALLY We did it. It worked!

### MARGOT

Right. As long as it was secret, there was danger. They'll stop at nothing to keep their secrets intact. But since the cat is out of the bag, so to speak... well, let's just say we've just been moved to the bottom of the hit list.

ALAN Yeah... they got lots to deal with now!

#### MARGOT

Exactly.

Margot's eye catches a little article in one of the newspapers lying spread before her. She picks it up.

MARGOT (to herself) What's this?

SALLY

What?

Margot scans the article. The small headline reads BODY WASHED ASHORE IDENTIFIED. The article states that a body, washed up on the shores of one of Ontario's lakes, has been identified as being that of Peter Judd, aged 37.

#### MARGOT

Oh, nothing.

Margot puts the newspaper with the others.

SALLY So? Can we open the last envelope now?

MARGOT Nope. Not yet. I want to hold off. See what happens. See where this all goes first.

MOMMA And, as long as you're the only one who has that paper you keep its integrity.

MARGOT How do you mean?

## MOMMA

No one can finish the story accurately, dear - except you. It's like... truth insurance.

ALAN Ladies. Put your best dress on. We are going out to celebrate. I'm taking you all out for dinner.

EXT. NICE RESTAURANT - SAME EVENING

LOOKING IN THE RESTAURANT WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE.

Momma, Margot, Sally, Alan and Sarah celebrate around an attractive table setting. They eat, drink, laugh, toast.

INT. MOMMA'S KITCHEN IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

Sally puts on the water for tea. Margot enters the kitchen and sits at the table.

SALLY

Sarah all tucked in?

MARGOT Yep, sleeping like a baby. So. Tomorrow we'll pack up and leave to go home. What do ya think?

SALLY

Permanently?

MARGOT

What- Oh, Alan...

SALLY

Yeah... I thought maybe I'd go back to my apartment just to clean it out, give my notice. Then come back here in a couple of months.

MARGOT

That good, eh?

SALLY Yeah... he's great... and we get along so good, like you and Frank did... and -

Margot seems sad.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... That was insensitive of me.

MARGOT

Hey, no, Sal. Don't feel bad. You deserve to be happy. And I want you to be happy with someone who'll treat you good, that you can love who loves you - all that. Don't ever hesitate to tell me anything. If you can have even a small portion of what I had with Frank... (inhales deeply) Well... So, we'll head home... You can store some of your things at my house if you need to.

SALLY Yeah. I considered that... When do you want to leave? We should leave here no later than, say, noon tomorrow. The ferry leaves Digby at 4:30, but if we arrive early, we can go for a bite to eat, or shop.

Momma enters the kitchen.

MOMMA You girls okay?

MARGOT AND SALLY

Great.

## MARGOT

We're thinking of leaving tomorrow. Get back. Sally wants to give notice to vacate her apartment, maybe come live with me and Sarah.

MOMMA

(hugs Margot) I wish you'd all come live here, Honey. You could, you know.

SALLY

Yes, Margot and I were just talking about all the possibilities. Here is just as good as anywhere, considering the circumstances.

MARGOT

I'd have to sell the house.

MOMMA You could get an agent to do that

for you while you and Sarah live here.

MARGOT It's a possibility.

Margot throws a cautious eye towards Sally.

MOMMA Anyway, dear, I'm going up. I'm tired. Put these old bones to bed. Good night.

Momma leaves. Alan enters. He makes eye contact with Sally. Alan nods his head in a peculiar way which Sally seems to understand. ALAN Well, I'm turning in. Mum already gone up?

MARGOT Yeah. I'm turning in too. (to Sally) You coming up?

SALLY Not yet. Soon though.

Alan chimes 'good night' as he heads down the basement stairs. Margot stands up and leaves.

MARGOT Night Sally. Tomorrow then.

INT. MOMMA'S LIVING ROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - CONTINUOUS

Margot scoops Sarah up out of the crib and heads upstairs to her guest room.

INT. MARGOT'S BEDROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - CONTINUOUS

Margot lays Sarah in a crib near the bed. Margot turns on a lamp on the night table, pulls down the bed-sheets, and settles in for a restful sleep. She smiles as she turns out the light.

INT. MARGOT'S BEDROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

Margot wakes with a start, as if from a bad dream. In the moonlight, she barely notices the large figure that looms over her tiny person.

Margot gasps in fright, attempts to move away. Immediately one large gloved hand squeezes around her throat. Margot uses two hands to try to free herself from its grip, to no avail.

A gun is cocked. Margot stops struggling and remains perfectly still. Her eyes, filled with terror, dart quickly between the intruder and Sarah's crib.

> SCHMIDT Shh... get up.

His gloved grip helps her out of bed.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D) Get your keys. You'll need them.

Schmidt releases his grip, but keeps the gun pointed closely at Margot's head. Margot feels her way around in the moonlight for her purse, finds it and digs out her keys. Schmidt motions for Margot to exit the room ahead of him.

> SCHMIDT (CONT'D) Slowly. If you scream or try to run, I'll kill everyone in this house beginning with you.

INT. MOMMA'S HALLWAY IN NOVA SCOTIA - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt forces Margot down the stairs to the living room.

INT. MOMMA'S LIVING ROOM IN NOVA SCOTIA - CONTINUOUS

Margot pauses half-way through the living room. Mounds of blankets are on the couch.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D) Keep moving.

MARGOT Why are you doing this to me?

SCHMIDT You are a heretic. Now, shut up.

MARGOT Where are you taking me?

SCHMIDT I think you know... to a safety deposit box. Now, I'll not say it again - be quiet and keep walking.

Margot and Schmidt keep moving. A mirror is on the wall directly in front of Margot and through it she sees a blurred movement. Schmidt sees it too and turns in time to clumsily block a swing from Alan.

Sally bounces up from under the mound of blankets on the couch as Schmidt points his gun at Alan. Sally lunges towards Alan while mouthing "Nooo". Margot spins around in time to see Schmidt level his aim against Alan.

A gunshot blasts through the room. Everything freezes as surrealism takes over. Sally reaches Alan on the floor. Alan stares up at Schmidt in fear. Alan looks down at himself, puzzled. He looks up again at Schmidt. Schmidt and Alan lock eyes.

Alan scrambles backwards and pulls Sally along with him. Schmidt growls. He labors a step towards Alan and Sally, gun ready.

Momma charges down the stairs in a panic and clings to Sally and Alan protectively. Schmidt looks at Momma, shifts his gun towards her.

Schmidt's eyes flutter in confusion. He falls forward. Blood seeps from a fatal and nasty wound in his back. From somewhere behind Margot, Abrams comes into view. He holds a smoking gun.

Abrams pushes past Margot and checks Schmidt. Schmidt is dead. Abrams stands up. Momma and Sally help a shaky Alan to his feet. Margot joins them in a group hug born of stress relief. An absolute stillness permeates the air.

The muted rings of a cell phone, coming from Schmidt, cuts through the silence. Margot suddenly becomes enraged. She crouches over Schmidt's body and tears through the pockets of his long coat. Margot locates and answers the phone. She listens for a moment. Nothing is said.

Finally a man speaks in a voice that indicates he already knows the answer before he asks the question.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) Who is this?

MARGOT No more games. Why are you doing this?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) Schmidt did this. Nobody else.

MARGOT But you told him to.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) On the contrary. Schmidt was ordered not to pursue his intent.

MARGOT

When? When you saw the newspapers and you realized killing me now would make me a martyr? Silence at the other end.

MARGOT (CONT'D) And that defeats your purpose. So, yeah, I guess we're safe.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) Margot, really, it's not at all the way you think it is-

#### MARGOT

Bullshit! It's exactly what I think it is - worse - it's exactly what I know it is. But, you know what? I got your number - literally. And this cell phone I'm sure - like all cell phones - contains data that links you with Schmidt. So I'm just going to secretly keep it with me, safe and sound. Call it a life insurance policy, if you will. And if you're smart, you'll do everything you can - as you always have - to keep me safe - off limits, if you will - and it will be our little secret.

Margot hangs up and puts the cell phone down somewhere safe. Margot looks at everyone in the room.

> MARGOT (CONT'D) We gotta get rid of this body.

# EXT. MOMMA'S HOUSE IN NOVA SCOTIA - LATER

No other houses can be seen over the heavily treed area surrounding Momma's house. Beside the house, a huge lake mirrors a full moon. In the silvery moonlight, Alan, Abrams and the women come out of Momma's house with Schmidt's body.

Awkwardly they prop Schmidt in the driver's seat of his sleek black car. After adjusting a few things inside the car, it is started up and positioned to face the lake. The gear is released and the car plunges into the water. Abrams points at the rental vehicle Margot and Sally drive.

> ABRAMS That one too. SALLY Really? ...Sure. Why not? We're on a roll.

Why? We need it to -

ABRAMS That's how Schmidt found you. He followed your car and I followed him.

MOMMA

Yes. It makes sense. It's the only thing to do. This way we remain in control of the situation... and the secrets that we ended here tonight can't hurt anyone anymore.

Sally's body is pressed against the rental car. She tries to push it into the lake by herself. She laughs and laughs. Everybody joins in to help her. She yells at the sinking car.

> SALLY Serves ya right, ya bitch!

Margot looks at Sally confused.

SALLY (CONT'D) The Bitch - Jennifer.

Margot breaks out laughing.

MARGOT The bitch at work! Right.

EXT. MOMMA'S HOUSE IN NOVA SCOTIA - NOON

Margot and Sally, with Sarah in tote, say their good-byes to the family. While Sally and Alan share an especially friendly goodbye, Margot buckles Sarah into the baby's seat of a new rental vehicle.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sally starts to drive away as her and Margot wave to the family. Suddenly Momma runs towards the vehicle.

## MOMMA

Wait! Wait!

Sally stops the car. Momma leans in Sally's open window and speaks to Margot.

MOMMA (CONT'D) Shit... I almost forgot... hang on just a sec, I've got something for you.

Margot watches with Sally as Momma dashes into the house and exits quickly with a piece of paper. Momma passes the paper to Sally who passes it to Margot.

### MARGOT

What is it?

MOMMA You got an answer from that E-mail you sent.

SALLY Oh yeah... right... Donatello dude in Rome. What's it say?

Margot reads it, folds it up and puts it in her purse.

MARGOT

It says we were right.

#### SALLY

Can you be a little more specific please? I mean, of the millions of things we were right about, which right is this?

#### MARGOT

The earring - the statue's left ear is torn - it's John's.

EXT. FRONT OF LODGE - HALF-HOUR LATER

Sally and Sarah wait in the car parked on the gravel shoulder in front of the lodge. Margot is outside. She talks with Abrams.

#### ABRAMS

Heading home?

## MARGOT

Yeah. It's time. It was on the way, so I decided to come by and say goodbye... and thank you.

Abrams smiles. Margot hugs him and walks towards the car. She stops and turns to ask Abrams one final question.

MARGOT (CONT'D) What made you change your mind - I mean, about helping me?

## ABRAMS

You told me that night that this was a den of iniquity. Let's just say I took it personally.

## EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE depicts Margot's and Sally's trip home... on the ferry, St. John, Grand Falls, Montreal and finally, home. As Margot and Sally drive into their home town, Margot points at the bank and Sally pulls up to the curb.

Margot exits the car. From the trunk she removes a mediumsized box. She closes the trunk and walks into the bank.

INT. BANK IN ONTARIO - CONTINUOUS

Margot approaches a TELLER.

MARGOT I have a safety deposit box in this branch.

TELLER

Yes?

MARGOT I need a bigger one.

INT. BANK'S PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Margot switches the parchments and other contents of a small safety deposit box into a larger one. The box from the trunk sits on the floor at Margot's feet. Margot closes the smaller safety deposit box and discards it.

Margot picks up the trunk box, reaches in and transfers the entire contents to the new metal box: Schmidt's cell phone, stacks of newspapers, the Donatello photos, a manila envelope like that sent to the seventy reporters, a few stacks of cash - the majority of what she withdrew when she first started running.

Margot digs at the bottom and pulls out the unopened white envelope containing the third parchment translation. She discards the now-empty trunk box. Margot stares thoughtfully at the unopened envelope. She throws it into the new box.

Finally, Margot digs in her purse and pulls out John's earring. She drops it into the metal box, closes the lid and picks it up to leave the room, but changes her mind. Instead, she opens it again and removes the unopened envelope. She tucks it in her purse. She closes the lid and picks up the now-filled metal box and exits the room.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SUPER: "November"

Sally waits in her new car on the left side of the cemetery. Margot kneels in snow-coated grass before Frank's headstone. The white envelope is open and in her hands is the third parchment translation. A cold wind blows around her.

## MARGOT

(teary) I got my answer. Everything that happened to MaryM after she left Jerusalem, pretty much all of it, happened... to us... but you already know that, don't you?

Margot cries but tries to fight it back.

MARGOT (CONT'D) Sarah - Sarah is here too. She's too small to come out today, but I'll... I'll bring her by when the weather's warmer. (giggles through tears) We'll play here in the grass with you.

Margot sobs and puts a shaky hand on the headstone for support. She bows her head. Her body quakes with weeping. Through a broken heart...

> MARGOT (CONT'D) I'm so trying to be strong... and I miss you... so much. I'm so sad without you... (cries at the sky) Who could endure this pain?

On the wind a WHISPER: Mary...

Margot lifts her head and quickly wipes her eyes to look around. On the right side of the cemetery a sleek black car waits.

Margot stands up and kisses the headstone lovingly. She walks over to the sleek black car. As she rounds the DRIVER'S side, the tinted window rolls down.

> MARGOT What is with you guys?

DRIVER Security, Ma'am.

MARGOT

Security?

DRIVER Yes, Ma'am. As per your instructions.

MARGOT As per my instru-?

FLASHBACK: Margot recalls the deal she made with the mystery man over Schmidt's cell phone.

MARGOT (CONT'D) ...you keep me safe, and -

DRIVER

That is correct. Like I said, Ma'am, per your instructions.

MARGOT Well, here's another instruction for you: keep a healthy distance, and: <u>don't ever follow me here</u> <u>again</u>.

As Margot begins to walk away, the driver calls her back.

DRIVER Ma'am... My instructions are to give this to you.

The driver hands Margot an expensively wrapped, medium-sized gift box. She takes the box and opens it. She removes the leather pouch that held John's earring. Margot rubs the branded leather symbol with her thumb. She walks away from the sleek black car to Sally's car. INT. SALLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sally's curious and fidgety when Margot gets in.

SALLY What was that about?

MARGOT

Security.

SALLY What's that box? A bribe?

MARGOT Nope... it's an act of good faith.

INT. MARGOT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Boxing Day - December 26th"

The mood is festive, Christmas-like. On one wall in the living room hangs the top of the Masonic table. On the opposing wall hangs Margot's recently completed art piece "Cana". Sarah is in a baby's seat. The door bell rings.

> MARGOT (to Sarah) Ding-dong. That's aunt Sally.

Margot answers the door and Sally enters. Sally does not undress, but removes her boots. Sally cuts across to view "Cana" closely.

SALLY'S POV: "Cana" art piece

SALLY Wow! You finally finished it. It looks great!

MARGOT Thanks. And I have another showing next week. Private gallery.

SALLY

Ooh... Hot stuff!

Sally and Margot laugh. Margot reaches for a stack of color sketches. Margot flips through them as she shows Sally.

MARGOT I did this one last night - see it's MaryM arriving in Burgundy, uh, France with her newborn son. See? Salome's with her. (flips to another) And here is where Mary arrives in Glastonbury - England, where she settled, and-

Sally interrupts Margot and takes the pile of sketches from Margot's hand. She tosses them on the couch.

SALLY You definitely need to get out for a bit! Com'on... get yourself ready. We're going out... I leave in less than a week and I want us to go shopping - do something normal for a change.

Margot and Sally ready Sarah and leave the house.

EXT. QUAINT MAIN STREET - HALF-HOUR LATER

Margot, holding Sarah, and Sally window-shop. They come up to the second-hand shop. Sally peaks in the window.

SALLY Wanna go in? Never know what you'll find in these places.

MARGOT No. I think I'll pass this time. You go in if you want.

SALLY Yeah... just for a sec. I won't be long.

Margot moves on to the next window. It features a Nativity scene. Margot, with Sarah, just stares at it. Not upset. Not pleased. Neutral.

Sally comes out of the second-hand store and joins Margot at the window. Sally looks at the Nativity scene with her for a few seconds.

SALLY What a bunch of hype, eh? - MARGOT AND SALLY (in stereo) Yeah, considering - there is no Jesus.

Sally and Margot look at each other, caught in a passing deja vu. They break out laughing. It seems almost as though Sarah laughs too. Sally and Margot continue on down the street. They small-talk and their conversation grows fainter...

> SALLY And Alan says it'll be no problem for me to get a job at Halifax Hospital, if I want...

A sleek black car follows them from a long distance away.

FADE TO BLACK.

A quote in white Old English lettering:

"... you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." ~ John

FADE OUT.

THE END