

# EAT THE RICH

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Spec Pilot

Written by

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NOTES

Dialog contained with < > is in German, and subtitled.

POSSESSOR  
noun

A transparent, spirit-like inter-dimensional being, which is made of pure energy. They can possess a human, but have a difficult time remaining in a body, which isn't aware of its presence. They can be identified, as an aura-like glow, which protrudes from the host, as they try to stay concealed. And by their pupils, which can flicker between normal and solid black.

FADE IN:

INT. BROOKHAVEN NATIONAL - LAB - DAY (ERA 1955)

A room out of the '2001 A Space Odyssey' space station. A large, tinted glass window takes up one wall, looks over the control desk, covered in dials, buttons, gauges.

A cascade of wires run to a collider, which resembles a series of metal tubes that loop into one another.

DIRECTOR DE LEÓN (55), butch feminist, lab coat over her business suit, oversees the area from the back of the room.

LIAN KELLER (45), thick-lensed glasses, KATIE SINGER (23), punk rock style, badges read 'assistant' on their lab coats, push buttons and adjust dials.

ELEA SCHMID (50), beauty with geeky style, lab coat, steps in between them. She looks over to De León, who nods her head.

Elea reaches for the control panel, presses a red button.

The collider vibrates as ROARS to life.

Lian, Katie, Elea are worried. De León's excited.

The collider shakes, then dematerializes into a ball of energy, and from it, a large portal opens up.

A group of red POSSESSORS emerge from the portal. The last one glows brighter than the rest.

Katie's frozen in awe. Lian, Elea flee the room.

PHILIPP WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, sophisticated but creepy, enters, stares at the Possessors. He raises his hands together, palms flat, fingers aligned, and nods.

A group of GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS enter. MAN IN BLACK forces Katie towards the door.

KATIE

Hey! This is my life's work.

Philipp shakes De León's hand, steps up to the Possessors.

The brightest floats up to Philipp, who raises his hand, which bares a diamond-encrusted Eye Of The Providence ring.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You can't just -- .

Katie witnesses the POSSESSOR enter into Philipp's body, before she is dragged out of the room.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (ERA 1981)

WIND HOWLS

Tacky decor. A couch sits across from the box-set television. A dark hallway leads off to the back of the house.

A Hungry-man microwavable dinner, rests on a plate, atop a foldout table, in front of RODGER ROBENSON (44), sweater-vest, pipe, sits on the couch, watches television. His pupils quickly flicker black, then return to normal.

BETTY ROBENSON (39), Betty Crocker meets Barbie, sets a bag of tobacco down in front of Rodger.

RODGER

Did you have to fight the pills  
down or was it easy?

BETTY

Same as every night, but it's done.

Betty turns to walk away.

RODGER

Hey, Hun. Please, hit play.

Betty presses play on the V.C.R..

BETTY

Where did you put the remote?

RODGER

If I knew that, I'd have used it.

BETTY

Smartass. Finish your meal, so I  
can clean up and join you.

Rodger takes two quick bites, sits back.

RODGER

Can't eat any more. It was good,  
though. These microwaves. In the  
future, no one's going to have a  
kitchen. Your days of cooking are  
numbered, Hun.

Rodger packs his pipe. Betty picks up his plate.

BETTY

A girl can dream.

RODGER

I'm telling you. Welcome to the  
future. We made it.

Betty GIGGLES. Rodger lights a match.

From the front of the house, BAM CRUNCH SMASH CRASH!

HEAVEY FOOTSTEPS rush towards us.

A gush of wind blows out Roger's match.

OFFICER #1 (O.C.)  
Police! We have a warrant!

OFFICER #2 (O.C.)  
Police!

OFFICER #3 (O.C.)  
Police department!

Betty looks at Rodger as he stands. OFFICERS storm in.

OFFICER #1  
Police! Hands on your heads.

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)  
Hands up! Let me see those hands! I won't ask again.

OFFICER #1 throws Rodger down. Betty jumps onto OFFICER #1's back. OFFICER #2 pulls her off, as Officers swarm the house.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blue and red light, cast from lightbars on police cars, dance across the picturesque house.

OFFICER #3, OFFICER #4 keep NEIGHBORS back, as OFFICER #5 strings up 'DO NOT CROSS' tape.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Officer #1 turns Betty around, latches handcuffs around her wrists. Officer #2 holds Rodger's handcuffed hands, as he's led out of the room.

DETECTIVE #1, slick hair and suit, exits the hallway.

DETECTIVE #1  
Jesus. I've never seen nothing like that before.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Eye of Providence is embossed into a metal door, which juts out from a bedroom.

DOCTOR VANNEVAR (55), bald, speaks in a monotone, methodical, unrecognizable accent, walks up to the door, stares at it, touches the symbol.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Occult symbols are etched into metal, which covers each wall. Beams of light pour in from quarter-sized holes, bore into a steel plate, which covers the window. Bare, except for a cot.

Vannevar, hands together, palms flat, fingers aligned, as he stares into a pitch-black corner.

OFFICER #3 (O.C.)  
Lightbulb. Yes, sir.

Vannevar kneels at a prescription bottle next to an empty glass. He picks up the bottle, looks at it, shakes it, opens it, tips it over, and water spills out.

From the corner, there's a CHILD'S SOFT WHIMPER.

VANNEVAR (O.S.)  
Please, come out. I'm here to help.

Vannevar steps towards the corner, but stops as a child's eyes glimmer inside the darkness. He inches closer. The eyes pull back, disappear into the darkness.

UNKNOWN SOURCE (V.O.)  
(whispered backward)  
There's no need to make this hard.

Vannevar reaches into the darkness, but jerks back as a quick flare of amber light reveals CHRISTINA (6), adorable innocent, pushed up into the corner. He backs up.

VANNEVAR  
It's OK. You can come out.

Cautiously, Christina crawls out of the shadows, sits on the floor, next to a pile of dirt, debris.

Confused, Vannevar looks down at her.

VANNEVAR (CONT'D)  
Can we chat?

Innocently, Christina hesitates.

CHRISTINA  
OK.

Christina tinkers with the pile of dirt, debris.

VANNEVAR  
What were you doing back there,  
before you realized I was here?

CHRISTINA  
Playing a game.

VANNEVAR  
Can you teach me the rules?

CHRISTINA  
So many rules. I'm not supposed to  
tell anyone about it.

VANNEVAR  
I'm not anyone. I'm an old friend.

CHRISTINA  
You are?

VANNEVAR  
Interesting. You don't remember.

CHRISTINA  
Remember what?

VANNEVAR  
Can you tell me about your mommy  
and daddy?

Innocently, Christina looks up at Vannevar.

CHRISTINA  
What's a mommy and daddy?

EXT. WAGNER HOME - DAY (ERA 1981)

American craftsman. Miraculous landscape. Kidney bean pool.

"ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST" by Queen plays, as YUPPIES  
drink, chat in small groups.

JORY WAGNER (7), clean-cut cute, neon shirt and shorts, and  
JASON QUATRINI (8), adorable nerd, play with 'Masters Of The  
Universe' toys. Jason stares at the toy that Jory plays with.  
Jory notices, gives him the toy.

PETER (V.O.)  
Five minutes!

PETER WAGNER (45), typical suburban dad, flips a burger on a  
charcoal grill, next to ALLAN QUATRINI (50), Bill Nye's twin,  
who glances over, shakes his head, looks back at Peter.

ALLAN  
I'm focused on having a future. You  
know what they'll say. National  
security. Give them the tech, or  
they'll just take it.

Peter turns to Allan.

*PETER*  
*I'm just not interested.*

*ALLAN*  
*We'll talk about it later.*

*Allan places a hand on Peter's shoulder.*

*PETER*  
*No, we won't.*

*ALLAN*  
*Sure the one in the back's done?*

*Peter inspects the grill. Allan looks towards the pool, nods.*

*Jason plays, as Jory looks up to SMITH (35), clean-cut suit, who steps next to them, nods back.*

*Allan turns his attention back to Peter.*

*ALLAN (CONT'D)*  
*You should really reconsider that offer, Peter.*

*A woman SHRIEKS. Peter, Allen look over.*

*Shocked, JESSICA, suburban housewife, stands at the pool's edge, stares down into the water.*

*JESSICA*  
*Help! Someone -- please -- Peter!*

*Peter leaps in. A few other guests jump in after him.*

*UNDERWATER SHOT*

*Jory, Jason, who sit at the bottom.*

*SWOOSH! Peter shoots in, swims towards them.*

*BACK TO SCENE*

*WOMEN CRY, as Jory, Jason are laid onto the cement.*

*REBECCA WAGNER (35), feathered bangs in a wave, shoulder-padded jumpsuit, falls to Jory's side. Guests aid Jason, as Peter pushes Rebecca away, does CPR.*

*PETER (O.S.)*  
*One. Two. Three.*

*REBECCA (O.S.)*  
*My baby!*

*Peter blows air into Jory's mouth, then pumps his chest.*



REBECCA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, baby, Daddy's going to  
save you! Please, God, don't -- .

ALL SOUND BECOMES SOFT AND ECHOED

ENTER SPIRIT WORLD

The world slows down. Jory's spirit glows blue, partially  
rises from his body.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
-- take my baby!

A blue glow emits from within Rebecca, as she mourns. A blue  
glow emits from Peter, as he pumps on Jory's physical chest.  
Behind them, everyone emits a blue glow, except Jason, who  
lies still on the ground.

Jory scans the crowd, until he spots a red glow, over Smith,  
as he sneaks out the back gate.

PETER (O.S.)  
One. Two. Three.

Peter places his head on Jory's chest. A red glow emits from  
Allen, who walks up behind Peter.

ALLEN  
Is he OK?

PETER  
There's no heartbeat.

REBECCA  
No! God no!

Peter pumps on Jory's chest.

PETER  
Not today. You're not going to die.

Terror washes over Jory, as the red glow seeps out from Allen  
and floats towards him.

EXIT SPIRIT WORLD

NORMAL SOUND

Water spits out of his mouth as Jory sits up, SCREAMS. He  
looks around, as everyone looks at him; no one glows.

Jory's embraced by Rebecca, Peter. Guests WAIL, CRY, while  
Jason is lifted up, rushed off.

EXT. GROUP HOME - DAY (ERA 1984)

*Slightly dilapidated. Wrought iron bars cover the windows. Front door's covered by a metal screen.*

*Christina (now 10), overalls with one button unfastened, backpack, enters.*

INT. GROUP HOME - GIRLS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

*One red brick accent wall. Two three-tiered bunk beds opposite each other. Sheila E., Public Enemy posters. Clothes clutter the floor, make-up, toiletries on every surface.*

*MS. FLANAGAN (57), presence of a witch, stoops at the brick wall. Next to her, a single brick has been removed. She's interrupted as she replaces the brick.*

*Head down, Christina (now 10), overalls with one button unfastened, backpack, enters, looks up as Ms. Flanagan stands. She peers at Ms. Flanagan, walks to her bed.*

*As Christina sets the backpack on her bed, Ms. Flanagan's pupils quickly flicker from normal to black, back to normal.*

*MS. FLANAGAN  
You need to clean up this pigsty.*

*Ms. Flanagan picks up a skirt, chucks it at Christina.*

*CHRISTINA  
The girls are almost home. I'll --*

*MS. FLANAGAN  
No, you can start now.*

*Ms. Flanagan exits. Christina picks up the skirt, folds it.*

EXT. GROUP HOME - DAY

*A POSTAL WORKER walks towards the mailbox.*

*RHONDA (12), Starter jacket and BK shoes, BECCA (10), large for her age, Adidas jumpsuit, SHARRON (11), pop-punk style, MARTA (9), mousy gangbanger, run through the front door.*

*The Postal Worker closes the mailbox, turns to reveal it's Katie (now 33). She looks at the house, walks away.*

INT. GROUP HOME - GIRLS ROOM - DAY

*Tidy.*

*Christina lies on a top bunk, reads a book, the Victory Column sits below "BERLIN" in bold type, on its cover.*

*Rhonda, Becca, Sharron, Marta pile through the door.*

*BECCA*  
*What a perv.*

*SHARRON*  
*He likes you.*

*MARTA*  
*She likes him.*

*Becca throws a pillow at Marta.*

*RHONDA*  
*I'll admit, it sounded fun.*

*Rhonda looks out the door, then carefully closes it.*

*RHONDA (CONT'D)*  
*Nut up or shut up.*

*Rhonda, Becca, Sharron, Marta meet in the center of the room, all empty their pockets.*

*Bills, change, a wedding band, all pile up on the floor.*

*Rhonda picks up the ring, looks at Sharron.*

*SHARRON*  
*Asshole didn't need it.*

*RHONDA*  
*Nice.*  
*(to Christina)*  
*You got anything?*

*Christina sets down her book.*

*CHRISTINA*  
*I was stuck here all day, cleaning up after -- .*

*RHONDA*  
*Bitch, you best get with the program, or we'll take what you contributed and leave your ass here to rot.*

*CHRISTINA*  
*You're welcome.*

*RHONDA*  
*For what?*

CHRISTINA  
She made me clean the room.

RHONDA  
Bitch, please.

Rhonda counts the money.

MARTA  
How close do you think we are?

Rhonda walks to the brick wall, glances at the door, then quickly removes the loose brick.

Marta keeps her eyes on the door.

Rhonda reaches into the darkness, extends her arm entirely into the wall, rummages around, then extracts a metal box.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS move towards us.

Rhonda tosses the box to Becca. Becca hides the box under a pillow. Rhonda frantically reaches for the brick.

FOOTSTEPS move away from us.

SHARRON  
She's gone.

BECCA  
Hurry.

Becca brings out the box. Rhonda snatches it from her hand. The box is placed between the girls, then opened.

Inside is a pile of change, a diamond-studded bracelet, and gold money clip, which holds only a strange man's ID.

Marta GASPS.

RHONDA  
What the fuck?

BECCA  
Where is it?

MARTA  
Not cool, eh!

Christina looks down to find that everyone looks up at her.

Rhonda jumps up, bounds over to Christina's bunk, as Marta gathers the stash, stuffs it into the box.

Rhonda grabs Christina, yanks her over the rail, down onto the floor.

Becca grabs the box from Marta, stashes it back into the wall, as Rhonda towers above Christina.

*RHONDA*  
*Ya. We see you cleaned up, bitch.*

*CHRISTINA*  
*I didn't take it! It was -- .*

*Rhonda slaps Christina.*

*CHRISTINA (CONT'D)*  
*It was Ms. Flanagan!*

*SHARRON*  
*Yeah right. That cunt gets  
 seventeen hundred a month, times  
 each of us.*

*Becca hovers over Christina.*

*BECCA*  
*And she obviously doesn't spend it  
 on us, or this crap house.*

*MARTA*  
*Fuckin' drug addict probably took  
 it to buy more of her pills.*

*CHRISTINA*  
*They don't get you high.*

*RHONDA*  
*Fuck this bitch.*

*Rhonda is about to lunge at Christina when Ms. Flanagan  
 bursts through the door. The girl's faces scream innocence.*

*MS. FLANAGAN*  
*What in the hell is going on here?*

*Christina's eyes glance at Rhonda, who quickly intimidates  
 her with a look.*

*RHONDA*  
*Chris fell. I was rushing over to  
 see if she was OK.*

*Ms. Flanagan's eyes move from girl to girl.*

*MS. FLANAGAN*  
*Cunning little brats, aren't cha?*

*Ms. Flanagan turns to walk out.*

*MS. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)*  
*Other than cops or coroners, leave  
 me alone.  
 (to herself)  
 (MORE)*

**MS. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)**

*Little brats. What am I doing with  
my li -- ?*

*Ms. Flanagan slams the door behind herself.*

*Rhonda gets into Christina's face. The other girls rally  
behind her.*

**RHONDA**

*You have until tomorrow night to  
replace it, or you're done.*

**MARTA**

*We'll beat your ass.*

*Becca and Shannon nod in agreement. The girls walk away.  
Christina drops back against the bunk bed. A tear rolls down  
her cheek.*

*EXT. GROUP HOME - NIGHT*

*POLICE SIREN*

*A police car speeds by the house.*

*INT. GROUP HOME - GIRLS ROOM - NIGHT*

*The SIREN wakes Christina in her bed. Rhonda pops up over the  
rail, places a knife on her throat.*

*Christina's eyes open wide. Rhonda kisses her forehead.*

**RHONDA**

*(whisper)*

*Good night.*

*Christina stares off, as Rhonda steps down from the bed.*

*EXT. PARK - DAY (ERA 1991)*

*A tree-lined bicycle path leads off to an open field.*

*Jory (now 16), clean-cut, blue jeans, "Hook" promotional t-  
shirt, pedals a BMX bike. His arm crutches dangle, as Jason  
(now 16), needle-thin mohawk, flannel shirt, jeans, rides on  
the handlebar and pegs, holds a case of beer.*

**JORY**

*I'm telling you, these magazines, I  
think it was called Cosmo-  
something, tells you the ten things  
girls look for in a man. They  
literally tell you what women want!*

**(MORE)**

**JORY (CONT'D)**

So, I figure, just reverse engineer that shit.

**JASON**

You're so weird, Dude.

**JORY**

Speaking of, are you sure it's cool I come with you.

**JASON**

Yeah, Dude. Things changed a little while you were at camp, but it's all good. Dude, these guys, are like, totally cool. Dude, they dig me, and they'll dig you, too.

Jason cups one hand to his mouth.

**JASON (CONT'D)**

(like a siren's chirp)

Beeyoup, beeyoup!

**ROD (O.C.)**

(from the park)

Beeeeeeeyoop!

**JORY**

Speaking of weird. Ummm. I want to ask you something.

**JASON**

Good preface. What's up, Dude?

**JORY**

Remember that day.

**JASON**

Dude, what day?

**JORY**

Damn. Give me a chance to get there. That day, at the pool.

**JASON**

Oh -- that day.

**JORY**

Do you remember seeing, I don't know, like, ghosts, or something in, I don't know, like inside -- .

**JASON**

Seeing ghosts. Dude, did you die, or did I?

JORY

I don't think I died. I mean -- I saw these spirits in people, or ghosts, something. At camp, I met this kid that showed me this book on the occult, and like, spirits and stuff. I mean, do you believe in, like, ghosts?

JASON

Really, Dude? I know you warned me it was weird, but -- Dude, I said they'd dig you, so don't bring this stuff up. My name is on the line.

JORY

Just playin'. Duh.

EXT. SCHOOL BASEBALL DIAMOND - CONTINUOUS

A GROUP OF KIDS, styled like a grunge rock band with long hair, flannel shirts, jeans, hang out on the bleachers.

GRUNGE ROCK blares from a boombox, next to two partially filled cases of beer.

ROD RUST, shifty, TRAVIS DIEZ, ape-like presence, JOE SHOOTY, tall, goofy, drink beers, pass a doobie.

Jory pulls up too fast, comes to a stop. Jason's feet slip off, which causes him, and the case, to tumble to the ground.

The group LAUGHS, as Jory throws the bike down, gathers up the crutches, then helps Jason to his feet.

ROD

Dork.

Rod spits beer in Jason's direction. Joe COUGHS, as he holds the doobie up to Jory.

JORY

Naw, I'm cool.

JOE

Oh, are you?

MUSIC CUE: 'SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT' by Nirvana comes on.

Rod takes the doobie, turns the music up.

ROD

Now, this is what I'm talking about. This shit right here, Man. This is real music, Man.



JASON  
Yeah, Dude. Fuck guys in hairspray  
and make-up.

JOE  
You'll never hear this music in  
some commercial.

Rod passes the doobie to Travis.

TRAVIS  
So, party at your house tonight?

Travis holds the doobie out to Jason.

JASON  
I don't know, Dude. My Dad finds  
out, I'm royally fucked.

Jason reaches for the doobie, but Travis hands it to Joe.

JOE  
Your dad open a black hole, yet?

Rod takes the doobie from Joe.

ROD  
Dude, we'd all be dead, Dumbass.

Jason digs into his pocket.

JASON  
Check this out.

Jason presents a square and compass symbol embossed ring. Rod  
passes the doobie to Joe, snatches it.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Hey. Give it back.

Rod looks at the ring.

ROD  
This ain't real, Dude.

Rod puts on the ring, admires it.

TRAVIS  
Let me see.

ROD  
Get your own.

JORY  
Give it back.

ROD  
Who the fuck are you, Guy?

Rod puffs out his chest, gives Jory a wild look.

ROD (CONT'D)  
Square ass bitch.

JASON  
Come on. Give it back. He was so  
pissed looking for it.

Jory's hands ball into a fist.

JASON (CONT'D)  
He almost didn't make his flight to  
Switzerland. He'll kill me if -- .

DISTANT POLICE SIREN

Across the park, a red and blue lightbar flares up. Kids  
scatter like roaches

Jory remains on the bleacher, watches as Joe grabs the  
boombox and a case of beer, runs away with Rod, Travis.

Jason hobbles on his crutches, tries his best to flee, but  
gives up, dives behind a bush.

Jory watches the patrol car pull up, then stop. OFFICER  
WOODS, friendly disposition, steps out from the car.

WOODS  
Evening, Jory.

JORY  
Woods.

Woods pops her trunk, then walks over to the bleachers.

WOODS  
What's going on here?

Woods picks up the two cases of beer.

JORY  
I just got here.

Woods walks over to Jory, gets in his face.

WOODS  
Exhale.

Jory exhales. Woods sniffs, looks him in the eye.

JORY

*Like I said, I just got here.*

*Woods walks to the trunk, places the beer inside.*

WOODS

*Haven't seen you down here for a while. Thought, maybe you found new friends. Thought you had wised up. At least you're not stupid enough to run, let alone hide in a bush.*

JASON (O.S.)

*(from the bush)*

*Damn it.*

*Jason stands, brushes himself off.*

JASON (CONT'D)

*Fucking ants on me for nothing.*

*Woods removes a case of beer, closes the trunk, looks over to Jason, shakes her head. She places the case next to Jory.*

WOODS

*For the retard.*

JORY

*Not cool, it's just his legs. And this ain't ours.*

*Woods walks back to her patrol car.*

WOODS

*Sure, buddy. Next time you arrive somewhere, pay attention to who's watching you from the shadows.*

*Woods gets back into the patrol car, drives away, as Jason comes out from behind the bush.*

JASON

*My dad's gonna kill me. I gotta go, Dude. Catch you later.*

*Jason hobbles away. Jory catches up, puts an arm around him.*

JORY

*We'll get the ring back.*

JASON

*Promise?*

JORY

*Don't make me sing, that's what friends are for.*

JASON  
Please, don't.

Jason, Jory walk off.

INT. GROUP HOME - GIRLS ROOM - DAY (ERA 1985)

The brick is missing from the wall.

Christina carefully replaces the brick. She screws the cap back onto a bottle of slow-dry glue, which she hides.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thrift store eclectic.

Christina watches DUCKTALES on the square television, picks at a hole in the couch.

Ms. Flanagan stumbles through the front door, catches herself, then stares at Christina. Christina looks back at her and smiles.

MS. FLANAGAN  
What do you want?

Christina rolls her eyes, returns to her cartoon.

MS. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Little twerp.

Ms. Flanagan attempts to set her purse on a table. It falls to the ground.

Christina looks at Ms. Flanagan, who SNEERS back, walks towards the back rooms, stumbles, catches herself, HICCUPS.

MS. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Now, don't you come back here. I  
need some space!

Ms. Flanagan enters the hall, returns, looks at Christina.

MS. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
This is your side of the house.

Ms. Flanagan waves her hands around, heads down the hall.

MS. FLANAGAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
And this is mine.

Christina's eyes stay on the television.

CHRISTINA  
Have fun back there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - GIRLS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alone, Ms. Flanagan stands at the brick wall. She removes the loose brick, shoves her arm so deep inside, her armpit rubs. She rummages around, stops, smiles, then brings her arm out an inch, before it stops. She struggles to remove it, but her arm won't budge. It's stuck in the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Christina sits on the couch, watches television.

MS. FLANAGAN (O.C.)  
Help. Help! I'm -- I'm stuck!

Christina smiles from ear to ear.

MS. FLANAGAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Dammit! What the fuck? Help!

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY (ERA 1992)

Two-story. PATRONS stand at food outlets, or eat at tables, below others that shop at stores on the second level.

At a table, MOM places a scoop of ice cream in front CHILD. DAD records it with a VHS camcorder.

CAMCORDER P.O.V. - ON CHILD

Child looks down at his ice cream.

MOTHER  
Happy Birthday, Michae -- .

SWOOSH

Behind the Boy's head, a body drops down to the ground, SLAP!

SCREAMS

Mom comforts Child. Behind them, a TEEN GIRL looks up, then points to the second level.

TEEN GIRL  
He did it. It was him!

PAN UP to the second level, to Jory at the rail, as he looks down to the ground below.

INT. MALL - SECOND STORY - CONTINUOUS

Patrons glare at Jory, as a RANDOM WOMAN with a RANDOM MAN points at Jory.

RANDOM WOMAN  
He pushed the kid!

Jory looks over the rail.

RANDOM WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Grab him! I'm calling the police.

Random Man advances on him, but Jory runs away.

Patrons crowd around, as blood pools out from Jason's mangled body, which lies in a heap on the floor.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (ERA 1986)

A combo television unit, ratchet strapped to a roller stand, in front of a full class of STUDENTS.

Christina (now 13), wild hair, scrawny, sits at a desk.

MRS. WHITE (mid 50s), rigid instructor, pops a VHS tape into the VCR, then presses play.

MUSIC CUE: Super-cheesy SYNTHESIZER MUSIC blares from the television, as the screen lights up bright blue. Mrs. White runs to her desk, fumbles to pick up a remote.

Christina's quiet, as the Students GIGGLE.

The CERN LOGO, a series of sixes with overlapped circles, fades in on the television screen.

MRS. WHITE (O.S.)  
OK, everyone. Calm down.

Mrs. White turns the volume down as the logo fades away.

ON TELEVISION SCREEN

Small grass fields surround a concrete path, which leads away from a giant, brown, spherical structure, down to De León, who smiles into the camera.

DE LEÓN  
Hello, and welcome to the Large  
Hadron Collider!

De León throws her hands into the air.

EXT. LARGE HADRON COLLIDER - DAY (HELICOPTER)

SYNTHESIZER MUSIC CONT.

*High above a large facility, which stands at the edge of a mile-long, figure-eight-shaped, enormous pipeline.*

SUPERIMPOSE: CERN "Our Universe is Yours"

INT. LARGE HADRON COLLIDER - PIPE CORRIDOR - DAY

SYNTHESIZER MUSIC CONT.

*A gigantic concrete hall stretches indefinitely. Thick wires run alongside a wide, blue, metal pipeline, which runs parallel with it, as far as the eye can see.*

*A short distance away, a room straddles the pipeline. Its observation window looks over the pipe. A metal staircase leads up to its door.*

*De León stands with a clipboard in her hand.*

DE LEÓN  
*The Large Hadron Collider, or  
L.H.C., sits in a tunnel, one  
hundred meters underground.*

*De León stands next to the pipeline.*

DE LEÓN (CONT'D)  
*The system consists of a huge,  
twenty-kilometer ring, constructed  
from these pipes, which house  
superconducting magnets. With the  
use of several smaller rings that  
boost the energy of the particles  
along the way.*

INT. LARGE HADRON COLLIDER - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - DAY

SYNTHESIZER MUSIC CONT.

*Diodes shine across panels that line every wall. A counsel, covered with monitors, switches, dials, off to the side. A large office chair faces the counsel.*

*De León swivels around in the chair.*

DE LEÓN  
*The L.H.C. is a particle  
accelerator that pushes protons to  
near the speed of light.*

ON MONITOR

*A sixteen-bit animation plays: two dots rush at each other, then collided into firework-like pixels.*

*INT. LARGE HADRON COLLIDER - PANDORA'S BOX - DAY*

*SYNTHESIZER MUSIC CONT.*

*De León stands inside the pipe, which resembles a long fractal, made up of assorted metals, pipes, wires.*

*DE LEÓN*  
*Inside the L.H.C., two particles*  
*travel through separate pipes, in*  
*opposite directions, before they*  
*collide; right here.*

*INT. CLASSROOM - DAY*

*SYNTHESIZER MUSIC CONT.*

*Christina's focused on the video.*

*UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)*  
*(whispered backward)*  
*Remember.*

*DE LEÓN (O.S.)*  
*Now I know what you're thinking.*  
*How could this be done -- .*

*SOUND FADES*

*DE LEÓN (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*-- you ask? One day, we'll be -- .*

*Christina looks around.*

*UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)*  
*(whispered backward)*  
*Remember.*

*SILENCE*

*Christina's eyes land on TROY, big smile, athletic. He turns and glares at her. She snaps out of her trance.*

*SOUND FADES IN*

*On the television, De León sits at the control panel.*

*DE LEÓN*  
*-- but leaves many questions open,*  
*which the L.H.C. will help to*  
*answer. Thank you for joining us.*



SYNTHESIZER MUSIC BLARES

Credits roll on the screen. Mrs. White jerks awake, scrambles for the remote. Christina's quiet, as the class GIGGLES.

MRS. WHITE

OK. Let's take it down like three notches. Now, after that wonderful video, what are your thoughts?

KOURTNEY (13), ponytail, glasses, a small overbite, with mix-matched style, shoots her hand into the air.

Christina slowly raises her hand.

MRS. WHITE (CONT'D)

Kourtney.

KOURTNEY

Me and my dad have been following this. He says, that it may destroy the Earth, by opening up a black hole, which can swallow the planet. I disagree. I think -- .

A balled-up piece of paper hits Kourtney in the head.

Christina lowers her hand, as the Students LAUGH.

TARAH (13), overly trendy style, plays innocent.

Mrs. White perks up.

MRS. WHITE

Who threw that? Answer me!

EXT. SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY

A tarmac separates the school building from a football field. The area is littered with CHILDREN, who YELL as they play.

Christina makes her way along the building, turns a corner, then abruptly stops.

Down the way, a GROUP OF KIDS, led by Tarah and LEO (13), jock-type, all gang up on Kourtney.

Kourtney's eyes water. She clutches a Tiffany-themed binder.

TARAH

Think you're smart, huh, dork?

Tarah knocks the binder from Kourtney's hands.

Everyone LAUGHS. Christina picks up the binder.

CHRISTINA  
*She's smart enough, not to be your  
 friend, Mall-Maggot.*

*Christina hands Kourtney the binder. Everyone else explodes  
 into a CHORUS OF OHS. Tarah steps into Christina's face.*

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
*I'm not scared of you.*

TARAH  
*Fuck off pill popper.*

*Christina lunges at Tarah, gets one good slap in, before Leo  
 steps in her way, holds her back.*

LEO  
*Step back, you fuckin' psycho.*

*A red glow emits from Leo, as a flare of amber light blasts  
 out from where he touches Christina. Startled, Christina  
 jumps back, trips and falls to the ground. Terrorized, she  
 looks up at Leo.*

LEO (CONT'D)  
*Spaz. Did you see that? I didn't  
 even touch her.*

*Kourtney kneels to help, but Christina flinches.*

KOURTNEY  
*I was just trying to -- .*

*Kourtney runs off, as Leo, Tarah hover over Christina.*

LEO  
*Look at the loser. She's so scared.*

*Christina clenches her eyes shut.*

LEO (CONT'D)  
*That's right. You're nothing, and  
 you can't do anything about it.  
 You're a loser, and that's all  
 you'll ever be.*

*Christina jumps up, runs off.*

INT. SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

*Clean contemporary.*

*STAFF are at work, until Mrs. White (45) bursts in.*

MRS. WHITE  
*Come quick!*

*INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS*

*Mrs. White, MR. POMETTI (50s), Principal, WILSON (60), Janitor, BORIS (35), security, rush down the corridor.*

*A class of CHILDREN plays kickball. The teacher turns, it's Brian. He watches the commotion, as they run down the hall.*

*Mrs. White stops at the door to the boy's bathroom.*

*Pometti opens the bathroom door. Wilson and Boris enter.*

*INT. SCHOOL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS*

*A row of stalls with doors, across from sinks and a mirror.*

*Wilson, Boris enter, followed by Pometti. Wilson stops the group, motions for them to listen. Pometti motions for Boris to look. Boris shakes his head; no. Wilson pushes Boris towards the bathroom stall.*

*CHILD'S WHIMPER*

*Boris goes steps up to the first stall's door. BANG -- he opens it. Empty. BANG -- he opens the next stall door. Empty. Boris' pupils quickly flicker from normal to black, and back to normal. BANG -- he opens the second to the last stall.*

*Christina stands on the toilet. She springs off, lands on top of Boris! A flash of amber and red light fills the dim space.*

*The initial confusion wears off, Pometti, Wilson rush in to help, as Christina climbs Boris like a spider monkey.*

*POMETTI*  
*Christina! Stop!*

*WILSON*  
*She's nuts!*

*BORIS*  
*Get this crazy kid off me!*

*Pometti, Wilson try to restrain Christina. Ms. White enters, tries to help.*

*MS. WHITE*  
*Calm down Christina.*

*Christina's fist hits Pometti's face. He stumbles back.*

*POMETTI*  
*That's it. Fuck this! I'm calling her social worker!*

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT (ERA 1996)

Rundown with a 70s vibe. Ragtag REGULARS drink and mingle.

Jory (now 21), doobie behind his ear, sits bar-side at a table. A notepad, thick book on conspiracies, open folder full of Government documents, laid out in front of him.

TILLY (22), unique features, funky fashion, thin jacket partially covers her print shirt, stands at the bar, stares at Jory. Two shots are placed in front of her.

A shot is set on the table in front of Jory. Tilly holds a shot, sits in the chair next to him. They cheers, then drink.

TILLY

Looks like you need it.

JORY

Thanks. Sorry. Have we met?

TILLY

No. I felt rude just coming over and asking you a question. Thought this would warm you up.

JORY

Ask away.

TILLY

I'm just trying to figure out, what kind of person does their paper at a bar?

JORY

Paper?

TILLY

What are you, in college? I mean, unless you're studying for the bar, at a bar, then that's pretty cool.

JORY

Ah, paper. This isn't for a class.

Tilly picks up the book, opens it to the bookmarked page.

C.U. - OPEN BOOK

The bookmark sits on a page about Government cover-ups.

BACK TO SCENE

Tilly looks into Jory's eyes.

TILLY

Oh. Are you one of those conspiracy  
nut jobs?

JORY

I hope not.

TILLY

You got a problem with conspiracy  
nut jobs?

Jory stares at Tilly's print T-shirt, which depicts Kurt  
Cobain, and reads, LOVE DID IT, then at into her eyes.

JORY

There's no way he could have shot  
up that much heroin, and then had  
the capacity to put the kit away,  
position the shotgun in his mouth,  
and pull the trigger.

Tilly smiles, sits.

TILLY

This is a place for shady people,  
trying to lay low. How do I know  
you're not an asshole?

JORY

What does that say about you?

TILLY

Maybe you should be scared of me.

JORY

That's a risk I'm willing to take.

TILLY

I agree, some risks are worth  
taking. I like to gamble.

JORY

Hey, Sonny! Three more beers.

TILLY

What's the celebration.

Sonny places three more beers down.

SONNY

On the tab?

JORY

Yup. Thank you.

Jory grabs the beers, places one in front of Tilly, sets two  
beers in front of his chair, sits.

*TILLY*  
*And you're an alcoholic. Classy.*

*Jory double fists his beers.*

*TILLY (CONT'D)*  
*Double fisting.*

*JORY*  
*It's getting classier. OK. Bet I can drink all this before you can finish your beer.*

*TILLY*  
*Two, before I can finish just one?*

*JORY*  
*Yup.*

*TILLY*  
*What're the stakes?*

*JORY*  
*I win, you give me your number. What do you want?*

*Tilly studies Jory, grabs the doobie behind his ear, sets it down on the bar.*

*JORY (CONT'D)*  
*OK. Bet.*

*TILLY*  
*Ready and -- .*

*Jory stops Tilly before she can touch her first glass.*

*JORY*  
*Wait up.*

*TILLY*  
*Now he's chicken.*

*JORY*  
*A rooster, maybe. I just really think you're pretty, and don't want to mess this up.*

*Tilly smiles.*

*JORY (CONT'D)*  
*Ok, let me down the first one. When I set the glass down, you can start drinking. I'll still beat you.*

*TILLY*  
*OK, but let me be clear, I don't*  
*want love.*

*Jory raises his glass.*

*JORY*  
*(sarcastic)*  
*I don't want love, either. Cheers.*

*Jory drinks, finishes, but holds the glass as he grabs the other beer. Tilly rushes for her glass, but Jory stops her.*

*JORY (CONT'D)*  
*Wait up.*

*Jory presents the glass he still holds.*

*JORY (CONT'D)*  
*We agreed, after I place my glass*  
*down, you can start.*

*Jory proceeds to drink.*

*TILLY*  
*So you are shady. If that's how*  
*we're playing it.*

*Still a quarter full, Tilly smacks the glass from Jory's hand. She grabs her beer, quickly downs it.*

*TILLY (CONT'D)*  
*We agreed, who finished their beer*  
*first. You never finished yours.*

*Tilly sets her cup down, wipes her mouth.*

*SONNY (O.C.)*  
*The fuck was that? Sorry, Jory,*  
*she's outta here.*

*Jory watches Tilly takes the doobie. In a wiseass apology, she raises her hands, then walks off.*

*TILLY (O.C.)*  
*Have a good night.*

*EXT. BAR - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT*

*Trash cans and graffiti romantically bask in moonlight.*

*Jory, Tilly sit on a staircase, pass the lit doobie.*

*JORY*  
*All energy and matter contain*  
*information.*

**(MORE)**

**JORY (CONT'D)**

It's all about how one observes the arrangement the information is in.

**TILLY**

Um, in layman's terms?

**JORY**

In the end, everything's made up of energy, even memories. And when you die, all that energy goes back into the universe. The same energy that comes back together and forms a newborn baby.

**TILLY**

So, some mom from the Midwest, may just have the energy in her that made Cleopatra's eyes blink, and so when she connects to that energy inside herself, she thinks that's who she was in a past life?

**JORY**

Bingo. You're not just pretty. You're pretty smart.

**TILLY**

You're like a charcuterie board, first comes the cheese, then what, the meat?

Tilly jumps up, smashes the doobie with her shoe.

**TILLY (CONT'D)**

It's been real.

Tilly walks off.

**JORY**

I was just being cute.

**TILLY (O.C.)**

I know. It was, and you are.

**JORY**

Wait. Think I can see you again?

Tilly turns.

**TILLY**

I think it feels a little bit of me already knew a little bit of you. If it's fate, we will see each other again.

Tilly smiles, leaves. Jory watches her walk away.



*TILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*If not, have a good life.*

*INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - PADDED ROOM - NIGHT (ERA 1996)*

*Small. Bare, except for a cot.*

*CHRISTINA (now 16), obvious wild edge, meditates on the cot, pills cover the sheet next to her.*

*Confused, she looks up. She cautiously walks to the door, as she scans the room.*

*UNKNOWN SOURCE (V.O.)*  
*(whispered backward)*  
*There's nowhere to run.*

*Christina runs to the cot, meditates.*

*INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS*

*Dreary, long, white corridor. Metal doors line the walls.*

*BASIL (24), SYLVESTER (31), two beastly gentlemen, walk down the hall, then turn towards a door.*

*Basil's pupils quickly flicker from normal to black, and back to normal, as Sylvester unlocks the first of two bolts.*

*INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - PADDED ROOM - CONTINUOUS*

*CLICK CLACK*

*Christina's eyes pop open. She lies back, throws pills on her chest, closes her eyes, drools.*

*CLICK CLACK*

*The door opens. Basil guards the door. Sylvester walks to Christina, looks down, snatches up a pill, shakes her. She doesn't respond, slumps over.*

*SYLVESTER*  
*We got a problemo.*

*Sylvester shakes Christina, brings out a walkie-talkie.*

*BASIL*  
*She must have stashed them away.*

SYLVESTER  
 (into the walkie-talkie) Hey, this is Sylvester. We're in B ward, and there's -- .

BASIL (CONT'D)  
 I swear she took them, every time we gave them to -- .

*Christina's eyes burst to life. She springs onto Sylvester, who drops the walkie-talkie as he fights off Christina.*

TIFFANY (V.O.)  
 (over walkie-talkie)  
 Ya'll better not be screwin' with me again.

*Basil fumbles in his pocket, brings out a SYRINGE, which he jabs into Christina's neck. She slumps, rolls to the floor.*

SYLVESTER  
 Thanks.

*Basil picks up the walkie-talkie. Sylvester picks up Christina's limp body.*

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 Never mind that. We're good.

BASIL  
 Help me, fool.

*Sylvester, Basil drag Christina out of the room.*

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - WILLIAM SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RAIN PATTERS

*Lavishly decorated. Framed honors fill the wall.*

*Christina drools, as she slumps in a chair, in front of a large, oak desk.*

*Across from her, Dr. WILLIAM SCOTT (60), suit and tie, speaks in a monotone, methodical, unrecognizable accent, sits with his hands together, palms flat, fingers aligned.*

WILLIAM SCOTT  
 How are you feeling?

CHRISTINA  
 Kinda hard to tell, with all the fuckin' drugs you slam me with.

*William rummages through a drawer, places a prescription bottle on the desk.*

WILLIAM SCOTT

The drugs help, but only when you take them. You need them, Christina. We've made such progress. I would hate to see you revert back to the state in which you first arrived.

EXT. GROUP HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Standard, upper-class, suburban house.

Arm in a sling, Ms. Flanagan watches Christina (now 12) resist POLICE, as she's dragged towards a police car, where JACKIE (45), business suit, clipboard, holds open a door.

JACKIE

We tried to let you roam free, but you act like an animal, you get caged like one.

Christina spits in Jackie's face, before she's locked in the police car. She stares through the window to the house.

Rhonda stands at the door, waves, then raises her fist in solidarity. Ms. Flanagan pushes her inside, closes the door.

The police car drives off.

EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Refurbished mid-evil architecture. Police car drives off.

Basil, Sylvester drag Christina towards the entrance. She breaks loose, runs a few feet, but Sylvester snatches her up. She kicks and SCREAMS, as they carry her into the hospital.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - PADDED ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK CONT.)

Christina is strapped to a cot. William shines a flashlight in her eyes. She SCREAMS in his face.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - WILLIAM SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Christina's eyes an obviously unlocked window.

William sits with his hands together, palms flat, fingers aligned. He CLEARS HIS THROAT.

WILLIAM SCOTT

Christina, are you ready to talk?

Christina wipes the drool from her lip, looks at him.

CHRISTINA  
If you call this talking.

WILLIAM SCOTT  
I'll take what I can get. Let's  
start at the beginning, Christina.

CHRISTINA  
I told you, there's no beginning.  
All I remember, after the amnesia,  
are my so-called parents.

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

1970's contemporary, immaculately clean.

Christina (now 7) sits at a kitchen table, reads a book.  
Betty sits next to her.

BETTY  
So, six plus ten is?

Christina peers out the window, watches KIDS play stickball.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)  
I was told it was too dangerous for  
me to go outside.

A small BOY swings a stick. CRACK! The kids LAUGH and CHEER,  
as the Boy rounds the bases. SWOOP, SMACK! The window's  
blocked, as Betty slams the curtain shut.

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Blueprints and sketches of the Large Hadron Collider litter  
the room. Photographs of the buildings on site, and others of  
a large pipes in huge corridors, are posted on the wall.

Christina (now 9) searches around the top of a oak desk. She  
finds a Masonic bible. Pictures of the Large Hadron Collider  
grounds, and inside of the Large Hadron Collider. A CERN logo  
is embossed into a blueprint of the collider.

Christina looks at a photograph of De León, posed in front of  
a large, brown, spherical building.

A large, male hand grabs Christina's wrist. She looks up to  
find Rodger towers above her and drops the picture. He swoops  
her up and out of the room.

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK CONT.)

Christina is absent in all of the framed photographs, hung  
neatly on either side of a closet door.

*Rodger swings the door open, throws Christina inside, then SLAMS the door shut.*

*INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE - CLOSET - DAY (FLASHBACK)*

*Dark, except for a light beam, which seeps through a keyhole.*

*Christina peeks through the keyhole.*

*CHRISTINA'S P.O.V. - THROUGH THE KEYHOLE*

*Rodger carries a toolbox as he STOMPS by.*

*CHRISTINA (V.O.)  
It could have been hours, even  
days. I lost track of time.*

*BACK TO SCENE*

*Christina leans against the wall.*

*METAL CLANKS. BAM. POUND. POUND. The BURST of a welding torch, METAL BEING CUT. Nails HAMMERED into wood. A drill SCREECHES. Metal CLANKS. FOOTSTEPS approach.*

*Christina quickly looks through the keyhole.*

*CHRISTINA'S P.O.V. - P.O.V. THROUGH THE KEYHOLE*

*Rodger drags heavy sheets of metal through the hallway, towards the back room.*

*BACK TO SCENE*

*Christina leans closer, lightly BUMPS into the door.*

*CHRISTINA'S P.O.V. - P.O.V. THROUGH THE KEYHOLE*

*Rodger abruptly stops. Angry, he steps to the closet door, blocks the keyhole with one of the metal sheets.*

*CUT TO BLACK:*

*BLACK SCREEN*

*Christina CRIES to the sound of METAL CLANKS, then the screech of metal as it's cut. WELDING TORCH.*

*SILENT*

*UNKNOWN SOURCE (V.O.)  
(whispered backward)  
Let's end this. Come back to us.*

CHRISTINA (O.C.)  
 Help! Please, I won't -- .

The door UNLOCKS, quickly opens. Light pours in. Christina shields her eyes, sits on the ground. Rodger yanks her out.

CHRISTINA (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Stop! Please.

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Christina resists as Rodger drags her down the hall, towards the Eye Of The Providence embossed metal door.

Rodger throws Christina into the bedroom. The metal door SCREECHES as it SLAMS shut.

CHRISTINA (O.C.)  
 Please, don't leave me in here. Why are you doing this?

Rodger walks away. Beat. He comes back.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 Thank you. I swear, I -- .

Rodger sprays oil onto the door's hinges, walks away.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 No! Please! I promise to be good.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

William stares at Christina.

WILLIAM SCOTT  
 You're not doing a great job  
 keeping that promise, Christina.

CHRISTINA  
 I'm still locked up.

William walks around his desk, places a hand on her shoulder. A flash of amber light flares from her shoulder. Terrified, Christina looks up at William. A red glow emits from within him, and covers him like a transparent, unstable shell.

Christina shakes William's away, the glow instantly vanishes. Tears roll down her cheeks.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
 They haunt me. I can feel them  
 close. Hear their hiss. No one  
 understands. Or even believes -- .

Christina's eyes fill with despair.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
They're everywhere.

William leans on his desk.

WILLIAM SCOTT  
Who's they?

William touches Christina's knee. A POSSESSOR glows bright red as it leaves William's body, lunges at Christina.

The Possessor tries to enter Christina, but an amber flash of light flares with every attempt, like she has a force field, which it can't penetrate. It flies back into William.

Christina glares at William as he stares back at her. William lifts his hand to talk, until, like a cat prepared for an attack, Christina jerks back.

WILLIAM SCOTT (CONT'D)  
With actions like these you're far  
from being able to leave here.

William walks around his desk, opens a drawer. Inside it is an INJECTION GUN.

WILLIAM SCOTT (CONT'D)  
I don't like seeing you in this  
state, Christina. You keep this up,  
you're never going to be released.

William Scott reaches into the drawer. Christina stands.

CHRISTINA  
Stay away from me!

William brings out the INJECTION GUN.

WILLIAM SCOTT  
I'm only trying to help.

Christina springs at William. He lunges the INJECTION GUN at her, but she grabs his arm, stops it.

The POSSESSOR slightly pops out of William, glares at Christina, then retreats back into him.

Christina yanks the INJECTION GUN away from William, plunges it into his neck. Intoxicated, he stumbles back. She rips a phone from the desk, slams it into William's head.

William stumbles towards the door to the reception area. Christina hesitates, then grabs the prescription bottle, runs towards the windows.

WILLIAM SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 (slurs)  
 Emergency!

Christina opens the unlatched window.

William swings the door open. There stands Katie (now 42), her hand ready to grab the knob.

WILLIAM SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 Hit the alarm!

Katie stares at William. He shoves her to the side, disappears into the reception area.

EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

RAIN. A window sits above an awning that spans the building.

ALARM SIREN

Christina leaps from the window, runs along the awning, reaches a drain pipe. She looks back.

William stumbles up to the window. He looks over in Christina's direction, then over to an empty awning.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY (ERA 2001)

Major streets intersect at a round-a-bout, where a statue stands encircled by a short flight of steps.

STUDENTS litter the steps, with signs that read; FREE 'EDUCATION FOR ALL', 'PUT \$ WHERE OUR MINDS ARE', and more.

Woods, plain-clothed, badge on her belt, scans the area, patrols the scene.

At the top of the steps, Jory (now 26) stops RANDOM STRANGERS with a flyer and speaks with them. The flyer reads, 'WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THOSE IN CHARGE'.

OFFICER #6, OFFICER #7 nonchalantly watch Jory. Tilly steps next to him with a megaphone.

TILLY  
 (over megaphone)  
 We will not be oppressed by a  
 system geared towards the wealthy.  
 It is our duty to stand up. Do not  
 let this pass. Say no on thirty-  
 three! No on thirty-three!

CROWD  
 No on thirty-three!



*SIRENS blare, as police emerge onto the street, but they aren't focused on the students' rally --*

*TILLY*  
*(over megaphone)*  
*No on thirty-three!*

*CROWD*  
*No on thirty-three!*

*Jory hands OFFICER #6 a flyer.*

*JORY*  
*We need to help people help*  
*themselves. Thirty-three can't*  
*pass. No matter what.*

*A large MOB marches in, their signs read; 'STOP THE N.W.O.', 'WAKE UP', 'SET US FREE', and other conspiracy quotes.*

*TILLY*  
*(over megaphone)*  
*Poor students matter!*

*The crowds merge, grow restless, as PROTESTER #2 steps next to Jory.*

*PROTESTOR #2*  
*You got a lighter?*

*JORY*  
*Sure.*

*CROWD*  
*Poor students matter!*

*Jory passes out more flyers as Protester #2 lights a Molotov cocktail, throws it at the police. Unaware, Jory takes his lighter back.*

*Decked out in gear, RIOT POLICE run in and form a line.*

*TILLY (O.S.)*  
*(over megaphone)*  
*Poor students matter!*

*Protestor #1 seizes Jory. He resists as Protestor #2 takes his flyers.*

*OFFICER #6*  
*Police. You're under arrest.*

*JORY*  
*For what?*

*OFFICER #7*  
*Inciting a riot.*

Woods eyes scan the crowd. She notices Jory.

CROWD

Poor students matter!

As she approaches, Woods sees Jory break free, throw a GUY into Officer #6, Officer #7, then run off.

Police circle the area, cut off all exits. A bottle's thrown, which hits an Officer. Riot Police push into the crowd.

Jory grabs Tilly, pulls her into a thick crowd.

TILLY

Hey!

Some people disperse, as others group up and push back against the police.

Jory, Tilly repeatedly attempt to leave, but Riot Police block every exit. Jory, Tilly dip into the crowd.

JORY

I have to tell you something.

Woods scans the crowd for Jory.

The rally turns into a riot; bonfires light, objects are thrown, people run and SCREAM... pure chaos.

Jory, Tilly duck in the thick of the crowd.

TILLY

That must have been so hard to see your friend murdered. Just turn yourself in. You'll get a fair trial. I don't want to lose you!

JORY

Without evidence? I'm not going to face life in jail until I find out what happened that day.

TILLY

You can't concentrate if you're always running. If you're always with me. You'll have to find somewhere far from here to do it.

JORY

You've brought me such joy. I don't want to give you up.

TILLY

There's millions of things going on right now that you can't be a part of.

**(MORE)**

**TILLY (CONT'D)**

Millions of things you want that  
you can't have. Stop worrying  
yourself about all that, and be  
grateful for what you did get to  
experience.

JORY

I'm sorry.

Jory looks deep into her eyes, a tear falls down her cheek.

TILLY

I don't love you.

It's obvious she does. Jory tries to remain strong.

JORY

I don't love you, too.

TILLY

I'll never forgive you.

They stand. A tear rolls down Jory's cheek.

JORY

I'll never forget you.

Jory kisses Tilly. He runs off.

Woods looks through the crowd, sees Jory, chases after him.  
He notices she is after him. Both quicken their pace.

Jory shoves his way through the crowd, looks back to see  
Woods closes in on him. He turns, runs into BIFF the Biff.

Biff pushes Jory back. He falls into Woods, pushes her, runs  
off. Woods runs up, wraps her arm around Jory's neck from  
behind, flashes her badge.

WOODS

Police. I got this.

Biff backs off. Jory chokes, as Woods drags him back by the  
neck. Jory fights for air, his eyes start to droop.

ALL SOUND BECOMES SOFT AND ECHOED

ENTER SPIRIT WORLD

JORY'S P.O.V.

WOODS (CONT'D)

Time you learned who's in charge.

The world slows down. Jory looks around, sees everyone in the  
crowd glows blue, then down to see Woods's arm glows red.

BACK TO SCENE

*Tilly sees Woods drag Jory back.*

*Woods's arm wrapped around Jory's throat, his body starts to go limp, until Tilly runs up, punches Woods in the face, rips Jory away. Jory's dazed.*

TILLY  
(slow)  
Run, Jory!

*Jory snaps out of it, steps forward to help Tilly.*

TILLY (CONT'D)  
*If you truly love me, run!*

*Officer #6, Officer #7 reach Woods, rip Tilly off of her back. Woods stands, scans for Jory, but he's gone.*

SERIES OF SHOTS - EXT. BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY (PRESENT)

- A) High above the city
- B) Victory Column (Siegessäule)
- C) TV Tower
- D) Brandenburg Gate
- E) Eastside Gallery; Pieces of the Berlin Wall
- F) Life on the Oranienburger Straße; the red light district
- G) Kunsthaus Tacheles artists' squat

EXT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - DAY

*Graffiti covers the walls of a giant, rundown factory.*

*TOURISTS, LOCALS scurry around DRUG DEALERS, HOOKERS, SHOP BARKERS, which line the streets.*

INT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - CHRISTINA'S SQUAT - DAY

*Furnished like a dorm room on an artistic campus. Unkempt. Art supplies litter the area.*

*An unfinished canvas hurls through the air, lands just past DEXTER (28), rocker model-type. He looks at a Purple Heart medal, affixed to the canvas, shakes his head.*

DEXTER  
Blows my mind you don't have your  
shit together. When we met, you  
were a hero. Now, you're a -- .  
Honestly, I don't even know you  
anymore.

Christina (now 35), quirky beautiful, meditates.

DEXTER (CONT'D)  
You're just going to sit there?! I  
don't want your feelings expressed  
through art. Talk to me!

Christina rises, picks up the canvas, takes out a pocket  
knife, slashes a hole in it. She leers through the hole at  
Dexter, places the canvas on an easel, appreciates it.

DEXTER (CONT'D)  
You actually think that's art?

CHRISTINA  
Even more now.

Christina admires it. Dexter stuffs clothes into a duffel.

DEXTER  
Not like you'll ever do anything  
with it. All you care about are  
those pills. Do they even work?  
Seems you're still crazy, to me.  
How can I ever love you when you  
don't even love --

Christina knocks the canvas to the ground.

DEXTER (CONT'D)  
-- anything?

Dexter zips up his bag. Christina slumps onto the couch. He  
hovers above her. She sits, head drooped, eyes focused on the  
floor. He holds her chin up, looks into her eyes.

DEXTER (CONT'D)  
I do love you.

Christina's head sulks back down. The top almost falls off,  
as Dexter picks up a prescription bottle from the table.

DEXTER (CONT'D)  
You made your choice.

Deter turns, throws the bottle to the table as he walks away.

The bottle pops open, after it knocks over a glass, and two  
pills fall from it and land in a puddle it creates.

Christina snatches up the pills up, blows on them.

CHRISTINA  
What the fuck! I can't believe --

Christina holds the melted pills up, as the door SLAMS shut.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
-- you left me.

Christina slurps the pills into her mouth, swallows. She dresses quickly, runs out the door.

*INT. TRESOR NIGHT CLUB - CELLAR - NIGHT*

*MUSIC CUE: LOUD TECHNO MUSIC*

*Pitch black. A single red lightbulb dangles over the DJ. Above the dance floor hang randomly placed strobe lights, which flash once, and light up the area directly below them.*

*Various strobe flash, which illuminate sections of the jam packed dance floor.*

*A strobe flashes above Christina, as she searches around the packed dance floor.*

*BLACK SCREEN*

*A strobe flashes above Christina as she's grabbed by a tall, sweaty, shirtless RAVER.*

*BLACK SCREEN*

*A strobe flashes above Christina as she punches the Raver.*

*BLACK SCREEN*

*A strobe flashes above GREGORY (30), Eurotrash, indisputable thug, sweats as he dances, notices Christina.*

*BLACK SCREEN*

GREG (V.O.)  
Hey buddy!

CHRISTINA (V.O.)  
Greg! There you are.

*A strobe flashes above Christina, Gregory as they hug.*

GREG  
Let's get drink.

*BLACK SCREEN*

CHRISTINA (V.O.)  
Huh? I can't hear you.

A strobe flashes above Christina as Gregory yells in her ear.

GREG  
Let us go from dancing floor.

BLACK SCREEN

CHRISTINA (V.O.)  
It's too loud! I can't understand  
what the fuck you're saying!

GREGORY (V.O.)  
Come!

A strobe flashes, Gregory, Christina are gone.

INT. TRESOR NIGHT CLUB - VIP BOOTH - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: TRIPHOP MUSIC

Groups of SEXY PATRONS lounge in booths with bottle service.

A champagne bottle is popped, then poured in a glass for Christina, then Gregory, as they sit alone in a booth.

ANNA (22), model, lays into Gregory's lap, motions for ALEX (21), tall, dark, seductive, to sit.

Alex sits close to Christina. She inches away.

CHRISTINA  
(to Alex)  
<I'm not here for this.>  
(to Gregory)  
Hey!

GREGORY  
Worse things to be had in life.

Gregory motorboats Anna's breasts, as she LAUGHS.

CHRISTINA  
I'm in need.

Gregory continues to flirt with Anna.

GREGORY  
I've got amazing anasha.

CHRISTINA  
No. I need the pills.

GREGORY  
 Look. My house, it was robbed.  
 Funny thing, they only took the  
 pills you always ask for.

Gregory grabs Christina's arm.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
 You wouldn't know anything about  
 this, would you?

Christina shakes free from Gregory, grabs him back.

CHRISTINA  
 You think I'd be here, in this hell  
 hole, if I already had some?

Gregory shakes her grip, throws Anna from his lap. Anna falls  
 to the ground. Alex helps her up.

ALEX  
 You don't treat women like that!

GREGORY  
 Don't eyeball me, tough guy. When I  
 was in prison, I fucked guys bigger  
 than you.

Anna shakes her head at Alex, pulls him away. Gregory turns  
 to Christina.

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
 If I think you did it, you'd been  
 dead faster than lights on dance  
 floor flash.

CHRISTINA  
 I don't even know where you live.  
 Look, I don't use them just to get  
 high. It's like, a prescription.  
 You're just a cheaper pharmacy.

GREGORY  
 That is all I am; pharmacy?

CHRISTINA  
 Come on. No.

Gregory motions over to the packed dance floor.

GREGORY  
 I treat you like herder, among  
 these sheep.

A group of CLUB GIRLS wave at Gregory from the dance floor.



GREGORY (CONT'D)  
*I bring over puppets to entertain  
 us. I try and make everything --  
 how do you say -- copacetic?*

*Christina's focus is pulled away to the dance floor.*

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
*Yes. That is the word I --*

*SOUND FADES AWAY*

*Christina focuses on the dance floor.*

GREGORY (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*(fade away)*  
*-- meant to say. It pains me to see  
 you in this -- .*

*INT. TRESOR NIGHT CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS*

*MAN turns WOMAN'S attention away from her GIRLFRIENDS, then  
 innocently dances with her. A red glow emits from Woman, as  
 she dances seductively with Man. Man notices her demeanor has  
 changed, grabs her butt. A red POSSESSOR exits Woman, floats  
 into the crowd. Woman looks confused, slaps Man, turns back  
 to her girlfriends.*

*INT. TRESOR NIGHT CLUB - VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS*

*Gregory stares at Christina.*

GREGORY  
*Christina!*

*Christina turns to Gregory.*

CHRISTINA  
*So, are you getting more or what?*

GREGORY  
*After everything I say, this is  
 your response? My friend, look  
 around. Everywhere is fun, good  
 time, except here, in front of me.  
 I like you. You never a hassle.  
 Don't become one now.*

*Gregory pulls something small out, gives it to Christina.*

GREGORY (CONT'D)  
*Take this. Forget your worries.*

*Gregory waves at the GROUP OF GIRLS. Christina looks into her  
 hand. It's an ecstasy pill. Frustrated, she looks to the bar.*

INT. TRESOR NIGHT CLUB - BAR - CONTINUOUS

People CONVERSATE, as they hoard the bar.

The red POSSESSOR reappears, floats over to a group of MEN, who are lost in conversation, enters GUY #1.

Guy #1 turns, pushes GUY #2. Confused, Guy #2 looks at Guy #1. Guy #1 punches Guy #2. Guy #1, Guy #2 brawl.

The red Possessor floats off of GUY #1. Confusion washes over Guy #1, until Guy #2 hits him in the face.

SECURITY #1, SECURITY #2 arrive, break up the fight.

INT. TRESOR NIGHT CLUB - VIP BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

CLUB GIRL #1, CLUB GIRL #2, both dolled up, approach Gregory. Club Girl #1 shakes his hand.

GREGORY  
<This is my friend, Christina.>

Club Girl #1 nods to Club Girl #2, then flirts with Gregory.

Club Girl #2 sits next to Christina. Christina rolls her eyes. As Gregory kisses Club Girl #1, her butt bumps Christina, over and over again.

CHRISTINA  
<Excuse you.>

Girl #1's butt bumps Christina. She taps Girl #1.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
<Do you mind?!>

Girl #1 turns, glares at Christina.

CLUB GIRL #1  
<No.>

Girl #1 turns back to Gregory. He taps Christina.

GREGORY  
Come on now, down the hatch.

Gregory holds up Christina's hand. In it is the ecstasy pill. Club Girl #2 perks up.

CLUB GIRL #2  
<She don't want it, I'll take it.>

Gregory buries himself into Club Girl #1's chest.

CHRISTINA

*This isn't what I need. You gotta have some left. Maybe you forgot you have some -- .*

*Gregory removes his lips from Club Girl #1, grabs Christina.*

GREGORY

*Maybe your German not is best. You take E pill and feel good. Or ask again for other pill, and bad feelings won't be the worst of your problems, Buddy.*

*Gregory releases Christina, returns his attention to Club Girl #1. Christina looks down at the pill on her palm. Girl #2's hand runs down Christina's arm, towards the pill.*

*Christina flings the pill down. Club Girl #2 searches for it. Christina leaves. Gregory LAUGHS, returns to Club Girl #1's chest. Club Girl #2 finds the pill, pops it, joins Girl #1.*

INT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Burnt out bulbs, one flickers. Floor to ceiling graffiti.

Christina takes the last chug from a fifth of whiskey, leaves the bottle on the ground.

HUSHED VOICES

Horrified, Christina stops, listens closely.

HUSHED VOICES

Christina mellows herself, cautiously walks forward. HUSHED VOICES come from a slightly open door, in front of her.

Christina looks inside, discovers what resembles a modern hookah lounge, with a mellow gathering of ECCENTRIC PEOPLE, who sit in foldout chairs, CHAT.

INT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - JORY'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Outside the door, Christina lurks in the darkness.

Jory (now 35) sits next to NEIL (47), comic book nerd, speaks in broken German. The room hushes, as a conversation heats up. HEATHER, eclectic hippie looks at Jory.

HEATHER

<Give me a break. Actually, you'll  
give yourself a broken leg. Or even  
worse, a concussion!>

Jory stirs his drink.

NEIL

(Dutch accent)

<If you truly unlock the power  
inside of you, then one can learn  
to function on a greater level.>

Unconsciously, Christina takes a step into the room.

NEIL (CONT'D)

<Everyone, please close your eyes.>  
I will finish in English -- if  
that's ok with you all?

The group AGREES. Everyone closes their eyes. Jory opens one  
eye slightly, stares at Heather.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Let's explore the assumptions that  
may hinder your progress to fully  
achieve this enlightened state.

JORY

<If it's possible, then I can do  
it. Heather, watch this!>

Jory looks at the wall, closes his eyes. He takes deep  
breaths, focuses for a beat, sprints straight for the wall.

HEATHER

Jory, don't do -- !

Jory smashes face-first into the wall. The room GASPS as he  
drops to his knees.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

-- it.

Christina LAUGHS loudly. Everyone in the room looks at her.

Blood runs from his nostril, as Jory smiles at Christina. She  
GIGGLES to herself as she smiles back, shakes her head. She  
turns, leaves the room.

Jory's eyes say it all, he's intrigued.

INT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Christina exits. Walks two doors down, turns to her door.

CHRISTINA  
(to herself)  
And I thought I was crazy.

Christina unlocks her door.

INT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - CHRISTINA'S SQUAT - CONTINUOUS

The room is in disarray. Christina stands in the doorway.

CHRISTINA  
Fuck my life.

Christina looks around, her eyes light up. She runs over, picks up a prescription bottle. She pops the top, looks inside. It's empty.

She runs into the next room, returns with another prescription bottle, which she opens. It's empty.

She digs into her couch, finds a prescription bottle. Inside of it is a doobie. She sits back, lights the doobie, which hangs from her mouth, as she fights to keep her eyes open, but they close.

INT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - CHRISTINA'S SQUAT - DAY

Christina's passed out on the couch. She awakens.

The front door is open. Jory stands in the doorway, GIGGLES.

CHRISTINA  
Did I tell a joke?

JORY  
For someone that smokes the  
marijuana you sure are edgy.

Christina's confused, until she notices the half-smoked doobie that lies on her chest. She throws it to the table. Jory walks over, picks the doobie up, sits down.

JORY (CONT'D)  
Waste not, want not -- and I want!

Jory looks at Christina, the unlit doobie in his mouth.

JORY (CONT'D)

Eh-hem?

Christina reaches into the cushion, brings out a lighter.

JORY (CONT'D)

Resourceful. I like your style.

Jory lights the doobie, takes a long drag. Coughs.

CHRISTINA

You, by chance, wouldn't have any  
Clonazepam, Valium, Xanax --  
anything for stress will work.

JORY

Sorry, I barely smoke. It was just  
a hard night.

CHRISTINA

Looked like a hard wall.

Bashful, Jory passes the doobie back.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I bet you're spending this morning  
with a headache.

Christina takes a hit, passes the doobie.

JORY

Morning?

(LAUGHS)

It's three twelve in the afternoon.

Smoke explodes from Christina as she coughs. Jory LAUGHS.

CHRISTINA

Shit! My interview.

Christina jumps up, runs into the bathroom. Jory puts the  
doobie out, looks around.

JORY

Didn't picture you the job type.

The SHOWER starts. Christina's head juts out as she hides her  
naked body.

CHRISTINA

How did you picture me?

Christina smiles, her butt flashes as she turns, walks off. Jory sneaks a peek into the bathroom. Her silhouette moves behind the sheer shower curtain. He looks around the studio.

JORY

Always this open with your home?

CHRISTINA (O.S.)

No choice. I'm late. So, unless you're rich and willing to take care of me, I've got to land this job today.

The SHOWER stops. Christina, in only a towel, emerges from the bathroom. Jory's eyes are fixed on her as she pulls a pair of panties on. She glares at him. He turns his back to her. Christina smiles, turns her back to him.

Jory peeks over his shoulder as Christina pulls a pair of slacks up under the towel.

JORY

Yeah, OK, sure. I'm rich, and I live here. Where I'm from we are so poor, Jewish men can't even afford to get circumcised!

Christina drops the towel, pulls on a button-up t-shirt.

CHRISTINA

Credit for being creative.

JORY

Good luck out there. Not even girls can find work here. Unless you -- .

Jory mimes a blow-job. Christina's sheepish grin shows she feels comfortable.

CHRISTINA

You do that so well. Maybe it's best that I don't ask what you do for a living.

Jory LAUGHS. Christina smiles. She looks at her watch.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Damn.

The door to her studio is left open as Christina exits.

JORY

Hey! I'm still here. Don't you want to lock up?!

Christina pops her head in, looks around her studio.

CHRISTINA

Nothing worth taking. Plus, you  
live next door. You take something,  
I know where you sleep at night.

Christina quickly smiles, leaves.

Jory wanders around the room for a beat, stops. At his feet,  
upside down on the floor, is a canvas. He picks it up, turns  
it over. On the canvas is a beautiful oil painting of a man  
that eerily resembles him.

INT. KUNSTHAUS TACHELES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Painting in his hand, Jory closes Christina's door, leaves.

EXT. BERLIN - ORANIENBURGER STRASSE - DAY

The long street ends where two walls meet at a staircase,  
which ascends up to a U-Bahn platform.

LINDA, tight corset over t-shirt and skinny jeans, shapes her  
body like an hourglass, catwalks down the sidewalk.

Christina looks at the resumes in her hand, then rips them  
up. She crosses the street, hops onto the sidewalk, heads  
towards Linda.

SHELDON (23), snaggletoothed, typical college frat guy, eyes  
Linda as he passes her.

SHELDON

Proper. How much for a shag?

Linda rolls her eyes, walks away.

SHELDON (CONT'D)

Cheeky muppet.

Sheldon LAUGHS OUT LOUD, looks around, glares at Christina as  
she passes Linda.

SHELDON (CONT'D)

Blimey, look at that.

Christina pays no mind as she passes Sheldon. He catches up  
with her.

SHELDON (CONT'D)

Fancy a shag?



CHRISTINA  
Does that work for you?

SHELDON  
What's that, Love?

CHRISTINA  
Being an asshole and thinking  
you'll get sex out of it.

SHELDON  
Stop faffing around. I got five  
quid on it.

Christina abruptly stops, stares at Sheldon.

CHRISTINA  
Leave me alone.

Christina storms off.

SHELDON (O.S.)  
Bloody Hell. I was only taking a  
piss. This the red light, innit?

Christina walks for a beat. FOOTSTEPS follow behind her. She  
looks back, Sheldon keeps pace with her. She runs.

Sheldon picks up his pace.

Christina almost hits SKATER, who's unfazed, continues on.

Sheldon pushes past Skater.

SKATER  
Prick.

Skater rips Sheldon back. As Sheldon knocks Skater out with  
one punch, Christina dips into an alleyway.

EXT. BERLIN - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Construction rubbish litters the ground around a bin that  
Christina hides next to. She peeks out.

Sheldon runs past the alley, continues down the street.  
Christina ducks back, remains huddled out of sight for a  
beat. She gathers the strength, rises, steps out.

Sheldon, his hands together, palms flat, fingers aligned,  
stares at Christina, as he methodically walks towards her.  
She backs away from him.

CHRISTINA  
I don't want to fuck you up, but I  
will. Leave me alone.

Sheldon smiles, advances on Christina.

SHELDON  
(*monotone, methodical,  
unrecognizable accent*)  
You don't know who I am right now,  
but I know you, and you know me.  
You are going to die.

Christina throws a punch, and Sheldon catches her fist. An amber flash flares from the impact. Sheldon glows red. His pupils turn black. She stares in horror as he grins.

SHELDON (CONT'D)  
(*monotone, methodical,  
unrecognizable accent*)  
There's no hope in fighting. You  
cannot defeat me.

A two-by-four snaps when it impacts Sheldon's head. Jory stands behind him, drops the piece he holds.

JORY  
Didn't mean to hit him that hard.

Sheldon begins to wake up.

CHRISTINA  
You didn't kill him. Come on.

Christina pulls Jory away.

*INT. TACHELES SQUAT - HALLWAY - DAY*

*Jory stands at his door, key in the lock, as he stares at Christina, who fights with her keys, then her lock, then the knob. She kicks her door open, enters.*

*INT. TACHELES SQUAT - CHRISTINA'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS*

*Christina throws her keys down, closes the door, which doesn't completely shut. She paces the room.*

*She stops. Tears fall down her cheeks. She calms herself.*

*She falls to her bed, shoves her face into a pillow, SCREAMS.*

JORY  
You OK?

*Christina dries her cheeks, turns to find Jory at her door. He steps inside her studio.*

CHRISTINA  
*Did I say you can come in?*

JORY

*I could have said that last night.*

CHRISTINA

*Were you following me?*

JORY

*Just jumped off the U. I was on my way home. We are neighbors.*

CHRISTINA

*And you just happened to be there, at just the right time?*

JORY

*Do you always thank people by accusing them? And here I thought I was a conspiracy nut.*

CHRISTINA

*What are you doing here now?*

JORY

*I came to see if you were OK. I can leave if you --- .*

*Jory turns to leave.*

CHRISTINA

*No, I -- .*

*Jory stops in the doorway. Christina calms herself.*

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

*It's been a really crazy day. I'm sorry for being so standoffish. It's me, not you.*

*Jory walks back into the room.*

JORY

*That's a first. I'm usually the one scaring people off.*

CHRISTINA

*Just what I want to hear. Stranger guy from next door is scary.*

JORY

*No need to be a scary stranger. I do have a name. I'm Jory.*

*Jory reaches his hand out to shake Christina's. She stares at it, cautiously reaches out, taps it, quickly retracts her hand. Jory cautiously taps Christina's hand. She CHUCKLES.*

CHRISTINA  
*I'm Christina.*

JORY  
*May I?*

*Jory sits before Christina can answer.*

JORY (CONT'D)  
*No offense. There's something not normal about you. I truly mean that as a compliment.*

CHRISTINA  
*That's a backhanded compliment.*

*Jory stands, walks over, picks up a canvas. He turns it over and over, as he looks at it from different angles.*

JORY  
*Not at all. Well, I don't think so. I love discovering a new perspective. And, by the looks of it, yours is pretty interesting.*

CHRISTINA  
*People may think you're scary, but most think I'm crazy.*

JORY  
*I tried to walk through a wall.*

CHRISTINA  
*More like run. Ouch.*

JORY  
*What can I say? There are a lot of things we don't know about. Some happening right before our eyes.*

*Christina is lost in thought. Jory becomes uncomfortable.*

JORY (CONT'D)  
*So tell me more about you. You seem really interesting.*

CHRISTINA  
*Yikes. I'll end up being the one who scares you off.*

JORY  
*So, push me away instead? I don't want to push you into talking with me. You don't owe me for -- .*

*Jory pops up, walks towards the door. Christina runs over, places her hand on his shoulder. Jory stops.*

CHRISTINA

You seem really nice. I'm just not good with people. Never have been -- even around people. I'm not a bad person, I just -- .

Jory turns, looks at her.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I just don't want you to get the wrong idea about me.

JORY

I truly believed I could run through a wall. If you don't think I'm crazy, who am I to judge?

CHRISTINA

Touché. But, I'm telling you -- this is -- I'll admit, it sounds crazy. These days, even to me.

JORY

Like Stanley Kubrick filmed the moon landing, crazy? Lizard people make up the New World Order and control the world, crazy? Aliens and anal probes -- .

CHRISTINA

OK, I get it.

JORY

I have friends into a variety of way-out stuff. Government conspiracies, the occult, and all kinds of beings. You woul -- .

CHRISTINA

Beings? What kind of beings!?

JORY

You know; ghosts, aliens, the norm.

CHRISTINA

What I see is not the norm. Well -- unless they're ghosts. But, I don't think they're ghosts.

JORY

(Sixth Sense impression)  
I see dead people.

Christina glares at Jory. He walks to her side.

JORY (CONT'D)

*I was just playing around. Come on.  
You can't intrigue me like that and  
then just leave me hanging.*

*Christina glares at Jory. His eyes are lit up in curiosity.*

CHRISTINA

*I don't know how to describe these  
things without you thinking I'm  
nuts -- let alone even know how to  
start describing them.*

*Christina stares at the floor.*

JORY

*Look. What are your plans tonight?  
Let me take you somewhere. Get some  
help explaining -- .*

CHRISTINA

*Help? I don't need help. I've  
already been through the looney  
bin, and -- .*

*Mortified, Christina realizes she's admitted to being  
institutionalized. Jory steps into her personal space.*

JORY

*I've seen crazy in my life. You're  
not it. If you believe what you see  
is real then I know some others who  
may agree.*

CHRISTINA

*Sounds like my kind of people.*

JORY

*Exactly. Come out from under your  
rock for a moment. You know I'll  
keep you safe.*

*Christina searches Jory's eyes, then nods yes.*

*EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT*

*Industrial district.*

*Christina, Jory walk up to the front door.*

*Jory takes a piece of paper out from his pocket, slips it  
under the sill.*

*CLICK CLACK*

*The door opens to G, larger than life, all-black attire. He steps to the side. Jory leads Christina in.*

*Across the street, in the shadows, Katie brings out a phone.*

*KATIE*  
*I think I found her.*

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Massive. Barren, but clean. No windows, with a large metal entry door, and a huge wooden door, hand carved with unrecognizable symbols, in the rear.

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE mingle in small groups, as Christina, Jory walk into the room.

CHRISTINA  
What was on that paper?

JORY  
Secret password. I shit you not.

ANDREAS (33), a Spanish, Andy Warhol look-alike, with a flamboyant accent, saunters up to Jory.

ANDREAS  
<Jory! My darling. How are you beautiful? And who is this, ravishing angel?>

Curious Christina looks around.

JORY  
<I'm wonderful, and this is my new friend, and neighbor. Christina. This is Dre.>

Christina zones out as she stares off to the side, where, PHILIPP WOLFGANG VON GOETHE III, sophisticated insidious, hands together, palms flat, fingers aligned, talks with a small group.

ANDREAS  
Christina.  
(snaps his fingers)  
<Hello, Tina?>

Christina turns to him.

CHRISTINA  
Hello. <I mean hello.>

ANDREAS  
English! My dearest friend from afar.

(MORE)

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

I said, it is so wonderful to have a chance to meet you. And do not let this hunk talk you into calling me Dre --

(fake spits)

I am Andreas! It's much more sexy that way. Don't you think?

CHRISTINA

Yes. Nice to met you, Andreas. Sorry to be so spacey. I'm a little off lately.

Christina shakes Andreas' hand.

ANDREAS

Girl, tell me when I'm even a little on. Most of the time I am dumbfounded by what's happening.

Andreas slaps Jory's shoulder.

JORY

Well, tonight I hope your head's on straight. You're always saying you know a little bit about a lot, when it comes to the occult. This one here sees something. Some kind of beings or such, but doesn't know what they are.

ANDREAS

Maybe *they* are in your head.

CHRISTINA

I don't need this shit.

Christina turns to walk away. Andreas stops her.

ANDREAS

Ok, I get it. No jokes. My apologies. Sincerely.

CHRISTINA

If I wanted another asshole to tell me what I see isn't real -- .

Andreas looks deeply into Christina's eyes.

ANDREAS

You look. Look into my eyes. Do you see it? See the torture? See the pain of no one believing what you seen? You see the mirror?

CHRISTINA

Sorry.



ANDREAS

No reason for you to be sorries.  
Come. Come.

Andreas leads Jory off, as Christina looks, but Philipp III is nowhere to be seen.

ANDREAS (CONT'D)

(to Jory)

This one, she a wanderer.

Jory walks back to Christina, snaps his fingers in her face.

JORY

Hey.

Christina snaps out of it. Andreas motions for them to follow him. Jory grabs her hand, they quickly catch up, and all walk into the crowd of interesting people.

INT. EXPENSIVE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Occult symbols graffiti the walls. Artifacts line a room of fine leather couches and armchairs.

Philipp III, his hands together, palms flat, fingers aligned, sits quietly as he observes a group of DISTINGUISHED MEN, who sit around him, as they smoke on cigars and quietly CHAT.

It seems like your normal snobby event, except for the Red POSSESSORS that float from body to body.

CLINK CLINK CLINK

Philipp III has a champagne glass raised. Light glimmers off his diamond-encrusted Eye Of The Providence ring. Everyone in the room raises their glasses.

PHILIPP III

She's been located. The choice is  
hers to hide or join us.

Phillip III smashes his glass, grabs a champagne bottle.

PHILIPP III (CONT'D)

This world is ours.

Everyone HURRAHS as Phillip III drinks from the bottle.

**THE END**