

ENIGMA

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. COAST OF MAINE - DAY

Like a fast moving wave, the Whitehawk helicopter speeds low over the ocean toward the shore.

On the door: "Marine Three".

Atop a high, rocky cliff, a modern hospital complex.

TITLE: Cold Harbor, Maine.

INT. HOSPITAL - TOP FLOOR - DAY

DR. BELL, late 40s, suit and tie of an administrator, warm, caring face of a doctor, wears the weight of the world at the moment as he collects himself outside a patient's door.

Another ADMINISTRATOR, one of his staff, races the corridor toward him.

ADMINISTRATOR
Dr. Bell, they'll be here any
second!

He nods. Heads anyway into --

SARA'S ROOM

SARA, 19, pale, fragile, beautiful, watches with intelligent, frightened eyes. Relieved to see him, unsure what to say.

She lies in the hospital bed, arms secured to the railings.

Deeply concerned, he pulls up a chair, holds her hand.

DR. BELL
Honey, I'm sorry about the
restraints --

SARA
It's ok, I understand.

DR. BELL
Sara, you're gonna get better, I
promise. We have the best doctors
in the world here. Whatever
happened...

His voice cracks, choking off his words.

SARA

I'm scared, Daddy. I don't remember
any of it.

The sudden THUMPING of the HELICOPTER outside, close.

Dr. Bell frowns.

DR. BELL

Daddy's not gonna let anything
happen to you, you understand?

She nods, partly reassured. She's scared, but trusts him.

He bends and kisses her, then hurries out.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

SECRET SERVICE AGENTS pour off the helicopter the instant it
touches ground.

In the midst of them, Dr. NORRIS, 60, oozing authority from
every pore. He's in a hurry.

INT. HOSPITAL - TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Norris, now with Dr. Bell and his STAFF, hurries the length
of corridor.

DR. NORRIS

You've spoken to him yourself?

DR. BELL

The patient? Of course.

DR. NORRIS

Not the patient, Doctor, the
personality. Enigma.

They reach a security door, SEVERE PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMA in
red letters above. A staff member inserts a card, and into --

THE PSYCH WARD

-- they hurry down the corridor.

DR. BELL

What's this really about, Dr. Norris? We've followed the Enigma protocol, as always, but this is OUR patient and WE'RE responsible for his care.

DR. NORRIS

It's a matter of national security, I'm sure you understand.

DR. BELL

National security? This patient's been with us many years. He's been in one institution or another since he was a boy.

Dr. Norris ignores the line of questioning. Bell leads them to the patient's room, casting a nervous glance at his daughter's room as they pass.

Norris stops, faces Bell, expression severe.

DR. NORRIS

You're sure this is the only one? All patients with MPD should be thoroughly re-checked now that Enigma has emerged.

DR. BELL

Doctor, this is a scientific institution --

DR. NORRIS

Answer the question, Bell, I don't have time to haggle with you. Is this the only one?

Bell swallows hard. A nervous glance at his daughter's door.

DR. BELL

He's the only one.

Norris does not miss Bell's hesitation. He turns and enters --

IAN'S ROOM

IAN, late 30s, gaunt and disheveled with distant, hollow eyes, sits bound securely in a wheelchair.

The agents swoop into the room and set up a video camera on a tripod to record everything he says.

Ian perks at the sight of Norris, intelligence suddenly sparking in his eyes. His voice surprisingly aristocratic, an English accent, a voice that doesn't fit.

IAN (ENIGMA)

Dr. Norris, how good to see you! No doubt my return pleases you as well, though you won't admit it. Our times together are what gives your life purpose.

DR. NORRIS

Existence without purpose is pointless.

IAN

Dear man, are you trying to tell me something?

He LAUGHS.

DR. NORRIS

I trust you've come to enjoy the game more than the show, so let's begin.

IAN

I do love it when you squirm, I do indeed.

Ian's face contorts and shifts. Another personality takes over. The shy voice of a YOUNG GIRL.

IAN (YOUNG GIRL)

The bad man is gone.

DR. NORRIS

Bring him back, please, we'd like to speak with him.

IAN (YOUNG GIRL)

He's not here.

Norris turns to Bell, accusing look.

DR. NORRIS

If you're holding back on me, Doctor...

Enigma returns.

IAN (ENIGMA)

I wonder if you ever did buy that beachfront property? South Carolina I think it was?

DR. NORRIS

Tell me why you're here, what's gonna happen, and I'll take you there.

IAN

A tempting offer. Does that include dinner with the wife, the kids?

Ian laughs with sadistic pleasure. Norris is shaken.

A twitch on Ian's face, and the girl returns.

IAN (YOUNG GIRL)

He's a bad man. Wants us all to die. He's with her now.

Norris seizes Bell, ushers him toward the door.

DR. NORRIS

A word please.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Norris leads Bell to a computer behind the station. Pops a flash drive into a computer.

DR. NORRIS

You need to see this.

GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE ON THE SCREEN

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN in a hospital bed. Doctors and agents hover at her bedside. The familiar British accent tells us it's Enigma.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN (ENIGMA)

Do you hear them yet? They come, oh, they come!

Propeller planes BUZZ outside. Everyone turns toward the window. The middle aged woman GIGGLES.

EXPLOSIONS. Agents scramble to the window.

DR. NORRIS (V.O.)

Pearl Harbor, 1941.

BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE, DIFFERENT HOSPITAL ROOM

A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY secured to a wheelchair, surrounded by AGENTS.

BOY (ENIGMA)
They'll take him here, I know it!
How delicious!

The senior agent picks up a phone on the nearby desk.

AGENT
Get on the radio with the
motorcade.

An AGENT bursts into the room.

AGENT 2(OVER RADIO)
Sir, the President's been shot!
They're on the way here.

DR. NORRIS (V.O.)
Dallas, 1963.

RETURN TO NURSE STATION POV

Norris takes Bell firmly by the arm.

DR. NORRIS
Whenever Enigma appears, something
terrible is about to happen near
the location of his appearance.
Abraham Lincoln, the Titanic, 9/11,
the Carter assassination.

DR. BELL
Carter wasn't assassinated.

DR. NORRIS
That's right. And in 2006 we got
the nuke in D.C. just in time. Do
you understand now? Through the
protocol every mental health
institution in the country is
constantly screening for his
emergence. We need every possible
clue he unwittingly spits out.

Bell considers a moment. Norris watches him intently.

DR. BELL
It's my daughter. She never showed
signs of illness before this.

DR. NORRIS
What happened?

DR. BELL
This morning she tried to hijack a
small plane. The police said she
spoke like...like an Englishman.

DR. NORRIS
A plane?

DR. BELL
Something about wanting to be up in
the air.

Dr. Norry hurries toward the patient rooms. Bell keeps up.

DR. NORRIS
We have no idea who or what Enigma
is. He's hostile, enjoys our
suffering, but in the riddle of his
ravings, sometimes...

He stops in front of Sara's room. A glance at Bell to
confirm. Stunned, Bell just nods.

INT. SARA'S ROOM

The doctors and agents rush into the room. She's alarmed.

SARA
What...what's going on?

DR. BELL
It's ok, sweetie, everything's ok.
We just wanna talk.

Dr. Norris grabs one of the agents.

DR. NORRIS
Bring the other one in.

The agent rushes out.

DR. BELL
This is Dr. Norris, Sara, just
answer any questions he has.
This'll all be over soon, I
promise.

Enigma takes over Sara, her face a mask of snobbery. Bell
shocked when Enigma speaks through her.

SARA (ENIGMA)
 Today you'll be reminded how
 pathetic and weak you are.

Norris tries to provoke him.

DR. NORRIS
 Pathetic and weak is giving us
 nothing. That's no way to play the
 game.

The agents wheel in Ian, set up the camera tripod.

SARA (ENIGMA)
 I'll give Pappa here something,
 how's that? She's pregnant. I bet
 you didn't know.

DR. BELL
 You lie!

SARA (ENIGMA)
 Ask the good doctor, one thing I
 don't do is lie.

Dr. Norris nods.

SARA (ENIGMA)
 A troubled mind is what I need, and
 she dreaded telling you, oh, she
 dreaded it.

Dr. Bell distraught.

DR. BELL
 I would've...I would've...

SARA (ENIGMA)
 Would have what? Understood?

His LAUGHTER fills the room.

Bell gently shakes his daughter.

DR. BELL
 Sara! Sara!

Norris pulls him away.

DR. NORRIS
 We need to keep him talking.

Sara becomes herself.

SARA

Daddy...

Dr. Bell relieved, concerned.

DR. BELL

Why didn't you tell me?!

Ian/Enigma interrupts.

IAN (ENIGMA)

Time is wasting, gentlemen.

DR. NORRIS

What do you want, just name it!
Give us something for God's sake!

An evil smile on Sara/Enigma as it switches back to the girl.

SARA (ENIGMA)

The roof. Take us on the roof.

Norris takes an agent aside.

DR. NORRIS

Get Homeland on the line, make sure
everything's been cleared.

The agent steps out of the room.

DR. NORRIS

Soon as we found out you were here
we redirected all air and ship
traffic from this area.

IAN (ENIGMA)

How efficient of you!

DR. BELL

We're practically in the middle of
nowhere, Portland is over an hour.

IAN (ENIGMA)

I'll tell you all you need to know,
on the roof. But we must hurry.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - LATER

The agents wheel Ian and Sara near the edge of the roof overlooking the ocean. Bell holds Sara's hand while Norris hovers close.

SARA (ENIGMA)
Ah, perfect! Spectacular view!

DR. BELL
Damn you, leave her alone!

IAN (ENIGMA)
Doctor, I must say, that's not very
professional. Not very...scientific.

Norris scans the sky. In the south, two F-16s streak across.
In the north, a Predator high above a team of helicopters.

SARA (ENIGMA)
Are we ready for the show?

Norris grabs Ian roughly by the shirt.

DR. NORRIS
Listen, you son of a bitch, enough
playing around.

Ian laughs.

IAN (ENIGMA)
I'd take that call if I were you,
Dr. Norris.

Puzzled, Norris looks at his phone. It rings.

He takes the call, his face flushing as he listens to the
other end.

Terrified, he turns to one of the agents.

DR. NORRIS
He's in Miami and Baltimore as
well.

AGENT
That's impossible. What does that
mean?

Ian LAUGHING.

Norris turns toward the ocean. Ian delirious with joy.

IAN (ENIGMA)
Boston, Manhattan. All excellent
seats for the show.

A BALL OF FIRE appears high above. Grows rapidly. A fiery
tail.

DR. NORRIS

Jesus...

The meteor shoots down toward the distant ocean. Disappears a moment. Then a brilliant explosion, a gigantic ball of white.

IAN (ENIGMA)

Relax, gentlemen, no one could have stopped it.

Dr. Bell holds Sara. Dr. Norris watches the calm ocean, a defeated expression.

DR. NORRIS

We're not nearly high enough.

IAN (ENIGMA)

My good man, no one on the east coast will be. Gonna be one heckuva show when that wave gets here!

FADE OUT