

**SCROLL\BACK**

by

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FADE IN

EXT. AERIAL SHOT — ROLLING WHEAT FIELD — 1985 — DAY

Amid bright morning sunlight, we see a man walking with purpose through the wheat.

PUSH ON

behind man toward a rustic cabin. A slamming sound gets louder as he gets closer. It's an open door banging against the outside wall of the cabin.

A rooftop weathervane squeals to the demands of the wind. We follow the 6-foot man with light brown hair to entrance.

CUT TO:

FRONT POV

The glaring sun wraps around his frame to form a dark, faceless silhouette surrounded by piercing light.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE

He walks inside across the squeaky floorboards and stops in front of a desk. He takes off his clothes down to his box shorts. He slips into a loose-fitting sack cloth robe and ties it with a rope belt. He reaches for old sandals under the desk and slips them on. The leather straps are wound around his ankles and tied.

Hands outstretched on desk among scattered papers, he focuses on three crystal prisms. The strong sunlight refracts through the prisms splashing a colored spectrum across the wall. The weathervane's shrills fill the room.

MAN

Hmm! ROY G BIV.

He runs his hand through the columns of light.

MAN

Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue,  
Indigo and Violet. Ha! The name  
of humanity.

He pockets the prisms, leaving one behind that continues reflecting light. Layers of color roll across the wall and settle on an old photo. In the picture we see faces including a young man with light brown hair.

The robed silhouette moves away from the desk to the middle of the floor. He lifts up an animal rug and loosens a floorboard. He places the maps, papers and scrolls below and secures the floor. He exits the cabin and locks it.

He walks into the bright light. We follow his steady gait in the wheat field until he fades in the distant light.

ANGLE ON SKY

Black smoke rises from burning leaves below to darken the scene before its time. It bellows upward to form clouds that hide the sun.

Fire splinters glimmer in the gathering black mass. The sun turns lavender.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TEMPLE OF SOLOMON—JERUSALEM, APRIL 9, 587 BCE - DAY  
ESTABLISHING

PAN DOWN FROM SMOKY SKY

Faint human cries quickly build to cries of anguish. Screaming, destruction, smoke and fires are everywhere.

CLOSE ON

MAN

The Ark, the Ark!

Two Babylonian soldiers carry a casket-like object covered with a large cloth away from the temple gates. Other Soldiers overrun the temple with torches. A bloody battle ensues. The holy shrine ignites instantly.

INSIDE

Painful cries from those trapped inside. Flames lick the walls of the temple. All of Jerusalem burns.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. JERUSALEM — APRIL 9, 70 A.D. DAY — ESTABLISHING

A thick shroud of smoke hangs over Jerusalem.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

656 years after the first sack by Nebuchadnezzar, we witness the 2<sup>nd</sup> destruction of the holy city and the temple built by Herod the Great.

Roman legions under the command of  
Titus, march into Jerusalem and  
reduce the city to rubble and ashes.

ANGLE ON INTENSE FIRE  
GOLD FITTINGS AND ORNAMENTS  
on doors and walls melt away and run into cracks and  
crevices in passageways.

At the top of the palace walls on the highest ramparts the  
King stares over the city in disbelief. He shakes his fist  
toward the sky.

HEROD AGRIPA II  
Aaaaaahhhhhhhrrrrr!

A horrific massacre takes place below. A Jewish warrior  
slashes the throat of a Roman. He spits on his tilting head  
amid a cascade of blood. The Roman falls off a hill landing  
on a jagged rock. Blood gushes as his head rolls away,  
stopping with eyes facing the sky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The clashing of metal and slaughter  
escalates until 600,000 Jews are  
killed in a 3-month period. By  
August Jerusalem is totally destroyed  
as Jesus prophesied 40 years earlier.

ANGLE ON  
A man running out of a nearby home. He stares with fear at  
the bloody remains of the soldier. He rushes back in.

INSIDE  
He approaches a man leaning over a table examining a bounty  
of scrolls and papyrus writings.

MAN  
Malachi, everything is lost. We  
have to get out. They're coming.  
Secure the scrolls!

Malachi carefully rolls and bands the scrolls and looks  
desperately at his companion. He hands them over pointing  
to a crate on the floor.

MALACHI  
Abraham! We still have the scrolls!  
Place them side by side as I hand

them to you. Hurry!

The rumble of chariots outside gets louder.

Malachi unfurls the last scroll, mumbles a prayer and rolls it. He wraps it in animal skin, kisses it and hands it to Abraham who lays it on top of a copper scroll.

REAR OF HOME

They load the crate onto the chariot. They pull away.

MALACHI

Go, slowly. We don't want to attract attention.

Romans spot them from a distance. Swords wave and bows extend. Arrows pierce the sky.

ABRAHAM

Yahh! Move it Enoch. Yahh!

ROMANS in pursuit. Arrows zing overhead as the chariot teeters. It barely stays upright with all the bumps and turns. Romans within view.

C.U. ON MAP of Dead Sea area.

Show chariot making its way toward the hills 10 km. ahead. It careens around a curved path out of view and skids to a halt near the foothills. They are met by others already settled in mountain caves.

They unload the crate and hear a vibrating thud on the wall of the crate. An arrow trembles. They jump on the chariot.

MALACHI

The scrolls! Hide them. We have to ride—keep them away from here.

The others carry the crate to a nearby cave. They place the scrolls in a large earthen jar. Two men seal it and place it in a small pit. They hear noise outside.

MAN

Amos, wait here. I'll be back.

AMOS

Hurry, Aaron! Be careful.

Aaron peeks outside the cave and sees soldiers entering a nearby cave. He prays as Amos waits.

AARON

Quickly bury the jar. Stay here.  
I'll distract them. Amos, protect  
the scrolls with your life.

Aaron checks the opening, bursts out of the cave and runs downhill. He is spotted by a soldier.

GUARD

Halt! There they are.

Soldiers pour out of a cave and take chase.

INSIDE CAVE

Amos sits with the hidden jar. He hears a Roman shout. Sounds of pursuit follow, then screams. He covers his ears. He crawls deeper into the crevice hugging the jar, shaking and praying. He spreads more sand, covers the top. He clasps his hands and mumbles a prayer.

Amos slides down from the mouth of the cave. He is spotted and pursued. He weaves in and out of caves eluding the Romans. In the distance we hear a short loud shriek.

ANGLE ON

Romans slashing the body of Amos to pieces.

We pull back to view a city marred with a burning temple and rising flames that scorch everything in sight.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. UPPER EGYPT - 1945 - DAY - ESTABLISHING  
C.U. ON MAP of Nag Hammadi site.

We see a desert mountainside near the Nile honeycombed with over 150 caves. We follow movement of three peasants walking with camels near the opening of a cave.

PEASANT

Ali! Come here—Look at this!

ALI

Hey, Emir, Ramie hit a rock and  
he's all excited! Ha! maybe gold!

RAMIE

No, it's a big jar with a cover.  
I almost broke it.

EMIR

Don't touch it! It may contain  
living spirits.

ALI

..Or gold!

They pry it open. They look inside and pull out papyrus  
leather-bound books. They look at each other.

RAMIE

Old religious books. Fantastic!

ALI

Too bad! Maybe one day we get  
lucky and find gold!

EMIR

Don't hold your breath!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMESTEAD CLAY OVEN — DAY

CLOSE ON A WOMAN

approaching an earthen jar near her oven. She examines the  
contents and shrugs, shaking her head. She opens a codex  
and tears off some brittle sections. She tosses pages into  
the dying embers under the oven. They ignite instantly.  
She tears off the bottom folio and is about to toss it in.

RAMIE

Stop, mother, stop! No more! These  
papers may be important.

The yelling and commotion draws Ali to the yard. He sees  
his mother holding a codex in front of the oven. Ramie  
jumps up and seizes the single papyrus from her hand.

ALI

Mother, don't! Ramie's right. We  
sell these books to archeologists.  
They love this old stuff.

ALI

Emir, let's take it back and call

the authorities.

CUT TO:

U. OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR — ANTHROPOLOGY LAB — DAY

A man rushes into the lab where a researcher is busy analyzing a papyrus.

RESEARCHER

Dean Kagan!

DEAN KAGAN

Alex, did you hear the news?

Panting and out of breath, Kagan hands Alex a telegram.

ALEX

No, What news? What's this?

Oh, my God! They've been found!

DEAN KAGAN

Indeed they have! Here's your plane ticket. You leave tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAG HAMMADI DIG SITE — DAY

The Egyptian sun scorches everything at the dig site. Workers and antiquities enthusiasts struggle to find shade to no avail. A dust cloud appears in the distance.

A RESEARCHER sees a caravan of vehicles approaching. Ramie approaches him from a lower trench.

RAMIE

Please, let me to help you. I will find you something, yes? My name Ramie.

RESEARCHER

I'm Alex.

Alex is distracted by the aggressive intrusion of a pick-up truck and three jeeps. They arrive at the excavation site stirring up dust.

CLOSE ON

the edge of a dig site. Alex hears a strong grating voice.



OFFICIAL

Attention everyone! Except for diggers and UN personnel, you must evacuate the area. This is now a restricted site.

RAMIE

Pssst! Mr. Alex!

Alex kneels at the edge of the pit as if to tie his shoe.

RAMIE (O.S.)

I found this...look! You want?

The out of view digger slips him a folded codex. Alex stuffs it in his pants leg without looking at it. He lifts his sock around it.

ALEX

(hands him money)

Thank you, Ramie.

RAMIE (O.S.)

Oh! And thanks to you, most generous gentleman.

Aware he's being watched, Alex stands, dusts himself, tips his hat and wipes his brow. He turns to leave the area. The UN people move in and seize everything.

Ramie's brothers drag their jar toward the official and pry open the lid. They point inside.

ALI

Come! See Papyrus, papyrus!

The official offers a wad of money to Ali.

OFFICIAL

Alright, people. Be careful of the jars. They're old and brittle. Check all caves. Let's go.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. MICHIGAN WHEAT FIELD — 1985 — DAY — ESTABLISHING  
CLOSE ON

A crumpled, inert form wrapped in sack cloth, hidden in the

wheat. It revives and stretches among the stalks to reveal the body of a man. He rolls over crushing the wheat until a broken stalk pokes him. The pain arouses him. He feels his hands restrained and loosens the rough hemp-like fibers around his wrists.

The man staggers to his feet, totters around and works his way to a clearing. He opens his fist to find a crude wooden cross imbedded in his hand.

He turns and begins walking faster, often tripping. A rustic weathered cabin is ahead. An open door bangs against the wall.

#### INSIDE

Papers and books are strewn all over. He picks up the papers and checks a desk. An open bible with an ancient papyrus lies next to it. The desk is awash with a clutter of books, clothing, measuring tools and rolled faxes. His clock reads 12:05.

He leans on the fireplace mantle to catch his breath and views the elongated copy of a printed invitation through a prism. He tries to make out distorted words and reads part of a name: ..elson Stone. Next to invite is a newsletter from St. John's Seminary...

#### MAN

My God, the seminary...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY CHAPEL — 1965 — DAY — ESTABLISHING

A long procession of black robes, 2-abreast, marches toward the Byzantine chapel on a sunless morning. A raven perched high up on the dome cries out repeatedly.

#### INSIDE

Students take a palm branch. The column proceeds to the front of the sanctuary. Freshmen take the first pews. The other seminarians follow quietly until all 140 are seated. A deacon marches up and down the aisle censuring. Clouds of incense churn and rise with each thrust.

#### GREGORIAN CHANT

breaks silence and builds. It fills the chapel. Its echo reaches across the dome and blends with the incense. All heads gaze up, inhale the fragrance. The service begins.

CLOSE ON

Whispering in the front pews.

STUDENT

Hey, Pete, Palm Sunday service  
will be a long one.

PETER

Yeah, just like last year—and the  
bishop's here—What do you expect?

Students cast a stern glance at the two talking. The  
mumbling diminishes to hushed tones and mouth movements.

STUDENT

Yeah, for Bill, too! He's being  
ordained today. See him kneeling  
at the altar?

PETER

Yeah, John. Fr. Mike Palmer's son.  
He graduates next month. Nice guy!

Students focus on Bill Palmer. He kneels in front of the  
Jesus icon; now on both knees and head bowing. His beard  
sweeps the mosaic floor tiles.

John fixes on the prostrated undulating figure with awe.

JOHN

His faith must be strong.

Peter focuses on the unnatural contour of the supplicant.  
He winces at the bowed groveling position.

CLOSE ANGLE ON

Icon of St. John the Baptist. Peter gazes at the imposing  
figure and immerses himself into his vacant stare. The  
saint returns the gaze with fearless confidence.

PUSH IN ON ICON

and the crude cross around his neck. The image goes off  
focus as Peter continues to stare, mesmerized.

PETER

That's not faith. It's total  
surrender. I don't see that  
look in the Baptist!—look, I  
need to tell you I decided to..

Two priests rush to the front of the chapel. They stare at Peter. He stands abruptly. John follows Peter's stare.

JOHN

Peter, what are you doing? You can't leave. Everyone's looking.

PETER

The cafeteria! They're here for me. I'm leaving—This is not for me. Not anymore..

He slips through the pew and heads for a side exit.

OUTSIDE

He pushes the heavy timber door to close, its weight scraping on the ground. He reaches under a bush, grabs his duffle bag and heads downhill to the exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEMINARY DORMITORY LOUNGE — SIX MONTHS EARLIER — NIGHT

A sign on the door to the lounge reads:

*No classes Tuesday through Sunday  
in Observance of Thanksgiving.  
Give Thanks to the Lord and visit  
your Bishop when at home.*

PETER

Hey George, just about everybody's gone. You staying back?

GEORGE

Yeah, Costs too much to fly to L.A. Maybe next year.

PETER

I have the same problem. Say, who's on duty tonight?

GEORGE

Fr. Gerry. There he is—see you, gotta call home.

Peter walks over to the office and sticks his head in.

PETER

Father Gerry!

FR. GERRY

Hey, Peter, come on in. I see you're staying. Good. It gets lonely around here during holidays.

PETER

Yeah, it looks like a quiet week. Where's your home, Father?

FR. GERRY

Well, I lost my parents long ago— and being the only child, the church is my family...and this place is my home. Anyway, what will you do the next few days?

PETER

I have a paper to write for Church History. And this is a good time to start. Lots of research!

FR. GERRY

Oh? What are you working on?

PETER

First Ecumenical Council in Nicaea.

FR. GERRY

Oh, yes! The Arian Schism: 325. It reminds me of my Doctorate Thesis at BU, though my topic was much different. How many times I wished I chose a different subject! My life would be much different. But I can't change that now.

PETER

What do you mean? What happened?

The 55-year old graying celibate leans back on the headrest and looks over Peter's head at the icon of St. John the Baptist on the wall. Then he lowers his eyes on Peter.

FR. GERRY

(whispering)

Well son, it happened years ago. I was called to the archdiocese—and the chancellor ruined my future! Keep this between us, O.K? Anyway,

he said I had no business writing about a topic the church condemned. Because of this my appointment to the Episcopacy was cancelled.

...that was almost eleven years ago. I was forbidden to talk about it.

After 20 years, the church still denies the existence of the Thomas gospel found in Egypt.

PETER

I don't get what you did wrong. If it's a gospel, doesn't it deal with Jesus' life, like the others?

FR. GERRY

I didn't get permission from him! The Thomas texts and others, circulated at the beginning of the Christian era and were condemned as heresy. This cleansing began at the Council of Nicaea.

PETER

Why?

FR. GERRY

Thomas described a different Jesus. You have to understand, by the year 200 the church had a hierarchy of bishop, priest, deacon. The clergy claimed authority over the faith, and all other beliefs became heresy.

In fact, possession of heretical books became a criminal offence. That's why they were burned—except the scrolls found in Egypt and Dead Sea area. Thank God someone thought to preserve them.

PETER

Wow! I can't believe this! Why don't they teach this—and why haven't these scrolls gone public?

FR. GERRY

Church politics, what else? Better understand it if you're going to have a career in the church—Listen, I have to do a student check. Come back again and we'll talk more. Not a word to anyone about this, OK?

CUT TO:

BACK TO CABIN—FIREPLACE MANTLE  
A PHONE RINGS

MAN (V.O.)

Why did it fail? Where was I? Did I go anywhere?

Phone keeps ringing.

Jesus! Who is that?

Phone continues to ring. He finally picks up.

Hello, What?

MAN'S VOICE

Peter, did you do it? Did you go?

PETER

What? Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE

It's me, Alex! Did you do it?

PETER

I don't know. Do what? What are you talking about? My head's pounding.

ALEX

Peter, calm down. Take a deep breath. Now, try to think clearly. The excavation site! Were you there? What did you see?

PETER

I don't know...What you're...There's...

ALEX

Peter! We must retrieve them and reveal the whole truth to the

world. No more half-truths.

PETER

Alex? —don't feel good. I'm...  
Something's wrong—I can't rememb...

ALEX

...If Nick gets a hold of any of  
these secrets, there will never be  
peace in the Middle East.

Peter shakes his head and rubs his face. He exhales loudly,  
holding his head trying to remember.

PETER

Hmm... Alex, I don't know!

ALEX

Damn it, Peter! Were you there?  
Did you get the fuckin scrolls?

Peter slams the phone down. He holds his ears. He hears a  
faint ring to signal a phone message. He presses a button.

PHONE VOICE

Hey Peter, What's up? Nelson Stone  
here. Got your message. Wow, you  
knew my dad! We have to discuss  
these coordinates. Call me.

PETER (V.O.)

Coordinates? What coordinates? What  
did he do—and what just happened?  
I remember Alex...but what was I  
supposed...to do?

Peter gets up and walks outside. He savors the calming  
sight of the wheat field. He stares at the raw wood cross  
in his hand.

CLOSE ON FACE

He acquires an intense look of recollection.

PETER

My God! I was there!  
(looks at cross)  
The Baptist!

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. KING HEROD ANTIPAS PALACE IN GALILEE – 27 A.D. – DAY  
ESTABLISHING

Commotion is heard during a changing of the Guard.

GUARD #1

Hey did you hear? Somebody was  
found in the queen's chambers.

GUARD #2

Is he an intruder...or guest?

LAUGHTER

GUARD #1

Who is he? Where did he come from?

GUARD #2

Don't know—not one of us. The  
guards never saw him before. How  
did he get past them? Anyway,  
whoever he is, he's a dead man.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE PRISON COMPOUND – DAY

Two guards drag Peter down a damp, rat-infested corridor. They stop by a huge thick door. One guard lowers the torch while the other unlocks it with a large key. They pull the massive door open—its weight scraping on the ground. They shove the prisoner inside and secure him to iron rings on the wall. Peter hears the key squeak around the lock.

A shaft of light shines through a tiny opening at the top corner. It illuminates a man sitting chained to the wall.

MAN'S VOICE

Greetings, friend. What have you  
done to deserve my company?

Peter sees a wild, hairy man wrapped in camel skin. The man stares inquiringly at him.

PETER

They found me in the queen's chamber!

MAN

Ha! You? In Herodias lair of sin?  
He dared call it a marriage—living  
with his brother's wife! I rebuked

both of them for the sinful act.

PETER

Who are you?

MAN

John. They call me the Immerser. I baptized the Holy One. My work is finished, but the king lets me live.

PETER

My God! You're John the Baptist?

They hear clanging of metal and the squeaks in the lock. Two guards drag the door open and unshackle Peter.

GUARD #1

Stand up! You go before the magistrate. Zeno, grab his arm.

JOHN

Leave him. He's done nothing. Take me! I'm ready!

ZENO

Quiet, prophet.

On the way out, John hands him a small wooden stake.

PETER

He's right! I've done nothing.

ZENO

Yeah, right. You just happened to wander into the queen's chamber.

Both guards laugh loudly. Peter winces at their brown teeth and rancid smell and fixes on the dried mud on their toes.

LATER

They return Peter to his cell.

JUBA

Well, you heard it from the chief magistrate! High treason! Enjoy the evening. You'll meet the axe man at sunrise!

ANGLE ON

A guard leading Herod Antipas into the cell. The surprise regal visit doesn't impress the Baptist. The king eyes the trespasser. Peter looks up at the imposing royal figure. He wipes blood from his brow. Herod turns and marches out. Peter watches his crimson cape swirl along the dirt floor.

CUT TO:

MORNING

The early shaft of light awakens Peter. The lock squeeks. The door is dragged open. Two guards pull him away. Peter passes out. His hand is clenched around John's gift.

EXT. EXECUTIONER'S PLATFORM – COURTYARD

Peter is led through a long, dark path that leads to an outside platform. He squints at the sudden light. He's shocked to see a restless crowd pointing at him, shouting. Some are throwing objects.

He faces a muscular masked man holding a menacing axe. He watches him swing it around and lean into the strike point. The axe head digs into the block with a thud. The executioner checks the block and nods.

Guards tie Peter's hands and lead him to the bloodstained block. He fixes on gristle and other body particles stuck on the sidewalls. An apprentice waits with a rope sling.

Peter looks around desperately. Nausea and dizziness take hold and his eyes roll back. The jeers and noise escalate. He walks mechanically toward the executioner, eyes fixed on the axe.

PETER (V.O.)

How did this happen? I'm so stupid!

He's about to lower his head into the sling when a flash of light blinds him from the axe head.

CUT TO:

FLASH IMAGE of wheat field at cabin.

Peter's faint rays of light clash with the flash from the axe. A big blur forms between him and the executioner. He shuts his eyes hard—and then opens them to see smoky layers of mist churn like a storm cloud.

He turns quickly, falls into the mist and vanishes.

An eerie silence settles among the crowd. All search with their eyes to find the condemned man.

AXE MAN

Where did he go? He was right here!  
It's Black Magic!

GUARD

Quickly, alert the king! The  
trespasser is gone.

The word travels among the guards along the ramparts.

ANGLE ON

HEROD and SALOME whispering in the shadows.

SALOME

Uncle, I made you so happy dancing  
at your birthday celebration, you  
said I can ask you for anything.

HEROD

Yes, my pretty niece. During the  
revelry I did promise you half of  
my kingdom.

SALOME

I'd be content with much less!  
Bring me the head of the Baptist  
on this platter. The queen agrees.

Herod is stunned. He stares at his own distorted reflection  
in the silver dish. It gazes back at him in horror.

HEROD

(to a guard)  
Another prisoner! Not the Baptist!

The queen and Salome approach the captain of the guard  
further down the ramparts. Herodias whispers loudly.

HERODIAS

Bring the Baptist instead. NOW!  
The people are waiting.

CAPTAIN

The Baptist?

Herodias gives him a fiery glare.

CAPTAIN  
O.K. O.K! The Baptist!

Peter hovers in stasis among the blurry layers.

He watches the Baptist take the path toward the blood stained block. He calmly lowers his head unassisted. Meantime, Peter screams his outrage with veins bulging.

PETER  
He's going to die for me! Oh, God,  
forgive me, forgive me!

Peter covers his face and ears to escape the swooshing sound of the axe and the sickening thud into the block. The silver platter is brought. Peter sees an aide place the Baptist's head on the platter. A pool of blood gathers.

SMASH CUT TO:  
VISION OF THE BAPTIST'S EYES IN SEMINARY ICON

BACK TO CASTLE  
The eyes stare back with a stern gaze from the platter. The aide rushes into the palace, dripping a trail of blood.

Peter stops shaking and composes himself.

PETER  
Please, I'm ready! I can't  
bear this!

DISSOLVE TO:  
EXT. MICHIGAN WHEAT FIELDS – PRESENT

The blurred wheat stalks come into focus.

INSIDE CABIN  
He punches a number.

PETER  
Hey, mentor, it's your protégé,  
Cum Laude. I'm starting to remember!  
Come over so we can discuss my next  
trip to secure the scrolls once and  
for all. It would be comforting to  
see a friendly face when I come back.

ALEX  
Yes, yes, Cum Laude. I'm glad  
you called. I'm dying to hear what

happened. You realize what we have to do, don't you? When Israel and the UN were formed, it wasn't a coincidence.

When the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered the UN moved in and took over! Did I ever tell you that?

PETER

I don't think so, but...

ALEX

Oh, yeah! They chased me out...they confiscated everything—but not before I discovered the one shred of evidence that led us to Mexico. Luckily I grabbed the right scroll.

PETER

Wow! You never told me any of this.

ALEX

The pieces are starting to fit. It all began at Nag Hammadi. Then the Dead Sea...let me tell you...

CUT TO:

EXT. N.W. SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA, JORDAN, 1948

The winds blow a layer of sand across the rugged shore. Alex watches his hat lift off his head, fly down the rocky hill and land gently on water.

He is led to a nearby cave by two local Bedouins. Numerous caves and crevices decorate the mountain like a honeycomb. The Bedouins motion to him to follow.

INSIDE

Alex slips into the opening. He shows them the scroll and points to the map. They lead the way down the gravel path.

ALEX

Look here. This is where we find the rest of the scrolls.

Alex pushes past the guides deep into the dimly lit cavern. The path shifts to one side and narrows. He follows the

crack between the rock and sandy floor. He gropes along and finds the section of loose rock.

The Bedouins remove the debris and reveal a low opening leading to an antechamber. He motions to them to stand guard outside the opening. Alex falls to his hands and knees and crawls into the low-ceiling chamber.

He stands barely under the clay ceiling in front of a tall earthen jar. He pries the lid off and a cloud of dust and grit blows out in his face and around him. He rubs his eyes and begins to cough. Barely able to see, he searches through the contents. He sees a scroll made of copper. He rolls it out and makes out Aramaic copy at the bottom:

“...will help...find the Key Scroll,  
a scroll greater than this...”

He sees a different scroll wrapped in animal skin. He hears scuffling outside the chamber. He stares at them intensely, unable to decide. Finally, he grabs the one wrapped in animal skin and stuffs it down his pants.

Still coughing, he blinks again and again and wipes his eyes. Before he can see clearly, he hears a familiar grating voice of authority.

OFFICIAL

You again!

Alex turns toward the voice but succumbs to a dull blow on the head. The cave spins around and he blacks out.

LATER

He revives to find the jar in pieces and everyone gone. All the scrolls are gone. He checks his pants and releases a grin until the pain in his neck gets his full attention. He feels a layer of caked blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO MICHIGAN CABIN — 1985

ALEX (Cont'd)

Anyway, I began making plans for Mexico...that led to our trip later.

PETER

...that's incredible! I had no idea that took place before Mexico.

ALEX

Well, I'll see you in a few days.  
Now I have to lie down, Peter.  
Getting tired, these days. I'm  
surprised I remembered all that...

PETER PUNCHES

A long distance number

PETER

Hey, Nelson, listen, I want you to...

NELSON

Peter! You're not going to believe  
this! My colleague, Mack is here  
in Bermuda tracking sharks.

PETER

Nelson, listen—we're talking over...

NELSON

He finds, tracks and suddenly loses  
a massive Great White at these same  
coordinates. Peter, we're onto  
something here...How did you know the  
coordinates?

PETER

Listen! I'm headed down there to  
accomplish the greatest thing man  
has ever attempted.

NELSON

But Peter, I don't understand, if...

PETER

Look, I'll explain everything when  
I see you. Has a Nick Parseconis  
contacted you yet?

NELSON

No.

PETER

Well, he will. Check with Mack.  
He's after the same things we are.  
Don't trust him with anything...  
Check into the coordinates.  
Congrats! See you at graduation.



NELSON

Can't wait!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN — ANN ARBOR — DAY

CLOSE ON

Open office door with "Anthropology" painted on glass. A man sits behind the desk. "Joel Kagan, Dean" is on the nameplate.

KAGAN

Alex, I'm so glad you came back.  
You'll be an asset to our staff.  
Your research in Middle Eastern  
Antiquities is impressive.

ALEX

Thanks to you Joe, that quick trip  
to Egypt really got me started!

KAGAN

Your article about the Dead Sea  
Scrolls last summer in the National  
Geographic became required reading  
around here. How does it feel?

ALEX

It's been a long time, Joe. I  
remember when we both started  
here. You stuck it out. Me? I felt  
the need to check under every rock,  
looking for the Holy Grail.

KAGAN

I recommended you for a full  
professorship—Spring start OK?

ALEX

Excellent.

CUT TO:

ALEX'S OFFICE — DAY

Alex unpacks the last box of books and files and stuffs  
them into an already overburdened bookcase. He turns on his  
reel-to-reel recorder.

ALEX (V.O.)

--Alex Mostovolov--29 APRIL 1948--  
university lab, Ann Arbor, MI. I'm

ready for classes and research.  
 First parchment found in Egypt led  
 me to the N.W. corner of the Dead  
 Sea: Qumran. Coordinates concealed  
 in the parchment pointed the way to  
 a scroll wrapped in animal skin.

--Unable to secure other scrolls, UN  
 took control of both dig sites—but I  
 was able to flee with the parchment—  
 the secret scroll of Thomas.

--The scroll spoke of another  
 parchment salvaged by lay people  
 prior to a cataclysm. This must be  
 the third one: the Key Scroll.

--My translations of the Qumran  
 text say the Key scroll contains  
 special coordinates which elders  
 accessed to time view past and  
 future events.

--Damn! That's it! That's why they  
 left for Mexico. They predicted  
 the coming cataclysm...

Alex walks away from his desk and runs his fingers through  
 his graying hair. He checks a wall calendar nearby.

CUT TO:

HOME OF NELSON STONE — BERMUDA — DAY

Nelson hangs up and looks at Mack.

MACK

I told you a hundred times, this  
 shark disappears at these  
 coordinates. I saw it happen—  
 right before me! You thought I was  
 nuts, didn't you?

NELSON

Well, I was skeptical. I'm glad I  
 talked to Peter to confirm it.

MACK

You have to talk to Peter to  
 believe me? And what am I? That's

just great, now what?

NELSON

Look, Mack! We gotta discover the secret and unlock its power. Too many things disappear here—and nothing comes back. We have to dive and check! Now!

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN SEA OFF BERMUDA COAST – DAY – ESTABLISHING

Morning whitecaps spray across the boat. Nelson and Mack track a shark on the screen. Nelson goes into cabin to check position. He jots down the exact coordinates.

MACK

Hey, I got him. There he goes again. See him? At about 40 feet.

NELSON

You're right! Mack, look at the size of that monster!

MACK

Oops! Where did he go? We lost the blip. We better go down now!

NELSON

You out of your mind? That's a Great white!

MACK

Yeah, I know—You only live once!

They suit up, strap on the tanks, check dials and jump in. They follow the Great White swimming in the direction of a dark mass hanging in the water.

The divers swim into the black mass but Mack comes back out disoriented. Nelson lingers longer in total darkness.

SMASH CUT TO:

HE SEES A VISION  
of Mack lying dead on a road.

Frightened by the image, Nelson escapes to clear water. He sees Mack suspended in the water looking down. He grabs

his shoulders and arouses him. Mack suddenly comes to and they swim away toward the surface.

ON SURFACE

Beeps and squeals come from the navigation equipment. The compass and gyroscope go haywire. The finder screen shows horizontal lines and a flat line buzz.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELOW SURFACE — ATLANTIC OCEAN, 1492 — DAY

The shark emerges from darkness in a feeding frenzy. We follow it as it surfaces among three wooden ships in full sail. They carry Spanish flags westbound to the continent.

SAILOR

Shark ahoy! Starboard!

CUT TO:

BACK TO MACK'S BOAT

NELSON

Did you see what happened? I'll be damned! Mackaboy? You're not nuts after all!

MACK

I blacked out down there. Look at the screen! Where did he go? We saw him go in, but he didn't come out! We have to protect that site.

NELSON

What do you mean, protect it?

MACK

From trespassers—by laying a trap.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHIGAN CABIN — DAY

PETER (V.O.)

It felt so real. It must have been King Herod's palace. Why did I go there? How do I control that?

Peter throws water on his face and inspects the cabin. He feels a key in his pocket. He rushes to the front door: the lock is broken.

PETER (V.O.)  
They were here!

He lifts the rug by the fireplace and dislodges the floorboard. He finds his papers secure in the wooden box.

Where's the scroll? They took it!

He returns to his notes reading aloud.

PETER (V.O.)  
The prism refracts an inner light  
coming out of us in the void—and  
points the way to time travel.  
My light was first inspired by  
thoughts of the dig sites. AH!  
But a dominant thought of the icon  
of the Baptist took charge...That's  
what controls destinations!

Peter rushes to the grid map. He sees a concentration of divergent lines at the Bermuda corner.

Next time I must launch from  
Bermuda. It's the strongest  
energy vortex in the hemisphere.

He reaches for the Thomas gospel and opens it to a section marked "Scrolling."

Jesus said, "If they say to you,  
Where did you come from, say to  
them, We came from the light...we  
are its children...If they ask  
you, What is the sign of your  
father, you say to them "It is  
the movement and repose."

Movement and repose! This is it!  
Time Travel!

In another section he reads a passage marked "Key Scroll."

Jesus said, "The Pharisees and the  
scribes have taken the keys of  
knowledge and hidden them...  
Jesus said, "He who seeks shall  
find...he who knocks will be let in."

Toward the end of Thomas' writings he sees a bookmark in Alex's writing: "We have the key!"

In deep contemplation, his eyes wander to *The Passover Plot*. He leafs through it, shaking his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK BROWNSTONE BUILDING — 1956 — DAY

A frail, gaunt man with wide fedora hurries up the stairway. He tries to angle his umbrella for the most benefit, but the sideways rain soaks through his trousers and shoes. He stamps his feet, spraying the gatekeeper.

GATEKEEPER

Well, well! Nick Parseconis!

INSIDE

He takes a few squeaky steps and shakes his umbrella. Barely over five feet, pale and looking much older than he is, he walks to the elevators with a spring in his step.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Parseconis! It's good to see you, sir. I will take you right up.

NICK

How's life, Brian?

BRIAN

Fine, sir. Unexpected rain. Looks like the umbrella didn't do you much good today!

NICK

No, I guess not.

BRIAN

Say, did you catch the new act from England on the Ed Sullivan Show? A group called the Beatles.

...my wife didn't care for them, but I kind of like their sound..

The doors open. Brian watches the back of Nick's hand wave as he walks down a long corridor to an oversized door. He knocks, waits. The door opens.

WOMAN

Hello, Nick. They're waiting for you in the Rosewood Shrine.

NICK

Thanks, Marge.

Marge smiles and points the way. Nick pushes through two sets of doors and enters hat in hand into a high ceiling dark room. Ornate table lamps splash a subdued glow in front of each high-back chair along a massive, long table.

He walks into the incense coming from the head of a bronze Egyptian God, a centerpiece in the middle of the table. He sits at the end.

Nick looks around, unable to see faces. The lamps cast their anemic wattage onto the table only. Shadows of men sit with hands under the lights. Smoke rises from ashtrays.

MAN'S VOICE

Good to see you again, Nick. Thanks for coming on this terrible day.

VOICE #2

Can you bring us up to date on your progress with the artifacts?

The speaker opens his hands emitting a yellow flash. It reflects from a diamond prism in the compass of his Masonic ring to captivate Nick's attention.

NICK

Gentlemen, I have several people of interest. As you know, I have to be careful. These moves take time. The scrolls are researched and classified—you already have them.

VOICE #3

But our researchers tell us there are several missing parchments. Who has them, Nick?

NICK

What are you looking for? Look, 20 years ago I oversaw the recovery of all items from both sites. They have been sealed. There was a

researcher but I never saw him walk away with anything but his hat.

SWISH PAN to other end of the table.

VOICE #4

Mr. Parseconis, we realize you're doing your best. What concerns us is the danger these scrolls pose out there—if you know what I mean...

VOICE #2

We really don't know enough yet. Let's throw some funding out there—Make them come to us.

Nick nods, pushing his glasses up his bony nose.

ANGLE ON

a crimson silk sleeve with a cross insignia reaches under the light for a cigarette.

VOICE #3

There's another issue. We believe one of the missing manuscripts contains imbedded coordinates of ancient secrets—Nick, these are dangerous loose ends out there...

VOICE #4

We've created a fund for your use. These university types...need money. Provide some grants on behalf of the U.N. and follow the scrolls.

NICK

Thank you. This will help a lot.

VOICE #4

We'll be in touch.

Nick stands. On his way out, he looks back with suspicion. They wait for the set of doors to shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEXICO CITY, AIRPORT — A YEAR LATER — DAY

Alex walks down from the DC-6 airplane onto a waiting taxi on the tarmac bearing a sign "Senor Alex."



DRIVER

Senor Alex?

ALEX

Yes! Plaza del Sol?

DRIVER

Si, si, Plaza del Sol. About one hour! Mas O Menos. Senor, por favor, su nombre es muy grande. I call you Senor Alex, si? Yo, Pedro.

ALEX

That's fine, Pedro.

PEDRO

Bueno. Vamos!

The VW taxi kicks up dust as the back fender rattles. The driver negotiates around some potholes on a poorly defined dirt road heading toward what appears to be open desert.

Senor, you here for pyramides?

ALEX

Yes, I study ancient cultures and the things they leave behind—old secrets hidden in strange places. You have many pyramids here?

PEDRO

Si, senor, muchas pyramides.

The taxi suddenly dips into a depression and gallops through it routinely. Alex bangs his head on the roof.

PEDRO

Lo siento senor. Now on good road to Teotihuacan...Calle de los Muertos—Avenue of the Dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA DEL SOL INN

The taxi stops. Alex hands him two dollars.

PEDRO

Oh, gracias, senor. Here my phone

numero. I take you anywhere!

ALEX  
Por nada, Pedro.

INSIDE AT DESK

ALEX  
I'm here to meet Roberto Delgado.

CLERK  
Prof. Mostovolov?

ALEX  
Yes.

CLERK  
I will tell him you are..

A middle-aged man dressed in kakis and hunter's shirt walks across the small lobby toward the main desk.

MAN  
Professor?

ALEX  
You must be Roberto.

ROBERTO  
Yes. Welcome to history, my friend,  
where the past is always trying to  
get our attention.

They sit in a small couch and Roberto orders coffee.

ALEX  
Thank you. Luckily, some funding  
came through. I know I can't get  
my work done here in one visit. But  
I have to begin sometime.

ROBERTO  
(hands packet)  
Alex, this area of Teotihuacan  
dates back to 500 B.C. and before.  
By 500 A.D. there were over 200,000  
people living and working here.

In your packet is information on  
the three pyramids: The Pyramid

of the Sun, Pyramid of the Moon and  
The Feathered Serpent. I  
will take you to them tomorrow.

ALEX

Thanks Roberto, you're a good host.

ROBERTO

I guarantee you will be impressed  
with the tour. You see, about the  
same time the pyramids were built,  
the Dead Sea Scrolls were being  
written by a Jewish sect half a  
world away. Think about it!

ALEX

Really? That is interesting!

ROBERTO

Get some rest tonight. I will come  
for you in the morning at 7 o'clock.

Alex picks up a newspaper on his way to the room. He sees a  
photo with U.N. officials by the Pyramid of the Moon. He  
reads: ***U.N. to head Archeological activity in Mexico.***

CUT TO:

EXT. NEXT MORNING  
WIDE PAN

Over the dusty desert and Joshua trees. We see some  
abandoned wooden structures along the way. The blazing sun  
rises quickly to scorch the landscape.

AERIAL SHOT

Pyramids appear with many ancient foundations and excavated  
sites. The morning sun casts a golden sheen on the eastern  
side of the pyramids to form triangular patterns.

CUT TO:

CAVES - PYRAMID OF THE MOON  
ANGLE ON

Front of the pyramid wall. Alex takes out a map and  
examines his notes and diagrams.

CLOSE ON

A map showing the south face with three large 3-foot  
diameter holes. The holes resemble a human face.

ROBERTO

You can get into pyramid from  
an opening on the west side.

ALEX

That's not right. There must be  
entry holes. It should look like a  
human face, the face of God. Wrong  
pyramid. Does the Sun Pyramid have  
entry holes on the south face?

ROBERTO

I'm not sure—we drive over there  
and take a look. Just about a mile  
down the Avenue of the Dead, O.K?

The covered jeep parks in the remaining shade by the west  
face. Alex checks local time: 10:00

ROBERTO (Cont'd)

This is the 3<sup>rd</sup> largest pyramid  
in the world rising over 200 feet.  
Built in 2 A.D., this is where men  
became gods. Come, let's walk  
around to the south face.

Alex gazes at the south face.

ALEX

No holes here either. Where do  
these openings lead?

ROBERTO

There are cave networks. You can  
spend days in there.

ALEX

I'd like to check it out.

ROBERTO

O.K. Let's go back to the truck.  
You'll need your tools, a light  
and some water. I will come back for  
you at three o'clock. We'll freshen  
up and then I take you to fiesta.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIESTA AT RESTAURANT — NIGHT

Lanterns light up the courtyard on a moon-lit evening.

ALEX

Thanks for a great evening, Roberto.  
The food is fantastic.

ROBERTO

Too bad no major find today. Better  
luck tomorrow.

ALEX

Roberto, I'm thrilled just to be  
here. In my field, a major find  
happens once or twice in a  
lifetime. By the way, I noticed  
in the paper that the U.N. is  
taking over dig sites here.

ROBERTO

Yes, they want full control. But  
they've been saying that for 12  
years. Pick you up at 7 o'clock?

ALEX

Buenos Noches.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA DEL SOL — NIGHT

While in bed Alex reaches for his portable recorder.

ALEX (V.O.)

--Alex Mostovolov--15 SEPT 1958--  
Teotihuacan, Mexico. No progress  
this trip. Unable to locate the  
pyramid with the face. I'm saving  
most of the money. I'll come back  
with an assistant and hire a crew  
to dig. I'm very close!

DISSOLVE TO:

U. OF MICHIGAN — ALEX'S OFFICE

RECEPTIONIST

Alex, great news! The Commission  
on Science & Technology invites you  
to a Scientific Research Symposium  
in Boston next month. Listen!

*"Your grant has been approved.  
Please join us for a dinner  
reception following the conference.*

*Tickets and details are enclosed.  
Your UN Commission attaché is Mr.  
Nick Parseconis. He looks forward  
to meeting you and discussing your  
funding needs."*

ALEX

Woo-hoo! We did it, Charlene! Our  
eagle screams! Mexico, here we come!

EXT. HOTEL CONFERENCE CENTER — BOSTON — NIGHT

Snow falls softly in front the marquee that reads Marriott Boston. Amidst long black limos, Alex jumps out of an old dented cab. Weathered briefcase under his arm and fogged glasses, he buttons his wet trench coat.

The doorman points the way to the revolving door, but Alex chooses the normal side door.

INSIDE

LOUNGE OVERLOOKING HARBOR

SLOW PAN on guests with drinks, talking, laughing. Servers with hors d'oeuvres waltz their way around guests. Alex carries his drink toward familiar faces.

MAN

Great to see you professor. Your article in Ancient Egypt magazine. Very interesting! Do you believe in a cumulative continuity of knowledge through the centuries?

ALEX

Oh, yes indeed! The ancients had an obsession for passing on the secrets of their discoveries. They left hidden clues for us to find—but only for those with a passion to connect the dots.

WOMAN

At Princeton, The Department of Religion relies heavily on the authority of scientific research to track humanity's belief canon.

Nick is drawn to the boisterous group. His slick brown hair

combed straight back exposes a large forehead. Raccoon-like circles around his eyes add to his age.

He spots the badge of Alex Mostovolov and extends his hand.

NICK

Ah! We meet at last!

Alex first responds to a familiar voice he can't place, then looks down at the gentleman's name tag.

ALEX

Oh! Mr. Parseconis! Yes.  
You're harder to find than an  
ancient scroll.

Mixed shouts from others around him.

--Hey Nick, good to see you!  
--Throwing some money around tonight?  
--Great conference, Nick!

NICK

Gather a few researchers together  
and sparks fly. You guys are like  
fuses looking for a match.

ALEX

Yes sir, for us every day is full  
of anticipation!

The lights flicker over the lounge.

What table are you at, Nick?

NICK

Seventy-seven.

ALEX

So am I. Wonderful!

CUT TO:

TABLE 77

Following another round of drinks, Alex feels relaxed among familiar academics. He stands and extends his hand across.

ALEX

Mr. Grigori, how are you?

Recognizing another colleague,  
 Mr. Milan, great to see you. How's  
 your research? Carbon testing?

Mr. Milan nods pleasantly.  
 Mr. Volkan! I read your article  
 in the Journal. Very impressive!  
 When did..

VOLKAN

Oh, Alex, knock off the nonsense,  
 It's us, remember? You know we  
 don't share your antiquated views.  
 What in God's name are you doing  
 here, anyway?

The others lower their heads, embarrassed at Volkan's  
 indelicate outburst. Buoyed by the bourbon and a sudden  
 burst of courage he casts an icy stare.

ALEX

Volkan, YOU knock off the nonsense!  
 If you came to belittle you're in the  
 wrong place and with the wrong people.  
 ...While you toil in academia to prove  
 what we already know, I show the  
 world what it has never seen.

Christ! You impress students with the  
 obvious and mundane—a pity, really!  
 So, my friend, it is you who should  
 remain silent and not judge those  
 who excel above and beyond.

Alex's performance draws Nick's attention nearby. Nick  
 approaches the table and takes his seat. Alex pushes up his  
 tie and sits with an air of dignity.

NICK

Ahem! I'm glad most of you already  
 know each other. I seated you here  
 for a purpose. Hear me out for a  
 minute. I believe Alex's theories  
 are advanced...and profound. We can  
 learn from his view of what took  
 place in the Old World—Pangaea and  
 new cultures that formed from old  
 ones. Care to enlighten us, Alex?



ALEX

Thanks, Nick. Gentlemen, following cataclysms, great monuments always remain to reveal the secrets of what happened. Like the pyramids! These lines and angles could be the very key to the mystery that surrounds them. The absence of light within pyramids symbolizes the quick and distinct changes of the earth. If there were no light the earth would simply self-destruct...

When we rely only on slow geologic evolution—and ignore dramatic cataclysms, we can't understand the past and ill-prepared for the future. We're caught off-guard as the world changes overnight.

During lively conversation Nick stands and pulls Alex toward the bar for another drink.

ALEX

So, why was I invited?

NICK

Because I believe in your work.

ALEX

What do you know about my work?

NICK

It's a small world, Alex. Listen, I'm sure I can get you about \$25M. But you need to share your research. You realize I have to file reports.

ALEX

When can I get the funds? I must find the scroll that the Copper Scroll speaks of. This is what we're all after, isn't it?

NICK

So, where is it?

ALEX

Mexico.

NICK  
How do you know?

ALEX  
I connect the dots.

NICK  
I'll start on the paperwork right  
away and when the money is released  
I'll visit you at the campus.

ALEX  
Great! Thanks so much. If you don't  
mind, I've had quite a day.

They shake and Nick watches him walk away.

He leans on the bar. Images assault him like an invasion.

SMASH CUT TO:

NAG HAMMADI DIG SITE — EGYPT

An image of a man near the rim of the site. He sees him  
shuffle about, dusting himself and twisting his pants leg  
in a weird way—catching his profile when removing his hat.

SMASH CUT TO:

DEAD SEA DIG SITE — Qumran

An image of the same man inside a cave chamber. He coughs  
and wipes his eyes, about to help himself to scrolls from a  
tall jar. He stalks him, knocking him out with a cudgel.

BACK TO BAR

NICK (V.O.)  
It's him! Alex! He took something.  
He must have! Maybe from both  
sites! What else would he be  
pouring over all these years?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN

INT. U. OF MICHIGAN — ALEX'S DEPT.— A YEAR LATER — DAY

On tables there are Egyptian antiquities including writings  
in papyrus, various urns, relief tablets, weapons of war

and jewelry. Hay and shredded papers from crates cover the floor. Off to the side is a small office. Beyond the lab an opening leads to a warehouse, a hallway and to a back door.

Alex is busy in lab/classroom examining and cataloguing artifacts with his assistant amidst opened crates.

ALEX

Steven, make sure you record the crates and our code numbers. Don't forget, photograph each item separately even if it's a hair pin. Careful, this stuff is priceless. Everything goes back in the same crates.

STEVEN

Will do, professor.

The lab doors open and Nick Parseconis walks in.

ALEX

Well, well! Look who's here! I don't hear from you for over a year—then you suddenly appear.

NICK

Alex, someday I'll tell you all the problems I'm up against. So, how was your last trip?

ALEX

I just checked out the area—had to come back for classes. So, do I have my funding? I'm four months behind.

NICK

Here's \$10,000. They need to see something before approving more.

Nick is intrigued by all the artifacts on the tables. He lifts a parchment to examine when Alex comes in and gently takes it and lays it down.

How did you get this?

ALEX

Careful, Nick. The human hand can hasten the deterioration of these

raw papers. So, what do you people want to see?

NICK

Something you brought back yourself. They want to know what you're working on.

ALEX

What you see is what I'm working on. Does there have to be anything else? You said yourself, my work in the evolution of human cultures through cataclysms and pyramid studies is inspiring.

NICK

It is, Alex. But I told you earlier. You need to share your research. That was the deal.

ALEX

Jesus, Nick you want a research update before I even get any money? Come on! Why are you really giving me money--for my theories?

NICK

Look, we need some artifacts from Egypt and Mexico--some relics to alert museums about your theories--to expose ancient secrets and get a clearer picture of our human heritage...some scrolls, perhaps?

Alex freezes. He casts a focused stare over his glasses.

He selects some items from Egypt and puts them in a crate. He looks at the parchment Nick held earlier. He picks it up, slips it in a flat box and adds it to the crate.

ALEX

Here, be careful with the parchment. It is the last page from the Gospel of Thomas. It also led me to the Dead Sea. Nobody knows it exists.

When can I get the rest of the money? The Mexico expedition may

require at least three trips. And I need an assistant. I don't want to run out of money and have to come back empty handed.

NICK

Rest assured, Alex, I got something to show them now. I'll be back in a week with the rest of the money.

We need you to succeed in this. They're looking for particular missing scrolls, O.K?

ALEX

I'll leave at the end of the month. Now we're almost into October. I must be back by Christmas break for exams. So, two months for on-site research. Don't let me down, Nick!

NICK

Promise! See you before the 25<sup>th</sup>. Remember! The Scrolls!

A MONTH LATER

Alex stares out the window at the yellowing maples. He walks over to the wall calendar and tears off September. He suddenly hurries to his desk, pushes the record button.

ALEX (V.O.)

--Alex Mostovolov--1 OCT 1959--U of Michigan office, Ann Arbor, MI. I'm growing weary waiting for UN money from Nick. He's over two weeks late and hasn't returned my calls. Nobody knows where he is.

--My opportunity is closing and I can't wait any longer. I'll check funding from the university--will arrange a flight to Mexico City as soon as possible regardless.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK BROWNSTONE BUILDING -- NIGHT

Nick hurries up the steps toward the bronze door.

GATEKEEPER

Good evening Mr. Parseconis.

INSIDE

Nick looks around with a look of contempt. Visibly annoyed, he walks across the quiet, dark lobby toward the elevators.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Parseconis! It's good to see you, sir. I will take you right up.

NICK

How's life, Brian?

BRIAN

Fine, sir. And how are you doing?

NICK

Kind of quiet tonight.

BRIAN

Yes sir, mostly everyone's gone for the day. Earlier today a delegation from Washington rushed through here..

When the doors open Brian watches the back of his guest's hand wave as he walks down a long corridor.

Nick knocks on the door and waits. A woman opens it.

WOMAN

Good evening Mr. Parseconis.

NICK

Hello, is Marge off today?

WOMAN

She's gone for the day, sir.

CUT TO:

ROSEWOOD SHRINE

CLOSE ON

The bronze statue, the centerpiece of the table.

VOICE #1

Gentlemen, the key scroll is still

missing. We've got everything else. All the scrolls and parchments lie in the basement vaults of the Jerusalem Museum.

VOICE #2

Even though some scholars have examined many of them, their findings remain fragmented—and we stopped further study when we rounded them up.

VOICE #3

Except for the photographs many have taken.

VOICE #1

More important, we know of Time Travel clues forecast in the Copper Scroll. Our people have studied it and stop short of any detailed information. The clues are in the key scroll—which is still out there.

CARDINAL

We must put the screws to Nick to find it. Offer him more money—let's pad his grant account...

VOICE #1

Also, give him more time to do this right. If we're not careful this could backfire with consequences.

CLOSE ON THE CENTERPIECE

A DRONING UNISON Chant in an ancient dialect breaks out.

VOICE (O.S.)

Remember gentlemen, Anubis is the God of the Dead who provides safe passage for the soul through the underworld and helps it complete its journey to the afterlife.

CUT TO:

LOBBY

The woman mechanically smiles and points the way for Nick. He ignores her as he pushes through the two sets of doors.

He enters hat in hand into the dark, high ceiling room. He pauses for a moment to adjust to the sudden darkness.

The table lamps cast a subdued glow in front of each high-back chair. He sits at the end of the table. The skylight is dark, but the strong tobacco smoke is dominant.

He looks around, unable to see anyone except hands under the lamps. The weak light reveals 13 pairs of hands including a pair of crimson sleeves. Smoke rises from the triangular ashtrays.

VOICE #1

Welcome, Nick. Good to see you.

VOICE #2

You have news for us?

NICK

Yes I do, gentlemen. The symposium was a success. I was able to connect with several independent researchers as well as the usual university sand jockeys.

Faint ripples of laughter filter in from the end.

Did you receive a crate of artifacts a month ago?

VOICE #3

Yes, we did. What are we to make of those objects?

NICK

They are items from Egypt. We can assign them to our museums however long we want.

VOICE #2

You brought us a 2,000-year old parchment that connects to the Thomas gospel. But it speaks of the Copper Scroll...

CARDINAL

...a scroll we already have, which speaks of the key scroll! Nick, what we don't have is the key



scroll! We must have it, and soon.  
You understand?

The Cardinal throws the scroll across the table. It slides  
and falls on the floor. Nick picks it up.

NICK

The professor doesn't have it.  
It's to be found in Mexico. I gave  
him some of the grant money to make  
the trip.

VOICE #4

So, you think he's our key man?

NICK

Definitely.

VOICE #2

When is he going there?

NICK

He could be going now. I promised  
more money but didn't make it back.

VOICE #3

Why?

NICK

I wanted to see what he'd do.  
He got university money instead.  
It's that important to him!  
There's one thing I know for sure.

CARDINAL

And that is?

NICK

I don't know how he got them, but  
I know he has scrolls from Egypt  
and the Dead Sea. But I believe  
they are merely road maps.

VOICE #2

Road maps to where?

NICK

Mexico—for the final scroll to  
complete his quest. He kept talking

about Mexico—that he must go immediately—that his work can't finish until he does. So, let him lead us there!

VOICE #1

Forgive the cardinal's outburst. We fully understand how delicate this is. Take all the time you need and keep us informed. Thank you, Nick. We'll be in touch.

Nick stands and walks away. He takes the scroll with him. He can't help slamming the huge doors on the way out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUSSELS AIRPORT — DAY

Nick slips into a shuttle van carrying an odd-shaped case.

NICK

Chateau de Wolvendoel, please.

DRIVER

Castle is private residence.

NICK

I know. I'm meeting with Hans Steur.

DRIVER

Very good, sir.

Soon, the vehicle turns into a private drive flanked by endless gardens.

DRIVER

Hans is grand nephew to Armand Steur. We should be there after five acres of gardens.

CUT TO:

FRONT ENTRANCE TO CHATEAU

The door opens and Nick hands a card to a uniformed woman. She points to a parlor through the arched foyer.

INT. CHATEAU PARLOR

Nick sits on a French chair and takes in the lofty decorative ceiling and colorful drapes. He admires the art

and portraits on the walls. An ornate clock chimes the hour above the fireplace.

He stands and walks down the hall and enters the restroom.

INSIDE

He leans on the granite countertop, face almost touching the framed gilded mirrors spanning the long multi-sink counter. His bloodshot eyes stare back. He turns on silver faucet and splashes cold water on his face and hair.

NICK (V.O.)

He will toy with me and manipulate.  
I know him. I must be alert and on  
my guard with Hans.

Following a moment of deep thought, another handful of water cascades across his forehead and eyes.

HALLWAY

Nick walks over to the wall near a circular staircase for a closer look at the Nicolas Poussin painting.

HANS

Ah, there you are! Nicholas,  
it's been a long time. What you're  
looking at is a print—just for show.  
Follow me to the cellar below. I'll  
show you the real one.

NICK

Hans! My cheerful host. Good  
to see you—always taking me into  
the bowels of the earth! So, do we  
have a deal?

HANS

Rushing to business so quickly!  
Come, my friend, let's have a  
drink first.

Hans escorts his guest to a nearby bar against the wall. He pours bourbon in two crystal goblets.

HANS

Here's to good health!

Nick raises glass to return the toast.

They walk to a doorway leading to a dark staircase. Hans lights a wall torch, grabs it and takes it in front of the Poussin painting at bottom of stairs.

HANS

Careful, Nick—stay close! So, the catacombs still bother you, eh? O.K. then, let's talk business. The Poussin work, is a special creation using geometric shapes to show where Christ's body was taken when removed from the tomb...

The angles are actual trajectories which point the way. This painting is over 400 years old! Why do you want it?

Unmoved, Nick unzips his case and removes a scroll framed under glass.

NICK

This papyrus was found in Nag Hammadi, among the most complete scrolls. Scholars agree this is the scroll that points to the Dead Sea Scrolls. Written in Aramaic, it's the last page of the Gospel of Thomas—2,000 years old! And nobody knows of it. You owe me, Hans!

Hans gives Nick a "Touché" look

HANS

Most intriguing! Tell me more!

NICK

I'm glad you like it. The writing suggests another side of Jesus that we've never known before. The codex this is from includes many sayings of Jesus that exist nowhere else.

HANS

Ah, the unraveling of the Jesus mystery! Will we ever understand it all? The Pray Codex of the late 12<sup>th</sup> century further supports the legitimacy of the shroud of Turin.

NICK

Have you seen it?

HANS

Oh, yes!...In our family heirloom for many years until the government took it to the National Museum in Budapest. The text and design authenticate the exact markings on the shroud. I'll show it to you.

NICK

In Turin, the family of a crippled girl tells the story of her miraculous recovery after having touched the shroud during a tour.

HANS

So, why should I trade with you?

Nick gives him an icy stare. He scoops up the scroll, puts it back in the case and turns to go upstairs.

Hans is visibly shaken by Nick's response and struggles for a comeback.

Nick reaches the top and turns the door handle.

HANS

Wait! O.K. Yes, yes!

NICK

Yes, what?

HANS

Yes, we have a deal. Nick, I come from a long line of Thomasine descendants. So, I know this papyrus speaks of the Secret Scroll of Thomas. Not many know it exists. It is priceless. But Someone took it. Whoever gave you this knows of the Secret Scroll or has it.

Hans stares at the painting, sporting a curious look.

HANS (Cont'd)

Nick, What are you after? Let me help you with all this!

NICK

Hans, I'll call on you soon—I just need to find another way...

Hans carries the painting upstairs.

NICK

Well, show me the Pray Codex.

HANS

Nick, it's not here!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFÉ — ONE WEEK LATER — DAY

Nick and Hans lunch with steins of beer under an umbrella.

HANS

So, when are you going back?

NICK

I leave for New York tomorrow. I've had a productive visit. But I need to explore something else.

HANS

What do you mean.

NICK

I'm intrigued with the Pray Codex—especially its connection with certain voids...

A waiter arrives with the check and Hans grabs it.

HANS

I have this. You're my guest! The last time we talked you said you need to find another way. What did you mean?

NICK

The geometric layering in the Poussin painting suggests a meridian grid that projects beyond the tomb area...and at the corners of these intersecting grids are voids.

HANS

So?

NICK

Hans, these voids are devoid of light. I've been following the work of Prof. Mostovolov. His research is inspired by certain ancient scrolls and maps.

Hans! We're talking Time Travel here! I think the Pray Codex and the Poussin painting also reveal the secret voids...

HANS

Your people know what you're up to?

NICK

Not entirely, Hans. I'm stalling a bit until I get a handle on this. Not getting anywhere with Alex—so I need to explore this angle.

HANS

Very interesting! I believe I can help you. There are always hidden codex remnants, my friend!

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF CUTS

INVOLVING Alex's and Nick's 9-year travelogue of research.

A calendar with months and years peel off as we track their journey in moving lines.(1959–1966)

We see a world map in background. Over it Alex and Nick move in different directions.

--Nick visiting National Library of Turkey  
 --Alex walking up the steps of the Pyramid of the Sun  
 --Alex entering a cave network in Tulum, Mexico  
 --Nick talking to Benjamin Stone about Bermuda Triangle  
 --Alex exploring The Feathered Serpent pyramid, Mexico  
 --Alex arriving in front of a cave in Chichen Itza  
 --Nick in New York promoting research grants  
 --Alex studying astronomical alignments, in Peru

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEMINARY DORMITORY ADVISER OFFICE — 1966 — DAY

A KNOCK ON FR. GERRY'S DOOR

FR. GERRY

Peter! Perfect time. Come in, Sit! Listen, I have to be careful. If they find out I'm talking to you about this, I'll be kicked out of the Order. You must not share this with anyone!

PETER

Oh, no, I wouldn't...

FR. GERRY

To fully understand Thomas' version of the Jesus story you first have to visit Plato's Republic.

PETER

Plato? That's philosophy!

FR. GERRY

Precisely. You see, Peter, Plato created the Allegory of the Cave to illustrate an amazing concept: the perceived and the real.

PETER

I know the allegory. What does it have to do with Thomas?

FR. GERRY

...and this allegory showcases the very essence of Thomas' Gospel. Think about it!

PETER

How's that?

FR. GERRY

It speaks of darkness and light. One can choose to live in the dark, or walk into the light of awareness. Thomas' Jesus speaks of illusion and enlightenment. One is challenged to discover the light within.



According to Thomas, Jesus came to lead us out of darkness and take us to the light. Instead of saving us from sin, Jesus came as a guide.

So, when one attains enlightenment, Jesus is no longer the teacher; the two become similar...even identical.

PETER

This is amazing!

FR. GERRY

In other words, in John, we know God through the divine light found in Jesus through redemption. In Thomas, we seek to know God through awareness. The divine light is a gift, already in us. We just need to discover it..

The mystique of the moment breaks when the phone rings.

FR. GERRY

Yes, your Grace. I can be there by six o'clock. In God's name..

(to Peter)

Peter, we'll continue later. By the way, contact this man about scrolls found over 20 years ago.

Father writes Alex Mostovolov on a piece of paper. He looks around cautiously and hands it to Peter.

You can find him in Ann Arbor, at the U. of Michigan. He teaches Anthropology and has been doing research on the scrolls for years. He was one of my sources. He may know something about a missing Thomas parchment.

PETER

Thank you so much Father..

FR. GERRY

You remind me so much of myself. Go out on your own quest, son. You won't learn much here.

Everything is covered up. Find  
Alex first. The rest will follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEMINARY CAFETERIA — DAY

ANGLE ON

Administrators, professors and clergy sit on a long dais.  
We see PETER approach the podium across the refectory.

READING PULPIT

Peter begins reading from a manuscript.

PETER

And Jesus said,--Whoever finds the  
interpretation of these sayings  
will not experience death.

--Let him who seeks continue  
seeking until he finds. When he  
finds, he will become troubled.

When he becomes troubled, he will  
be astonished; and rule over all.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON

Professor on the dais.

PROFESSOR

Dean Matthew, where is the young  
man reading from?

DEAN

I don't know. It's not familiar.

CUT TO:

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

--If those who lead you say "See, the  
kingdom is in the sky," then the birds  
of the sky will precede you. If they  
say "It is in the sea," then the fish  
will precede you. Rather, the kingdom  
is inside of you and it is outside of  
you. When you come to know yourselves...  
you will realize that it is you who  
are the sons of the living Father..

CUT TO:

DAIS

PRIEST

Fr. Philip, as the Librarian, do you recognize any of these sayings?

FR. PHILIP

No, I can't say I do.

CUT TO:

PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

...But if you will not know yourselves, you dwell in poverty and it is you who are that poverty.

--They asked Him "How will our end be? Jesus said, "Have you discovered the beginning that you should look for the end? For, where the beginning is, there will the end be. Blessed is he who takes his place in the beginning; he will know the end and not know death.

CUT TO:

DAIS

PROFESSOR

Dean, where is he reading from?

DEAN

I don't know!

Commotion among the students builds. Upper classmen look at the reader with concern. They stop eating.

CUT TO:

PULPIT -CONTINUOUS

--When Thomas came back to his friends, they asked him, "What did Jesus say to you?" Thomas said "If I tell you one of the sayings he spoke to me, you will pick up rocks and stone me, and fire will come from the rocks and devour you."

A senior stands and shouts through the reading.

STUDENT

Stop! What are you reading? This is heresy! Remove him!

A deacon hurries and unplugs the microphone.

CLOSE ON PULPIT

Two upper classmen step to the podium and pull Peter away. Students stand bewildered. They talk amongst themselves.

A SERIES OF SHOUTS

--Why are they taking him away?  
 --Hey, why is that heresy? Don't  
 we believe that?

CUT TO:

INT. U. OF MICHIGAN — ANTHROPOLOGY DEPT. — DAY

RECEPTION AREA

Peter leafs through "National Geographic" and focuses on an article about Egyptian artifacts by Prof. Alex Mostovolov. Alex comes out of his office and extends his hand to Peter.

ALEX

Peter, it's a pleasure. Fr. Gerry called me about you. How is he?

PETER

He's fine. We had long talks regarding the scrolls...

ALEX

...Rotten shame, what happened to him. He should have realized the church doesn't accept revisions to the greatest story ever told. So, what do you want to see me about?

PETER

Well, I studied at St. John's over a year and realized it wasn't for me—I'm still struggling with my faith. I really became fascinated with the Nag Hammadi and Dead Sea discoveries and what they could mean. He told me about your work and urged me to look you up.

ALEX

Where did you go to college?

PETER

DePaul University, Chicago.

ALEX

Major?

PETER

History.

ALEX

How did you do?

PETER

Cum Laude.

ALEX

Look, Peter, I like your curiosity and enthusiasm—and I'm looking for a research assistant, once I get more funding. Plan to study more?

PETER

Yes, I do.

ALEX

With your academic record, graduate study grants are available—you won't have to spend a cent. You'll need two letters of recommendation, and I can give you one of them. Can you get one from Fr. Gerry? Think about it! Here's my card.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. U. OF MICHIGAN — FALL TERM — DAY  
CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP

ALEX

I received Fr. Gerry's letter on your behalf. I'm glad things worked out and you're with me. I know it's been only a few weeks...

He grabs Peter's arms in a moment of excitement.

I have a good feeling about this. Our next trip will be it! I want you with me on this one.

PETER

I knew when we first met that this  
is where I belong.

CUT TO:

ALEX'S OFFICE

Alex checks his faculty box and finds a telegram from  
Mexico City. He opens it:

GOOD NEWS. FOUND OUT SOUTH WALL OF PYRAMID  
HAD 3 HOLES, (CARA DE DIOS) BUT FILLED IN 10  
YEARS AGO. SO, YOU WERE RIGHT. COME BACK.  
—ROBERTO

At the corner of his eye Alex spots Nick walking into the  
department. He's overcome with anger and excitement.

ALEX

Holy shit! Is that you, Nick?  
It's been years—I thought we  
were finished.

NICK

So, did you find the scrolls?

ALEX

Christ! Listen to yourself! Like  
you never left. Remember, you were  
supposed to come back in two weeks?  
I had to work with what little you  
gave me along with university money.  
I don't need you any more.

NICK

Oh, come on! I got you started,  
didn't I? Well, did you find any?

Alex looks at the telegram on his desk.

ALEX

No! You left me hanging and I  
never finished. When I was getting  
close, the money ran out.

NICK

Look, try to understand. My time and  
resources are bound by the U.N. since  
we last talked, I've been to Turin,  
Belgium, Middle East—even Bermuda.

ALEX

I don't know, Nick.

NICK

Look, that's why I'm back. You need funding and I have the rest of your money and \$5,000 more. That's \$20,000. Can you finish it?

ALEX

Jesus, Nick, why didn't you just... communicate?

NICK

Quit whining Alex. Do you have a fix on the final site?

ALEX

Yes.

NICK

When can you leave?

ALEX

I can't make it for the Autumn Equinox. I can take the spring semester off. That's when the sun lines up over the equator.

NICK

Christ's sake, Alex!

ALEX

I have to be there on March 20 the latest, for the Spring Equinox.

NICK

Why is that important?

ALEX

It has to do with the sun's position and area coordinates... to help us find the key scroll.

Nick gestures to show he really doesn't get it. The awkward moment resolves when Peter enters the office.

ALEX

Nick, please meet my new grad

assistant, Peter Mandes. Peter,  
Nick Parseconis is with the U.N.

NICK

Hello, Peter. You'll have your  
hands full with this man. He'll  
walk your feet off.

PETER

I know, Mr. Parseconis. That's  
what I want: challenges.

ALEX

Peter studied Theology in Boston.

NICK

Great combination! The scientist  
finds the relics and the assistant  
offers the religious connection.  
You realize, Peter, the professor's  
work of the last 20 years points to  
profound revelations the world may  
not be ready for.

PETER

On the contrary, Mr. Parseconis,  
the world would be enlightened.

ALEX

He's right Nick. I'm convinced the  
scrolls left us a blueprint for  
much more than a buried treasure  
and a bunch of pots and jars.

NICK

You mean secrets?

ALEX

Yes!

NICK

Great to meet you Peter—I'll send  
you a book you're going to love.  
Alex, see you before you leave.

He walks away, then turns and points.

I will! Promise!



Alex walks around to his desk and stares at the telegram. Suddenly, from the past the sound of a man's grating voice filters in to stun him to awareness.

SMASH CUT TO:

NORTH SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA DIG SITE— 1948

VOICE ECHO (O.S.)

You again! You again! YOU AGAIN!

BACK TO LAB

Alex raises his hand to the back of his head as if to protect himself.

PETER

You alright, Alex?

ALEX

It's him! It's him!

PETER

What are you talking about?

ALEX

I knew there was something about that voice—all these years. Why couldn't I make the connection? He's the one I ran into at the dig sites back in the 40s. He knocked me out in the ante chamber!

Peter, now I know why he's kept in touch and gave me money. He wants what we find. We can't trust him. I hope he doesn't come back.

PETER

Maybe we can leave a bit earlier? Sounds like he's been playing cat and mouse with you for years.

ALEX

You're right. We should leave for Mexico before he shows up again. We have more than enough money. One day the truth will come out and I won't need the brotherhood—and the world will know!

CUT TO:

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING — DAY  
ROSEWOOD SHRINE

CARDINAL

...I know he was supposed to take his time, but this is ridiculous! We have to step in and secure the scroll, once and for all.

VOICE #1

I think we should send our own man to assist the professor. how about it #5? Here's your chance!

VOICE #5

O.K. I'll do it!

CARDINAL

You must stay close and check everything he finds. We leave it in your hands to handle the situation as you see fit. You know what we're looking for.

VOICE #5

Yes, your eminence.

CUT TO:

BASEMENT SHOOTING RANGE

Member #5 sits in on a demonstration from a firearms instructor. On the table are Colt 45s, Remington rifle with scope and Smith & Wesson revolvers.

GUN EXPERT

For your purposes, an S & W revolver is most effective at short range—and easily concealed. It does have a kick to it, so try it out and see how it feels.

MEMBER #5

How many shots do I have?

GUN EXPERT

The rotary chamber holds six shells. Release the safety latch and it's ready to fire. Here's an extra box of shells.

(He looks at his grip.)

Make sure you practice at the firing range first.

CUT TO:

INT. U. OF MICHIGAN LAB — DAY

CLOSE ON

An ongoing conversation over coffee and donuts.

ALEX

Peter, no one has ever experienced utter darkness. Darkness means no light at all. In layman's terms, light touches all in spite of us being able to see. The point is nothing can exist without light.

PETER

So, what's the basis of the theory?

ALEX

It's amazingly simple, and yet, complex. Around the world are hundreds of meridians whose overall shape mimics the pyramid. I think these inspired the building of the great pyramids. They form triangles that touch in key areas of the world.

At the touch points are voids, or areas where light is absent. This is all revealed in the Secret Scroll of Thomas. Cum Laude, are you with me so far?

Peter nods and waits for more.

ALEX (Cont'd)

Let's discuss light for a minute. In utter darkness, we can't see. Since we can't see, we're unable to confirm what exists in darkness. So, light defines our dimension and is an integral part of our makeup.

Now, here's where it gets a little crazy. Without light the properties of matter and life are altered.

PETER

What do you mean, altered?

ALEX

If there is no light to touch us,  
then we don't exist. Properties  
change, create dimensions and  
gateways. It's these voids that  
make time travel possible.

...but here's the problem. These  
pockets of utter darkness are only  
accessible to those in harmony with  
their subconscious self.

Peter is left speechless and in awe.

PETER

Does this really work? It's just  
a theory, right? Have you tried it?

ALEX

Yes, Thomas left us this secret to  
decipher. It could be the hidden  
secret of the pyramids. But I can't  
get it to work for me...Come, let's  
get back, we have much to do!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB — DAY

A truck backs into the dock to pick up two crates with  
Mexico stenciled across them. Alex and Peter sort out their  
carry-on baggage including sensitive instruments and  
various chemicals for testing.

ALEX

So, tell me Cum Laude, if you could  
go back in time, who would you want  
to meet?

PETER

Haven't thought about it.

ALEX

Maybe see Christ crucified?  
How about listening to Christ  
talking to Thomas?

PETER

All of the above! How about you?  
I bet you could see yourself  
witnessing the burial of King Tut.  
And later claiming to find his  
tomb instead of Howard Carter!

ALEX

Wouldn't that be something! I'd go  
back for the scrolls, all of them!

The merriment is interrupted by a vision neither of them  
expected to see.

A distorted shadow of an inspector Clouseau figure moves on  
the warehouse wall. Both watch curiously until Nick appears  
before them shaking the snow off his oversized hat.

NICK

There you are! I'm glad you're  
still here—told you I'd be back!

ALEX

I would have bet King Tut's mask  
I wouldn't see you again.

NICK

Nonsense, Alex. I'm a man of my  
word. So, when are you leaving?

ALEX

Eh, Thursday.

NICK

Great! By the way, Peter, here's  
the book I promised you.

Nick hands *The Passover Plot* to Peter.

...a great read, Peter. Always  
question, my boy, always!

Alex grabs the book and puts it on his desk.

ALEX

Quit corrupting the kid, Nick.

NICK

I have to tell you, the committee  
is pleased with your work. Alex!

They're expecting the last scroll.

Alex is astonished by the sudden pressure for the scroll.

ALEX

So am I, Nick. I found a few clues,  
but that's it!

NICK

Well, do you think you'll have it  
by the end of the month?

ALEX

What ever happened to unfettered  
grants, anyway? I don't know what  
I may find, if anything!

NICK

Sorry, Alex, your work has created  
a lot of attention. These people  
are looking for results. People  
in power always get what they want.

ALEX

You're crowding me, Nick. You want  
the money back? I can get funding  
without all the pressure...

NICK

My apologies, Alex. Since you have  
accepted government money, there  
are legal issues you are bound by.  
Need I remind you...

Don't worry, O.K? Just know that  
I'm under a lot of strain. Call me  
on your progress so I can file a  
report.. OK? I'm not the enemy!

A look of shock comes over Alex. Nick puts on his hat and  
trench coat and leaves.

ALEX

That son-of-bitch! What's the  
U.N. up to?

PETER

You mean what is Nick up to!

CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA DEL SOL, MEXICO – MARCH 19, 1967 – DAY

A valet pulls a large suitcase into the inn. Peter and Alex carry a couple handbags and approach the desk.

ALEX

Hola! Prof. Mostovolov and Peter Mandes checking in.

CLERK

I'll call your host.

They walk over and help themselves to coffee. A short, stocky man in a white suit with thinning black hair, approaches.

MAN

Excuse me, are you Alex?

ALEX

Yes, and this is my colleague Peter. And you are...?

MAN

I am Jacob Lurensky, your guide— from the ministry of culture.

ALEX

Where is Roberto?

JACOB

My, apologies, gentlemen. Roberto, eh, is in the Yucatan overlooking a project. An accident occurred, so, I'm afraid he will be there a few more days.

ALEX

That's strange, just talked to him last week and he looked forward to seeing us. Eh—anyway, Jacob, do you know why we're here?

JACOB

Yes, you're looking for ancient scrolls. You can call me Jake.

ALEX

I requested four diggers to help.

JACOB

Yes, they are in a second jeep behind us. And they have the tools you sent us.

ALEX

Excellent. First stop is Adosado Platform in Ciudadela. We'll be out in a minute. Need to freshen up.

INSIDE ROOM

ALEX

Peter, I don't like this. Who is this guy? He's not even Mexican. How does he know we're looking for scrolls? And what happened to Roberto?

PETER

I don't know. We'd better keep an eye on him.

CUT TO:

CIUDADELA PLATFORM

Alex inspects his map with Jacob looking on. At the corner of the rocky platform he points to an obsidian rock that's mortared into the wall.

ALEX

(to Mexicans)

Tenemos que eliminar la piedra negra aqui.

JACOB

What did you say, Alex?

ALEX

...told them to remove a rock from the wall—Jake, you know, you can wait in the jeep for us, eh, like Roberto did...get out of the sun. I need to check that wall. You are just our guide, right?

JACOB

OK, sorry, I don't mean to be in the way. This is so intriguing!



Alex walks toward the workers, glances back at Jacob.

ALEX

Para detras de la pared por algo  
Lo que encontrar, puene en la  
bolsa—en secreto, si?

(to Peter)

Jake doesn't know Spanish—I told  
them whatever they find to put in  
the bag secretly—I don't trust him.

The workers dig with picks and shovels. They remove the  
obsidian stone and search inside the opening. They pull out  
several crystal prisms. Peter pockets a few large ones.

PETER

My God, look at all these prisms!  
Alex, they must have something to do  
with all this, don't you think?

ALEX

No, no! Leave them. They're of no  
value. I don't see them on the map.

Peter walks toward jeep with a canvas bag, Alex following.

JACOB

So, you found something important?  
(throwing hands up)  
I know, I know! Just curious.

PETER

Cool your jets, Jake, just some  
rock crystals we need to carbon  
test for dating.

ALEX

Come on, Jake we're buying lunch.  
Let's get out of the heat.

CUT TO:

PLAZA DEL SOL PATIO GRILL

The three of them sit under a huge umbrella enjoying lunch.

JACOB

So, what's going on tomorrow?

ALEX

We need to check out the pyramid

of the moon—looking some holes on  
the east wall...

JACOB

I have to service the Jeep first  
thing in the morning. I'll join you  
later. You can go with the men...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH FACE, PYRAMID OF THE MOON — NEXT MORNING

We zoom in to see Alex pointing to workers strike points of  
outer wall. They pound their tools against the solid wall  
creating echoes with each blow down the Avenue of the Dead.

MINUTES LATER

Jacob drives into frame at the foot of pyramid. He shades  
his eyes with open hand. He observes the men breaking  
through the outer layer. An opening is formed.

CLOSE ON

Alex on ladder looking into the aperture with light. Peter  
crawls in.

ALEX

Anything in there?

PETER (O.S.)

No, nothing. No inner wall here.  
Just a shoulder of rock.

ALEX

(to workers)

Terminado, si? Manana, tiempo  
mismo—Pyramida Del Sol.

WORKER

Si, gracias.

He pays them. They leave. Peter comes out, dusts himself.

JACOB

Morning, boys. Any luck?

ALEX

Sorry, Jake, not a thing!  
Care to go in and look?

JACOB

I don't think so. I get the sweats  
in tight places.

ALEX

Well, that's it I guess.

JACOB

What?

ALEX

There's nothing here, Jake.  
Welcome to the world of Archeology  
where most probes are dead ends.  
We have to check other sites. Let's  
call it a day and have dinner.

PETER

We should check out the pyramid  
of the Feathered Serpent.

He winks at Alex.

ALEX

Hmm, good idea. We'll meet there  
10 o'clock—sleep in a little, OK?  
Remember, Jake, Feathered Serpent!

JACOB

OK, OK!

CUT TO:

EXT. PYRAMID OF THE SUN — NEXT MORNING

3rd LEVEL OF PYRAMID—South face

Workers on ladders begin knocking out a hole with picks and  
hammers. Alex checks his watch: 9:45. A jagged hole  
appears. Peter climbs up and crawls in with light.

ALEX

(to workers)

Enough! Bastante!

He hands them some money and discharges them. He nervously  
looks around for Jacob.

How goes it in there, Cum laude?

PETER

Fine. A bigger chamber, very dark.  
But the flashlight doesn't work.  
Give me a minute.

PETER (V.O.)

What the hell is wrong with this?  
Son-of-a-bitch! I changed the  
batteries.

ALEX

Take your time, Peter.

PETER (V.O.)

I can't believe this! Why...

He drops the light, rolling toward the entry. Peter feels around for it and suddenly stops in front of a wall of outside light. The natural light ends abruptly at a wall of darkness. He digs in his pocket for a large prism. He lifts the prism and holds it in front of him.

PETER (V.O.)

I'm in a void! That's why the light  
doesn't work!

ALEX

Peter! OK in there?

PETER

Please! A couple more minutes!

Faint shafts of light emit from his body and grow stronger. They shoot into the prism. A scene assembles showing the Bedouins bury a scroll behind loose rock. The exact image overlays on the back wall where the scroll was first laid.

FADE TO BLACK

We hear Peter fumble in the dark and the shuffling of loose rocks. He feels around and touches something different.

PETER

Alex! I felt it. It's wrapped,  
hidden in a crevice. I found it!

ALEX

Cum Laude! It must be the one!  
Don't pull it out yet. We'll

come back later.

ALEX

Peter, we've discovered the key scroll! You and I are the only ones who know what happened here. Now we know. My God, we made it!

PETER

Woo-hoo! Yes! We did it! Good diversion, Alex.

ALEX

What do you mean?

PETER

All that stuff about the vernal equinox and the sun's position!

ALEX

Sounded good to Nick. He bought it... and got us here quicker.

They laugh. Peter grabs the bag of prisms. He crawls out of the hole and climbs down. Laughter stops and grins fade when they are startled by an angry Jacob holding a gun.

JACOB

Yeah, right! Meet at the feathered serpent! So, looks like you found something. I'll take the bag.

PETER

What's with the gun? Some guide you turned out to be!

ALEX

Shut up, Peter. Give him the bag.

PETER

Sure, here!

Jacob snatches the bag and looks inside.

CLOSE ON

An elongated shadow of a man on the ground moving toward them. Nick Parseconis walks on his own shadow brandishing his own gun.

NICK

Drop it.

Jake lets his gun fall.

JACOB

Nick, what the hell...

NICK

Shut up you little pussy!

ALEX

Nick!

JACOB

(looking in bag)

What's this? Where's the scroll?

ALEX

Jesus, Jake! We didn't find anything. So, Jake, was your plan take what we find and kill us?

Jake shows deep frustration. He suddenly bolts around the front of the pyramid. He takes the long staircase down, still waving the bag and looking back.

NICK

That son-of-a-bitch! Is that the best they can do?

Nick shoots a few rounds. Jake sidesteps shots at his feet, dances off balance and loses his footing. He falls off the staircase and crashes through a tarp into a dig site.

PETER

My God! What are you doing here, Nick? You know this guy?

NICK

I knew they were sending someone...

ALEX

Who? What do you mean?

NICK

Who? Jake! That's who! Come on, you guys, get real! Powerful interests know what you're up to.

And they want what you find! Very badly! I'm here to protect my investment. You have to trust me. ...We better get down there and check out Jake.

GROUND LEVEL

They pull the tarp, look down and see a still body.

ALEX

Drop the ladder and let's check.

Alex and Peter step down while Nick points a light into the dark hole. They see Jacob's bloody head next to a rock. They turn him over to see ANOTHER BODY.

ALEX

My God! That's Roberto!  
Peter, Roberto's dead!

PETER

The killer faces his victim.

NICK

What now?

ALEX

Jesus! Move to another site, I guess—hundreds of pyramids in this country! They certainly didn't make it easy to find. But, it's our job. We'll scour all of them if we need to.

NICK

We better call the police. There goes the rest of the day! Well, I have to pack—you know where to find me.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICO CITY AIRPORT PAVILION — DAY

Alex and Peter accompany Nick out on the tarmac. No one's talking. Alex looks at Nick.

ALEX

Tragic! Can't stop thinking of it.

PETER

How did it come to this?

NICK

Well, I told you, you're in danger. Watch out. They'll send someone else!

ALEX

That's twice you said "they!" You work for "them" Nick, you said it like "they" are evil. Are you with "them" Nick?

NICK

I have to play the game. Believe me, they want more than I am willing to ask of you, OK? You must trust me—so, when are you leaving?

ALEX

Waiting for some data from the ministry. So we'll be here another day. Nick, thanks for what you did! Why is this happening?

NICK

C'mon, Alex. You know what's going on here—secret scrolls that reveal untold knowledge and power. I knew somebody would be coming and now you know too. Jesus, that's why I'm here! See you guys stateside.

Nick shakes hands and walks off. He looks back with a grin.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA DEL SOL INN — LATER

CLOSE ON

the animal skin map spread out on the kitchen table. Alex points to the grid points. Peter checks location of overlapping intersections in the world.

PETER

So, this is the Key Scroll! Alex, look at the convergence points. There must be over 20.



ALEX

Seventeen! Check out Bermuda.  
That's the main energy vortex in  
our hemisphere.

PETER

Look, even Michigan—right in our  
back yard. When we get back, let's  
check the coordinates. We should  
visit this spot.

ALEX

Also Quebec...and up-state New York.  
Peter, look on top! This is the  
cover letter to this map. It tells  
us what happened—in images.

PETER

Look here! It explains darkness.  
There's a void on the map in Mexico  
where we found the map. Amazing!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICHIGAN CABIN — 1985 — DAY

Peter stands reading a hand-written fax near the machine.

ALEX (V.O.)

Hey, Cum Laude! How are you doing?  
We had a great meeting last time.  
I'm glad we hashed out a few things.  
Sorry for "Dumping" on you, but I  
think you can handle it! Actually,  
you're the only one who can do it.

I left the area for a while—needed  
a break from all this. I'll call in  
a few days — Alex

PETER

That's just great! You left me  
with all these papers and books  
—and ancient scribbles. And you  
expect me to do what you can't  
...And then you leave!

He screams and smashes a beer bottle against the fireplace  
mantle. The echo of the crash gives way to a faint "thup-  
thup-thup" sound overhead.

He runs outside to see a helicopter in the distance. An elderly man in a plaid jacket and fisherman's hat walks slowly toward him.

MAN

Hi, I'm Wayne. You the one working with Alex here sometimes?

PETER

Yes, that's right. I'm Peter.

WAYNE

I live with my wife in that house across the pond. Yah, we live there all year round. Anyway, you notice that chopper?

PETER

Yes. First time I saw one here.

WAYNE

Well, lemme tell ya, they been here before—a few times! Came down real low coupla weeks ago, made a racket, over your cabin! Scared the fish away for a week. I don't know what you two are working on in there, but someone's keeping tabs on ya, alright.

PETER

Thanks, Wayne. I'll tell Alex.

INT. CABIN - NEXT MORNING

Peter is awakened by the grating cries of a bird. He fumbles and checks his clock: 6:20. He looks out the window and watches a raven fly away.

LATER

Peter steps out of the shower wrapped in a towel. He wipes the mist off the medicine chest mirror. He inspects a week-long beard, wild brown hair and looks at his teeth.

He walks into the main room in jeans and sweatshirt. Sitting on a stool with casters, he rolls across a long table to check manuscripts, maps, books, papers, calculations and measuring tools. A reel-to-reel recorder stands nearby.

## A SERIES OF CUTS

- Pouring over scrolls left by Alex
- Studying maps and grid lines as shown in the Mexico map using rulers and dividers
- Listening to Alex's many tapes
- Calendar with days and weeks peeling away
- Reading sections of Thomas' transplanted gospel, Treatise on the Resurrection and the Concept of Our Great Power.

## END OF CUTS

SMASH CUT:

## PYRAMID OF THE SUN CAVE SCENE

Vision of the Bedouins burying a scroll behind loose rocks.

## BACK TO CABIN

PETER

My God! That's the missing link!

He puts down his glasses and stares out the window. Then he paces in the cabin deep in thought. He picks up a prism, turns on recorder. He begins talking into it.

PETER

The prism is the symbol God left behind—that's it! A missing clue. It represents the fragmentation of mankind. The light has been broken, mankind has been splintered! All of the different races, cultures, languages! The Tower of Babel!

We were broken down just like the prism breaks down light, into 7 colors, ROYGBIV!! The number of God is 7, 7 continents, 7 seas, 7 sacraments, 7th day is the Sabbath day, 7 seals and the 7 churches in Revelation... In the Old Testament the phrases "seventh day" and "seventh month" are shown 77 times. This is it! God's creation code. I'm ready! I've broken the code!

He places the prism on top of the grid map and is amazed at the line extensions and projections of light it creates.

CUT TO:

He picks up the phone and dials. It rings and rings and switches to a recording device.

PETER

Hey Nelson. This is Peter Mandes. Hope all is well. I was referred by Alex Mostovolov whom you know, a very close friend of your late father, Benjamin. I met your dad at the U. of Michigan long ago.

Alex has discovered a major breakthrough on the Dead Sea Scrolls that ties to your Bermuda Triangle research. He's my mentor. He passed on these coordinates—and I'm faxing them to you. Let me know how they work—Destroy the paper. We must talk!

He checks the map and measures to scale. He draws a triangle according to the coordinates and measures out the distance to the void in the wheat field. He establishes exact coordinates to the void in the field from the cabin.

Peter checks the time: 11:30 A.M. Looks at calendar: points to September 15. He walks out toward the field in the bright sunlight. He kneels among the wheat stalks and marks the spot of the void with a stake. He trudges up the slope, back into cabin.

FRONT OF CABIN DOOR

Peter comes out wearing his tunic and walks into the field. He follows the bright light and walks through it. He faces a faint blur in the wheat. Peter is drawn into the smoky layers. He feels a sudden gust push him into darkness.

DARKNESS

PETER (V.O.)

Back for the scrolls...Scroll Back!

--And they asked Him, "Show us the place where You are, since it is necessary for us to seek it."

Jesus said,  
"Whoever has ears, let him hear.  
There is light within a man of light,  
and he lights up the whole world. If

he does not shine, he is darkness.

A faint shaft of light emerges from Peter and diffuses through the prism.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS IMAGES

--1945 excavation site where scrolls wait to be found;  
Peter hovers over Nag Hammadi

--1948 excavation site where scrolls wait to be taken;  
Peter hovers over Dead Sea area

--Ready to break into jars, a more dominant image  
takes charge: The haunting look of the Baptist from  
his seminary days enters his consciousness

The light sharpens brighter and fuses into the prism to refract and light up the icon of the Baptist before him. The mosaic tiles of the icon shimmer in front of Peter. He's instantly drawn into the icon.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KING HEROD ANTIPAS PALACE IN GALILEE - 27 A.D. - DAY

Life-threatening screams echo through the colonnade from Queen Herodias' chamber. Guards rush and find a strange man on his knees in front of the queen's bed. He appears to be dazed and disoriented. Herodias points to him, screaming. Guards grab him. They drag him away without resistance.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S ASSISTED LIVING, BOSTON - DAY

Pan over lobby to show residents crossing with walkers and on wheelchairs. Iconography and photographs line the walls.

ANGLE ON

Peter looking at Fr. Gerry sleeping.

CLOSE ON the priest.

He opens his eyes and sports a wide grin.

PETER

I didn't mean to wake you.

FR. GERRY

Just dozing. Not much else to do around here. I haven't seen you in ages. How's Alex?

Peter pulls a chair closer to him.

PETER

He's fine, just slowing down a bit. I've been working with him for almost 20 years—learned a great deal from him and you!

FR. GERRY

From me?

PETER

You helped me see the big picture. Father, I did it! I found the dark spots—where the grid points meet. I was carried into the light.

FR. GERRY

You did what?

PETER

Father, I traveled back. I can do it! It's in Thomas' gospel. That's the secret: Time Travel!

FR. GERRY

What? Slow down, boy. You're talking science fiction.

PETER

Listen! Alex did all the work. I joined him on his last Mexico dig. In 20 years he connected the dots to the biggest find in history: the secret to Time Travel.

He couldn't get it to work for himself. That's why he left it up to me. He marked the coordinates in the wheat field by his cabin in Michigan.

PETER

Father! I found myself in Galilee.

I met John the Baptist!

He hands him the wooden cross.

Look at this. The Baptist gave  
it to me before I witnessed his  
beheading. I want you to have it.

Father closes his eyes and crosses himself.

FR. GERRY

Peter, I don't know what to say.  
This is all so unbelievable and  
yet somehow I believe you—and know  
it's true. What was he like?

PETER

Fearless! Courageous—like his icon!  
Father, I discovered the light  
and the power—Thomas' writings  
are not mere religious fodder  
to promote a doctrine or belief.

Jesus gifted to us the secret to  
the wonder of human life. Thomas  
was his scribe, his courier...to  
deliver the coordinates to us!

FR. GERRY

Be careful, Peter! Be careful of  
the image you create of yourself.

PETER

What do you mean?

FR. GERRY

Depends on what you plan to do.

PETER

...Exactly what I want to share  
with you! I want to go back to  
the crucifixion!

FR. GERRY

The crucifixion?

PETER

Of Jesus! I'll go back and prevent  
it! I can distract Judas, detain  
him from his mission...If God meant

for him to be crucified, it will still happen...

FR. GERRY

Peter! You're not making sense! Who do you think you are? You can't tamper with the holy order of events. It was meant to be that way. If you interfere in this it can destroy you!

PETER

I gotta find out, Father! Is *The Passover Plot* right? Did Jesus die on the cross...or did he fake it?

FR. GERRY

Of course, he died! That's the whole point. Peter listen to me...

Fr. Gerry tends to a coughing jag and rests. He takes a few deep breaths and crosses himself. He reaches over and presses Peter's shoulders with shaking hands.

Peter's eyes flood and his head tips lower.

You have the gift! Erase your doubts. Don't use it for power or influence. Don't be like the people of Babel who broke the light—who severed the connection between God and his people.

Go back—not to alter history, but to witness it!

PETER

What do you mean?

FR. GERRY

Go to the tomb, Peter. Can you do that? See the glorious resurrection and be forever changed—the true primordial light. Be there, and settle the controversy.

PETER

What controversy?



FR. GERRY

The secret tomb! Did he ascend in body and spirit, or just in spirit? Is the human body so vital that it must also rise? Find out what really happened that night.

PETER

Yes, I have to! I'm headed to Bermuda—to embark on the greatest journey of mankind.

FR. GERRY

Why Bermuda?

PETER

That's where the strongest grid voids converge to form the most intense energy fields.

FR. GERRY

Godspeed my boy. Godspeed.

They're drawn to an embrace. Peter walks into lobby.

PETER (V.O.)

My God, it all makes sense!—it all came together almost 20 years ago in Alex's lab. Everyone was there that day and had a role to play. It was the convergence of everyone's energy that sealed their fate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. U. OF MICHIGAN LAB — JUNE 8, 1967 — DAY

Alex rummages through his messages pasted on his desk while eyeing the small box that contains the scroll. He pushes it under the desk and places some personal things on it. He reads a message from a real estate developer:

*Alex,  
The wooded plot is ready to view.  
It looks like a perfect spot for  
your cabin. Call when you return.  
Thanks, J. Stalkins*

Alex turns on a portable TV and adjusts the antennae. Every channel he flips to carries images of bombs exploding with aircraft and destruction.

The door opens, for an elderly man donning a gray trench coat and a soft fisherman's hat.

ALEX

Ben! What a surprise! Long time!

BENJAMIN

Yes, it has. I heard you were back and I just had to see you.

Peter enters hauling a load of boxes on a 2-wheeler. Alex calls him over.

ALEX

Peter, someone important I want you to meet. He's not only a great friend, but THE authority on the Bermuda Triangle: Benjamin Stone. Ben, Peter is the brightest research assistant ever!

PETER

Delighted to meet you. I heard many great things about you. Alex says you're an inspiration.

BENJAMIN

Alex is too kind.

PETER

I read your work on Ley Lines. Very prophetic article on the world grid system.

Peter looks over by the door and sees Nick walking in with Dean Kagan following. The dean waves a camera.

ALEX

Wow! everybody's here today!

DEAN KAGAN

This is historic. Let me get a few shots of everyone.

They huddle together including a smiling Nick. Blinding flashes fill the room.

The on-going coverage on the TV draws everyone's attention.

ANNOUNCER

...Israeli jets pound Arab positions  
-Egyptian aircraft are destroyed...

ALEX

My God! There's a war going on!

Nick checks around like a detective. He notices a stranger. He turns toward the TV telecast. He points to the screen.

NICK

This was bound to happen.  
Tensions were building last  
couple months...

ALEX

Nick, I was there when Israel  
was formed—nothing but conflict  
ever since.

NICK

You didn't think the Palestinians  
would live with this condition,  
did you?

ALEX

Anyway, Nick! Welcome back!  
I want to introduce Benjamin  
Stone. Ben, meet Nick Parseconis.

They shake hands and begin talking amicably while Alex and Peter confer on the boxes that were brought in.

Benjamin Stone extends his hand once more.

BENJAMIN

Great to meet you Nick. I have to  
go. We should talk.

Benjamin hands him a card and walks over to say goodbye.

ALEX

Let's get together next week, Ben.  
We need to catch up on Bermuda.

BENJAMIN

You're on!

Benjamin Stone leaves.

NICK

Nice guy, Ben! So, why did you stay back in Mexico?

ALEX

I told you, we were waiting for some papers from the ministry—I requested...

NICK

I thought you might have gone back and found something after all?

ALEX

No, no time! You know we turned up nothing with that Jacob business. Nick, you must trust us!

NICK

Well, it's a shame this last trip didn't do it for you. So, Peter, how is the *Passover Plot* coming along?

PETER

O.K. Interesting thesis, but I don't buy it!—Oh, my God, I forgot! I have a test tomorrow. Sorry to run—need to prepare...

CUT TO:

REAR EXIT

Peter stops suddenly and stares at the doorway. He senses movement of something or someone.

BACK TO LAB

NICK

So, when are you returning for the scrolls? Alex, maybe they're not in Mexico.

ALEX

I don't know where else to look.

Imagine finding them, Nick. We can change the whole world! Trust me, the scroll we seek is to be found in Mexico.

NICK

I expect wondrous things from you. You managed to track the scrolls. You'll find the rest! You have a nose for sniffing this stuff out. Let me know when you're going.

Nick gives him a wink and turns toward the exit appearing to leave, but he lingers around the doorway out of view.

Alex walks around the lab to check that he's gone. He returns, pulls a mike from a drawer. He uncovers his tape recorder, plugs in the mike and pushes "record."

ALEX (V.O.)

--Alex Mostovolov--8 JUNE 1967--  
U. of Michigan office, Ann Arbor

He stops it and rushes toward the back exit to lock it. Nick hears the footsteps and hides behind a doorway.

BACK IN LAB

ALEX (Cont'd)

Mexico was a success--the absence of light theory becomes more of a reality each day. It's amazing that the light Thomas speaks of is in fact an intrinsic part of our makeup.

Where there's no light, our own light can project. Only in these places along the meridians can we achieve this.

There must be a missing clue--something else, but what? The shroud of Turin may hold the key to all of this...another codex speaks of the shroud's hiding place until the 1300s. But Bermuda...

Alex stops the recorder. He begins writing furiously in his black book. He resumes recording, lowering the volume.

Bermuda must be the key.

He shuts the machine and covers it. Alex departs, locking the exit knob door.

CUT TO:

REAR OF BUILDING

Nick walks in from the back hallway with a look of satisfaction. He goes to Alex's desk, reads his notes. He shifts papers around and scribbles something. He takes out a special coin, wraps it in the paper and pockets it.

Nick lifts off the tarp from the recorder. He turns it on and presses rewind. The garbled squeal stops and settles on Alex's voice.

...Bermuda holds the final key. The confluence of lines connect there. I have to tell Benjamin Stone more about this. I must go there...

CUT TO:

CAMPUS QUAD

Peter walks across. He stops and smacks his forehead.

PETER

Oh! Damn! I forgot my Math books!

He turns around and picks up the pace back to the lab. An afternoon fog is settling in and visibility is quickly diminished. There's an eerie feeling across the quad, barely able to see anything.

Peter reaches the rear of the building near Alex's office. He enters the back hallway near the warehouse. Suddenly, a dark figure moves passed him and drops something in haste.

PETER

Who's there? Alex, is that you?

The back door opens just enough to let some light in. The outside light quickly fades leaving Peter in darkness. He spots something on the floor.

Peter picks up a folded piece of paper and unwraps it. something slips out and falls. A coin rolls and rattles on the concrete floor. He picks it up and walks into the lab.

He takes a close look and discovers it's a 2-headed quarter. He reads a note on the wrapper with letters added and others scratched out:

*Bermuda/SouNd ing on the Blue Meridian*  
hr

He pockets the note and flips the quarter in the air again and again, laughing each time.

PETER  
Heads! Heads again!

OUTSIDE  
He flips it real high and loses it in the afternoon fog.

CLOSE ON  
THE REVOLVING COIN IN SLOW MOTION  
going upwards through the mist...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEASIDE DOCK, MIAMI — DAY — 1985

On its way down, the coin glitters in the sunlight. It finally spirals into the palm of Nick Parseconis.

Dressed in a white suit with matching fedora, he pockets the coin and boards a ship. He looks at his ticket  
Destination: Bermuda.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASIDE PAVILION, BERMUDA — NEXT DAY

Nick mixes with the crowd near an outdoor bar. An arched sign with the inscription CONGRATULATIONS NELSON STONE stretches across the top of the bar.

LOUDSPEAKER  
And now, the graduates!

Nick takes a seat in the open-air park and faces the dais. He waits for Nelson to cross the stage. He pulls out his quarter and catches the mid-day sun. The name Nelson Stone bellows over the speaker.

Nelson approaches the provost for his scroll. Nick angles the coin to reflect the sunlight in his eyes. Nelson squints, shades his eyes and notices Nick in the audience. Nick waves him over. Nelson is intercepted by Peter.

PETER  
Nelson, it's me Peter!  
Congratulations! I'm glad to  
finally be here!

He guides Nelson toward the bar. Nelson's big muscular frame dwarfs the middle-aged Peter.

NELSON

My God, Peter you have no idea what we found. The coordinates are perfect! We have to go out with Mack. So, tell me about my father...

Nick watches them talk from a distance. Nelson introduces Mack to Peter. Mack is excited gesturing with his hands.

Mack spots Nick. His enthusiasm disappears. He walks away.

MACK

...see you guys at the Red Dolphin.

Nick walks over in his usual stealth fashion and extends his hand to Nelson, giving Peter a grin.

NICK

Congratulations, Nelson. I gave you fair warning I'd be looking for you when you finished.

NELSON

Surprised to see you here, Nick.

NICK

You know I wouldn't miss your graduation! The offer for a job still stands at SESA.

PETER

Nick, What a surprise!  
An oceanography specialist is just what you need, Nick!

NICK

Old time friends meet again!  
You finish *The Passover Plot*?

Peter and Nick engage in an uncomfortable hand shake.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA — MACK'S BOAT — DUSK

Mack stands before a glorious crimson sun about to touch the cool Atlantic waters. He pulls in the lines, starts the



engine and points boat toward the coordinates. Without checking the map, he sets course for the void. He examines the tanks and the scuba gear. He reaches in a storage port for a half-pint and downs a swallow.

LATER

He kills the engine and turns on his depth finder. He begins scanning at 40 feet. He lines his backpack with fine netting. Then he reaches for the chum bucket and pours the bloody entrails into a plastic bag.

MACK (V.O.)

O.K. Three miles, 32 degrees off  
pier. Depth of void: 38 feet.

He sits in the captain's chair and plants his eyes on the screen. Several schools of tuna cruise past the green frame. He reaches for the bottle and jerks his head back. Suddenly, a 12-ft. shark enters the screen.

MACK (V.O.)

Wow! Mack tracking a Mako! How  
much better can it get? I can't  
pass this up!

He suits up instantly, backpack, flippers, tank harness, plastic bag. He checks pressure dials. He sits on the gunnels, grabs the spear gun and flips back into the water.

The remaining light is waning as he swims deeper. Barely a shadow, the mako moves gracefully past the coral bed to a dark vertical mass. Mack follows the waving dorsal fin through the hanging cloudy darkness. The shark disappears within and doesn't come out on the other side.

He unpacks the netting and secures the plastic bag to the coral bed, positioned in the shark's path if he emerges from the void. He carefully follows the netting rope to the ocean floor and ties the chum bag.

MACK (V.O.)

That should do it. Anyone tampering  
with the void, will become bait  
for sharks.

Mack feels pressure building around his mask and becomes disoriented by the sudden light. He swims out of the dark area and ascends slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. RED DOLPHIN – LATER

Nick and Peter stand under the "Happy Hour" sign in the smoke-filled lounge. Nelson finishes his drink. Mack continues to drink and appears over the limit.

A girl approaches Mack, jumps on a table and massages his shoulders. Nick appears out of place and drifts away.

MACK

Sarah, what are you doing?

SARAH

Why so weird, Mack? Look! One of the few times I'm taller than you.

Sarah begins to sing and draw attention.

It's a Mack-attack! It's a  
Mack-attack! We're having us  
a Mack-attack! Ha, ha, ha!

She jumps down, slides toward Nelson and plants a kiss on his pursed lips. Nelson is not in the mood and the three men gather, eyeing Nick as though to keep him in check.

PETER

Nelson, What did Nick tell you at graduation? Is that the first time you talked to him? C'mon! This is important!

NELSON

Well, he sent me a letter—I didn't realize who he was until you warned me about him. He also called once and left a message.

PETER

And then?

NELSON

I called him back and we talked about the Triangle and his SESA operation—and how he can fund my work. He said he met my dad some 20 years ago and offered funding.

He really wanted him. So, I got

interested and arranged to meet at graduation. I didn't mean to bring him here!

PETER

It's O.K. Nelson! I'll explain it all to you. I knew your dad from school—You're so much like him. He didn't die in vain! His work and Alex's are our guiding light.

Peter reaches for Mack and pulls him over.

Is everything O.K. Mack?  
Has Nick been talking to you?

MACK

Listen, I was just out there on my own—and I saw it again! Those sharks I'm tracking—I need funding. In return, Nick pressed for the coordinates—he knows what I'm doing...

NELSON

Mack's been doing some work for Nick and SESA—not to worry Mack. There's more to it than that. Pete's here. In the next few days we'll have all the answers.

PETER

I warned you about Nick. What else did he say to you two? Are you leaving anything out? What does he know about the coordinates exactly?

MACK

He knows about them...

NELSON

Did you say anything about the void, about darkness or any details about the sharks?

MACK

No, no, none of that!

PETER

Well, don't! We need to be first!

I don't know about you guys, but I need to turn in. Mack, you better call it a day too! We'll talk more tomorrow when your head clears. So, are we on for tomorrow?

NELSON

Tomorrow's Sunday. Too much traffic out there! Plus, We need a break. Let's do it Monday-sunrise! How about breakfast tomorrow? Sarah's dying to cook a big spread. After, we can discuss our dive.

PETER

Sounds good!

CUT TO:

INT. SEA ENVIRONMENTAL SURVEYING AREA (SESA) - NIGHT

Nick paces across his office while on the phone. Many monitors line the long benches, computer and sonar.

A few workers are still there monitoring screens. They wear black shirts with SESA embroidered on the breast pocket.

NICK

...they're about to go out there- I'm sure they'll do it, maybe tomorrow. I know I put a scare into Mack, though I got what I need from him...

What? No, Mack is drunk most of the time. I can deal with him easily. Peter's not a problem- I need to get close to Nelson. We're getting close #1. It won't be long now. we'll have it all.

Nick hangs up the phone, empties his pockets and discovers his items missing. He searches his pockets frantically.

NICK (V.O.)

Where's my lighter? My coin?

CLOSE ON

His face freezes in recall mode. He mentally tracks his every move since he last held the coin.

Quick montage of visions

- Remembers the coin in his hand when buying a paper
- Envisions himself lighting up a cigarette at graduation
- Late evening search of Mack's boat

NICK (V.O.)

Shit! They fell out on his boat—  
Damn! I have to go back! I left  
my fucking calling card there!

CUT TO:

INT. NELSON'S HOUSE — NIGHT

Sarah and Nelson settle in for a night of relaxation and romance. Johnny Carson's voice and accompanying laughter become background sounds to a more amorous agenda.

Wrapped in a passionate embrace, they roll on the carpet as they peel each other's clothes off.

A sudden sound of gravel across the window is added to Carson's sound track.

SARAH

Did you hear that? You know that's  
Mack out there! Didn't you hear his  
motorcycle?

NELSON

How d'you know?

SARAH

He always does that when it's too  
late to ring the doorbell. You  
better see what he wants—unless  
you want to hear tapping all night.

Sarah picks up her clothing and slips into the bedroom. He pulls his pants up, runs down the stairs and out the door.

NELSON

Hey, Mack. What's going on?

MACK

Hey Nellie baby, come on! Hop on  
and let's go watch the sharks!  
Here, have a swig!

Nelson yanks away his almost empty bottle.

NELSON

You're drunk, man. Go home!

Mack swipes at bottle.

MACK

Come on, let's go...the boat.  
It's a beau...ful night. I'm O.K.  
It's just a couple minutes away.  
You've seen me in worse shape!

He bends over to the side, throws up. He spits and moans.

Nell, I can't go home—  
they're...watching me. Someone's  
been on the boat—and I know who.

NELSON

Who? What are you talking about?

MACK

They're coming for me, ever since I  
got those coordinates. They're  
onto you too. Damn it! Listen to me  
for once! You don't know...these  
people. They're after you too now!

NELSON

Listen, Mack. Come in the house.  
Stay over tonight and sleep it off.  
We'll talk in the morning.

Frustrated, Mack pulls away from him and hops on his bike.

MACK

At least Peter believes me!

Mack snakes down Frontage Road toward the marina. He reaches in his saddle bag and pops another half-pint.

AT THE DOCK

Mack walks a bit wobbly on the pier, tripping between the slats. He reaches his boat "Seeker." About to cross the catwalk, Nick rushes out from the boat.

MACK

Nick! Wha...what the hell are you  
doing here?

NICK  
 (with cigarette)  
 I'm meeting Nelson.

MACK  
 Really? Seems to me you need a  
 light. Looking for this lighter...  
 maybe? It's engraved NP—that's you!

Wha...what's with the jackal? Is  
 that what you really look like?  
 ...Ha, ha! Wha...what are you doing on  
 my boat, you so...son-of-a-bitch?

Nick lunges at him, snatches the lighter and knocks him down. He pockets the lighter, runs back to the parking area and gets in his car. He drives around the corner and waits. Mack gets up slowly and makes his way to the motorcycle. He starts it up and rumbles away.

Nick follows and speeds toward the bike. Mack sees headlights behind him getting bigger. The car crashes into the bike. Mack flies off landing in the gravel shoulder face down. He groans and turns over, his bottle nearby.

Nick floors the pedal. Tires screech and thump over Mack. The car disappears into the darkness leaving a spinning bottle behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVESIDE GATHERING — DAY

CLOSE ON

Mack's closest relatives and friends, Nelson, Sarah and Peter in silence. Nick arrives and stands solemnly in the back. Peter steps forward at the foot of the grave.

PETER  
 Mack was brave and took chances.  
 We'll miss you, Mack Sullivan.  
 You were our captain. God speed!

Peter bows his head and acknowledges all those assembled. He walks over to a grieving Nelson. He leans and whispers.

PETER (Cont'd)  
 Mack persisted and unlocked a long  
 held secret. Jesus said: It is to

those who are worthy of my mysteries  
that I tell my mysteries.

NELSON

What does that mean, Peter? –  
Oh, God, he's gone! We've lost him.  
I'll destroy that void if it's the  
last thing I do.

PETER

I'm sorry, Nelson. But destroying  
the void will do nothing. There's  
something else we can do. We have  
a greater purpose, you and I.

NELSON

It doesn't matter any more now.  
Mack is gone. I don't care.

PETER

Oh, but you will care. don't you  
see? If you can go through and end  
up in another time...well, that  
changes everything, doesn't it?

NELSON

...end up in another time?

PETER

Time Travel, Nelson, Time Travel!  
The void leads to a great deal  
more. When things disappear, where  
do you think they go?

Nelson stares at him stunned. Peter takes a folded, worn  
and frayed paper out of his pocket. He opens it. It is the  
Blue Meridian note with the 2-headed quarter.

PETER

Nick took this from Alex's office  
during an important meeting back in  
1967 and dropped it. I've kept it  
ever since...look, the same quarter  
was found in Mack's pocket. Nick  
has a flaw—he leaves things behind.

Nelson, Nick killed Mack!



NELSON

It's true! That son-of-a...

Peter gestures to lower his voice. People start to leave.

We go back and save Mack? Or  
kill Nick?

PETER

Neither. It doesn't work like that.  
For this to work, your cause must go  
beyond personal—it must be for the  
greater good. Stop Nick and you save  
Mack! Kill Nick and other things may  
change...Alex never gets funding, then...

NELSON

OK, I get it! We're going to change  
the meeting they had back then?

PETER

No! We burn the evidence: tapes,  
manuscripts—even the key scroll.  
I won't forget Time Travel, because  
Alex told me all this before the  
meeting. But Nick won't get this  
information. Whatever he hears or  
reads in Alex's office—all the  
recordings, manuscripts—will be  
wiped out by you! Get it? So  
there's nothing to bring him to  
Bermuda to target Mack for the  
coordinates.

PETER & NELSON

...and Mack will be alive!

PETER

But there's one problem.

NELSON

What's that?

PETER

You'll forget the secret of time  
travel—it's a tradeoff.

NELSON

I don't care, I want Mack back.

PETER

O.K. It's settled. We scroll back!

The casket is lowered and Nick tosses a rose. He looks down sadly. He approaches Nelson and gestures a look of loss.

NELSON

You got your nerve showing up here?  
You saw him last—you were there  
with him that night!

NICK

Stop it, Nelson. You're wrong!

NELSON

Bullshit! You killed him! I'll  
have your ass for this.

NICK

You have no idea who you're  
dealing with. Go home! I got  
what I need from you people...  
I have the scroll!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN CABIN — NIGHT

A hooded man with a stealth gait approaches the cabin. He notices movement in the wheat field and hides. He waits until it's safe and then snaps off the front door lock.

CUT TO:

GRAVESIDE

Nick walks a few paces, turns around and grins.

And I have Alex!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SESA FACILITY — NIGHT

Alex sits tied to an office chair. SESA personnel look on.

CUT TO:

GRAVESIDE

Nelson moves to grab him but Peter steps between David and Goliath. He faces Nick and takes out a shiny object.

PETER

We found this among Mack's things:  
a lighter with the initials NP.  
I wonder whose it is.

Nick thrashes into his pockets and happily finds a lighter.

ZOOM IN on lighter

On close examination, Nick sees no initials and no jackal.

PETER (Cont'd)

Oh, that's mine! This one's yours.

Nick reaches for it. Peter pulls it away.

When Mack found it on his boat, we knew you'd be back for it. So, I bought another one like it. Surprised you haven't noticed—a bit careless with details, aren't you?

...kind of a fatal flaw in you, Nick, leaving things behind. Anyway, Police will be calling on you soon.

NICK

Oh yeah? Watch me waltz out of here!

PETER

By the way, Nick. There's a small piece to the puzzle you'll never have. And without it...well, you'll never time travel. That's what you really want, isn't it?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NELSON'S HOUSE — DAY

Peter and Nelson sit at kitchen table surrounded by papers and charts and coffee cups.

PETER

Nelson, Here's what I learned. The Tower of Babel and the creation of tongues parallels not only the fragmentation of mankind, but our disconnect from the pure light.

The prism, when used correctly, is the delivery mechanism of the pure light into our world. It opens the doorway back to the light.

Nelson appears confused by Peter and all the information.

NELSON

I have to save Mack.

PETER

You can do it! Remember what I told you at the funeral. You have to follow your destiny—your mission must be connected to something greater. Your passion to save Mack will open the gateway for you.

NELSON

That's brilliant, Peter. But what about you?—Not the scrolls, is it?

PETER

It was in the beginning. But my path changed I need to see the miracle—This is my destiny. That's all I can tell you. Any outside knowledge can change the outcome.

This is the time! For both of us. Your mission is just as critical and must be in tandem with mine so we can undo the Bermuda connection—undo everything! Does Sarah know?

NELSON

We talked about it. She's scared. I told her I have to do this.

PETER

That's exactly what you need to do! And you'll get that chance. But Nelson, there's one more thing.

NELSON

What's that?

PETER

This experience is disorienting. So, listen carefully! You have to write down your mission...and put it in your pocket. Here's a diagram of the facility.

Write exactly where to go and what to do. Then visualize the lab at U. of Michigan and the office. Here's a photo of all of us that day in the lab—study it!

The recorder sits covered on top of his desk along with all his notes in a black book. The scroll is in a box under his desk. In a shallow drawer, are all the tapes. Destroy everything—burn it all!

NELSON

This picture's unbelievable. Check out my dad. There you are next to him. Look Peter, why do I have to write it down? I know what to do.

PETER

Because you may not remember why you're there!

Camera pulls away and voices fade. We see Nelson writing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN — 3 MILES EAST OF BERMUDA — DAY

Mack's boat dances on the choppy morning waters.

NELSON

Sarah, remember! When you see our balloons come to the surface, that means we're both gone! I have the blue and Peter has the red.

PETER

Then...wait a few minutes, and go home. We'll contact you. We won't come back this way.

They hug and kiss Sarah. They suit up and check their air. They sit on the gunnels and fall back into the water.

SARAH

I love you, Nell! Come back to me!

Nelson looks back blowing Sarah a kiss.

SARAH (V.O.)

They're going! This is crazy! Is  
this even real?

CUT TO:

UNDER WATER

The divers make their way in the deep pulling their balloons on a long cord looped around their hands. Strong morning light shafts filter deep into the water.

On the way down, they stop. They check their air and pressure. Their thumbs point up. The light is diminishing as they kick past the 30-foot mark. He turns on lamp. The balloons' pull on their hands increases.

In front of the dark cloud they release their tanks and keep their mouthpieces. Peter removes his mouthpiece and begins reciting under water, bubbles churning from his mouth. Both pierce the darkness.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

Sarah sits, eyes fixed on the port side—Looks at her watch.

SOUND OF ANOTHER MOTOR

ANGLE ON

A black speed boat with SESA decal approaching. The driver casts a smug grin at Sarah. Two others in wetsuits load their tanks and flip back into the water. They disappear under a layer of foam.

SARAH (V.O)

My God! That's Nick! What are they...  
It's twenty minutes! they'll be out  
of air! I have to warn them.

CUT TO:

BELOW

SESA divers swim toward the void from separate directions. One approaches over the coral bed but stops suddenly, tugging at his leg. He's caught in spider netting. Efforts to free his leg ruptures the plastic bag, releasing blood in the water below the netting. He struggles to break free as the water turns frothy red.

CUT TO:

SARAH Filled with worry, suits up. She stares over at Nick who is already in a wet suit.

NICK CALMLY takes a final drag and tosses his cigarette, eyes riveted to Sarah's. He straps on a spear gun and lowers himself staring her down as the water line covers his mask.

FROZEN with fear, SARAH snaps to and reaches for a spear gun. She straps on a tank and jumps in the water.

CUT TO:

BELOW

NICK IN HER SIGHTS

She follows him toward the void. The dark mass suddenly parts like a curtain and a Great White shoots out heading straight for the SESA diver struggling in a cloud of blood.

SESA DIVER'S POV

The conical head closes in rapidly. The massive jaws hyperextend to reveal row upon row of triangular teeth. He feels the strange sensation of clicking and popping of his rib cage as his chest explodes and mixes with bloody remains floating in the warm waters.

Sarah watches in horror, loses sight of Nick. She sees the shark cruise around the coral bed dragging the diver's leg stuck on a couple side teeth. She rushes to the surface. The other SESA divers swims to safety.

CUT TO:

NELSON AND PETER — TOTAL DARKNESS

They hear only their own breathing. Faint shafts of light appear in front of them. They unzip their pockets, take out the prisms. They fall into deep meditation. Their own light beams through the prisms.

Cord loop loosens, now held only by a finger.

CUT TO:

NICK swimming toward the darkness where splinters of light flash ahead. He spots Peter and Nelson in front of a black water curtain. They see Nick fire the spear gun.

PETER'S POV

He alerts Nelson and pushes him away from the spear's path. Nick drops the spear gun, pulls out his sidearm. In a frenzy, he fires all the rounds.

CLOSE ON GUN

Pressure sprays from the hammer and muzzle ignite the

surrounding waters as we see bullets spraying and cutting a path through the water toward Peter.

SURROUNDED by spectral light, Peter's face contorts with scream tracking the missiles past him. Pressure builds and the water churns as more bullets squeal around him.

COLORED REFRACTIONS shoot out of the prisms inviting an explosion of white light.

CUT TO:

SARAH surfaces panting when a pop sound erupts. She sees a red balloon break the surface.

That's Peter's! Come on, Nelson,  
I need yours about now! Don't do  
this to me.

She waits. There's nothing. Finally, a blue balloon flies out of the water near the vacant SESA boat.

There is no sign of Nick.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. U. OF MICHIGAN LAB — DUSK

The setting sun casts an orange glow through the warehouse windows. Nelson shuffles aimlessly in the dark hallway. He walks toward the window. He sees another open door marked LAB. Still in a daze, he hears noise and conversation. He hides behind the open door against the wall...and waits.

Nelson is jolted when he hears his father's voice. He feigns reaching out to him, but resists. He hears Peter's youthful voice. Stunned, he watches his father walk down the hallway. He pushes the door back for a better view when he sees Peter staring in his direction. He jerks back in disbelief, mortified at being discovered.

He watches Peter walk past into the hallway. He hears the muffled voices of Nick and Alex. He remains still as he sees Nick directly across. Fully alert, he holds his breath as Nick looks in his direction. He listens and waits.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. — TOMB

Peter's breathing becomes labored. We hear him snap off his scuba gear and collapse on the dirt floor. Dust makes him cough. He swerves and shuffles, then just breathes.



CUT TO:

UNIVERSITY LAB

A SERIES OF CAT &amp; MOUSE MOVEMENTS

--Nelson watches Nick spy on Alex around doorway  
 --Alex walks passed to lock the back door  
 --Alex comes back to his office; faint talking heard  
 --Alex walks down the back hallway and exits  
 --Nick comes out of hiding and goes into office  
 --Hallway lights up as Peter enters from back door  
 --Nick leaves the office and heads out the back way

PETER

Who's there? Is that you, Alex?

Peter fumbles clumsily as light enters the hall. He hustles in and out of the office carrying his books.

CUT TO:

TOMB — DARKNESS PERSISTS

PETER V.O.)

...Can't tell the day or time...sitting  
 on the dirt in total darkness.

We hear a clicking sound over and over again. Then something falls to the ground and rolls.

CONTINUING

Ah, I forgot! Flashlight doesn't  
 work in the void.

Are YOU here? I'm here to witness  
 history, that's all. It shouldn't  
 change a thing. I did it! This is  
 THE Ultimate Void!

...feeling nauseous—and sleepy.  
 Smell a trace of a something sweet  
 —and it's getting stronger. Reminds  
 me of lilac...Yes, Lilac! Just  
 beautiful! The most profound moment  
 of all time—and I can't stay awake.  
 What if you're not here? You must be!  
 I smell lilacs.

He begins convulsing and dry heaving. His body scrapes along the ground.

CUT TO:

UNIVERSITY LAB

ANGLE ON

Front of doorway as Peter passes. The door opens and Nelson moves into the hallway. He watches Peter exit. He goes in Alex's office and reads a bold newspaper headline:

ISRAELI JETS POUND EGYPT IN SINAI.

June 8, 1967.

Still in a daze, he removes his cap, goggles and a folded paper from his zippered pocket. Feeling faint, he sits and reads the instructions to himself. He dozes off.

CUT TO:

TOMB

PETER (V.O.)

(whispers)

Gotta stand now. The sweet smell is coming from over there. My legs feel numb—I can barely move them ...have to get up and feel around—

We hear breathing, shuffling and scraping. He sneezes 3 times in succession. He spits. He loses footing and falls. He stumbles over something soft and warm. He backtracks.

What's this? You're here! Wrapped in cloth. The shroud! Have to check to be sure. Your hands! Under the retracted thumb...no wound in the palm—but the wrist! Yes! A ragged hole. My God, my finger slides in it—in the sticky blood...and I bring it to my mouth. The strong scent of lilacs is hypnotic—I taste the blood of God! The first communion—direct from the source! I believe...I believe!

CUT TO:

LAB

Nelson carries tapes and papers to a small fire on the floor—dozens of tapes, files, notes and a bulky black book. The fire grows emitting sparks, smoke—and a strange smell.

He drags the recorder to the fire. He takes a hammer to it, breaking the terminals and controls. He pushes it into the fire. He sits at the desk enjoying the blaze.

CUT TO:

TOMB

Peter's heavy breathing, followed by loud whispering.

Is this real? Are you Jesus? What  
if this is predestined? Was I meant  
to be here? Why else would I end up  
here? Why me?

MONTAGE

A SERIES OF IMAGES Introduced by a raven's caw

--Warnings of Fr. Gerry in witnessing the resurrection  
--The squeaking and scraping of the heavy chapel door  
and the one at Herod's prison  
--The disguised evil look in Nick Parseconis

PETER

(louder)

All liars! Imposters! They know  
nothing! Where are the so-called  
holy men? I ask you. I'm the only  
one here, me! the doubter!

CUT TO:

LAB

Nelson opens a box under the desk and takes out a scroll.  
He unties it and stares at it in wonder.

NELSON (V.O.)

So, this is the key to Time Travel.  
Can't do it! Have to save it!

He stuffs the scroll in his pocket. Shaking his head, he  
takes it out, clenching it in a decision crisis. He grabs  
maps, grid patterns and papers and tosses them in the fire.

CUT TO:

TOMB

Heavy breathing with labored whispering

...If I push him to his side, I can  
feel his rib cage-there! A sticky  
crevice. His hair is curly-blood  
on his forehead...crown of thorns  
left their mark.

Peter weeps.

CUT TO:

CRUCIFIXION SITE

Peter is at the foot of the cross. He hears his agony,

slouching down to relieve pain in his feet; only to push up and lessen the spasms in his arms...again...and again—until he passes out. Lightning and thunder follow. He caresses the swollen bloody feet. Rain falls on the spoils abandoned by the soldiers.

CUT TO:

TOMB

...feel faint. I'll sit here...hold your hand and the shroud—shroud's capturing your image and likeness.

A SERIES of external images

--Alex's smiling face telling Peter not to doubt  
 --Fr. Gerry counseling Peter at hospital  
 --Nick Parseconis waving book shouting "Remember, Christ was no more than a man"

...a dead man with me in a tomb! I'm in here with the corpse of God's son? Come on! Really! You could be any ordinary man crucified for any number of crimes. What do you look like, anyway? How can I identify you? Even if I could see you!

MORE IMAGES appear before him.

--Cathedrals world-wide, praising his name  
 --Hierarchy holding high a gilded gospel before the masses  
 --Bishops, clergy, proclaiming holy words scribed by men

...But I'm the one here to witness. The one without faith. Why me? Maybe nothing happens. What if my destiny is to remove the body and preserve the legacy!

Tell me, If you're the one, speak! Am I to fulfill the Passover Plot, to remove you? They must not find us here. If I wait too long the future will be radically different. I have to get us out of here! ...taking too long! Losing my mind!

We hear digging and stabbing sounds into the soft clay. He frantically claws. Clumps of clay fall to the ground.

Why? Why? Why Me?

CUT TO:

LAB

Nelson places the scroll on the fire, reluctantly. It glows and ignites. It crackles and puffs emitting a spicy smell. The glow gets brighter and reaches out to him. He beholds the light hypnotically.

CUT TO:

TOMB

Peter notices a faint shadow on the wall and stops the frantic digging. Unsure of what's happening, he turns his head reluctantly and with fear. From the corner of his eye he observes a dim glow developing, gradually getting brighter. The enclosure acquires definition. We now barely make out Peter, standing awestruck.

CUT TO:

LAB

The growing flames dance on Nelson's face.

CUT TO:

TOMB

Continuing to turn his head, the chamber glows brighter on Peter's face. He is spellbound. He looks at his hands. He sees the blood.

CUT TO:

LAB

NELSON'S FACE. The reflection of the fire rages and scales up his face.

CUT TO:

TOMB

PETER'S FACE. The light intensifies, forcing him to look away. He hears a pinging sound as his prism surrounds him with pure white light.

CUT TO:

LAB

The fire consumes everything. Nelson adds more papers and files to the fire. He stares with absorbing fascination. Nelson's face contorts—there's a blur in the air. His face begins to lose definition. He feels himself fading, his eyes pop in terror and screams.

CUT TO:

TOMB

Peter is dumbstruck with bewilderment. His face and hair turn ashen and his eyes, barely open. Everything turns to pure light, an unbearable whiteness. It increases and escalates. It ends in a lightning flash that passes through the prism splashing on Peter's smiling face.

FADE TO WHITE:

PETER

Pure unbroken light. No ROYGBIV

Awash with the light, beams pulsate through the tomb.

OUTSIDE

A network of intersecting meridians appear over the horizon. The streaks instantly cover the earth with a grid pattern and extend to infinity.

SMASH CUT:

MICHIGAN WHEAT FIELD

CLOSE ON

Peter shivering among the wheat stalks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RED DOLPHIN 2 WEEKS LATER — DAY — ESTABLISHING

Nelson sits with knees together and raised shoulders—just like a kid in a Lost & Found.

Sarah weaves among the patrons. She works her way and suddenly stops at a table near the corner of the patio.

A clean shaven Mack Sullivan sits talking to Nelson across the table. Nelson stares out of the window, over the ocean at the horizon. A flash of lightning scorches the surface followed by thunder. It begins to rain hard.

SARAH

Come on, honey. Let's go.

Mack stands, walks to Nelson. He shakes his shoulder.

MACK

You O.K.?

NELSON

Yeah, I'm fine. Trying to remember something, but...there's nothing.

Sarah and Mack look at each other. Mack opens a large umbrella on the way out, Nelson trailing behind.

SARAH

Nel, come under here—it's coming down hard. You'll get soaked!

(to Mack)

Ever since that dive, he's not been himself. Look at him.

MACK

Yeah. I'll be talking to him and  
then realize he hasn't heard a word.

Mack waves goodbye rushing over to his Jeep.

ANGLE ON JEEP

Mack merges into traffic amid a torrent of rain against his windshield. He suddenly slams on the brakes to avoid hitting a motorcycle.

SMASH CUT TO:

A GRAPHIC VISION

of cyclist being hit from behind and flying off bike. He envisions his Jeep driving over the biker. He grimaces.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON

Nelson starting the car. He turns on the wipers at full speed, pulls out of lot into the main drive. The windshield gets battered with rain and windows fog up reducing visibility to zero.

NELSON'S POV

HE ROUNDS a curve on the canyon road and faces glowing headlights ahead. An oncoming car skids out of control heading straight toward them. Nelson tries to avoid the collision, but there's nowhere to go. Time stops as he reaches over to protect Sarah.

An upside-down car is flying toward their windshield. Terrified, Nelson can't speak.

SARAH

Oh, my God!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD OFFICE — NEW YORK

CLOSE ON

Nick sitting at a desk talking on the phone. In front of him lies a bulky document entitled Peace Treaty.

NICK

Hans, I'll do anything in my power  
to bring you...

A man rushes into office and reaches to shake Nick's hand.

MAN

Excuse me Nick, I'm Zach. Please give me the treaty and follow me to the board room. They're waiting.

ROSEWOOD SHRINE

CLOSE ANGLE

on the Egyptian god. We pull away to reveal the weak halos of light over the table. No one is sitting. Different conversations exchange across the room creating a din of riotous revelry. We see everyone now.

VOICE

Quiet everyone! Let's hear the announcement.

They focus on a large flat screen behind the bar.

ANNOUNCER

Live from Tel Aviv...A special report...

NEWS ANCHOR

Well, it's official, but tragic!  
The peace treaty is gone. Yes, gone!  
...simply disappeared into thin air.

An unnamed source said someone stole the original peace document from the prime minister's desk.

Both sides are blaming each other for sabotaging the peace treaty agreed to only days ago in Geneva. The peace initiatives driven by President Reagan and Prime Minister Shimon Peres have evaporated.

The delegations have walked off angry with gestures of rejection, hurling epithets at each other...

The men stand and applaud, looking at Nick. He now sits at a center seat.

ZACH

(holding up Treaty)  
Guess what happened to it!



More applause and kudos follow. Nick acknowledges the accolades from his brothers.

ANGLE ON

Two members enjoying the moment.

BROTHER

He's done well, Zach. Great job!  
Between us, I was worried about him.  
I don't know how, But he did it!

ZACH

Yes, he earned membership. Brother  
Leonard, we've come a long way.  
We're now able to destabilize at  
will. We finally achieved total  
rule. Now, we control Time!

Nick looks up and sees Zach and another man.

ZACH

Nick, this is Leonard. We have a  
special mission we want to talk  
to you about.

Leonard steps up to shake Nick's hand. Holding a folder with "NELS..." visible on the tab, he grabs Nick's arm and whispers.

LEONARD

Beyond the grid.

Nick's eyes widen, his hands covering a scroll. He raises his hand to return the greeting. We make out some foreign letters that translate into "Pray Codex."

CUT TO:

INT. MICHIGAN CABIN — DAY

Peter impatiently paces while Alex mumbles incoherently about the scrolls. A gust of wind passes through the open door and papers fly all over.

ALEX

Cum Laude, did you do it?  
The scrolls...the scrolls, you  
know? Did you get them?. Need  
to show Volkan—this will shut  
them up for good...Peter show me!  
We will prove it to all..  
The scrolls will reveal it all.

Alex continues ruminating in an unintelligible monologue.

PETER

Alex, stop! Stop! Let me think!  
I can't remember a damn thing!  
Why is everything so dark here?  
I can barely see! Damn it all!

His searching eyes explore the whole cabin. He examines papers on the table, on the floor, even outside with wild desperation. He tosses papers, charts and books around the room, looking for clues.

He stops to watch Alex rock back and forth settling in the fetal position, mumbling. Peter cups his ears and paces aimlessly. He rushes to the bathroom and looks at himself. His pupils are unusually tiny. He notices deeper furrows and wrinkles—his hair, wild like the Baptist.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN — 7 MONTHS, 7 DAYS LATER — DAY

Papers and books are neatly placed on the desk. A Bible and several prisms are on the leather chair. Alex is asleep. Peter paces the floor. In mid-stride a look of recollection fills his eyes. He picks up Nick's coin wrapper from the desk. He sees only one word now: S oud.

hr

CLOSE ON

His pupils widen. He goes outside and walks in the wheat. His eyes stretch wide while his hand releases the wrapper in the wind. He holds the coin up in the sun and rotates it. His mouth drops.

PETER (V.O.)

Duality! Shrouded in darkness  
for 2,000 years.

FLASH OF IMAGES

--Fr. Gerry urges him to go back and witness  
--Peter dragged off the podium at seminary  
--In the pyramid with the prism  
--Nick shoots at Jacob in Mexico  
--The wounds...the blood...The white light

PETER (V.O.)

My, God, I can't believe it!

He spots Alex slouched over in the rocker, arms hanging—a scroll on his lap. He rushes and stumbles toward the cabin.

Alex! ALEX! He did it! He  
traveled from the dawn of Time  
with the light...don't need the  
scrolls anymore.

Peter stares at Alex and nudges his shoulder.

Alex, listen, Alex, ALEX...

Peter weeps uncontrollably, touching the faint frozen smile on Alex's face. He clasps his hands. Tears spill down the corners of his mouth.

Alex, Wake up! It's me, Peter!  
(V.O.)  
My God, he's still warm.

The scroll falls and rolls on the floor. He picks it up and reads Alex's handwriting:

*It's the light! Seize the light!  
Then we can...*

The writing trails off into scribble. Peter's tears fall on the scroll and the message dissolves off the edge.

He walks outside into the sea of wheat, confused.

PETER (V.O.)  
...Then we can...

A breeze whispers through the undulating waves and caresses his face. He's jolted into a look of enlightenment.

PETER (V.O.)  
Alex figured it out!  
Then we can...scroll forward...to  
...a world without Time,  
...a New Beginning.

PAN TO:

SKY SHOT

Flash of White Light

FADE OUT