

**WATCHMAKER**

A HALF-HOUR TELEVISION PILOT

"Rose"

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TEASER

Note: All *italicized* dialogue is spoken in ancient Egyptian.

FADE IN:

ON BLACK SCREEN:

"Having your heart weighed is no bed of roses. Think of a Divine Assessor as a judgy Mom." - *Book of the Damned*, Anonymous. 4th Millennium BC"

1 EXT. TWELFTH GATE OF THE EGYPTIAN UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

1

Plumes of clouds suffocate the mysteriously tinted sky.

Shades of gold, brown and gray illuminate the 'Eye of Horus' etched into the cedar curved prow of the funerary barge. Dark blue water ripples with each stroke from the twelve golden tipped wooden oars.

Reflected image of NITOCRIS (20s), an Egyptian Queen, flickers in the passing waves. Nitocris is the passenger of honor in the funeral barge.

A streak of moonlight highlights the image of Nitocris, arms raised to the rising sun, brilliantly painted on the stern of the funeral barge.

Funeral barge fades into a fog bank.

An arm, adorned with a gold armlet, extends to Nitocris.

Nitocris places her hand upon the armlet and rises. Her form-fitting sheath dress silhouettes her beauty. A silver and gold faience collar glimmers beneath her coal black, box braided, hair. A winged golden pectoral necklace, adorned with turquoise, garnet, and green feldspar jewels, lay across her chest.

Nitocris steps off the funeral barge. She faces two massive golden gated doors supported by two dark, dull green, white-mottled serpentine, columns. The emerald 'Eye of Ra' shines from the center of the closed doors. The twelfth and final gate to the Hall of Osiris, the place of final judgment.

Nitocris stands confidant in all her splendor.

NITOCRIS

I have no eternal sins to atone for.  
I avenged my brother and my virtue.

A faint steady DRUM BEATS.

A human heart is placed in a scale and weighed against a feather.

The heavy heart falls fast.

Nitocris shuts her eyes and bows in defeat.

The emerald 'Eye of Ra' glows.

Nitocris vanishes.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

2

'Eye of Ra' is seen in the eye of Nitocris, a 20-year-old expectant mother in this life.

A faint steady HEART BEATS.

Room is candlelit. A single window lets in the moonlight. A bed, chair and dresser outfit the room.

Nitocris moans and groans through a contraction.

ANNETTE CAMPBELL (30s), a woman of Egyptian descent attired as a midwife in a short woolen cloak, attends to Nitocris.

SUPER: "Country home outside Philadelphia. April 5th, 1891"

Annette pats a cool damp cloth on Nitocris' forehead.

ANNETTE

Praise the gods I found you before  
Amon could hunt you down.

Nitocris grimaces and gives her a quizzical look.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

You truly don't remember?

Nitocris looks confused.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Halls of Pepi? Memphis?

Nitocris stares into Annette's eyes and gapes.

NITOCRIS

Akila?

Akila places a single finger over Nitocris' lips.

ANNETTE

Hush. Do not speak my name. We  
mustn't attract mortal attention.  
Remember the witch trials.

Annette removes her woolen cloak placing it over a chair.

NITOCRIS

Witches?

ANNETTE

Yes, witches. Mortals extinguish all they cannot control. Much the same as you, my Queen.

Nitocris groans through another contraction. Annette dutifully positions herself between Nitocris' open legs.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Look at you. You have defiled your body in this life.

Annette sighs. Nitocris struggles to remember.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

We must be pure, body and soul. Breathe now. Breathe deeply.

Nitocris obediently breathes deeply. Another contraction. She groans as she remembers.

NITOCRIS

Or be damned to eternal life.

Annette pops her head up.

ANNETTE

Yes. Only two may pass. One soul will remain. Eternally damned. A lesson for all who sin without repentance.

Contractions come faster. Nitocris moans.

NITOCRIS

Amon's knowledge grows. He came -

ANNETTE

Closer. Yes. He grows stronger with each passing. Breath. Breath.

Nitocris labors as she breathes in and out.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

We must find the light to transcend, and we cannot allow him to win. Now push. Push.

Nitocris grunts as she pushes.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

You failed again in this life. Push.

Nitocris screams in childbirth.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
We must do better in the next.

A girl is born. Nitocris reaches for her infant.

Annette swaddles the infant in a white sheet and turns away from Nitocris. Infant fails to cry or breathe. She shows no signs of life.

Nitocris is bug-eyed as she gazes at her unresponsive infant.

Annette caresses the infant's forehead.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
You must live. Live, my love.

Annette swaddles the infant and gently places it in an open dresser drawer.

NITOCRIS  
What's happening? What do you mean,  
you must live? Is she --?

ANNETTE  
Awaiting your soul.

Nitocris gasps. Annette comes eye to eye with Nitocris.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
Now, you remember the curse. You know  
what must be done.

Nitocris gapes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

3 INT. BANQUET HALL - ANCIENT EGYPT

3

Nitocris and Akila (Annette) receive guests at a well-attended wedding feast. Colorful hieroglyphics adorn the walls. A long green granite banquet table sits centered in the room.

Nitocris glares at a strapping soldier.

Soldier glares back at Nitocris in utter disgust.

She winks.

He gives her a quizzical look.

AMON (30s), an Egyptian Priest, greets Akila and Nitocris. He cannot take his lust and hate filled eyes off Nitocris. He bows and kisses Nitocris' hand.

Amon and Nitocris are eye to eye.

He grins.

She winks.

He gives her a look.

She smiles.

Nitocris looks into Akila's eyes and whispers.

NITOCRIS

This is our time, my love.

Akila whispers back into Nitocris' ear.

AKILA

Tonight, we dine in the halls of  
Osiris.

Nitocris and Akila are toasted by the guests seated at the granite banquet table.

Nitocris and Akila passionately kiss.

A powerful stream of water crashes through the doors and floods the banquet hall.

Nitocris and Akila look on with great satisfaction at the scene of panic and death.

END FLASHBACK.

Nitocris gasps in horror. Annette grins.

ANNETTE

It's all coming back, isn't it? It  
always does.

NITOCRIS

The soldier. He murdered my brother.  
He murdered the King. And Amon --

ANNETTE

He took you. He forced himself upon  
you.

NITOCRIS

We killed them. All of them.

ANNETTE

Yes, my Queen. You killed them.

NITOCRIS

We died, too?

ANNETTE

Many times, my love. Many times.

NITOCRIS

Many times?

Annette grabs a pillow. Her eyes turn ruby red.

ANNETTE

To save your soul from oblivion.

Nitocris hyperventilates in panic.

Annette holds the pillow down tight over Nitocris' face.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Your body must be pure. Your heart  
light as the feather of Ma'at, or I  
will never transcend.

Nitocris cries and struggles in protest. It is all in vain.  
Her body goes limp. She is dead.

Annette clasps an ancient Egyptian amulet pendant on her  
necklace and shuts her eyes.

Sudden gust of wind extinguishing the candles.

Nitocris' soul, in the form of a bird with Nitocris' head,  
emerges from her dead body and flies round the room before  
it enters the infant's lifeless body.

Annette sighs in exhaustion and opens her eyes. She rubs the  
infant's back.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Return to me. Breath.

Infant gasps and cries.

Annette gathers up the swaddled infant in her arms.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Awake in peace, my Queen.



Infant wide-eyed listens to the prayer.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
(Subtitled in  
English)  
*O Goddess, Daughter of Nut, Daughter  
of Geb, Beloved of Osiris, Goddess  
rich in names. All praise to You. All  
praise to You. I adore You. I adore  
You. Lady Isis! Guide her to atone  
for her sins in this new life.*

Infant peacefully closes her eyes.

Annette gazes lovingly at the infant.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
I promise to keep your earthly body  
safe from defilement until your  
mortal mind becomes aware of your  
eternal soul.

Annette gazes on Nitocris' lifeless body.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
Your soul has passed on. There is no  
damnation in the flame.

Annette blows on the candle and it lights. With a wave of  
her hand, she sends the candle flying into the window  
drapes.

Drapes ignite in flames.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
My happiness shall not be denied.

4 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - FOGGY NIGHT

4

Annette, without her woolen cloak, steals away into the  
countryside with the infant.

House is aflame against the eerie evening fog.

5 EXT. ROAD - FOGGY NIGHT

5

Annette, infant cradled in her arms, hurries down the road  
towards what appears to be a Catholic convent in the  
distance. She gazes longingly at infant.

ANNETTE

Amon will come for you. Much faster.  
Hear me when I say; in this life and  
onward, the extermination of evil  
must illuminate your path.

6 EXT. CONVENT - FOGGY NIGHT

6

Annette, swaddled infant cradled in her arms, waits at the  
convent gate.

NUN slowly appears through the mist. She notices the infant  
and smiles.

Annette and Nun face each other through the locked gate.

ANNETTE

She has no family. I didn't know  
where else to turn. Her name is --

Annette's eyes land on single red rose poking out against  
the gray mist.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Rose.

Nun nods and unlocks the gate.

Annette reluctantly passes infant through the opening in the  
gate and into the Nun's care.

Nun smiles as she shuts the gate.

Annette takes a few steps and comes to a halt.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

Wait.

Annette returns to the gate. She reaches into her purse,  
begins to pull out an ancient Egyptian wedding ring but  
stops. She blows a soft loving kiss at infant. Keeps the  
ring.

Annette takes a few steps and mysteriously vanishes into the  
evening fog.

Nun, bug-eyed, frantically blesses herself.

7 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

7

Amon and JOHN (30s), two Egyptian men cloaked in black, gaze through the morning haze at the smoldering remains of the house. Only the yellow cobblestone foundation and red masonry fireplace left intact.

AMON

This is the place?

JOHN

Yes, Amon. I have it on good authority, but I wasn't expecting this.

Amon, cold disposition, looks at John in disbelief.

John, happy-go-lucky disposition, casually shrugs.

AMON

Nor I.

JOHN

Once again, we're late, master.

Amon raises a callous eyebrow.

AMON

We?

They search the smoldering ruins and John is first to locate the charred remains of Nitocris' former body. He places a hand on the body.

JOHN

Hey. Over here. She's still warm.

Amon glares in disbelief at John from across the smoldering ashes. He approaches.

JOHN (cont'd)

This is bad news, master, for if her soul was set aflame --

AMON

Endgame. I would have no hope to return her to Duat.

JOHN

I'm confused. If you return her, the Divine Assessors will forgive you?

AMON  
It's complicated.

JOHN  
Seems like she's more important.

Amon's glare goes unnoticed by John.

JOHN (cont'd)  
And, how exactly did she escape your  
awesome grasp?

AMON  
Maybe John prefers Mogadishu? Yes?

John frantically shakes his head.

AMON (cont'd)  
Then, do your job and let me do mine.

John nods in obedience.

Amon kneels down next to Nitocris.

JOHN  
Must you, master? You know how I hate  
the brain scans.

AMON  
Silence, fool. I must concentrate.

Amon curiously runs a finger across the charred body. He is transfixed in his odd examination. Slowly his finger moves up and over her face and, with the ease of a surgeon, he clasps both hands onto her head. His body shakes with a gentle tremor. His grip tightens as his eyes roll back in his head.

John steps back in fear.

Amon opens his eyes. He is crestfallen.

JOHN  
Is it not her?

AMON  
She escapes.

JOHN  
Again?

AMON

Yes, again. This spent life carried  
her through to the next. The hunt  
begins here.

JOHN

(Thinks out loud)

It's as if someone new --

AMON

We were coming. But who?

Amon stands and scans the horizon.

John scans the ashes.

JOHN

Yes. Who?

AMON

I have you. What little you offer.

John looks at Amon in utter disbelief and disdain.

AMON (cont'd)

Something is amiss. In each passing,  
the closer we come to her, yet the  
more hands guide her escape.

John returns to studying the charred remains.

JOHN

Who guides her?

AMON

Yes - who? Have no fear. It won't be  
so easy. Not in this turn. My powers  
grow. We can move forward.

JOHN

(Whispers)

The future.

AMON

The future shall provide many clues.  
There is hope.

JOHN

Hope is our friend and our foe.

Amon raises an eyebrow at John.

John grins as his eyes land on the burnt remains of Annette's woolen cloak.

Amon continues to ramble to the deaf ears of John.

AMON

Time is our friend. Her weakness.  
It's hard to hide in a lie.

Amon shuts his eyes and opens his hands in prayer.

John stands over the piece of cloak; turns his head to study the stitching and smiles.

Vision of Nitocris, elegant in her wedding day attire, appears in Amon's mind's eye.

AMON (cont'd)

Why do you run from me? Do I not  
praise Hathor, goddess from Thebes.

Nitocris pays no notice to Amon as she sets a snake beaded crown on her head.

Amon bows his head.

John, ignoring Amon, pulls the piece of cloak from the ashes and oddly examines it.

AMON (cont'd)

My head bows to the greatness of her  
name. I pray for her forgiveness.

Nitocris and Amon come eye to eye.

AMON (cont'd)

Still your beauty haunts my soul.

Amon reaches out to Nitocris.

She steps away.

AMON (cont'd)

Why do you run from me?

John hides the piece of cloak in his pocket. He rolls his eyes at Amon theatrics.

JOHN

I'm right here, master.

Amon opens his eyes.

Vision of Nitocris vanishes.

Amon glares at John.

JOHN (cont'd)

What?

Amon glares at Nitocris' cremated remains.

AMON

You and I - lost in the dark  
nothingness. So, send my Eye to look  
for you. When you are found, together  
forever we are entwined. Regardless  
of time, your soul will be mine.

John slides his hand into his pocket and clutches the piece  
of wool cloak. Suddenly, as if he solved the puzzle.

JOHN

Akila.

Amon gives him a quizzical look.

AMON

Nonsense.

John nods and grins. He renews his search for clues.

AMON (cont'd)

She's been dead for eons, you moron.  
Besides, she murdered Nitocris.

John whispers under his breath as he scans the ruins.

JOHN

To save her soul from you.

Amon thinking out loud.

AMON

She opened the sluice gate. She  
drowned us all.

JOHN

Yet her soul passed on?

Amon grimaces. He struggles to remember.

AMON

No. She should be as you. Eternally  
damned.

JOHN

She could be in Duat.

Amon tires of John.

AMON

Perhaps, you should check.

Amon snaps his fingers.

John vanishes.

AMON (cont'd)

I need a break.

Amon stands alone in the gray ashes of the ruins. The morning sun has burned off the haze. It is clear. He sighs.

AMON (cont'd)

Hide and go seek again.

## 8 INT. CONVENT/HALL - DAY

8

MOTHER SUPERIOR (60s), serious woman who carries herself with confidence, bids good-morning to passing nuns and postulants with a silent blessing as she makes her way to the lavatory.

SUPER: "April 5, 1901"

## 9 INT. CONVENT/LAVATORY

9

Lavatory is brightly lit. Three white sinks adorn the white tiled wall. The room is empty except for ROSE (10), Nitocris in this life, leaning over the center sink. Her face pressed as close to the mirror as possible.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Good morning, Rose.

Rose is completely absorbed in what she observes in the mirror. She does not notice Mother Superior.

Mother Superior gingerly steps behind Rose and peers over her shoulder into the mirror.

Rose's concentration is broken. Her eyes move to Mother Superior for a moment. Rose returns to her mirror experiment.



ROSE

Have you ever looked into a mirror and moved your eyes back and forth, so that you're looking at your left eye, then your right eye, and then your left again? As your eyes shift they take time to move, yet you never see them move. They stare straight back at you.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Is this one of your science games?

Rose washes her hands.

ROSE

Time is essential to our survival.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Rose, why can't you play like the other children.

Rose returns her eyes to the mirror. Tries again to catch her eye movement.

ROSE

How is it we can distinguish between sounds as little as a fraction of a second apart?

Rose dries her hands.

ROSE (cont'd)

Where does the missing moment go?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Are you sure you're ten years old?

ROSE

I know things. It's all science. Something inside me tells me the missing moment has importance. Time matters.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10 INT. HOSPITAL/NURSE OFFICE - DAY

10

Bright lights illuminate a cluttered office.

Annette, much older, sits at her desk contemplating a mound of paper work. She swivels her chair to the window. Turns on a fan and glides her chair back to her desk. She licks her finger and pulls a single form from the stack. She loads the form into the typewriter. She glances up at the calendar on the wall.

Typewriter clacks out the date; "September 5, 1911."

11 INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY

11

John materializes out of thin air. He squints as the hospital is painfully white and bright. He retrieves the piece of cloak from his pocket and sniffs the wool. Grins with confidence and returns the wool to his pocket.

Suddenly, from behind John, an Orderly brushes past pushing an empty gurney and abruptly stops and parks in front of closed elevator doors.

John curiously watches as Orderly pushes a button on the wall. The button lights. Orderly turns and nods to John.

John mimics the behavior and returns the nod. Slowly taking a seat at a wooden bench across from the elevator doors. His eyes study the Orderly and the Elevator button.

With the DING of a bell the elevator doors magically pop open. Orderly backs the gurney into the car. Doors slowly begin to close. Orderly tips his imaginary cap to John.

John is gob smacked.

JOHN

The future.

John stands, impressed by the event he just witnessed, and returns to his search. Methodically he searches poking his head in and out of every room, always ignored by the laboring occupants and busy staff.

The same orderly and gurney return loaded with a woman screaming in labor. As the gurney zooms past, John's eyes land on Annette in an office across the hall dutifully pounding away at her typewriter.

John slides his hand into his pocket and retrieves the piece of cloak. He sniffs the wool. His eyes brighten with confidence.

12 INT. HOSPITAL/NURSE OFFICE

12

John pokes his head in the open office doorway. His disapproving eyes scan the cluttered office. He speaks using a proper English accent.

JOHN

Good morning. Nurse --

John's eyes move to beautiful framed certificate on the wall: "NURSING CERTIFICATE; Blessing Hospital - Training School for Nurses; Graduate: Jessie Annette Campbell."

JOHN (cont'd)

Campbell?

Annette continues typing.

John eyes her dark black hair braided under a white cap.

ANNETTE

Yes. Please, come in. What can I do for you?

A breeze from a rotating fan interrupts his lusty stare. He shuts his eyes for a moment as cool breeze blows his hair. He points to the chair in front of Annette's desk.

JOHN

May I?

Annette, typing, nods.

John takes a seat and notices the odd braided cord connected to a steaming electric kettle on the table behind Annette. He has never seen such a thing. The kettle shines in the brightly lit room.

Annette looks up from her typing.

John continues to stare at the steaming pot.

ANNETTE

Where are my manners? Tea?

John nods. He looks perplexed.

JOHN

Please.

Annette swivels her chair to the table with kettle. She opens the table drawer filled with homemade tea bags.

John attempts to swivel his chair to no avail. He watches in wonderment as Annette pours steaming water into cups from the magic kettle. She begins to dip tea bags. John is hypnotized by the movement of the tea bags.

ANNETTE

Sugar, Mr.?

John snaps from his trance. His eyes return to the Nursing Certificate on the wall.

JOHN

Blessing. Dr. Blessing. Yes. Sugar.

Annette drops two squares of sugar into a cup. John watches intently. She offers him a cup.

ANNETTE

Here you are, Dr. Blessing.

John holds the cup. He stares in confusion at the tea bag.

Annette moves tea bag up and down in the cup.

John mimics Annette and slowly dips his tea bag. He smiles as dark fluid streams from the bag.

JOHN

Will wonders never cease?

ANNETTE

I agree. Birth is a miracle. That's what attracted me to obstetrics. How may I help you, Doctor?

John, fixated on his cup, repeatedly dips his tea bag.

JOHN

I come with an inquiry for the birth - a birth. I trust you keep meticulous records.

ANNETTE

Dr. Blessing, I assure you we document all births.

Annette grimaces as she pats the mound of paperwork.

John spies a pamphlet peeking out from beneath the stack of papers: "WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION - Independence Square Philadelphia - Saturday, September 30, 1911."

Annette takes up paper and pencil.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
Date of birth?

John takes out a small black leather-bound notebook and pretends to collect the date from the book.

JOHN  
I believe. - Ah, yes. April 5th,  
1891.

Annette jots down the date.

ANNETTE  
Boy or girl?

JOHN  
Woman - a girl; yes, girl of course.

Annette gives him a look and jots down "girl."

She glides her swivel chair to a file cabinet and searches for the record.

Like an inspector, John pencils down "Woman. Suffer. 9-30-11 go there!"

He slides his notebook into his breast pocket and grins.

He attempts to swivel his chair again.

Annette flips to the folder dated "April, 1891."

ANNETTE  
Sorry, no female infants were  
delivered here on April 5th, 1891.

JOHN  
I see.

ANNETTE  
I'm sorry I couldn't be of more help.

JOHN  
My search continues.

John smiles and sets the tea cup on Annette's desk.

JOHN (cont'd)  
The tea was simply wonderful. You  
have been most helpful.

John stands and takes one last glance at all the gadgets in  
the room.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Ma'a salaameh.

ANNETTE  
Good bye to you, too.

John gapes.

ANNETTE (cont'd)  
Egyptian?

JOHN  
Excuse me?

ANNETTE  
You are Egyptian?

JOHN  
No. No. Somalian. And you? You are?

ANNETTE  
Libyan. But your accent?

JOHN  
Raised in London. Four years at  
Cambridge was the finishing touch, I  
would say.

Annette's eyes meet John's for a moment.

John shyly bows his head and makes his way to the door.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Maybe we will meet again and share  
more of our ancient history, yes?

John walks out into the hallway.

Annette follows as far as the doorway and stares at John  
with a look of suspicion as he makes his way down the hall.

John looks back and smiles.

Annette closes the door and locks it.

ANNETTE

(Subtitle in English)

*He will come.*

Annette opens the desk drawer and retrieves a key. She unlocks a small drawer at a side table, where she retrieves a little box. She carefully opens the box. Inside shines a gold banded wedding ring. A large emerald center around diamonds glitter in the light. She slides it onto her finger. A perfect fit.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

It is time, my Rose.

13 INT. CONVENT/ROSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

The room is plain, tidy, and neat. A single window lets in the starlight. A bed, chair and dresser outfit the room. The cross of Jesus hangs from the wall above the bed.

Rose, now a 20-year-old postulate, struggles in her sleep. She moves restlessly. Her closed eyes twitch back and forth.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

14 INT. HOUSE OF LIFE/CLASSROOM - ANCIENT EGYPT - DAY

14

Nobles, young Egyptian boys and girls, sit attentive and prepared to receive a lesson at ornately carved wooden desks. Walls are adorned with hieroglyphics. Rules of discipline, papyrus, ink and quills, and was-scepter are neatly on the High Priest's desk.

SUPER: "House of Life. Heliopolis, Ancient Egypt."

HIGH PRIEST (adult), serious Egyptian man, scans the class of Nobles. He grins in satisfaction. His right-hand slides across the was-scepter laying on his desk. Scepter is adorned with a head of snake at the crown and the long, straight staff is forked at the end. He picks up the was-scepter.

High Priest taps the marble floor. In a booming voice, he begins the days lesson.

HIGH PRIEST

Atum created the world out of chaos,  
utilizing his own magic.

High Priest waves the was-scepter in a magical motion.

Nobles look round and smile in wonderment.

High Priest walks among the Nobles while he taps his was-scepter on the floor.

Nobles pay attention to the High Priest.

HIGH PRIEST (cont'd)  
Atum's magic, lives in everything.  
His magic lives in you.

High Priest's eyes lock onto one of the Nobles, a shy girl.

HIGH PRIEST (cont'd)  
When you are born, this magic takes  
the form of the soul, an eternal  
force which resided in and with every  
one of you.

High Priest stands in the middle of the classroom.

Noble, a boy, sneaks a peak at the girl. He smiles.

She shyly lowers her head. She sneaks a peek back.

Boy returns a smile.

HIGH PRIEST (cont'd)  
You are of royal blood; a blood which  
traces time to the beginning.

High Priest smacks the back of the flirtatious boy with the was-scepter.

END FLASHBACK.

Rose sits up in bed and takes a heavy breath. She struggles to make sense of her dream. She goes to an open window. A gentle breeze blows her nightgown.

ROSE  
Am I not of this time?

Mother Superior bids goodnight to the postulants with a silent blessing as she makes her bed check rounds. She comes to Rose's room and finds it empty. She sighs and rolls her eyes at the sight of the open window leading out to the roof.



16 EXT. CONVENT/ROOF

16

A chilly night. Pitch black with no clouds nor moon.

Rose lays back on the red clay tiled rooftop. She stares at the brilliantly lit stars.

Mother Superior pops her head out the window.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Rose, get in here at once. Did you have another dream?

ROSE

I'd rather not talk about it.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

As you wish. Remember to let Father know at confession. The Lord will guide you.

ROSE

Yes. Of course. But for now, I'll find my comfort in my stars.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

God guides our soul.

ROSE

Stars and the Lord seek the same thing.

Mother Superior gives her a look.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

And what is it the stars seek?

Rose holds her hands out as if balancing the sky on scales.

ROSE

Harmony.

Mother Superior in a sarcastic tone.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Please, enlighten me.

ROSE

It's hidden. Something much deeper than you or I could comprehend.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

All the truths you seek shall be revealed to us in our next life. Now, please come in before you catch your death.

ROSE

Surely, you're not suggesting we waste this life?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

It's late. I'm tired. Come to bed and we can have one of our little chats in the morning.

Rose gazes at the stars.

Mother Superior sighs.

ROSE

The stars don't hide. The constellations are so trustworthy. They keep the cosmic beat.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

So do clocks. It's well past ten bells. Time for sleep.

Rose scoffs.

ROSE

Clocks. Terrific machines, but sadly flawed. They only offer at best a convenient fiction for time.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I've had quite enough, young lady. Now off to bed.

Rose rolls her eyes. She takes one last look at the illuminated sky and steps in through the window.

17 INT. CONVENT/ROSE'S ROOM

17

Rose is in bed. Mother Superior is half out the door.

ROSE

A clock's premise is that time ticks steadily forward. I disagree. I believe time often skips a beat and doubles back. It makes me sad.

Mother Superior gives her a quizzical look.

ROSE (cont'd)  
If time isn't eternal, then nothing  
is. Not even hope.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Your soul is eternal.

ROSE  
I can't wrap my mind around it.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
My child, it's quite simple. You and  
I have eternal life. We may kill our  
body, or it may die of age or  
disease, but the life of your soul is  
not ours to take or keep.

ROSE  
What if we can't die?

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Our soul lives forever.

ROSE  
I don't know what it's like to be  
ill. All the other girls get sick. I  
never do. Am I strange?

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
You're blessed. Now goodnight.

Mother Superior steps out and closes the door behind her.

ROSE  
Some souls don't die?

18 INT. CONVENT/CHAPEL - DAY

18

Rose kneels in front of a Virgin Mary statue. She lights a  
candle and blesses herself.

ROSE  
Hail Mary full of Grace, the Lord is  
with thee. Blessed are thou amongst  
women and blessed is the fruit of thy  
womb Jesus. Holy Mary Mother of God,  
pray for us sinners now and at the --

Rose drifts into a trance as she gazes upon the statue of  
the Virgin Mary.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

19 INT. PRINCESS BED CHAMBER - ANCIENT EGYPT - NIGHT

19

Egyptian female servants wash and clothe Nitocris (Rose), now an Egyptian Princess. She lies down on her bed.

Servants exit.

Guards close the chamber doors and stand watch.

Nitocris slowly falls into a deep sleep and begins to dream of a beautiful royal wedding. Her wife, Akila, stands ready at the alter in all her glory.

Nitocris' eyes pop open.

Wind blows the flames of the dimly lit torches.

Nitocris senses a presence.

From nowhere, a dark image forces himself on top of her. It's Amon.

She tries to scream but she cannot find her voice.

Amon's hand covers her mouth.

She struggles but can't break free.

Evil streams from Amon's eyes.

Her eyes show the horror of the violation as he takes her.

Convent BELL TOLLS.

END FLASHBACK.

Rose snaps out of the trance. She's physically shaken.

ROSE

At the hour of our death.  
Amon.

20 INT. CONVENT/HALL

20

Rose makes her way down the long lonely hallway. She stops at Mother Superior's office and blesses herself. She knocks on the door.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (O.S.)  
Come in, my child.

Rose opens the door.

21 INT. CONVENT/OFFICE

21

Rose sits facing Mother Superior across a large desk.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
It has come to my attention you had  
another one of your episodes. Is this  
true?

ROSE  
Yes, Reverent Mother.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Why is it that the simple mention of  
'amen' sends you into the depths of  
despair, or worse, a fit of rage?

ROSE  
It's not amen. I think it's Amon.

Mother Superior gives her a quizzical look.

ROSE (cont'd)  
He's an Egyptian priest, I think. He  
comes for me in my nightmares.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Oh, my child. They are only dreams.

ROSE  
He haunts my thoughts. I think he,  
well we, are immortal.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Immortal? This is foolish talk. I  
will not have it.

ROSE  
I know my place. I am reincarnated.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
My child, please don't speak of such  
things. Let me help you.

ROSE  
No one can help me. He, will come for  
me, and you, soon.

Mother Superior gapes.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Forgiveness will bring you peace.

Rose, as if possessed, leans in close to Mother Superior from across the desk.

ROSE  
Amon is coming. I must leave this  
place. You are all in grave danger.

Mother Superior trembles with fear.

22 INT. CONVENT DORM - DAY

22

Rose's reflection in the mirror finishes box braiding her long black hair.

She turns. Her hands pick up the black folded nun's habit from the bed. She places it on the dresser.

She smiles at her reflection in the mirror. She is dressed in a bold fashion in her low-cut blouse. Her tight skirt falls to just above her ankle. She is transformed. She is the huntress.

ROSE  
(Subtitle in English)  
*All praise to you.*

She nods with confidence to her reflection in the mirror.

ROSE (cont'd)  
My work begins.

23 EXT. ROAD - DAY

23

Rose walks with purpose towards the city of Philadelphia. The convent grows smaller in the distance behind her.

24 INT. CONVENT/CHAPEL - DAY

24

Mother Superior leads nuns and postulates in prayer.

Door flies open. It's Annette.

Pray comes to an abrupt halt. Silence, save for Annette's steps as she makes her way to Mother Superior at the altar.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

May I help you? We are in the midst  
of services. This is quite irregular.

ANNETTE

Where is she?

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Where is who?

ANNETTE

Queen Nitocris, my Rose. Where is  
she?

Chatter from nuns and postulates. Some turn to leave.

Annette waves her arms and the doors slam shut.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

No one leaves until you produce her.

Annette's eyes turn ruby red.

Mother Superior gasps.

Nuns and postulates panic and tug at the doors to no avail.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Rose is gone. She left us.

Annette screams.

ANNETTE

No! Not after so many lifetimes!

Annette grasps Mother Superior's neck, chocking her.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

You had one simple job to do, and  
that was to keep my Queen safe from  
the world of men. You have failed me.

Annette chokes the life from Mother Superior and drops her  
to the alter.

Room is in full panic.

Annette, with a wave of her arms, casts a spell conjuring  
evil spirits that fly round the room, killing all the nuns  
and postulates.

Annette commands the evil spirits with arms high and wide.

ANNETTE (cont'd)

They know not what they have done.  
Leave no witness. Take their souls to  
Duat for judgment. I will not allow  
them to fall into Amon's hands.

The evil spirits fly from body to body. From each body, a  
soul consisting of a bird with human head emerges and flies  
with the evil spirits out of the room.

The spirits and souls departed; the room returns to normal.

Annette snaps her fingers and vanishes into thin air.

The door wiggles and opens.

In steps Amon and John. They gape at the carnage.

JOHN

Late again, master. Oh, my goodness,  
there are a lot of brains.

Amon deadpans.

25 EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREETS - DAY

25

Rose makes her way down busy sidewalks. She marvels at the  
busy city scene.

Church clock CHIMES the time of day.

The CHIMES catch Rose's attention and she gazes up at the  
church bell tower.

ROSE

Harmony of life is synchronicity.

Rose takes notice of the wristwatch on a passing man and  
then a broach watch worn by a fashionably attired woman.

ROSE (cont'd)

Tiny clocks. Machines that capture  
time. I must learn more.

END ACT TWO



TAG

26 EXT. TWELFTH GATE OF THE EGYPTIAN UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

26

Plumes of clouds suffocate the mysteriously tinted sky. The fog is heavy. Moonlight streaks across the dark blue water.

Several funeral barges emerge from the fog with a dozen rowers in each. The nuns from the convent are the passengers.

Nuns gape in awe as the barges approach the two massive golden gated doors supported by two dark, dull green, white-mottled serpentine, columns. The emerald 'Eye of Ra' shines from the center of the closed doors. The twelfth and final gate to the Hall of Osiris, the place of final judgment.

A faint steady DRUM BEATS.

The emerald 'Eye of Ra' glows.

Mother Superior taps an Egyptian Rower on the shoulder.

MOTHER SUPERIOR  
Where's Peter?

Egyptian Rower rolls his eyes at her.

FADE OUT.