

TB

1952

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A young man, FREDDIE SUTTON (early 20s) speaks to a DOCTOR;

DOCTOR

What are you going to do when you get out of here? You're going to have to wear a belt for six months, maybe a year...

FREDDIE

What kind of belt?

DOCTOR

A surgical belt. You won't be able to do very heavy lifting.

FREDDIE

...I try to stay away from that.

DOCTOR

But you spend time outdoors.

FREDDIE

mmmm

DOCTOR

What do you do?

FREDDIE

.....

DOCTOR

You didn't have very much on you when you were admitted. Where were you going?

FREDDIE

I was on my way to Placerville. To the Fair. Had a job waiting for me, with a friend of mine. He doesn't know where I am.

DOCTOR

How old are you, Freddie?

FREDDIE

28.

DOCTOR

Why don't you turn honest?
You seem like a an intelligent fellow.
Quick on your feet...you like to drink?

FREDDIE

It's a weakness. But I like it.

DOCTOR

I know what the other is too.

FREDDIE

...How can you tell that? I'm clean.

DOCTOR

The tattoo's.

FREDDIE

Is that a weakness...

DOCTOR

No one ever made money chasing girls.

FREDDIE

...you're wrong. This tatoo's y Auntie/

DOCTOR

Who's that?

FREDDIE

My Auntie Bertha, (she raised me.) But
that doesn't mean I don't have a
weakness...

DOCTOR

College?

FREDDIE

I tried that, it didn't work.

DOCTOR

Why'd you leave?

FREDDIE

.. Sometimes my hypo's get the best of
me, I really feel like walking into the
street and hitting people's hats off.

DOCTOR

That's how you end up like this. With a
burst appendix.

FREDDIE

That's when I know it's time to get to the sea...what kind of belt?

DOCTOR

A medical belt. Similar for lifting. You're going to need some money. What do you plan to do?

FREDDIE

I'm going to pay back the hospital. And you.

DOCTOR

You don't owe me anything. I' on surgical duty. But you're expected to pay the hospital for medicines. And your belt.

FREDDIE

Alright. I intend to do that. You saying you have a job for me? What? As an orderly?

DOCTOR

You couldn't be an orderly, it's too much lifting -- and a lot of things you'd have to learn. But maybe you could run an elevator, something of that sort.

FREDDIE

I want to get out of here, but I also like it here. You think I was gonna die?

DOCTOR

I know you were, Freddie.

FREDDIE

I don't know. I'm not saying you didn't save me.....but...I can't seem to die.

DOCTOR

Too lucky?

FREDDIE

Something like that.

DOCTOR

Were you in the service?

FREDDIE

Yes, sir.

DOCTOR

Navy?

FREDDIE
Yes, sir.

DOCTOR
Where?

FREDDIE
Pacific.

DOCTOR
Your luck was up this time, Freddie. You
should have seen the pus in your belly.
Something to think about.

It's not too late to stop being a
weissheimer, no matter what you think.
you're still a young man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

FREDDIE sitting in a chair, running the elevator. bored.
Moving up and down...START MUSIC. CARRIES OVER THE
FOLLOWING SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. WEEKS LATER. NIGHT.

FREDDIE, middle of the night, sneaks across the ward to a
sleeping patient's bed. He goes into the drawer next to
the bed, grabs WALLET/CASH

HALLWAY, DOCTOR'S OFFICE
Freddie places a note on the door of the Doctor. He walks
away, CAMERA sees the note, it reads:

"I'VE GONE TO CHINA. SEE YOU
AGAIN SOMETIME. THANK YOU
FOR YOUR HELP."

INT. GAMBLING CLUB / CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

FREDDIE amongst a GROUP OF MEN playing cards, dice, etc,
in a backroom gambling hall. He collects some money and
leaves. VERY VERY SMOKY HERE.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY WAY - LATER

Freddie walks into the alley, stuffing some money in his pockets - he's followed by a FIGURE. FREDDIE realizes, stops, SPINS AROUND AND PULLS KNIFE:

FREDDIE

You come any closer and I'll slice your gut -

FIGURE

I'm not after your dough, I just want to talk with you -

FREDDIE

You can talk standing in front of the restaurant, around the corner --

At that moment, TWO OTHER MEN come out of the shadows and JUMP FREDDIE, KNOCK HIM AROUND, TAKE HIS MONEY AND LEAVE.

He's left a little bloody, messy, no money in the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. CALDWELL'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

FREDDIE's got a job working in the PORTRAIT STUDIO OF AN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT STORE. He looks from behind the old camera, getting reactions. WE SEE THE VARIOUS PEOPLE IN SEQUENCE:

MILITARY MEN, SINGLE LADIES, FAMILIES, TODDLERS, OLD COUPLES, YOUTHFUL JUST MARRIED COUPLES. GET THEIR PHOTO'S TAKEN. He interacts with them all.

CUT TO:

INT. CALDWELL'S DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

CAMERA leads around a beautiful young woman names: DONNA (20) who is modelling a FUR COAT for the FEMALE CUSTOMERS in the COSMETICS SECTION.

DONNA

Hand made. Imported. Chinchilla. Only
\$49.99

She catches the eye of FREDDIE watching her. She moves around ,snaking towards him...CAMERA leads him out of the PHOTO DEPARTMENT and towards her, and they meet in the middle;

DONNA (CONT'D)
Only \$49.99, hand-made, imported.

FREDDIE
You have a break coming?

DONNA
Yes.

FREDDIE
When?

DONNA
15 minutes.

A BACK HALLWAY, BACK CLOSET, MOMENTS LATER.

He gets his little FLASK out...

FREDDIE
I saw you.

DONNA
I saw you first.

FREDDIE
What's your name?

DONNA
Donna. What's yours?

FREDDIE
Freddie.

DONNA
That's a nice name.

FREDDIE
This is homemade..

DONNA
Is it gonna kill me?

FREDDIE
Yes.

She sips it. Makes a face. Horrible.

DONNA
Uugugh.

FREDDIE
Taste good?

DONNA

Yeah.

They kiss each other.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I have an apricot belly. Want to see it?

She shows him her stomach.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm really a very good girl. What gives you this idea about me?

FREDDIE

Maybe we think the same things at the same time.

DONNA

Oh my good-ness. I think we do. Want to see my boobs?

FREDDIE

Yes.

She pulls her top down, the coat drapped around her...reveals her breasts -

DONNA

Are they nice?

FREDDIE

Yes.

DONNA

Hand made. Chinchilla. Imported. That's enough.

She pulls her top back up.

FREDDIE

Wanna go out tonight?

DONNA

Of course. Glillagh. What's in this? I think I'm cross eyed for good.

FREDDIE

I don't have any cigarettes...

DONNA

What do you make this liquor with?

FREDDIE
There's secrets in liquor, this is just
booze.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE. MOMENTS LATER.

They exit, move away from each other, both drunk..

CUT TO:

INT. PORTRAIT STUDIO AREA. LATER.

FREDDIE is very drunk and dealing with a very
IRRITABLE/VAIN BUSINESS MAN who can't stop doing his
hair...FREDDIE makes some smart ass comments (TBD) to THE
MAN. They argue back and forth until:

FREDDIE LOSES HIS TEMPER WITH THE MAN AND SNAPS. HE
KNOCKS OVER A LIGHT, DECIDES TO STEAL THE CAMERA WHILE
HE'S AT IT AND TAKE HIS HOME MADE BOOZE OF FILM
PROCESSING CHEMICALS WITH HIM. THE WHOLE TIME RANTING AND
RAVING AT THIS MAN.

SECURITY GUARDS come after him, Freddie runs off, through
the store -

DONNA WATCHES HIM GO. HE SHOUTS A FEW SWEET WORDS TO HER
AS HE GOES --

CUT TO:

INT. SPREKLES SUGAR FACTORY/BEST FARM - SALINAS, CALIF -
DAY

Maybe a few months later, FREDDIE looks worse for wear.
He's been hired to work at a BEET DISTILLATE as a BENCH
CHEMIST. The FOREMAN walks him through the process; it's
clear that there is enough chemicals and beets here to
make some good booze...

MEXICAN and FILIPINO workers HARVEST THE BEETS, load them
to wagons - unload/wash - end up with FREDDIE: He works
the bench, making his HOME MADE VODKA. This stuff is
quite toxic and very strong. He places it in small, side
container's --

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKHOUSE - EVENING.

Freddie and all the workers getting ready for a night out. He's got the Fillipino's and Mexican's working for him squeezing Lemons and Limes, Apples, Beet Juice, in with HOMEMADE POTION.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGRANGE DANCE HALL - NIGHT.

A LOCAL DANCE HALL outside SALINAS. SCENE BEGINS IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIGHT WITH FREDDIE/FARM WORKERS and some LOCAL KIDS. FREDDIE is very very VISCIOUS IN THIS FIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING

All of the MEN with Freddie have piled into a car. There is one FILLIPINO MAN who is extremely drunkHe's passing out and moaning a little... His young FRIEND says, "he drank way too much."

FREDDIE
...somebody shut him up..

CUT TO:

INT. BEET/SUGAR FACTORY. BUNKHOUSE. LATER

It's the middle of the night and all the WORKERS, including FREDDIE are asleep. Across the room the DRUNK FILIPINO's condition has gotten worse...

The YOUNGER FILIPINO MAN wakes others up for help...The DRUNKEN MAN is mumbling "I'm blind.." "I'm dying.." "my eyes.."

FREDDIE TAKES NOTICE, COMES CLOSER...STARTS TO SIZE UP THE SEVERITY OF THE SITUATION ...AND REALIZES HE MAY/DOES HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS...

...he backs away quietly...and starts to THROW SOME THINGS INTO A BAG...

...WHEN SOME OF THE FILIPINO'S NOTICE HIM STARTING TO LEAVE, THEY YELL AFTER HIM...

...FREDDIE TAKES OFF...

AND THE FILIPINO'S GIVE CHASE...THEY MOVE INTO THE FARM FIELDS.

EXTEND OUT. CHASE THROUGH THE FIELDS FREDDIE JUST RUNNING AND RUNNING AS FAST AS HE CAN...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER.

LATER. off the side of the highway. Freddie collects himself, obviously running for the past hour and evading the Filipino's.

He hitches now...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS/SAN FRANCISCO - HIRING HALL - NIGHT.

Inside the crowded HIRING HALL, sailors, men looking for work, etc. Freddie puts his name down. This is a short burst of a scene, establish he wants to get back to sea, wants work, but there's nothing for a few weeks.

EXT. DOCKS/SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT.

VARIOUS ANGLES. Freddie makes his way around the docks, looking for something/anything. PLAY OUT.

He comes across a SHIP that's being readied for voyage. It's an old cattle TRAWLER that seems converted to some kind of CRUISE SHIP/PRIVATE YACHT-type vessel.

There's a buzz of getting ready around the ship also a minor cocktail party in progress. (light music playing from the ship...) DECKHANDS preparing to ship out, etc...

Freddie approaches the gang-plank...no one is there to guard it. He walks straight up the gang plank and gets on board the ship.

ANGLE, ON BOARD.

CAMERA follows him around...no one seems to notice or care...

He goes down below...

ANGLE, BELOW DECK.

He sneaks around...some YOUNG MEN are getting dressed in TUXEDOS.

This plays itself out...FREDDIE finds a small CLOSET with a TUXEDO and slips it on. He gets swallowed up into this group of young men and acts as if he belongs --

...THE SHIP PULLS AWAY. HEADING OUT SAN FRANCISCO BAY...

...FREDDIE HEADING UP INTO A WELL APPOINTED CABIN...

A COCKTAIL PARTY IS IN FULL SWING AS THE SHIP LEAVES S.F.

There are all manner of people here, in this area, everyone seems quite happy, chatty. Middle aged couples, single middle-aged men, young couples, some kids, teenagers, etc.

Freddie working near the bar, starts delivering drinks...

A live PIANO TRIO playing. FREDDIE NOTICES:

A LARGE MAN IN HIS MID-40s, all red-hair, red eyebrows, red lips sings and dances while holding a baby...It's a bit blurry across the room from Freddie's POV...

The SONG ENDS and everyone laughs, applauds, collapses. KIDS run around...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN DINNER CABIN. LATER.

Everyone seated for DINNER; we now see the red haired man in full: MASTER OF CEREMONIES (early 40s)

He sits at the head of the table, his family with him:

HIS WIFE: MARY SUE (pregnant, mid-20s) HIS DAUGHTERS: ELIZABETH (18) ELENA (3) SUSANAH (1) HIS SON: VAL (20)

A RIGHT HAND MAN TO MASTER IS: NORMAN CONRAD (40s)

ANGLE, THE BAR.

The BARTENDER whispers to Freddie; indicates he's POURED TWO SHOTS FOR THEM TO SNEAK...FREDDIE and the BARTENDER reach and grab them, shoot them back...

INSTANTLY, FREDDIE'S HEAD POUNDS.

BARTENDER

You feel alright?

FREDDIE

Yeah, fine.

ANOTHER SERVER

Why don't you go lay down, I'll take over...

Freddie walks off. FREDDIE doesn't seem DRUNK he SEEMS DRUGGED. He walks down the hall - AND IN AN INSTANT FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE. DEAD WEIGHT. He's dragged off.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL DARK ROOM - LATER.

FREDDIE wakes up MASTER OF CEREMONIES is here along with MARY SUE and NORMAN CONRAD does the speaking at first, Freddie in and out of consciousness:

NORMAN CONRAD

How are you doing?

FREDDIE

Alright. What is this?

NORMAN CONRAD

How'd you get on this shit?

FREDDIE

I walked.

NORMAN CONRAD

Why?

FREDDIE

I was just looking f'work... I'm working here.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

You need to sit down.

FREDDIE

I need to sit down.

Freddie is already sitting in a chair they have him in.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Whatdchu put in my drink?

NORMAN CONRAD

You've been sedated.

FREDDIE

I'm sleepy.

NORMAN CONRAD

I know you are. But you need to wake up now. Be sharp and wake up... can you do that for me? I want you to ask some questions about why you're here...how you came to be on this ship...

FREDDIE

...I just need the work. Wasinmy drink?

NORMAN CONRAD

You shouldn't be here, this is a private trip.

FREDDIE

...I'm a good worker..Iknowthese ships...

BEAT. Freddie just looks at him, then MASTER SPEAKS:

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

You're an able bodied seamen?

FREDDIE

I am.

MASTER

You've had your appendix removed.

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

Why didn't you just ask if you could join this ship? We're always looking for new members, we'd have been happy to have you, no need for skulking or sneaking.

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

You need work? We'd love to have you work. You can work for us and our company...we have a wonderful company...

FREDDIE

Yeah? Whatdo you do your company?

MASTER

This is the company where past, present and future come together.

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

Tell me why you're on my ship.

FREDDIE

I just want to go to sea. I am looking for a berth--

MASTER

What's wrong with where you were?

FREDDIE

I'm a seamen.

MASTER

What wrong with the world from where you were?

FREDDIE

I like being at sea. (I am a sailor.)

PAUSE. FREDDIE closes his eyes, sleepy a minute..., then:

MASTER

You're a Russian spy. Did you hear me? Wake up, Freddie.

FREDDIE

What do you want? ...what's your name?

MASTER

We've told you. You're a russian spy. What are you escaping.

FREDDIE

Nothing.

MASTER

You did something.

FREDDIE

I'm here to work, I know ships...

MASTER

You don't know?

FREDDIE

No. I don't know-what?

MASTER

You're a little drunk and sleepy.

FREDDIE

More than a little watchu put in my drink.

MASTER
More than a little. You work for Dick
Quinn.

FREDDIE
Dick.

MASTER
Richard Quinn

FREDDIE
Don't know him. / no

MASTER
You work for the AMA. CIA.

FREDDIE
... you got alotta questions..

MASTER
You work for Bill Christos and his
friends at the APA.

FREDDIE
I don't know you...

MASTER
And you picked this ship at random?

FREDDIE
Yes, sir.

MASTER
How long have you been sleeping?

FREDDIE
I just woke up.

MASTER
What's your name?

FREDDIE
My name is Freddie Sutton. 40114-78

MASTER
You were in the Navy?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Did you ever kill anyone?

FREDDIE

Hah.

MASTER

Who did you kill?

FREDDIE

I fired and fixed torpedo room, USS Barton. Yes, I killed people. I'll Kill you.

MASTER

You feel aggressive?

FREDDIE

Wakemeup. ...

MASTER

Where are you from?

FREDDIE

You know where - dn'ask me what you know... *wakemeup wakemeup wakemeup come on wakemeup.*

MASTER

You're from Princeton, New Jersey your identification says but that's quite a long way away from San Francisco. What are you doing?

FREDDIE

-- I toldju I'm just trying to get to sea.

MASTER

Why did you pick this ship?

FREDDIE

It was leaving...

MASTER

Did you come here to find out information?

FREDDIE

It was leaving...

MASTER

Did you come here to find out information?

FREDDIE

No, sir.

MASTER
Who sent you here?

FREDDIE
You make me feel like I'm in hell. *lemme
wake up or lemme sleep.*

MASTER
Well you shouldnt drink so much liquor,
it's bad for the system. You're hurting
yourself.

PAUSE. Freddie is slipping out of it.

MASTER (CONT'D)
Would you like to stay with us a little
while?

FREDDIE
Sure.

MASTER
We can give you the guidance you need in
your life.

FREDDIE
Thanks.

MASTER
We can give you the guidance you need in
your life.

FREDDIE
Thanks.

MASTER
Why you don't you just get some more
rest?

FREDDIE
...

LONG PAUSE. Freddie's eyes close and he passes out again.

MASTER
This boy is just a simple stow-away. All
things he says he is.

MARY SUE
I believe...

Master fiddles around with his things, belongings,
wallet, out on a table. He looks at the FLASK. Smells it.
Pours the contents into a glass; looks at the liquid.

He drinks it. He lets it run down his body, feels the drink. He drinks some more.

MASTER
Delicious...delicious

NORMAN CONRAD
There should be nothing above suspicion.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE is dragged by to ASSISTANTS down the narrow hallways of the SHIP...down another hallway, down another...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIP - PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT.

CAMERA MOVES WITH THE SHIP, SILENTLY MOVING ALONG AT NIGHT...SEES THE LIGHTS GLOW FROM INSIDE...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - MORNING.

CU. FREDDIE.
Morning sun comes in, hits him in the face. Wakes him up. He looks around. He looks out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE walks out, looks around...he walks down the hall, a YOUNG GIRL passes him, smiles wide and says "GOOD MORNING," and keeps walking...

He moves towards a room where he hears a TYPEWRITER. He steps in the doorway. MASTER sits at his desk, writing gear all around. MASTER looks up, sees him, stops typing...

Smiles. Extends his arm out for Freddie to come in and take a seat...MASTER is warm, inviting. Not rushed. They sort of sit and settle with each a moment;

MASTER
Ok?

FREDDIE
Alright.

MASTER
You can't be...

FREDDIE
Is this your ship?

MASTER
I'm it's Commander, yes.

FREDDIE
Where's it going?

MASTER
New York City thru the canal. You're
seamen?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
You're looking for work?

FREDDIE
...what did I say last night...?

MASTER
You said you were an able bodied seamen
and you were looking for work?

FREDDIE
You have any?

MASTER
Perhaps.

FREDDIE
What was in my drink?

MASTER
You were sedated with chloral hydrate and
bubble gum kisses. Ha ha ha. I'm sure if
your check your butt-hole you'll find
it's all in working order (he he he...)
Isn't that what all men are worried about
in they surrender themselves.

FREDDIE
I didn't surrender myself.

MASTER

You were acting very aggressive because you drank too much alcohol.

FREDDIE

I don't think I was.

MASTER

Yes I think you were. And I don't like strange boys jumping on my ship.

FREDDIE

So what are you gonna do?

MASTER

Why don't you just ask for work? Work can't be hard to find.

FREDDIE

Depends on when you're ready to go...do you have a job for me.

MASTER

You can't work in your condition.

FREDDIE

What condition is that?

MASTER

You're aberrated.

FREDDIE

What's that mean?

MASTER

A wandering from the path

The problems you have in your life (your appendix, your work, your need to batter your body with booze...) I resolve that they can be fixed.

FREDDIE

I've got no trouble. You got a job for me to do, I can do it.

MASTER

Maybe I do, but not the kind you think.

FREDDIE

Do you own this ship?

MASTER

A charter though the Explorer's Club.

FREDDIE

...What do you do?

MASTER

I am many things. I am writer, a doctor, a nuclear physicist, a theoretical philosopher. Above all, I am a man, A hopelessly inquisitive Man, just like you.

FREDDIE

Where's your money come from?

MASTER

Many years of successful writing and publishing has made me self sufficient. Reader's in all languages have enjoyed my work - but now I'm retired to study the mid and the spirit...my life's true work.

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

These studies have made me a target and I am hunted for what I know. Which is why...it is so un-wise to go lurking and jumping on strange ships...how do we know what your motives are?

FREDDIE

.....well: I apologize if I got a little out of hand last night - I'm just... looking for work and your ship looked good, so...it's a nice looking ship.

MASTER

Don't apologize. You're a scoundrel. How I miss the days of working a four mastered schooner with nothing but salt horse, dried peas and a couple quarts of water...the present-day maritimer's seem so much more fragile, don't you think? You - you're and adventurer.

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

An able bodied seamen, a maker of wine,
and a dashing mischievousness is what I
knew would come to me in this-lifetime.

...would you study with me? Submit
yourself?

FREDDIE

I don't understand what you're talking
about.

MASTER

I am always looking for mature men of
unusual ability who are willing to
stretch the boundaries of what they know.
To increase knowing-ness and
communication amongst man. I need day-ta.
And with your help, I can gather it...

FREDDIE

....

MASTER

You already understand, you just need to
remember. And only say yes. Say, 'yes.'

FREDDIE

I'm not saying yes to anything I don't
understand --

Master holds up the FLASK..

MASTER

What's-about-this?

FREDDIE

What about it?

MASTER

As a Scientist and a Conniseur I have no
idea the contents of this remarkable
potion, what's in it.

FREDDIE

Secrets.

MASTER

Can you make more?

FREDDIE

Maybe

MASTER

I'll grant you a full reprieve from your naughtiness as a stow-away if you make us some more. I must admit I sampled some and ended up drinking it all.

FREDDIE

It's just booze.

MASTER

Horrible Hooch?

FREDDIE

Horrible Hooch.

BEAT. They both smile, laugh a little. MASTER gets up and comes over him...

MASTER

Would you scrub yourself up and make yourself clean?

My daughter is getting married.

Come and join us and leave your worries for a while, they'll still be there when you get back..he he he. You are invited.

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE ROOM - LATER.

FREDDIE IN A LITTLE ROOM, SHOWERED, CLEANED UP, NICE SUIT ON, CHECKS THE MIRROR AND EXITS...

INT./EXT. SHIP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY.

MASTER waits for him..they walk together...CAMERA leads them...they go up on DECK...OUT INTO THE PACIFIC OCEAN AIR...

MASTER

I think we have known each other before you and I -

FREDDIE

Oh yeah?

MASTER

It will come out over time, but yes. We are re-united...do you remember me?

FREDDIE

...I don't know...

MASTER

That's alright. Don't strain yourself. You will. There will be much time to discuss this on the journey to our destination. As we travel down Time-Holes...you won't be afraid will you?

FREDDIE

...what destination?

MASTER

Have you ever had harm come to you?

FREDDIE

Sure.

MASTER

What if we could return to a period of your life where there was harm and do away with it? ..would You like that?

FREDDIE

Ok.

MASTER

That's where we go.

They come across ALL THE PEOPLE ON BOARD. THEY WALK INTO THE GROUP. Everyone is getting ready for a WEDDING...they greet MASTER and FREDDIE. He walks into it and is welcome'd...

MASTER finds his daughter, ELIZABETH, who is to be married and her husband-to-be CLARK (20s) He introduces them to Freddie -

EXT. DECK OF SHIP. AFTERNOON.

ZOOM BACK FROM CU. On MASTER as he presides over his DAUGHTER's WEDDING. ELIZABETH and CLARK. Everyone dressed up; Master says some sweet, beautiful words and then;

MASTER

..as long as you hold these bodies, in this life: you may kiss the bride.

THEY KISS. APPLAUSE, CHEERS. CU. FREDDIE. He listens and watches.

CUT TO:

INT. DINNER CABIN. NIGHT.

It's mid-dinner, post-wedding ceremony party, everyone is celebrating, drinking. Master talking a blue streak, acting this out.

MASTER

Now, now, now, how 'bout this: Here it comes - swooping down on me: A LARGE DRAGON, TEETH AND BLOOD DRIPPING! RED EYES!

What do I go? A lasoooo! Whip it up, wrap it around it's neck. I wrastle, wrastle, wrastle'em to the ground - I snap up, I say: sit.

Everyone laughs, Master is acting all this out, rolling around, etc as if he's training a dog...

MASTER (CONT'D)

Dragon sits. I say: stay. Sragon stays. So now he's got a leash on and he's staying on my command - THAT'S WHAT WHERE WERE AT WITH IT NOW - it stays on command.

Everyone is laughing, lapping it all up. He glances;

MASTER (CONT'D)

Next we're gonna teach it to roll over and play DEAD.

Master sits down, starts speaking to someone about his days studying Judo.....

FREDDIE, sitting up at the dinner table...across the table is: VAL, strikes up conversation:

VAL

Freddie, I'm Val, the son.

FREDDIE

Hello.

VAL

Are you having a good time?

FREDDIE

Yes.

VAL

What are you goign to be working on?

FREDDIE
I don't really know.

VAL
Have you done any time-hole work?

FREDDIE
I don't think so.

VAL is distracted by a WELL WISHER who comes over.
FREDDIE looks around at everyone. All the faces having a good time and celebrating...

He catches the eye of a YOUNG WOMAN...then sees her HUSBAND...

The BARTENDER comes over to FREDDIE

BARTENDER
Alright, old man?

FREDDIE
Yeah.

BARTENDER
No hard feelings?

FREDDIE
No.

BARTENDER
Welcome aboard. Clif Amsbury.

He serves him a drink.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
This one's alright. Chink, chink.

ANGLE, LATER.
Master is saying good-night to everyone, passes FREDDIE and says quietly:

MASTER
When can we have some of your potion?

FREDDIE
Whenever you'd like. I'll get making it -

MASTER
When I'd like it - I will give you a signal. I will scratch my ear and rub my nose. What will you need?

FREDDIE
I'll take care of it.

MASTER makes his way down the table trying to say goodbye to everyone, he finally tears away from the party by saying:

MASTER
Enough! Enough! I must get back to work!
Keep going! Dont stop all night long!

He leaves. FREDDIE just looks around, caught up in it all.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - LATER.

Freddie comes down into his little room. A cot has been made for him, some fresh clothes and a BOOK (hardcover,400pages) on the bed. It reads, very simply: THE CAUSE

CU. BOOK "THE CAUSE"

The cover is opened, CAMERA SEES IN CU the opening line from the book: *"Shall a man be master of his memories? Or shall his memories be the master?"*

ANGLE, FREDDIE
He lays in bed and reads the book. He reads about to lines and his eyes slam shut, asleep, still holding the book.

HOLD.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN DECK / CABIN - MORNING.

It's the next morning, EVERYONE IS HERE FOR BREAKFAST, BUFFET STYLE, FREDDIE mixed in amongst it all.

FREDDIE sits down to eat with MARY SUE, who feeds her baby. The other children around. VAL and NORMAN CONRAD are here...

MARY SUE
He's been writing all night...I think you've inspired something in hi,. When we're at home, on land, there's too much pulling him in each direction.
(MORE)

MARY SUE (CONT'D)

He was working on a book that showed how the Russians used narcosynthesis and physical torture and how it worked as it did. That was interrupted.

He had a technology oh psychological warfare to present to the Defense Department. All that was interrupted, lost. Each time he sits to write, a new attack is launched against him and he spends too much time on defending himself. I tell him to ignore it, but he's so sensitive...

FREDDIE

Who's attacking him?

MARY SUE

People that are scared. People that are greedy. *Ex-wives...* That's what's so nice about being at sea. He gets his studies done, advances the learning, and he writes BOOK II.

FREDDIE

What's a time-hole?

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CLASSROOM - LATER.

It's a dimly lit little room. A few folding chairs and a small stage. A YOUNG GOD LOOKING COUPLE: WAYNE and SUSAN DUNBAR (late 20s) are on stage. She is lying down, eyes close, he is sitting in a chair next to her, students watch as he runs an exercise with her; Mary Sue has brought Freddie in here and sits with him in the back...Freddie watches:

WAYNE

Say, "back beyond" and return to the pre-natal area.

SUSAN

Back beyond. Back beyond. Back beyond.
Back beyond. Back beyond. Back beyond.

WAYNE

Continue please...

SUSAN

Back beyond..I Have..something in my face...It feels like I am being pushed.

WAYNE

Contact it more closely and continue to repeat.

SUSAN

Back beyond. Back beyond. It's getting stronger.

WAYNE

Continue

SUSAN

I hear a voice..It's my father's voice.

WAYNE

Listen to the words and repeat them, please.

SUSAN

He is talking to my mother. The face pressure is hurting. It's uncomfortable. It keeps going up and down and it hurts.

WAYNE

Repeat his words, please.

SUSAN

"I don't want to come in you now. Let's wait." The pressure is banging my face. Into my face. My mother is there, her voice...

WAYNE

What is your mother saying? Please, if you hear her?

SUSAN

She saying "well get out of there then. I don't want you in me at all if your not there to come. Get in to come." She's mad.

WAYNE

Please return to the start of this and recount.

SUSAN

I wonder what they're doing? .. I hear a squishing sounds and it's wet. Oh. Oh my.

WAYNE

Recount please.

SUSAN

A faint rhythm...then faster. I hear my fathers voice say, "oh honey..I wont come in you now. I'm not too sure I like children that well and I have my job to worry about..." And my mother must shove him - a sharper pain here - "THEN I DON'T IN THERE AT ALL, GET OUT.."

WAYNE

Return to the beginning and recount it again, please.

CU. FREDDIE's FACE

Listening. Mary Sue leans over and whispers:

MARY SUE (WHISPERS)

Do you understand what's happening?

FREDDIE

Yes.

She hold her pregnant stomach;

MARY SUE

We record everything.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP - VARIOUS. NEXT MORNING.

FREDDIE moves around, CAMERA follows him, collecting VARIOUS SUPPLIES to start making a home-made potion of booze. POTATOES, PAINT THINNER, ORANGES, YEAST. (TBD, OTHER CONTENTS OF THE SHIP) that could go into a recipe --

CUT TO:

INT. BOOZE ROOM - LATER.

He's set up in an area of the ship to start distilling BOOZE from the found ingredients on the ship. WATCH, HOLD THIS. The BARTENDER/FOLLOWER is here to give him some help. (poss. Bartender telling him how came to 'the cause' here...)

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY ROOM - LATER.

HE WALKS THROUGH THE LIBRARY ROOM, WATCHING A GROUP OF FOLLOWERS READING, STUDYING, TALKING. LISTENING TO HEADPHONES WITH MASTER'S VOICE SPEAKING. THIS IS THEIR STUDY TIME.

He slips a PAIR of HEADPHONES ON, TAKES A SEAT AND LISTENS. This is a recording of a LIVE LECTURE BY MASTER:

MASTER (V.O.)

...someone came up to me the other day,
and I had to say...I had to correct him.
He said, "I heard the Cause can fix me..."
I looked down at him and he'd lost his
legs. He's sitting in a wheel chair and
had no legs to speak of. I said, "We can
do very many things, sir...but no, we
cannot replace your legs. This is how
rumors get started." Let's talk about
what we can do...

FREDDIE looks around and watches all the STUDENTS on their headphones. He tries to flirt and make eye contact with all the WOMEN.

MASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*When did you decide you had limited
potentials and capabilities? You've
forgotten that this is all just a dirty
old game that YOU created.*

An AID (Female, 40s) comes over;

AID

How you doing?

FREDDIE

I'm fine.

AID

Are you following alright?

FREDDIE

Well..not really..no...

AID

That's OK. You will. Don't worry -

FREDDIE

How long have you been studying

AID

A year. It takes a little time. Don't worry.

FREDDIE

What's your name?

AID

Carol Henike. You're Freddie.

FREDDIE

That's right.

AID

Just keep listening and reading. If you don't understand, just keep going back over it. Headphones back on...

He slips the headphones back on.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CABIN - EVENING.

A SKETCH COMEDY SHOW, DANCING after-dinner. FREDDIE on the sidelines, watching it, not really understanding some of the humor and lyrics, etc...someone has a MOP on their head and is pretending to be a PSYCHOLOGIST with a vary thick/bad German-Austrian-accent. "zee muzzer and fazzer and zee penisss and ze nippelz.." attempting to cure a STUDENT...everyone LAUGHS.

ELIZABETH (the daughter) comes over;

ELIZABETH

Hi Freddie.....

FREDDIE

Hi.

ELIZABETH

.....I Have a message for you.

She rubs her nose and tugs her ear.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Better get along.

He leaves, she watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDDIE'S AREA. MOMENTS LATER.

He puts the booze into MASON JARS.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING FREDDIE HOLDING THE BOOZE IN A LITTLE MASON JAR.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S SUITE. THAT MOMENT.

Freddie pours the liquid into two glasses. WE HEAR THE PARTY OUTSIDE THE ROOM, FROM UPSTAIRS. MASTER examines it;

MASTER

What's in it?

FREDDIE

...drink just a little.
It's very strong. The good stuff takes
time. And there's secrets in good liquor.
This is just booze for now...

MASTER

How are you feeling, Freddie?

FREDDIE

Good.

MASTER

Rested?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Excited?

FREDDIE

Sure.

MASTER

Have you made some friends?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Good. Good. How are you feeling?

FREDDIE

Yeah, good.

They CHEERS AND DRINK. Shudder at the strength of it.

MASTER

I've been writing...BULAGH! Feel like I went under. Dark cloud rolls in. Opens up...anxious to share new work...would you care for some informal processing?

FREDDIE

Sure...

MASTER

Well, then I gather myself...and you be my protege and guinea pig, eh?

Informal processing.

Master smiles, excited, moves to an OLD TAPE RECORDER, points a microphones towards Freddie, looks over some papers...

MASTER (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

FREDDIE

Yes.

HE FLIPS THE TAPE RECORDER ON. Master smiles, reads, looks up;

MASTER

Say your name.

FREDDIE

Freddie Sutton.

MASTER

Say it again.

FREDDIE

Freddie Sutton.

MASTER

Say it again.

FREDDIE

Freddie Sutton.

MASTER

Might as well say it one more time just to make sure you know who you are...

FREDDIE

Freddie Sutton.

MASTER

Do you ever make thoughtless remarks.

FREDDIE

I usually put some thought into them.

MASTER

Do you browse through railway timetables just for pleasure?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Do you get occasional twitches of your muscles when there is no logical reason for it?

FREDDIE

(flutters around goofy) Only on my good days.

MASTER

Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

No. (some dice games I was in, he he.)

MASTER

So past failures bother you?

FREDDIE

...I don't know...you keep asking me..no, not really.

MASTER

Is your life a constant struggle for survival?

FREDDIE

..not really.....life's alright.

MASTER

Would you rather give orders than take them?

FREDDIE

Sure.

MASTER

Are you often impulsive in you behaviour.

FREDDIE

...sure..... Yes.

MASTER

Do other people interest you very much?

FREDDIE

Not really (girls? They do)

MASTER

Do you find it easy to be impartial?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Are you likely to be jealous?

FREDDIE

No ..about what?

MASTER

Are you logical and scientific in your thinking?

FREDDIE

I'm..I don't know. Don't care about science.

MASTER

Do you rarely suspect the actions of others?

FREDDIE

I don't understand.

MASTER

Yes you do.

FREDDIE

..I suspect people...yes. Sure. So...no,
rarely. Most people are ass's anyway.

MASTER

Are you usually truthful to others?

FREDDIE

..no... I don't know. Guess so.

MASTER

Are your actions considered unpredictable
by other people?

HOLD. HOLD. Freddie seems to think about this questions
seriously, THEN: OUT OF THE PAUSE AND OUT OF THE BLUE HE
SCREAMS;

FREDDIE

BLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH.

How's that? (laughs hysterically)

MASTER

Silly..its good to laugh in
processing..sometimes we forget.

Master reaches down, brings the microphone to his mouth:

MASTER (CONT'D)

"Freddie Sutton, Test Session. May 5,
1952, 1800 hours. Aboard he sailing
vessel Aletheia, en route to New York
City. MOC logged ad approced."

He CLICKS it off. Smiles at Freddie; he gives him a
comforting hug.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Should we sample another sip before we
join them upstairs?

FREDDIE

Is that it?

MASTER

For now.

FREDDIE

I'm ready for more if you want to ask
me...

HOLD BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM. LONG PAUSE.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Ask me, Master. This is fun...nobody's asked me questions before --

MASTER

Could you answer the next series of questions without blinking your eyes? To without fear and hesitation answer as quickly as you can?

FREDDIE

Sure.

CU. TAPE RECORDER BACK ON.

MASTER

Look at me...Starting now you are not to blink. If you blink we go back to the start:

.....infringement. you blinked. Starting now you are not to blink. If you blink we go back to the start.

Do you often ponder over your own inferiority?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Infringement. Back to the start. You blink, we repeat from the start. Do you often ponder over your own inferiority?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Do you believe that God will save you from your own ridiculousness and self contempt?

FREDDIE

No I don't.

MASTER

Have you ever had intercourse with a member of your family.

FREDDIE

Yes.

PAUSE.

MASTER

Have you ever had intercourse with a member of your family?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

....who?

FREDDIE

My. Auntie.

PAUSE. Master is stumped for the first time...

MASTER

Have you ever killed anyone?

FREDDIE

No,

MASTER

Maybe?

FREDDIE

Not me.

TAPE RECORDING ALL THIS. DIALS MOVING. FREDDIE NOT BLINKING.

MASTER

Have you ever killed anyone.

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

How many times did you have intercourse with your aunt?

FREDDIE

Three times.

MASTER

Where is your aunt now?

FREDDIE

Don't know. Probably Princeton.

MASTER

Where?

FREDDIE
45 Province Lane.

MASTER
Would you like to see her?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Would you like to sleep with her again?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Do you regret this?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
What is she doing now?

FREDDIE
I don't know.

MASTER
Where is your mother?

FREDDIE
I don't know.

Freddie BLINKS.

MASTER
INFRINGEMENT. Back to the start.

FREDDIE
FUUUUUUUUUCKK. FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.
BULLSHIT. FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK.

He slaps himself around, opens his eyes. HOLD.

MASTER
Do you often ponder your own inferiority?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Do you believe God is going to save you?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Have you ever had sex with a member of
your family?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Are you lying?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Who?

FREDDIE
My Auntie Bertha.

MASTER
Where is your aunt?

FREDDIE
At home in new Jersey.

MASTER
Are you lying?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Are you a liar?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Have you ever killed anyone?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Who?

FREDDIE
Japs.

MASTER
In the war?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
What are you running from?

FREDDIE
Nothing.

MASTER
The law?

...PAUSE...

FREDDIE
I think I may have blinded a man. Maybe
he's dead, I don't know...

MASTER
Where?

FREDDIE
In Salinas, I served him up booze and he
drank too much of it.

MASTER
Is the booze you make poison?

FREDDIE
Not if you drink it smart, he was stupid.

MASTER
Are you trying to poison me?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Where is your father?

FREDDIE
I don't know. (aka dead)

MASTER
Where is your mother?

FREDDIE
I don't know. Maybe New York, New Jersey,
anywhere. Don't know.

MASTER
What is your Auntie's Name?

FREDDIE
Auntie Bertha.

MASTER
How did you come to sleep with your
Auntie Bertha?

FREDDIE
She said she'd let me have my inheritance
if I were to sleep with her. So I did and
I never got my money. I was drunk. She
looked good.

MASTER
And you did it again and again.

FREDDIE
Yes. Because I liked it. It felt good.

MASTER
She's rich? Is she? She has your
inheritance, does she?

FREDDIE
She controls it all.

MASTER
You feel you're owed this?

FREDDIE
I am.

MASTER
Have you ever had any bad thoughts about
her or Mary Sue?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
What do you think?

FREDDIE
I thought you were fools. But now I see
that you're not

MASTER
If you could lock yourself in a house, a
large mansion for the rest of your life:
who would you like to be there with you?

FREDDIE
Doris Schoemann.

MASTER

Who is Doris?

FREDDIE

Best girl I ever met. The girl I am gonna marry one day.

MASTER

She's in New Jersey, is she?

FREDDIE

Lynn, Massachussets. (I just got to get back to her.)

MASTER

Why aren't you with Doris?

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

Why aren't you with her?

FREDDIE

I'm an idiot. I don't know. I got no reason.

MASTER

Do you love Doris?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Is she the love of your life?

FREDDIE

Yes sir.

MASTER

Close your eyes/

CUT TO BLACK, HOLD, THEN FADE UP AGAIN..

MASTER (CONT'D)

Release and return to me.....

Say your name.

FREDDIE

Freddie Sutton.

MASTER

Are you hear with me in 1952?

FREDDIE

Yes...

MASTER

End of session. Open/close your eyes.

He laughs. They both laugh, MUSIC 'dancers in love'/piano ver.

MASTER (CONT'D)

How does it feel?

Freddie laughs a little.

FREDDIE

Feels good.

MASTER

Left side of your body feels ok?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Right side?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Any headaches?

FREDDIE

No

MASTER

Are you a member of the Ninth Battle Battalion?

FREDDIE

I don't know what that is.

MASTER

Are you a member of the Ninth Battle Battalion?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Or any other invader force? Space stations or communication depots on this planet or anywhere else?

FREDDIE

No, sir.

MASTER

You're the bravest boy I've ever met.

Master turns off the tape recorder. They DRINK DOWN THE BOOZE TOGETHER. Smile, laugh.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT.

ESTABLISH SHOT. 1950s. MOVING OVER THE WATER TOWARDS IT.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS/NEW JERSEY - NIGHT.

The SHIP HAS ARRIVED AND DOCKED. Everyone is rounding up to disembark. Those leaving: MASTER, MARY SUE, ELIZABETH, CLARK, THE BABIES, NANNIES, VAL AND FREDDIE. They all head down the gang-way...

The New York City franchise owner/follower is a thin, sickly man named: BILL WHITE (40s) He's very nervous/anxious/eager to please, comes to greet them. He's here with some other ASSOCIATES/FOLLOWERS:

BILL WHITE

Master! Hello. Yes. Welcome. Welcome back to New York City, Master. It's our honor, its our pleasure. We are humble and so happy...

MASTER

Thank you, Bill, good to see you.

BILL leads the way, waves his hand to the show:

BILL WHITE

We'd like to present you with this gift from the New York Branch for your stay here...we know how fond you are of motorcycles.

He presents a HARLEY-DAVIDSON..

MASTER

Looooooooooooook at that...1940 Harley Davidson Knucklehead. For me?

He slides on, starts it up, everyone APPLAUDS. MASTER TEARS AWAY ON THE MOTORCYCLE, everyone else [piles into some OLD SEDAN'S driven by some New York Followers --

Everyone on deck of the ship waves good-bye and watches them go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAUSE H.Q./NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

MASTER and everyone comes in to the hotel/ballroom of a fading mid-town hotel. Local students, followers are here to greet...about THIRTY people...

FREDDIE looks at the GIRLS. MASTER shakes hands, kisses babies, etc...

BOOKS FOR SALE, DESKS, PARTITIONS, PAMPHLETS, REEL TO REEL TAPE'S FOR SALE. BILL WHITE doing all the intro's, liason work, etc...(note: Helen Sullivan here.) This operation embryonic a little shabby...

CUT TO:

INT UPSTAIRS/HOTEL. LATER.

Everyone here, a FLOOR of the hotel has been taken over, adjoining rooms connecting everyone...CAMERA moves around, seeing all the activity, movement..the ADULTS are getting dressed and ready for something.....FREDDIE brings MASTER some booze. They cheers, drink...MASTER gets ready.."to past, present, future and the street where they all meet and shake hands."

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - NIGHT.

A very fancy APARTMENT ON THE PARK. The whole entourage pulls up. MASTER on the Harley, everyone else in the sedans..they head into a PARK AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING;

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM ALL IN. THE DOORMAN looks up;

BILL WHITE is quick to explain they're going to the Penthouse to the party of Mrs. Purcell, etc..

BILL WHITE
Make way, make way..thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. FANCY APARTMENT.

THE ELEVATOR OPENS into the grand palatial apartment; an older WOMAN is the hostess, her residence: her name is MILDRED PURCELL (early 70s) a very wealthy widower, follower, benefactor...This is a SHOW AND TELL/FUNDRAISER/COCKTAIL RECEPTION in honor of Master and the Cause...

They applaud his entrance. About FORTY or so guests, some RICH UPPER EAST SIDE PEOPLE, who are members of a satellite group. Some others come to listen and learn, etc... BILL WHITE makes introductions, etc.

MASTER is offered some appetizers, he says:

MASTER
You can hear a tomato scream when you cut it...this is why I don't eat tomatoes...

VARIOUS PARTY MINGLING/COVERAGE
MEET MRS. PURCELL and stay with her..Everything settles and she sets the stage for Master...

....FREDDIE Carries over an OLD REEL TO REEL TAPE PLAYER, sets it on a coffee table in front of him...

MASTER (CONT'D)
As you can see I've brought props.

Everyone laughs.

MASTER (CONT'D)
Showman's trade secrets...he-he-he

More laughter.

MASTER (CONT'D)
Let me just listen to this tape....

He picks up the tape and lifts it to his ear..he wiggles it around next to his ear..

MASTER (CONT'D)
Can't hear anything. But there's sound on here, no? Sound to be found?

He puts the tape reels onto the player...

MASTER (CONT'D)
This should do it!

He flips the switch. Nothing. No sound.

MASTER (CONT'D)
HMMMM. Can' thear anything. Wait. There
are sounds on this tape, but I can't
hear...wait...how about this...

Nothing. He continues this...he plugs the speakers
in...nothing again and again.

MASTER (CONT'D)
Well what do we have? We have the high
fidelity audio tape, we have speakers,
and yet..a ha! Just a moment.

He turns the machine "ON"...

MASTER (CONT'D)
This should do it...

Nothing.

MASTER (CONT'D)
Seems we're out of pieces..

Everyone laughs nervously...

MASTER (CONT'D)
I know there's sound on that tape...

He plugs the power cord into the wall...It crackles and
sound pours out.. It's MASTER'S VOICE.

MASTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Our life has never stopped and always
been. All of the recordings of our
lifetimes that we have lived are
available to us..*

MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY. GENTLE PIANO MUSIC. MASTER turns
the volume down on the reel-to-reel, speaks live to the
party:

MASTER (CONT'D)
Everything's there isn't it? On the tape?
Sure is, we just need to get it working
with all the other pieces in synch-ro-
nization. No good if it's not plugged
into the wall. Can't hear it. But the
sounds are still there. No good if those
speakers aren't there. Can't hear it.
(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean it's not there, does it? No. It doesn't. That flimsy little piece of tape is just nothin' without all the other equipment lined up properly, isn't it? We CAN access the past, traumas and seeds that abberate us in present time and once we access them - we challenge them and throw them away.

Previously, I'd established how to access these aberrations and painful memories to pre-birth/cellular times. But the new studies prove there is a time *beyond* that. The Whole-of-time with which we are now working. At last count, perhaps sixty-seven trillion years our studies show.....

Besides the everyday struggles of how we become better, more able, more productive homo sapiens, the uses for this new science is the location and removal of certain leukemias, apathies, manics. Depressives, perverts, stuttering, neuroses, ulcers, arthritis, and asthmas. This is the province and science of Cause.

If you'll forgive me, I must sit down. Perhaps you've taken notice of my leg injury and limp damndest thing. You see it happens every time I come to Manhattan Island, its a wound I've never conquered and I'll tell you how I found out about, because I never knew what in the H was happening...

Well I did some processing to find out.

Took Mary Sue to ay me down and lead me back...we processed over three hours! And something came up. It was this:

I lived a life before and suffered a great injury. Knee injury...

It was just around 1888. A great number and year. Significant as the creation year of the new york city sewer system if I'm not wrong...

I was a thief and criminal, working late into the night robbing a bank in the western side of the island.

(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

The crime was committed with a revolver in hand. A Cole .45. My accomplices and I made it clear across town when we were ambushed by the local authorities.

-- but I made a slip away. A digression into the under constructed sewer system. It was here that I could no be found - or so my thinking went. All my confidence and all my arrogance was brought upon me. Full in the face. For I was nose to nose with a twenty-five foot alligator in the New York City sewer. Oh brother! What a scare I was in for. Now if you've veer seen the SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! OF A GATOR - you'll remember the fear.

You see, this being an island, and in those days more inhabited by creature than man, why wouldn't I meet such a beast?

In my evasion -- I dropped the gold. The money I'd stolen in my getaway...not dropped, but stuffed in a newly cemented drain hole just around 125th Street...present day Harlem County I believe today. Yes. Yes.

I stuffed it and made a getaway from both man and beast,,shattered my knee in five different places..turned into a piece of glass..woke up early in the morning somewhere near the present day Times Square..which was nothing more than a farm..quite a farm..but that's another story.

So what does this say? Injuries stay with us don't they??..They sure do. How's it gonna go away. How? How? How'm I gonna fix this knee. How are any of us going to get better? More able?

We Must Process The Whole Of Time. This Life and Pre Natal Cellular processing is *not enough*. We have Lived Many, Many, Many Lives. So anybody tat is not processing *the whole of time* - is doing a disservice to man and *Will Not Get Better*. I cannot put it more simply.

(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

And as for me now: I just need to find the time away from all of my writing to go back down and DO IT so I don't walk around with the darndest limp everytime I come to town!

This story is greeted with equal parts excitement/complete CONFUSION. MRS. PURCELL slightly nervous.

ANGLE, LATER.

MASTER and a SOCIALITE WOMAN (50s) he has her lay down on a love seat;

MASTER (CONT'D)

What is your name?

SOCIALITE

Margaret O'Brian.

MASTER

Are you sure you haven't lived here before?

SOCIALITE

I don't know.

MASTER

What's your name?

MARGARET

Margaret.

MASTER

Are you sure?

ANGLE, PURCELL APARTMENT.

FREDDIE goes lurking around, slinks in and out of some rooms. HE GOES INTO THE BEDROOM, STEALS SOME JEWELRY. STUFF HIS POCKETS. (OC DIAL. PLAYS...)

ANGLE, MAIN LIVING ROOM.

MASTER has finished his demonstration and is opening it up for questions/discussions. An OLDER MAN (MR. JOHN MORE, 50's, scholarly, wearing a prominent HANDKERCHIEF) stands up to speak:

(Throughout this another OLDER WOMAN has a terrible cough from the back of the room.)

JOHN MORE

Some of this seems quite like hypnosis,
is it not?

MASTER

Oh no, this is funny. It's quite the
reverse. Man is hypnotized. What we do is
un-hypnotize him of the shackles. Allow
him to raise his awareness and IQ.

JOHN MORE

What is the difference between this and
psychotherapy?

MASTER

Yes. Well. They are very different. No.
Psychoanalysis, they lay back. No, no,
no. Don't associate us with such people!
That's terrible (he, he) why that's a bad
manner don't you know? I mean at that
business about sex and all that. That's
for the neurotic or the person who is
insane or something like that. That's
nothing to do with us. They've failed.
That's for the fortunate few who can
afford the fees.

JOHN MORE

But some of this does in fact seem to
share quite a lot with Dr. Freud and
modern psychotherapy, does it not?

MASTER

No it does not. This is an exact science,
you see. Comparable to physics or
chemistry - but simpler. It's
engineering. Herr Freud had his chance
and contributed some very workable data,
but in the end, he failed. So that's
that.

JOHN MORE

And how long does this take?

MASTER

That depends. But it can be quite fast.
Quite fast. Or it can take some time.
Sometimes less than 36 hours.

JOHN MORE

36 hours? And you're saying that these
methods can cure leukemia according to
your book and what you've just said?

MASTER

Some forms of leukemia, 22 cases tested.
22 cases cured. Those are the results.

JOHN MORE

You can understand scepticism, can you not?

MASTER

Oh, yes, of course, yes. And this is to be expected and welcome. For without it we'd be positive's with no negatives - therefore zero charge. We must have it.

JOHN MORE

Are you a religious people?

MASTER

We are not incorporated as a religion, no. But remember this: that religion has come uniformly from a philosophy. Philosophy is senior to religion. You could call us a religion of religions.

JOHN MORE

Are you saying then that any religion is rather narrow in its outlook?

MASTER

No, no, no. I have no quarrel with man's belief's, but religions in general can be pre-occupied with a God or Idol or something of some such nature who is merely trying to fill the universe with a lot of little replicas of himself - we are trying to free the individual - not bend to a will of a God, you see. And if our teachings can reconcile these views it would be doing a great service to mankind -

JOHN MORE

Do you think it can?

MASTER

I not only think it can, I know it does.

JOHN MORE

You mentioned 'good science' and what it does...but doesn't that, by definition, allow for more than one opinion?

MASTER

Indeed, indeed. Which is why our gathering of day-ta is so far reaching -

JOHN MORE

Otherwise you merely have the will of one man - which is the basis of cult, is it not?

MASTER

T'is, t'is, indeed. Thankfully we are, all of us, working at break-neck speeds and in unison towards catching the minds fatal flaws and correcting it back to it's original state of perfect - whilst righting civilization.

JOHN MORE

I must say that I find it quite --

MASTER

AND I DON'T FUCKING CARE WHAT ELSE YOU HAVE TO SAY YOU SLIMY LITTLE PIECE OF CUM FUCK.

YOU ARE NOTHING. AND WORTHLESS AT THAT. YOU PUNY LITTLE NOTHING OF NOTHING. IT WORKS IF YOU USE IT. WHO IS THIS MAN?

JOHN MORE

I can answer for myself. My name is John More.

MASTER

THIS IS NOT A DISCUSSION THIS IS A GRILLING. A GRILL. AN ATTACK.

MRS. PURCELL

Please --

JOHN MORE

If you're not allowing some sort of discussion regarding your beliefs -

MASTER

AND I WILL NOT DEFEND MYSELF TO YOU, YOU SLIMY PIECE OF NOTHING.

JOHN MORE

I'm sorry if you're unwilling to defend your beliefs in any kind of rational way --

MASTER
I HAVE TAKEN MY FUCKING TIME WITH YOU AND
YOU ARE OVER NOW. YOU SLIMY PIG SHIT.

The WOMAN that's been coughing cannot stop:

MASTER (CONT'D)
STOP COUGHING. STOP COUGHING YOU HORRIBLE
OLD WOMAN. YOU DON'T GET IT. YOU DON'T
GET IT.

MRS. PURCELL is shocked, humiliated, everything
crumbles...

MASTER (CONT'D)
YOU GET OUT. GET OUT OF THIS LECTURE
HALL.

A WOMAN
She's sick! Please! She's sick!

MASTER
GET HER OUT OF THE LECTURE HALL.

JOHN MORE
This isn't a lecture hall, this is Mrs.
Purcell's home -

MASTER
YOU SHUT YOUR LITTLE MOUTH. SHUT THAT
WOMAN UP. YOU WILL STOP COUGHING. THAT
GRAVELY PUTRID NOISE, YOU ARE TRYING TO
RUIN ME. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DOING THE WORK.
YOU WOULD NOT BE SICK IF YOU DO THE WORK.
WE DON'T GET SICK.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

They're all leaving. Stuffed in the elevator, Master
fuming.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

They're leaving. Master gets on his Harley and peels off
into the night...HOLD THE SHOT - everyone else gets into
their SEDANS...up ahead, MASTER WIPES OUT, lays the bike
down in the middle of Park Avenue...

...he leaves it, the SEDANS pull up, he gets in. An AID goes to the bike and picks it up.

INT. MASTER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MASTER is still fuming, ranting and raving, MARY SUE is here with him....

MASTER

AND THIS IS WHERE WE ARE??? AT THE LOWEST LEVEL? TO EXPLAINNNN OURSELVES? FOR WHAT? FOR WHAT WE'RE DOING AND WE HAVE TO GROVEL? GROVEL LIKE A DOG, A DOG LICKING IT'S PISS? ANOTHER DOG OF PISS I SAY.

THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEND OURSELVES IS ATTACK. ATTACK. ATTACK. WE ATTACK THAT MAN. IF WE DON'T DO THAT, WE WILL LOSE EVERY BATTLE WE'RE ENGAGED IN - WE WILL NEVER DOMINATE OUR ENVIRONMENT THE WAY WE SHOULD UNLESS WE ATTACK.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ADJOINING SUITE - NIGHT

WE HEAR MASTER from the next room; Everyone in here, listens, hangs their faces.

MASTER (O.C.)

...this city is just noise. Just noise and bad living. I know this place. I know it's rotten secrets...

CU. FREDDIE listening. He sips some of his booze from the FLASK, gets a real surly look on his face...

...VAL gets up and leaves the hotel room...

FREDDIE watches him go...

Everyone seems resigned, sleepy...Freddie snaps and says to Bill:

FREDDIE

You have the name's and information of the guests at this lady's party?

BILL WHITE

Yes.

FREDDIE looks at CLARK, the new son-in-law. ELIZABETH looks up...

FREDDIE
You're coming with me. Get up. I need
some help and you wanna make a good show,
no? Who's paying your way?

CLARK looks to Elizabeth, who gives a look that says,
"He's right."

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM / THE CAUSE H.Q. - LATER

Bill White turns on the lights, takes Freddie and Clark
over to his desk...they get the address and info. For MR.
JOHN MORE.

BILL WHITE
I don't think this is right to do -

FREDDIE
You don't know what we're going to do, so
don't bother thinking about this
anymore...

CAMERA with FREDDIE AND CLARK as they walk out of the
hotel and into the streets of New York --

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
You have any money on you?

CLARK
Some.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS / UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT - LATER

FREDDIE and CLARK, walking down the street...They
walk/talk;

FREDDIE
Where are you from, Clark?

CLARK
Los Angeles. Pasadena.

FREDDIE
What's there?

CLARK

I'm from there. Master and headquarters there for a year.

FREDDIE

...how'd you see them?

CLARK

I read the first book. I worked at Boeing for three years. When I read the book, I didn't want to waste my time there anymore. I came to help the Cause.

FREDDIE

What did it say?

CLARK

I'm skeptical of everything. Always have been. All I know is I used to not be able to sleep. Now I sleep through the night. I spent 18 months at the Presidio with every Army head-shrinker they had and not one did as much for me as Book One did. That's simple arithmetic to me. And I met Elizabeth, so...

FREDDIE

That's good.

CLARK

He changes things. And the research is hard to keep up with. None of this is done by a long shot. Sometimes it's easy to get lost.

FREDDIE

He's a very smart man. I can tell that. I don't understand myself but - more time with it and I might - I feel better - I feel like I've more to do with my life since I met him...and I JUST met him.

So - that can't be a bad thing, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET / UPPER WEST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Outside an OLD APARTMENT BUILDING...

...Freddie BUZZES THE BUZZER.

JOHN MORE (GROGGY) (O.C.)
Hello?

FREDDIE
I have a delivery for Mr. More. Special.
Late night delivery. I need a signature.

JOHN MORE (O.C.)
Yes, yes, of course...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

JOHN MORE says to his WIFE...

JOHN MORE
Delivery...must be urgent from the
University...

He gets a robe on, makes the walk down the hallway -- He
comes to the door...

...FREDDIE smashes it down...CLARK is here and watches,
does nothing...

...FREDDIE drags him along the floor, CAMERA moves over
and sees: MRS. MORE...

...FREDDIE takes care of them both...ends up tying them
up...scaring them, etc. Takes some valuables -- FINDS
MORE'S LITTLE TRADEMARK HANDKERCHIEF, TAKES IT.

...Freddie gets down into his face and says;

FREDDIE
DON'T BE SO STUPID.

They run out.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

Freddie drunk. Clark having his first beer. They are
watching a few very sexy BURLESQUE DANCERS. Freddie has
his eye on one in particular...she is doing a NAKED TAP
DANCE IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. Clark speaks;

CLARK
You know...at first there were rumors
going around about you...

FREDDIE

What about me...?

CLARK

Well, when you first were found on board. People were saying you were looking for Split Saber. That you were trying to steal The Split Saber if it was on board.

FREDDIE

What? Steal what?

CLARK

The Split Saber.

FREDDIE

I don't understand what you're saying.

CLARK

The Split Saber.

BEAT.

FREDDIE

I still don't understand what you're saying...

CLARK

The Darkest Cloud? AKA Dual Saber? Or The Split Saber?

FREDDIE

...no...

CLARK

...it's what started all this. Back then...in 1941, Master...he'd been in operation, in army hospital. He died on the table...gone for seven minutes...but came back:

And in a storm of vision and creative output from this experience he wrote The Split Saber aka The Darkest Cloud.

Whoever read it...either went insane or committed suicide. Twelve people read it. Six dead, four disappeared. The last time anyone saw it...was his last publisher in New York.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

Master walked into the office to find out what the reaction was, the publisher called for the reader, the reader came in with the manuscript....threw It on the table...and flung himself out of the skyscraper window....

Master took the book and hid it where no one could get to it...it's inside this book: all the history. All the facts. All too dangerous. He re-wrote it, using what he could as the basis for what we are able to accept and learn today...that's Book One that we all study and know...but the real stuff. The things at the center...are still too dangerous. They (kill/cure) any man who reads it. It's passing through the jaws of resistance. It's the truth about all this. The book is protected and hidden. No one knows where but Master.

FREDDIE

The truth about all what?

CLARK

Life on this planet.

...Freddie stares at him...then takes a good long look at the BURLESQUE DANCER AND HER BREASTS. THEN BACK TO CLARK:

FREDDIE

What is something like that worth?

CLARK

He said he was once offered \$25,000 dollars for it...but the price is....how could you figure out what the price is on something like that? Heretofore unknown. Incalculable by man.

FREDDIE

Where is it?

CLARK

It's locked away in a vault somewhere? I don't know.

FREDDIE

Where?

CLARK

No one knows for sure. Some say Phoenix or the desert outside Los Angeles.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

It's held back, until the time is right.
Or in case it's needed.

FREDDIE

Needed for what?

CLARK

(leverage.) ? I don't know.

FREDDIE

How do you know about this?

CLARK

Everyone knows about it. It's the
original text.

FREDDIE just sort of looks, then looks back to the NAKED
DANCER.

ANGLE, LATER.

The DANCER (ELLEN) has joined them . Ad-libbed
flirtations, innuendo, etc. CLARK watching FREDDIE...

FREDDIE gets severely drunk -- HE MAKES A DRUNKEN APPEAL
FOR HER TO COME TO THE CAUSE H.Q. For help in her life;

FREDDIE

There's something...something that can
helpp you...you...

If you need helpp in yer life...
...where is it?

CLARK

The Martinique Hotel...

FREDDIE

Thizz helped me. It can help you.. you
can go back in time and learn thingz...

He is about to say..

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

(wanna fuck?)

But he PASSES OUT, FACE FIRST ON THE TABLE.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL/HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

CLARK is dragging FREDDIE down the hall, passed out...he gets him to the room...opens the door..pulls him inside...

FADE OUT.
CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

.....FREDDIE wakes up. Takes him a good long time. CAMERA just watches. He soaks everything in, thinks, thinks, thinks. He puts the pieces together of last night an the last few days.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

START CU. ON MASTER. He looks down at something in his hands, quietly inspects it, looks up:

FREDDIE is here, he's given him the HANDKERCHIEF. HOLD between them, then;

MASTER

What is it?

FREDDIE

I don't think John More will be speaking out against you again.

MASTER

This isn't the way...you heard me say to attack and you attacked?

FREDDIE

You were right.

MASTER

...

FREDDIE

You were right...he had a wise-ass mouth.

MASTER

My little Soldier...what did you do?....you need to tell me so that I know...

FREDDIE

That's why I won't tell you. Nothing bad.
Just scared him good.

WIDEN ANGLE, THAT MOMENT.

Reveal MARY SUE is here, listening...Master looks to Mary Sue, back to Freddie:

MARY SUE

Whatever you've done, best not come back
to Master or the Cause.

FREDDIE

It won't.

MASTER

But-this-is-not-the-way-you-naughty-boy.
Ok? Alright. Freddie:
You-are-mischeif. Horrible young man you
are!

The PHONE RIGHTS, Mary Sue moves and picks it up, speaks
OC, we stay with MASTER and FREDDIE:

MASTER (CONT'D)

How are you...?

How do you feel to be so close to your
Auntie - just across the river? Close to
the incident of this present time?

FREDDIE

I don't really think about all that stuff
with my Auntie, you know...I got other
things going on besides that thing I told
you about...that's yesterday's news to
me, so....

MASTER

Your problems aren't with your auntie or
your mommy or daddy or any such things.

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

You have seeded aberrations in this way.
Absolute rejection of authority and nay-
sayers.

FREDDIE

I don't like smart-mouths. If that's what
you mean.

MASTER

Don't act out. This anger and battle has
been there from before you remember.
Before you know. It's not you, Freddie.
It's not...I promise you.

Freddie takes it all in.

FREDDIE

-- what is it?

He grasps his shoulders, touches his head to Freddie...

MASTER

It's just Q-44...all it is. Trillions of
years ago - little implants..

BEAT. He pulls back, smiles...

MASTER (CONT'D)

I promise to explain it. And make it go
away.

MASTER collects his notebooks.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Val has a habit of finding trouble...

I sometimes wonder what danger a man
could get himself into this Island.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Can you do this for me?
With a casualness and delicacy? Watchful
eyes to make sure trouble doesn't come...
or that come doesn't trouble? My little
soldier?

FREDDIE

Keep an eye on him?

MASTER

And report back to me...

FREDDIE

Alright.

MASTER leaves.

INT. FREDDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE is getting into his duffle bag, re-filling the booze supply...hiding the JEWELS he stole from last night's party...

ELIZABETH comes to his room, from the connecting door; she's fresh from a bath, in a robe.

ELIZABETH

Hi.

FREDDIE

Hi.

ELIZABETH

Why aren't you downstairs?

FREDDIE

I'm working.

ELIZABETH

What are you doing?

FREDDIE

Errands.

ELIZABETH

You're not an errand boy...you're a loafer...you're doing more than that, I can tell.

BEAT. She steps up close to him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I want to tell you...
Freddie...what you did for my father last night was spectacular.

FREDDIE

I didn't do anything.

ELIZABETH

I'm my father's daughter.
Don't tell me you did nothing. It was just what was needed to be done. And you took it upon yourself.

She reaches for his face;

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I can tell that you know what persecution feels like...

She KISSES him. He kisses back. Gentle and small. A prolonged simple kiss on the lips.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Can I have some of your liquor?

FREDDIE
No.

ELIZABETH
Why not?

FREDDIE
It's too strong.

ELIZABETH
I'm a big girl.

FREDDIE
Not big enough yet -

ELIZABETH
I could just steal some...

FREDDIE
Don't argue with me. You're Father's speaking ...get dressed and get down there...

ELIZABETH
There's plenty of time...besides:
I've heard it all before.

She backs away...smiles...and closes the door..(JUST BEFORE IT SLAMS SHUT - her ROBE FALLS OFF, REVEALING HER NAKED FIGURE FOR A FLEETING SECOND...)

FREDDIE. Looking at the door. FREDDIE. Hold. He takes a LARGE SWIG OF BOOZE.

CUT TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL - MOMENTS LATER

MASTER takes the stage. THIRTY/FORTY STUDENTS applaud. He gets up, speaks:

MASTER
THANK YOU! THANK YOU! Well? Down but not out. Not Dead Yet!
(no tombstone at least...) he he he he.

We are going to focus this morning to
"Communication" to cover "any exchange
between ourselves and our environment."

Because that's what I want to talk to you
about today: dominating your environment.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL. EVENING/LATER

CAMERA looks up the spiral stairwell of the HOTEL. It's
the end of the evening/lectures....WE SEE: VAL walking
down the steps.....moments later, about three floors
above, FREDDIE pokes his head over, sees VAL and starts
to follow....MUSIC STARTS.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF THE HOTEL. THAT MOMENT

VAL moves past FOLLOWERS who are wrapping up for the
evening, discussing, smoking cigs, exchanging ideas,
etc...and out into the NEW YORK CITY STREETS.

FREDDIE follows...MINI-SEQUENCE...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. COFFEE SHOP. VILLAGE. NIGHT

VAL walks into a coffee shop, takes a seat in a booth and
orders some coffee...

FREDDIE stands across the street and watches VAL.

FREDDIE buys hot dog from a hot-dog vendor...stands and
waits...and watches VAL sit alone...

After a few minutes...FREDDIE sees something:

A YOUNG GROUP ENTERS THE COFFEE SHOP. It's BILL WHITE,
his girlfriend PEGGY and TWO MALE NEW YORK FOLLOWERS: JIM
LEHR AND FRED FRITZ. They're here to meet VAL. They join
him, sit down, speak. Order cokes, coffee, smoke cigs,
etc...

FREDDIE watching all this from across the street. VAL is
answering their questions, speaking with some authority
about something, etc. etc.

...FREDDIE sizes up the situation
And what this meeting might mean...

He turns this all around in his head for a while...and
after enough of it, gets restless...

...He moves to a phone booth. Makes a call. He hears a
young male voice say "HELLO? HELLO?"

FREDDIE
Bobby?

BOB (OC)
Yeah?

FREDDIE
It's Freddie.

BOB (OC)
FREDDIE! FREDDIE WHERE ARE YA!

FREDDIE
Are you home?

BOB (OC)
YEAH. YOU HERE?!

FREDDIE
I'm comin' over -

He hangs up.

He looks back across the street at the group in the
coffee shop. And WALKS AWAY, OFF DOWN THE STREET...

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - WEST VILLAGE

Freddie walks up some stairs at the top of the stairs is
his 17 year old Cousin: BOB.

BOB
HOLY SMOKES! HOLY SMOKE! HOLLLLLY-SMOKEY!

Freddie and Bob greet each other, he takes him
inside...BOB is having a party with a bunch of his
FRIENDS, who all look alike and drink beer, etc;

FREDDIE
Where's everybody?

BOB

We're havin' a party. Where you coming from? Where you been?

FREDDIE

Here and there. Antarctica. Where's your dad?

BOB

Not here, working. Get in here you gotta see these two girls. Antarctica?

They greet each other and go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT/ROOM - LATER

BOB introduces FREDDIE: "my cousin, Freddie" to all the boys.

All the BOYS are around, watching the TWO GIRLS DANCE and LIP SYNCH to a record. They both look like Barbara Striesand.

FREDDIE looks at family photos that are out and on the walls.

FREDDIE

Where's my mom?

BOB

I heard she was in Florida.

FREDDIE

Where's your mom?

BOB

Left. She's back living in Princeton. It's the best since she's gone. My dad's never here. This place is mine. Did you see these girls?

ANGLE, LATER. FREDDIE and the BOYS.

FREDDIE pours a tiny bit of his booze into the beers for them...

FREDDIE

Anybody ever hear about stolen jewels and money in the sewers?

BOB

Where?

FREDDIE

Near Harlem.

They shake their heads.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

I heard about a load of money and jewels
that are hidden in a sewer wall up near
Harlem. A long time ago.

With crocodiles that live down there and
protect it.

BOY

I heard about that.

BOY 2

I heard about that too.

FREDDIE

Anybody want to go look for it?

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM. NIGHT

The FIVE BOYS, including FREDDIE and BOB get out of an
OLD CAR....they Find and lift a MANHOLE cover and head
down with FLASHLIGHTS and a SLEDGEHAMMER - They're drunk
and bring more BOOZE down with them - (two girls? staying
up top?)

INT. SEWER - THAT MOMENT

They all climb down. Rats and sewage. FLASHLIGHT SHINING
AROUND AS THEY GOOF OFF AND WALK AROUND.

ANGLE, FREDDIE.

They come to an intersection -

FREDDIE

Let's go this way and that way - come
with me -

BOB follows FREDDIE, the rest go the other way -

VARIOUS ANGLES watching them move around, etc.

ANGLE, THE WALL.

CAMERA MOVES ALONG THE WALLS OF THE SEWERS.

FREDDIE looking for something...

...THE WALL...

...FREDDIE...

BOB AND FREDDIE walking/talking:

BOB

My mom signed my early entrance to the army.

FREDDIE

How'd she do that?

BOB

She just signed this letter I made up saying my birth certificate was burned in a fire. She's happy to let me go.

FREDDIE

You don't want to go there, dummy.

BOB

There's a lot of pussy there, Freddie. I like those Korean girls the way they look.

FREDDIE

You're an idiot.

BOB

I'd rather be there than here. Pussy over there... I've been licking so much pussy this summer...

They keep walking. BOB is drunk. He turns, says to Freddie:

BOB (CONT'D)

I jerked off to a picture of my mom once. Did I ever tell you that?

FREDDIE

No.

BOB

I did...

Bob smiles, giggles... stumbles forward...walks...Freddie watching him...

ANGLE, THE OTHERS.

Walking and looking, drunk, smoking, etc. They find an area that they think may have something - and start WHACKING AWAY WITH THE SLEDGEHAMMER...

ANGLE, FREDDIE AND BOB

FREDDIE
There's nothing here...let's just go...

BOB
Yeah. WE'RE COMING BACK!!!! MEET BACK.

THE BOYS hear this and head back -

CUT TO:

INT. SEWERS. THAT MOMENT

FREDDIE is walking behind BOB...moving towards the intersection to meet with the BOYS...Suddenly, he stops, bends down...

FREDDIE
Bob...

BOB turns...FREDDIE is kneeling down, aims the flashlight:

THE JEWELS FROM MRS. PURCELL'S PARTY

BOB is stunned.

BOB
OVER HERE!!!! OVER HERE!!!!

The BOYS run over, look down at the JEWELS.

BOYS
Where were those?

BOB
Right here.

FREDDIE
I found them right here.

BOY 2
Holy shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

They all climb up and out of the sewer - cheering and celebrating.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

BOB and the other BOYS passed out on couches and floor. FREDDIE is awake, looking around at some photos and things...

FREDDIE leaves him the JEWELS, takes a couple family photos with him and writes a note that says:

"I'VE GONE TO AFRICA,
SEE YOU AGAIN SOMETIME.
FREDDIE."

and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAWN

FREDDIE comes up to his room and hears from the hallway: TYPING. He opens up and comes in. MASTER is here, in his underwear, typing away. Very fast. He barely takes notice of Freddie, keeps typing.

FREDDIE gets into the bed. MASTER stops for one moment, looks at him, sees his condition, goes back to typing...

HELEN SULLIVAN (OC)

This city can be cold
and unforgiving to new
ideas. Philadelphia is the city of
brotherly love. We've had miraculous
results with the textbooks
and lecture tapes.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S HOTEL ROOM/MARTINIQUE HOTEL - LATER MORNING

CU. HELEN SULLIVAN (sweet woman, early 30s) IS SPEAKING.

HELEN SULLIVAN

If you come, we can guarantee an audience of one hundred people three nights a week and six afternoons a week.

We have an engineer from Western Electric who is willing to record all of the lectures for free onto high fidelity audio tapes.

Perhaps these can be used for sale.

I assure you, you will find a very open city. People with open minds... we keep the bad ones out. I know that new sciences can attract quacks and some strange people, but keep them all away..

MASTER and MARY SUE listening to Helen. NORMAN CONRAD stands to the side...

MASTER

You are very right about one thing, Helen: this is a dirty city of nothing good.

MASTER thinks..... Everyone looks around at each other...A WOMAN STARTS SINGING....

WOMAN SINGING

"A TISKET-A-TASKET-MY PAST LIVES IN A BASKET.

I WENT DOWN THE WHOLE-TIME-HOLE AND FOUND I'D DROPPED MY BASKET..."

PRE-LAP THE SINGING OVER THE FOLLOWING:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL/NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Everyone is GETTING INTO CARS...the whole ENTOURAGE. FREDDIE at the center of it. MASTER comes out of the hotel quickly and into the sedan that waits...

BILL WHITE is there to say good-bye and is all but ignored by MASTER and MARY SUE...

The swirl of getting bags, kids and bodies into SEDANS...

VAL gets in one car...FREDDIE gets behind the wheel of another... and they DRIVE OFF...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

FREDDIE is driving. MASTER is asleep in the passenger seat. MARY SUE is breast feeding in the back. She looks at FREDDIE in the rear view;

MARY SUE
You see anything last night?

FREDDIE
...with what?

MARY SUE
With Val.

CU. FREDDIE
Considers this a moment.

FREDDIE
No.

MARY SUE
How does that happen?

FREDDIE
...lost 'em in the streets...

MARY SUE
...or maybe you drink too much and you
get cross-eyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA/CAUSE COLLEGE - NIGHT

A party is in progress at HELEN SULLIVAN'S HOME which has been converted into a STUDY COLLEGE. It's beautiful, large, well-appointed home.

A woman: JOAN BANKS is singing, ELIZABETH is playing piano. Everyone is here for a welcoming party, good time, cocktails, snacks, etc...

JOAN (SINGING)
I DROPPED IT, I DROPPED IT, I BETTER GO
AND FIND IT.

(MORE)

JOAN (SINGING) (CONT'D)
SOMETHING HURTS AND DON'T NEED THOSE
JERKS TO TELL US WHAT TO DO-O -

WE'RE HERE NOW, WE'RE HERE NOW.
IN LOVELY PHIL-E-DELFI. AND
WRESTLE OUR RE-ACTS RIGHT TO THE
GROUND AND PUSH, PULL, PIN IT DOWN.

WE'LL TAKE IT, WE'LL TAKE IT,
THOSE DIRTY SEEDS AND WIPE 'EM.

THE APA AND AMA WILL HAVE TO KISS OUR -
SS'S.

Everyone applauds, laughs. MASTER is smitten, STANDING OVATION. MASTER walks over to JOAN to shake her hand... She whispers to him:

JOAN (CONT'D)
What do you do with a student who keeps
dreaming she is in bed with you?

MASTER
Get thee behind me --

JOAN
And push.

They disperse. PIANO STARTS IN AGAIN...

Everyone is relaxed, sitting around. New faces (JOAN and HELEN) sit close to MASTER...

A WOMAN is speaking (stories of Cause success she's had at her branch in Minneapolis)

WOMAN
...a once-a-month meeting... this last
Saturday night we had a chiropractor..and
he spoke about 'Handwriting Analysis'...

MASTER is distracted...as he listens: HE RUBS HIS NOSE AND PULLS HIS EAR, CATCHING FREDDIE'S EYE. As we hear the woman ramble on, FREDDIE gets his FLASK, moves discreetly to get a glass, make a drink and brings it to MASTER. This is unnoticed by everyone but MARY SUE. The WOMAN finishes talking:

MASTER
Cheers to that!

Everyone raises their glasses and DRINKS. MASTER downs his new drink. A calm... then Master gently protificates:

MASTER (CONT'D)

Something that Joseph Smith had right:
the breeding and the development of the
group...doubled, tripled with certain...a
certain marital structure...how clever.
Something to look at deeply for a
growth...

MARY SUE looks at him. JOAN looks at him. HELEN looks at
him. FREDDIE looks at all of it. Helen's husband John
looks confused.

MASTER (CONT'D)

...the consideration of Celestial
Marriage. Spiritual Wifery. Plural
Unions. These cannot be overlooked so
quickly...think of the speed at which a
movement could grow...

BEAT. Met with a strange silence. MARY SUE moves to get
up...MASTER changes the topic slightly...

MASTER (CONT'D)

To live in the days of six-shooters and
open frontier, that's what I'd like! My
grandfather. Rancher. Wyoming. A criminal
of the highest lineage, once told me he
met a boy named Buckskin Joe...

He keeps talking...

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S ROOM/HELEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's the next morning. MASTER is getting ready, dressing
in the bathroom, getting ready for his lectures...MARY
SUE comes in, from behind him...she hugs him from
behind...he smiles...she looks at him in the mirror, he
looks at her.....she REACHES AROUND, GETS INTO HIS PANTS
AND STARTS TO JERK HIM OFF, LOOKING STRAIGHT AT HIM IN
THE EYE AS SHE SAYS:

MARY SUE

You can do. Whatever you want. As long as
I don't find out. And as long. As. Anyone
I know. Doesn't know. Other than that.
You stop this idea. And you put it back
in its pants. It didn't work for them.
And it's not gonna work for you. We.
Have. Enough problems. Cum for me.

MASTER

Yes. Yes.

MARY SUE

Do it. And get your best behavior out....
cum for me...

MASTER

Yes, master.

MARY SUE

And no more of that boy's booze.

MASTER

Yes master.

He comes, collapses, sinks to the floor. She washes her
hands and walks out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA/CAUSE COLLEGE - DAY

A beautiful spring day. STUDENTS, FOLLOWERS, COME IN,
SIGN IN...

IN THE MAIN LIVING ROOM, on stage, MASTER is working with
a WOMAN, processing her. She lays back on a couch set
up...FULL CROWD of students watching...

MASTER

Try to recall how you feel...

WOMAN

Oh, I'm sort of glad it's the end..

MASTER

What happens next?

WOMAN

The doctor puts a stethoscope to her
chest..

MASTER

What is the doctor wearing?

WOMAN

A white coat.

MASTER

Is there a smell in the room?

WOMAN

It smells like a hospital.

MASTER

Try to imagine what a hospital smells like.

WOMAN

Uugh. Uugh. Alright.

MASTER

What does the doctor say?

WOMAN

He listens to her chest and says, "She's gone."

FREDDIE and VAL are sitting in the front foyer of the house, facing each other in two folding chairs...we see the STAGE IN THE B.G...

...VAL is bored and nodding off to sleep...FREDDIE watches VAL. FREDDIE kicks his chair --

FREDDIE

Wake up. Your Father's speaking...you could learn something.

VAL

What's that?

FREDDIE

You heard me.

VAL

He's making this up as he goes, don'tcha know..? You can sleep and wake up and not have missed anything...

FREDDIE

Maybe you should pay more attention.

VAL

You have something to say to me?

FREDDIE

I'm curly-q. Round in circles. So shut up.

...FREDDIE takes a nice big drink from his FLASK...

FREDDIE looks out the open front door: TWO POLICEMAN AND A MARSHALL are parking their cars and walking towards the house...

FREDDIE.

Watching them advance... He hesitates. He's not sure what to do. So he stays put...

The MEN walk up to the house...FREDDIE and VAL look:

POLICEMAN

We're looking for Lancaster Dodd.

FREDDIE

I don't know who that is...

POLICEMAN

May we come in?

FREDDIE

No. You cannot.

VAL

Yes you can. He's up there -

VAL points to the stage...

VAL (CONT'D)

That's him.

FREDDIE

You can't come in. Get outta here.

MASTER, ON STAGE, looks out - AGAINST THE GLARE OF THE DOOR, he can recognize the FIGURES AS UNIFORMED...

ANGLE, AT THE DOOR.

POLICEMAN

We have a civil warrant to serve to Lancaster Dodd to appear in Philadelphia Bankruptcy Court - an arrest warrant -

VAL

Stay out of their way, Freddie.

MASTER walks down to see what's happening.

MASTER

What is happening here?

POLICEMAN

Are you Lancaster Dodd?

MASTER

Yes I Am.

POLICEMAN

We have an arrest warrant for you, sir...

MASTER

What are the charges?

POLICEMAN

By order of Pennsylvania District Court
by the Mildred Purcell Foundation for
wrongful withdraw of funds. And operating
a medical school without a license.
That's what we'll have to take you in for
--

MASTER

This is a silly joke, no?

MARSHALL

No, sir it isn't. But we have to take you
in and book and fingerprint you.

MASTER

This is comic opera. Is it illegal in
this city to get better?

MARSHALL

Please put your hands behind your back.

MASTER

I have no disagreement with you boys
doing your work in all its silliness as
defenders of what code? What honor? What
part of the galaxy? This is a scientific
gathering - you will cuff me from the
front, if you please --

He raises his ARMS for HANDCUFFS. FOLLOWERS COME FORWARD
AND START TO PROTEST ABOUT THIS. ONE YOUNG MAN, WITH ONE
ARM AND A HOOK FOR A HAND STARTS SWINGING IT AROUND (WWII
VET)

FREDDIE gets into it and is pushed by a POLICEMAN which
unleashes a WRATH IN HIM. IT VERY QUICKLY BECOMES A MINI-
MELE.

FREDDIE IS SLAMMED TO THE GROUND AND WRESTLED WITH BY THE
TWO MARSHALS. HE FIGHTS BACK. IT'S VERY ROUGH AND
VIOLENT.

MASTER, FREDDIE are taken away in hand cuffs. MARY SUE
comes out, angry at the police, everyone is, etc. Quite a
scene.

MASTER is actually trying to CALM FREDDIE DOWN, WHO IS GOING NUTS IN THE HANDCUFFS AND AT HIS TREATMENT

MASTER (CONT'D)

Freddie, no, no, no, calm down, please, please. It's nothing, just laugh, we'll be out shortly, it's nothing. I, please, please, Freddie -

INT. POLICE CAR

THEY SHOVE FREDDIE INTO THE CAR AND HE GOES CRAZY. SMASHING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WINDOW, THE BACK SEAT, ETC. HE YELLS LIKE AN ANIMAL. KICKS AND SCREAMS, BLEEDING FROM HIS FOREHEAD.

MASTER is put into another car.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

They arrive in CARS. FREDDIE in one car. MASTER in the other.

FREDDIE is STILL FIGHTING. THEY DRAG HIM. MASTER is speaking to him, trying to calm him down...

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

It's hours later. FREDDIE is out of energy. MASTER sits with him. Old-fashioned holding cell.

MASTER holds his FINGER TO HIS LIPS.

MASTER

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

He gets up close to FREDDIE, whispers in his ear;

MASTER (CONT'D)

Whatever we say is undoubtedly being monitored...speak in whispers.

FREDDIE

I don't want to talk to you right now.

MASTER

This is FBI work, Russians maybe...this...too much work for the AMA...

FREDDIE

Stop talking...

MASTER

You're fear of capture and imprisonment is an implant from millions of years ago. An Invader Force played games with your spirit as it moved from one body to the next - free for a moment - it was free and the invader force captured it - spun you around in a device not unlike a grinder and hit you with waves of high wattage electrical impulses - quaver bolts to damage you. The impulse lodges and plants the push-pull instinct, dumped in scalding hot water, then freezing cold - a control mechanism - any legal action, a summons to court, the sight of a police officer, exposes a glandular reaction and anxiety wave of the highest order, triggered - the mere threat of arrest will make a psychotic breakdown. This happened to you and you are free to stop it. Their game and implants are no match for you. Laugh in their face. Laugh at it. These triggers are useless now. You created THEM so YOU can DESTROY THEM.

MASTER pulls away...FREDDIE looks at him. HOLD.

FREDDIE

Horseshit.

MASTER

I don't have any opinions. I'm giving you facts.

FREDDIE

Just shut-your-mouth? You're a fucking DRUNK.

MASTER

ME shut my mouth? You're a fucking DRUNK.

You CACTUS. Play a game with me?

I don't think so, you little yo-yo. That ain't the way. You want to shut me up? I'm the best and only friend you have, shut me up from saving you? HELPING YOU. ONLY WAY. FIND ANOTHER ONE, YO-YO. You wanna get rid of this or live this way or MASTER it?

(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

You listen - you wanna spit in that cops face for touching you? I'm gonna beat him with you. Bash his skull in. BUT DON'T TURN ON ME, DRUNK.

Long silence. They sit in it.

FREDDIE

Helen's house...all those girls walking around, the wives of.....I want to fuck all of them.

MASTER

Sex is not an aberration. Never has been. So what's wrong?

FREDDIE

I want to fuck 'em all. I want to stick it in every one of them.

MASTER

When did you forget that surviving was what you're supposed to do. Stick it in. Stick it in.

FREDDIE

I don't belong in here, man. I gotta get out of here...

MASTER

You belong at sea.

FREDDIE

...hmp...

MASTER

.....You belong to Doris.

FREDDIE

Why're you talking about her?

MASTER

You think of Doris. The loss of her. Triggers millions of little shocks and charges, doesn't it? That present-life loss.

FREDDIE

It was Val who let them in the house and told them who you were... Val did it.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDDIE/VAL'S ROOM - HELEN'S HOUSE - LATER

MASTER enters the room, Freddie behind him...VAL'S BED IS MADE AND ALL HIS BELONGING ARE GONE...FREDDIE looks at the mirror on the wall. WRITTEN IN LIPSTICK a note to FREDDIE:

"YOU'LL NEVER GET BETTER"

MOMENTS LATER. SAME.

MARY SUE is here, looking at it. She says to Master:

MARY SUE
Where's he going? What's he doing?

MASTER sits on the bed, thinks.

She leaves quickly, we hear her go down the hall and knock on ELIZABETH'S door...ELIZABETH answers and the speak...FREDDIE and MASTER look at each other;

MASTER
His mother was a paranoid schizophrenic who wanted to abort him. Right now he 'wants to be sick.' He's losing his war.

CUT TO:

EXT. HELEN'S HOUSE/UPPER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE is sitting outside the CLOSED DOOR to MASTER'S UPSTAIRS BEDROOM/OFFICE. We HEAR VOICES talking ...

CLARK walks up and sits with FREDDIE, they sit in silence...trying to listen, but not hearing...

CLARK
He's done this before...

FREDDIE
What happened?

CLARK
He ran out of money and came back. He's a squirrel.

He's trying to get to The Split Saber, don't you think?

To sell it. Sell it off to any of these dissenters -

The door...NORMAN CONRAD asks FREDDIE to come in...

INT. OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

FREDDIE enters, sits down...DOOR CLOSES. They all face him, sit him in a chair...MASTER, ELIZABETH, NORMAN, MARY SUE...

MASTER

There is a mission against time to be undertaken, Freddie.

NORMAN CONRAD

Are you prepared to travel wherever we may ask you to go -- ?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

-- An assignment of importance in which more than just life hangs in the balance.
--

MARY SUE

-- I want to know if you can stop your boozing?

FREDDIE

...

MARY SUE

Can you stop drinking?

MASTER

-- The drinking blocks the physical pain and dissolves treatment from working, Freddie --

MARY SUE

Let me be unambiguous: Tell me you won't drink.

ZOOM IN TOWARDS HIS FACE, ENDS IN CU.

FREDDIE

I won't drink.

MARY SUE

Your mission is to go to Phoenix, Arizona to prepare for a Universal Process Congress of the Cause.

(MORE)

MARY SUE (CONT'D)

All branches brought together for a summit...your mission is to prepare for MOC's arrival and provide security at his home in Camel Foot Hills...

NORMAN CONRAD

By bringing everyone together with the promise of unveiling new levels...there will be interest from outside agencies...the new works are of great many interests to dark forces...

FREDDIE

Who?

MARY SUE

CIA, Russians, Catholic Church. The list is long, Freddie.

NORMAN CONRAD

We don't expect trouble, but if it comes...we believe and trust that you are the right man for this mission.

ELIZABETH

You're the only one that can do this, Freddie.

FREDDIE

...What is Val doing in all this?

MARY SUE

He's a squirrel. And he has weaknesses.

NORMAN CONRAD

Do you believe that no man can be neutral in the struggle between civilization and chaos?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MARY SUE

Val's not a threat to you. You can handle Val. Can't you?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

FREDDIE and MASTER getting ready to leave. Just the two of them:

MASTER

Freddie...there's something else...a side project I have for you...

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

...When you get there...I need you to get something for me...something of great importance to me.

FREDDIE

...?

MASTER

When you arrive at the house.....
you go underneath the house. There's a crawl space. In the center of the house is a small hole. You will see broken soil that marks the spot...dig it up.

Inside is a box. I need you to take the box and protect it. You can take it to the First Phoenix Bank and register a safe deposit. There it can stay until my arrival...

FREDDIE

What is it?

MASTER

Valuables. Personal and confidential to me.....

FREDDIE

.....

MASTER

As Guardian of the Good for this civilization and all it's neighboring galaxies.....can you promise me that you will safely deliver and protect this box?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT

FREDDIE is waiting for his flight. MASTER and HELEN SULLIVAN and her husband JOHN are here...

HELEN sits with FREDDIE...

HELEN
Whatever you're doing.....it feels
right.

FREDDIE looks at her. She looks at him

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - EN ROUTE - NIGHT

FREDDIE is on board. A STEWARDESS comes down the aisle,
asks if anyone wants a COCKTAIL.

FREDDIE says no thank you. The MAN next to him has a nice
GIN AND TONIC.

FREDDIE is starting to sweat, gently shakes as he begins
to de-tox...

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

FREDDIE gets off the plane, walks to the terminal - he
carries a DUFFLE BAG. Walking swiftly, purposefully...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PHOENIX - AFTERNOON

FREDDIE is in A CAB that pulls into a SUBURBAN PHOENIX
NEIGHBORHOOD. He gets out in front of RANCH STYLE HOME
separated a bit from the rest of the neighborhood...THE
CAB WAITS.

HE WALKS UP TO THE HOUSE, TAKES OUT THE KEY...HE PUTS THE
KEY IN AND STEPS INSIDE. HE LOOKS AND SEES:

THE HOUSE HAS BEEN TURNED UPSIDE DOWN AND RANSACKED.

Freddie is shocked/nervous.....suddenly on guard.

FREDDIE walks around, looks into what appears to have
been MASTER'S OFFICE...Writing, books, etc, thrown all
over the place....

HOLE'S IN THE WALLS, SOCKETS RIPPED OUT, FLOOR BOARDS RIPPED UP...

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

UNDER THE HOUSE. A CRAWL SPACE. FREDDIE crawls on his belly underneath the house - goes to the center of it and finds a HOLE. He digs into it...and digs up A BOX (HAT BOX SIZE) COVERED IN DUST. HE TAKES THE BOX OUT AND CRAWLS AWAY.

HE PUTS THE BOX INTO HIS DUFFLE BAG. HE BRUSHES THE DUST OFF. HE GOES BACK TO THE CAB AND GETS IN --

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHOENIX / THE CAUSE H.Q. - DUSK

FREDDIE pulls up in the cab to THE CAUSE H.Q. STOREFRONT OPERATION in downtown PHOENIX. He walks in...DICK BRETON (30s, Phoenix Branch Manager) is here - a few others.

DICK

Good morning.

FREDDIE

Are you Dick Breton? I'm Freddie Sutton.
You're expecting me...

FREDDIE is very friendly, but focused on the task, he asks to use the phone to call Master - some place private, perhaps...

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE is alone, on the phone, with MASTER.

MASTER

Freddie.

FREDDIE

Someone broke into the house.

MASTER

...Someone broke into the house...

FREDDIE

Someone's been there. I don't know when. I may have just missed them - the front door was locked, I went in with the key and the house up ended, all smashed up on the ground - I walked to the back - the door was open -

MASTER

-- do you have the box?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

Where are you now?

FREDDIE

I'm at the office with Dick Breton.

MASTER

Is he there with you?

FREDDIE

He's outside. The door's closed.

MASTER

The box is safe in your hands?

FREDDIE

Yes. It was right where you said it would be...I haven't opened it.

MASTER

You've done well. You know the severity of what you hold in your hands -

FREDDIE

Is...did...did Val break into the house looking for it?

MASTER

Possibly. A crazed lone lunatic for all we know. Certain atomic agencies wouldn't mind a crack at it, I'm sure.

FREDDIE

What should I do now?

MASTER

Get yourself a room at the Sun Inn Motel.

The Sun Inn Motel...it's nearby...acceptable accommodations.

(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

Find yourself a room there...and guard it until morning - stay safe until that bank opens...

FREDDIE

It's good. I got it.

MASTER

Yes it is. Are you alright?

FREDDIE

Yeah, yeah. I'm alright. I'm shaking...

MASTER

Why?

FREDDIE

I don't know. It's hot down here.

MASTER

You feel any stomach pain?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Ringing in your ears?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Left side feels good?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Right side feel good?

FREDDIE

I'm alright.

MASTER

Good, good. Alright, soldier. Go to it.

FREDDIE hangs up and looks at the DUFFLE BAG...he looks out into the front area...sees DICK BRETON and some other Phoenix Followers...they see Freddie...try to give him his space...

He looks at the Duffle Bag.

CUT TO:

INT. SUN IN MOTEL - NIGHT

FREDDIE has checked into a motel for the night. He is sitting on the bed. THE BOX is on the next bed. He smokes cigarettes and looks at the box.

He takes the BOX and puts it in his DUFFLE BAG. ZIPS IT UP.

He turns off the light, smokes in the dark. ZOOM TOWARDS THE BAG...ZOOM TOWARDS FREDDIE. STRETCCCCCHHHH OUT THIS MOMENT.

(IMAGINES HIMSELF OPENING THE BOX AND FIRE COMING OUT OF THE BOX AND TEARING UP HIS ARM AND COVERING HIS HEAD. THEN BLOWING HIS HEAD OFF)

BACK TO REALITY. HE TAKES THE BOX OUT OF THE DUFFLE BAG AND LEAVES IT ON THE BED.

FREDDIE is starting to sweat and shake a bit. He's detoxing.

He looks down at his feet: HE HAS A TATTOO of a PIG on his right foot and a ROOSTER on his left...

HE LOOKS AT THESE TATTOO'S.....

HE SPENDS SOME TIME IN THE TOILET THROWING UP.

This goes on...until...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

FREDDIE is up, trying to get steady. Shaking, sweating...

FREDDIE looks out the window, down across the street and sees the LOCAL BANK. The BANK MANAGER opens up...FREDDIE moves to leave...HE GRABS THE DUFFLE BAG FROM THE BED AND WALKS OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOTEL - THAT MOMENT

FREDDIE cautiously comes out. He walks toward the stairs...and SEES:

A FLEETING FIGURE RUNS AWAY AND DOWN A FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE.

FREDDIE RUNS AFTER THIS FIGURE...

HE LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW, DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE...

HE LOOKS UP, ACROSS ROOFTOPS, SEES A FIGURE RUNNING AWAY,
JUMPING ACROSS ROOFTOPS...

FREDDIE makes his way down into the lobby of the
motel....very very very carefully...looking for something
around any corner...

In the lobby...the OWNER nods to him...Freddie nods
back...

And makes a beeline - hard to the door and out into --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT

FREDDIE bursts out into the street in full-ready-for-
anything mode.....STRETCH OUT, MINI SEQUENCE....

...looking up at the rooftops, alley's, etc....

...He gets across the street, rounds a corner, and into -

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX BANK - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE comes in, registers a SAFE DEPOSIT BOX.

HE PUTS THE BOX IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT.

HE LEAVES.

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE H.Q. PHOENIX - DAY

FREDDIE speaking to a group of 20 followers; he reads
some of this from a piece of paper...he's shaking,
sweating but doing a terrible job of concealing it...

FREDDIE
Phoenix will be the home of the Universe
Process Congress of the Cause...to be
held June 5th to 9th...

Everyone is excited.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

And it is hoped that a major part of the program can be devoted to a report on a demonstration of any new data or techniques MOC may reveal at that time.

FOLLOWER

You're talking about Book II?

FREDDIE

Yes. This will be a unification Congress. All of us together - all branches and as many members as possible, organized in one city - for the presentation of all new levels.

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE H.G. PHOENIX - DAY

FREDDIE is heard OFF CAMERA in the bathroom VOMITING HIS GUTS OUT as he de-toxes. STUDENTS and a small LECTURE in process tries to ignore the ANIMAL SOUNDS coming from the bathroom...

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE - DAY

FREDDIE with DICK BRETON and another FOLLOWER are cleaning, fixing up the ranch house...

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE H.Q. PHOENIX - DAY

The storefront operation is being READIED AND REFURBISHED. FREDDIE leading the clean-up, etc.

FREDDIE acting as MAIN LIAISON AND LIEUTENANT.

A STAGE IS PREPARED. MICROPHONES TESTED, RECORDING EQUIPMENT.

FREDDIE OUT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. Doing the work of the Cause. He invites people to come, hands out FLIERS.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL PHOENIX RADIO STATION

FREDDIE is talking with a local STATION MANAGER about buying air-time...

INT. RADIO BOOTH

FREDDIE is on the radio, reading the PROMO PIECE;

FREDDIE

*You don't have to change you faith or
leave the congregation you belong to...So
those interested in freedom are urged to
please come for free sample processing
sessions in being 'younger' feeling
'freer' and understanding where you come
from...*

*If every individual in the world had one
other individual to whom he could go with
his troubles and his ideas; and if he
could tell that Other all about his
troubles and ideas; and if that Other
would listen AND understand, but not
evaluate or invalidate or approve or give
advice or in any other way try to control
the thoughts of the speaker; the people
of the world would become sane, well and
happy.*

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX AIRPORT / TARMAC - DAY

A PLANE TAXI'S TO A STOP, MASTER and MARY SUE, ELIZABETH, etc, all disembark the PLANE...

FREDDIE, clean cut and wearing a nice suit, is here to GREET THEM. They head for CARS waiting...

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE - DAY

THE WHOLE ENTOURAGE unloads and heads into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Everyone comes in, settling in...MASTER inspecting some of the damage that has been cleaned up - but traces remain...FREDDIE there to explain what it looked like...

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

MASTER and FREDDIE come in...MASTER looks around...MASTER turns to FREDDIE:

FREDDIE takes out the SAFE DEPOSIT KEY and hands it to MASTER.

FREDDIE

The key.

Master takes it, pockets it... He looks down at his desk...

MASTER

I'll need fresh ribbon tonight for the Old 'Vetti and paper, vanilla. Do we have any?

FREDDIE

I'll get some.

MASTER

We'll go to the bank in the morning.
First thing?

FREDDIE

Alright.

MASTER

Now that we've arrived, let's keep an extra eye open around the perimeter.
We're not out of harm's way yet.

MASTER leaves the room with Freddie behind...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LATER

MASTER is typing off camera. It's later that night, everyone asleep but ELIZABETH and FREDDIE. They have a scene:

ELIZABETH

I hope that one day this place will be a museum to my father and everyone he has helped around the world will come and visit to see where he presented Book II.

You did a wonderful job helping him...

FREDDIE

.....where's Clark?

ELIZABETH

Denver.

FREDDIE

What's in Denver?

ELIZABETH

He had a mission there...

CU. FREDDIE

FREDDIE

What kind of mission?

ELIZABETH

A secret one....

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX BANK - MORNING

MASTER and FREDDIE pull up in a car to the bank, get out, go in:

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - THAT MOMENT

They get the BOX/DUFFLE BAG from the SAFE DEPOSIT. FREDDIE watching MASTER. Master doesn't open it, just gets it and they leave.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX HOUSE - LATER

FREDDIE and MASTER come in, MASTER carrying the duffle bag. He says hello to the kids, MARY SUE, etc...then goes into his office...

FREDDIE stays out in the living room.

MARY SUE serves the kids some pancakes. He watches for a second;

MARY SUE
Do you want some pancakes?

HOLD. THEN:

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE - LATER

FREDDIE is sitting outside the house, smoking a cig,
drinking some coffee... (distant sound of typing coming
from inside the house - Master at work)

.....a CAR PULLS up...across the street...he watches it
park.....and out steps: BILL WHITE (from New York)
...he closes the door...and walks across the
street...towards the house....he Looks very out of place
in the middle of the desert...he approaches Freddie:

BILL
Hello, Freddie.

FREDDIE
Bill.

BILL
Just dropped in to see Master, find out
what's going on - guess I lost my
invitation.

FREDDIE
There's nothing going on, Bill.

BILL
What does that mean?

FREDDIE
That's what that means.

BILL
Does that mean I'm out? Am I in? What
does that mean?

FREDDIE
That's it.

BILL

Y'know that I've had no communications from this office for six weeks - no Journals, no answer's to my calls, I wrote a letter, was it received?

FREDDIE

Yes.

BILL

I'm mixed up slightly here. You know, when I worked for the Cause, I was made a nearly \$800 in salary due me.

FREDDIE

We appreciate that.

BILL

And as a Founding Member, I'm supposed to be a member for life?

FREDDIE

Yes.

BILL

And that entitles me to the Journals?

FREDDIE

Yes.

BILL

But I haven't gotten the Journals?

FREDDIE

No.

BILL

And I'm not going to get the Journals?

FREDDIE

No.

BILL

And do you know that I'm a Fellow of the Cause and as a Fellow of the Cause I'm a member for life?

FREDDIE

Yes.

BILL

But I haven't gotten the Journals?

FREDDIE

No.

BILL

And do you know that I paid \$800 for the Minister's Course and that entitles me to membership in the Group until January 1?

FREDDIE

....

BILL

And as a member I'm supposed to get the journals?

FREDDIE

....

BILL

And I'm not going to get any Journals?

FREDDIE

No.

BILL

Ok. Do you know that I paid \$50 for my "Doctor Of Divinity" certificate, and for which I also was to receive a medallion, a ribbon, a lapel pin, and a gold bordered book of The Cause?

FREDDIE

Yes.

BILL

And I haven't gotten them?

FREDDIE

No.

BILL

But you're going to give them to me?

FREDDIE

No.

BILL

Then I suppose you're going to refund my money?

FREDDIE

No.

BILL

Why?

FREDDIE

You're a dissenter. And an unfaithful woman.

BEAT.

BILL.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself, sitting there getting all red in the face and being embarrassed because you have to act like a heel?

FREDDIE

I'm not embarrassed. That's sunburn.

BILL

I'm not going to let anyone tell me I can't have what I paid for, except Master. I want to see Master.

FREDDIE

You can't see Master.

BILL

Why?

FREDDIE

Because he's busy and I'm not going to let you.

BILL

Oh...it's Freddie-Barrier now? Why don't you hyphenate that?

PAUSE.

BILL (CONT'D)

You know what this all is? Huh? It's mental cruelty. That's what it is. It's just mental cruelty to invent all these new ideas and never follow through on it and just keep adding and subtracting and I gotta pay for this and that level and more and more...and Book II's coming. All the answers..."if you had that, it's no good 'cause here's the new thing...and oh no...you don't need that...that's old...this is new." And it's more and more and it's all just cruel.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

And it's all gettin' away from what it was at the start which made sense. This is screwed man. Screw this. And screw you.

BILL leaves.

FREDDIE watches him go. Something takes hold of him.

...FREDDIE walks after BILL, behind his back, come up on him and CRACKS HIM IN THE KIDNEYS. HE GOES DOWN...KICKS HIM FOR GOOD MEASURE, THEN WALKS BACK TO THE PORCH...

He sits down and just watches Bill squirm in the middle of the street, finally dragging himself up and into his car.

CU. FREDDIE.

Just watching him with no/very little compassion.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN PHOENIX / PRINTERS - NEXT MORNING

MASTER and FREDDIE hand over THE BOOK II manuscript pages for PRINTING. WE WATCH THE PAGES GO ROUND. DICK BENTON is here to help. They smoke cigarettes and watch the printing machines move...

WE SEE THE TITLE OF THE BOOK:

"THE SPLIT SABER"

We see, IN CLOSE UP, THE LAST LINE OF THE BOOK:

"...as gift to homo-sapien, in hopes of a better world.

Lancaster Dodd, M.D."

INT. CAUSE H.Q. PHOENIX - DAY

Everyone collected for the start of the Congress. 250 people in attendance from all over. APPLAUSE for MASTER as he stands on stage, speaks:

MASTER

That's enough...now that's enough, you're going to make me red all over...thank you. Thank you.

Book II is about Man.

(MORE)

MASTER (CONT'D)

And the title of the book is: "The Split Saber." This is an adaptation of the original text...and here we have some answers...

Ooooooh's and aaaaaaah's. Whispers, etc.

MASTER (CONT'D)

No More Secrets...

This is a study of your last 83 trillion years...This is about the source of creation.

Of good and evil.....and the source of all...

Now funny enough - the source of all is....

You.

I have unlocked and discovered a secret to living in these bodies that we hold...and Ohhhhhhhh yessss it's verrrye evre veryvery SERIOUS!

The secret is laughter.

CU. FREDDIE

Listens from the sidelines. It's sweltering HOT in here. FANS ABOVE DO NOTHING. EVERYONE IS POURING SWEAT BUT RAPPT IN ATTENTION...

Freddie looks up at the stage and MASTER speaking...MASTER keeps talking...Freddie keeps looking...MASTER talks and talks....FREDDIE looks...

MASTER (CONT'D)

...so let's review "Laughter and Processing." and how the role of the listener...

FREDDIE imagines himself standing up, going up to the stage, PULLS OUT A LARGE SABER AND SLICES MASTER'S HEAD OFF. HIS HEAD ROLLS INTO THE AUDIENCE...

...MASTER keeps talking and talking...

MASTER (CONT'D)

Man is not an animal
Man is an enternal spirit.

BACK TO FREDDIE.

He's sitting up straight, watching, pouring sweat. It's the end of the lecture. EVERYONE STANDS UP AND GIVES MASTER A HUGE ROUND OF APPLAUSE...

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE COLLEGE.

a big party at the end of the evening. SLOW ZOOM IN ON FREDDIE. Sober. Sitting and watching everyone dance around and have a good time. He's STOIC. People are coming and speaking to him...he is gracious, nodding her and there.....

A sexy young woman, JOAN BANKS (30s) sings a song for everyone: ELIZABETH is playing the piano.

JOAN (SINGING)

A TISKET-A-TASKET-MY PAST LIVES IN A BASKET!

WE'RE HERE NOW, WE'RE HERE NOW.
IN LOVELY AR-I-ZO-NA. AND
WRESTLE OUT RE-ACTS RIGHT TO THE GROUND
AND PUSH, PULL, PIN IT DOWN.

WE'LL TAKE IT, WE'LL TAKE IT,
THOSE DIRTY SEEDS AND WIPE 'EM.

THE APA AND AMA WILL HAVE TO KISS OUR -
SS'S

Everyone applauds, laughs. FREDDIE watches everyone celebrate and laugh, drink, etc...

ELIZABETH comes over and sits with FREDDIE...

ELIZABETH

Can we have some of your booze now?

FREDDIE

No more booze, Girl-y. Or haven't you heard?

ELIZABETH

Wanna dance?

FREDDIE

No.

ELIZABETH

Grumpy.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY/NEXT MORNING.

MASTER, riding a MOTORCYCLE...and A SEDAN carrying
FREDDIE and DICK BRETON...pull up in the middle of
flatland desert outside PHOENIX...

ANGLE, LATER. The three of them stand out in the
desert...

MASTER
The game is "Pick A Point"

pick a point...and ride straight at it.
as fast as you can. I'll go first.

MASTER gets up on the bike. Picks a spot on the horizon.
AND DRIVES STRAIGHT AT IT - A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR.
COMPLETE ABANDON. MINI0SEQUENCE HER. SEEING THE SPEED. HE
GOES FULL THROTTLE FOR ALMOST HALF A MILE...

HE ARRIVES...SKIDS TO A STOP...THE ADRENALINE AND
RUSH...HE TURNS...

THEN GOES BACK THE SAME WAY HE CAME.

HE PULLS UP. he laughs his head off, talking about what
just happened...

ANGLE, LATER.
FREDDIE'S TURN...he gets on...picks a spot, says what it
is...

AND DRIVES TOWARDS IT. DRIVING. FAST. HE HITS A BUMP.
ALMOST WIPES OUT. KEEPS GOING. FAST. FASTER. FASTER.

FREDDIE keeps on going...

MASTER watching him go and go...disappear on the horizon
line...

HOLD.

FREDDIE IS GONE. MUSIC STARTS, OVER THE FOLLOWING: (?
"ho! For kansas.")

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - THREE HOURS LATER - DUSK.

MASTER and DICK BRETON get in the car, done waiting for Freddie..and drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALVESTON, TX.

FREDDIE gets passage on a FREIGHTER. It sails off. He's on it. back at sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. DAY.

FREDDIE ON BOARD...DOWN BELOW. HE MAKES HIS SPECIAL POTION OF BOOZE OUT OF RUBBING ALCOHAL AND SOME OTHER INGREDIENTS FOR THE OTHER CREW MEMBERS...

THIS ALL ENDS UP IN AN EVENING OF:

TATTOO'S. FREDDIE GETS SOME NEW TATTOO'S

"TOO TOUGH TO DIE"

EXT. LYNN, MASS. SUBERBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - WEEKS LATER.

FREDDIE walks up to a small house in a suburban neighborhood...

He knocks on the door...then stands back off the steps...

A NOEWEGIAN WOMAN - MOTHER-type (40s) opens the door, rocognises him;

WE SEE FREDDIE. He looks rough, tired...HE HAS MORE TATOOS that come up from under his shirt and start to WRAP UP HIS NECK...

MOTHER

Hello.....Freddie?

FREDDIE

Hi. I'm lookin' for Doris.

MOTHER

Oh.what for?

FREDDIE

'cause I'm looking for her. Because i
want to talk to her. That's what for.

MOTHER

Well. Doris is in Alabama right now. She
lives there.....she's married to Jim
Day. He's in ROTC training. Navy flight
training...

FREDDIE

Jim day? Jim day-jim day? That jim-day?

MOTHER

Yes. Jim day. From sommerville.

FREDDIE

When did that happen?

MOTHER

They've been married for three years.

FREDDIE

To jim day?

MOTHER

Yes.

FREDDIE

Is he still ugly?

PAUSE.

MOTHER

She has two children.

FREDDIE

.....boys or girls?

MOTHER

Two girls. Are you coming back home?

FREDDIE

I'm just visiting, wanted to see if she
was around, say hello.

MOTHER

How's your family doing?

FREDDIE

Yeah, alright.

PAUSE.

FREDDIE

Well, ok-then. If she's not here.

MOTHER

You could write her. I have an adress.

FREDDIE

No, i'm not gonna write her a latter.

MOTHER

Alright.

FREDDIE

Was she upset that last time I was here?
When I left her here?

MOTHER

Yes.

FREDDIE

Was she broken up about it?

MOTHER

Yes.

FREDDIE

Did she tell you what happened?

MOTHER

Yes.

FREDDIE

What did she say?

MOTHER

That you said you couldn't be with her
and that you'd come back some time. Is
that right? (it was a long time ago.)

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MOTHER

Where have you been?

FREDDIE

...(laughs)...I been working. I been
doing a lot of work and travelling, I
think I been halfway around the world
doing things since I last saw doris...

how old is she now?

MOTHER

Doris is twenty.

FREDDIE

Casue I wanted to know. She was too young when I knew her, when I saw her. how's Sonny?

MOTHER

Sonny died in Italy.

FREDDIE

Yep. Yeah. Alright.

BEAT.

FREDDIE

I loved Doris, but when I came back hom..and she was only sixteen, so...i couldn't wait for her..but she's happy and that's good. So...

MOTHER

I'll tell her you came to see me.

FREDDIE

That's not going to matter - give me a break --

MOTHER

Do you want her to know?

FREDDIE

It's better if she thinkgs I was a heel. That's better - so if you can - don't tell her - but you're her mother you'll tell her, so -

MOTHER

No I won't. I think you're right.

FREDDIE

Well...you do whatever you think is right.

MOTHER

It was nice to see you.

FREDDIE

...am I leaving?

MOTHER

No. Whatever you'd like. You can come in.

FREDDIE

I gotta go. Thank you. So...thank you.
How's Mr. Shoeman?

MOTHER

He's very good. He's working.

FREDDIE

Tell him I said hello.

MOTHER

Alright.

LONG PAUSE.

FREDDIE

So her name is Doris Day? The the Doris
Day?

MOTHER

Yes.

FREDDIE

Like the movie star.

FREDDIE comes up and gives her a kiss on the cheek and
walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SOMEWHERE.

FREDDIE, by himself, drinking from his FLASK. The movie
playing is a short "CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST. THERE'S
GOOD BOOS TONIGHT."

He is PASSED OUT IN THE BACK ROW OF THE BALCONY...

A sory of dream moment happens where...an USHER walks up
WITH A TELEPHONE AND HANDS IT TO FREDDIE, waking him up,
Freddie speaks into the phone:

FREDDIE

Hello?

MASTER (V.O.)

I miss you.

FREDDIE

How'd you find me?

MASTER (V.O.)
We're tied together.

Who got to you, Freddie?

FREDDIE
What?

MASTER (V.O.)
Who got to you?

FREDDIE
Nothing. Nobody.

MASTER (V.O.)
Come to England...you'll love it here.
And I think it will do you some good. Can
you do it?

FREDDIE
Where?

MASTER (V.O.)
We have a new house....it's In England.

FREDDIE
My spaceship's in the shop and the dance
card's full

MASTER (V.O.)
Ha ha ha ha. You've still got it! Will
you bring some Kools?

FREDDIE
They don't have 'em there?

MASTER (V.O.)
The only bad part over her...no Kools.

FREDDIE
How'd you find me?

MASTER (V.O.)
Freddie; I ahve a matter of such urgency -
a matter that only you can help me with -
that may, in fact, cure the insane once
and for all...

BACK TO FREDDIE. PASSED OUT IN THE MOVIE THEATER...he
wakes up, looks around...watches Casper for a second or
two...gets up...

And walks down the very steep flight of stairs on the
balcony....

...it's dark...he's drunk...he takes a step or two the wrong way - and FALLS...he not only falls down the steps - but OVER THE BALCONY RAILING AND DOWN INTO THE MAIN AUDITORIUM...

The fall should either kill him or break his back.

Audience members come rushing over, helping him...people call for help...FREDDIE'S KNOCKED OUT. HOLD THIS AND WATCH AS PEOPLE HELP HIM...THERE IS WOMAN HER...SHE IS A BIT SHAKEN, FREDDIE FELL RIGHT NEXT TO HER...

WE SEE THIS WOMAN, AND RECOGNIZE HER AS THE WOMAN (NUDE DANCER) FROM THE NIGHTCLUB IN NEW YORK CITY...ELLEN...SHE LOOKS AT FREDDIE...

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP IN;

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

FREDDIE looks around. He sees a YOUNG WOMAN...it all takes him a minute...he focuses on her:

It's her...ELLEN.

ELLEN

You're alright. You're Superman.

He looks at her.

ELLEN

Do you remember me?

you saved my life.

you don't remember me?

You told me where I could get some help.
And I did.

And it saved my life.

Freddie looks at her, looks around, looks down at himself. Only a few bandages, all seems to be in order..

ELLEN

Do you know what happened?

FREDDIE

I fell over the balcony.

ELLEN

That's right.

FREDDIE

Am I alright?

ELLEN

Yes.

FREDDIE

Sure I'm not dead?

ELLEN

Yes.

FREDDIE

Not dreaming?

ELLEN

Well...I don't know...depends on how you mean... you're here right now. With me. In the hospital. It's 1952. New York city. My name is Ellen Rodgers.

You probably don't recognize me with my clothes on...he he he.

FREDDIE

...why are you here?

ELLEN

I was in the movie theater. You fell down. Right. Next. To. Me...

I just happen to be there. You see?

FREDDIE

Do you have a cigarette?

ELLEN

No.

PAUSE. She starts to cry a little...

ELLEN

.....you're A mess...I can't see you this way...you...I've thought about you and what my life was like before the Cause and now...before I met you...

...and you should be a Savior. You are.

FREDDIE looks at her...she puts her head on him...

ELLEN

I'm not a cryer. I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm crying...I'm just heppy to see you...

can I get you something?

HOLD...

FREDDIE

I really want a cigarette...

She goes away...comes back...lights him up a cigarette...

FREDDIE

I want to get to a phone...I gotta make a phone call...can you help me with that?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY. PHONE BOOTH.

FREDDIE making a LONG DISTANCE CALL TO PHOENIX ARIZONA. Finally connected with THE CAUSE H.Q. (Ellen lingers in background..)

VOICE

The Cause College Of Phoenix, Hello.

FREDDIE

This is Freddie Sutton calling for MOC.

VOICE

Who?

FREDDIE

My name is Freddie Sutton. I'm calling for MOC.

VOICE

MOC is not here, I can help you. Are you calling for help? Are you in trouble or would you like to come in for free processing and evaluation?

FREDDIE

Is someone there. Elizabeth or mary Sue or Norm Conrad, the family?

VOICE

No, They're in England.

FREDDIE

.....

VOICE

Who is this?

FREDDIE

Is Dick Breton there?

VOICE

Dick Breton no longer works for this organization. Who is this?

FREDDIE

My name is Freddie Sutton and I'm a friend of the the family. Where in England?

VOICE

Are you in any kind of trouble that we can help you with? You can come in for an evaluation -

FREDDIE hangs up. He thinks. He thinks. He thinks. He looks at Ellen...she looks at him...

CUT TO:

INT. EELLEN'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

FREDDIE is in Ellen's bed. She is going over his tattoos. She kisses the tops of his FEET. ON HIS LEFT FOOT: A PIG. ON HIS RIGHT FOOT: A ROOSTER.

ELLEN

What are these? What does this mean?

FREDDIE

They keep you from drowning...keep the sea from swallowing you..pig and rooster's always survive a shipwreck.

ELLEN

How come they survive?

FREDDIE

I don't know. They can swim better? Never thought about it.

ELLEN

Did you ever have a shipwreck?

FREDDIE

.....I did.

HOLD. He thinks about this.

Ellen starts to get a little teary. She hugs his legs and feet, holds onto him.....

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. DAY.

FREDDY on board a ship heading across the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY - MONTHS LATER.

FREDDIE, alone, walking down the STREETS OF LONDON...CAMERA WITH HIM, IN THE B.G. there are still VACANT LOTS, HALF BOMBED BUILDINGS, REMNANTS OF THE CITY BOMBARDED...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/ENGLAND - DAY.

FREDDIE walking a long road carrying his DUFFLE BAG...he heads up, passes some STUDENTS (wearing uniforms)

He comes into a clearing and heads up a driveway that leads to a VERY LARGE ENGLISH MANOR...

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA/MANSION.

A young BRITISH GIRL is very welcoming, asking him:

BRITISH GIRL

Hello! welcome, can we help you and invite you to sit down?

FREDDIE

You can...

BRITISH GIRL

You look like you've travelled here...

FREDDIE

...how else do you get someplace?

BRITISH GIRL
Ha, ha, he, he...

...can I assist you in help?

FREDDIE
...I'm here to see your Master.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING AREA/COUNTRY ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER.

FREDDIE is sitting, waiting...he sees:

DOWN THE HALLWAY, APPROACHING IS: VAL. he looks good, healthy clean-cut, etc...he's walking with an AID and going over some official business...

VAL walks past FREDDIE...

VAL sees FREDDIE.

FREDDIE sees VAL. He stops, comes back...walks up to Freddie:

VAL
Come to get yourself straight?

FREDDIE
You look good, Val.

VAL
Thank you.

FREDDIE
Was in the neighborhood, stopped in to see your old man.

VAL
Does he know you're here?

FREDDIE
He should...

MASTER comes down the long hallway...

MASTER
IS THERE A RASCAL IN THE HOUSE??

VAL to FREDDIE quickly before MASTER arrives:

VAL
They always come back.

MASTER
IS THERE A RASCAL NEARBY?

MASTER comes barreling up to FREDDIE, wraps his arms around FREDDIE in a big-friendly BEAR HUG.

MASTER
M'old sparring partner.

VAL watches...

MASTER
Traveller. Seamen. Adventurer. Bon
vivant. You bring with you elan vitale.

days of rugged wear on your face, come
with me...

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S OPULENT OFFICE - DAY.

MASER and FREDDIE together...MARY SUE is here...

CU. FREDDIE
he's listening to MASTER speak -

MASTER (O.C.)
You don't believe that this can work

FREDDIE
Not really.

MASTER (O.C.)
Then you'll never know.

are you drunk?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER (O.C.)
It's not up to me to decide how ou use it
or if you use it.

but if you want FACT. And scientific
proof. This is it.

REVERSE, MASTER.

MASTER
Who got to you?

FREDDIE

Nobody.

MASTER

Do you want to come back?

FREDDIE

I don't think so.

MASTER

We could have some fun. Without you,
there's less *adventure*.

FREDDIE

How did you get this castle?

MASTER

I think I won it in a card game. He he
he.

MARY SUE

You look sick, Freddie. You don't look
healthy.

FREDDIE

I don't look that way, that's not the way
I look. (must be a bad habit.)

MARY SUE

You should.

You can.

You don't think you can. ?

FREDDIE

It's just not how I look.

MARY SUE

Can't take this-life straight, huh?

BEAT.

MARY SUE

What do you want? What did you hope would
happen by coming here today?

FREDDIE

I don't know..

I had a dream.

MASTER

The pull and the dream. The intersection of astral planes. Only a man as strong as you can listen to those calls...

PAUSE.

FREDDIE

Do you need some photographs taken? I could do that for you.

You know. Whatever I do for you, I'm only gonna do for a minute. It's only gonna be a minute before I go somewhere else again...just the way it's built.

MASTER

I know it. But this is not fashion. This is something to do for billions of years or not at all...

MARY SUE

We don't need any photo's taken, Freddie.

They all sit and look at each other. MARY SUE gets restless. She stands up...

She leaves. It takes her a minute to walk across the huge room...PAUSE, THEN:

MASTER looks at Freddie..MASTER goes into his desk, takes out a CONTRACT.

MASTER

We have a new contract...it says that you will serve the Cause above all other laws and regulations in this or any other neighboring galaxy for three billion years...

...would you sign it? And join with me?

FREDDIE

...

MASTER

It's not that long in the scheme of things, Freddie...he he he he he.

PAUSE. SILENCE between them...then: MASTER starts to sing...and walk over to Freddie...serenades him;

MASTER

*Lighting up the night so bright, for all
of us
who sail by night...*

*for those of us who sail by
night...light, light, the light.*

*I'd love to get ya...
on a slow boat to China
all to myself alone...*

*get you and keep ya,
in my arms ever more.
Leave all your lovers,
weepin' on a far-away shore.*

*Out on the briny
with that moon big and shinee.*

*Melting your heart of stone.
Honey I'd love to get ya
on a slow boat to China
all to myself
alone...*

They look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE - COUNTRYSIDE.

FREDDIE walks off, away from the mansion...down the
road...passing STUDENTS.....

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHEL/APARTMENT - LONDON - NIGHT.

FREDDIE is lying in bed with a BRITISH WOMAN. He's
smoking, looking at the ceiling, she curls up next to
him...smokes some of his cigarette...

We SEE HIS FULL BODY NOW, COVERED IN AMAZING, INTRICATE
TATTOOS'S. BIRDS, SHIPS, FLAGS, PALM TREES, "TOO TOUGH TO
DIE,"

FREDDIE

What's your name?

WINN

I told you...don't rememeber?

FREDDIE
Say it...

WINN
You're drunk...

FREDDIE
No. Not drunk yet. Say it...

WINN
Winn.

FREDDIE
Say your full name.

WINN
Winn Manchester.

FREDDIE
Say it again...

WINN
Winn Manchester.

FREDDIE
Say it again...

WINN
Winn Manchester.

FREDDIE
Are you sure you haven't lived before?

WINN
No.

FREDDIE
Maybe this isn't your only life...

WINN
I don't think it is...

THE END.