

# HEIRLOOM

Written By

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*It's traveled TWO unspeakable  
centuries for us all to witness  
it's long-awaited fortune.*

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07/21/25

FINAL DRAFT  
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THIRD DRAFT  
03/31/25

SECOND DRAFT  
03/14/2025

FIRST DRAFT  
02/20/2025

OVER BLACK

Credits ROLL

Windy breeze howls against seagull calls. Next, footsteps pace against the moist cold ground, open sweeps an apparent old large like door. That claps the back of a wall as it's now unsecured.

*MAN 1: ...It's clear, let's go, let's go.*

*In Portuguese.*

*MAN 2: You heard him, in the HANGAR there. MOVE IT, MOVE IT, time is money.*

*In Portuguese.*

*MEN: On ONE-TWO-THREE. PULL.*

*A team of Portuguese speaking men, seeming more than a dozen it sounds haul in a struggle something very large against the ground.*

*MEN: AGAIN. ONE-TWO-THREE. PULL.*

*The pulling continues at a great expected distance.*

*MEN: AGAIN. ONE-TWO-THREE. PULL.*

*More it goes, with every hand aboard all they have.*

*MAN 2: I SAID PULL DAMMIT. PULL. PULL. PULL.*

*In Portuguese he yells.*

*The god awful dragging against the earth remain. Panting, grunting, sweating, stir in the luggers.*

*MAN 1: Almost. Hit it again.*

*In Portuguese.*

*MAN 2: ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. LAST TIME.*

*In Portuguese he shouts.*

*The men carry on with the callous steering lugging close in fulfillment.*

*MAN 1: That's good.*

*In Portuguese.*

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

A team of about a dozen, burly white men, six on each side pull a massive piece on bed wheels inside two large wide-open doors.

The two men operating this transportation, stands exterior to the door until the last foreign help is inside. They're Portuguese *SELLERS* of some of the most elegant and prestigious items hailed from their region. Garbed in raincoats attributing to the weather, the one in dark is FRAZAO, the other in tan goes by GOULART.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - TIGHT ON - SAME TIME

Sharp angle displaying what looks to be moving MEN stepping out of the frame to reveal a Forepeak.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - TIGHT ON - SAME TIME

Strike match from a wall, fire lights the tip of a Portuguese cigarette.

Frame opens to GOULART toking away still peeping inside.

FRAZAO is one with the gloomy, windy, off the water view.

POV, FRAZAO

Overlooking grey skies that set right over the Chesapeake Bay waters directly before them.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - TIGHT ON - SAME TIME

Rotten wood, dust and dirt collect the below on both the rudders and keel.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - POV - SAME TIME

Entering on the grounds appearing from a path comes two XL

Cadillac Escalade SUVs following a graphite RANGE ROVER ahead.

The vehicles yield and park about thirty feet from the port and HANGAR.

REVERSE ANGLE, FRAZAO'S WRIST - TIGHT ON  
Pulls back coat sleeve producing his oyster steel YACHT-MASTER that reads 6:24 on the a.m.

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR - TIGHT ON - SAME TIME  
Appears to be a MAIN MAST overlooking MEN below on the floor seeming to be mingling, speaking, following the hard hauling.

ANGLE, HANDS  
Large cover takes many pairs of hands by the luggers.

*MEN: Take to this, hurry.*

In Portuguese.

POP. BLOOM. A clean massive blanket cascade in the air much to a parachute.

The MAIN MAST in seconds we see is secured by this cloth.

*MEN: PERFECT!*

In Portuguese.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - SAME TIME  
FRAZAO eyes ahead. Taps GOULART still attentive inside the HANGAR with the men. Until turning, aligning with his partner at his call, to see that they have company.

GOULART

Is that him?

In Portuguese.

FRAZAO

Uh, huh. Poignant.

In Portuguese.

REVERSE ANGLE, GROUP ON FOOT

A team of about eight struts toward the HANGAR magnificently in unit with a slight heir of imperial peril. Styled in dark colors attending a meeting feel. These are the *BUYERS*.

GOULART (O.S)

What would you say?

In Portuguese.

FRAZAO (O.S)

The last purchases from them were a personal diary of Sigmund Freud's said to include his true beliefs and opinions of Carl Jung and Alfred Adler. Ranging a gallant 2.7

In Portuguese.

GOULART

I thought you said this BELLINGHAM fellow was a behemoth.

In Portuguese.

FRAZAO

Place a B after the seven.

In Portuguese. Looking on GOULART.

An alert heard at FRAZAO'S phone comes through.

GOULART

Hmm, sterling.

In Portuguese.

POV, FRAZAO

A notification through Zelle states he's just had a deposit inserted.

The group of *BUYERS* arrives before the two *SELLERS*.

TIGHT ON HAND

FRAZAO meets hands with the lead, firm hold.

REVERSE ANGLE, LEAD BUYER

He's a short almost pale-ish looking male in a dark trench, pants, shoes, dark oily hair, Gaultier sunglasses like the rest of his crew ['Michael Corleone' feel]. Named 2019, 2022, 2023 and 2024's MOST TRUSTED TRADER of the WORLD FINACE EPIDEX AWARDS, Durian BELLINGHAM.

DURIAN

Frazao, it's been a while.

Slight smirk while shaking.

FRAZAO

Never a disappointment from the world's most trusted trader, BELLINGHAM. This is GOULART, my partner for eight or nine years now. Went to school with him, our fathers were raised with each other, fellow P-man. Good man, square biz.

Warm. Pleasant.

DURIAN

It's nice to meet you, Mr. GOULART.

He shakes his GOULART hand.

BELLINGHAM (cont.)

FRAZAO you're familiar with my associates. SCHUPELZ, DE SOTA, BOTELLO, FERRERA, VIENNA, MR.

MCADOO, a new edition. He's our cleric for intel.

FRAZAO

How can I forget.

Salutes them.

BELLINGHAM

It was far but I couldn't help seeing you glance at your phone.

FRAZAO

It just came through, congratulations.

BELLINGHAM

Well then. Shall we?

Pointing inside.

GOULART

Your antique awaits you.

In Portuguese.

He whistles aloud to signal inside the HANGAR.

BELLINGHAM and his associates watch the men from inside shift out.

CUT TO:

EXT. UP ON HILL - SAME TIME

Small pairs of New Balance trample the damped ground while humming goes. Before hopping and landing before a bush.

ANGLE, BUSH

Open passed springs from the bushy leaves against the wind we see a young boy, dark skinned, about eight- or nine-years old hawking curiously from it holding junior binoculars.

POV, BOY - BINOCULARS

He sees both parties before the HANGAR door, with multiple

men in moving wear inside deploying one by one outside.  
Heading to two vans stationed there at the dock.

INT. HANGAR - MINUTES LATER

Stood still by one another, eyes wide ahead, some of the  
associates gaze in awe [we don't see] at their purchase.

BOTELLO

Speaking on larger than life.

Staring deep in a trance beside VIENNA and FERRERA.

BELLINGHAM starts from the rear of the antique to the  
front.

VIENNA

Had there been something bigger.  
Wherever, they kept it, it was for  
themselves and their eyes only I  
promise.

Eyes fixed in awe.

FERRERA

Think it traveled this number of  
centuries now til' here, directly  
before us. Do any of you know what  
this means?

Fixed gazing.

SCHUPELZ

Rudder alone I count split of 17M  
or more to some French shit or  
gook who don't know a genuine from  
a prop that rotted ways off the  
fucking 'The Goonies' set I have  
laying around my basement.

BOTELLO

Again, he must go on.

At SCHUPELZ. Gazing.

VIENNA

Please don't get him started.

Gazing.

SCHUPELZ

Me started?

VIENNA

Yes you, whenever we have these viewings, you're like some fucking southern auctioneer in a fucking dandy clamoring, constantly totals at yourself in that skull of yours and we can all hear. Most pretentious shit I've ever seen in my life.

Gazing.

SCHUPELZ

No comparison to yourself. This the same fucker who attempted to hawk a JFK suit for a bill on his student dues.

VIENNA

That was nine years ago in college you asshole.

BOTELLO

I remember that.

Gazing. Laughs.

SCHUPELZ

Yea but it was Cornell.

Laughs with BOTELLO.

VIENNA

Would you too clam it and ponder your minds at the vase at hand.

Bask in the attentive gentleman.  
Feast your windows of the soul at  
it and get ahold of a gander.  
Because this here stamps it, our  
kid days are out. It's Big leagues  
from here on forth people.

Gazing.

FERRERA

MCADOO?

She shouts.

POV, MCADOO

Spots large footprints against the ground from the movers.

Tilting before FERRERA to answer having been in his own  
world.

MCADOO

What is it?

Hard evaluation.

VIENNA

Have any opinions in error to your  
expertise of authenticity has  
fallen?

MCADOO

I don't think it's more than the  
obvious and each of correlations  
to it. But when I do. You'll be  
the first to hear.

Looking over the floor, leading to the antique.

BOTELLO

A gentleman this guy. What about  
the Don himself?

SCHUPELZ

Durian...Durian.

Gently.

Sound goes out.

BELLINGHAM, having made his way to the front of the object, he can be seen in his state of deep interest and anxiousness. He sails his hand over it in impressiveness. That his hand he uses to do, not intended contacts the side to the head of the beak.

He feels it, flinches some back. Then look at it.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Solid black smut like dirt stains his right palm.

FERRERA

MR. BELLINGHAM?

She sounds out.

Sounds return.

Immediately he sweeps himself around before them.

FERRERA

Judgement?

BELLINGHAM

Can't you tell, you're looking at it.

Placing shades back on, then turn back before the antique.

CUT TO:

EXT. UP ON HILL - POV, BINOCULARS - SAME TIME

BELLINGHAM and his associates are seen exiting the HANGAR, SCHUPELZ closes the door behind them and splits back towards their vehicle.

BOY (O.S)

Sergeant it's 0700 hours and I'm  
in placement, on a hill,  
identifying our party of about-  
eight plus. Seven men, one female.  
Three vehicles are mobile,  
departing the target now.

Staring the bush pretending as if he's on the radio.

Wind howling from the water.

BOY

What's that sir? Expose the  
target, get back to rally point.  
That's a confirm sir, 10-4. Over  
and out.

Raises on feet.

EXT. HANGAR - COUPLE YARDS AWAY - MINUTES LATER

The last Cadillac SUV is seen pulling off into the path to  
exit.

ANGLE, BOY

Heading in the direction of the HANGAR with the wind  
whooshing almost as it's about to storm.

ANOTHER ANGLE, BOY - MOMENTS LATER

He's seen pulling the door open.

INT. ANTIQUE - MOMENTS LATER

Pitch dark, covered in shadows, scent of rotted sweat, a  
young gasp is heard between the darkness from the BOY as he  
turns around as if he isn't alone. On come a flashlight in  
a hurry.

Shifting the light, he hovers it around a place enclosed to  
a space. Much to a basement, attic, or some small dungeon.  
His feet crack on creaky sounding wood every time his foot  
places a step. He hears something over his shoulder,  
quickly he sheds light behind whatever there or wasn't  
gone. Only a wall base with wooden pin wheels embedded and  
surmounted with sheeted covered objects that clutter.

A sweeping sound of chain swinging in distorted echoes brush him back forward. Ahead he fetches the light into an area that appears open to some stairs he slowly shifts to.

CLASH! He turns his light once more behind him to see what fell, when the second he moves the creaky floor collapses him below. Dirt and debris meet him as he coughs away flat there on his back after the impact.

OVER BLACK

He manages to get himself to his feet, dust himself off, after a few seconds, he grabs the flashlight off the floor. He begins to pant, more, harder, HARDER. He feels-from nowhere.

URNS FLASHLIGHT UP in front of him, ominous, his panting uncontrollably volumes all same to a heartbeat with the little light shed behind him flashing what's before him is his bright eyes shook to what he sees in front of him. [HOLD] Eyes locked forward, panting breath by breath, pacing step for step backwards. The BOY smacks the wall under the darkness behind him -- HARD, LOUD.

INT. BALL ROOM - DAY

A young woman adjusts after she makes slight contact with a reception table after a guest bump into her. The bride flawless in her gown and crown, late 20's early 30's brown skinned (African-Amer), flawless in appearance on her special day, she is MRS. SAGE MILLS.

SAGE

Excuse me.

Firm.

OLDER GUEST

Oh, I'm sorry dear, I mustn't  
didn't see you standing there.

Older white female back facing.

SAGE listens as if she feels the apology wasn't sincere and exits out of the frame. The Old woman returns conversing with a guest before her.

Heading through the thick ballroom floor brushing against so many guests, it seems there must be thousands of people she doesn't even recognize. Even far beyond her age bracket.

REVERSE ANGLE, GROOM

A tall brown skinned man (African-Amer) in a black tuxedo speaking before some people politely.

She sees him, waves her hand out to get his attention but due to so many people in her way.

SAGE

MALCOLM..MALCOLM..excuse me MALCOLM.

She shouts repeatedly.

Only he never hears.

Finally, she improvises, angrily, frustrated to go around the floor. Pacing the second she steps off, poof, in his naval celebratory uniform is her husband's superior. FLEET ADMIRAL ORTON LOTUS, 6'3, Caucasian, Southern Marylander, noticeable.

LOTUS

There you are. All dolled up to a form beyond words can express.  
MRS. MILLS. Now, tell me how does it feel?

SAGE

Orton.

Acknowledging subtly.

LOTUS

Ah, I'm in uniform, I must insist.

Direct.

SAGE

Excuse me, FLEET ADMIRAL. I would

say it feels more than an honor.  
Any young woman's dream.

Occupied.

LOTUS

I could only imagine giving  
yourself away to a staggering  
prospect to the likes of a  
LIEUTENANT MILLS.

They eye him from where they both stand.

LOTUS (cont. d)

Efficient, effective, reactive,  
complimentary. All traits between  
me and you if he continues to  
produce brighter and brighter  
roles. He'll have rights as my  
predecessor for Admiral sewn. To a  
T.

SAGE

Well, I wouldn't doubt. Excuse me,  
sir.

Passed him she goes.

LOTUS

How far are you?

He asks her.

Freeze.

SAGE

Sir?

She sweeps around.

LOTUS

Optimum in virtue to this field  
MRS. MILLS beholds most. For some

it comes later within experience.  
Mines was conceived through  
bloodline. You're with child, are  
you not?

SAGE

Curious sir, if was, why ask?

LOTUS

No other reason. Although I would  
lend more emphasis as an elder in  
sake of the conversation to think  
more in present than bond.

He's a good man, if we only we had  
ten more like him.

He tells.

Her face stirs when exiting the frame. His eyes burning her  
back.

ANGLE, MALCOLM

Conversing with his secretary [DAWN, white, brunette,  
tempting, conservative] and other guest when SAGE whisks  
him around clearly in a state of error.

MALCOLM

Hey baby, you look so beautiful.  
Doesn't she look beautiful.

He poses to the guest and his secretary.

They confirm.

SAGE

Thank you, but can I speak to you  
alone for a min.

Adamant.

DAWN

Not before the big news.

Looking at MALCOLM.

SAGE

What big news?

Reading her body language toward him.

A female guest intervenes with a friend. Both are sandwiching her. Annoyingly grabbing SAGE'S attention [as it's subtle clear three drinks was her limit].

LOTUS distant in the frame like a stalking shape.

FEMALE GUEST

Wait, hello, excuse me. I'm  
Heather, you are so beautiful.  
It's my dream to have a wedding  
like this one. You can't take no  
for an answer; can I please have a  
picture of you.

Seeking an answer.

SAGE looks to MALCOLM feeling aggressively smothered.

SAGE

MALCOLM!

Pleading with her eyes with him to be alone.

MALCOLM

There is a big surprise. But first  
let's get a pic.

The room of attendees in dire unison chanting at SAGE.

*PIC! PIC! PIC! PIC!*

SAGE

No!

Fragile saying.

POV, SAGE

All the foreign and unknown faces collaborate as one spewing the word over and over.

Sending her to back pedal from them.

Into LOTUS she runs into.

LOTUS

What's one pic for farewell.

Ominous.

She backs into the FEMALE GUEST as the chants persist.

DAWN

Let's make it your last with our groom.

Twisted cackle.

SAGE pushes her aside; the chants go on and HARDER.

SAGE (cont. d)

MALCOLM! Please.

Dying for help.

Motioning between people doesn't stop emerging by the dozens of dozens. She spots MALCOLM one last time but become consumed by the people that grow faster, swallowing him upon, chants ring on — sinister like.

REVERSE ANGLE, ROOM

All in the room before her like some secret society.

While pacing backwards, she backs into a table. Bumping into another woman and it's the older lady from before.

Both lock eyes.

OLDER GUEST

Well, aren't you going to give us something to at least remember you by.

The lady gives her a shove.

She falls back, no table, and drops into a solid sink hole of darkness to her echoing scream before it's climatic terrorizing fall.

INT. SAGE BEDROOM - DAY

HARD GASP. Her eyes open, she lifts in a panic there at the bed with deep breathing. It wasn't real. Only a dream.

ANGLE, PICTURES - ZOOM IN

Two picture frames of the BOY with SAGE and MALCOLM cover it.

Breathing profusely still, she glimpses over to the left of the room where an empty space opposite side of her bed is - where her husband should be. She then collects herself, the frame then opens, and as she tilts to the right of the room it's like he appears right before her. He's just standing there before the bed.

Startled to see, SAGE clutches herself in fright.

SAGE

Oh my God. KHAREE, boy how many times I've told you to knock on the door before coming in my room. You almost gave your mother a damn heart attack.

She spills.

Turning her legs from out the bed to before him, wiping her eyes.

REVERSE ANGLE, KHAREE

Stands there with a face totally empty of any sudden emotion or reaction.

SAGE (cont. d)

KHAREE? Do not start this shit  
right now when you gotta get ready  
for school.

She delivers to him.

She looks at him, in the eye. Is it a game, or isn't it?

POV, SAGE

She raises her view of him from the dusty shoes, pants, and  
shirt up to his neck.

SAGE (cont. d)

WHAT HAPPENED?

Serious.

REVERSE ANGLE, KHAREE

Stands there remaining blankest to any expression. As if he  
saw something.

INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - DAY

The exterior cover of a book on foreign languages stands.  
With dark hands holding it up before his face, bury himself  
within, shedding every page he finishes before his face.

A KNOCK COMES OVER AT HIS DOOR...TAP, TAP, TAP.

He doesn't budge. Remained reading without a flinch.

AGAIN...TAP, TAP, TAP.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

MR. MILLS?

The door creaks open.

A head with a short supreme hairstyle peaks in. It's DAWN,  
his secretary. She sees him at his desk.

DAWN (cont. d)

I come bearing good news.

Pacing towards his desk.

Does the best as she can to be quiet to get inside the seat before him politely. Hands crossed in her lap.

MALCOLM raises his hand at her for silence. She respects. Holds for some seconds but whatever she knows cannot wait.

DAWN

LOTUS wants a meeting with you, in two hours, at his office.

She can't help but vocalize.

The last line he reads, MALCOLM lowers the book. Hanging his eyes behind reading glasses looking over at her. Quick to scold.

DAWN (cont. d)

Do you know what this means?

MALCOLM

I can think of one reason I would intend.

Eyes in the book.

DAWN

This could be about that SENIOR CHIEF promotion you up for he's giving to you. Which means a promotion for me as well. Plus.

Excited.

Eyes strike up for book.

MALCOLM

First: you don't know if that meeting concerns the promotion. Standings in selection aren't finalized until next week.

Second: who said anything about you gaining a promotion upon such decision. When I think I have mind for a secretary much more respectable to my time management when I'm in the middle of my reading.

DAWN

Oh, you won't get another secretary. I'm sure of that.

MALCOLM

How are you so sure DAWN?

DAWN

Three reasons. Your admiral in selective skills, hence no one more than qualified than you is first. Second: There's no one more possessive in dual efficiency relating in personality and socializing as myself. Third: Realistically speaking you're too damn clingy to the past. What are you reading anyway?

She picks up and reads the cover.

DAWN (cont.d)

"ATLAS OF LANGUAGES"? says the man of the navy but haven't traveled in over a year and a half because he's too obsessed with a land mine collection.

MALCOLM

They're a rarity and you don't need to visit anywhere when discovering other ways and culture norms of communication. Besides I

gotta feeling I'm going to need it  
sooner than later. Call it a...

DAWN

A hunch?

Finishes.

MALCOLM

I was going to say intuition. And  
what do you mean I'm too clingy to  
my past?

His phone rings.

DAWN

Case and point.

Hints to his phone he reaches in his pocket for.

POV, MALCOLM

It reads 'SAGE' name on the incoming call.

MALCOLM

That's not a good enough  
validation.

He clutches in his hand as it rings.

DAWN

Then what is it?

MALCOLM

Something complicated.

Eyes on the phone in his hand.

DAWN

Divorce isn't anything  
complicated. People fall in love

and then out. They move on. End of story.

MALCOLM

True it being a modern accustomed norm, but you're forgetting one thing.

Phone rings.

DAWN

Yea, that, you're not truly done as you may think.

MALCOLM

Wrong, you know what your problem is aside of white arrogance.

Your wit lacks intelligence simultaneously.

Phone still rings.

DAWN

Ouch! Does it? Well speaking of arrogance. Answer the phone to your wife.

She spells.

MALCOLM'S finger presses to talk on the device. Pressing it to his ear.

MALCOLM

Yea...

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - DAY  
VIENNA pacing back and forth during a call before the room.

FERRARA

Cargo is between 115-120 in

length. At least 40-46 meters in width.

Confident.

FERRARA (cont. d)

Destination will be concluded upon arrival. Just please inform your attendant to contact me as the primary. They can use this number as direct contact via phone or email provided as well.

Pacing. Waiting during call.

FERRARA (cont. d)

The location is 2-6-1-0 BASIN ROAD. Chesapeake, Maryland.

Waiting. Patient.

FERRARA (cont. d)

That's the estimate total?  
Splendid, and my arrival time?

She waits.

FERRARA (cont. d)

Wednesday morning between 6 and 8:45 am. Marvelous. Thank you for all your help.

Ends call. She turns to the room in mild cheer.

ANGLE, CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE - MOMENTS LATER  
Bursts open, suds shoot erupt.

VIENNA, DE SOTA, SCHUPELZ, a good handful of other associates attending the celebration there in the room stand in cheer as FERRARA enters the frame joining them - SNAP, CLICK, still SHOT pictures by phone are taken of associates.

SCHUPELZ holding an opened champagne bottle commences to humorously shoot some all over everyone like it's the NBA finals -- SNAP, CLICK, picture took.

ANGLE, BELLINGHAM

Seated on the couch smoking a cigarette, with a blushing smile of accomplishment on his face.

DE SOTA takes a big swig for baptizing.

SCHUPELZ grabs a cup, pours inside, and riles everyone down clapping a knife against the bottle in his palm.

SCHUPELZ

Shhh for a moment everyone. I like to propose a toast. To the man of the moment. The throne to this unit. The sole piece to this outfit we have acquiring such heights to success, it's astounding, I wish it to be infinite. He's a good friend, the Brady to this dynasty of ours, and might I say one shrewd son of bitch when it comes to dealing and writing the book on apex business. If you don't know him, he's that little pale Diamond in the rough motherfucker right there ladies and gentlemen. I said pale, not cloudy this circle here is met only to VVS cuts. DURIAN goddamn BELLINGHAM. Give it up!

Pointing to the couch.

Hands clap away loudest toward him around the room.

BELLINGHAM glowing in thanks toking away.

SCHUPELZ

Ladies don't let this man's stature fool you. He's a fucking tycoon where it fucking counts. A purebred pussy-eater down to the

cervix. Don't believe me. Feel  
free to ask FERRARA.

Jokingly.

FERRARA during drinking, spurts out some champagne before  
playfully pounding some fists into SCHUPELZ, as he tries to  
bolt from her -- SNAP, picture captured.

DE SOTA and VIENNA laugh away slapping hands at the sake of  
the joke.

Guests present, smile, laugh, and clap away at the  
camaraderie.

SCHUPELZ

No shit, no shit though. All jokes  
aside. On our behalf BELLY we like  
to say. We love you bro.

DE SOTA

WE LOVE YOU BELLY!

Raises cup in hand.

VIENNA

SALUD BELLY!

Raises his cup too.

FERRARA comes beside him and kisses him on the lips --  
SNAP, pic captured.

FERRARA

WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT  
YOU. WE LOVE YOU BELLY.

The room joins in: *WE LOVE YOU BELLY*

They all announce as one.

BELLINGHAM

Thank you.

Soft spoken -- Pic captured.

They can't believe that's all he says as the party goes on. Music going. They all hug. SCHUPELZ hugs BELLINGHAM in his tipsy stage, meanwhile he heads for the balcony door.

It's locked; he tries to unlatch it.

It's undone from the outside. Open comes the door and it's MCADOO to his lonesome, looking at BELLINGHAM who lands eyes on him surprisingly sorrow.

MCADOO

Congrats. I hope you adjust everything you thought it would be.

Straight.

BELLINGHAM grins poorly. Locking eyes on him.

SCHUPELZ (O.S)

MAC, GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE.

He screams from inside.

MCADOO stepping in, they shake hands, MCADOO taps BELLINGHAM gently on the shoulder.

MCADOO

She's all yours.

Heading passed while tapping him on the shoulder.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Spot a dark scuff or mark unraveling his hand.

BELLINGHAM looks back at him as if he didn't see what he thinks he did [Was it a mark or not?] Never minding, he goes outside on the balcony, closes the door behind him

from the partying, extending his view over the railing that opens to the solid breeze of the exterior way down.

Out then he whips his phone and sees the last music he listened to. His face contemplates. Holding up his right hand.

REVERSE ANGLE, HAND

There is the same scuff mark on his palm from touching the antique. Still dark and a hard tar color as he thought he wiped it off before.

He spits in his hand and rubs the smear off on his pants; clean. His face lifts better. On his phone he then swipes the song from the screen [Veeze ft. Lil Yachty - Boat Interlude]

BELLINGHAM stands there investing as much ease as he can.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - POV - DAY

A man in a white gown turns on his ophthalmoscope and flashes the light directly at us.

REVERSE ANGLE, RIGHT EYE - TIGHT ON

It remains still with the light examining.

DOCTOR (O.S)

I've heard stranger cases in simple circumstances.

Concluding.

The light shuts off.

KHAREE is there with the same expressionless look on his face as before.

SAGE drawing concern at his side.

SAGE

My entire time bringing him here all that played in my head was. Did he fall? Did something touch or hurt him. I've never seen him like this before.

DOCTOR

He's fine. Other than maybe you know rest from what I've seen. Nothing detailing extremity, pain, or even severe shock state. Otherwise, his normal functions like walking or even just allowing me to examine him without flinching or resistance wouldn't take.

SAGE

Then what brings a child or anyone for that matter to a state like this?

DOCTOR

He's a child MRS. HILLS. They do the darnedest of things as quoted. Whatever it is, allow it to diffuse and he'll be right back to normal. I promise.

SAGE

So that's it. One fucking checkup and he's barely talking and you sending me with a three-to-four-hundred-dollar bill and foot up my ass out the door, am I right?

Strong.

He hears and is empathetic. Before a deep sighing and going over to his desk, removing a card, then going back to her.

DOCTOR

Here, take this. If nothing changes in stance in school or home within 72 hours. Visit her, she'll take care of everything, I promise, and it's on me. Okay?

Soothing.

SAGE takes card in deep stress, stroking her hand on KHAREE looking on him socially distant and far away.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING LOBBY - HOSPITAL - DAY

Entering through the doors, stressed out of this world, with DAWN tailing behind. MALCOLM goes up to the receptionist desk.

A buzz sounds go off.

The main door to the rooms opens for a visitor entering inside.

MALCOLM

Hello, I'm here to see my son. He had an accident. It's an emergency.

Charged some.

The Receptionist, a Black female looks on him, then DAWN beside him.

He reacts.

RECEPTIONIST

What's his name sir?

Light.

ANGLE, MAIN DOOR

A buzzing sound goes off. And the door swept open.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The DOCTOR stands from his seat after finishing writing notes.

DOCTOR

Now remember what I said.

SAGE

72 hours.

DOCTOR

Good.

Then exits out the door.

As it's about to swing close. Behind fetches MALCOLM, who pulls it open for himself, and DAWN enters afterwards. Immediately he shoots at KHAREE hyper attentive.

MALCOLM

KHAREE, how are you, man? What's wrong, what did the doctor say? It's serious.

Caressing him close, analyzing tightly.

SAGE eyes shoot straight from MALCOLM to DAWN, grilling her.

SAGE

We don't know yet.

Charging up.

DAWN

Hello SAGE.

Minor.

MALCOLM

Know what? What the hell happened? You didn't let him go outside early in the morning by himself again, did you?

Looking over KHAREE still.

SAGE

What do you mean, did I let him?

Wait, you know what, me and you  
need to go outside. ALONE.

Looking on DAWN.

She exits the room stares still grilling DAWN, MALCOLM  
right behind.

DAWN

Good morning to you too.

SLAM. Door shuts behind.

ANGLE, HALLWAY

The two hike down the hall. SAGE ahead. People passing and  
shuffling by.

They enter the FRAME until it is just the two of them.

MALCOLM

That's enough SAGE.

SAGE

I cannot fucking believe you bring  
that bitch up here MALCOLM.

MALCOLM

What? She's my secretary SAGE. She  
heard the damn call from you  
before I did. It was a spare  
moment. Why are you overreacting  
and not telling me about our son  
but worried so much about a damn  
assistant.

SAGE

Oh my god, just your secretary  
huh?

MALCOLM

What, what the are you thinking?

So, you think because our split  
I'm fucking DAWN now, is that it?

SAGE

Says a whole lot of her coming,  
excuse me you allow for her to  
come up to the hospital regarding  
something serious with your son.

MALCOLM

You too much you know that. With  
something as serious as KHAREE  
back there and me or you don't  
know what's wrong with him and you  
pick something completely off  
subject that isn't even valid to  
poke at.

SAGE

Why don't you ask him? Or better  
yet explain to your son why his  
father doesn't come home anymore  
and sleeps in the bed that he  
remembers instead of asking me all  
the damn time.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, DOCTOR'S OFFICE  
DAWN looks over at KHAREE.

DAWN

Hey KHAREE? Let me guess not  
feeling good..

I tell you what, if you tell me  
what's wrong with you, I bet I can  
help you. Same as your teacher or  
your parents?

Walking toward him.

DAWN (cont. d)

It'll be our little secret. I  
promise.

Standing before him.

Sitting upright with no emotion, blinking, the same as  
before.

POV, DAWN  
Look at him in the eye.

REVERSE ANGLE, KHAREE  
He sees her in return.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, HALLWAY  
SAGE AND MALCOLM continue.

MALCOLM

I hope you were at least honest  
with him as to explaining  
everything to him and how his  
mother is calling for our divorce.  
Not his father.

SAGE

You've forced this.

MALCOLM

Me. I forced this. How the hell  
can I do something like that SAGE.  
Please tell me.

His phone rings, he pulls the device from his pocket and  
lightly checks the screen.

She sees there with the phone and reacts.

MALCOLM (cont. d)

I'm waiting.

Face in phone.

SAGE

If you don't know. Maybe it's not  
meant for me to tell.

Hurt. She treads back towards the office.

MALCOLM deeply sighs to himself. Checking the phone, still.

POV, MALCOLM - PHONE SCREEEN

Reads text message from LOTUS on Lock Screen: *'Meeting at  
headquarters in one hour'*.

Now he has it. Thinking to himself, he turns back into the  
moment.

Striding after her.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, DOCTOR'S OFFICE

DAWN slowly reaches her hand in as she sees KHAREE just  
stare out in total blankness.

Before she can fully grasp his arm, he flinches his entire  
right side away from her roughly, surging a look of that  
bears contempt at her. She backs away herself.

Opens comes the door, it's SAGE entering for him.

SAGE

Excuse me. Thank you. KHAREE say  
goodbye to your father.

She grabs his jacket, then his hand, pulling him down from  
the examiner's table as he follows.

DAWN still at pause from the gesture.

MALCOLM meets them at the door.

MALCOLM

This isn't over [at SAGE]

Feel better for me, ok. I'll see you later.

Stoop down and kiss the top of his head.

The two leave.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

SCHUPELZ, VIENNA, BOTELLO, and FERRARA enter finding BELLINGHAM eyes up, all over the antique, and his hands crossed behind his back.

FERRARA

We thought we would find you out here.

Facing his back.

BOTELLO

Yea SCHUPELZ said it's the only thing that could keep your balls at attention if that party couldn't.

Chuckles.

No reaction from BELLINGHAM, his back still facing them.

BELLINGHAM

Since when did you all know me and parties?

Emotionless.

All four can sense something. Then look at SCHUPELZ.

SCHUPELZ

FERRARA got an estimator and buyer. Some buku fuck in UZBEKISTAN. Said he is willing to escrow 63B to your account in 24 hours if we promise to deliver it

there in UGENCH where he's  
holding.

He unveils.

BELLINGHAM never responds.

The four look at each other again.

VIENNA

BOTELLO thinks he can squeeze  
another sixty out of him for  
rarity's sake.

SCHUPELZ

122B Belly, we shipped this  
fucking thing out in two days, and  
we make over twelve, thirteen  
each. With that amount you can buy  
NAPLES if you want. How does that  
sound? It would be pretty fucking  
good to me.

MCADOO

It would. But you do know what  
rarity's sake means don't you?

Produces from around the antique.

FERRARA

A showroom clause.

BOTELLO

He's going to want to see the  
goods before finalization. Half  
will be released, the other once  
conditions to him are giving worth  
or value.

SCHUPELZ

What about it?

MCADOO

I don't think our new investment  
is in such mint condition,  
suddenly.

Produces his phone to them.

POV, THEM - PHONE SCREEN

Pictures display sections of the antique earlier he had  
taken. Then RECENT pictures of the same mid and pit  
portions that have been heavily damaged like something has  
run through the floors.

BELLINGHAM remains in his stance, though listening.

SCHUPELZ

What the hell is this? That's  
inside.

Analyzing.

VIENNA

A saboteur? They've got a look at  
this.

FERRARA

He's saying someone has invaded  
our investment, without our  
knowing, and could potentially  
cost us billions ahead of trade.  
Which does confirm something has  
encountered it.

BELLINGHAM

WE'RE NOT TRADING IT.

SCHUPELZ

Didn't you...

BELLINGHAM

I heard what you said PELZ. I know what it means, and what it entails. But I don't think anyone else can say here a fortune stake in antiquity like this, one wouldn't be this advantageous to us had it not been for my brokering.

He informs.

Their eyes all go around at one another under no denial.

BELLINGHAM (cont. d)

Now with that cemented. I wish to hereby conclude this venture in any transactions of the kind to be yielded. At least for the moment. Agreed?

He submits.

Stares return, one by one as they all confirm distastefully.

SCHUPELZ

Agreed.

MCADOO

Also, there's one more problem.

Tapping is heard.

FRAME eases down to his foot, where we follow tracks of a child's slightly muddy footprints against the floor.

INT. MALCOLM'S CAR - DAY

While behind the wheel, MALCOLM lets off some steam after the hospital visit.

In the midst to listening, eyes forward in passenger. DAWN gets a message out of her phone.

MALCOLM

WHAT THE HELL SHE EXPECTS FROM ME.  
ASKING ME THAT, ASKING ME THIS.  
SAYING SHE HAS TO EXPLAIN STUFF TO  
KHAREE BECAUSE IM NOT THERE. THE  
ENTIRE REASON OF US FUCKING  
SEPARATING WAS HER DECISION THAT I  
STILL DON'T KNOW WHY EVEN TIL THIS  
VERY DAY.

At the top of his lungs, turning the wheel.

Listening while reading the message there before the phone.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE SCREEN

Text sent from LOTUS; she opens. It reads: *Meeting with MALCOLM in 35 min.*

MALCOLM (cont. d)

SHIT. Forgive me for yelling.

DAWN

Your meeting with LOTUS is in 35.

Phone in hand.

MALCOLM face still on red, continues shifting the wheel.

FADE INTO:

INT. SAGE'S VEHICLE - DAY

CLOSE ON KHAREE'S young face rested in the backseat,  
looking off to his side of the window. SAGE conversing in  
the b.g. ahead.

SAGE (O.S)

I wake up from the dream and when  
we get to the hospital the first  
thing the door opens, and I see  
him bring her. I'm like 'what the  
fuck she is doing here?' And 'why  
the fuck would you even bring her  
up here, knowing this a situation

involving the family and your  
son'...that's what I'm saying.

On phone.

POV, KHAREE

Trees sail by the window in dozens rhythmic. Sweeping through, one by one under the blue sky and an inch of daylight stretching beneath the clouds.

There in his seat with a water bottle in his hand. Seat belt unbuckled. Slowly much to a twitch, in a quick snap, his seat rocks unexpectedly. He grips the bottle before it drops and rolls to the floor.

Knowing it happened. But questioning if it did to himself. He looks ahead to his mother, did she?

SAGE talking continues. Inattentive while driving and talking.

KHAREE latching his seatbelt in, at once his seat goes into shaking convulsions. Bottle is out of his hands. He can only hold on for his life.

ZOOM OUT from the rear of the car to the front where we see her EarPods on the call. He's shaking in the b.g

SAGE (cont.d, O.S)

No, I didn't tell him. But like I said earlier at this point if you don't know there's no point in discussing when it's right there in front of him. Maybe he will or won't. Only time a tell...he's in the back. He seems fine right now. I'm trying to debate whether or not I should send him to school before my class or not. He hasn't had any more episodes after. I don't know what he may have seen or happened. I just hope it isn't as worst than enough to make me rush him all the way to the doctor this morning.

She states.

Looking in her rearview, KHAREE stares on her to a calm. As if the convulsions never even take place.

KHAREE fixed there, still, to his view before his window. PAN below the car floor where the bottle of water had fallen from his hand.

EXT. CUTLER RESIDENCE - DAY

Doors open into the windy day with a short stint of light out in the sky crack the lawn where an older white gentleman, in his late 60's or early 70's, retired. Free his Jack Russell terrier before stepping out the door himself.

CUTLER

Out!

He commands the dog.

The older man, inhales then exhale for a moment breeze.

Then he joins the dog dazzling all over the lawn, then around him the way he enjoys.

He brings out a chew rope, excites him with it, then tosses it for him to fetch.

CUTLER (cont. d)

That's it GUNNER, good boy.

Looking up out into the sky as the sun is fading.

The dog runs and gets it. He returns for some seconds then tosses the rope again.

He brings it back, CUTLER once more command him to heel, after a few seconds then he tosses it a good way.

When he does while looking back into the sky, he sees the sun is gone and a breeze sets in. GUNNER grabs the rope and instead of returning it to CUTLER. He cuts passed him.

CUTLER (cont. d)

GUNNER [whistles for return].

He turns over shoulder and the dog jumps at a couple coming along the area.

Both appear as if they're in their late 30's and early 40's. Bended attending to the dog peacefully, the pair stroke him to his tail wags.

BOTELLO

Hey, sorry sir, we were just passing through.

In disguise.

CUTLER

No problem...he likes you two. I have never seen your faces before. Visiting?

FERRARA

Close.

In disguise.

BOTELLO

We're house recruiting.

In disguise. Petting dog.

CUTLER

Are you? Well, let me be the first to tell. You've picked the right area. Best clear air, space, and people you can find. Unless you hate the sound of waves brushing and the arctic air on seasonal occasion will probably be your biggest riffs when settling.

BOTELLO

I don't think that'll be a problem  
at all.

FERRARA

We're originally from Buffalo.

CUTLER

BRRRH! Well, you all should be at  
home after a while.

FERRARA

Actually, we were concerned about  
one thing. Be it children. We have  
two rugrats of our own and was  
hoping there's many around they  
could play with.

CUTLER

Well, if a little company is what  
you want, it's what you'll get.  
The schools are not that much from  
here. Although many of the  
residents with them are back this  
way for the most part. The only  
kid I can think of in this area is  
one from the way you all just came  
from.

BOTELLO

Is it?

Curious.

CUTLER

Yea, a young Black family about  
round the same age you two.  
Military too, I think, they have a  
little boy about 8 or 9 I think.

He's a real one with the area; you can't miss him.

BOTELLO

Is that so? Well nice to know then.

FERRARA

Thank you very much sir.

CUTLER

Ibrahim CUTLER is the name, and I wish you too the best in your pickings. Hopefully me, you, Gunner here can be neighbors soon.

The dog at his side. Shaking both of their hands.

BOTELLO

Same here, Mr. Cutler. Same here.

BOTELLO and FERRARA gleam smiles with their arms around each other in full role.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Scribbling away at a paper in front of him, KHAREE'S face is still sore. In the midst, he yields for a second when he feels something beneath his foot. Quick his eyes peel over his desk.

REVERSE ANGLE, KHAREE'S FOOT

Meshes into the floor, feeling moisture.

From where? His face balls to concern.

REVERSE ANGLE, KHAREE'S FOOT

It gently taps up against the floor below his desk this time, with his right foot it begins to splash a small little puddle under it.

He sees. Confused.

A girl at a desk to his left. Can't help but to spot him tapping his foot.

KHAREE raises his head from it. Growing speculative.

She sees. Senses wrong.

GIRL AT DESK

WHAT?

She asks him.

He looks over at her.

Then ignores suspiciously trying to settle himself.

Shaking her head at him. Returning to her class work.

The teacher calls for attention before the class television.

TEACHER

Pencil's down, everyone. To get a better glimpse of today's subject. I want everyone's undivided attention here at the television screen behind me. D'Aaron door please.

She issues.

The male student lifts out of seat heading to door.

KHAREE after hearing, feels more at the floor, at his desk.

REVERSE ANGLE, FLOOR

The puddle has grown around it and the column of the room. His foot sends waves through them he can see.

Volume GOES OUT. Just the sound of his own PANTING appears.

ANGLE, CLASS LIGHT SWITCH

Flick. Off.

KHAREE gets nervous. PANTING grows.

ANGLE, CLASS DOOR  
SLAM shut. DUNGEON sounding.

PANTING GETS BROADER (O.S)

ANGLE, WINDOWS  
Blinds dropped all at once. BEAT. Old wooden crunching and squealing as if its way passed worn or feet pressing up against it.

Panting rough when the light fades in a cascading effect over KHAREE'S trembling face bringing the room entirely dark.

POV, KHAREE  
Gazing around the room he watches as water and sea sounds begin to fill.

Tidal wave sounds are heard NEXT [Outside the room].

The room is pitched BLACK. KHAREE'S heavy panting goes on like a heartbeat.

When a streak of white thunderous light under the darkness produces. Showing the room surrounded in entirely of old wood and his classmates shifting to the left, as the tv shatters across the room. Then the right of the class is where his teacher crashes into the wall. Struck to the floor upon this storm's fierce THUMP force of power.

Another streak of light from the crashing thunder rolls, KHAREE tries to get out of his chair before the next THUMP.

REVERSE ANGLE, ROOM CORNER - ZOOM IN  
Damaged from the THUMP. Cracking some.

He can't move somehow. His desk is planted. The same as the other young students crying and hollering their eyes out. Finally, when he's able to stand. BOOM, the cracking corner splits open like Moses in the Red Sea.

TIGHT ON KHAREE  
Eyes wide. Stuck watching in disbelief. Hears the screams beside him. He turns.

It's the girl. He tries to make out what she says, with her hand raised in the air when the water submerging them all.

GIRL AT DESK

Excuse me, Ms. Ramble. But  
something wrong with him.

Her hand in the air.

KHAREE returns to the class. Only its back as before.  
Normal volume returns. He hears the girl voice come in.

POV, KHAREE

The girl is pointing at KHAREE. Children in b.g. stare on  
him.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - POV - DAY

SAGE looks on through her laptop screen of her  
online class instructor.

INSTRUCTOR

If things are getting way too out  
of hand at this point for any of  
you ladies and gentlemen. Please  
don't restrain as to addressing at  
this time.

Inform.

INSTRUCTOR (V.O)

Very well, let's continue shall  
we. Now class it was CLAUSEWITZ  
who said: "*Principles and rules  
are intended to provide a thinking  
man with a frame of reference.*" A  
convolute I suggest each and every  
one to take into consideration if  
having any minds as to accessing  
when passing this course for your  
much needed credit in degree.  
CLAUSEWITZ, JOMINI, MAHAN, GALULA,  
JACKSON, FANON are of many I also  
expect each of you to be well  
acquainted with in their theories  
this semester.

Expresses.

ANGLE, PAPER

A pencil in a hand doodle to perfection against a paper of a contraption embedded into the side of a house.

Sighs go. Pencil is flattened on sketch, *'The Trapper's Bible'* book near side while the instructor continues speaking her lesson.

Looking on mildly tired but attentive is SAGE. Before looking across the room into the kitchen.

POV, SAGE

Passed her military photo. Above is the wall clock she reads 12:00pm.

Turning back before the screen.

INSTRUCTOR

Something the matter Miss MILLS.

Randomly.

SAGE hears, but her phone lights up in silence, right in front of her as she's stuck to answering either one, until.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE - ZOOM IN  
Caller I.D reads KHAREE'S school.

SAGE

Uh -- one moment.

She grabs her phone, turns from laptop, and answers.

SAGE (cont. d)

Yes!

Urgently.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

In a wall booth. BELLINGHAM turns his eyes before him

regularly. When instantly he gets a deposit alert from his phone randomly.

POV, PHONE - ON SCREEN

DEPOSIT - 1.3M

He views.

While facing first into his phone. There in the booth, a man in a vintage suit comes and sits directly across him complete even as he belongs.

BARK

Pardon my tardiness, my friend, so where shall we start. How was that tip for you, was it enough, if you need more, I can splurge for you more giving your time. I heard you were very busy man.

Vintage accent.

BELLINGHAM

You're the buyer?

Strikes up match to a cigarette.

BARK

I'm the seller Jim. The best and primmest vessels money can buy. You can call me BARK.

Seasoned to the set-up.

BELLINGHAM

Bark?

Taking away. Chilled.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Spotting his two-tone wing tip shoes, suit, flower on lapel, tie, newsboy cap, cufflinks -- all ancient VINTAGE appeal, unlike.

BARK

Now I know not how depressing it must sound on one's tongue. But nevertheless, I must say it is most suitably fitting giving our meeting of the moment. Now as I was originally proposing I have eight colossal devils waiting not far from here that I was told you were most ample at the eye of entertaining for a bill of sale.

BELLINGHAM

What?

Still in disbelief to his persona.

BARK

The word is everywhere in town that a Jerry deep as you are very fond and generous to schooners the size of bays beyond the eye or any map one could fathom in daring years. You mustn't hear, I'm sure of.

He goes on.

BELLINGHAM, taking away just looks on him [waste of time].

BARK (cont. d)

Let me be the first to say. You're not going to find any galley's stacked and shaped like the ones on my inventory. I could deal with some slothy drudge bearers. But my lot is for supreme scrip. The finest. As this comes with a man of royalty of name. I'm willing to deal at more square wages. I'll do one grand five hundred for MILDRED, she fits up to three hundred. One and a dime for LIZA

MONET, One and seven for DEAR  
ELIZABETH. Then even two for MAID  
MERRIAN for a grand capacity.

Selling.

BELLINGHAM puffing his cigarette as if BARK has the wrong person. A waiter from across the room catches his eye, says something to him.

BARK (cont. d)

Those veins run shrewd than flesh.  
I like that. Ok how about we call  
MILDRED AND ELIZABETH three even.  
You won't find a better sale.

BARK is eager for an answer.

WAITER [O.S]

There's no smoking inside sir.

Politely.

BELLINGHAM rises from the seat, for the door.

GRIP. BARK right hand locks on to his arm, brute enough to snap BELLINGHAM'S eyes at the strange seller as if he's crazy.

BARK

This sale has a limited time only.  
It might just be your last Mr.  
BELLINGHAM. Might I say your  
facial structure to him as one  
parallel to-a-point.

He lets go.

BELLINGHAM rips arm away, puts cigarette out, leaves before turning back to see his eyes on him giving a smirk as he paces off. BARK in b.g. shouting some.

BARK (cont. d)

Please do, my friend, I'm always  
around. I'll be in touch.

Vocals broaden.

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - DAY.

MALCOLM burns his eyes straight ahead, seated before a  
desk. LOTUS speaks at him; his polished shoes sound the  
floor.

LOTUS

*"We are products of our past, but  
we don't have to be prisoners of  
it."* Would you agree or not?

Asks.

MALCOLM

Affirmative sir.

LOTUS

Did you say that out of  
confirmation to the quote or my  
questioning to you of the quote.

Pacing behind him.

MALCOLM

In dependence to one's take upon  
the quote. Sir.

LOTUS

Perspective might have you.

MALCOLM

No intentions. Sir.

LOTUS

Intentions.

What do they involve in one's past.

MALCOLM

It is in theory, they conclude on whether or not our actions old or new were regarded in most moral or immoral action. Now if of right you carry the same conduct for further improvement on any facet to you or others existence. A natural and healthy rotation of suppose.

Eyes forward. Instinctively robotic some.

LOTUS listening, pacing front and backwards.

MALCOLM (cont. d)

Wrong? Can represent who were, developed into but detached from such stage or action we're most sore from. Or along with our shame serve penance to any old deed to make right beyond ourselves but to the very components and societal order as the expectation of life I believe allude to us adapting as civil beings within all circumstance. Whether they be past, or they be present sir.

LOTUS

Such a question would be rewarded superbly on a college term paper Lieutenant. Undoubtedly.

MALCOLM

Thank you, sir. But again, that is within theory.

LOTUS

But I was referencing to evolution of here, what, now. And our what now, here. That is most important to the sector, shield, and uniform beholding our image. It's all anything ever has in this room in world. Your upkeep to appeal inward as out.

Returns to his desk seat.

LOTUS (cont. d)

I called you in Lieutenant today because I feel you're a man of such fortitude that very well possibly can maintain such semblance upon position once my days conclude into retirement soon. Same to the ladder of ROSSINGTON, FOSSLEY, HALLECK, HOPPLY. We all watched you climb and abide to the table policies without any scrutiny whatsoever. Pure hard work, ample dedication in duty. This domain needs men. Good men such as yourself to every branch it extends. How's the home life. Wife and boy.

Firm.

MALCOLM resisting.

MALCOLM

Seen better days, sir.

LOTUS

Well - we've all been there. Myself twice. But I must say on your behalf that SAGE is such a beauty for a tactical specialist like herself. An important thing Lieutenant is to always know what

things are worth risking and others to annul. I mean it's inedible for any man to be contempt in his emotions though not any evolution, but the appropriate one requires a transitioning at some point or another. Configure?

Hinting.

MALCOLM

--I do sir.

LOTUS

So, I take it you can cement yourself.

MALCOLM

I can confirm the position, yes sir.

LOTUS

Us first Lieutenant?

Extends hand.

MALCOLM

I concur sir.

Join hands for shake.

Then salute.

Eyes straight by LOTUS on MALCOLM.

MALCOLM returns. Looking on what's been there since seating there on LOTUS desk slight beneath some folders and paper.

REVERSE ANGLE, DESK

'Atlas of Languages' on top of it.

INT. NURSE OFFICE - POV - DAY

A light from the nurse's ophthalmoscope is centered left to right. When the principal, male, late 50's, Black, light skinned enters frame beside her.

PRINCIPAL

What is it?

NURSE

It's still too early to tell.  
Right now, all I'm seeing is high  
panting and slight stress in the  
eyes.

Checking blood pressure.

REVERSE ANGLE, TABLE

Panting, chest rising high at every breath. Eyes open with  
mild sweat is KHAREE [like he's seen a ghost].

PRINCIPAL (cont. d)

Then test the fucking kid. And  
find something then. The same  
thing happened right before the  
pandemic. Dozens of classrooms of  
children exposed to a virus all  
starting from one. Do the vitals  
and quarantine him until his  
mother-

BOOM [double take], through the doors with a face of  
desperation comes SAGE.

SAGE

Where is he? KHAREE, WHERE IS HE?  
EXCUSE ME IM LOOKING FOR MY SON.

Badging her way through inside.

SAGE (cont. d)

Oh my god.

She sees him flat on his back there on that table.

Shrieking.

POV, KHAREE

SAGE steps into the frame panicking the most.

REVERSE ANGLE, KHAREE

Laying there, panting decreasing.

SAGE (cont. d)

KHAREE!

She shouts. Reaches in, picks him up.

NURSE

Mam, he'll be fine.

Asking while analyzing.

PRINCIPAL

She's just running a test, MRS.  
MILLS.

Steps in, escorts [arm around the shoulder] her from the  
NURSE office.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Enter inside, he brings her, while she's still dazed having  
discovered him there.

ANGLE, FORMAL WOMAN

A woman in formal clothing and glasses seated at the side  
of his desk raises upon their arrival.

The PRINCIPAL gives SAGE some tissue to wipe her eyes.

PRINCIPAL

There you are.

SAGE

Thank you!

Wiping her face.

PRINCIPAL heading to behind his desk, informs the woman there.

PRINCIPAL

You can take a seat.

He whispers.

She does.

PRINCIPAL (cont. d)

Please. If I may MRS. MILLS being frank as can be in asking.

SAGE

Asking what. What happened to my son?

In the blind.

Meanwhile the PRINCIPAL and the woman at his side make brief eye contact ahead of reveal.

SAGE (O.S)

What is it?

PRINCIPAL

Are you aware of KHAREE having any behavioral episodes or reactive complications to the sort for long durations you can recall?

Targeting.

SAGE

No, not until early this morning. When I woke up and...wait a minute. Who is she?

PRINCIPAL

MRS. MILLS, your son had a very serious experience while in class it's apparent.

FORMAL WOMAN

That prolonged once he was indeed out of it and under the supervision of the nurse and then the principal here.

SAGE

Excuse me, WHO - ARE - YOU?

Adamant.

PRINCIPAL

She's a social worker from..

FORMAL WOMAN

What he means is. I'm here to help you and KHAREE, is it. I've looked over his records. He makes astounding grades, performs astutely in class, but I would like.

SAGE

Like what? What would you like to do?

Engaging.

PRINCIPAL

MRS. MILLS I've been notified recently about maybe possibly in which I'm not too sure and an investigation may need to be taken into account.

Firm.

SAGE

What the hell do you mean  
notified?

PRINCIPAL

Anonymously within documentation.

Holds a letter up in hand from his desk.

FORMAL WOMAN

That you and your husband may have  
undetected longer than a parent  
should. Til the point it may be  
causing these episodes as drastic  
as your sons could fall common  
than one might think.

PRINCIPAL

We only want to help MRS. MILLS

SAGE

Help?

FORMAL WOMAN

That's correct. Now, giving your  
circumstance if you could, please  
look over these forms I have here.  
If you can, please sign here to  
allow me to do some routine  
evaluations on KHAREE, yourself,  
and husband until this situation  
is civil and we know the child is  
in a healthy and stable  
environment.

Unleash forms.

SAGE sees and unravels more herself.

SAGE

There is no circumstance and there will be no fuckin evaluations. I don't know what's going on with my son right now, but I know for damn sure the only person who will be evaluating him. Is me, and I say right now as his mother, we're both leaving. Now straighten that shit out.

She stands at the desk.

FORMAL WOMAN

Very well but that's against the law extracting a child after at-home errors have been detected within the school MRS. MILLS. I don't wish to get the police involved but I will if I must.

SAGE

WATCH ME!

Exiting the room fired up. DOOR SLAM. BOOM!

PRINCIPAL

MRS. MILLS. MRS. MILLS.

Pursues her.

FORMAL WOMAN stands there, blank before grabbing her briefcase and walking straight at us.

BELLINGHAM (O.S)

What happened next?

FADE IN:

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  
FORMAL WOMAN paces back and forth while explaining.

FORMAL WOMAN

The mother exits the room, heads  
for the boy.

Removes a wig, mole, and glasses from her face before a  
mirror.

FERRARA (O.S)

You think she bought it?

DE SOTA

It doesn't matter, according to  
hear it says such law "is valid in  
the state of Maryland but opting  
out of the contract upon hearing  
the arrangement grants the mother  
her parental rights due to her own  
accord with the child."

Reading from the phone.

SCHUPELZ

That's true Greenie? [FORMAL  
WOMAN].

FORMAL WOMAN

I'm afraid so, I was surprised.  
Sorry BELLY. I don't know what the  
hell the correlation is, but  
teacher impersonations leave me  
starving.

Removing her high heeled shoes.

BELLINGHAM

You don't have to apologize  
Greenie.

Remaining confident.

MCADOO

Surprised? About what?

Curious.

The room sort of stops after he asks.

FORMAL WOMAN

Well, unfortunately the act tends  
to be useful in D.C and other  
urban county schools.

MCADOO

Be a little more clearer.

Misunderstood.

SCHUPELZ

Black mom got some balls going up  
against a state clerk.

BOTELLO

Don't do that.

FERRARA

You're an asshole, you know that.

The room shifts cold.

SCHUPELZ

What, didn't he know?

MCADOO gains realization before turning to BELLINGHAM.

MCADOO

And you did?

At BELLINGHAM.

BELLINGHAM

Business is first kept in mind.

MCADOO

That's not what I asked you.

Firm.

VIENNA and FERRARA react to him questioning BELLINGHAM.

BELLINGHAM

For a man who detected and diagnosed our issue at hand so stringent like to grow at contrary is a little hypocritical don't you think.

VIENNA

I'd say so.

SCHUPELZ

I'd second.

BELLINGHAM

Had you reacted this way, if they were Irish like FERRARA, Latin as VIENNA, or Jewish like myself?

MCADOO

They can be either one BELLY, surprisingly you say when each party you named. I just as much as yourself has something very distinct to your jewel in that hangar not far from here.

FERRARA

We don't have to do this. Things

can be arranged. We're a team  
remember.

MCADOO

If we're such a team I for one opt  
to be independent in resolving  
this. The family probably doesn't  
know what the kid saw and probably  
never will. I'll talk to the  
mother and inform her what he  
might've seen. Explain to the kid  
and throw some cash their way in  
hopes they forget about it all. Be  
the least amongst us to store some  
diplomacy.

He precludes.

FERRARA, BOTELLO, VIENNA. Eyes all sore in BELLINGHAM'S  
direction.

BELLINGHAM

And if they don't. Are you going  
to be responsible with SCHUPELZ to  
clean things up. Appropriately,  
MR. MCADOO?

MCADOO

Three years is good enough for a  
word for me. You?

BELLINGHAM

What you find SCHUPELZ?

Looking at MCADOO standing there.

REVERSE ANGLE, MCADOO  
Returning the same stare. Intense.

QUICK CUTS:

-In UPS attire, SCHUPELZ with BOTELLO plants a package  
before the door.

-With his handheld device, he engages it, then scans around the door.

-BOTELLO opens. They go inside. Quickly.

-VIENNA at the FRONT wheel in the truck. Lookout.

END

SCHUPELZ (O.S)

Me and Mr. BOTELLO went inside.

The place is clear as a conscious.

FERRARA phone alerts an email. She whips out the device.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE - ZOOM IN

Reads email comes from a NEW BUYER. She forwards it to BELLINGHAM.

Eyes still on MCADOO, his phone alert goes off.

REVERSE ANGLE, MCADOO

Grilling a stare still in BELLINGHAM'S direction as before.

BELLINGHAM

Is that it?

Focused on MCADOO.

He makes his mind up, then, and there.

SCHUPELZ (O.S)

Some new men on duty late tonight.

BELLINGHAM

God's speed.

Arrogantly at MCADOO.

He accepts the situation is now.

MCADOO

Did you know ironically according to census. Seventy-nine percent

validates the surname BELLINGHAM  
has Portugal origin.

Looking at BELLINGHAM.

FERRARA, VIENNA, BOTELLO, SCHUPELZ all lay eyes in  
BELLINGHAM'S direction.

BELLINGHAM shields his reaction. His phone alerts loudly a  
money cash sound, a deposit which he just received.

MCADOO leaves frame with their eyes on him. FRONT DOOR  
slams in b.g.

VIENNA

I take it it's a bad case of  
DRAPETOMANIA.

SCHUPELZ

I can take care of that.

BELLINGHAM

You don't have to do that.

VIENNA

Only an utter.

It is enough for a signal.

QUICK CUTS:

-SAGE with KHAREE enters the house slowly from the front  
door.

-She inspects her dining table. Everything is where it's  
should.

-A hunch is written all over her face. She can feel  
something.

-Flips on a light switch.

END

BELLINGHAM

It's already been blurred.  
Tonight.

At SCHUPELZ.

Removes his phone from pocket.

POV, BELLINGHAM  
Sees deposit and alerts.

EXT. MILLS RESIDENCE - NIGHT  
MALCOLM strolls to the front. Door knocks O.S

Pan from FRONT DOOR to side of house.

ANGLE, SIDE OF HOUSE [WEST] - SAME TIME  
The walls on the home shift into a man who's been waiting there, late 30's, caucasian, an assailant of SCHUPELZ in a hunter's camo coat and dad cap gaining to hear MALCOLM once he's inside the house, the door closes.

ASSAILANT eyes turn to the wall of the house almost as it's calling him, feels a charge between him and it. Looking on it carefully under the unsuspected darkness, he carefully places his hand on the house. When he does, we then shift into it.

ANGLE, SIDE OF HOUSE [EAST] - CU, SAME TIME  
On the other side shockingly, horrifically, gross we come to the other side of house where we see an additional assailant stuck to the house due to his hoodie containing raw metal. Pinning him to it like a magnet with a powerful electrical charge thoroughly passing through his body. We watch his face cook, when finished, the body drops.

TIGHT ON ASSAILANT 2  
On the ground in a smoking, steaming pile.

INT. UNMARKED VEHICLE - POV - SAME TIME  
Reading TIMER: 9:59

REVERSE ANGLE, SCHUPELZ  
Waiting as if the two should be back any second.

ANGLE, SIDE HOUSE [WEST]

He thinks to leave as his intuition informs. But be it he's so close. His metal watch is gripped to the house before he can step off. He tries to pull his arm, but the force is too strong.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLS BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Lights on. Listening from inside in the calmest state beside one another stands MALCOLM and SAGE.

MALCOLM looks over the shoulder at SAGE.

ANGLE, KNOB

SAGE'S hand there behind him grips a suspicious knob at the wall that she tilts, increases it clockwise slightly.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, SIDE HOUSE [WEST]

The ASSAILANT'S belt contacts the wall's force the same as his watch commencing him to struggle with all his might without moving a flinch.

ANOTHER ANGLE, NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW

The man in a distant view can be seen struggling while pinned to the house.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - SAME TIME

SCHUPELZ monitors his eyes all over the perimeter.

REVERSE ANGLE, MILLS RESIDENCE - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Spots the house a block or a two up the street.

There's no sign of either ASSAILANT.

CLOSE ON SCHUPELZ

Look away in a silent sigh.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, SIDE HOUSE [WEST]

Wrestling to free his wrist and belt. He manages to free his belt, as it rips from his waist. Perseverance clears. Now the watch. Then he realizes the small dots that stretch

from both ends of the house. From his height and a bit taller to his calves.

Sink into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLS BASEMENT - POV - SAME TIME

Black, tiny, almost tinkered in, custom on the wall.

MALCOLM AND SAGE

Staring on the wall from the other side. Standing side by side of each other, still. MALCOLM and SAGE. MALCOLM before the button, he presses TWICE.

ANGLE, SIDE HOUSE [WEST]

Face first before the hole. A single sharp needle ejects, shooting straight through his skull.

The large needle then retracts.

The force drops from the side of the house and his arm is free.

The ASSAILANT'S body thuds at the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLS BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Hang light. Pulled. OFF. Darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - POV - MOMENTS LATER

CAR TIMER reads: 10:56.

Engine running.

SCHUPELZ pulls out space.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR - SECONDS LATER

The car makes a U-turn back up the other street until out of the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. KHAREE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sinking closer to him there in his bed. Eyes shut tight amongst the shadows. A slight rumble sounding effect is drawn over the room.

ANGLE, DRESSER

An action figure falls to the floor from his dresser.

ANOTHER ANGLE, KHAREE - TIGHT ON

KHAREE gasps, eyes spring, he sees it there on the floor. He's heard, then questions for a moment, should he pick it up, or will raising from his bed jolt it worse? He decides to disregard. No big deal.

Shutting his eyes back, head down against his pillow, it goes again. Raising him from the bed.

POV, KHAREE

Gazing around his room. His door, closet, wall across bed, and window. There's nothing. Until those feelings return, same as what happened back in his class, tilts him back to the corner at the wall across from his bed.

He looks at it, knowing it returns to him the same. Again, then one more time. The RUMBLE that woke charge bleak in the distance yet again. He begins panting like a tick. First light, medium, and in seconds he's gassing wind staring on the area as those waves, the hard-hitting water was coming for him. As sure it did earlier. He pants uncontrollably feeling it's arrival at any minute. As the moment is just about to crash.

Then the same as a tick. KHAREE stops. He shuts it down. The sound, the thinking, paranoia. All of it. Immediately he's empowered. The panting stops. There at his bed. He feels better. No more fear or worryment. At peace. Everything is completely silent.

A creak stirs corner to the room. When then...THE ROOM DISCHARGES A TERRIFYING RATTLE like turbulence in a plane or a wake and severe chop on a boat right then and there starting just from the very corner that fixated him before and even horrifyingly now. With it just CRASHING, SHATTERING, bringing tremor. His things go everywhere in the room, the same as a tidal wave.

KHAREE hops out of his bed with it going and manages to make it to the door.

GRABS THE DOORKNOB. PULL.

It doesn't give when he turns the first time. Looking back, he sees the eruption get fiercer, everything caving to the floor the same as an earthquake passing, the corner cracking and crumbling externally. Springing him sharper.

KNOB TURNS ON THE SECOND TIME. Open comes the door, the light caves in as he burst out into MALCOLM, his father's arms. SAGE beside him stirred to concern.

MALCOLM

Hold, hold, hold. What's the matter?

He asks. His room as it was before the crash.

SAGE

You tell us right now KHAREE.

Urging.

Panting roughly. Looking into his room, then back on them in fear.

KHAREE about to answer, once his mouth opens. He vomits there on the floor. MALCOLM and SAGE shriek away.

[Sixteen-wheeler truck passing sounds]

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Cap removed from vehicle gas reservoir. Nozzle inserted in fuel tank.

ANGLE, FUEL GRADE BUTTON  
Finger presses.

ANOTHER ANGLE, NOZZLE  
Trigger pressed.

REVERSE ANGLE, FUEL LEVEL  
Begins running.

When MCADOO finishes the set up. He treads from the pump to the rear of the truck where he stands and monitors it.

The pump over from him. He notices a man checking his trunk. Then emptying things from it towards a trash bin.

Pump clicks. It's finished.

ANGLE, BEFORE PUMP - MOMENTS LATER

MCADOO returns the nozzle to its base. Then caps the tank, when some gas gets on his hand. While shaking it off, he turns it over at himself.

REVERSE ANGLE, HAND

There across his index and two other fingers sits a smudge mark from what he knows.

It stops him. He takes it in. Shift his head then to the trunk of the vehicle -- instincts strike him.

ANGLE, TRUNK - MOMENTS LATER

With the truck off the side of the rest station. MCADOO is seen raiding things from the trunk. Then tosses them into a nearby trash bin.

T-Shirts, tech wiring, putty set, timer, detonator capsules, a laptop, a series of notebooks relating to homemade devices, etc.

BACKSEAT - MOMENTS LATER

He races around searching as if his life depends on it. Eyeing beneath the seats to the front.

COMPARTMENTS - MOMENTS LATER

MIDDLE CONSOLE: he tosses lighters, change, and anything from his way for a proper check of anything that could linger.

GLOVE DASH: Out with forms and tickets, where he suspects thoroughly inside. Nothing. His mind continues to contemplate.

BENEATH IGNITION - MOMENTS LATER

He breaks and removes the panel. Produces a flashlight and begins inspecting around it. Nothing.

Thinking. MCADOO eyes can only sink below.

FLOORPAN - MOMENTS LATER - ZOOM IN  
Peeping below on his knees. Eyes tilting left, right, we follow, then straight ahead we quickly move away from MCADOO to spot. CENTER PAN.

POV, MCADOO  
It's empty. There's nothing there.

He sees. Then shuts off flashlight.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  
On foot MALCOLM and SAGE stand before a uniformed cop after explaining their ordeal to them.

BADGE 1

So, you said all of this began  
when you awoke to find your son in  
a state of shock having arrived  
back inside the house.

Pacing, contextualizing. Spots ahead.

ANGLE, KITCHEN  
Paramedics are seen attending KHAREE.

SAGE

He's a kid, and some mornings  
before school he likes to walk  
around the area. I don't know why.  
We've had constant talks about it  
with him, time and time again. But  
when I saw him in my room he was  
ruffled. All dirty. Like he had  
fallen somewhere.

MALCOLM

Or taken.

Suggests.

BADGE 1

Taken? Taken where?

Rises.

MALCOLM

Or maybe he saw something. I don't know.

BADGE 1

What do you think he saw?

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, MCADOO eyes forward, hand on the wheel.

EXT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Whoosh the truck passes road signs for I-64.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MALCOLM and SAGE continue conversing with BADGE 1.

SAGE

We don't know.

BADGE 1

Then how do you know that your son saw anything.

MALCOLM

That doesn't mean he didn't.  
Look, we're telling you something seriously suspicious is going on. From this morning, the social worker, at his school, and minutes ago outside. You're the police.

BADGE 1

I am. But pardon my tone sir, my presence now isn't to question my authority, sir. I'm here to help you and your family.

MALCOLM

And I asked you a question.

BADGE 1

Apparently so.

MALCOLM

Then POLICE this situation.

Raised tone.

EXT. MILLS RESIDENCE - SIDE HOUSE [EAST] - DAY  
Duty shoes stroll in the darkness against grass and soil.  
It's BADGE number two flashing his light over the side house area.

When his foot contacts something, flashing the light down.

SAGE (O.S)

That's right.

BADGE 1 (O.S)

Sir, lower your voice. Or you'll force me to restrain you.

MALCOLM

YOU NOT RESTRAINING ME IN MY HOUSE.

Sharp. Tight.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE, BODY

Bending down over. He finds the second ASSAILANTS' body. He looks over it.

BADGE 1 (O.S)

Fair warning sir. You need to wait for me to simulate this situation so a proper investigation can come into play for you and your family. So, I would advise you and your wife to -

CUT TO:

ANGLE, LIVING ROOM - CONT.D  
MALCOLM, SAGE, BADGE 2 conversing still.

MALCOLM

Ah, ah.

SAGE

No. We're separated.

BADGE 2 (radio)

WOODLY, TANNER come in.  
WOODLY, TANNER come in, NOW.

BADGE 1

Wait with your son until more information is requested. Please.

BADGE 1 (cont. d)

Go ahead TANNER.

Into radio.

MALCOLM and SAGE eyes connect slightly.

ANGLE, PARAMEDIC AND KHAREE  
The pleasant female soothes his face and begins putting away her things. SAGE edges beside her.

PARAMEDIC

He's fine. Just a little motion sickness.

SAGE

Is this common?

PARAMEDIC

It can be. Especially if this one had quite a dream judging his temperature can be the same as someone who's left a rollercoaster.

Grabs things. Heads for door.

SAGE questions internally. Before looking at KHAREE eyeing her still in his blank like mode.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Trailing the limit, TRUCK surpasses an upcoming sign to I-64.

INT. SUV - MOVING - SAME TIME

MCADOO with his hands turning the wheel. Eyes forward. WHOOSH brushes the side of his vehicle and goes ahead of his. Flinch. Cringe.

POV, MCADOO

Up the turnpike the vehicle speeds. Break lights beaming into the night.

Yielding at a red light before the turn on the interstate. MCADOO waits for green.

POV, MCADOO

The opposite light that has the right is yellow. Then drops to red.

The light turns green. With his foot on the break. The second he drops off. The truck engine goes off.

PHONE RINGS

MCADOO's face goes dead to confusion basing the truck.

EXT. SUV - SAME TIME

The truck just sits there. In the traffic. HORNS BLOW from behind.

Some of the vehicles go around to beat the light.

PHONE RINGS

INT. SUV - MINUTES LATER

Turning the key in ignition. NOTHING.

PHONE RINGS

MCADOO continues to try.

HORNS and comments of anger go on from differ vehicles. To his left he turns for a quick second. After seeing the light was still green. A driver ups him the middle finger.

NEW CALL. PHONE RINGS.

Back at the steering wheel.

ANGLE, FOOT ON GAS PEDAL

Foot press.

PHONE RINGS

ANOTHER ANGLE, IGNITION

Cranks it. It cranks. Turns this time.

REVERSE ANGLE, THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The light shifts yellow.

MCADOO slams hard on gas.

PHONE RINGS

EXT. SUV - MOVING - SAME TIME

Truck flies through the light. Thank God.

PHONE RING ENDS

INT. SUV - MOVING - SAME TIME

Up the ramp to the intersection, he goes. Face warm in triumphant.

PHONE RINGS

Truck at the start of the merge. MCADOO grabs phone. Reads number though it's not familiar.

He answers. Driving while pressing for speaker.

MCADOO

WHERE ARE YOU?

Aware.

Merging before a sixteen-wheeler.

BELLINGHAM (O.S)

In remote.

He states.

CLOSE ON MCADOO

His face turns to doom. The truck shuts OFF in mid merge. Instantly he cranks the ignition, no luck, horns from vehicles alarm. Massive headlights glow him. The truck sounds its horn and all. MCADOO head seeps behind him, he's stuck.

SMACK. Collision.

Music Cue:

*RARE ESSENCE - PIECES OF ME*

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - POV - NIGHT

Scrolling his Twitter timeline, he begins to disinterest posts involving rappers, NBA, psychologist, racial fights, etc.

Then more content produces multiple posts regarding gender wars, baddy pics, dancing, then a pic of him with his associates from BOTELLO'S account shows them with a famous R&B singer. Immediately he nukes the post.

ANGLE, FERRARA

In bed, naked, placing her gown top back on. Looking away from her phone, catches the television that raises her. Bearing a face in awe.

POV, BELLINGHAM

A text notification produced on his screen from BOTELLO:

"Tell me you're watching the news  
right now?"

It reads. His left palm smears his phone screen with a dark soiled like smudge.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Opens his left hand and he finds the same stain from the 'antique' inside, fresh in remnants. He caressed his fingers within it, lingering.

Lifting his eyes from his phone screen, easy and slow

REVERSE ANGLE, TELEVISION

Mounted television: The local news runs a story not far from where they are.

FERRARA is in bed, beside him watching. BELLINGHAM gazes, headphones still in his ear [can only see lips moving].

He removes the phones.

WE pan close on him.

NEWSCASTER (O.S)

An unfortunate situation occurred  
just hours ago with a head on  
collision on I-64.

NEWSCASTER (cont. d)

Where two men were killed and  
three or more people heavily  
injured during the daunting  
unfold.

Live on the scene is displayed.

NEWSCASTER (cont. d)

Still unaware as to what initially caused the incident. But police have identified the fatal casualties of GARY NORTHROP, 54, from WEST VIRGINIA and a MIKELL MCADOO, 36, Washington D.C.

Pictures cover the screen of both men. While bystanders give their take on what they saw.

FERRARA looks on BELLINGHAM from the bed -- he's done this before.

BELLINGHAM with one leg crossed over the other [like royalty] meshing his fingers against one another [smudge remnant] seated in a chair not far from the bed. We PAN closer to him. STOP right on him. BEAT. As he just eyes the news bleak in any reaction.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

MALCOLM tosses his and SAGE'S phone in the sink and turns on the faucet. As it runs over both until filling halfway.

ANGLE, ROOM

SAGE preps KHAREE to one of the twin beds, there sleep under the covers. MALCOLM stands center room viewing. Trailing his eyes all around the room.

MALCOLM

I know the police said it was best to find an alternative home until the investigation is handled. But knowing yourself, a place like this is less than temporary. So, where you thinking of going?

Concerned.

SAGE

My Aunt Patricia left the city for some place called Cradock. I haven't seen her since a year or two after KHAREE was born. She's

always asking if he looks like my  
dad. We're going there tomorrow  
afternoon.

Tucking KHAREE in.

MALCOLM

Cradock is in Portsmouth, right?

Eyeing around nervously.

SAGE

Yea, I believe so.

Speaking in distance.

MALCOLM

--I'll be outside.

Heading to door.

REVERSE ANGLE, SAGE

Looking at him in a wave of things to think that shows up  
on her face.

Door slams shut.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Walks before us some, eyeing the perimeter.

POV, MALCOLM

Before him there's a van and sedan parked. LEFT towards the  
check-in desk there's a pick-up. RIGHT, another sedan.

He paces inside the middle of the parking lot. Eyeing the  
street.

REVERSE ANGLE, MOTEL ENTRY

Mild to no traffic on the street both ways ahead of entry  
way.

MALCOLM looking on the property, before going back to his  
car.

ANGLE, CAR - MIUTES LATER

MALCOLM enters. Adjust the mirror close so it reflects the entry street behind him. Relaxing himself when something is at the window outside the room with SAGE and KHAREE.

REVERSE ANGLE, MOTEL ROOM

He sees the lamp light flickering twice.

MALCOLM adjusts to be a little more comfortable, then shuts his eyes.

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - DAY

Reading from a book behind a desk, when a guest in the frame before him produces.

LOTUS continues to be stuck to the book.

Cough is generated by his entering guest to grab his attention -- O.S.

He points his finger for him to sit.

LOTUS

Ah, you must excuse me this is my reading time. I enjoy it more than ever now than before. I don't know what it is with age. You either find boredom or this little world's light never ceases to amaze you.

BELLINGHAM

Care to share?

Sits down.

LOTUS

Oh, it's just a book comprised in the history of language and cultivation significance bound within ethnicities. In fact, according to it. Language may have started in sub-Saharan Africa. Research even validated that much

of all cultural dialect not only has evolved from the region but still has presence to this very day.

BELLINGHAM

BANTUS, ZULUS, and SHONAS. Some add SWAHILIS to the conversation as well.

LOTUS

Ah, that's right. Grier told me you were a learned man. Fond to the prestige commerce art of bartering he put.

BELLINGHAM

A man, nonetheless. Only keen to rarities to make a living off. I see it as.

LOTUS

Is that so? I read a magazine a few months back. You tell me if you're familiar about a man who bartered a King Louis II Castle for the actual remains of Queen HATSHEPSUT.

BELLINGHAM

NEUSCHWANSTEIN.

LOTUS

So, you are familiar?

BELLINGHAM

Little more than that.

LOTUS

Wish a son of bitch like that all the best. I couldn't imagine what amount the broker may have pocketed.

BELLINGHAM

You don't have to wish.

LOTUS

Relations. He's an associate I take it. The article pinned BELLI-something named the fellow.

BELLINGHAM

Ummm more like the initial trader. DURIAN BELLINGHAM. Pleasure.

Extends hand.

LOTUS shocked, then impress. Before shaking his hand.

POV, LOTUS - TIGHT ON  
Sees a MASONRY ring on finger.

LOTUS

That's a lodge you got there. I hope a poor son of a bitch didn't swap for that too.

BELLINGHAM

No chance. I earned it though.

LOTUS

You're a brother. Three lines?

Himself.

BELLINGHAM

Four. My grandfather conceived his own chapter when arriving here the story is put.

LOTUS

No shit. Well, it's good to see young blood carry the torch.

BELLINGHAM

Well, I'm appreciative to an elder who laid groundwork. Foundation. No one knows where they're going without recognizing where they've origin.

Sighs to dialogue exhaustion.

LOTUS

So young man aside from echelon tech in exchange. What can I be to you?

BELLINGHAM

We have someone in common. I believe his name is...MALCOLM MILLS.

He reads from a paper in his pocket.

LOTUS face screeches and drifts some when hearing name.

LOTUS

Lieutenant. So that's why you're here.

BELLINGHAM

Is there a problem?

LOTUS

Not so much. What do you wish to know about him?

BELLINGHAM

That in fact isn't so much an importance.

LOTUS

So, what are we talking about son?

BELLINGHAM

Simple. A where, what, and a how. You gift wrap me that at leisure of your town's influence--

LOTUS

With a, let me guess? A return.

BELLINGHAM

As a token of my appreciation. I'm sure as a fellow-craft as and upon our converse you'll have no doubt about my level of compensation for your services. May I?

Takes a sticky note, pen, and jots down something then slides it over to LOTUS.

He picks it up. He eyes. Placing it down.

LOTUS (cont. d)

This wouldn't have anything to do with what you and your folks got out there in that hangar, would it?

Prying.

BELLINGHAM gives him a straight stare. Meshing his right

hand together [as theirs something on it].

LOTUS (cont. d)

Tissue.

Offers.

BELLINGHAM accepts.

LOTUS (cont. d)

Here in this domain. I am water  
son and there's two more birds  
(son, wife) attached to LIEUTENANT  
MILLS.

BELLINGHAM

Then I believe that would make me  
the stone. Wouldn't it?

Spiteful.

INT. DAWN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Out of the shower, she moisturizes her body, she gets a  
text.

She grabs her phone.

POV, DAWN

She sees the message comes from MALCOLM.

*TEXT MESSAGE:*

*I'm outside your door.*

She reads.

Quickly to the door she goes. Then opens.

Her face is curled. He enters as if he's being followed.  
Stirred. Jittered.

DAWN

What's the matter?

What's going on?

Ends texting on phone.

MALCOLM

I need to talk to you. Is anyone  
else here?

Heading for her room. Peeking in her other rooms.

DAWN

No.

MALCOLM

You sure?

Paranoid.

DAWN

I live alone and you know that  
MALCOLM.

ANGLE, DAWN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Seated on the edge of the bed. DAWN listens to what he  
tells her.

MALCOLM

I came here feeling no place  
better at being a haven with  
everything going on.

DAWN

Absolutely, where's your boy,  
where's SAGE? Are they fine?

MALCOLM

We were suggested by the police  
after the intruders to stay  
somewhere out the way.

He tells.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Holding KHAREE'S hand, SAGE is seen walking him to the vehicle she stops, holds, eyeing everything in the open. As if someone is there or yet a feeling.

She hurries him inside the car.

Straps his seatbelt, quickly, door slam.

SAGE'S hand cranks the ignition. The engine turns over.

MALCOLM (O.S)

She's taking KHAREE to her folks  
in Cradock she said.

SAGE'S vehicle can see the parking lot exit.

CUT TO:

MALCOLM

Which is good until I find out who these intruders were, following us, who are they associated with, and if KHAREE parallel. Which is why I came here. I need your help. I'll try LOTUS when I get enough evidence to prove to him, I'm not a fucking nut with all of this.

DAWN

Your serious about this?

He alludes.

MALCOLM

A man can't be a man if he isn't  
serious about his family.

Red eyes shot from no sleep the night before.

ANGLE, MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

SAGE'S vehicle exits parking lot.

INT. RED PRIUS - DAY

A man in passenger bearing bothered eyes follow the vehicle  
SAGE exits with.

Engine starts.

It's BOTELLO at the wheel, he shifts in reverse.

CUT TO:

DAWN

I'm not saying I will not help  
you. But I am saying you need to  
relax first.

Eases her hands over his shoulders.

DAWN (cont. d)

I'll make some calls to get what  
you're looking for. But only if  
you get some rest first. Look at  
you, your disheveled. Cool down,  
nothing is going to happen to you  
here. You want a drink?

Behind him massaging his shoulders and his back.

MALCOLM

No drink. I can't do anything with  
this on my mind.

Worried.

REVERSE ANGLE, MIRROR

MALCOLM sighs deeply in her hands before the mirror.

DAWN

You don't have to.

Pull back a towel with a large knife. BEAT.

Next, with it there in her hand. She plunges it back for force in aim at him.

REVERSE ANGLE, MIRROR - ZOOM IN

MALCOLM in a quick flash sees. Whip around and stops her. They fall to the bed with MALCOLM having the more power on top. DAWN takes her last gasp. The struggle stops. She isn't moving.

MALCOLM removes himself atop of her. SLOW. Staring on her the entire time. Breathing in and out. Panning away from, we see the lodged blade was injected into her stomach.

Her face turns cold. Eyes open. Breathless. MALCOLM covered in blood slightly. Looking on her body unforeseen to the moment. He grabs a shirt for his hands, then a towel she used to cover the weapon and wipe down the bed and floor where he sat and stepped. When about toss it back on the bed as he's about to leave. He spots her phone.

Swipe and heads for the door.

TIGHT ON DAWN

Her eyes wide into death there on the bed. Front door gently closed in b.g.

INT. SAGE'S CAR - MOVING - POV - DAY

KHAREE turns from staring outside to noticing smudges on his fresh clothes there in his seat.

POV, KHAREE

A stain of dust stems a trail from his shoes, pants, and on his shirt.

Quizzical when realizing. GPS voice airs in b.g.

ANGLE, SAGE'S EYES

Intellect. Alarmed. Staring from both the side window and rear view. Where in the same frame, passed the rear glass. There's a RED PRIUS.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - SAME TIME

Car has no plates

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - SAME TIME

BOTELLO slightly gaining turning the wheel. Easy treading. Swift.

Pan over to the second man, ASSAILANT 3, eyes steered ahead on to her car.

REVERSE ANGLE, TABLET

In ASSAILANT 3 hands he reads SAGE'S GPS instructions.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - POV - SAME TIME

Within the rear view she spots the vehicle behind her. Brush a look back in the backseat.

POV, KHAREE

Buckled up in the seat.

Click SAGE to her seatbelt. Meshing on the gas stronger.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAGE CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME - ZOOM OUT

Her car on the thick road, sweeps through dozens of cars. With roads signs alerting I-464 is up ahead.

While the RED PRIUS maintains a distance BEHIND.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

With heavy traffic flow. Her zooming comes to a complete stop like the other vehicles ahead. She stares through her windshield.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - POV - SAME TIME

Tablet reads I-464 is ahead by four minutes.

ASSAILANT 3 turns his head up from the device, through the windshield directly behind the car. Then BOTELLO next over eyes dead on her vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - SAME TIME

Looking left, then right. Traffic is still. On the gas she steps drilling down the shoulder of the road, passing this cloud of cars for a mass amount of more.

Finally, the cars open. Ahead is I-464. SAGE sees but also in her rear view on her heels is still the RED PRIUS.

REVERSE ANGLE, THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A traffic light, leading to the intersection ramp, is on GREEN.

Thinking seeing the cars sweep roads ahead, during the light. Then, mash on the gas SAGE hurls.

KHAREE hangs on there in the back.

RED PRIUS trails the same.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - SAME TIME

ASSAILANT 3 sits the tablet in the center console.

Then springs from his coat a single bullet and ejects it inside a PEN GUN. BOTELLO glances over casual. The light turns YELLOW.

SAGE, not over the line yet.

Cars ahead slow down.

SAGE

KHAREE? HOLD ON BABY.

Light hits RED. Cars stop.

She hits the shoulder once again, RED PRIUS on her tail and all, breaks the line, weaves a fleet of cars that has the right way on the oncoming highway in lead to the interstate ramp by a thin hair.

While a car catches the RED PRIUS in pursuit. BOOM. COLLIDE. They go to spinning out of control. Car horns go off. Tires screech, halting from one side to the other of the highway.

SAGE - MOVING

Sighs of relief seeing the RED PRIUS mashed in her rear-view.

EXT. INTERSECTION LIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Mangled up driver's side door opens producing BOTELLO. Cracks his neck. ASSAILANT 3, next a bit woozy, unbalanced, grabs his tablet. Making eyes to a BLACK CADILLAC SUV that yields opposite of them. BOTELLO follows his eyes.

ANGLE, MAN IN CAR

Through his windshield like other cars. Man watches BOTELLO and ASSAILANT 3 flee to the SUV.

INT. BLACK SUV - POV - DAY

Reads from the cracked tablet her address she's heading to is in CRADOCK.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

BELLINGHAM departing LOTUS'S office trails the second level to the parking garage. His footsteps clank the ground. When he gets a strange feeling while walking.

Stops. He looks over his shoulder quickly, when his footsteps aren't alone in his hearing.

REVERSE ANGLE, GARAGE LEVEL [BACK]

Deep at the far end of the ramp leading from the first level. There's nothing but a somewhat dim wall where he's heard the steps. He sees. He views. But unlike the noise. There's nothing there.

FOOTSTEPS set off again [ahead].

Only this time they come before BELLINGHAM, turning him sharp, Quick fast around as the steps fade in echo. He listens. He stares.

POV, BELLINGHAM

A solid wall submerged in slight shadows.

Looking in both directions still, he pats his pockets, feels his keys, grabs them, and when there goes a phone alert, the sound of cents produce echoing the area.

Instantly he removes his phone from his pocket.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Another deposit from a seller he reads upon the notification.

He silences his phone, shoves it back into his pocket, and continues walking.

ANGLE, BELLINGHAM FEET - MOVING

Showing passing cars, before the pair land side of a CADILLAC ATS. Lights flash; the door is unlocked by remote.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S CAR - SAME TIME

He enters inside, shoves the key into ignition.

RANDOM SELLER (O.S)

Now there's a note to be jotted  
for ages. I can honestly say I've  
never seen a dollar amount in bulk  
have such little poised  
miscellaneous effect on a fella.

Randomly.

BELLINGHAM simply turns over to his passenger. Where a man checking the time on his diamond encrusted chain watch attached to his vest, bearing the thickest of mustache with curled ends he's ever seen. The size of his wide bowtie. Everything ancient about him is seated right there in the car.

RANDOM SELLER (cont. d)

Which must mean you're definitely  
the man I was looking for and  
might I presume. You are the  
sensation, the great white in  
buyers, the prodigal if you will  
in this -- cosmos of commerce.

BELLINGHAM

Look, I don't know who you are.  
But as I told the individual  
before you, I'm not interested in  
anything you or anyone else is

selling. So please just leave my car.

Bothered.

RANDOM SELLER

Well might I say it. Your mighty gruffy for a man with my presidents packed in his trousers. The BELLINGHAM fellow I was acquainted with was indeed haughty as you. But an ardent man more to say once bartering was involved.

Spills.

BEAT. Slow turn does BELLINGHAM'S HEAD over to the passenger side.

The man adjusts properly. There in his seat mirror.

RANDOM SELLER (cont. d)

Sorrow to myself having stricken less circumstantially.

[folds mirror]

That's good. The first point of contact is with the eyes. Remember that. Speaking of, might I say, it may take you in me saying this. You, you have his.

Looking directly at him.

BELLINGHAM turns to the mirror for a minor view of himself. Before turning back.

RANDOM SELLER

Here it is. I can go 1,700 on schooners that take up two hundred beast, brigantines worth 2,700, 4,500 for a full rig. 2 even for anything under I stated prior.

Confident.

Stuck in BELLINGHAM'S direction as he's satisfied with his pitch.

BELLINGHAM slips his tie from collar. Grips both ends in his hands.

RANDOM SELLER (cont. d)

I'm sure it's plain by the eye  
that a gentleman such as myself  
isn't too exhausted in your ruling  
judgement at ample discount,

Cheesing.

BELLINGHAM looks on him, turns up a full grin as well.

Seeing for himself, the RANDOM SELLER begins to curve his cheeks the same.

RANDOM SELLER (cont. d)

Ah, that'll be in large bills  
please.

Arrogant.

BELLINGHAM snatches him brutally there into his lap. Firming the tie at his neck. Bringing his hands together in a tight clinch around the throat.

The odd man's feet quake everywhere uncontrollably.

BELLINGHAM panting roughly, locking his face fiercely while viciously pulling. Until the RANDOM SELLER is in full convulsion, without a stint of breath. Riles down. His dark hallows of his eyes turn upward merging completely white. BELLINGHAM releases, boiling still from panting. Preps the RANDOM SELLER'S body back in the passenger seat. While it slumps staring at him on to the door.

TIGHT ON DOOR HANDLE  
It's released.

EXT. GARAGE - SAME TIME  
Open. BELLINGHAM exits in a rush.

Pacing to below the ramp, his steps sing the entire way while prepping himself. When once making it to just about to hit below. More steps emerge colliding with BELLINGHAM'S, that he hears, causing him to pause where he stands. Out of the dimness up the ramp produces a Black gentleman, in dark clothing, appearing to be in his mid-30's, eyes beaming almost scolding BELLINGHAM. The two toe to toe look at one another for a moment.

BELLINGHAM

NEED SOMETHING?

Hard.

The BLACK GENTLEMAN proceeds next, without a word uttered. Eyes only forward, stuck on him. By placing a single step forward out of the dimness from the ramp and the light on the level. When he does, the single light above shuts completely out over him. BEAT.

It's all that BELLINGHAM needs to see, rushing him back in the direction where he finds:

REVERSE ANGLE, RAMP END TO ABOVE

Like a needle on a point standing from outside the ramp goes another Black gentleman in dark clothes. Just standing there, watching him. Eerie.

POV, BELLINGHAM - MOVING

He dash steps back to the car, looking at the one below the ramp and the one further ahead towards the above ramp. Standing there. Eyeing him to a point.

Steps clink to the car. Panting in a hurry. He goes for his keys out of his pocket. They drop to the floor. Looking in his right hand is so pasty from the smudge. His eyes go in both directions first. The men never move.

On the ground he secures the keys, a car from the upper ramp surpasses him. The BLACK GENTLEMAN at the bottom ramp is gone. The other ahead to the above the ramp also.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S CAR

He eases sluggishly inside. Gives a look over to the passenger.

REVERSE ANGLE, BELLINGHAM

Where it's empty. No body. Only a photo.

BELLINGHAM'S face puzzles. Reaching in for it. Sees its severely worn conditioning, corner to corner, even in black and white. He tries his best staring, to make out the picture.

POV, BELLINGHAM - ZOOM IN

Makes out the RANDOM SELLER moments before. Wearing the exact same clothes he also remembers. Next to him, behind acres of land stand a man with his face.

BELLINGHAM gasps. As his minds surfs.

RANDOM SELLER (O.S)

*"The BELLINGHAM fellow I was acquainted with was indeed haughty as you."*

He recalls.

Fuck this. He starts the car.

EXT. BELLINGHAM'S CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

He tosses the photo from out window. Tires skirt off from space.

Below the ramp for exit, he blitzes the car as fast as he can.

The stick is up and he just goes right through. Before he can hit the street.

ANGLE, BRAKE

SLAM on pedal. BELLINGHAM'S wavering in quiver when an ordinary Black male [NOT the same one he saw] he nearly hits passing the front of his vehicle there on casual stroll at the sidewalk he makes eyes to.

The man just passes by mugging a look to what could've occurred.

BELLINGHAM views in return. Then he collects himself before he speeds off into the street out of the frame.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY  
At a desk, he is seated.

REVERSE ANGLE, DAWN'S PHONE  
He unlocks it by computing her birthday as the pass code.

Desperate for answers.

REVERSE ANGLE. DAWN'S PHONE  
He opens her recent call log. All from LOTUS.

Sighing to himself curiously. He digs deeper.

POV, MALCOLM  
Opens her explorer. Checks her exterior pages. Nothing.  
Then her 'Google' history. Nothing. Then he tries her  
actual history. Again, nothing. All refreshed.

MALCOLM scrambles a thought process.

He searches for her other apps. His eyes touch her CHROME  
(app).

POV, MALCOLM  
He opens it. He checks her 'Google' history and there it is  
'Durian BELLINGHAM'. He clicks on.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - DAY  
Cradling his fist at his lips. Thinking about something he  
doesn't want to do. But must.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE  
There resting on his desk in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY  
Sucked into the phone screen.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE  
Scrolling he finds trade articles on BELLINGHAM as 'the  
youngest billion-dollar collector in the world' at 39 years  
old. His parents' origin LEIRIA (city in PORTUGAL). He is  
soon to a trillion.

ANGLE, PHONE - ZOOM IN

An article interview from six months ago with BELLINGHAM details in his own words 'Eleven years I've collected in politics, religion, culture, civilization, and entertainment. My next venture would dive in unlocking space and sea treasures.'

Ingesting.

POV, MALCOLM - ZOOM IN

He locks in on "SEA treasures".

MALCOLM thoughts weighing.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE

His finger clicks GOOGLE Maps. Types in MILLS RESIDENCE address.

MALCOLM ponders.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE

GOOGLE: Typing in search engine 'water docks'. Up comes the HANGAR that is less than a half of mile from their home.

Exiting from the app. MALCOLM returns to one place, luring him for answers.

POV, MALCOLM - ZOOM IN

LOTUS as the last contact on DAWN'S call log.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - SAME TIME

Uneasy, adjusting there at his desk. When the phone rings before him commences to ring.

He sees. Reacts.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE - ZOOM IN

Incoming call from DAWN.

Swift. Quick. He answers.

LOTUS

Shoot I just about gave up on you.  
Figure our friend made you a

dearly departed instead young  
lady.

He spills.

No correspondence. Slight breathing from the other side.

LOTUS (cont. d)

You there...hello?

Picks up something wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Hears and listens only with phone on speaker in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - SAME TIME

Phone in hand, call still going, face drawing mistake.  
Before he can utter a single syllable.

HE ENDS CALL.

Reacts. Holds to thinking. Next, with his radio going on  
its base. He snatches it from it.

LOTUS

All right, all units. I repeat ALL  
UNITS.

QUICK CUTS:

--BADGES on duty seated at their desks conversing listen  
on.

--Patrolmen on duty in their vehicles adhering to the call.

--More in the station parking lot preparing to head out.

LOTUS (cont. d)

I have a 10-16 in progress.  
Suspect described as Black male,  
mid 30's, six foot one, 190  
pounds, said to be armed and

dangerous. Again, said to be armed  
and dangerous.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME  
BADGE hand on the wheel on car. Picks up radio.

PATROL MAN

10-4, pursuit in progress. Any  
names pinned to suspect sir.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - SAME TIME  
Contemplating. Eyes away from the phone.  
Presses the button to speak on radio.

LOTUS

MALCOLM MILLS. I repeat MALCOLM  
MILLS. He is armed and dangerous.

Reports.

PATROL MAN

10-4 sir in pursuit.

Radio goes down.

EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY  
Clear a hard U-TURN in traffic. Lights and sirens whirl.  
Speeds off from frame up the street.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER  
Places radio down on desk. Rests there in his seat.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - POV - DAY  
He reads the last text message sent from LOTUS to DAWN'S  
phone:

*"Into ifika ekugcinei"*

A rasp goes heard. MALCOLM'S senses alerts.

He continues into phone.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE

Skims over more google links associated with BELLINGHAM.  
Clicking on his TWITTER account.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, KITCHEN - MOVING - MALCOLM'S HOME

Easing past the kitchen silently, in full uniform, gun in hand entering through the living room, to the hallway before the bedroom goes one cop [BLACK]. Meeting another ahead [WHITE] pressing a crack door open with the tip of his gun awaiting, there in the hallway. Eyes steered at the last door closed.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, BEDROOM - POV

Clicking on the local SHERIFF'S office site from his laptop.

MALCOLM before the screen at his desk clicking away hunching while searching.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE - ZOOM IN

Finds a search warrant under his name. Listing him as 'armed and dangerous'.

ANGLE, DRAWER

He softly slides open, flips the bottom in reverse. Hands are clutching inside.

TIGHT ON RIFLE

Hand squeezing assault rifle tight and expertly into frame. Same to a GLOCK nine-millimeter handgun.

DRAWER - NEXT

MALCOLM hands produce TWO-wheel rotor sized looking discs. His eyes enter the frame before turning to the door.

CUT TO:

ANGLE, HALLWAY

COP 1 meets eyes with COP 2 [who just arrived]. Stand before the only door closed in the hall. He motions slightly with his head as a signal to go.

POV, TWO COPS

Pan closer and closer to door before.

BOOM!

ANGLE, BEDROOM

COP 2 through the door, aiming inside.

REVERSE ANGLE, COP 2

Shifts LEFT then RIGHT. No one in sight. Sees only the screen of a laptop showing.

He then enters aiming at desk. COP 1, tool up, searching the rest of the room.

COP 2

Looking at phone and laptop. Brings out his phone to make a call.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eating Italian takeout. All before a television screen [watching a movie] are all the associates. SCHUPELZ, VIENNA, BOTELLO, DESOTA, and FERRARA.

ANGLE, SCHUPELZ PHONE

Ringling.

FERRARA'S hand picks it up. She hands it to DESOTA, who gives it to SCHUPELZ who has a mouth of pasta he's munching down on before reading the call. He rises from his seat to answer. While the others remain fixated at the film.

ANGLE, KITCHEN

He merges to escape clear sounds.

SCHUPELZ

Go ahead.

Chewing.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY  
COP 2 analyzes the desk area with the laptop and DAWN'S  
phone. COP 1 in the b.g. searching other areas in the room.

COP 2

All except a laptop and a phone.  
Clean.

Opens phone.

POV, COP 2  
The backdrop has a picture of DAWN.

He places it back down, checks the drawer, then the bed.

COP 1  
Finishes looking over in closet. He goes to the door,  
thinks to exit. When he moves, his foot hits something.  
Something hard.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY  
Speaking on the phone in the kitchen.

SCHUPELZ (O.S)

FUCK. Alright you two sweep that  
place for what you can and sit  
tight. If the two are separated  
he's bound to show soon.

He assumes.

A hand enters the frame from behind him, grabs the phone  
from him. He turns.

REVERSE ANGLE, BELLINGHAM  
Speaks on the phone.

BELLINGHAM

GET OUT OF THAT HOUSE NOW!

Orders.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY  
COP 2 checking bed. Flips the sheet over.

COP 2

BELLY?

Face turns chilled.

COP 1 bends down after the foot makes contact.

REVERSE ANGLE, SHIRT ON FLOOR  
He bends over it.

Touches it. Removes a t-shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME  
Standing there with the phone up to his lip. On speaker.

COP (O.S)

I don't think I can do that.

BELLINGHAM

GET OUTTA THE FUCKIN' HOUSE!

He screams at the top of his lungs.

SCHUPELZ looking on.

ANGLE, LIVING ROOM  
FERRARA lowers the volume on the television, aiming eyes  
with the rest of the associates to the kitchen listening on  
concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME  
COP 1 is on the floor. Looks over shoulder at COP 2.

They meet their eyes. COP 2, chilled, panting, horrid, can't move it seems. Turns back to bed before him.

REVERSE ANGLE, BED

There planted beneath the sheets it's revealed as the wheel looking rotors (land mine).

COP 1 still hunched down on the floor.

POV, COP 1

Another wheel-looking rotor was hidden beneath the shirt he trampled on.

BELLINGHAM (O.S)

HELLO!

Shouting into the phone.

COP 2 froze, refrained from even uttering a word.

ANGLE, COP 1

See it. Look at the door. He takes off for it.

COP 2 turns to him at the same time.

COP 2

NO, DON'T.

Screaming.

TIGHT ON LAND MINE

Movement detected.

BOOM! The room erupts in hellish blaze.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOME - SAME TIME

SMASH a rock, through the driver's side window of the patrol car goes.

ANGLE, FRONT HOUSE

CRASH sounds of demolition. Pieces fling everywhere.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Door slams closed. Blade on swiss army knife pop open. MALCOLM looks forward.

POV, MALCOLM

There's the car fob on the console in front of him.

ANGLE, REAR HOUSE

BOOM! A glass implodes; every window is blasted out. Particles go flying.

MALCOLM ducks for cover inside vehicle.

Press ENGINE START button. PATROL CAR starts.

Gear shifts into REVERSE. Backing quickly from house and out of frame. Plates shown. With the house a fiery inferno.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Phone to his ear still. The call ends. Thinking. BELLINGHAM mind is scrambling.

SCHUPELZ thinking what could've happened.

SCHUPELZ

What the hell?

Empty.

BELLINGHAM immersed to his thoughts, just exits the kitchen.

ANGLE, LIVING ROOM

Cold. Removed. BELLINGHAM enters the standing center room. Right before them all, blank in the eyes to what just occurred.

VIENNA

You okay Belly?

Worried. Shuts off television.

He doesn't respond. The others too, looking on him. SCHUPELZ paces behind, holding his back up to the wall. He has the floor.

BELLINGHAM

FERRARA. How many hours until the

hauler?

Thinking to himself.

FERRARA

12, what's wrong? What happened  
DURIAN?

Sees it written all over his face.

SCHUPELZ

Two men got canceled a minute ago.

DE SOTA

Don't say. Only one place they  
could've been.

VIENNA hands him the dish of food he has.

BELLINGHAM, tranced to panic, goes to the window.

FERRARA eyes follow him suspiciously.

He spreads the blinds.

VIENNA

One person responsible.

Eating. Sending the dish he had in exchange.

POV, BELLINGHAM - AT WINDOW

The same two men from the parking garage hanging there.  
Right outside his window. The two return stare off at the  
window.

He flinches backwards some. BEAT.

Everyone sees.

CLOSE ON BLINDS - ZOOM IN

Dark smudgy prints?

BELLINGHAM

Pack it up in thirty minutes.  
We're out of here.

NOW!

Heading for the kitchen.

FERRARA never seen him like this. Neither of them has.

ANGLE, KITCHEN SINK

Faucet turn, water run, dish liquid BELLINGHAM smear over his hands. Scrubbing each one roughly as life as we know rides on this cleaning.

His face is clenching TIGHTER and TIGHTER when cleaning them.

LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Thinking about what to do. The associates ingest their food.

FERRARA inching before the blinds. SCHUPELZ watching her.

She presses a finger on to them. Then she sees for herself.

REVERSE ANGLE, FINGER

Smudge.

BOTELLO

Guess we all know what this means  
don't we.

SCHUPELZ

What's that?

BOTELLO

You didn't hear the keys through  
the door? DADDY'S HOME.

Jams a fork of food in his mouth.

FERRARA looks over at BOTELLO. Then SCHUPELZ while grinding

the smudge between her fingers.

EXT. RELATIVE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! At the door MALCOLM knocks over the front door.

INT. MICAIAH'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Phone rings there in bed sharing popcorn before the television beside her friend, MICAIAH, then she sees MALCOLM'S name. SAGE answers.

SAGE

Hello!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MALCOLM

I'm outside. Open the door, it's important.

SAGE

I'm not at my folks.

MALCOLM

Shit...two flashes are your folks.  
ONE is out of town.

Forgets.

QUICK FLASH FROM MOTEL

--There in the front seat.

--Watches lamp light at the window flicker.

--He counts ONE, TWO.

END

MALCOLM listens standing before the house.

SAGE (O.S)

Three is MICAIAH'S remember.

SAGE

I couldn't go to my folks, not after what happened last night and not too long ago.

MALCOLM

What you mean? Where's KHAREE?

SAGE

He's fine, he's resting. A RED PRIUS followed us from the motel. I think it was two men. I cut them off before a turnpike.

What do you mean, what's so important?

She asks.

MALCOLM

I know who's following us.

And I'm pretty sure it has something to do with what KHAREE might've seen.

SAGE

What did he see?

Concerned.

ANGLE, MICAIAH

The glow of the television reflects off her face, while shoving popcorn in her mouth. Local news comes over the screen. She taps SAGE.

REPORTER (O.S)

Breaking news. A man who's armed and dangerous at this moment is now at large...

Airing from television.

SAGE looking before the television as well sees. With her full undivided attention.

MALCOLM

It has something to do with this  
billionaire DURI - -

SAGE

MALCOLM?

MALCOLM

What?

Hears alarm.

SAGE eyes glued to what is before her. Grabs remote.  
Exceeds volume.

REPORTER (O.S)

The man is wanted on suspicion of  
murder. He's about six foot, 190  
pounds, low haircut, African-  
American, Navy Lieutenant. Here's  
a most recent picture.

REVERSE ANGLE, TELEVISION

The reporter speaks from panel on a BREAKING NEWS. A recent  
identification photo drops on the screen is then shown of  
'the man at large'. Revealing to be MALCOLM.

MALCOLM (O.S)

SAGE?

She's steady watching.

REPORTER

If you see this man. Do not  
hesitate to contact the police. I

repeat. DO NOT HESITATE IN CALLING  
THE AUTHORITIES. He may be armed  
and dangerous.

From screen.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - FRONT - NIGHT

Black SUV circles around a mass premises to a towering home. Stadium lights reign down on Al Capone's Green 1928 Bulletproof Cadillac, then Pablo Escobar's 1974 Porsche 911 Carrera RSR, and OG Turtle's 1964 Golden Auburn Chevrolet Impala.

ANOTHER ANGLE, PROPERTY

Acres of lawn the size of a football field fills the pitch-dark exterior around the entire home elegantly until before a massive complete stone front with its automated iron barred gate.

INT. SUV - DRIVING - NIGHT

DESOTA cruising at the wheel slow, SCHUPELZ at passenger. BOTELLO, VIENNA, and FERRARA in the second row. While BELLINGHAM at the third, all by himself, is eager, stalking his eyes from each side of the window, wearing gloves, seeking to detect anyone on his property.

BELLINGHAM

Again.

He directs.

All the associates react.

SCHUPELZ

This is the fifth time.  
How long are we going to do this?

BELLINGHAM

Until I'm satisfied. You have a problem, MR. SCHUPELZ, by all means the gate has one way in and the other out and at the only leisure to choosing once we're finished.

SCHUPELZ

You know I don't mean anything by  
that BELLY, It's just that --

BELLINGHAM

JUST THAT WHAT?

BOTELLO

Exterior presence doesn't decide  
the absence of any activity.

FERRARA

DURIAN?

Turning around at him empathetic.

Meanwhile he scrambles his stares out the window, hoping,  
peeping to catch something. He doesn't acknowledge her.

She turns back around unnoticed, locking eyes with VIENNA  
and BOTELLO.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - FRONT - NIGHT

Black SUV after circling the grounds returns once more to  
the FRONT of the property. Yield, before the stone path to  
the front door.

BELLINGHAM (O.S)

AGAIN!

Jittery, demanding.

The Black SUV slowly pushes forward around the premises.  
Yet again.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LOTUS pacing slowly to his vehicle.

INT. LOTUS'S VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

He props himself into the driver's seat.

He shifts his things to the passenger seat. One last thing remains in his lap. He takes a good look at it, grappling with it in his hands.

REVERSE ANGLE, BOOK  
The 'Atlas of Language'.

Raising his head in thought to himself. He grabs his jacket from the backseat. Pulling something from the pocket.

POV, LOTUS  
His phone. He unlocks it. Goes to his contacts, strolls down until he finds the name 'Lt. Malcolm Mills'. He presses the name, open comes the option of call or text. His thumb right above the 'call' option. Just one tap. It stays for some seconds. Until he closes out of the option, then contact list altogether.

Raises his head, takes a hard swallow. When then...

RING!

His phone goes off there in his hand. Startles him some before answering.

LOTUS

Go ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Solid Black boots are seen pacing one before the other slowly against a dark road. Cars swiping past in b.g.

REVEALING a PATROLMAN, gun up, anxious, phone at ear, whispering during call.

PATROLMAN

Admiral, I think I got him clear  
in my sights.

Pacing steady.

INTERCUT PATROLMAN/LOTUS

LOTUS

Where are you? I'll send in back up. Sit tight.

PATROLMAN

Negative, sir, I'm already inching the car, weapon out, came across the cruiser on route 190 heading to GREENBRIAR. Same plate numbers and all. How do you want me to proceed on the fucker?

On the rear of the car. FLASHLIGHT brushes over rear plates.

LOTUS

You listen to me carefully son. If one bullet is discharged from that equipment of yours. I will personally make sure that you will never in the state of Maryland land a job as any badge for the rest of your days. On a shield or shitty name plate at some 'In and Out'. Get me!

PATROLMAN

What do you want, sir?

Reaching the driver's side.

LOTUS

I want him disarmed, in cuffs, you wait for backup, and my arrival. Is that clear?

He orders.

ANGLE, DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW

Gun enters frame FIRST, with the PATROLMAN turning before the glass SECOND. On come a flashlight shining through.

The DOOR pops open. Light searching around inside.  
The car is empty.

REVERSE ANGLE, PATROLMAN

At ease holding the light still there inside the car.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - FOYER - NIGHT

The associates enter through the door. Lights flicked on.  
BELLINGHAM last. He shuts the door behind him close. Engage  
locks immediately.

FERRARA reacts looking on.

SCHUPELZ

What is this now?

Frustrated.

BELLINGHAM

We're all going to have to watch  
this place before morning breaks.

BOTELLO

Wait, what?

BELLINGHAM

What else, the property. MR.  
VIENNA, I need you to take watch  
at the gate please.

VIENNA

The gate? That's about 70 yards  
from here.

In disbelief.

BELLINGHAM

It's only for two hours. You see  
anything suspicious. Man, woman,  
or child. You get on your phone  
and call me and only me.

Understand. We'll trade you out  
when you're finished.

VIENNA

You're serious?

Oppose.

BELLINGHAM gives him a hard look in the eyes, right before  
him.

VIENNA gets the deal. Turns the knob and exits.

BELLINGHAM

DESOTA you're on rear door detail.  
Interior or out. I need your eyes  
on every window if inside. From  
side to back. I don't want any  
fucking body getting passed you.

Heads inside kitchen.

BOTELLO

This place is big enough for the  
pope and BASQUIAT portraits. You  
mean to say but there is no  
surveillance system.

Admiring an expensive portrait on his wall.

BELLINGHAM

I got it three years ago on a  
swap. I didn't think I'd have it  
this long for furnishing and  
installation. I need you to check  
the basement and attic.  
Thoroughly.

BOTELLO

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

BELLINGHAM

DOES IT LOOK LIKE IM FUCKIN  
WINDING YOUR BACK.

NOW, I NEED YOU TO MAKE SURE BOTH  
OF THE MAIN AREA DOORS DOWNSTAIRS  
ARE LOCKED. TIGHT UNDERSTAND?

He shouts.

BOTELLO adheres. Disperses off.

BELLINGHAM'S phone alerts a cash sound as he's just been  
giving another deposit. Only he hears timidly but ignores  
it.

BELLINGHAM

WHY THE HELL ARE YOU STILL  
ARRANGING BUYERS' MEETINGS.

At FERRARA.

FERRARA

What are you talking about? I'm  
not doing that. Do you even see me  
holding my phone.

SCHUPELZ

What's my task? You take the  
office with a mountain pile of  
coke. While we scream for you to  
open the door while Sosa's hit  
squad take ground.

Joking.

He cackles.

SCHUPELZ (cont. d)

What about the kid and parents  
BELLY?

On a more serious note.

FERRARA

We have to deal with this before  
the morning.

Aiding.

SCHUPELZ

That's right.

PHONE RINGS.

BELLINGHAM pulls out his phone, it's the one ringing. He  
goes to answer.

BELLINGHAM

One minute.

Sees call comes from LOTUS.

SCHUPELZ

No. NOW!

Aggressive.

PHONE RINGS!

BELLINGHAM

I SAID ONE FUCKING MINUTE.

Shouts at him.

He answers.

BELLINGHAM (cont.)

Go ahead.

LOTUS (O.S)

How's the other side been treating  
you kiddo?

BELLINGHAM

Tell me what you have?

LOTUS (O.S)

He's not as easy as you thought. I didn't make him Lieutenant just for the sake of tokenism.

BELLINGHAM

I'm not in the mood, give me what you got or pass it on when you do waterman.

LOTUS (O.S)

Well, the way I'm seeing it from your shoes. Your best outcome now would be your alternative.

BELLINGHAM

I'm not keen to options in secondary.

LOTUS (O.S)

Well, then there's no better time than now.

Ends call.

SCHUPELZ and FERRARA locked in on him.

SCHUPELZ

Who was that?

At BELLINGHAM.

FERRARA

What happened?

At BELLINGHAM.

BELLINGHAM

Ferry do me a favor?

Eyes still drifting over his thoughts.

FERRARA listens.

BELLINGHAM (cont. d)

Please tell me if you still have  
the numbers of our friends from  
earlier.

Looking away. In his own trance.

FERRARA (O.S)

The buyers? They're right here.

Scrimmaging for them in her phone.

BELLINGHAM

You employ to them I'm willing to  
sell the antique...on a split.

SCHUPELZ

WHAT? WHAT THE FUCK YOU'RE DOING  
THAT FOR? Do you know how much  
money that thing out there is  
worth.

Estimations can draw it as the  
lost prize discovery of the  
century. Do you realize that?

Furious.

FERRARA eyes jump themselves. When next searching through  
her phone.

POV, FERRARA - ON SCREEN

Recents: Strolling. Find the number. Selects. Press CALL.

EXT. DOCK - SOMEWHERE IN ASIA - DAY

FRAZAO shakes hands with an Asian man. A deposit alert comes through. Before splitting back up the dock -- follow him.

While walking, he vanishes behind a very large, blanketed object [vessel]. Before coming out on the other side. He enters the grass, passes the rear to a vehicle, arriving at the driver's side.

INT. RENTAL CAR - SAME TIME - NIGHT

GOULART phone rings. Staring on caller id.

FRAZAO starts the car.

FRAZAO

Who is it?

In Portuguese. Driving.

Wagging hand [nothing, nobody] at call.

GOULART

Guess who.

What is it?

In Portuguese. Looks over at him while driving.

FRAZAO

I got dirt on mines after shaking his chink's hand.

In Portuguese.

GOULART

Gonna smudge.

In Portuguese. Eyes forward.

Neither one delivers a reaction.

QUICK FLASH

-KHAREE in dark, creaky setting, eyes forward.

-He's panting, in an out. Breathing gets louder.

-His eyes are locked in straight at us. BEAT.

END

SAGE (O.S)

I'm surprised you made it here.  
Did you see the news?

MALCOLM (O.S)

I did but we'll get to that. How  
is he?

INT. MICAIAH'S HOME - BEDROOM - POV - NIGHT  
Cracked door opens, sheds a crack of light from inside on  
KHAREE there asleep on the bed.

REVERSE ANGLE, SAGE AND MALCOLM  
Looking at him. Protective. At peace.

MALCOLM closes the door.

ANGLE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER  
The two stand across from one another.

MALCOLM

Thank you!

SAGE

For what? You were going to find  
out about the APB sooner or later.

MALCOLM

No, I mean for remembering to use  
the alternative location even at a  
time like this for the both of us.

SAGE

I didn't have any choice after you  
all them damn drills you ran ever  
since he was born. It's damn their  
a tick.

A useful one.

Chuckles.

MALCOLM chuckles.

SAGE (cont. d)

Thank you. For being here for him.  
For us the way you are. I mean  
that MALCOLM, really.

[Sees he's knows something]  
Something's wrong, isn't it?

MALCOLM

Dawn is dead.

SAGE

What? How?

MALCOLM

LOTUS. You were right about him,  
Dawn, the job, everything.

SAGE

I don't understand.

MALCOLM

..Durian BELLINGHAM.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - REAR DOOR - NIGHT  
DESOTA monitors the back area of the property from the rear  
door.

BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

BOTELLO opens the door, down the stairs he goes, in the darkness he searches for the first exit door. Finds it and grips his hands on a pad lock it's secured by, from the inside.

ANGLE, SECOND DOOR - MINUTES LATER

He struggles in the dark in an area with stacks and stacks of boxes and crates. Find the door, but stumbles on his way back into a large crate hitting his foot, stops him.

BOTELLO

SHIT, BELLY you and your fuckin'  
junk. Up yours.

Hopping in pain. He steps on a what sounds to be a chain.

This isn't an ordinary crate. He bends to look on it. He brings his phone out for light because it's too dark.

Flashes it there on the ancient trunk. He spots the piece of broken rusted chain; his foot had to have hit.

BOTELLO holding the phone at it, gets closer. He's poured into the thing.

REVERSE ANGLE, CRATE

Light casts against some writing to the hunk of old wood.

*Ship To Horlicks University  
Via Julia Carpenter*

*ARTIC EXPEDITION  
JUNE 19, 1834*

TIGHT ON BOTELLO

Turns away with his eyes in question, they angle back in direction upstairs.

POV, FERRARA - PHONE SCREEN - LIVING ROOM

Scroll page. Summary of 'schizoaffective disorder' covers the screen.

FERRARA

Her eyes ease off the screen to across the room at a steady pacing BELLINGHAM nearly out of himself.

SCHUPELZ drift off to sleep there at the couch before her.

MALCOLM (O.S)

Some things money isn't meant to  
buy.

Whispering.

REVERSE ANGLE, BELLINGHAM - TIGHT ON  
We're right up on him standing at the threshold of the  
living room, his eyes drift left then they drift right. His  
mirage of thoughts on his mind, that we can only see via  
his state send him all around. Spun all over his face as he  
continues treading around the room. Jetting view in and out  
the window.

DEPOSIT alert is sound from his phone yet again.

DESOTA - REAR DOOR  
Confined almost. Pauses looking back to the living room  
area worried hearing.

FERRARA sends angst eyes turn up from phone, slow, once  
more. SCHUPELZ face extends looking on. BELLINGHAM whips  
out phone from pocket. He tosses off his gloves -- Hands  
are clean.

POV, BELLINGHAM  
Sees email from another BUYER, hoping to meet with him.

HE DROPS HIS PHONE AND SMASHES HIS FOOT OVER IT VOLATILE.  
THEN SNATCHES FERRARA'S FROM HER HAND AND PROCEEDS TO STOMP  
COUNTLESSLY OVER IT TOO.

SCHUPELZ looks naturally as if nothing goes on.

DESOTA hears in frantic reserved kitchen.

FERRARA on the couch her mouth is dropped after what just  
happened.

BOTELLO passing the READING ROOM catching from the hallway.  
Refraining from being seen, watching BELLINGHAM'S fit of  
rage he takes against the device. While he waves his head  
slowly from side to side shamefully.

BELLINGHAM hunch over the broken contents, panting hard like a madman.

SCHUPELZ

(not looking at him)

THAT'S NOT GOING TO SOLVE ANYTHING  
BELLY. OUR PROBLEM IS STILL OUT  
THERE.

He lets on. Turning his eyes up at him.

BELLINGHAM lifts straight up looking to the window as if he's heard something -- ZOOM OUT.

FERRARA sniffing her weeps at her phone's departure. Snapping her shoes on. Eyes shadow BELLINGHAM pacing to the window. BOTELLO enters the room. So does DESOTA. SCHUPELZ stands, FERRARA too looking on him.

BELLINGHAM moving in on the window. He pushes the curtain away for a better view.

POV, BELLINGHAM

He sees entering at a far distance from the trees marching forward on his property in all Black attire. Same as he saw earlier. It's one of the BLACK MALES.

TIGHT ON EYES

Widen in panic.

BELLINGHAM

ARE YOU FUCKIN KIDDIN' ME.

He whispers to himself.

Pacing in shock backwards. Disbelief.

Out of the room he goes, past them, to the kitchen.

SCHUPELZ

BELLY WHATS WRONG?

He shouts.

FERRARA

SOMEONE'S HERE?

BOTELLO

WHO?

Eyeing the same window.

SCHUPELZ

Call VIENNA. NOW!

At DESOTA.

SCHUPELZ apprehensively merges over to the window. Peeking out.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW - CLOSE ON

From outside his eyes slowly blink spreading straight ahead.

LIVING ROOM

DESOTA brings out phone.

REVERSE ANGLE, PHONE

Searching. Finds number. Calling VIENNA.

KITCHEN

FERRARA, and BOTELLO go after BELLINGHAM.

Music Cue:

*Future - RUNNIN' OUTTA TIME*

BELLINGHAM carefully peeps through the rear door window.

FERRARA and BOTELLO planted side by side. Looking on.

DESOTA - MOVING

THE PHONE JUST RINGS IN HIS HANDS.

DESOTA

Something's wrong.

He's not answering.

Entering KITCHEN. Merge with FERRARA and BOTELLO.  
SCHUPELZ enters behind him. Planted. Staring on. Empty  
reaction.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Through the glass with him. The large field within the  
darkness, from the woods it surrounds, surfaces three more  
BLACK MALES entering from separate directions. All  
approaching the house.

BELLINGHAM faces crumbling disturbed; he begins back  
peddling upon the horrid witnessing.

Shooting to the side window. FERRARA, BOTELLO, and DESOTA  
watch his fit there in the kitchen without words.

BELLINGHAM

THIS IS WRONG.  
THIS NOT HAPPENING.  
THIS CANT BE HAPPENING.

His head trembles side to side.

SIDE WINDOW

He pulls away the curtains. He gasps hard.

TIGHT ON EYES

Stretch wide boiling fright.

REVERSE ANGLE, WINDOW

Out from the woods covering the acres of his backyard at  
least a dozen of more BLACKS, men and women in dark attire,  
mood bleakest, appearing as they have strict instructions  
they are to follow and produce while heading on to  
BELLINGHAM'S grounds.

BELLINGHAM starts backing out.

BELLINGHAM

DESOTA? Keys.

He calls in mid peek.

DESOTA

Out from his pocket. Jangling in hand he has them.  
Confused.

BELLINGHAM stumbling around the kitchen shackled to  
thought. Finally, he races and snatches the keys out of  
DESOTA hands. Blasting himself passed the associates. They  
turn, looking on him stilled.

SCHUPELZ is seen motioning to the rear window.

BELLINGHAM to the door at the foyer. So nervous.

His hands scramble against knob, slipping from it for a  
sec. Free the next.

KITCHEN

FERRARA turns to SCHUPELZ at the rear door window.

SCHUPELZ shifting from the window to in direction of the  
FRONT DOOR. Out the door BELLINGHAM goes.

TIGHT ON DOOR HANDLE

Dark smudge, like soil, or dirt leftover crystallized  
residue.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - NIGHT

Shouting at the top of his lungs.

BELLINGHAM

MR. VIENNA! MR. VIENNA!

Calling out.

Exiting outside, stepping from the door to a few inches  
away. What he sees sends him tranquil, yielding him in  
stance.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Dozens of BLACK faces stand right before him covering his  
property. MALE, FEMALE, and TEEN. Standing there looking at  
him, as if they'd been waiting for him. All bearing the  
same exact removed of expression from their faces huddled  
together as one.

BELLINGHAM eyes count as many BLACK faces, he can -- well over 100.

REVERSE ANGLE, BLACKS

They remain stiff, much coherent, and responsive but all viewing him simultaneously expressionless.

TIGHT ON PAIR OF BLACK HANDS

Unravel to a clinched ball.

BELLINGHAM reads, shooting his eyes just across to the truck. He looks on the BLACKS once more, then the truck.

NEXT, HE TAKES OFF in a sprint towards the truck.

The BLACKS charge after him, right on his heels, then more from the fields are racing on foot in direction FOR HIM by droves of thousands. BELLINGHAM goes to the driver's side; he opens the door.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

He's gets inside, presses side lock, CLICK to every other.

TIGHT ON ENGINE START BUTTON

Finger presses.

They plant before his driver's door and windshield. Driven for him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUV - MOVING - SAME TIME

Tires screech away. With thousands of the BLACKS chasing after the truck. With so many, he's anxious, he doesn't wish to hit any. The truck stops before a drove of them on his tail.

The truck wheels spin, heading away from as many as he can dodge for the entry gate.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - MOVING- SAME TIME

Blasting on the gas, swinging the steering wheel steady.

TIGHT.

BELLINGHAM

VIENNNNNNA!

At the top of his lungs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUV - MOVING - SAME TIME

Speeding for the gate. It's automatic and must be operated for exit. Too late he's close.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - MOVING - SAME

BELLINGHAM braces for impact.

EXT. GATE - NIGHT

CRASH! Through the gate the truck goes flying through. Sparks, electricity is everywhere, the people fleeing from the way.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Down the route amongst the dark trail of trees shared on each side.

After some distance, hands at the wheel. BELLINGHAM peeps in his rear view.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Complete darkness carries.

Ahead coming up. Headlights beaming them. Signaling with their hands for him to stop in the middle of the path he spots FERRARA, BOTELLO, and DESOTA.

EXT. SUV - WHEELS - SAME TIME

Skkkrt. Hard stop.

Landing right before them.

He exits the car. Peripheral on the path behind.

BELLINGHAM

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU ALL DOING?

Get in the truck NOW.

Up the route is clear to the streets.

FERRARA

Belly you have to stop this.

DESOTA

It's not what you think.

BOTELLO

We can help you!

BELLINGHAM

You all wanna help me. GET THE  
HELL IN THE TRUCK, RIGHT NOW.

Looking back, he feels it.

FERRARA

Trust us. You don't want to do  
this.

Advising.

POV, BELLINGHAM

Cracks are heard from the shadows; he peeps and hears  
behind the truck.

BOTELLO

Listen to her. Listen to us.

Pouring out.

BELLINGHAM spots people amongst the shadows behind. QUICK,  
to the driver's side.

SCHUPELZ grabs his arm, extremely tight to restrain.

SCHUPELZ

ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS GET RID OF  
THAT FUCKIN' KID.

Real close in his face.

DESOTA

Don't let him go!

Shouts.

BELLINGHAM rips his hand off of him, back peddling into the hood of the truck.

Then bolts to the driver's door with them pursuing him from behind shouting his name. Yards from behind the truck. There they are, assembled, about five of them, the BLACKS. The second BELLINGHAM lock eyes. They're on him and the truck.

Threats on all sides. BELLINGHAM gets a hand on the door. It is free. Dash, he goes inside. SCHUPELZ hand refrains the door from closing.

REVERSE ANGLE, PASSENGER SEAT  
MCADOO sitting there gives him a smirk.

MCADOO

In Remote. Remember!

Reminds.

BELLINGHAM in shock, awe. As the crowd of BLACKS thwart the associates to get inside.

A bright RED and BLUE light hurling on his face snaps his eyes through the windshield. Blinding him some -- squad of cop cars flashing lights and siren alerts cover the path now.

REVERSE ANGLE, MCADOO  
Swoop in driver's side at him terrifyingly with both hands.

BELLINGHAM'S eyes sink into chiller. Sinking backwards with hands from the Black people and his associates attach to him too.

CUT TO:

————— 00'S FABRIC OF OUR LIVES COMMERCIAL —————

CUT TO:

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - MOMENTS LATER

Mumbling incoherent statements in bunches and lunacy. BELLINGHAM'S head plants against the stretcher, he's covered in sweat, his hair is frenzied, his pupils dilated, eyes rocketing from his head. Medics haul around him.

BELLINGHAM

I've seen them. They came to me.  
They'll come to you too, SCHUPELZ.  
It's been passed down by your kin  
and mines, they're EVERYWHERE. You  
can't evade it. They'll follow  
you. Don't put your hands on it,  
it marks you SEE!!!

Extends out his hand [clear, no mark, or stains].

MEDIC

Hold him down.

Press hand on his chest.

MEDIC 2

I got his arm.

Clutching his arm.

MEDIC 3

CLAMP HIM DOWN, NOW!

Ominous.

TIGHT ON HIS CHEST

They're clamped down.

TIGHT ON HIS WAIST  
Clamped down.

TIGHT ON LOWER LEGS  
Clamped down.

MEDIC 4

We need you all back please.

Turning into the frame.

REVERSE ANGLE, ASSOCIATES

VIENNA, FERRARA, BOTELLO, DESOTA, and SCHUPELZ stand there.  
Looking on BELLINGHAM there in his fit, they ALL watch in  
disbelieving silence before the medic serving as a medium.

He's hauled away.

MEDIC

Prep him out.

Only see their hands tending to, BELLINGHAM on stretcher.

BELLINGHAM

DON'T TOUCH IT. I'VE SEEN THEM. IT  
MARKS YOU. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.  
LOOK AROUND. YOU DON'T SEE.

*"My youngest bitch can't hold  
water, she a southside gem. I'm  
rich as hell don't hang with  
shrimps, I'm a hipster, a whole  
pimp. I'm geekin, I can't feel  
both my feet, forced to walk with  
a limp..."*

Singing deranged.

Elevated and shoved into the back of the ambulance.

COP ON SCENE (O.S)

I'm sorry about your friend.

Clearing out the area.

TIGHT ON ASSOCIATES

SCHUPELZ speechless, drops his arms from his waist and heads back inside the house. The others stand there in their saddest state possible.

Paramedic and cop lights hurling their faces over the area.

CUT TO:

INT. PIT - POV

Creaky sounds surface as we head straight, steadily, through what seems to be an eternal darkness.

LEFT is the next turn.

Then another LEFT. As we ascend downstairs in this pitted confine. Small steps this person takes as we hit a corner. A large crack sound in this old wooden surrounding. We turn around. Panting begins. Facing the shadows.

ANGLE, FEET

The floor under the pair of sneakers is covered in ancient wooden boards.

REVERSE ANGLE, KHAREE

The boy is amongst the setting, panting grows, as he stares at something that cannot be turned away from right before his eyes.

INT. MICAIAH'S HOME - BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

KHAREE eyes open as he awakes there rested against the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. MICAIAH'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SAGE and MALCOLM continue talking.

SAGE

What are you gonna do?

MALCOLM

The number one priority is to make sure you and KHAREE are safe. If this BELLINGHAM motherfucka can find each of us before. He definitely can do it again with his status in access for resources. We get through this and stick together I can clear my name from all of it.

SAGE

Where will we go. I don't think holding up here is good. We can't mix MICAH in this.

MALCOLM

I know. Which means if we're going to move, we better do it now. Only thing bigger than kidnapping, is the -- --

Pause. Realization.

SAGE sees his expression.

SAGE

What?

Reading him.

MALCOLM opens the bedroom door. The draft from the open window whisks the curtains all over in the dark room.

Panning to the bed, KHAREE is no longer there.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Still. Dead silence. Scattered with each of their heads sunken, traumatized, from BELLINGHAM'S fate.

SCHUPELZ

If no one is going to say it.  
I will.

After this last run, I think it's  
best we take a breather for a  
while.

BOTELLO

A while? You think a while is  
adequate after you, me, what we  
all just saw?

SCHUPELZ

It's only a couple hours before  
the hauler gets here. We stock it  
and then figure out who's the next  
lucky holder. FERRARA you still  
got any of those buyers' emails.

FERRARA

I do.

SCHUPELZ

Good. Cast your lurer and wait for  
a bite bigger than the one on the  
line.

FERRARA

But I'm not moving a solitary  
finger as to contacting a single  
person.

Looks on DESOTA.

DESOTA

Me neither.

Eyes VIENNA.

VIENNA

Negative.

Same.

SCHUPELZ

[Sighs deep]

Ok. Don't any of you know what you're saying let alone doing, abandoning an opportunity like this, worth more than five GATES fortunes. DO YOU? We don't want a make a decision like this to regret latter down the line.

Passionate.

The others all look at each other in confirmation.

BOTELLO

Show of hands. Who wants in?

Stands to call.

SCHUPELZ lifts his hand only.

BOTELLO (cont. d)

Show of hands. If you want out?

Looking around.

FERRARA, DESOTA, VIENNA, and BOTELLO all raise their arms simultaneously.

SCHUPELZ

Only a fool will discard its potential in worth.

FERRARA

And only a fool will stay with something running a risk to fashion a straight-jacket, a room

with padded walls. Fed through a  
FUCKIN' tube.

They exit the room.

SCHUPELZ adheres to the words. The door slams in b.g.

He looks down, still seated.

POV, SCHUPELZ

He unravels his palm, and it's stained with a slash of the  
smudge from the antique.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - FRONT - NIGHT

The SUV truck pulls off from the property.

ANGLE, TREES - FIELD - SAME TIME

The SUV exits through the gate. Emerging from the bushes  
goes KHAREE, eyes tranced for his destination only, he  
watches as the truck brake lights get more distant.

The light from dawn is breaking against the sky.

REVERSE ANGLE, HOUSE

Ahead is the house. The HANGAR isn't too far from here.

KHAREE is seen cutting into the frame heading towards the  
rear of house from the empty field.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Seated, looking over his palm. With it being so silent.  
SCHUPELZ suddenly hears trampling at the back. He stands  
from where he is, eyes grip the rear door, pacing to. Being  
still and quiet himself.

He peeps through the door window.

POV, SCHUPELZ

The little boy passing from the back, heading to the  
property next door.

ANGLE, KNIFE HOLDER

Removes a sharp butcher style knife.

Frame opens with him holding.

He exits the frame walking right at us.

INT. SAGE'S CAR - MOVING

The car comes to a stop before the route up to BELLINGHAM'S ESTATES.

POV, MALCOLM

Scanning the empty confine.

SAGE (O.S)

Which way do you think he could've gone.

Worried.

MALCOLM in the driver's seat. SAGE in passenger.

MALCOLM

Where to?

Thinking.

SAGE

The house? It's at least twenty minutes from here.

So scared, she can't think.

MALCOLM

Twenty minutes. You think this is one of the spots he walks around to in the morning?

SAGE

Could be.

Speculative.

MALCOLM confirms to himself. Car accelerates out of frame.

EXT. UP ON HILL - DAY

Small feet tread, exiting from a bush.

Revealing young KHAREE. Panning out as he merges at the tip of the hill where we see the HANGAR yards before.

The boy sees for himself, then keeps moving.

ANGLE, KHAREE - MINUTES LATER

Heading right before the HANGAR. The breezy windy whooshing off the BAY.

CUT TO:

INT. SAGE'S CAR- MOVING - DAY

From passenger, far in the background. There's KHAREE heading inside the HANGAR.

SAGE

MALCOLM, there he go.  
Where is going?

Pointing. Shouting in relief.

MALCOLM sees.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

Arriving at the HANGAR. KHAREE pulls hard on the handle. It gives. He enters.

REVERSE ANGLE, TREES

SCHUPELZ watch him go inside for some minutes. Then makes his move from behind the bush.

EXT. SAGE'S CAR- DAY

MALCOLM and SAGE exit from the car together. Then proceed across the field to the HANGAR quickly.

INT. ANTIQUE

Flashing a light beneath the darkness. KHAREE'S shape seen but slipped into the pitch shadows before the light touched him.

ANGLE, SCHUPELZ

Holding the flashlight seeking the boy hard, with creaky floorboards below him. Scent etched in rotted wood. A sound over his shoulder catches. Hurls him around. What was it? He doesn't know.

He continues in that direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

MALCOLM pulls the door. SAGE enters first, him next. Their footsteps sound the hallow wide space. Nearly empty, except for one object occupying.

SAGE

Where are we?

Voice echoing while pacing.

MALCOLM

Hangar.

A lot get stored...right here.

Walking.

SAGE

Why would KHAREE be inside a hangar?

MALCOLM

Maybe.

Gazing around.

SAGE

Maybe, what?

MALCOLM

Maybe because this isn't any ordinary hangar.

Stops. Looking at the covered object.

SAGE

What kind of hangar then?

Looking at the covered object as well.

MALCOLM searching around the thing. Find the rear of the sheet. Grips it good.

SAGE (cont. d)

What are you doing? MALCOLM?  
MALCOLM?

Watching him.

SHOOT! The sheeted cover is ripped off.

Coating the ground.

NEXT, SAGE eyes glow. She lays eyes on it, there before it, coughing some from the dust.

REVERSE ANGLE, ANTIQUE

Panning out. It's a massive sized ship. Varied angles shown.

SAGE in awe, her eyes swell to tears.

MALCOLM

NOT JUST ANY HANGAR, BUT A BOAT  
HANGAR.

SAGE

Is that what I think that is.

Wipes tear from corner of eye.

MALCOLM

Yea...remember I told you the  
article I read about BELLINGHAM  
stated he wanted to unlock sea  
treasures. Who knew it was our  
very own: *ubuzibulo obuhlobene*"  
[subtitles: birthright correlative].

Metal rustling.

SAGE turns around.

POV, SAGE

MALCOLM produces his pistol from his rear waist.

TIGHT ON BARREL

Goes back and there's the bullet.

MALCOLM releases the barrel. It slings back.

MALCOLM

C'mon on.

Grabs her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE - SAME TIME

KHAREE in darkness, attentive he's being followed, quickly dashes downstairs.

REVERSE ANGLE, DIRECTION

SCHUPELZ turns around from the stairs, watching him the whole time, pulls his sterling knife out and heads down the stairs softly as possible.

TIGHT ON STAIRS

The floorboards creak as his shoes hit the base floor. Looking both left and right. SCHUPELZ has some trouble making out anything on this below floor. With some light from upstairs trickling down below. He stands still in between the shadows.

POV, SCHUPELZ

Hawking the head of the stairs good. Silence continues. When then there's sudden creaks on floor.

A sound occurs. Heavy breathing. BEAT. Panting. Panting of a child. Panting of a boy child.

SCHUPELZ hears, when next, his heart races, his breathing grows, he gasps harder, then begins coughing. Pacing at the head of the stairs where the light is, his free hand from the knife trembles -- he acknowledges. He balls it for control. He begins to pant, harder, and harder.

He places his hand on the banister prepared to step up. But something runs past him so quickly, bumps him, causing him to drop the knife.

SCHUPELZ

DAMMIT!

Under his breath.

He swings his hand around on the floor. But it's so dark, there is no way to tell where it is. Angered. SCHUPELZ eyes shoot ahead knowing it was KHAREE who bumped him.

CUT TO:

UPPER DECK - SAME TIME

MALCOLM searching around. SAGE too.

SAGE

MALCOLM what if he's not here.

MALCOLM

We saw him go inside. He's here.  
Start calling his name out.  
KHAREE.

SAGE

KHAREE, it's mommy and daddy baby.  
Come out right now!

MALCOLM

KHAREE!

SAGE

KHAREE! Come on out baby.

They meet up at the head of the stairs to the final space below.

MALCOLM looking down. SAGE too.

MALCOLM

I'm going down first.

SAGE

Not over me. I'm his mother  
MALCOLM.

MALCOLM

And I'm his father. It's too dark  
and we don't have a flashlight. We  
don't know what's down there. You  
wait here until I say it's cool to  
come down.

Easing slowly.

ANGLE, MALCOLM

Leveling down the stairs into the darkness.

SAGE stands at the top. Her eyes wander. There's a hole in  
the floor, leading to pitch black below. Just before the  
stairs.

SAGE

You on the floor?

She asks.

MALCOLM (O.S)

Yeah, stay there.

SAGE

KHAREE?

She shouts. Eyes find something.

Going over to it. She manages to pick it up. Blows on it.  
Dust flies as its centuries since use by its looks.

CLOSE ON SAGE

She holds up an old railroad lantern before her. Sees it filled with gas.

There, the sack where she found the lantern is filled with boxes of matches.

Silence sweeps in. Suddenly she feels her breathing. It grows. Why?

SAGE (cont. d)

MALCOLM?

No answer. She begins to pant, confusingly.

ANGLE, SAGE'S HANDS  
Strikes up match.

BELOW DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Down the stairs with the lantern in her hand glowing the depth darkness. She goes, hitting the creaky ground and she tramples an object.

She gets up on it, the light touches it in her hands, and she sees the object is SCHUPELZ knife.

Her panting grows harder. Dropping the knife, lifting back to her feet. Back peddling in the darkness.

SAGE (cont. d)

MALCOLM...KHAREE.

Panting intensifies. More panting surfaces.

THUMP. She turns the lantern. It's MALCOLM panting. He looks at her. Chilled. Blank. No words.

His head gracefully returns forward seconds after.

SAGE (cont. d)

MALCOLM, where's KHAREE?

The light opens beside him. Where KHAREE is standing, panting the same pace, he's not new to this. Also turning to her.

The boy's head then swings back before him.

SAGE (cont. d)

This isn't funny MALCOLM. What is it?

She cut ahead also. Panting. Lantern up.

Panning out WE SEE all three in the same frame. Things slow down. Their panting aligns, increasing one by one.

REVERSE ANGLE, PIT OF THE SHIP

Lantern light glows the room. Trembles it as it's followed with dark, shackled, nearly naked, sweating, shudder-filled Afrikaans. You can't even count there's so many huddled in such cramped space. LEFT, RIGHT, TOP. Each being panting. Staring on the family with SCHUPELZ body center floor before them. DEAD.

One amongst them, scoots himself exhaustingly forward across the floor. Begins to mumble in his native tongue.

BONDAGE AFRIKAAN

WE SENT THE BOY BACK...

FOR HELP!!!

In AFRICAN.

Shoving his wrist wrapped in steel chained loops out over SCHUPELZ cold stilled remains.

MUSIC CUE:

*Future - CLAUSTROPHOBIC*

ANGLE, FAMILY - TIGHT ON

Panning close on KHAREE, blank look, chest elevating, breathing tensed in and out. MALCOLM eyes water, tears pouring from both corner eyes, sniffing.

Extends his arms and hands empathetic in return the same at the African.

SAGE and KHAREE follow. Then, they all merge forward before us in unison [at THEM] out of frame.

BLACK SCREEN

CREDITS ROLL