H E I R L O O M

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

OVER BLACK

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

MAN 1
(*in Portuguese, commanding*)
...It's clear, let's go, let's go.

MAN 2
(in Portuguese)
You heard him, in the HANGAR there.
MOVE IT, MOVE IT, time is money.

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

A team of Portuguese speaking men, seeming a dozen it sounds. Are hauling 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 aiding.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)
(in Portuguese)
I SAID PULL DAMMIT. PULL. PULL. PULL.

He yells. The god-awful dragging remains. Panting, grunting, sweating, go on from the apparent luggers.

MAN 1
(in Portuguese)
Almost. Hit it again.

MAN 2
(in Portuguese)
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT. LAST TIME.

Shouting. The men carry on with the callous steering. Lugging close in fulfillment.

MAN 1
(in Portuguese)
That's good.

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

A team of about a dozen, burly European 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.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The moving men [luggers] casually standing around after the tough physical arrangement. One steps away and reveal ONLY the FOREPEAK (of a boat, thing, or whatever is we don't see it yet. We'll just call it 'The Object' or 'The Antique').

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

GOULART strikes a match to a cigarette. Toking away to kill time. The luggers catching breathers on his dime. FRAZAO, facing the outside, he's one with the gloomy, windy, off the water view. Beautiful but challenging.

IN POV: Seagulls in flight under the grey skies. Setting right over the Chesapeake Bay waters, sand, dock, and hangars rowed all over like communities.

INT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The rotten wood, dust, and dirt collected on 'The Object' below on both its rudders and keel [parts we see ONLY].

EXT. PATH TO THE HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

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 away from the HANGAR.

IN POV: FRAZAO reads the time from his oyster steel YACHT-MASTER Rolex. 6:24 on the a.m.

INT. HANGAR - SAME TIME

THE OBJECT: The MAIN MAST gleam overlooking MEN below (they’re out of focus) on the floor seeming to be mingling, speaking, following the hard hauling. Job near completion. Ad-Libs: "Let's cover it" [In Portuguese].

Next, a Large tan cover takes many pairs of hands by these luggers.

MEN
(in Portuguese)
Take to this, hurry.

POP. BLOOM. A beige TARP cover parachutes in the air. Covering the MAIN MAST in seconds.

MEN (CONT'D)
(in Portuguese)
PERFECT!

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

FRAZAO watch the guest approach their HANGAR. Quick, he taps GOULART (his partner) still attentive inside with the luggers. Their company has arrived.

GOULART
(In Portuguese)
Is that him?

FRAZAO
(In Portuguese)
Uh, huh.

A team of about six people (five men and one women) approach on foot toward the HANGAR magnificently in unit with a slight heir of imperial peril. They're styled in dark colors; attending a meeting feel. Not hard to tell looking on them that their level of prestige is mounted to a wealthy status, they're shot callers for sure, whales in the field they're in. We'll call them 'The BUYERS'.

GOULART (O.S.)
(in Portuguese)
What would you say?

FRAZAO (O.S.)
(in Portuguese)
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.

GOULART
(In Portuguese)
I thought you said this BELLINGHAM fellow was a behemoth.

FRAZAO
(In Portuguese)
...place a B after the seven.

Looking on GOULART.

GOULART taken aback; he's impressed.

GOULART
(In Portuguese)
Hmm, sterling.

Glimpses a deposit notification that comes through his phone as the group of BUYERS arrive before the HANGAR.

FRAZAO shakes hand with the lead of the group [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; he's Durian BELLINGHAM].

BELLINGHAM
(one SELLER is all the same)
Frazao, it's been a while.

Slight smirk while shaking.

FRAZAO
(accent, respect his status)
Never a disappointment from the world's most trusted trader. BELLINGHAM, this is GOULART, my partner I told you about our last meeting. Been so for eight or nine years now. Went to school with him,
(MORE)

FRAZAO (CONT'D)
our fathers were raised with each other, fellow P-man. Good man, studious trader.

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

He shakes GOULART'S hand.

BELLINGHAM (CONT.)
FRAZAO you're familiar with my associates.
(we go around to each individual)
SCHUPELZ, DE SOTA, BOTELLO, FERRERA, VIENNA, MR. MCADOO, a new edition. He's our cleric for intel.

The BUYERS have no acknowledgement. They're all business.

FRAZAO
How can I forget.

Nods their way.

BELLINGHAM
(RE: to the deposit from him)
I couldn't help you spotting glance (at his phone).

FRAZAO
It just came through. Congratulations.

BELLINGHAM
(only interest in seeing it)
Well then. Shall we?

Pointing inside.

GOULART
(In Portuguese)
Your antique awaits you.

He uses both hands and whistles.

BELLINGHAM and the other BUYERS watch the luggers from inside the HANGAR fall out orderly as team of soldiers.

EXT. UP ON HILL - MOMENTS LATER

[Only shown from the waist down] Small sized pairs of New

Balance sneakers trample the damped ground while humming from a young boy goes. Hopping around with a free care to world. He lands himself before a bush.

Open springs from the bushy leaves against the wind we see this young boy [dark skinned, about 9-10 yrs old, named KHAREE]. Hawking curiously from it holding junior BINOCULARS.

IN POV: He sees both parties before the HANGAR door. With multiple men in moving wear deploy one by one outside (luggers). Heading to two vans stationed there at the dock just over.

INT. HANGAR - SAME TIME

Tarp removed. Stood still by one another, head tilted high, their eyes wide, the BUYERS gaze in awe at 'The Object' [again, we don't see it yet]. It is the anti-holy grail of priceless possessions.

BOTELLO
(honored to lay eyes on it)
Speaking on larger than life.

Staring deep in a trance beside VIENNA and FERRERA.

BELLINGHAM inspects 'The Object' from its rear to its front.

SCHUPELZ
(locked in on 'The Object')
Had there been something bigger. Wherever they kept it, it was for themselves and their eyes only I promise.

Eyes fixed in awe.

FERRERA
('The Object' has her under)
Think it traveled this number of centuries now til' here, directly before us. Do any of you know what this means?

BOTELLO
(Eyes fixed on 'The Object')
Yea, the rudder alone I count split of 12M or more to some French shit or gook who don't know a genuine from a
(MORE)

BOTELLO (CONT'D)
prop that rotted ways off the fucking `The Goonies' set I have laying around my basement.

VIENNA
(fixed on 'The Object')
Again, he must go on.

At SCHUPELZ.

DE SOTA
(fixed ahead at 'The Object')
Please don't get him started.

BOTELLO
Me started?

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

BOTELLO
Speak for yourself. This the same fucker who attempted to hock a JFK suit to pay his student dues with.

VIENNA
That was nine years ago in college you asshole.

DE SOTA
(Giggling)
I remember that.

FERRERA
Yea but it was Cornell.

Laughs with BOTELLO.

SCHUPELZ
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
(MORE)

SCHUPELZ (CONT'D)
ahold of a gander. Because this here stamps it. Our kid days are out. It's the Big leagues from here on forth.

Gazing.

FERRERA
MCADOO?

She shouts.

MCADOO finding large footprints against the ground from the luggers. Tilting before FERRERA in his own world ['The Object' isn't just an object to him. Or anyone like himself].

MCADOO
What is it?

Hard evaluation.

SCHUPELZ
Any opinions of authenticity?

MCADOO
(Bothered some, but shielding)
I don't think it's more than the obvious. But when I do. You'll be the first to hear.

Continuing inspecting the floor leading to 'The Object'.

BOTELLO
A gentleman this guy.
(at MCADOO)
What about the Don himself?

VIENNA
Durian...Durian.

Gently. Sound goes out.

BELLINGHAM having made his way to the front of 'The Object'. In a state of bliss. Sailing his hand over it harmlessly, inattentively some, he hits the head of the beak. He feels it, flinches some back. Then there at his hand. Is a solid black dirt stain at his right palm.

FERRERA
MR. BELLINGHAM?

She sounds out [sound returns IN].

Immediately he sweeps himself around before them.

FERRERA (CONT'D)
(he's their leader)
Judgement?

BELLINGHAM
(immersed in amaze at it)
Can't you tell. You're looking at it.

Placing his shades on turning back before 'The Object'.

EXT. UP ON HILL - POV - SAME TIME

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

BOY (O.S)
Sergeant it's 0700 hours and I'm in placement. On a hill, identifying our party of about six. Five men, one female. Three vehicles are mobile, departing the target now.

KHAREE watches their vehicles depart from the bush. Pretending as if he's on a mission and speaking into his radio. The wind drags strong off the water; howling.

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

Moves out of the bush.

EXT. HANGAR - COUPLE YARDS AWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

KHAREE in a raincoat is seen heading in the direction of the HANGAR with the wind whooshing almost as it's about to storm.

EXT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

He pulls the door and enters.

INT. THE OBJECT - MOMENTS LATER

Pitch dark, 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. 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 the creaky sounding wood every time his foot places a step. He hears something over his shoulder, quickly he sheds light. Nothing. It's only a wall base with wooden pin wheels embedded and surmounted with sheeted covered objects that clutter. A sweeping sound of chains 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.

He manages to get himself to his feet, dust himself off. He grabs the flashlight off the floor. Unexplainably he begins to pant...more...harder...HARDER. His heart jumping. He finds with his FLASHLIGHT in front of him something that leaps both of his eyes almost out of his head. Sending him to step backwards. Until he hits a wall HARD beneath the darkness.

[WE rollover from the 'wall contact' of the scene to the next that follows].

INT. BALL ROOM - DAY

A young woman adjusts after she makes slight contact with a reception table after a guest bump into her. She's a bride [early 30's brown skinned (African-Amer), stunning appearance on her special day, she is MRS. SAGE MILLS].

SAGE
(Offended some)
Excuse me.

OLDER GUEST
(not a very good liar)
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 moves on [The Old woman returns conversing with a guest before her off script].

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

The GROOM [a tall stature dark toned man, MALCOLM MILLS, armed forces type, fluent to weaponry skills, but you'd never tell by how down to earth he is]. In a black tuxedo speaking before some of these unusual people politely. SAGE sees him, waves her hand for him but there's just too many people.

SAGE
(desperate, frustrated)
MALCOLM...MALCOLM...BAB.

She shouts repeatedly. Waving at him.

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, late 50's, Caucasian, Southern Marylander to the bone.

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.

SAGE
(Occupied)
Excuse me, FLEET ADMIRAL. I would say it feels more than an honor. Any young woman's dream.

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. He'll have rights as my predecessor for Admiral sewn. To a T.

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

Passed him she goes.

LOTUS
How far are you?

He asks her. She freezes.

SAGE
(Did he really say that?)
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
(offended, its none of his business)
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...
(hinting disfavor)
He's a good man, if only we had ten more like him.

Her face stirs when exiting from him. His eyes burning her back.

INT. BALL ROOM - SAME TIME

MALCOLM conversing with his secretary [DAWN, 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 present. They shower in confirm.

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

DAWN
Not before the big news.

Looking at MALCOLM.

SAGE
What big news?

Reading DAWN'S body language toward MALCOLM. A female guest intervenes with a friend.

Both are sandwiching her. Annoyingly grabbing SAGE'S attention [as it's clear three drinks was their limit]. LOTUS in b.g

FEMALE GUEST
(almost pulling her away from MALCOLM)
Wait, hello, excuse me. I'm Heather, you are so beautiful. It's my dream to have a wedding like this one. Oh, I don't know if it'll be good as this, but can I please have a picture of you. You can't say no.

SAGE looks to MALCOLM feeling smothered.

SAGE
MALCOLM!

Pleading with her eyes with him to be left alone.

MALCOLM
There's a big surprise...but what's the harm in one picture.

FEMALE GUEST is overjoyed. The entire room applauds.

SAGE
No. Now isn't the right time.

Immediate disregarding her. The guest all ominously chants away.

Together: "PIC. PIC. PIC."

All of its too much. Hearing it repeatedly. Sending her to back pedal from them. Into LOTUS chest she runs into.

LOTUS
(grim)
What's one pic for farewell.

She backs into DAWN as the chants persist.

DAWN
(eerie, twisted cackle)
Let's make it your last with our groom.

SAGE pushes her aside; the chants go on and HARDER. There is NO ESCAPE.

SAGE (CONT. D)
MALCOLM! Please.

Dying for help. Her husband. 'Where is he?'

Motioning between people that doesn't stop emerging by the dozens. She spots MALCOLM one last time, face spewing "Good Luck" to her predicament. As she becomes consumed by the people that grow faster, MALCOLM is swallowed away upon the chants ringing on [creepy beyond]. The guest before her like some secret society. Managing to move backwards from them. 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 shoves her. She falls back (no table this time) and drops into a solid sink hole of darkness leaving her echoing scream right before she splats the ground.

INT. SAGE BEDROOM - DAY

HARD GASP. SAGE eyes open [different hairstyle]. She lifts in a panic there at the bed with deep breathing. It wasn't real. Only a dream.

At her dresser, there's two framed pictures: KHAREE (her son) smiling solo. Then her and MALCOLM on their wedding day a decade ago. The day apparently still haunting her.

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 (but isn't, the two are separated as of now). Remembering she collects herself. We pull back and KHAREE appears right before her bed. He's just standing there. Clothes and jacket are filthy from the fall. SAGE turns...

SAGE
(sudden fright)
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.

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

KHAREE stands there with a face totally empty of any sudden emotion or reaction. Obviously, something is wrong. More wrong than anticipated [what happened back in the HANGAR?].

SAGE (CONT. D)
KHAREE? Do not start this shit right now when you gotta get ready for school.

She delivers wiping the sleep and dream from her eyes. Looking on him in the eye. Is it a game, or isn't it? Right away she observes his dusty shoes, pants, and jacket on up.

SAGE (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
WHAT HAPPENED?

KHAREE stands there remaining blank. Staring at her with no word in response. Panting slightly.

INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE - DAY

MALCOLM is alone, its lovely, just him and his book on 'foreign languages'. He adores his reading time. A KNOCK COMES OVER AT HIS DOOR...TAP, TAP, TAP. He doesn't budge. He keeps 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 [different from at the wedding that was years ago]. She peaks in. She sees him at his desk.

DAWN (CONT. D)
I come bearing good news.

Pacing towards him.

Does the best as she can to be quiet to get inside the seat before him. 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
(holding in excitement)
LOTUS wants a meeting with you in two hours at his office.

The last line he reads. MALCOLM lowers the book. Hanging his eyes behind reading glasses over at her. Scolding.

DAWN (CONT. D)
Do you know what this means?

MALCOLM
I can think of one reason I would intend.

Eyes back in the book.

DAWN
This could be about that SENIOR CHIEF promotion your up for, he's giving it
(MORE)

DAWN (CONT'D)
to you. Which only means...a promotion for me as well. Plus.

Way ahead. MALCOLM eyes strike up from the book. PAUSE.

MALCOLM
Hold on. 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
(eyes on her, no more reading)
How are you so sure DAWN?

DAWN
Three reasons. Your too admiral in selective skills, hence no one is more than qualified to handling you than me. 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 grabs the book and reads the cover)
"ATLAS OF LANGUAGES"? a man of the military but haven't traveled in over a year and a half because he's too obsessed with a landmine 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
(referring to his phone)
Case and point.

He reaches in his pocket. Sees it's `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.

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 ringing continues.

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.

MALCOLM annoyed some as he answers.

MALCOLM
Yea...

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

FERRERA pacing back and forth during a call in a large, plush, beautifully put together condo [we just see HER].

FERRERA
(on the phone, pacing)
Cargo is between 115-120 in length. At least 40-46 meters in width...

FERRERA (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.

FERRERA (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
The location is 2-6-1-0 BASIN ROAD. Chesapeake, Virginia...

Waiting. Patient.

FERRERA (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
That's the estimate total? Splendid, and my arrival time?

She waits.

FERRERA (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
...Wednesday morning between 6 and 8:45 am. Marvelous, thank you for all your help.

She turns to the room in mild cheer. The deal is sealed.

Champagne bursts open, suds erupt. VIENNA, DE SOTA, SCHUPELZ, a good handful of other associates attending the celebration there in the room stand in cheer as FERRERA joins them. [SNAP, CLICK, still SHOT pictures by phone are taken of the BUYERS]. SCHUPELZ holding an opened champagne bottle commences to humorously shoot some all over everyone like it's the NBA finals. [SNAP, CLICK, picture took].

BELLINGHAM seated on the couch smoking a cigarette, with a blushing smile of accomplishment he just can't get off his mind. 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
(before the room)
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.
(laughs stir out)
DURIAN gotdamn BELLINGHAM. Give it up!

Pointing to the couch. Hands clap away loudest around the room.

BELLINGHAM glowing in thanks, still toking away.

SCHUPELZ (CONT'D)
Now ladies, don't let this man's stature fool you. He's a fucking tycoon where it counts. A purebred pussy-eater down to the cervix. Don't believe me, ask FERRERA here.

FERRERA drinking, spurts champagne from her lips 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, enjoying the time.

SCHUPELZ (CONT'D)
No shit, no shit though. All jokes aside. It's been ten great years with you BELLY and hopefully a lifetime more with what we have. On my behalf, speaking for us all. I'd like to say. We love you bro.

DE SOTA
WE LOVE YOU BELLY!

Everyone in attendance follows and cheers.

VIENNA
SALUD BELLY!

FERRERA kisses BELLINGHAM on the lips [SNAP, pic captured].

FERRERA
WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT YOU.

The room applauds.

BELLINGHAM
(He stands, can't keep 'The Object' off his mind)
Thank you. Thank you.

Soft spoken [SNAP. Pic captured].

Music starts. They all hug. SCHUPELZ flies over at the couch and hugs BELLINGHAM in his tipsy stage. BELLINGHAM shooting for the balcony door. It's locked; he tries to unlatch it. It's undone from the inside. Open comes the door and it's MCADOO to his lonesome, looking on BELLINGHAM; likewise.

MCADOO
Congrats.
(in his ear he whispers)
I hope this is everything and more for you.

Straight faced. BELLINGHAM grins feeling a way to his words.

SCHUPELZ (O.S)
MAC, GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE.

He screams from across the room.

MCADOO stepping in, they shake hands, and as he pass by him.

MCADOO
She's all yours.

Pacing. Spots a dark scuff or mark in the palm of his hand.

INT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

BELLINGHAM closes the door behind him from the partying. Extending his view over the railing that opens to the view front. Out then he whips his phone and sees the last music he listened to [Future or someone similar]. Feeling something on his hand.

IN POV: There is the same scuff mark on his palm from touching 'The Object'. Still dark and a hard tar like color as he thought he wiped it off before (apparently, he didn't).

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 sighs to relief standing there taking it all in. The purchase of a lifetime. He's first domestically to acquire such an object and cannot wait for the acclaim. He now is truly the world's best TRADER.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

DOCTOR'S POV: KHAREE'S RIGHT EYE (only) 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 he had in the bedroom. SAGE drawing concern at his side.

SAGE
(panicky)
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 the wandering what I've seen. Nothing detailing extremity, pain, or even a 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. MILLS. They do the darnedest of things as quoted. Whatever it is, allow it to diffuse
(KHAREE remains in his state)
and he'll be right back to normal. I promise.

SAGE
(not at all satisfied)
So that's it. One fucking checkup and he's barely talking and your sending me a three-to-four-hundred-dollar bill and foot up my ass out the door.

He hears and is empathetic. Before a deep sighing and getting a card from his desk and giving it to her.

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

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

INT. HOSPITAL/LOBBY - SAME TIME

Entering through the doors, stressed out of this world, with DAWN tailing behind as if they're a couple. MALCOLM goes up to the receptionist desk. A buzz sound goes off. The main door to room access opens for a visitor heading through.

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 [hinting in offense as if they're a couple]. He catches.

RECEPTIONIST
What's his name sir?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The DOCTOR stands from his seat after finishing writing notes to KHAREE'S condition and current status after seen.

DOCTOR
Now remember what I said.

SAGE
72 hours.

DOCTOR
Good. If nothing changes.

He 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
(at SAGE)
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
(what the hell is she doing here?)
We don't know yet.

DAWN
Hello SAGE.

SAGE hears but ignores.

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?
(Catches herself)
Wait, you know what, me and you need to go outside. ALONE.

Exiting the room. MALCOLM right behind.

DAWN
(low to herself, once she's gone)
Pleasant morning.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two hike down the hall. SAGE ahead. People passing and shuffling by. They enter an area down the hall that's deserted of people. It's just the two of them.

MALCOLM
That's enough SAGE.

SAGE
I cannot fucking believe you brought her up here MALCOLM.

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

SAGE
Really, just your secretary huh?

MALCOLM
What? Oh, so now you think because our split, I'm fucking DAWN now, is that it? C'mon.

SAGE
Says a whole lot of her coming, excuse me YOU allowing 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.

BACK TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

DAWN carefully comes in peace as she looks over at KHAREE in his morbid state. There seated at the edge of the table.

DAWN
(pacing close)
Hey KHAREE? Let me guess you're 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?
(pacing closer)
It'll be our little secret. I promise.

Standing before him. He’s sitting upright, lacking emotion, blinking, totally under what he saw or found in the HANGAR.

She bends and looks him in the eye.

KHAREE watching her in return.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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 is face deep at the screen. As if it's the emergency NOT KHAREE. Could this be SAGE'S point?

MALCOLM (CONT. D)
I'm waiting.

Face in phone.

SAGE
(have felt second for too long)
If you don't know. Maybe it's not meant for me to tell.

Looks on him. Then treads back towards the office.

MALCOLM deeply sighs to himself. Checking the phone, he reads a text message from LOTUS.

The message: "Meeting at headquarters in one hour".

Now he has it. "What could it be about?" Only the promotion. Excitement. He detaches. Strides after SAGE.

BACK TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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 toward her. She backs away herself in fright. Open comes the door, it's SAGE returning.

SAGE
(containing her flaring temper)
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 in a hurry as he follows.

DAWN still at pause from the gesture. MALCOLM meets them at the door.

MALCOLM
This isn't over [at SAGE]
(rubbing KHAREE on the head)
feel better for me, ok. I'll see you later.

Kisses him on the top of his head.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

The BUYERS all tipsy from the party enter finding BELLINGHAM in awe over the OBJECT. Standing with his hands crossed behind his back [faced forward].

FERRERA
We thought we would find you out here.

BOTELLO
Yea SCHUPELZ said he knew it's the only thing that could keep your balls at attention. Minus the party.

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
FERRERA 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.

BELLINGHAM never responds. The four look at each other again. Did he not hear the price?

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

SCHUPELZ
122B Belly, we ship this fucking thing out in two days, and we make over 20 billion 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 OBJECT [as if he's been there as long as BELLINGHAM].

FERRERA
A showroom clause.

DE SOTA
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.

BELLINGHAM tilts to hear. MCADOO produces his phone to them.

ON SCREEN: Camera skim pics of the OBJECT inside and out are unbothered.

Then a set of new pictures he'd just taken where interior sections have been destroyed. Floors collapsed through.

BELLINGHAM remains in his prior stance, but listening.

SCHUPELZ
What the hell is this? That's inside.

Analyzing.

VIENNA
How'd that happen?

FERRERA
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
(what the hell we have it for, if not trading?)
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.
(He shifts to face them all NOW)
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. Shot calling at its finest.

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.

His eyes sink to the floor beneath them.

To MCADOO'S foot. There are muddy tracks of footprints around the OBJECT (again, we don't see it, just the HANGAR floor) almost in shape to a child's size.

INT. MALCOLM'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

MALCOLM is fiery while driving after the hospital visit with SAGE. In the midst to listening, DAWN gets a text message from LOTUS.

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 FOR US FUCKING SEPARATING WAS HER DECISION THAT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY.

DAWN reading the message.

The message: "Meeting with MALCOLM in 35 min."

MALCOLM (CONT. D)
Forgive my yelling.

DAWN
It's fine. Your meeting with LOTUS is in 35.

Phone in hand.

MALCOLM knows while still on red, eyes on the road, he has to put those feelings aside for his important upcoming meeting.

FADE INTO:

INT. SAGE'S VEHICLE - MOVING - MORNING

CLOSE ON KHAREE'S young face rested in the backseat, faced infused to outside of the window. SAGE conversing on the phone.

SAGE (O.S)
I wake up from the dream and when we get to the hospital who do I see when the door opens...he brings her. I'm like `what the fuck she is doing here?' And `why the fuck would you even bring her up here knowing this is a situation involving the family and your son'...that's what I'm saying.

KHAREE physically present. But his pulse, mind, or soul has perhaps remained back in the HANGAR. Did he lose or leave it there? The way he watches the trees sail by his window.

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 weird. Losing grip on the bottle; it drops and rolls to the floor. SAGE talking continues. Inattentive while driving. KHAREE latching his seatbelt in, once his seat goes into shaking convulsions. He can only hold on for his life. PAN from him to SAGE where we see her EarPods in on the call. She has no knowledge of him shaking there in the b.g

SAGE (CONT.D)
No, I didn't tell him. But like I said earlier at this point if he 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.
(glances at KHAREE in the mirror)
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 still don't know what happened. I just hope it isn't as worse to take him back like this morning.

KHAREE stares on her, now calm. As if the convulsions never even took place. Fixed there, still, to his view before his

window. But below on the floor his water bottle is rolling around. Just as before his seat convulsions took place [smudge prints on the side of it].

EXT. CUTLER RESIDENCE - MORNING

Home door opens into the windy day with a short stint of light out in the sky. Cracking the lawn where an older white gentleman, in his late 60's or early 70's, retired; CUTLER.

A stroke of lightening jet through the threshold to his lawn. Is his Jack Russell terrier named 'GUNNER'.

The old man takes in the breeze. He joins the dog dazzling all over the lawn. He brings out a chew rope, excites him with it, starting a game of fetch.

CUTLER (CONT. D)
That's it GUNNER, good boy.

They engage in 'catch and toss' briefly for a moment.

When on one of the turns GUNNER grabs the rope and instead of returning it to CUTLER. He cuts passed him.

CUTLER (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
GUNNER...

Whistles for return.

He turns and the dog jumps at a couple approaching. They're in their late 30's, early 40's. Taken to the dog peacefully, stroking him to his tail wags.

BOTELLO
(In disguise)
Sorry sir, we were just passing through.

CUTLER
(reading them)
No problem...he likes you two. I have never seen your faces before. Visiting?

FERRERA
(In disguise)
Close.

BOTELLO
We're house recruiting.

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 riff the sound of waves brushing and the arctic air.

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

FERRERA
We're originally from Buffalo.

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

FERRERA
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 the other way for the most part. The only kid I can think of in this area is one from the way you all just came.

Nodding in the direction behind the two. Their eyes follow.

BOTELLO
Is it?

CUTLER
Yea, a young Black family about round the same age you two. Military too, I think. They have a little boy about 9.
(MORE)

CUTLER (CONT'D)
He's a real roamer, you can't miss him.

BOTELLO
Is that so? Well nice to know then.

FERRERA
Thank you very much sir.

CUTLER
Ibrahim CUTLER is the name, and I wish you too the best in your pickings. Hopefully me, you, and 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 FERRERA gleam smiles with their arms around each other in full role.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Class full of 4th graders are at their desk tending to their classwork. The TEACHER seated, she monitors casually while grading papers. Scribbling away at his work in front of him, KHAREE'S face is still sore from the previous incidents he's alone with. For a second when he feels something beneath his foot. Quick his eyes peel over his desk.

His right foot begins to splash a small little puddle under it. Confused. A girl a desk over. Spots him tapping his foot, as if its water beneath it. KHAREE raises his head from it. Growing speculative. She sees.

GIRL AT DESK
WHAT?

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 behind a television.

TEACHER
Pencil's down, everyone. To get a better glimpse of today's subject. I want everyone's undivided attention
(MORE)

TEACHER (CONT'D)
here at the television screen behind me. D'Aaron door please.

A male student goes to shut the room door.

KHAREE after hearing, begins panting, he feels the puddle now growing at the floor under his desk has now reached the column of the room. His foot sends waves through them. Volume GOES OUT. Just the sound of his own PANTING appears. Just like when he was inside 'The Object'.

TEACHER flicks off the light in the classroom. KHAREE gets nervous. His PANTING grows.

The CLASS DOOR slams shut [dungeons like sounding].

KHAREE'S PANTING GETTING BROADER.

The WINDOW blinds drop all at once. BEAT. Old wooden crunching and squealing sounds surface the same as if pressure was put against it [ONLY he hears]. Panting rough when the light fades in a cascading effect over KHAREE'S trembling face bringing the room entirely dark.

Next, KHAREE has a surreal frightening hallucination there in his classroom. The worst experience for any human being let alone a 9 year old boy. That only he experiences involving being trapped inside an old wooden room or ship some kind under a brutal thunder and lightning storm. Him, his teacher, and classmates are shackled down swinging side to side by a forceful current. KHAREE watches gigantic waves of water so great blitz their way through the room submerging them all to their deaths.

CLOSE ON his eyes, with them, in a single blink KHAREE returns to the class, gasping for air, in disbelief to what just happened, he was there, he saw. Only now things are back as before. It was all in his mind. The normal volume of the world is restored. As he hears from beside him:

GIRL AT DESK (O.S.)
Excuse me, Ms. Ramble. But something is wrong with him.

IN POV: KHAREE sees the girl is pointing at him. Classmates, his teacher, all merge closer in stare at him partially troubled and concerned.

INT. DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SAGE scribbling on paper (we don't see) before her laptop. Sections of mini screens for other classmates show them listening, some writing. While a FEMALE INSTRUCTOR addresses the day's lesson.

FEMALE 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.

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 and their theories this semester.

SAGE doodles on her paper a contraption embedded into the side of a house to perfection.

When finished. She lowers the pencil on her sketch, `The Trapper's Bible' book near side of it. The FEMALE INSTRUCTOR continues speaking. SAGE tries to stay focus, sarcastically nothing is more fascinating than history. Reading the clock on the wall in the kitchen. Passed her military photo. Time is over 1pm. Back before her laptop monitor.

INSTRUCTOR
Something the matter Mrs. MILLS.

SAGE hears. Her phone lights up in silence right in front of her as she's stuck...until.

Her phone reads from the "LOCAL SCHOOL".

SAGE
(KHAREE)

Uh...one moment.

Away from the monitor.

SAGE (CONT. D)
(on phone)
Yes...

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

The bar resides with people enjoying themselves. The upper floor shows tables of people smiling in discussion. On the floor is the busiest as every table is filled by guest by the sort. Waiters at service. In a wall booth to himself. A seated BELLINGHAM who may have finished his meal or dessert monitors his surrounding, potentially thinking of his life in alternate upon dining when an alert sounds from his phone.

IN POV: A recent deposit shows in his account for 1.3 million.

BELLINGHAM face scrunches before the screen. There in the booth, a man in a vintage like suit comes and sits directly across from him. So convicted in his being you would think BELLINGHAM was expecting him this entire time.

BARK
(vintage accent and look)
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 a bit giving your time. I heard you were a very busy, busy man.

BELLINGHAM
You're a 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.

Extending out his hand to shake.

BELLINGHAM ignores his hand and hears his voice. Taken away. Is this a joke his expression sheds. Beneath the table

spotting BARK'S two-tone wing tip shoes, suit, flower on lapel, tie, newsboy cap, cufflinks. Everything about him reads foreign in time.

BARK (CONT'D)
(gets right to his being)
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
(this can't be real)
What?

BARK
The word is everywhere in town that a Jerry deep as you are. Is very fond and generous to 'schooners' the size of bays beyond the eye or any map one could fathom in daring years. You must have heard, I'm sure of.

He goes on. BELLINGHAM toking away, just looking 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 an even two for MAID MERRIAN for a grand capacity.

BELLINGHAM puffing his cigarette as if BARK has the wrong person, definitely the wrong table. That's what this is. A waiter from across the room catches his eye for assistance and goes over to him.

BARK (CONT. D) (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.

Eager for an answer. The waiter arrives.

WAITER [O.S]
There's no smoking inside sir.

Firm, polite approach.

BELLINGHAM rises to leave. 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. And might I say your striking feature structure to him...
(looking on him as he will get every bit his 1.3 has gotten him)
...is indubitably to perfection.

He lets go.

BELLINGHAM rips his arm away. Puts the cigarette out. Walks off turning back to see this man, BARK is his name, eyes on him giving a smirk. BARK in the b.g shouting some.

BARK (O.S.)
PLEASE DO THINK ON IT MY FRIEND. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.

BELLINGHAM near out the door.

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

MALCOLM burns his eyes straight ahead like a loyal soldier. Seated before his desk. The RED, WHITE, AND BLUE FLAG hover at the corner. LOTUS on his feet, pacing, speaking patriotic while his polished shoes sound the floor.

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

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 hearing every bit.

MALCOLM (CONT. D)
Wrong? Can represent who we're developed into while attached from such stage or action we're most sore from. Or along with our shame refuse penance to any old deed to make right beyond ourselves. Despite 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
(impressed, shielded)
Such a question would be rewarded superbly on a college term paper Lieutenant. Undoubtably.

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 is 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.
(looks on him, more sentimental now)
How's the home life. Wife and boy.

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
(MORE)

LOTUS (CONT'D)
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.

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
(RE: only a man's family should be)
...I concur sir.

Join hands to shake. Then salute.

Eyes straight by LOTUS on MALCOLM. MALCOLM returns.

IN POV: Looking on what's been there since he sat and held his attention there on LOTUS desk slight beneath some folders and paper [a copy of `Atlas of Languages' on top of it].

INT. NURSE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A light from the nurse's ophthalmoscope is centered left to right. When the principal, male, early 50's, Black, can't afford any errors or it could be his 'ass out of a job' enters beside her.

PRINCIPAL
(worried)
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 KHAREE'S blood pressure.

KHAREE is still panting, chest rising high at every breath. Eyes open with mild sweat like he's seen a ghost or a hallucination.

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. Don't forget to put in your report. Do the vitals and quarantine him until his mother...

Through the doors with a face of desperation comes SAGE.

SAGE
(pacing, panicking)
Where is he? KHAREE, WHERE IS HE? EXCUSE ME IM LOOKING FOR MY SON. I WAS TOLD HE WAS HERE. WHERE IS HE?

Badging her way through inside.

SAGE (CONT. D)
Oh my god.

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

SAGE panicking the most. KHAREE laying there, panting decreasing.

SAGE (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
KHAREE!

She shouts. Reaches in to hold him.

NURSE
Mam, he'll be fine.

Analyzing. Holding SAGE away until she's complete.

PRINCIPAL
(holding SAGE back)
She's just running a test, MRS. MILLS. He'll be fine. I promise. But I would like to speak with you in my office for a brief moment.

SAGE turns at him. Can things today get any worst.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The PRINCIPAL brings SAGE inside his office. She's still dazed having discovered KHAREE'S status [what really happened with him this morning that she has no clue about?]. Any parent is subject to feeling irresponsible.

A FORMAL woman dressed the part, authoritative type, seated at the side of the PRINCIPAL'S desk raises to her feet. The PRINCIPAL is heading to behind his desk.

PRINCIPAL
(to this woman near his desk)
You can take a seat.

He whispers. She does.

PRINCIPAL (CONT. D)
(hate to break this way)
Please. If I may MRS. MILLS being transparent as I can be in asking.

SAGE
Asking what. What happened to my son?

In the blind. Meanwhile the PRINCIPAL and the FORMAL 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?

SAGE
No, not until early this morning. When I woke up and...wait a minute.
(She cuts eyes at the FORMAL WOMAN, she politely waits her turn)
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?

PRINCIPAL
She's a social worker from...

FORMAL WOMAN
(she takes it from here)
What he means is. I'm here to help you and KHAREE, is it? Now I've looked over his records. He makes astounding grades, performs astutely in class, but I would like.

SAGE
(sensing where this is going)
Like what? What would you like to do?

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

SAGE
(cuts eyes at the PRINCIPAL)
What the hell do you mean notified? He only had one incident up until today.

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 could cause more episodes as severe as this one in the future is the concern and what we want to help you with as a precaution.

PRINCIPAL
We only want to help MRS. MILLS.

SAGE
(something else going on)
Help?

FORMAL WOMAN
That's correct. Now, giving your circumstance if you could, please look over these forms I have here.
(handing them before SAGE, she absurdly ignores)
If you can, please just sign here to allow me to do some routine evaluations on KHAREE until this situation is civil and we know the child is in a healthy and stable environment for himself and his student body MRS. MILLS.

SAGE senses kick-in and can confirm the lady as bullshit.

SAGE
There is no circumstance and there will be no 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.

Standing before the FORMAL WOMAN and the PRINCIPAL.

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. DOOR SLAM. BOOM!

PRINCIPAL
MRS. MILLS. MRS. MILLS.

Shouts [SAGE is already gone].

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 lowers her briefcase to the floor. Paces back and forth there in the living room before all of the BUYERS, while explaining.

FORMAL WOMAN
The mother left the room and went for the boy.

Removing wig, mole, and glasses from her face before a mirror. She's not a social worker. Just a BELLINGHAM minion.

FERRERA (O.S)
You think she bought it?

DE SOTA
It doesn't matter, according to here it says such law *"is valid in the state of Virginia 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.

MCADOO
Surprised? About what?

Curious. The room stops after he asks.

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

MCADOO turns to BELLINGHAM upon realization.

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

BOTELLO
Don't do that.

FERRERA
You're an asshole, you know that.

The room shifts cold. FORMAL WOMAN exits.

SCHUPELZ
What, didn't he know?

MCADOO
And you did?

At BELLINGHAM.

BELLINGHAM
Business is first kept in mind MR. MCADOO.

MCADOO
That's not what I asked you.

Firm. VIENNA and FERRERA 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 FERRERA, Latin as VIENNA, or Jewish like myself?

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

FERRERA
(sensing the tension building)
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.
(SCHUPELZ and VIENNA scoffing)
The parents probably don't even know what the kid saw and probably never will. I'll talk to the mother and inform her what he might've seen in ordinance to save this delicate situation. 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.

FERRERA, DE SOTA, BOTELLO. 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
(eyes locked on MCADOO)
What you find SCHUPELZ?

MCADOO sending stares to both gentleman (feeling double-crossed).

EXT. MILLS DOORSTEP - DAY - EARLIER

Pacing from a UPS truck in path before the door in full UPS uniform. Carrying a believed package is SCHUPELZ with BOTELLO behind him.

SCHUPELZ plants package before the door. Standard like any other deliverer.

BOTELLO with the handheld device to scan it to be marked as DELIVERED (ON SCREEN OF THE DEVICE: He takes a photo of the planted package). Serving as a somewhat distraction. BOTELLO unsecures the front door in a flash. The technician he is with such things. SCHUPLEZ, during, minding eyes to the surroundings. They go in the house.

INT. UPS TRUCK - SAME TIME

VIENNA also in company attire. He waits patiently at the wheel with the engine running. Serving as 'lookout'.

BACK TO:

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SCHUPELZ
(eyes on MCADOO: he doesn't make the calls)
Me and Mr. BOTELLO went inside. The place is clear as a conscious.

FERRERA phone alerts an email. She sees it comes from a NEW BUYER.

IN POV: Meaning to forward the email to SCHUPELZ having seen the offer. She sends to BELLINGHAM accidentally.

BELLINGHAM eyes still on MCADOO, his phone alert goes off.

MCADOO, center to the room, the BUYERS encircled around him. Standing firm as to handling this than jumping the gun for extremity eyeing BELLINGHAM right back.

BELLINGHAM
(eyes on MCADOO, poignant)
Is that it?

Focused on MCADOO. His mind has been made up, it always is.

SCHUPELZ (O.S)
(eyes on MCADOO, cocky)
Some new men on duty late tonight.

BELLINGHAM
(still eyeing MCADOO, immersed in arrogance)
God's speed.

MCADOO
(...facing what things are right about now)
...speaking of. Being on the subject. Did you know ironically according to census. Seventy-nine percent validates the surname BELLINGHAM actually has Portugal origin...PORTUGAL. NOT Jew-ISH.

Locked on BELLINGHAM. His mind is made up too.

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

BELLINGHAM shields his reaction. His phone alerts loudly a money cash sound [a deposit, same as earlier]. MCADOO leaves the room with their eyes on him. FRONT DOOR slams in b.g.

VIENNA
A bad case of DRAPETOMANIA I take it.

SCHUPELZ
(can't let him just walk away)
I can take care of that.

BELLINGHAM
You don't have to do that.

VIENNA
(not after what he knows)
Only an utter.

It is enough for a signal.

BELLINGHAM withers confident in his judgement.

INT. MILLS RESIDENCE - EVENING

SAGE with KHAREE enters the house after the school fiasco.

She inspects her dining table. Everything is where it's should. Only a hunch is written all over her face (something is wrong). She feels it. She flips a light switch on in the living room for inspection.

INT. BELLINGHAM RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

BELLINGHAM
(at VIENNA)
It's already been blurted. Tonight. At SCHUPELZ.

BELLINGHAM removes his phone from his pocket.

IN POV: He sees two new deposits in his account (One: 1.4 million. Second: 1.3 million) while gazing they remind him of someone he hopes not to run into again; BARK. MCADOO words about his 'origin' you can tell pinched a nerve.

EXT. MILLS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

MALCOLM strolls to the house, needs to see KHAREE. We PAN to the side of the house. Door knocks O.S from the FRONT DOOR by MALCOLM are heard.

EXT. SIDE OF MILL OF RESIDENCE [WEST] - CONTINUOUS

The walls on the home shift to a man waiting there, he can be anybody shooting a breeze. He's in his late 30's, 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, he feels a charge between him and it. Looking on it carefully under the unsuspected darkness. He carefully places his hand on the house. Waiting very well on his element of surprise likely. When he does, we then shift into it.

EXT. SIDE OF MILLS RESIDENCE [EAST] - CONTINUOUS

On the other side where we see an additional guy in similar attire [ASSAILANT 2] his partner, stuck to the house [he's off his feet], fighting as much as possible to get free due to his hoodie containing metal or something. Pinning him to it like a magnet. Next, a powerful electrical charge thoroughly is passed through his body. His face cooks, when finished, THUD. His body drops smoking to a steaming pile.

INT. UNMARKED VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

SCHUPELZ waiting. Eyes on the time [TIMER: 9:59pm]. The two ASSAILANTS should be back any second now. It shouldn't take that long to do any harm arranged on the family.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF MILLS RESIDENCE [WEST] - MOMENTS LATER

ASSAILANT 1 feels it's time, just as he steps to set foot on the porch. But be it he's so close. His metal watch is somehow gripped to the house before he can step off. He tries to pull his arm, but the force is too strong. It's got him.

INT. MILLS BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Lights on. MALCOLM climbing down the stairs. SAGE’S look there at the wall makes its clear as to why she called him.

MALCOLM joining her side, looks on her, she at him. Telling this process about to occur isn't foreign to either of them.

SAGE'S hand grips a suspicious knob at the wall that she tilts clockwise slightly to increase [some magnetic charge she's implemented herself as a security precaution being a TACTICAL SPECIALIST for what we're about witness right now].

EXT. SIDE OF MILLS RESIDENCE [WEST] - CONTINUOUS

The ASSAILANT'S belt next then contacts the wall's force the same as his watch, pinning him to it. SPLAT. He struggles with all his might without moving a flinch. It's got him. Reaching his arm out to a window next door with a light on...

INT. NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW - SAME TIME

A man passing by his window in his kitchen [there's the ASSAILANT in the distance motioning for help but can't shout (will blow his cover)]. The NEIGHBOR (never sees him) goes to the refrigerator. Then the lights shut off.

BACK TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

SCHUPELZ monitors his eyes all over the perimeter. Spots the MILLS RESIDENCE a block or a two up the street. There's no sign of either ASSAILANT or anything they were present to do.

SCHUPELZ looks away in a silent sigh. Perhaps they’re finishing or...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE MILLS RESIDENCE [WEST] - CONTINUOUS

Wrestling to free his wrist and belt. He frees his belt, as it rips from his waist. Perseverance clears. Now the watch. Then he realizes the small circular punctures that stretch from both ends of the house. From his height and a bit taller down to his calves.

INT. MILLS BASEMENT - SAME TIME

A black, tiny BUTTON, almost tinkered in, custom on the wall. MALCOLM and SAGE staring from the other side [through the wall from the ASSAILANT]. Side by side of each other, still, without so much as a peep, well aware of the ASSAILANT'S fate forthcoming...MALCOLM before the button. He presses it TWICE.

EXT. SIDE OF THE MILLS RESIDENCE [WEST] - CONTINUOUS

Face first before the hole. Observing, never seen anything like it. A single sharp needle ejects, shooting straight through the ASSAILANT'S skull (we see it extend exterior of his head). The large needle then retracts. The force drops from the side of the house and his arm is free. He drops to the ground. DEAD.

INT. MILLS BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Hang light. MALCOLM pulls. SAGE passes to the upstairs. Darkness fills the room as that funny feeling she felt unsure of since arriving home is now repaired.

BACK TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - MOMENTS LATER

CAR TIMER reads: 10:56. Engine running. SCHUPELZ hands now on the steering wheel, pulls out the space, if they haven't come now, they never will.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car makes a U-turn back up the other street.

INT. KHAREE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

KHAREE'S eyes shut tight amongst the shadows. A slight rumble sounding effect is drawn over the room.

An action figure falls to the floor from his dresser. At first his instinct strikes to pick it up, but he disregards as you can tell remnants of his classroom incident returns. Shutting his eyes back, he flips on his side away from it against his pillow. It goes again. The rumble raises him this time.

KHAREE gazing around his room...there's nothing. Until the RUMBLE that woke him, charges bleak in the distance yet again. His heavy panting begins. It increases as he stares on the corner area where those waves came just like in his classroom. The hard-hitting water was coming for him. As sure as it did earlier. He pants uncontrollably feeling it's arrival at any minute. As the moment is just about to crash. KHAREE stops. He shuts it all down. All of it. The panting stops. He feels better. No more fear or worriment. Everything is completely silent. A creak stirs corner to the room.

When then...THE ROOM DISCHARGES A TERRIFYING RATTLE [same to severe 'chop' on a boat] right then and there starting just from the very corner. With it just CRASHING, SHATTERING. His things go everywhere in the room in a tidal wave. KHAREE hops out of his bed, racing to the door.

HE 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 corner cracking and crumbling externally. The 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
(unexpectedly)
Hold. HOLD. HOLD. What's the matter?

He asks. KHAREE staring back into in his room.

SAGE
(looking into room, urging he spill what's wrong)
What is it KHAREE?

KHAREE breathing like he's ran a marathon race. Looking into his room [spotless] then back on his parents in fear. KHAREE about to answer. Instead vomits on the floor from the motion sickness from the pressure. MALCOLM and SAGE scourge backwards in defense.

[Sixteen-wheeler truck passing sounds]

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

MCADOO [O.S] removes cap from vehicle gas reservoir. Nozzle inserted in fuel tank. He the PRESSES FUEL GRADE BUTTON. Then the TRIGGER PRESSED ON THE NOZZLE.

FUEL LEVEL begins running. MCADOO treads from the pump to the rear of the truck where he stands and monitors it. A sixteen-wheeler enters the station. The pump over from him. He notices a man checking his trunk. Then emptying things from it towards a trash bin; signs building in him. Pump clicks. It's finished.

He returns the nozzle to its base MOMENTS LATER. Then caps the tank, some gas gets on his hand. While shaking it off. There across his index and two other fingers sits a smudge mark from what he knows [from touching 'The Object']. It stops him. He gets a gut feeling directing him to the trunk. The sixteen-wheeler leaves the station premises.

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

MCADOO, his truck now away from the pump station. In a racing fit fueled on instinct. He cleans everything out the car [the more he finds, the better he feels, but not better to stop just yet].

He searches the BACKSEAT and every COMPARTMENT.

EXT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

MCADOO, we see BENEATH THE IGNITION, then the FLOORPAN as if his life depends on it. His intuition throbs knowing his departure to his time and exposure to a person caliber to a Durian BELLINGHAM is unspoken being one way in and no way out as an associate of his. But he finds nothing. Close call.

BACK TO:

EXT. MILLS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On foot MALCOLM and SAGE stand before a uniformed cop after explaining a potential break-in earlier.

BADGE 1
So, you all heard a noise outside and earlier you felt someone may have broken inside your house. Now, all of this began when you awoke to find your son removed this morning?

Paramedics are seen attending to KHAREE in the kitchen.

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 it was like he had fallen somewhere.

MALCOLM
Or taken.

BADGE 1
Taken? Taken where?

MALCOLM
(alluding to a possibility)
Or maybe he saw something. I don't know. That's what we've been trying to figure out.

BADGE 1
What do you think he may have saw?

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, MCADOO eyes forward, hands at the wheel. The farthest he can get from BELLINGHAM and the others to comfort ground, the safer he'll feel. Maybe even contact the MILLS as his gut is telling him.

Whoosh. His truck passes road signs for I-64.

INT. MILLS RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MALCOLM and SAGE continue conversing with BADGE 1.

SAGE
(agitated)

We don't know.

Her eyes turn over at KHAREE with the paramedic.

BADGE 1
Then how do you know if your son saw anything?

MALCOLM
(attempting to patiently explain, impatiently)
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 our home. You're the police.

BADGE 1
I am. But pardon your tone sir, my presence as of now shouldn't be to question my authority. I'm here to help you and your family.

MALCOLM
And I asked you a question.

BADGE 1
(reporting notes on a device)
Apparently so.

MALCOLM
(explodes some)
Then POLICE THIS DAMN SITUATION.

EXT/INT. SIDE OF MILLS RESIDENCE [EAST]/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Duty shoes from BADGE 2 stroll beneath the streetlights. He's flashing his light over the side house area. Seeking clues or any TOM, DICK, or HARRY in his perimeter. When his foot contacts something, his light turns down...

SAGE (O.S)
That's right.

BADGE 1
Sir, lower your voice. Or you'll force me to restrain you.

MALCOLM
(face to face)
WHERE? BECAUSE YOU NOT RESTRAINING ME IN MY HOUSE.

Bending down over. BADGE 2 finds the second ASSAILANT'S body. Looking over it. He's obscene, appearing shocked to DEATH.

BADGE 1
Fair warning sir. You need to wait for me to simulate this situation so a proper investigation can come into play. So, I would advise you and your wife to--

MALCOLM
(looks at SAGE)
Hey, hey...

SAGE
(looks on MALCOLM)
No. We're...separated at the moment

BADGE 1 RADIO (O.S.)
(urgent sounding)
"WOODLY, TANNER come in. WOODLY, TANNER come in, NOW".

BADGE 1
I'm going to need for you both to wait with your son until more information is requested. Please.

MALCOLM and SAGE depart, their eyes connect hearing the radio call. No guessing from them the state of alarm heard from BADGE 2.

BADGE 1 grabs his radio.

BADGE 1 (CONT. D)
(into radio)
Go ahead TANNER.

In the KITCHEN. A PARAMEDIC (female) is all finished inspecting KHAREE. She's putting away her things. Seeing SAGE approaching concerned.

PARAMEDIC
He's fine. Just a little motion sickness.

SAGE
Is this common?

PARAMEDIC
It can be.
(caressing his head friendly)
Especially if this one had quite a dream judging his temperature can be the same as someone who's left a rollercoaster...or a reoccurring nightmare.

Grabs her things. Heads for the door. SAGE feeling: *"Oh it's been a nightmare alright"* seeing KHAREE remained in his 'blank mode'.

MALCOLM'S attention is set on the BADGE and his radio call.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

MCADOO'S truck is trailing the limit on the road with other cars under the night. Then, we see it surpasses an upcoming sign to I-64.

MCADOO with his hands turning the wheel. Eyes forward. WHOOSH, a car brushes the side of his vehicle, nearly hitting his. It jumps ahead of him [what the hell was that?].

IN POV: Up the turnpike the vehicle speeds. Break lights beaming into the night.

His truck, a light away from the interstate ramp, yield on RED.

When GREEN. MCADOO lets off on the brake and his truck engine goes DEAD.

[PHONE RINGS]

MCADOO's face drops as it's good for nothing.

His truck just sits there. At the light. HORNS BLOW from the vehicles trailing behind. Some start to go around.

[PHONE RINGS]

MCADOO turns the key in the ignition. Over and over. NOTHING.

[PHONE RINGING CONTINUES]

He tries again. Praying for it to start. HORNS and comments commence [off script] by the passing cars. To his left he turns at his window, the light still green, a driver ups him the middle finger.

[NEW CALL. PHONE RINGS]

Back at the steering wheel.

MCADOO'S foot [CLOSE ON] slams on the gas.

[PHONE RINGS]

IGNITION cranks. Finally, it turns this time. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD the light shifts yellow. MCADOO slams hard on the gas.

[PHONE RINGS]

EXT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

His truck just flies through the light. Thank God.

[PHONE RING ENDS]

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Up the ramp to the intersection, turning the wheel, his face warm; triumphant.

[PHONE RINGS]

A truck at the start of the merge. MCADOO grabs his phone.

IN POV: He sees the number and answers as if he always knew who was calling [call on speaker].

MCADOO
WHERE ARE YOU?

Merging before a sixteen-wheeler.

BELLINGHAM (O.S)
(creepy, vengeful)

...calling in remote.

MCADOO face crawls to doom hearing BELLINGHAM’s voice. The truck shuts OFF in mid merge AGAIN. Instantly he cranks the ignition, no luck, horns from countless vehicles coming and dodging from his way unfold. Massive headlights glow him. Next, a SIXTEEN-WHEELER sounds its horn while advancing. MCADOO head seeps behind him, he sees it, he's stuck, lights coming right at us, his EYES widen. We know what comes next.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LATER

ON SCREEN: ['Pieces of Me' by Rare Essence is playing] Scrolling a twitter timeline. There's numerous post WE SEE involving daily NBA games, rappers, health views, TRUMP speech, racial fights, etc. Each are selected and ignored.

We pull back, there's BELLINGHAM on his bed, face first before his phone. The blue tint glow casting over his face.

IN POV: More content regarding gender wars, baddy pics, dancing, then a pic of BELLINGHAM with his associates from BOTELLO'S account showing them smiling with a famous R&B singer. Anyone, BELLINGHAM'S beyond wealthy, he can know them all.

BELLINGHAM pauses from the 'post ignoring'. Staring on it as if that picture was someone, he once was. Gaining 'The Object' he's much more now. Never needing to go or view THE PAST. His future is much more BRIGHTER.

IN POV: He nukes the post. It's wiped from his timeline.

FERRERA in bed, naked, placing her gown top back on. Catches something on the television. Shifting to sit at the edge of the bed as it's sucking her attention in.

BELLINGHAM receives a text from BOTELLO.

The message (IN POV): *"Tell me you're watching the news right now?".* He wipes the screen and his left finger smears a dark smudge over it.

BELLINGHAM opens his left hand, and he finds the same stain from the `The Object', 'The Antique' inside his palm. So fresh, he caresses it in his fingers. Before stretching his eyes over at the television.

NEWSCASTER (O.S)
In breaking news, an unfortunate situation occurred just a little over an hour ago with a head on collision on I-64.

MOUNTED TELEVISION: A female reporter live on the scene. There are wrecked cars, collision debris, car pieces all littered on the road pavement. Also, yellow tape and the paramedic are shown behind her.

FERRERA watching. BELLINGHAM gazes. Removing his ear pods.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (CONT. D)
Where two men were killed and three or more people heavily injured during the daunting unfold.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
Still unaware as to what initially caused the incident. But police have now identified the fatal casualties as GARY NORTHROP, 54, from WEST VIRGINIA and a MIKELL MCADOO, 36, Largo, MD

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

FERRERA turns at BELLINGHAM from the bed [he's done this before and now at it again]. Beat.

BELLINGHAM gazing back (there's a heavy price to business concerning the privacy to such 'object' at hand) he looks back at his phone and the smeared screen serving reminder.

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 [no one can track them, know where they are, or where they’re going].

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAGE preps KHAREE to one of the twin beds while he's sleep under the covers.

MALCOLM enters the room. Stands center trailing his eyes all around (inspecting, thinking like enemies). His military

senses activate. First rule to any possible surveillance, is counter-surveillance.

MALCOLM
I know the police said it was best to find an alternative home until the investigation is handled. But knowing you. Where are you thinking of going?

Eyeing a vent in the corner.

SAGE
(catches on)
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.

Finishes tucking KHAREE in. She turns at him.

MALCOLM
Cradock. Ain't that in Portsmouth, right?

Eyeing around carefully.

SAGE
Yea, I believe so.

MALCOLM
...I'll be outside.

Heading to the door.

SAGE watches him in one breath as there's 'more for them to discuss' or 'she knows the drill at this point'. Door slams.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

MALCOLM standing in the parking lot, eyes the perimeter. The cars there, the street that enters the lot. Everything. It all has to be photographic to his mental just in case.

INT. MALCOLM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He adjusts the mirror close, so it reflects the entry street behind him. He can see who comes in and who goes out.

Relaxing himself. He connects at the room with SAGE and KHAREE.

IN POV: At the window outside the room. He sees the lamp light flickering twice.

MALCOLM then adjusts a little more comfortable, still staring, then shuts his eyes.

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - NEXT DAY

LOTUS is sucked into a book he's reading there behind his desk. A person arrives (we don't see them yet) before the desk. LOTUS remains glued to his book; it's his reading time. The person coughs for his attention. He points his finger for them to sit. They do.

LOTUS
(he detaches warmly)
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
(revealed)
Care to share?

Seated.

LOTUS
Oh, it's just a book comprised in the history of languages and cultivations and such. 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 it this very day.
(gets a kick out of hearing this fact for decades of his life)
Hmmm. Shit but infectiously alluring all the while.

BELLINGHAM
BANTUS, ZULUS, some add SHONAS 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
(Toying with things at LOTUS desk)
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 remains of Queen HATSHEPSUT.

BELLINGHAM
(name of the actual castle)
...that’s 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 a BELLI -- something named fellow.

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

Extends hand. LOTUS shocked, then impress. Before shaking and spotting a MASONRY ring on his finger.

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

BELLINGHAM
No chance sir. All earned.

LOTUS
You're a brother? Three lines?

He himself is.

BELLINGHAM
Four. My great 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. <u>No one knows where they're going without recognizing where they've origin.</u>

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...
(reads from a paper he pulls from his pocket)
Lieutenant MALCOLM MILLS.

LOTUS face screeches and drifts some when hearing the name.

LOTUS
(can see where this is going)
So that's why you're here.

BELLINGHAM
Is there a problem?

LOTUS
Not so much. What do you wish to know about the Lieutenant.

BELLINGHAM
That in fact isn't so much an importance.

LOTUS
So, what are we talking about then son?

BELLINGHAM
Simple. A where, what, and a how. With that at leisure of your town's influence.

LOTUS
(not up to it, but not his call)
With a, let me guess? A return.

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

Takes a sticky note and pen. Then jots down something and slides it over to LOTUS. A big number.

He picks it up. He eyes. Placing it back down. Again, BIG NUMBER.

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

BELLINGHAM gives him a straight stare. Meshing his right hand together [as theirs something on it].

LOTUS (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
Tissue?

He offers. BELLINGHAM accepts.

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

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

INT. DAWN'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Mist from the shower lingers. DAWN is wrapping herself with a towel. An alert she hears from her phone in the bedroom.

INT. DAWN'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She grabs her phone; she sees the text from an UNKNOWN number.

The message (IN POV): "*I'm outside your door."*

INT. AT HER FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

She opens the door in some clothes MOMENTS LATER. Completely unexpected.

We pull back, MALCOLM enters jittery, stirred, eyes behind him as if he's being followed (he's well experienced in such situations). Door closes.

DAWN
What's the matter? What's going on?

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

Heading for her room. Rudely peeking in the others too. DAWN follows.

DAWN
No.

MALCOLM
You sure?

They enter her bedroom.

DAWN
I live alone and you know that MALCOLM.

He does know that. He's fine there. He plops on the edge of her bed. DAWN comes beside him.

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

DAWN
(in the blind)
What's going on? Where's KHAREE and SAGE? Are they fine?

BACK TO:

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

SAGE and KHAREE walk to the vehicle. She stops, holds, eyeing everything in the open. Even as the parking lot contains little to no cars. Again, her feeling to something strange strikes all over her face.

INT/EXT. SAGE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Door closes. KHAREE'S straps his seatbelt in.

SAGE does the same behind the wheel. Starting the engine.

MALCOLM (O.S)
She's taking KHAREE to her folks in Cradock she said. I don't know who or at least yet. But two people tried to break in at the house last night. I think it has something to do with KHAREE.

DAWN (O.S)
His accident, the hospital, you're serious? You know who they are?

IN POV: SAGE'S vehicle is off from the parking lot.

INT. DAWN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MALCOLM
Not a clue. But with them out of town it gives me enough time to find out who, who they're associated with, and if KHAREE parallels. 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
(anything she can do to help)
Ok, you're serious enough about this. What is it?

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

Beat.

BACK TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN VEHICLE - IN POV - CONTINUOUS

SAGE'S car is seen exiting from the motel's entry way on the road.

INT. RED PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

A man, henchman like, poised, bothered eyes, in the passenger seat stares on the vehicle SAGE coasts off in. Engine starts. Right over its BOTELLO at the wheel. He shifts in reverse from the other side of the MOTEL they've must've hid to. Heading right after her.

CUT TO:

INT. DAWN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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...he's tensed from these last chain of events.

DAWN (CONT. D)
I'll make some calls to get what you're looking for. But only if you get some rest first.
(massaging him lightly)
Look at you, your disheveled. Cool down. You want a drink?

She's behind him. Massaging his shoulders and back.

MALCOLM
(won't be satisfied until he knows and fixes what's going on)
No drink. I can't do anything with this on my mind.

MALCOLM sighs deeply with her hands on him before a mirror.

DAWN
You know a friend (BELLINGHAM) thought you would.

Her hand pulls back a towel on the bed storing a knife. BEAT. Next, she proceeds to plunge back for force in aim at him.

MALCOLM in a quick flash sees CLOSE ON the mirror ahead. He whips around and stops her. A fight ensues. In the end, DAWN is left with the knife in her mid-section breathing momentarily until gone. Her eyes remain open at MALCOLM, now across the room covered in blood slightly. He can't believe how quick it just happened. He grabs a shirt for his hands [he keeps], then a towel she used to cover the weapon. He wipes down the bed and floor where he sat and stepped. When about to toss it back on the bed as he's about to leave. He spots her phone at her dresser. Swipe, his head down, and he races to the door.

CLOSE ON DAWN’S eyes wide into death there on the bed. The front door gently is closed, we hear in the b.g.

INT. SAGE'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

KHAREE turns from staring outside to noticing smudges on his fresh clothes there in his seat. A stain of dust he realizes stemming a trail from his shoes, pants, shirt, and jacket. It's the same look after his fall inside 'The Object' [GPS voice airs in b.g].

SAGE'S EYES. Alarmed. Staring from both the side window and rear view. Passed the rear glass she sees once a vehicle makes way of. There's a RED PRIUS that's been behind them for a while now [BOTELLO and ASSAILANT 3 have been made].

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

With no plates at the front. BOTELLO slightly gaining on SAGE when turning the wheel. Easy treading. Swift. Over to the second man, ASSAILANT 3, eyes steered ahead on to her car.

He looks to a tablet in his hands there in his lap.

IN POV: A GPS map he reads from [he's hacked her phone] as we can see her point traveling at route to its destination.

BOTELLO
(maintaining distance, turning the wheel)
Where she's going? You got it?

ASSAILANT 3
(eyes on the tablet)
405 Beacon Road. Cradock, Virginia.

BACK TO:

INT/EXT. SAGE'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Within the rear-view SAGE spotting the vehicle behind her. Her thought: More intruders to finish the job and right this time (her and KHAREE if she doesn't do something and now). She brushes a look in the backseat. KHAREE buckled up tight (unbeknownst to what's unfolding himself). SAGE levels her seat to her back. Then she meshes on the gas, now in race mode. Taking off...

...her car we see 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...

With no mind in brakes, through the windshield coming up she finds heavy traffic flow ahead. She pauses on the swerving even with them right behind.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Realizing they’re made. ASSAILANT 3 turns his head up from the device to SAGE'S CAR now right before them. Then BOTELLO doing the same as if this better be their last and only chance (make it happen). No choice now.

ASSAILANT 3
I-464 up ahead in four.

BACK TO:

INT. SAGE CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Looking left, then right. Traffic is deadlock still. KHAREE gazing. To SAGE it's a death sentence sitting there behind, whoever they are, fueled on harm. No matter it looks as if there's millions of cars before her. On the gas, SAGE steps, turning on the shoulder and drilling down it as fast as a bullet. KHAREE on the ride of his life or death the way his mom is pushing. She passes this cloud of cars for a mass amount of more. Finally, there's sight to the light holding this size of car build-up. Ahead of that is I-464. SAGE sees but also in her rear view on her heels is still the RED PRIUS blazing right up.

IN POV: Ahead through the traffic light leads straight into the intersection ramp. The light is RED.

WE pull back on SAGE. Thinking. Watching the cars sweep the road ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - SAME TIME

BOTELLO and ASSAILANT 3 watching through the windshield. They see the road of cars swiping ahead. Sweep...sweep. One after the other. ASSAILANT 3 sits the tablet at the mid console. Then reaches and produces a single bullet.

BOTELLO
Is she...

ASSAILANT 3
She won't do it. She's not that fucking crazy.

He injects it into a PEN GUN from out of his coat [she can't make that ramp]. He starts aiming it out the windshield. BOTELLO glances over (it's about time. DO IT!).

BACK TO:

INT. SAGE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Then, MASH on the gas SAGE hurls out into the traffic, her light still on red. The nuts on this lady. KHAREE hangs on there in the back.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

BOTELLO fires down on the gas after her car. He's so fast, the PEN GUN is off when firing. Splitting through the glass.

BACK TO:

INT/EXT. SAGE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

SAGE
KHAREE? HOLD ON BABY.

SAGE tilts her head with the heat of the moment; the bullet flies out her windshield inches from her head. Who cares, she ducks and swerves some cars.

The RED PRIUS is right on her bumper.

CUT TO:

INT. RED PRIUS - SAME TIME

BOTELLO right on her tail. They're shifting all over the place. ASSAILANT 3 turns out his window and sees a car coming right at them. It scares BOTELLO. Car horns fly. Tires screech. They miss it by a hair. But get side swipe by another car from nowhere. They spin out.

BACK TO:

INT. SAGE CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

They make the ramp. RED PRIUS is jammed in. She hits the wheel in excitement. KHAREE still in fright mode. His new clothes returned. He take to behind in the rear window.

IN POV: The RED PRIUS is wrecked and swerved out of position on the highway with other cars.

EXT. INTERSECTION LIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Mangled up driver's side door opens producing BOTELLO. He 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.

INT. MAN IN CAR - SAME TIME

Through his windshield, in slight pain. A man watches BOTELLO and ASSAILANT 3 flee inside the BLACK SUV.

INT. BLACK SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

ASSAILANT 3 tries to make out SAGE'S destination address on his tablet screen.

IN POV: It has a large crack. It’s ruined to shit.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

BELLINGHAM departing LOTUS'S office. Trailing the second level for his car. It's slightly dark. Quiet. One would think but apparently not vacant. He gets the feeling he's not alone. His footsteps become synchronized with another echoing behind his. When he stops, so does it.

His eyes take to both directions to the ramp above and below. Going for his keys, a phone alert rings. Checking...

IN POV: It's another account deposit notification from a seller [How the hell are they doing this?]. He silences his phone and shoves it back into his pocket.

BELLINGHAM passing PARKED cars [FEET ONLY shown], before landing side of a CADILLAC ATS. Using the fob. Lights flash; the door is unlocked.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He enters inside and shoves the key into the ignition. But…

INKEL (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 from that
(MORE)

INKEL (O.S) (CONT'D)
thingamajig you got there have such little poised effect on a fella.

BELLINGHAM simply turns over to his passenger.

Where a man, another seller; INKEL. He's checking the time on his diamond encrusted watch chain attached to his vest. Bearing a thick mustache with curled ends [BARK in another get up or disguise] about the same size of the bowtie he wears on his crisped suit. Another ancient patron is in his company.

INKEL (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 believeth cosmos of commerce.

BELLINGHAM
(fed up, fear gaining)
Look, I don't know who you are and I'm not interested in anything you or anyone else is selling. So please just leave my car.

INKEL
(has never been in a vehicle this up to date)
Well might I say it. Your mighty gruffy for a man with my presidents packed in his trousers.
(finds seat mirror, haven't seen anything like it)
The BELLINGHAM fellow I was acquainted with was indeed haughty as you. But an ardent man to describe once bartering was involved.

Spills. BEAT.

INKEL adjusts himself properly. Toying with the seat mirror.

INKEL (CONT. D)
Sorrow to myself having stricken less circumstantially.
(he folds mirror, BELLINGHAM eyeing him)

(MORE)

INKEL (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
That's good. The first point of contact is with the eyes. Remember that.
(can finally get a look at BELLINGHAM)
Speaking of, pardon my saying. But you, you have his.

Him who? [BELLINGHAM in his past life suppose. Or those of his past line].

BELLINGHAM turns to the mirror for a slight view of himself. Before turning back at this 'once upon a time' tradesman.

INKEL
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.

Such a character when explaining. He never sees BELLINGHAM slip his tie off. Gripping both ends (calm). As his point will be put across (INKEL should've never been in that car).

INKEL (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, INKEL (BARK) begins to curve his cheeks the same. BELLINGHAM has reached his decision.

INKEL (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
Ah, that'll be in large bills please.

Arrogant.

BELLINGHAM snatches him in his lap, there's a struggle, he places the tie around his neck until his eyes turn a cloudy white, the man never breathes or moves again. BELLINGHAM props him up back into the passenger seat [his eyes stay right on him]. His body slumped against the door.

BELLINGHAM [just his hand] releases the DOOR HANDLE.

EXT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

Open. BELLINGHAM goes in a rush. Pacing to below the ramp in need of a secluded exit. When once making it just about below. Out of the dimness produces a dark toned gentleman, in dark clothing, same age as BELLINGHAM, eyes beaming, almost scolding him same as a VICTIM would. They're toe to toe...eye to eye...

BELLINGHAM
(hard as he can make his tone)
NEED SOMETHING?

The VICTIM is silent. Eyes forward, stuck on BELLINGHAM (as he's been waiting for him). Placing a single step forward out of the dimness from the ramp and the single light above on the floor shuts completely out over him. BEAT. It's all that BELLINGHAM needs to see, rushing him back in the direction where he finds:

The other RAMP END to above and exit. Goes VICTIM 2 in dark attire as well. Just standing there, watching him.

BELLINGHAM dashes back to his vehicle, this is beyond weird, his head swinging at the one below the ramp and the one above. Standing there. Both eyeing him down. He goes for his keys out of his pocket. They drop to the floor. His right hand, thinking its sweat from the intensity. In fact, it's so pasty from the smudge off 'The Object'. His eyes go in both directions first. The men never move. Perhaps they're reminders same to the stain in his palm. On the ground he secures the keys, a car from the below ramp surpasses him. He turns and VICTIM 1 at the bottom ramp is now gone. He turns forward. VICTIM 2 at the above ramp is too.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He eases sluggishly inside beaming the passenger seat. Only to find...

IN POV: The seat is now empty. No seller. No BARK or INKEL. No curled mustache end. NO BODY. Only something on the seat. A photo.

BELLINGHAM'S face stings reaching in for it. It's in a severely worn condition, corner to corner, even in black and white. He tries his best to make out the picture.

IN POV: INKEL (BARK) is wearing the exact same clothes he remembers he was in. Next to him stands a man with BELLINGHAM'S face behind acres of land. In 18th century appeal.

BELLINGHAM eyes spring sharp on it, his minds blunders from the picture, 'where does it come from?':

INKEL (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 the window. Tires skirt off from the parking space.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

ABOVE the ramp, the vehicle races to the entry. The stick is up and he just goes right through. Before he can hit the street. Random cars present, honk at such audacity.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Slam on the brakes. BELLINGHAM'S wavering in quiver when an ordinary Black male [NOT VICTIM 1, 2] he nearly hits passing the front of his vehicle there on a 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.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING

MALCOLM seated at his desk trying every number code he can think of to unlock DAWN'S phone. Until entering her birthday...success.

In POV: He opens her 'RECENT CALLS'. Strolls and finds LOTUS number listed. Digging deeper. He opens her explorer. Checks her `Google' history and her actual history. Again, nothing interesting shows.

MALCOLM scrambling, frustrated, desperate for an angle staring on the screen until gaining a victory.

IN POV: He opens her CHROME (app). He checks her `Google' history and finds a name...`Durian BELLINGHAM'.

Thinking. He's never heard that name before. He clicks on.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - EVENING

LOTUS cradling his fist at his lips. Clenched. Thinking about something he rather didn't (MALCOLM, a fine soldier, a star pupil he just gave away to BELLINGHAM like a stick of gum). It stays on him so much he can't take his eyes away from the phone right in front him. If only he could do something (call him, warn him, tell him to get his family out of town quick and fast).

BACK TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

MALCOLM focused into his phone screen.

IN POV: Scrolling, he finds trade articles on BELLINGHAM as `the youngest billion-dollar collector in the world' at 39 years old. His parents' origin being in LEIRIA (city in PORTUGAL). He is anticipated by fortune five platforms to being on path as the first QUADRILLIONAIRE. Scroll. Another 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."*

Pull back, MALCOLM locks in on the term "SEA treasures". His thoughts weighing. Ad-libs to himself: "What Does That Mean?"

IN POV: His finger clicks GOOGLE Maps. Types in MILLS RESIDENCE address.

MALCOLM ponders there staring before the screen.

GOOGLE [IN POV]: Typing in the search engine `water docks'. Up comes the HANGAR that is less than a half of mile from their home. Exiting from the app.

MALCOLM eyeing LOTUS number on DAWN'S call log. Knowing if BELLINGHAM gotten to her. LOTUS had to have brokered it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - SAME TIME

Uneasy, adjusting there at his desk. Knowing things can't be changed. What's done is done. Eyeing his phone still before him. Incoming call from DAWN waves the screen.

LOTUS
(answers, uneasy)
Shoot I just about gave up on you. Figure our friend made you a dearly departed instead young lady.

He spills. No correspondence in return. Slight breathing from the other side.

LOTUS (CONT. D)
You there...hello?

Picks up something wrong.

BACK TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

MALCOLM heard and now knows. LOTUS is in BELLINGHAM'S pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - SAME TIME

Call still going. LOTUS'S face drawing big mistake. He ends it. Thinking; MALCOLM knows for sure about him now. His sentimentalism must be severed; what's done is done.

INT. LOCAL POLICE - CHIEF OFFICE - EVENING

In uniform, the local POLICE CHIEF, early 60's, good ole boy, having a laugh with a fellow badge, when a call comes through from...

POLICE CHIEF
(excited, then taken a back)
LOTUS, come to rub your blue crab empire you and your guys stocked in on me this year. Asshole...wait what...you don't say...hang on I got it.

Clutches his radio.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
All right, all units. I repeat ALL UNITS.

QUICK CUTS TO UNITS

-- BADGES ON DUTY AT THEIR DESKS CONVERSING LISTEN ON.

-- PATROLMEN ON DUTY IN THEIR VEHICLES ADHERING TO THE CALL.

-- CALL AIRING IN THE PARKING LOT TO COPS HEADING OUT.

END

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
(over each cut)
I have a 10-16 in progress. Suspect described as Black male, mid 30's, six foot one, 205 pounds, said to be armed and dangerous. Again, said to be armed and dangerous.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - SAME TIME

A BADGE on patrol just cruising a neighborly area [likely same block as the MILLS RESIDENCE]. Picks up radio.

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

BACK TO:

INT. LOTUS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Contemplating. Alone in his office. Just him and his thoughts. Ignores his phone. He didn't want to do it. But LOTUS must sink away from guilt and lifts his head justified. Its kill or be killed.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL POLICE - CHIEF OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

POLICE CHIEF
(Speaking into radio)
MALCOLM MILLS...I repeat, suspect's name is MALCOLM MILLS. He is armed and dangerous.

PATROL MAN (O.S.)
10-4 sir in pursuit.

EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Clearing a hard U-TURN in traffic. The squad vehicle's lights and sirens are seen whirling while speeding up the street.

BACK TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MALCOLM is reading the last text message sent from LOTUS to DAWN'S phone: "*Into ifika ekugcinei".* A rasp goes heard. MALCOLM'S senses alert back at his door; closed. Second guessing he returns back into the phone.

IN POV: Skimming over more google links associated with BELLINGHAM. Even clicking on his TWITTER account.

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

COP 1 eases from the kitchen silently. Gun in hand meeting COP 2 in the hallway. He’s cracking bedroom doors open with the tip of his gun as quiet as he can. Their eyes join, steered at the last closed door stretched down the hallway ahead.

BACK TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MALCOLM dawned before the light of the screen at his desk clicking away, hunching on LOTUS while searching.

IN POV: Clicking on the local SHERIFF'S official site. He finds a call in progress, with his description, maybe his name too. Listing him as *"armed and dangerous".*

[we just see his hands] He softly slides opens a DRAWER at the desk he’s seated to. Flips the bottom in reverse. Hands are clutching inside. Out he brings an assault rifle handling it expertly.

Then a GLOCK nine-millimeter he looks on, he checks the magazine.

[hands only] DRAWER 2, from it he produces TWO-wheel rotor sized looking discs.

MALCOLM eyes jump stern and prepared at his bedroom door [he knows they're out there and on LOTUS call. BADGE or MINION].

CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

COP 1 meets eyes with COP 2 [quiet, now at the door]. COP 1 motions slightly with his head as a signal for COP 2 to make the move inside.

BOOM! They enter the room like S.W.A.T [NO apprehensions intended].

COP 2 through the door, aiming inside. Shifts LEFT then RIGHT. MALCOLM isn't anywhere in sight, just his laptop still up. COP 1, tool up, searching the rest of the room. Finding DAWN'S phone by the laptop. COP 2 makes a call.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The BUYERS (except BELLINGHAM) all are eating Italian takeout. Watching a movie. ['American Animals' or something about collectibles]. Volume loud. They want the theater feel.

SCHUPELZ PHONE rings. FERRERA'S picks it up and hands it to DE SOTA. He gives it to BOTELLO [bandaged up following the collision]. He passes it to SCHUPELZ who has a mouth of pasta he's munching down on. He sees the caller and goes into the KITCHEN.

SCHUPELZ
Go ahead.

Chewing.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

COP 2 analyzes the desk area with the laptop and DAWN'S phone. COP 1 in the b.g. searching around still.

COP 2
All except a laptop and a phone.
Clean. No wife, no kid.

Opens phone.

IN POV: The backdrop has a picture of DAWN.

COP 1 checks the drawer, then the bed. Finishes looking over in the 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 - CONTINUOUS

SCHUPELZ
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 from behind him, grabs the phone from him. SCHUPELZ turns, off-guard. Its BELLINGHAM, he's unlike himself, frantic boiling on him and good, he speaks.

BELLINGHAM
(into the phone)
GET OUT OF THAT HOUSE NOW!

BACK TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

COP 2 checks the bed [better than COP 1]. He flips the sheet over.

COP 2
(doesn't recognize voice)
What was that?

Searching some.

COP 1 bends down after his foot makes contact. He bends over and finds the shirt on the floor. Hesitant. He touches it.

CUT TO:

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

BELLINGHAM standing there with the phone before him [on speaker].

COP 2 (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. Clearly, his authority isn't under that roof or circle.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

FERRERA lowers the volume on the television, aiming eyes with the rest of the BUYERS at the kitchen listening on concerned.

BACK TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

COP 1 is on the floor. He looks over his shoulder at COP 2 knowing what's under the shirt isn't good at all. Chilled, uneasy, doesn't want to move the shirt. COP 2 skimming the bed. He tilts the sheets over. Revealing two wheel looking rotors. They’re land mines.

COP 1 gazing on the shirt. He removes it. There's another mine. His face turn from fear to shudder.

BELLINGHAM (O.S)
HELLO!

Shouting into the phone. COP 2 stiff, deciding what to do.

COP 1 sees it. Looks at the door. Waits. Then he takes off for it. COP 2 turns to him at the same time.

COP 2
NO, DON'T--

Screaming.

Movement detected from the mine. BOOM! The room erupts.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Smash through windows to the LIVING ROOM and BACK DOOR. MALCOLM tosses more mines inside.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

He breaks a rock through the driver's side window of the

patrol car. Glass shatters as he releases the lock from inside.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

CRASH sounds of demolishment culminate before the front of the HOUSE [living room mine]. Pieces fling everywhere.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

MALCOLM slams the door close. He flashes a knife [to start the car]. But finds the fob on the dash in front of him. Lucky him.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. MALCOLM'S HOME/PATROL CAR - SAME TIME

BOOM! Goes the rear of the house [back door mine]. Glass implodes; every window is blasted out. Particles go flying.

MALCOLM ducks for cover inside the vehicle. Starts the car and hauls ass out of there with the house an inferno left behind.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

BELLINGHAM ends the call. SCHUPELZ can tell by his reaction, the two pawn's outcome. BELLINGHAM mind is scrambling.

SCHUPELZ
Shit.

BELLINGHAM immersed to his thoughts goes to the LIVING ROOM.

INT. BELLINGHAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cold. Removed. BELLINGHAM standing center to the room. Right before the BUYERS. He's blank in the eyes to what just occurred and more we know that's bothering him.

VIENNA
You okay Belly?

Worried. The television is shut off. He doesn't respond.

The others too, looking on him. SCHUPELZ paces behind, holding his back up to the wall. BELLINGHAM has the floor.

BELLINGHAM
(not looking at them)
FERRERA, how many hours until the hauler?

FERRERA
12, why? Something happened BELLY?

Sees it written all over his face. His demeanor.

SCHUPELZ
Two men got canceled a minute ago.

DE SOTA
That makes it four. Don't say. Only one place they could've been (MILLS).

Sharing food with VIENNA and BOTELLO.

BELLINGHAM, tranced to panic, goes to the window, spreading the blinds. FERRERA watching him closely. Hinting something had to have happened prior to him returning to the house.

VIENNA
(busy eating)
One person responsible (MALCOLM MILLS).

Sending the dish he had in exchange with DE SOTA and BOTELLO.

BELLINGHAM POV: The same two VICTIMS from the parking garage are hanging there. Not far from outside his window as if there's unfinished business to be done. Pedestrians passing on the street.

He flinches backwards from the window, the second their eyes connect to his. BEAT.

Everyone sees.

Dark smudgy prints are left on the blinds.

BELLINGHAM to himself, his face as if he's seen enough weird shit for a lifetime [ever since acquiring 'The Object', 'The Antique']. Only one thing left to do at this point.

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

Heading for the kitchen.

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

INT. KITCHEN SINK - CONTINUOUS

Faucet turns on, water runs, dish liquid BELLINGHAM smears over his hands. Scrubbing each one roughly.

His face is clenching TIGHTER and TIGHTER [at us: we have a sense of what's happening, what it's doing to him, but yet to see the full results] while cleaning his hands. INTENSE.

INT. BELLINGHAM RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Thinking about what to do. DE SOTA, VIENNA, and BOTELLO eating still. FERRERA inching before the blinds. SCHUPELZ watching her. She presses a finger on to them. Then she sees the dark smudge (she doesn't dare touch it) for herself.

BOTELLO
(chewing, wiping his mouth with a napkin)
Mean road to follow.

SCHUPELZ
(thinking on their next move)
What's that?

BOTELLO
(turns at SCHUPELZ, metaphorically speaking)
Found a big chest in an attic...but lost the key.

Taking a bite. FERRERA looks over at BOTELLO. Then SCHUPELZ while grinding the smudge between a napkin she swiped.

EXT/INT. RESIDENT/MICAIAH'S HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING

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

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

SAGE
Hello!

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

SAGE
(he didn't remember the signal)
...I'm not at my folks.

MALCOLM
(now he remembers)
...shit.

INT. MALCOLM'S CAR - LAST NIGHT

MALCOLM in the front seat. Staring before the motel room.

IN POV: He watches the lamp light at the window flicker (twice before going out). It's a family signal code for her TRUE destination tomorrow.

We watch, with his eyes, MALCOLM counts both flickers to himself.

EXT/INT. RESIDENT/MICAIAH'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MALCOLM (CONT. D)
Two flashes for your folks. Three for out of town.

Standing before the lawn of the resident's property now.

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?

MALCOLM
I think I know who's following us and I'm pretty sure it has something to do with what KHAREE might've seen.

SAGE
(Re: FORMAL WOMAN)
I knew it. What did he see?

Concerned.

The glow of the television reflects off a pretty, brown glowing skin female face (MICAIAH), while she shoves popcorn in her mouth.

REPORTER (O.S)
Breaking news. A man who's armed and dangerous is now at large...

Airing from the television.

MALCOLM
It has something to do with this billionaire DURI--

SAGE (O.S)
(cuts him off)
MALCOLM?

MALCOLM
What?

Hears alarm in her voice.

SAGE'S eyes are glued at the screen glowing the room. Grabs remote. Exceeds volume [wants MALCOLM to hear over the phone].

REPORTER (O.S)
The man is wanted on suspicion of murder. He's about six foot, 190 pounds, low haircut, African American, and currently serves as a military lieutenant. Here's a most recent picture of the man in the photo. He’s identified as MALCOLM MILLS.

ON SCREEN: The reporter speaks from the news panel. A recent identification photo drops on the screen of MALCOLM.

MALCOLM (O.S)
(Hears some of it over the phone)
SAGE?

SAGE and MICAIAH eyes are glued to the screen.

REPORTER
(ON SCREEN:)
If anyone sees this man.
(photo of MALCOLM before the screen)
MALCOLM MILLS. Do not hesitate to contact the police. I repeat. DO NOT HESITATE IN CALLING THE AUTHORITIES. He may be armed and dangerous.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - NIGHT

A Black SUV circles around a glorious mass premises to a towering home who's exterior aches in superior stone. Stadium lights reign down on magnificent toys (cars) owned once by the world's most infamous men [Al Capone's Green 1928 Bulletproof Cadillac, Pablo Escobar's 1974 Porsche 911 Carrera RSR, OG Turtle's 1964 Golden Auburn Chevrolet Impala].

Acres of lawn the size of a football field fills the pitch-dark outlying surface surrounded by trees around the entire fortress. Showing what the capacity elegant wealth can buy. Completing with its automated iron barred entry gate against any TRESPASSERS.

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

DE SOTA weary cruising at the wheel under BELLINGHAM'S enforced request. As the other BUYERS growing unfit to his newfound agitation. BELLINGHAM hawking any movement from his window [wearing gloves as protection from his hand stain]. He doesn't wish to enter inside the mansion until he's for sure they're the only ones on the property.

BELLINGHAM
(viewing every nook and cranny to the area)
Circle it again.

He directs. The BUYERS can't take it, wanting to hold their tongues.

SCHUPELZ
This is the fifth time BELLY. How long are we going to keep at this?

BELLINGHAM
(not on the edge, but seeping...)
Until I'm satisfied. You have a problem, MR. SCHUPELZ, by all means the gate has one way in and the other out at leisure to your choosing once we're finished.

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

BELLINGHAM
JUST...

Fury filled eyes looking back at him.

SCHUPELZ holds back. Wants nothing to do with him at this time.

BOTELLO
You know exterior presence doesn't decide the absence of any activity.

FERRERA
DURIAN?

Turning around at him empathetic.

Meanwhile, BELLINGHAM continues scrambling his stares at the window coming up to the backyard field submerged in darkness. Hoping to catch something [the two VICTIMS from earlier]. He doesn't acknowledge FERRERA. She turns back around unnoticed, locking eyes with VIENNA and BOTELLO in a failed attempt.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - CONTINUOUS

The Black SUV after circling the grounds. Return once more to the FRONT of the property. Yield, before the stone path that leads to the FRONT DOOR.

BELLINGHAM (O.S)
AGAIN!

The Black SUV slowly accelerates around it all.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

LOTUS pacing to his vehicle. No ominous VICTIMS scoping on level ramps around. Although his feelings of the day are and yes about MALCOLM worn on his chest (plaguing his mind).

INT. LOTUS'S VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER - CONTINUOUS

He props himself into the driver's seat. He shifts his things over to the passenger side. One last thing remains in his lap. He takes a good look at it, grappling with it in his hands.

The `Atlas of Language' book. Raising his head in thought to himself. He grabs his jacket from the backseat. Pulling something from the pocket.

IN POV: He goes to his contacts in his phone, strolls down until he finds the name `Lt. Malcolm Mills'. He starts to call but abandons.

We pull back. Maybe things have went too far to alleviate. A hard pill to swallow.

[CAR SWIPING SOUNDS PAST FROM GARAGE OR ELSEWHERE]

EXT. SIDE ROAD - MOVING - NIGHT

PATROLMAN pacing careful, weapon up, on the phone with the POLICE CHIEF. Cars shooting by like cannons there on the interstate moments at a time.

PATROLMAN
(Pacing steady)
Admiral, I think I got him.

INTERCUT PATROLMAN/POLICE CHIEF IN OFFICE

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

PATROLMAN
Sir, I'm already inching the car,
weapon out.
(At the rear of the car)
I came across the cruiser on route 190
heading to GREENBRIAR.
(FLASHLIGHT: casts over the rear
plates)

Same plate numbers and all. How do you want me to proceed on the fucker?

POLICE CHIEF
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 VIRGINIA land a job as any badge for the rest of your days. On a shield or shitty name plate at some `In and Out Burger'. Get me?

PATROLMAN
(gentler)
What do you want, sir?

Reaching the driver's side.

POLICE CHIEF
I want him disarmed, in cuffs, then wait for backup. Is that clear? Now what do you see?

PATROLMAN with his gun in full aim turns before the vehicle's driver's side window. He lowers his weapon, uses his flashlight, shining through it. He releases the DOOR, it's unlock. Light searching around inside. The car is empty.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The BUYERS enter through the door. Lights flicked on. BELLINGHAM last. He shuts the door behind him intensely. Engage locks immediate. FERRERA can't take his sudden ways (all new to her).

SCHUPELZ
What is this now?

Frustrated. They gather.

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. Here's a set of keys.

Slaps in his hand.

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

BELLINGHAM
It's only for two hours. You see anything suspicious. ANYTHING. 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 gets right in his face.

BELLINGHAM
(drill sergeant like)
MOVE IT!

He doesn't like it. But gets the deal and exits.

FERRERA is taken back. Almost fearful of BELLINGHAM herself.

BELLINGHAM (CONT'D)
(gathering himself, there's some serious freaky shit going on)
DE SOTA, you're on rear door detail. Interior and out. I need your eyes on every window. From side to back. I don't want any fucking body getting passed you.

Heads inside kitchen (doesn't want to be yelled at).

BOTELLO
(Casting eyes above and around the fortress)
This place is big enough for the pope and BASQUIAT portraits but there is no surveillance system.

Admiring an expensive portrait on his wall.

BELLINGHAM
(looking for a flashlight)
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 doors.

He finds it and gives it to BOTELLO.

BOTELLO
You gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

BELLINGHAM
(gets in his face, shouting)
DOES IT LOOK LIKE IM FUCKIN WINDING YOUR BACK.
(BOTELLO: this motherfucker crazy)
NOW, I NEED YOU TO MAKE SURE BOTH OF THE MAIN AREA DOORS DOWNSTAIRS ARE LOCKED. TIGHT, UNDERSTAND?

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 (CONT'D)
(at FERRERA)
AND WHY THE HELL ARE YOU STILL ARRANGING BUYER MEETINGS?

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

She isn't. He reconsiders.

SCHUPELZ
What's my task? You take the office upstairs, face deep in a mountain of coke. Waiting for the hit squad.

Joking. He cackles. BELLINGHAM jittery, not amused.

SCHUPELZ (CONT. D)
What about the kid and parents BELLY?

On a more serious note.

FERRERA
(SCHUPELZ is right)
You said it yourself. We have to deal with this before the morning.

SCHUPELZ
That's right.

PHONE RINGS.

BELLINGHAM pulls out his phone, it's the one ringing. It's from LOTUS. He ignores SCHUPELZ. SCHUPELZ catches it.

SCHUPELZ (CONT'D)
No. NOW!

Aggressive.

PHONE RINGS!

BELLINGHAM gives him an authority look.

BELLINGHAM
(into phone)
Go ahead.

LOTUS (O.S)
How's the other side been treating you kiddo?

BELLINGHAM
(not in any mood)
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 don't indulge in secondary.

LOTUS (O.S)
Well, then there's no better time than now.

Ends call. SCHUPELZ and FERRERA locked in on him.

SCHUPELZ
Who was that?

At BELLINGHAM.

FERRERA
What happened?

At BELLINGHAM.

BELLINGHAM
(pacing, his back turned to them)
...Ferry do me a favor?

Drifting over his thoughts. She listens.

BELLINGHAM (CONT. D)
Please tell me if you still have the numbers of our friends from earlier.

Turns before her. Desperate but covert.

FERRERA (O.S)
FRAZAO and GOULART...

Scrimmaging for them in her phone.

BELLINGHAM
You employ to them I'm willing to sell the antique back...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? It could be priceless.

Furious.

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

IN POV: Strolling. Finds GOULART'S number in her ‘RECENT CALLS’.

EXT. DOCK - SOMEWHERE IN ASIA - DAY

FRAZAO is off a dock in Southeast ASIA [separate hours]. He is shaking hands with a wealthy looking man he just finished a business deal with. A deposit alert comes through his phone. Before splitting back up the dock [we follow him]. While walking, he vanishes behind a very large, blanketed object [another 'antique', another vessel]. Before coming out on the other side. He enters the grass arriving at a vehicle [GOULART inside].

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

GOULART phone rings seated in the passenger. Looking on the number. FRAZAO enters and he starts the car.

FRAZAO
(In Portuguese)
Who is it?

Driving.

GOULART waving his hand [nothing it's nobody] during the call.

GOULART
(In Portuguese)
Guess who.

Looks over at him while driving.

FRAZAO
(In Portuguese)
I got dirt on mines after shaking that chink's hand.

GOULART
(In Portuguese)
Gonna smudge.

Eyes forward. No care in the world. They could have multiple stains. They’re marathon men for selling antiques.

QUICK FLASH OF KHAREE SOMEWHERE (IN 'THE OBJECT')

--KHAREE submerged in darkness, creaky noises all around.

--He's panting. From the shadows. It shoots at him. From behind.

--He turns. Meeting whatever it is right at him. In the eye.

END

SAGE (O.S)
I'm surprised you made it here. Did you see the news?

MALCOLM (O.S)
I did. How is he?

INT. MICAIAH'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

IN POV: Cracked door opens, shedding a crack of light from the hallway inside on KHAREE there asleep in a bed.

Pull back to SAGE AND MALCOLM looking on him. Protective. At peace. MALCOLM closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two stand across from one another. With all that's happening. It now has settled them calmer from before. The both of them are now more open to each other.

MALCOLM
Thank you!

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

MALCOLM
No, I mean for remembering the alternative location.

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

Chuckles.

MALCOLM chuckles.

SAGE (CONT. D)
Thank you. For being here for him. For us the way you are. I mean that MALCOLM, really.
(MALCOLM: something bothering him)
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.

EXT. REAR OF BELLINGHAM ESTATES - NIGHT

The mass sized field under darkness is clear of any person or activity.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DE SOTA dull and fatigued monitoring nothing from the rear door window.

INT. 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. One door secured. One more to go.

He then struggles in the dark in an area with stacks and stacks of boxes and crates have been for who knows how long. He finds the SECOND DOOR, it’s padlocked too. But stumbles on his way back to the stairs into a large crate hitting his foot, halting him.

BOTELLO
(to himself)

(MORE)

BOTELLO (CONT'D)
SHIT, BELLY you and your fuckin' junk.
Up yours.

Hopping in pain. He steps on what sounds to be a chain. This isn't an ordinary crate. He flashes the light on the ancient trunk bonded to the thick metal snakes. He spots the piece of broken rusted chain; his foot had to have hit. BOTELLO holding the flashlight at it...getting closer.

IN POV: The light casts against some writing to the hunk of old chained wood: "Ship To Horlicks University Via Julia Carpenter".

ARTIC EXPEDITION

JUNE 19, 1834

BOTELLO turns away from it in disinterest to back upstairs.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

IN POV: Scroll explorer page on PHONE. There's a summary of `schizoaffective disorder' over the screen.

Pull back to FERRERA eyes fixed in across the room. There's BELLINGHAM far from himself [as if he's waiting for something or he could be praying it doesn't show]. SCHUPELZ drift off to sleep there at the couch before her.

MALCOLM (O.S)
Some things money isn't meant to buy.

A whisper.

We're right up on BELLINGHAM standing at the threshold of the living room. Beaten down ever since his acquiring to 'The Object'. And at this point, he's not sure is it the problem or himself that has him spun on his ass. Stalking his steps over the room and constantly checking outside the window. A DEPOSIT alert sounds from his phone yet again.

He and FERRERA eyes click upon hearing.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DE SOTA checks the refrigerator filled with no food or drink. Slamming it back. He's confined there in the KITCHEN on BELLINGHAM'S folly. Peeping at his watch for the time.

IN POV: Time shows at his ROLEX DEEPSEA watch; 9:36 PM.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FERRERA feet tucked to her on the couch. Her angst eyes peel from her phone screen to before her [BELLINGHAM]. Reading more possibly to his rapidly developing symptoms.

SCHUPELZ awakens from sleep, in a single chair, he realizes unfortunately for him this all isn't a dream. Looking across the room: BELLINGHAM removes his gloves. Hands are spotless; thank goodness. He goes to his pocket.

IN POV: BELLINGHAM scrolls his phone; he sees hundreds of emails for 'The Object' he's never opened. Then a new one from another BUYER, hoping to meet with him; only one person springs to his mind (BARK). THAT'S IT. HE'S HAD IT.

HE DROPS HIS PHONE AND SMASHES HIS FOOT OVER IT VOLATILE. THEN SNATCHES FERRERA'S FROM HER HAND AND STOMPS IT TO NOTHING TOO.

SCHUPELZ looks natural. He could give a damn about any of them at this point. He only wants 'The Object' sold.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

DE SOTA minds the windows then tilts in direction of the LIVING ROOM hearing the commotion.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FERRERA mouth is dropped. Watching BELLINGHAM stomp his and her phone to shit.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BOTELLO passing the READING ROOM and catches some of BELLINGHAM'S mad raving stomping in the LIVING ROOM. He just nods his head to shame. Ad-lib: "No locking that crate now" [metaphor].

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BELLINGHAM head lifts. He moves to the window on impulse. He's heard something. FERRERA moves in on what's left of her phone at the floor. Turning eyes at BELLINGHAM pacing to the window on what could possibly possess him to do such a act.

BOTELLO enters the room. So does DE SOTA. SCHUPELZ stands. All the BUYERS are now joined together. They all look on him.

BELLINGHAM pushes the curtain away for viewing. Whatever has stricken him has worsened. It has completely taken over him.

EXT. REAR OF THE HOUSE - SAME TIME

At a far distance at the rear of the house. From the shadow of the trees. Marching forward on his property in all Black attire the same as earlier. It's VICTIM 2 approaching the house.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BELLINGHAM eyes widen tilting from the window as if knew it. No way you can hold them off. They've found him. Now he must go with them. But to his sake, it won't be willing or pretty.

BELLINGHAM
(only WE can hear)
ARE YOU FUCKIN KIDDIN' ME.

Beat. Pacing in shock backwards out of the room he goes, past them ALL. He has to know for sure, is his eyes really lying to him [no thought to his mind].

SCHUPELZ
BELLY WHATS WRONG?

He shouts.

FERRERA
SOMEONE'S HERE?

Straight to the same window she and BOTELLO goes. Maybe they can prevent. It's not anything they think or anyone for that matter. Unless you've touched...

SCHUPELZ
(at DE SOTA)
Call VIENNA. NOW!

SCHUPELZ apprehensively merges over to the window with FERRERA and BOTELLO. Peeking out.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - LIVING ROOM WINDOW - SAME TIME

FERRERA, BOTELLO, SCHUPELZ eyes are all over to spot danger on the property.

THEIR POV: There's nothing. They don't see anything.

They leave the window in pursuit of BELLINGHAM.

The three pass by DE SOTA there to his phone. Finally, he finds the number and calls VIENNA.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

To BELLINGHAM, this can't be true, he checks each window. Spiraling out [FUTURE - RUNNIN' OUTTA TIME plays].

FERRERA and SCHUPELZ produce in the kitchen, witnessing as if it's the first of its kind.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

DE SOTA pacing to BOTELLO, still at the window, phone on speaker, it just rings in his hands.

DE SOTA
Something's wrong. He's not answering.

BOTELLO leaves window [he doesn't see anything].

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN/ REAR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BOTELLO appears behind FERRERA and SCHUPELZ. DE SOTA is last. Standing there, they're all watching BELLINGHAM having an anxiety attack; he paces odd and jittery all over the kitchen after what he saw in the LIVING ROOM window. <u>They're coming and that's all there is to it.</u> He figures.

BELLINGHAM
(repeating to himself)
This can't be happening. This can't be happening. This can't be happening.
(eyeing the window. Dreading the moment, he sees)

No-no-no-no.

Feeling cornered, he turns to the KITCHEN window, begins peeping through.

The large field out back within the darkness, from the woods it surrounds, surfaces three more VICTIMS (two are the same from the garage with an additional. They aren't the living DEAD. But are present for a mission against BELLINGHAM. Entering from separate directions. All approaching a normal pace to the house.

BELLINGHAM'S face crumbling disturbed; he begins back peddling from that window, shooting to the next, as if there's a difference.

FERRERA, BOTELLO, SCHUPELZ, and DE SOTA watch him [days before the transaction of 'The Object' you couldn't tell them their valiant leader would be this displaced, this disgruntled].

BELLINGHAM (CONT'D)
(Moving)
THIS IS WRONG.

THIS IS NOT HAPPENING.

THIS CANT BE HAPPENING.

His head trembles. Nodding side to side.

He pulls away the curtains to the REAR DOOR. Gasping hard, his eyes stretch wide boiling in fright. WE PAN with his view outside the window.

Out from the woods covering the acres of his backyard at least a dozen of more VICTIMS [BLACK men and women in dark attire, mood bleakest] produce on to BELLINGHAM'S grounds. Gathering in normal pace in unison to the house.

BELLINGHAM starts backing out the KITCHEN. He can't take it; he can't stay there. <u>Don't you see, they've been INFILTRATED.</u>

BELLINGHAM (CONT'D)
DE SOTA? Keys.

Eyes locked in at the window. Stretching his fear.

As quickest DE SOTA brings out the keys. BELLINGHAM snatches them and jets passed the BUYERS to the FRONT DOOR.

SCHUPELZ merges to the REAR DOOR window to see for himself.

BELLINGHAM to the door at the foyer. So nervous. His hands scramble against the knob, slipping from it for a sec. Then he frees it the next. FERRERA, BOTELLO, and DE SOTA right behind the smoke he leaves once he's out the house like a bad light. FERRERA turns to SCHUPELZ at the REAR DOOR window back in the KITCHEN. SCHUPELZ turns before her with an empty look, like he sees nothing contrast to BELLINGHAM'S fit (or does he? We don't know).

BOTELLO and DE SOTA at the door, no sense in chasing a man out of his complete mind. FERRERA about to follow but finds more of that dark smudge residue at the doorknob [from BELLINGHAM'S palm]. CLOSE ON her eyes inspecting...

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - MOMENTS LATER

Shouting at the top of his lungs.

BELLINGHAM
MR. VIENNA! MR. VIENNA!

Stepping from the door to a few inches away. What he sees cancels his alarm to VIENNA at the gate.

BELLINGHAM becomes face to face, inches away from these people. These VICTIMS. MALE, FEMALE, TEEN, ELDER. Right there, standing before his door, about two dozen or more. Almost as they've been waiting, waiting for him. They're removed expression, huddled as one, locked at him in target. Meanwhile, BELLINGHAM eyes count as many of the dark faces as he can (well over 30).

The people remain stiff in his company almost seeming as they have BELLINGHAM right where they want him.

BELLINGHAM reads the tension. His eyes shoot across to the truck about ten yards away. They trade off for a second before he takes off toward it.

The VICTIMS charge after him, right on his heels, then more from the fields are racing on foot in direction FOR HIM. It must be hundreds of people WE SEE NOW.

BELLINGHAM gets to the driver's side.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

He's gets inside, locks all doors (click is all that is heard).

HE PRESSES THE 'ENGINE START BUTTON'.

They plant before the truck. Banging and pulling at the door. The aggression at their eyes isn't monstruous, just personal.

EXT/INT. SUV - MOVING - SAME TIME

Tires screech away. With thousands of the VICTIMS chasing after the truck. With so many, he's anxious, close to some hits. The truck stops before a drove of them on his tail. The truck wheels spin, heading away from as many VICTIMS he can dodge for the entry gate.

Blasting on the gas, swinging the steering wheel steady. TIGHT.

BELLINGHAM
(change of heart on purchase)
YOU CAN HAVE IT!

At the top of his lungs.

Speeding for the gate. It's automatic and must be operated for exit. Too late he's close. BELLINGHAM braces for impact.

CRASH! Through the gate the truck goes flying through. Sparks and electricity is everywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Down the route amongst the dark trail of trees shared on each side. After some distance. BELLINGHAM peeps in his rear view.

IN POV: Its complete darkness.

Ahead coming up. Headlights beaming them. Signaling with their hands for him to stop in the middle of the path he spots all the BUYERS.

EXT. ROUTE PATH - SAME TIME

Skirt. Hard stop. Landing right before them. He exits the truck. He keeps his 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.

FERRERA
Belly you have to stop this.

DE SOTA
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 at the dark hallow down the path. He feels it.

FERRERA
Trust us. You don't want to do this.

Advising.

BELLINGHAM hears cracks from the shadows; he peeps as they come from behind the truck.

BOTELLO
Listen to her. Listen to us.

Pouring out.

BELLINGHAM spots people amongst the shadows, the rear brake light glowing them. 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. BELLINGHAM shoves him away and flees.

DE SOTA
GET HIM...

BELLINGHAM gets to the driver's door. The BUYERS shouting his name, some of the VICTIMS pour in at the far end of the truck. He's blocked in from them and the BUYERS on both sides. He beats them all back inside the truck, again. That only happens in a dream. They're clawing at him.

The pounding from outside goes on once he gets the door closed.

INT. SUV - SAME TIME

Seated. Panting. A red glow dawning the moment. What is this? BELLINGHAM's head shifts at the passenger seat over and finds MCADOO there smirking him up. How mighty the tables had fallen.

MCADOO
(remember this: Shows his marked hand by 'The Object')
In Remote.

BELLINGHAM turns in shock. He knows now this stems from touching 'The Object'. In fact, he always did. No one like him would dare face it. But he has no choice now, as it's now chosen him.

Blast through the truck. From every angle (excluding the passenger side). Glass rupturing. Cadence to 'the walking dead'. It's BELLINGHAM they ALL want. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. He turns back at MCADOO in the passenger seat.

IN POV: An aura of red and blue lighting glowing MCADOO as he swoops at him in attack, in revenge.

BELLINGHAM'S eyes go into chiller. Sinking backwards with hands from MCADOO, the VICTIMS, and the BUYERS clinging at him. His end...

FADE TO:

INT. 00'S FABRIC OF OUR LIVES OFFICE COMMERCIAL

A nostalgic early 2000's COTTON brand commercial showing people dancing in an OFFICE setting harmonic under a song.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - NIGHT

The BUYERS look on BELLINGHAM mumbling incoherent statements

in bunches and lunacy. His head plants against a bed stretcher. He's paler than pale. Covered in sweat. Medic lights skim across his face. His hair is frenzied, his pupils dilated, eyes rocketing from his skull into the nutso stratosphere. Medics haul around him. This isn't our buku rockstar trader from the start of things...not anymore.

BELLINGHAM
(at his associates)
I'VE SEEN THEM. THEY CAME TO ME. THEY'LL COME TO YOU TOO SCHUPELZ.
(SCHUPELZ feeling for his friend at his state)
IT'S PASSED DOWN TO YOU, ME, EVERYONE. YOU CAN'T EVADE IT. THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU. DON'T PUT YOUR HANDS ON IT, IT MARKS YOU, IT FEELS YOU, IT BECOMES YOU
(shows the hand where he touched 'The Object' [no mark or stain])
SEE!!! I'VE SEEN IT... I've seen it.

Deranged conviction in his creepy tone.

MEDIC
Hold him down.

Pressing hands on his chest.

MEDIC 2
I got his arm.

Clutching his arm.

MEDIC 3
CLAMP HIM DOWN, NOW!

Ominous.

TIGHT ON HIS CHEST, WAIST, LEGS they're ALL clamped down by the MEDICS [we ONLY see those areas].

MEDIC 4
(forcing the BUYERS towards the FRONT DOOR)
We need you all back please.

VIENNA closer than the others. BELLINGHAM'S HAND breaks free and squeezes his shirt. He feels and pulls away in panic [Off-Script: BELLINGHAM still speaking out his mind].

FERRERA, BOTELLO, DE SOTA, and SCHUPELZ stand there. Looking on BELLINGHAM there in his fit. They ALL watch in silence, his arm is restored in restraint, and he's hauled away.

MEDIC
Prep him out.

Only see their hands tending to BELLINGHAM on the stretcher.

BELLINGHAM
(crazed)
DON'T TOUCH IT. I'VE SEEN THEM. IT MARKS YOU. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE. LOOK AROUND. YOU DON'T SEE.
(rap song: lyrics memorized)
"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..."

Elevated and shoved into the back of the ambulance.

COP ON SCENE
I'm sorry about your friend.

Clearing out the area.

SCHUPELZ is speechless. He 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 against their faces and the area until gone.

INT. PIT (THE OBJECT) - POV

Steps we follow with a small-figured person. Creaky sounds surface under him the entire time as we head straight, steadily, through what seems to be a portal of darkness. LEFT is the next turn. Then another LEFT. As we ascend downstairs in this pitted confine. We hit a corner. A large cracking sound in this old wooden surrounding begins. We turn around. Panting begins. Facing the shadows.

The floor under a pair of NEW BALANCE 990 sneakers is covered in ancient wooden boards.

Reveal is KHAREE, there in 'The Object', his panting grows, as he stares at something that he cannot turn away from right before his eyes. As if it's calling him.

INT. MICAIAH'S HOME - BEDROOM 2 - SAME TIME

KHAREE eyes open as he awakes gasping there rested against the bed from his dream. The message is clear now to him.

INT. MICAIAH'S HOME - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

SAGE and MALCOLM continue their long-awaited and needed talk. He has explained to her who BELLINGHAM is and his reason after them.

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 MICAIAH 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 gets an impulse and he opens the bedroom door. The draft from the open window whisks the curtains all over in the dark room. At the bed, KHAREE is no longer there.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Still. Dead silence in the KITCHEN. The remaining BUYERS heads sunken after what they just witnessed with BELLINGHAM. VIENNA removes the shirt BELLINGHAM touched.

SCHUPELZ
If no one is going to say it. I will.
(scarred)
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 enough after that shit.

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. FERRERA you still got any of those buyers' emails.

FERRERA
(but won't dare to search)
I do.

SCHUPELZ
Good. Cast your lurer and wait for a bite bigger than the one on the line.

FERRERA
But I'm not moving a solitary finger as to contacting a single person...not anymore.

Looks on DE SOTA.

DE SOTA
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 make a decision like this we're going
(MORE)

SCHUPELZ (CONT'D)
to regret it more than ever latter down the line. Someone was going to do this sooner or later. Why not us?

The others all look at each other in confirmation. They had seen enough.

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?

FERRERA, DE SOTA, VIENNA, and BOTELLO all raise their arms.

SCHUPELZ
Only a fool will discard its worth.

FERRERA
And only a fool will stay with something running a risk to fashion a strait jacket with padded walls to a room.

BOTELLO
Fed through a FUCKIN' tube.

FERRERA, DE SOTA, VIENNA, BOTELLO leave.

SCHUPELZ adheres to their words. The door slams in b.g. He takes a seat. Basks in his lonesome. Tilts his eyes below.

IN POV: SCHUPELZ unravels his palm and it's stained with smudge too from 'The OBJECT' [he's had it the entire time].

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The SUV truck pulls off from the property. Exits through the gate.

EXT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - FIELD - SAME TIME

Emerging from the bushes goes KHAREE, marching through the deserted field, his mind tranced for his destination only [NOT BELLINGHAM'S ESTATES, but where this all began]. He

watches as the truck brake lights get more distant. The light from dawn is breaking against the sky.

INT. BELLINGHAM ESTATES - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Seated, looking over his palm [it's just him now on the brink of breaking billions]. 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. He's still and quiet peeping through the door window.

IN POV: KHAREE cutting from the field. He knows his way.

SCHUPELZ removes a sharp butcher style knife from its knife block [only his hand is shown]. We pull back to SCHUPELZ, there with him holding it, a little business to be taken care of before the HAULER arrives. If no one won't do it, he will. To the door he goes.

INT. SAGE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The car comes to a stop before the route up to BELLINGHAM'S ESTATES [unknown to them].

MALCOLM scanning the empty confine. The area is deserted.

SAGE (O.S)
Which way do you think he could've gone.

Worried. MALCOLM in the driver's seat. SAGE in the passenger.

MALCOLM
Where you think he would go?

SAGE
(her eyes all around her)
The house? It's at least twenty minutes from here. If he was lost, I told him to always go home.

So scared, she can't think. Hopefully he isn't taken.

MALCOLM, thinking the same. He charges down on the gas.

EXT. UP ON HILL - DAWN

The golden smoke colored edge out at the sky. Small feet tread, exiting from a bush. Revealing young KHAREE. At the

tip of the hill gazing on the HANGAR from the same bush as before. The boy sees for himself, where everything started, and like an alarm still ringing at him. Pulling him in. He keeps moving toward.

INT. SAGE'S CAR - MOVING - DAWN

Now daylight. SAGE face glued to mental prayer in finding KHAREE. MALCOLM'S eyes are clocking every perimeter while coasting the area. When SAGE prayers are finally answered.

IN POV: Far in the background. KHAREE can be seen walking to the HANGAR.

SAGE
(bingo, thank God)
MALCOLM, there he goes.

KHAREE is crossing a large field path before the HANGAR.

SAGE (CONT'D)
(pointing, in relief)
You see him. YOU SEE...

MALCOLM
I see him. I see him. Alright, calm down.

SAGE
(watching his every step)
Where is he going?

MALCOLM watching. He has to find somewhere to park.

EXT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Arriving at the HANGAR. KHAREE pulls hard on the handle before it gives and he enters inside.

Off to the side there's a bush of trees. Between them is where SCHUPELZ watched KHAREE go inside. There's no time better than now for it to be done, it has to, no one must know about 'The Object'. He leaves the bush: 'He means NO ONE'.

EXT. HANGAR PATH - MOVING - MORNING

MALCOLM and SAGE. Now on foot. Dawn trying to crack the sky. Hurry together under the blooming air from the bay, up the deserted path to the HANGAR quick as possible for their son.

INT. THE OBJECT - MOVING - MORNING

Flashing a light beneath the darkness. KHAREE'S shape is seen but slipped into the pitch shadows before the light can touch him.

SCHUPELZ holding the flashlight seeking the boy hard, with creaky floorboards below him. Scent etched in rotted wood. A sound over his shoulder he catches. Hurls him around (child or what?). There's nothing there. He continues in that direction (spooked).

EXT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

MALCOLM sees the door left open some. He knows KHAREE is there.

INT. HANGAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

SAGE enters first, MALCOLM is behind. Their footsteps sound the hallow wide space. Nearly empty, except for one object occupying. The Big Kahuna itself. The one we've been waiting to see all this time.

SAGE
(moving)
Where are we?

Voice echoing.

MALCOLM
(moving)
It's a HANGAR. A lot get stored...right here.

SAGE
Why would KHAREE be inside a hangar?

MALCOLM
(searching, knows it there)
Maybe.

Gazing around.

SAGE
Maybe, what?

MALCOLM
(stops right in front of it)

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Maybe because this isn't any ordinary hangar.

BEAT. Both are looking on the large, covered object.

SAGE
What kind of hangar then?

MALCOLM searching around the thing. Finds the rear of the sheet. Grips it good [be careful touching].

SAGE (CONT. D)
What are you doing?

MALCOLM? MALCOLM?

Watching him.

SHOOT! The sheeted cover is ripped off. Coating the ground. SAGE coughs from the ancient dust, then her eyes glow, viewing it there before her. Plain.

IN POV: [We see 'The Object' now] It's a massive sized, very old ship 'Slave ship', 17-18th century or older. Varied angles shown. SAGE in awe, her eyes begin to swell into tears. Birthmark to a scarring past.

MALCOLM
NOT JUST ANY HANGAR, BUT A BOAT HANGAR.

He blows dust off the side of it. Revealing NAME text as: "BELLINGHAM".

SAGE
Is that what I think that is.

Wipes tear from corner of her eye. MALCOLM at her side.

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:
(in Afrikaan tone)
"verlede" [subtitles: HOLOCAUST].

Metal rustling. SAGE turns around.

MALCOLM produces his pistol and cocks it. He's going to get their son back and any other BUYER who stands in his way.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
C'mon.

Grabs her hand. She sees. She's never loved him more than this very moment.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OBJECT - MOVING

KHAREE in the darkness, can feel he's being followed, quickly he dashes downstairs. SCHUPELZ reveals surfacing from around them, where he watched him the whole time. Heading after him softly as possible gripping the knife.

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. It's too dark. Strange noises start up and immediately he hears boyish panting in the shadows. Now is the time. Only his heart begins to race and then he's panting heavy too. Someone shoots back upstairs within the shadows bumping SCHUPELZ and he drops the knife.

SCHUPELZ
DAMMIT!

Under his breath.

He swings his hand around on the floor. BEAT.

CUT TO:

INT. UPPER DECK - MOMENTS LATER

MALCOLM and SAGE searching around this old ship space. Everything in mint condition. Untouched by a human since the slave trade.

SAGE
(feeling they should've founded KHAREE by now)
MALCOLM, what if he's not here?

MALCOLM
He's here. Start calling his name out.
(he shouts out)
KHAREE.

SAGE
(shouting)
KHAREE, ITS MOM AND DAD BABY. ITS ALRIGHT. COME ON OUT!

MALCOLM
KHAREE!

SAGE
KHAREE! COME ON OUT BABY SO WE CAN ALL GO HOME.

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
(putting his foot down)
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.

Easing slowly. MALCOLM leveling down the stairs into the darkness.

SAGE stands at the top watching until it emerges him.

SAGE
You on the floor?

She asks.

MALCOLM (O.S)
Yeah, stay there.

SAGE
(shouting)
KHAREE?

She skims the level. She finds something. She manages to pick it up. Blows on it. Dust flies as its centuries since use.

It's an old railroad lantern. SAGE shakes it, it's filled with gas. She finds paper or something close and makes a spill from a lighter she has. Silence sweeps in. The second it's lit, she feels her breathing. It's growing heavier.

SAGE (CONT. D)
MALCOLM?

She shouts below the stairs.

She begins to pant, confusingly. No response heard. She proceeds below the stairs.

Hitting the creaky floor. Her feet hits something. The lantern shows it's a butcher knife. Her panting grows.

SAGE (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
MALCOLM...KHAREE.

The panting intensifies each step in the direction. It's so great she has to catch herself.

More panting surfaces. THUMP. She turns the lantern. It's MALCOLM before a threshold, she's found him. He's panting too. He looks at her. He has a face CHILLED to what he's seen. Blank. No words. His head gracefully returns forward.

SAGE (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
MALCOLM, where's KHAREE?

The light opens beside him. There's KHAREE turning over at her briefly with the same look on his face standing there (same as when she found him that morning before). Then swings back before him to something apparently much more important.

SAGE (CONT. D) (CONT'D)
This isn't funny MALCOLM. What is it?

Her eyes cut ahead with them. Panting. Lantern up. Through the threshold.

WE SEE all three now [joined]. Things slow down. Their panting aligns, increasing one by one. The LANTERN burning...

...glowing the room before the family. Huddled, cramped, in such a small space. NOT fit for man or animal. Shackled, nearly naked, sweating, goes shudder-filled Afrikaans. By the dozens. From LEFT, RIGHT, TOP of this godforsaken mere corner depth to the ship. Panting. Staring on the family with

SCHUPELZ body center floor before them [dead]. One amongst them, raises on his feet exhaustingly forward, across the creaky floor. He begins to mumble in his native tongue.

BONDAGE AFRIKAAN
(In African)
WE SENT THE BOY BACK...FOR HELP!!!

Shoving his wrist wrapped in steel chained loops out over SCHUPELZ cold stilled remains. Demanding to be free, their souls FREED from the ship. [Future's 'CLAUSTROPHOBIC' plays].

CLOSE ON KHAREE, blank look, chest elevating, breathing tensed in and out. SAGE, panting, now she sees, she sees what her son found all along and what should be done at their discovery that has been waiting this long. MALCOLM'S eyes water, tears pouring from both corners, sniffing. He extends his arms and hands empathetic in return the same at the AFRIKAANS. Pacing slow ahead. SAGE and KHAREE, all merge forward with him in unison [at THEM]. Knowing what to be done.

BLACK SCREEN

CREDITS ROLL