FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

BEST SCREENPLAY - MOTION PICTURE
Paul Thomas Anderson

A PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON FILM

THE MASTER

Joaquin Phoenix
Philip Seymour Hoffman
Amy Adams
INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

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

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

FREDDIE
What kind of belt?

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

FREDDIE
...I try to stay away from that.

DOCTOR
But you spend time outdoors.

FREDDIE


DOCTOR
What do you do?

FREDDIE


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

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

DOCTOR
How old are you, Freddie?

FREDDIE
28.
DOCTOR
Why don't you turn honest?
You seem like a an intelligent fellow.
Quick on your feet...you like to drink?

FREDDIE
It's a weakness. But I like it.

DOCTOR
I know what the other is too.

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

DOCTOR
The tattoo's.

FREDDIE
Is that a weakness...

DOCTOR
No one ever made money chasing girls.

FREDDIE
...you're wrong. This tattoo's y Auntie/

DOCTOR
Who's that?

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

DOCTOR
College?

FREDDIE
I tried that, it didn't work.

DOCTOR
Why'd you leave?

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

DOCTOR
That's how you end up like this. With a
burst appendix.
FREDDIE
That's when I know it's time to get to the sea...what kind of belt?

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOCTOR
I know you were, Freddie.

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

DOCTOR
Too lucky?

FREDDIE
Something like that.

DOCTOR
Were you in the service?

FREDDIE
Yes, sir.

DOCTOR
Navy?
FREDDIE
Yes, sir.

DOCTOR
Where?

FREDDIE
Pacific.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEVATOR – DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. WEEKS LATER. NIGHT.

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

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

“I’VE GONE TO CHINA. SEE YOU AGAIN SOMETIME. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.”

INT. GAMBLING CLUB / CALIFORNIA – NIGHT

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

CUT TO:
EXT. ALLEY WAY - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. CALDWELL'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. CALDWELL'S DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY.

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

DONNA

She catches the eye of FREDDIE watching her. She moves around, snaking towards him...CAMERA leads him out of the PHOTO DEPARTMENT and towards her, and they meet in the middle;
DONNA (CONT’D)
Only $49.99, hand-made, imported.

FREDDIE
You have a break coming?

Yes.

DONNA

When?

FREDDIE

15 minutes.

DONNA

A BACK HALLWAY, BACK CLOSET, MOMENTS LATER.

He gets his little FLASK out...

FREDDIE

I saw you.

DONNA

I saw you first.

FREDDIE

What’s your name?

DONNA

Donna. What’s yours?

FREDDIE

Freddie.

DONNA

That’s a nice name.

FREDDIE

This is homemade.

DONNA

Is it gonna kill me?

FREDDIE

Yes.

She sips it. Makes a face. Horrible.

DONNA

Uugugh.

FREDDIE

Taste good?
DONNA

Yeah.

They kiss each other.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I have an apricot belly. Want to see it?

She shows him her stomach.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I'm really a very good girl. What gives you this idea about me?

FREDDIE

Maybe we think the same things at the same time.

DONNA

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

FREDDIE

Yes.

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

DONNA

Are they nice?

FREDDIE

Yes.

DONNA


She pulls her top back up.

FREDDIE

Wanna go out tonight?

DONNA


FREDDIE

I don't have any cigarettes...

DONNA

What do you make this liquor with?
FREDDIE
There's secrets in liquor, this is just booze.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE. MOMENTS LATER.
They exit, move away from each other, both drunk..

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:
INT. BUNKHOUSE - EVENING.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LAGRANGE DANCE HALL - NIGHT.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING

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

FREDDIE
...somebody shut him up..

CUT TO:

INT. BEET/SUGAR FACTORY. BUNKHOUSE. LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER.

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

He hitches now...

CUT TO:

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

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

EXT. DOCKS/SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT.

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

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

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

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

ANGLE, ON BOARD.
CAMERA follows him around...no one seems to notice or care...

He goes down below...

ANGLE, BELOW DECK.
He sneaks around...some YOUNG MEN are getting dressed in TUXEDOS.
This plays itself out...FREDDIE finds a small CLOSET with a TUXEDO and slips it on. He gets swallowed up into this group of young men and acts as if he belongs --

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

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

A COCKTAIL PARTY IS IN FULL SWING AS THE SHIP LEAVES S.F. There are all manner of people here, in this area, everyone seems quite happy, chatty. Middle aged couples, single middle-aged men, young couples, some kids, teenagers, etc.

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

A live PIANO TRIO playing. FREDDIE NOTICES:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN DINNER CABIN. LATER.

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

He sits at the head of the table, his family with him:
HIS WIFE: MARY SUE (pregnant, mid-20s) HIS DAUGHTERS:
ELIZABETH (18) ELENA (3) SUSANAH (1) HIS SON: VAL (20)

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

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

INSTANTLY, FREDDIE'S HEAD POUNDS.

BARTENDER
You feel alright?

FREDDIE
Yeah, fine.
ANOTHER SERVER
Why don’t you go lay down, I’ll take over...

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

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL DARK ROOM – LATER.

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

NORMAN CONRAD
How are you doing?

FREDDIE
Alright. What is this?

NORMAN CONRAD
How’d you get on this shit?

FREDDIE
I walked.

NORMAN CONRAD
Why?

FREDDIE
I was just looking f’work... I’m working here.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
You need to sit down.

FREDDIE
I need to sit down.

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

FREDDIE (CONT’D)
Whatdchu put in my drink?

NORMAN CONRAD
You’ve been sedated.

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

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

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

FREDDIE
...I'm a good worker...I know these ships...

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

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
You're an able bodied seaman?

FREDDIE
I am.

MASTER
You've had your appendix removed.

FREDDIE
...

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

FREDDIE
...

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

FREDDIE
Yeah? What do you do your company?

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

FREDDIE
...
MASTER
Tell me why you’re on my ship.

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

MASTER
What’s wrong with where you were?

FREDDIE
I’m a seaman.

MASTER
What wrong with the world from where you were?

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

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

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

FREDDIE
What do you want? ...what’s your name?

MASTER
We’ve told you. You’re a Russian spy. What are you escaping.

FREDDIE
Nothing.

MASTER
You did something.

FREDDIE
I’m here to work, I know ships...

MASTER
You don’t know?

FREDDIE
No. I don’t know—what?

MASTER
You’re a little drunk and sleepy.

FREDDIE
More than a little watchu put in my drink.
MASTER
More than a little. You work for Dick Quinn.

FREDDIE
Dick.

MASTER
Richard Quinn.

FREDDIE
Don't know him. / no

MASTER
You work for the AMA. CIA.

FREDDIE
... you got alotta questions..

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

FREDDIE
I don't know you...

MASTER
And you picked this ship at random?

FREDDIE
Yes, sir.

MASTER
How long have you been sleeping?

FREDDIE
I just woke up.

MASTER
What's your name?

FREDDIE
My name is Freddie Sutton. 40114-78

MASTER
You were in the Navy?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Did you ever kill anyone?
FREDDIE
Hah.

MASTER
Who did you kill?

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

MASTER
You feel agressive?

FREDDIE
Wakemeup. ...

MASTER
Where are you from?

FREDDIE
You know where – dn’ask me what you know... wakemeup wakemeup wakemeup come on wakemeup.

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

FREDDIE
-- I toldju I’m just trying to get to sea.

MASTER
Why did you pick this ship?

FREDDIE
It was leaving...

MASTER
Did you come here to find out information?

FREDDIE
It was leaving...

MASTER
Did you come here to find out information?

FREDDIE
No, sir.
MASTER
Who sent you here?

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

MASTER
Well you shouldn't drink so much liquor, it's bad for the system. You're hurting yourself.

PAUSE. Freddie is slipping out of it.

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

FREDDIE
Sure.

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

FREDDIE
Thanks.

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

FREDDIE
Thanks.

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

FREDDIE
...

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

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

MARY SUE
I believe...

Master fiddles around with his things, belongings, wallet, out on a table. He looks at the FLASK. Smells it. Pours the contents into a glass; looks at the liquid.
He drinks it. He lets it run down his body, feels the
drink. He drinks some more.

MASTER
Delicious...delicious

NORMAN CONRAD
There should be nothing above suspicion.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIP - PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT.

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - MORNING.

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

Ok?

FREDDIE

Alright.

MASTER

You can’t be...

FREDDIE

Is this your ship?

MASTER

I’m it’s Commander, yes.

FREDDIE

Where’s it going?

MASTER

New York City thru the canal. You’re seamen?

FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

You’re looking for work?

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

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

FREDDIE

You have any?

MASTER

Perhaps.

FREDDIE

What was in my drink?

MASTER

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

FREDDIE

I didn’t surrender myself.
MASTER
You were acting very aggressive because you drank too much alcohol.

FREDDIE
I don’t think I was.

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

FREDDIE
So what are you gonna do?

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

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

MASTER
You can’t work in your condition.

FREDDIE
What condition is that?

MASTER
You’re aberrated.

FREDDIE
What’s that mean?

MASTER
A wandering from the path

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

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

MASTER
Maybe I do, but not the kind you think.

FREDDIE
Do you own this ship?
MASTER
A charter through the Explorer's Club.

FREDDIE
...What do you do?

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

FREDDIE
Where's your money come from?

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

FREDDIE
...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FREDDIE
....

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

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

Master holds up the FLASK...

MASTER
What's-about-this?

FREDDIE
What about it?

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

FREDDIE
Secrets.

MASTER
Can you make more?

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

FREDDIE
It’s just booze.

MASTER
Horrible Hooch?

FREDDIE
Horrible Hooch.

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

MASTER
Would you scrub yourself up and make yourself clean?

My daughter is getting married.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE ROOM - LATER.

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

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

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

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

FREDDIE
Oh yeah?

MASTER
It will come out over time, but yes. We are re-united...do you remember me?
FREDDIE
...I don't know...

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

FREDDIE
...what destination?

MASTER
Have you ever had harm come to you?

FREDDIE
Sure.

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

FREDDIE
Ok.

MASTER
That's where we go.

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

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

EXT. DECK OF SHIP. AFTERNOON.

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

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

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

CUT TO:
INT. DINNER CABIN. NIGHT.

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

MASTER
Now, now, now, how 'bout this: Here it comes - swooping down on me: A LARGE DRAGON, TEETH AND BLOOD DRIPPING! RED EYES!
What do I go? A lasoooo! Whip it up, wrap it around it's neck. I wrastle, wrastle, wrastle'em to the ground - I snap up, I say: sit.

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

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

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

MASTER (CONT'D)
Next we're gonna teach it to roll over and play DEAD.

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

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

VAL
Freddie, I'm Val, the son.

FREDDIE
Hello.

VAL
Are you having a good time?

FREDDIE
Yes.

VAL
What are you goign to be working on?
FREDDIE
I don't really know.

VAL
Have you done any time-hole work?

FREDDIE
I don’t think so.

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

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

The BARTENDER comes over to FREDDIE

BARTENDER
Alright, old man?

FREDDIE
Yeah.

BARTENDER
No hard feelings?

FREDDIE
No.

BARTENDER
Welcome aboard. Clif Amsbury.

He serves him a drink.

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

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

MASTER
When can we have some of your potion?

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

MASTER
When I'd like it - I will give you a signal. I will scratch my ear and rub my nose. What will you need?
FREDDIE
I’ll take care of it.

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

MASTER
Enough! Enough! I must get back to work!
Keep going! Don't stop all night long!

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

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - LATER.

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

THE CAUSE

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

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

HOLD.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN DECK / CABIN - MORNING.

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

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

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

(MORE)
MARY SUE (CONT'D)
He was working on a book that showed how the Russians used narcosynthesis and physical torture and how it worked as it did. That was interrupted.

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

FREDDIE
Who's attacking him?

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

FREDDIE
What's a time-hole?

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL CLASSROOM - LATER.

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

WAYNE
Say, "back beyond" and return to the prenatal area.

SUSAN

WAYNE
Continue please...

SUSAN
Back beyond...I have...something in my face...It feels like I am being pushed.
WAYNE
Contact it more closely and continue to repeat.

SUSAN

WAYNE
Continue

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

WAYNE
Listen to the words and repeat them, please.

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

WAYNE
Repeat his words, please.

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

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

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

WAYNE
Please return to the start of this and recount.

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

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

WAYNE
Return to the beginning and recount it again, please.

CU. FREDDIE'S FACE
Listening. Mary Sue leans over and whispers:

MARY SUE (WHISPERS)
Do you understand what's happening?

FREDDIE
Yes.

She holds her pregnant stomach;

MARY SUE
We record everything.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP - VARIOUS. NEXT MORNING.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOOZE ROOM - LATER.

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

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

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

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

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

MASTER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
When did you decide you had limited potentials and capabilities? You’ve forgotten that this is all just a dirty old game that YOU created.

An AID (Female, 40s) comes over;

AID
How you doing?

FREDDIE
I’m fine.

AID
Are you following alright?

FREDDIE
Well...not really...no...

AID
That’s OK. You will. Don’t worry -

FREDDIE
How long have you been studying
AID
A year. It takes a little time. Don't worry.

FREDDIE
What's your name?

AID
Carol Henike. You're Freddie.

FREDDIE
That's right.

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

He slips the headphones back on.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CABIN - EVENING.

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

ELIZABETH (the daughter) comes over;

ELIZABETH
Hi Freddie......

FREDDIE
Hi.

ELIZABETH
........I have a message for you.

She rubs her nose and tugs her ear.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Better get along.

He leaves, she watches him go.

CUT TO:
INT. FREDDIE’S AREA. MOMENTS LATER.

He puts the booze into MASON JARS.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY – MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOWING FREDDIE HOLDING THE BOOZE IN A LITTLE MASON JAR.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER’S SUITE. THAT MOMENT.

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

MASTER
What’s in it?

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

MASTER
How are you feeling, Freddie?

FREDDIE
Good.

MASTER
Rested?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Excited?

FREDDIE
Sure.

MASTER
Have you made some friends?

FREDDIE
Yes.
MASTER
Good. Good. How are you feeling?

FREDDIE
Yeah, good.

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

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

FREDDIE
Sure...

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

Informal processing.

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

MASTER (CONT’D)
Are you ready?

FREDDIE
Yes.

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

MASTER
Say your name.

FREDDIE
Freddie Sutton.

MASTER
Say it again.

FREDDIE
Freddie Sutton.

MASTER
Say it again.

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

FREDDIE
Freddie Sutton.

MASTER
Do you ever make thoughtless remarks.

FREDDIE
I usually put some thought into them.

MASTER
Do you browse though railway timetables just for pleasure?

FREDDIE
No.

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

FREDDIE
(flutters around goofy) Only on my good days.

MASTER
Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Do past failures bother you?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Do past failures bother you?

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

MASTER
So past failures bother you?

FREDDIE
...I don’t know...you keep asking me...no, not really.
MASTER
Is your life a constant struggle for survival?

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

MASTER
Would you rather give orders than take them?

FREDDIE
Sure.

MASTER
Are you often impulsive in your behaviour.

FREDDIE
...sure...... Yes.

MASTER
Do other people interest you very much?

FREDDIE
Not really       (girls? They do)

MASTER
Do you find it easy to be impartial?

FREDDIE
Yeah.

MASTER
Are you likely to be jealous?

FREDDIE
No         ..about what?

MASTER
Are you logical and scientific in your thinking?

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

MASTER
Do you rarely suspect the actions of others?

FREDDIE
I don't understand.
MASTER

Yes you do.

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

Are you usually truthful to others?

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

Are your actions considered unpredictable by other people?

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

FREDDIE

LLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAARGH.

How's that? (laughs hysterically)

MASTER

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

Master reaches down, brings the microphone to his mouth:

MASTER (CONT'D)

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

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

MASTER (CONT'D)

Should we sample another sip before we join them upstairs?

FREDDIE

Is that it?

MASTER

For now.

FREDDIE

I'm ready for more if you want to ask me...
HOLD BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM. LONG PAUSE.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
Ask me, Master. This is fun...nobody's asked me questions before --

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

FREDDIE
Sure.

CU. TAPE RECORDER BACK ON.

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

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

Do you often ponder over your own inferiority?

FREDDIE
No.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

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

FREDDIE
No I don't.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.
PAUSE.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

....who?

MASTER
My. Auntie.

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

MASTER
Have you ever killed anyone?

FREDDIE
No,

MASTER
Maybe?

FREDDIE
Not me.

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

MASTER
Have you ever killed anyone.

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
How many times did you have intercourse with your aunt?

FREDDIE
Three times.

MASTER
Where is your aunt now?

FREDDIE
Don't know. Probably Princeton.

MASTER
Where?
FREDDIE
45 Province Lane.

MASTER
Would you like to see her?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Would you like to sleep with her again?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Do you regret this?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
What is she doing now?

FREDDIE
I don't know.

MASTER
Where is your mother?

FREDDIE
I don't know.

Freddie BLINKS.

MASTER
INFRINGEMENT. Back to the start.

FREDDIE
FUUUUUUUUUCKK. FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK. BULLSHIT. FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK.

He slaps himself around, opens his eyes. HOLD.

MASTER
Do you often ponder your own inferiority?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Do you believe God is going to save you?
FREDDIE

No.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Are you lying?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Who?

FREDDIE
My Auntie Bertha.

MASTER
Where is your aunt?

FREDDIE
At home in New Jersey.

MASTER
Are you lying?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Are you a liar?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Have you ever killed anyone?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Who?

FREDDIE
Japs.

MASTER
In the war?
FREDDIE

Yes.

MASTER

What are you running from?

FREDDIE

Nothing.

MASTER

The law?

...PAUSE...

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

Where?

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

Is the booze you make poison?

FREDDIE

Not if you drink it smart, he was stupid.

MASTER

Are you trying to poison me?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

Where is your father?

FREDDIE

I don't know. (aka dead)

MASTER

Where is your mother?

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

What is your Auntie's Name?
FREDDIE
Auntie Bertha.

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

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

MASTER
And you did it again and again.

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

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

FREDDIE
She controls it all.

MASTER
You feel you're owed this?

FREDDIE
I am.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
What do you think?

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

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

FREDDIE
Doris Schoemann.
MASTER
Who is Doris?

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

MASTER
She's in New Jersey, is she?

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

MASTER
Why aren't you with Doris?

FREDDIE
...

MASTER
Why aren't you with her?

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

MASTER
Do you love Doris?

FREDDIE
Yeah.

MASTER
Is she the love of your life?

FREDDIE
Yes sir.

MASTER
Close your eyes/

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

MASTER (CONT'D)
Release and return to me.....

Say your name.

FREDDIE
Freddie Sutton.

MASTER
Are you hear with me in 1952?
FREDDIE

Yes...

MASTER

End of session. Open/close your eyes.

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

MASTER (CONT'D)

How does it feel?

Freddie laughs a little.

FREDDIE

Feels good.

MASTER

Left side of your body feels ok?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Right side?

FREDDIE

Yeah.

MASTER

Any headaches?

FREDDIE

No

MASTER

Are you a member of the Ninth Battle Batallion?

FREDDIE

I don't know what that is.

MASTER

Are you a member of the Ninth Battle Batallion?

FREDDIE

No.

MASTER

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

No, sir.

MASTER

You’re the bravest boy I’ve ever met.

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

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE – NIGHT.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS/NEW JERSEY – NIGHT.

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

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

BILL WHITE

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

MASTER

Thank you, Bill, good to see you.

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

BILL WHITE

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

He presents a HARLEY-DAVIDSON...

MASTER

Looooooooooook at that...1940 Harley Davidson Knucklehead. For me?
He slides on, starts it up, everyone APPLAUDS. MASTER TEARS AWAY ON THE MOTORCYCLE, everyone else [piles into some OLD SEDAN'S driven by some New York Followers --

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT UPSTAIRS/HOTEL. LATER.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - NIGHT.

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

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM ALL IN. THE DOORMAN looks up;

BILL WHITE is quick to explain they’re going to the Penthouse to the party of Mrs. Purcell, etc..
BILL WHITE
Make way, make way..thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. FANCY APARTMENT.

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

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

MASTER is offered some appetizers, he says:

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

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

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

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

Everyone laughs.

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

More laughter.

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

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

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

He puts the tape reels onto the player...
MASTER (CONT’D)
This should do it!

He flips the switch. Nothing. No sound.

MASTER (CONT’D)
Hmmm. Can’ hear anything. Wait. There are sounds on this tape, but I can’ hear...wait...how about this...

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

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

He turns the machine “ON”...

MASTER (CONT’D)
This should do it...

Nothing.

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

Everyone laughs nervously...

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
MASTER (CONT’D)

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

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

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

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

Well I did some processing to find out.

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

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

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

I was a thief and criminal, working late into the night robbing a bank in the western side of the island. (MORE)
MASTER (CONT'D)
The crime was committed with a revolver in hand. A Cole .45. My accomplices and I made it clear across town when we were ambushed by the local authorities.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(MORE)
MASTER (CONT'D)
And as for me now: I just need to find
the time away from all of my writing to
gobackdown and DO IT so I don't walk
around with the darndest limp everytime I
come to town!

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

ANGLE, LATER.

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

MASTER (CONT'D)
What is your name?

SOCIALITE
Margaret O'Brien.

MASTER
Are you sure you haven't lived here
before?

SOCIALITE
I don't know.

MASTER
What's your name?

MARGARET
Margaret.

MASTER
Are you sure?

ANGLE, PURCELL APARTMENT.

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

ANGLE, MAIN LIVING ROOM.

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

(Throughout this another OLDER WOMAN has a terrible cough
from the back of the room.)
JOHN MORE
Some of this seems quite like hypnosis, is it not?

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

JOHN MORE
What is the difference between this and psychotherapy?

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

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

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

JOHN MORE
And how long does this take?

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

JOHN MORE
36 hours? And you're saying that these methods can cure leukemia according to your book and what you've just said?
MASTER
Some forms of leukemia, 22 cases tested. 22 cases cured. Those are the results.

JOHN MORE
You can understand scepticism, can you not?

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

JOHN MORE
Are you a religious people?

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

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

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

JOHN MORE
Do you think it can?

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

JOHN MORE
You mentioned 'good science' and what it does...but doesn't that, by definition, allow for more than one opinion?
MASTER
Indeed, indeed. Which is why our
gathering of day-ta is so far reaching -

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

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

JOHN MORE
I must say that I find it quite --

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

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

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

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

MRS. PURCELL
Please --

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

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

JOHN MORE
I'm sorry if you're unwilling to defend
your beliefs in any kind of rational
way --
MASTER
I HAVE TAKEN MY FUCKING TIME WITH YOU AND YOU ARE OVER NOW. YOU SLIMY PIG SHIT.

The WOMAN that's been coughing cannot stop:

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

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

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

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

MASTER
GET HER OUT OF THE LECTURE HALL.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

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

INT. MASTER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - ADJOINING SUITE - NIGHT

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

MASTER (O.C.)
...this city is just noise. Just noise and bad living. I know this place. I know it's rotten secrets...

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

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

FREDDIE watches him go...

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

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

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

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

CLARK looks to Elizabeth, who gives a look that says, “He’s right.”

CUT TO:

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

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

BILL WHITE
I don’t think this is right to do –

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

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

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

CLARK
Some.

CUT TO:

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

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

FREDDIE
Where are you from, Clark?

CLARK
Los Angeles. Pasadena.

FREDDIE
What’s there?
CLARK
I'm from there. Master and headquarters there for a year.

FREDDIE
...how'd you see them?

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

FREDDIE
What did it say?

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

FREDDIE
That's good.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET / UPPER WEST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Outside an OLD APARTMENT BUILDING...

...Freddie BUZZES THE BUZZER.
JOHN MORE (GROGGY) (O.C.)

Hello?

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

JOHN MORE says to his WIFE...

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

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

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

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

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

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

FREDDIE
DON'T BE SO STUPID.

They run out.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

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

CLARK
You know...at first there were rumors going around about you...
FREDDIE
What about me...?

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

FREDDIE
What? Steal what?

CLARK
The Split Saber.

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

CLARK
The Split Saber.

BEAT.

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

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

FREDDIE
...no...

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

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

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

(MORE)
CLARK (CONT'D)
Master walked into the office to find out
what the reaction was, the publisher
called for the reader, the reader came in
with the manuscript....threw it on the
table...and flung himself out of the
skyscraper window....

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

FREDDIE
The truth about all what?

CLARK
Life on this planet.

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

FREDDIE
What is something like that worth?

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

FREDDIE
Where is it?

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

FREDDIE
Where?

CLARK
No one knows for sure. Some say Phoenix
or the desert outside Los Angeles.
(MORE)
CLARK (CONT'D)
It's held back, until the time is right.
Or in case it's needed.

FREDDIE
Needed for what?

CLARK
(leverage.) ? I don't know.

FREDDIE
How do you know about this?

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

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

ANGLE, LATER.

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

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

FREDDIE
There's something...something that can
help you...you...

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

CLARK
The Martinique Hotel...

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

He is about to say...

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
(wanna fuck?)

But he PASSES OUT, FACE FIRST ON THE TABLE.

CUT TO:
INT. HOTEL/HALLWAY - NIGHT - LATER

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

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

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

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER’S HOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

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

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

MASTER

What is it?

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

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

FREDDIE

You were right.

MASTER

...

FREDDIE

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

MASTER

My little Soldier...what did you do?....you need to tell me so that I know...
FREDDIE
That's why I won't tell you. Nothing bad.
Just scared him good.

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

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

FREDDIE
It won't.

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

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

MASTER (CONT'D)
How are you...?

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

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

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

FREDDIE
...

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

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

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

Freddie takes it all in.

FREDDIE

-- what is it?

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

MASTER

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

BEAT. He pulls back, smiles...

MASTER (CONT'D)

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

MASTER collects his notebooks.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Val has a habit of finding trouble...

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

MASTER (CONT'D)

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

FREDDIE

Keep an eye on him?

MASTER

And report back to me...

FREDDIE

Alright.

MASTER leaves.
INT. FREDDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

ELIZABETH
Hi.

FREDDIE
Hi.

ELIZABETH
Why aren't you downstairs?

FREDDIE
I'm working.

ELIZABETH
What are you doing?

FREDDIE
Errands.

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

BEAT. She steps up close to him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I want to tell you... Freddie...what you did for my father last night was spectacular.

FREDDIE
I didn't do anything.

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

She reaches for his face;

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I can tell that you know what persecution feels like...
She KISSES him. He kisses back. Gentle and small. A prolonged simple kiss on the lips.

    ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
    Can I have some of your liquor?
    FREDDIE
    No.
    ELIZABETH
    Why not?
    FREDDIE
    It's too strong.
    ELIZABETH
    I'm a big girl.
    FREDDIE
    Not big enough yet -
    ELIZABETH
    I could just steal some...
    FREDDIE
    Don't argue with me. You're Father's speaking...get dressed and get down there...
    ELIZABETH
    There's plenty of time...besides: I've heard it all before.

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

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

    CUT TO:

INT. BANQUET HALL - MOMENTS LATER

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

    MASTER
    THANK YOU! THANK YOU! Well? Down but not out. Not Dead Yet!
    (no tombstone at least...) he he he he.
We are going to focus this morning to
"Communication" to cover "any exchange
between ourselves and our environment."

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

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL. EVENING/LATER

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

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF THE HOTEL. THAT MOMENT

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

FREDDIE follows...MINI-SEQUENCE...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. COFFEE SHOP. VILLAGE. NIGHT

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

FREDDIE stands across the street and watches VAL.

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

After a few minutes...FREDDIE sees something:

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

FREDDIE watching all this from across the street. VAL is
answering their questions, speaking with some authority
about something, etc. etc.
...FREDDIE sizes up the situation
And what this meeting might mean...

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

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

FREDDIE
Bobby?

BOB (OC)
Yeah?

FREDDIE
It's Freddie.

BOB (OC)
FREDDIE! FREDDIE WHERE ARE YA!

FREDDIE
Are you home?

BOB (OC)
YEAH. YOU HERE?!

FREDDIE
I'm comin' over -

He hangs up.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - WEST VILLAGE

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

BOB
HOLY SMOKES! HOLY SMOKE! HOLLPLY-SMOKEY!

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

FREDDIE
Where's everybody?
BOB
We're havin' a party. Where you coming from? Where you been?

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

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

They greet each other and go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT/ROOM - LATER

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

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

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

FREDDIE
Where's my mom?

BOB
I heard she was in Florida.

FREDDIE
Where's your mom?

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

ANGLE, LATER. FREDDIE and the BOYS. FREDDIE pours a tiny bit of his booze into the beers for them...

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

BOB
Where?
FREDDIE
Near Harlem.

They shake their heads.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
I heard about a load of money and jewels that are hidden in a sewer wall up near Harlem. A long time ago.

With crocodiles that live down there and protect it.

BOY
I heard about that.

BOY 2
I heard about that too.

FREDDIE
Anybody want to go look for it?

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM. NIGHT

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

INT. SEWER - THAT MOMENT

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

ANGLE, FREDDIE.
They come to an intersection -

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

BOB follows FREDDIE, the rest go the other way -

VARIOUS ANGLES watching them move around, etc.

ANGLE, THE WALL.
CAMERA MOVES ALONG THE WALLS OF THE SEWERS.

FREDDIE looking for something...
...THE WALL...

...FREDDIE...

BOB AND FREDDIE walking/talking:

BOB
My mom signed my early entrance to the army.

FREDDIE
How’d she do that?

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

FREDDIE
You don’t want to go there, dummy.

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

FREDDIE
You’re an idiot.

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

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

BOB (CONT’D)
I jerked off to a picture of my mom once. Did I ever tell you that?

FREDDIE
No.

BOB
I did...

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

ANGLE, THE OTHERS.
Walking and looking, drunk, smoking, etc. They find an area that they think may have something – and start WHACKING AWAY WITH THE SLEDGEHAMMER...
ANGELE, FREDDIE AND BOB

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

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

THE BOYS hear this and head back -

CUT TO:

INT. SEWERS. THAT MOMENT

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

FREDDIE
Bob...

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

THE JEWELS FROM MRS. PURCELL'S PARTY

BOB is stunned.

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

The BOYS run over, look down at the JEWELS.

BOYS
Where were those?

BOB
Right here.

FREDDIE
I found them right here.

BOY 2
Holy shit.

CUT TO:
EXT. STREET

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOB’S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

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

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

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

and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAWN

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

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

HELEN SULLIVAN (OC)
This city can be cold
and unforgiving to new
ideas. Philadelphia is the city of
brotherly love. We’ve had miraculous
results with the textbooks
and lecture tapes.

CUT TO:

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

CU. HELEN SULLIVAN (sweet woman, early 30s) IS SPEAKING.
HELEN SULLIVAN
If you come, we can guarantee an audience of one hundred people three nights a week and six afternoons a week.

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

Perhaps these can be used for sale.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRE-LAP THE SINGING OVER THE FOLLOWING:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL/NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

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

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

The swirl of getting bags, kids and bodies into SEDANS...
VAL gets in one car...FREDDIE gets behind the wheel of another... and they DRIVE OFF...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

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

MARY SUE
You see anything last night?

FREDDIE
...with what?

MARY SUE
With Val.

CU. FREDDIE
Considers this a moment.

FREDDIE
No.

MARY SUE
How does that happen?

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA/CAUSE COLLEGE - NIGHT

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

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

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

(MORE)
JOAN (SINGING) (CONT'D)
SOMETHING HURTS AND DON'T NEED THOSE
JERKS TO TELL US WHAT TO DO-O-
WE'RE HERE NOW, WE'RE HERE NOW.
IN LOVELY PHIL-E-DELFI. AND
WRESTLE OUR RE-ACTS RIGHT TO THE
GROUND AND PUSH, PULL, PIN IT DOWN.
WE'LL TAKE IT, WE'LL TAKE IT,
THOSE DIRTY SEEDS AND WIPE 'EM.
THE APA AND AMA WILL HAVE TO KISS OUR-
SS' S.

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

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

MASTER
Get thee behind me --

And push.

They disperse. PIANO STARTS IN AGAIN...

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

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

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

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

MASTER
Cheers to that!

Everyone raises their glasses and DRINKS. MASTER downs
his new drink. A calm... then Master gently prodicticates:
MASTER (CONT'D)
Something that Joseph Smith had right:
the breeding and the development of the
group...doubled, tripled with certain...a
certain marital structure...how clever.
Something to look at deeply for a
growth...

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

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

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

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

He keeps talking...

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

MASTER
Yes, master.

MARY SUE
And no more of that boy’s booze.

MASTER
Yes master.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA/CAUSE COLLEGE – DAY

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

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

MASTER
Try to recall how you feel...

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

MASTER
What happens next?

WOMAN
The doctor puts a stethoscope to her
chest..

MASTER
What is the doctor wearing?

WOMAN
A white coat.

MASTER
Is there a smell in the room?
WOMAN
It smells like a hospital.

MASTER
Try to imagine what a hospital smells like.

WOMAN

MASTER
What does the doctor say?

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

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

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

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

VAL
What's that?

FREDDIE
You heard me.

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

FREDDIE
Maybe you should pay more attention.

VAL
You have something to say to me?

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

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

FREDDIE looks out the open front door: TWO POLICEMAN AND A MARSHALL are parking their cars and walking towards the house...
FREDDIE.
Watching them advance... He hesitates. He's not sure what
to do. So he stays put...

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

POLICEMAN
We're looking for Lancaster Dodd.

FREDDIE
I don't know who that is...

POLICEMAN
May we come in?

FREDDIE
No. You cannot.

VAL
Yes you can. He's up there -

VAL points to the stage...

VAL (CONT'D)
That's him.

FREDDIE
You can't come in. Get outta here.

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

ANGLE, AT THE DOOR.

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

VAL
Stay out of their way, Freddie.

MASTER walks down to see what's happening.

MASTER
What is happening here?

POLICEMAN
Are you Lancaster Dodd?

MASTER
Yes I Am.
POLICEMAN
We have an arrest warrant for you, sir...

MASTER
What are the charges?

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

MASTER
This is a silly joke, no?

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

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

MARSHALL
Please put your hands behind your back.

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

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

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

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

MASTER, FREDDIE are taken away in hand cuffs. MARY SUE comes out, angry at the police, everyone is, etc. Quite a scene.
MASTER is actually trying to CALM FREDDIE DOWN, WHO IS GOING NUTS IN THE HANDCUFFS AND AT HIS TREATMENT

MASTER (CONT'D)
Freddie, no, no, no, calm down, please, please. It's nothing, just laugh, we'll be out shortly, it's nothing. I, please, please, Freddie –

INT. POLICE CAR

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

MASTER is put into another car.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL - LATER

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

MASTER holds his FINGER TO HIS LIPS.

MASTER
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

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

MASTER (CONT'D)
Whatever we say is undoubtedly being monitored...speak in whispers.

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

MASTER
This is FBI work, Russians maybe...this...too much work for the AMA...
FREDDIE
Stop talking...

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

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

FREDDIE
Horseshit.

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

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

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

You CACTUS. Play a game with me?

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

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

Long silence. They sit in it.

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

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

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

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

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

MASTER
You belong at sea.

FREDDIE
...hmph...

MASTER
.............You belong to Doris.

FREDDIE
Why're you talking about her?

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

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

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

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

"YOU'LL NEVER GET BETTER"

MOMENTS LATER: SAME.

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

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

MASTER sits on the bed, thinks.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CLARK
He's done this before...

FREDDIE
What happened?

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

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

To sell it. Sell it off to any of these dissenters -
The door...NORMAN CONRAD asks FREDDIE to come in...

INT. OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

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

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

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

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

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

FREDDIE
...

MARY SUE
Can you stop drinking?

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

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

ZOOM IN TOWARDS HIS FACE, ENDS IN CU.

FREDDIE
I won’t drink.

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

(MORE)
MARY SUE (CONT'D)
All branches brought together for a summit...your mission is to prepare for MOC's arrival and provide security at his home in Camel Foot Hills...

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

FREDDIE
Who?

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

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

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

FREDDIE
...What is Val doing in all this?

MARY SUE
He's a squirrel. And he has weaknesses.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

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

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

FREDDIE and MASTER getting ready to leave. Just the two of them:
MASTER
Freddie...there's something else...a side project I have for you...

FREDDIE
...

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

FREDDIE
...

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

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

FREDDIE
What is it?

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

FREDDIE
......

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

FREDDIE
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT

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

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

FREDDIE looks at her. She looks at him

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - EN ROUTE - NIGHT

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN PHOENIX - AFTERNOON

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

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

THE HOUSE HAS BEEN TURNED UPSIDE DOWN AND RANSACKED.

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

FREDDIE walks around, looks into what appears to have been MASTER'S OFFICE...Writing, books, etc, thrown all over the place....
HOLE'S IN THE WALLS, SOCKETS RIPPED OUT, FLOOR BOARDS RIPPED UP...

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

DICK
Good morning.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE is alone, on the phone, with MASTER.

MASTER
Freddie.

FREDDIE
Someone broke into the house.

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

MASTER
-- do you have the box?

FREDDIE
Yes.

MASTER
Where are you now?

FREDDIE
I'm at the office with Dick Breton.

MASTER
Is he there with you?

FREDDIE
He's outside. The door's closed.

MASTER
The box is safe in your hands?

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

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

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

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

FREDDIE
What should I do now?

MASTER
Get yourself a room at the Sun Inn Motel. The Sun Inn Motel...it's nearby...acceptable accommodations. (MORE)
MASTER (CONT'D)
Find yourself a room there...and guard it until morning - stay safe until that bank opens...

FREDDIE
It's good. I got it.

MASTER
Yes it is. Are you alright?

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

MASTER
Why?

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

MASTER
You feel any stomach pain?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Ringing in your ears?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER
Left side feels good?

FREDDIE
Yeah.

MASTER
Right side feel good?

FREDDIE
I'm alright.

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

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

He looks at the Duffle Bag.
INT. SUN IN MOTEL - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HE SPENDS SOME TIME IN THE TOILET THROWING UP.

This goes on...until...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOTEL - THAT MOMENT

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

A FLEETING FIGURE RUNS AWAY AND DOWN A FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE.
FREDDIE RUNS AFTER THIS FIGURE...

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THAT MOMENT

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX BANK - MOMENTS LATER

FREDDIE comes in, registers a SAFE DEPOSIT BOX.

HE PUTS THE BOX IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT.

HE LEAVES.

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE H.Q. PHOENIX - DAY

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

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

Everyone is excited.
FREDDIE (CONT'D)
And it is hoped that a major part of the program can be devoted to a report on a demonstration of any new data or techniques MOC may reveal at that time.

FOLLOWER
You’re talking about Book II?

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE H.G. PHOENIX - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE H.Q. PHOENIX - DAY

The storefront operation is being READIED AND REFURBISHED. FREDDIE leading the clean-up, etc. FREDDIE acting as MAIN LIAISON AND LIEUTENANT. A STAGE IS PREPARED. MICROPHONES TESTED, RECORDING EQUIPMENT. FREDDIE OUT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. Doing the work of the Cause. He invites people to come, hands out FLIERS.

CUT TO:
INT. LOCAL PHOENIX RADIO STATION
FREDDIE is talking with a local STATION MANAGER about buying air-time...

INT. RADIO BOOTH
FREDDIE is on the radio, reading the PROMO PIECE;

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX AIRPORT / TARMAC - DAY
A PLANE TAXI'S TO A STOP, MASTER and MARY SUE, ELIZABETH, etc, all disembark the PLANE...
FREDDIE, clean cut and wearing a nice suit, is here to GREET THEM. They head for CARS waiting...

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE - DAY
THE WHOLE ENTOURAGE unloads and heads into the house.

CUT TO:
INT. PHOENIX HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

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

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

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

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

FREDDIE

The key.

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

MASTER

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

FREDDIE

I'll get some.

MASTER

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

FREDDIE

Alright.

MASTER

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

MASTER leaves the room with Freddie behind...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LATER

MASTER is typing off camera. It's later that night, everyone asleep but ELIZABETH and FREDDIE. They have a scene:
ELIZABETH
I hope that one day this place will be a museum to my father and everyone he has helped around the world will come and visit to see where he presented Book II.

You did a wonderful job helping him...

FREDDIE
.........where's Clark?

ELIZABETH
Denver.

FREDDIE
What's in Denver?

ELIZABETH
He had a mission there...

CU. FREDDIE

FREDDIE
What kind of mission?

ELIZABETH
A secret one....

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX BANK - MORNING

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

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - THAT MOMENT

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

CUT TO:

INT. PHOENIX HOUSE - LATER

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

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

       MARY SUE
       Do you want some pancakes?

HOLD. THEN:

CUT TO:

EXT. PHOENIX HOUSE – LATER

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

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

         BILL
         Hello, Freddie.

         FREDDIE
         Bill.

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

         FREDDIE
         There’s nothing going on, Bill.

         BILL
         What does that mean?

         FREDDIE
         That’s what that means.

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

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

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

FREDDIE
We appreciate that.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

BILL
And that entitles me to the Journals?

FREDDIE
Yes.

BILL
But I haven't gotten the Journals?

FREDDIE
No.

BILL
And I'm not going to get the Journals?

FREDDIE
No.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

BILL
But I haven't gotten the Journals?
No.

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

FREDDIE

....

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

FREDDIE

....

BILL
And I'm not going to get any Journals?

FREDDIE
No.

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

FREDDIE
Yes.

BILL
And I haven't gotten them?

FREDDIE
No.

BILL
But you're going to give them to me?

FREDDIE
No.

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

FREDDIE
No.
BILL

Why?

FREDDIE

You're a dissenter. And an unfaithful woman.

BEAT.

BILL.

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

FREDDIE

I'm not embarrassed. That's sunburn.

BILL

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

FREDDIE

You can't see Master.

BILL

Why?

FREDDIE

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

BILL

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

PAUSE.

BILL (CONT'D)

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

(MORE)
BILL (CONT'D)
And it's all gettin' away form what it was at the start which made sense. This is screwed man. Screw this. And screw you.

BILL leaves.

FREDDIE watches him go. Something takes hold of him.

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

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

CU. FREDDIE.

Just watching him with no/very little compassion.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN PHOENIX / PRINTERS - NEXT MORNING

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

WE SEE THE TITLE OF THE BOOK:

"THE SPLIT SABER"

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

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

Lancaster Dodd, M.D."

INT. CAUSE H.Q. PHOENIX - DAY

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

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

Book II is about Man.

(MORE)
MASTER (CONT'D)
And the title of the book is: "The Split Saber." This is an adaptation of the original text...and here we have some answers...

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

MASTER (CONT'D)
No More Secrets...

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

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

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

You.

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

The secret is laughter.

CU. FREDDIE

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

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

MASTER (CONT'D)
...so let's review "Laughter and Processing." and how the role of the listener...

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

...MASTER keeps talking and talking...

MASTER (CONT'D)
Man is not an animal
Man is an eternal spirit.
BACK TO FREDDIE.
He's sitting up straight, watching, pouring sweat. It's
the end of the lecture. EVERYONE STANDS UP AND GIVES
MASTER A HUGE ROUND OF APPLAUSE...

CUT TO:

INT. CAUSE COLLEGE.

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

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

   JOAN (SINGING)
   A TISKET-A-TASKET—MY PAST LIVES IN A
   BASKET!
   
   WE'RE HERE NOW, WE'RE HERE NOW.
   IN LOVELY AR-I-ZO-NA. AND
   WRESTLE OUT RE-ACTS RIGHT TO THE GROUND
   AND PULL, PULL, PIN IT DOWN.
   
   WE'LL TAKE IT, WE'LL TAKE IT,
   THOSE DIRTY SEEDS AND WIPE 'EM.
   
   THE APA AND AMA WILL HAVE TO KISS OUR-
   SS'S

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

ELIZABETH comes over and sits with FREDDIE...

   ELIZABETH
   Can we have some of your booze now?
   
   FREDDIE
   No more booze, Girl-y. Or haven't you
   heard?
   
   ELIZABETH
   Wanna dance?
   
   No.
   
   FREDDIE
   
   Grumpy.
   
   ELIZABETH
She leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY/NEXT MORNING.

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

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

MASTER
The game is "Pick A Point"

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

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

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

THEN GOES BACK THE SAME WAY HE CAME.

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

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

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

FREDDIE keeps on going...

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

HOLD.

FREDDIE IS GONE. MUSIC STARTS, OVER THE FOLLOWING: (?) "ho! For kansas."
EXT. DESERT - THREE HOURS LATER - DUSK.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. GALVESTON, TX.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, DAY.

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

THIS ALL ENDS UP IN AN EVENING OF:

TATTOO'S. FREDDIE GETS SOME NEW TATTOO'S

"TOO TOUGH TO DIE"

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

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

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

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

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

MOTHER
Hello.....Freddie?

FREDDIE
Hi. I'm lookin' for Doris.

MOTHER
Oh. .....what for?
FREDDIE
'cause I’m looking for her. Because I want to talk to her. That’s what for.

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

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

MOTHER
Yes. Jim day. From sommerville.

FREDDIE
When did that happen?

MOTHER
They’ve been married for three years.

FREDDIE
To jim day?

MOTHER
Yes.

FREDDIE
Is he still ugly?

PAUSE.

MOTHER
She has two children.

FREDDIE
............boys or girls?

MOTHER
Two girls. Are you coming back home?

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

MOTHER
How’s your family doing?

FREDDIE
Yeah, alright.

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

MOTHER
You could write her. I have an adress.

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

MOTHER
Alright.

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

MOTHER
Yes.

FREDDIE
Was she broken up about it?

MOTHER
Yes.

FREDDIE
Did she tell you what happened?

MOTHER
Yes.

FREDDIE
What did she say?

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

FREDDIE
Yeah.

MOTHER
Where have you been?

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

how old is she now?
MOTHER
Doris is twenty.

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

MOTHER
Sonny died in Italy.

FREDDIE

BEAT.

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

MOTHER
I'll tell her you came to see me.

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

MOTHER
Do you want her to know?

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

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

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

MOTHER
It was nice to see you.

FREDDIE
...am I leaving?

MOTHER
No. Whatever you'd like. You can come in.
FREDDIE
I gotta go. Thank you. So... thank you.
How's Mr. Shoeman?

MOTHER
He's very good. He's working.

FREDDIE
Tell him I said hello.

MOTHER
Alright.

LONG PAUSE.

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

MOTHER
Yes.

FREDDIE
Like the movie star.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SOMEWHERE.

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

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

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

FREDDIE
Hello?

MASTER (V.O.)
I miss you.

FREDDIE
How'd you find me?
MASTER (V.O.)
We're tied together.
Who got to you, Freddie?

FREDDIE
What?

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

FREDDIE
Nothing. Nobody.

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

FREDDIE
Where?

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

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

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

FREDDIE
They don't have 'em there?

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

FREDDIE
How'd you find me?

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

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

And walks down the very steep flight of stairs on the
balcony....
...it's dark...he's drunk...he takes a step or two the wrong way - and FALLS...he not only falls down the steps - but OVER THE BALCONY RAILING AND DOWN INTO THE MAIN AUDITORIUM...

The fall should either kill him or break his back.

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

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

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP IN;

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

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

It's her...ELLEN.

ELLEN
You're alright. You're Superman.

He looks at her.

ELLEN
Do you remember me?

you saved my life.

you don't remember me?

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

And it saved my life.

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

ELLEN
Do you know what happened?

FREDDIE
I fell over the balcony.
ELLEN
That's right.

FREDDIE
Am I alright?

ELLEN
Yes.

FREDDIE
Sure I'm not dead?

ELLEN
Yes.

FREDDIE
Not dreaming?

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

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

FREDDIE
... why are you here?

ELLEN
I was in the movie theater. You fell down. Right. Next. To. Me... I just happen to be there. You see?

FREDDIE
Do you have a cigarette?

ELLEN
No.

PAUSE. She starts to cry a little...

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

... and you should be a Savior. You are.

FREDDIE looks at her... she puts her head on him...
ELLEN
I'm not a cryer. I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm crying...I'm just happy to see you...

can I get you something?

HOLD...

FREDDIE
I really want a cigarette...

She goes away...comes back...lights him up a cigarette...

FREDDIE
I want to get to a phone...I gotta make a phone call...can you help me with that?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY. PHONE BOOTH.

FREDDIE making a LONG DISTANCE CALL TO PHOENIX ARIZONA.
Finally connected with THE CAUSE H.Q. (Ellen lingers in background.)

VOICE
The Cause College Of Phoenix, Hello.

FREDDIE
This is Freddie Sutton calling for MOC.

VOICE
Who?

FREDDIE
My name is Freddie Sutton. I'm calling for MOC.

VOICE
MOC is not here, I can help you. Are you calling for help? Are you in trouble or would you like to come in for free processing and evaluation?

FREDDIE
Is someone there. Elizabeth or mary Sue or Norm Conrad, the family?

VOICE
No, They're in England.
FREDDIE

.....

VOICE
Who is this?

FREDDIE
Is Dick Breton there?

VOICE
Dick Breton no longer works for this organization. Who is this?

FREDDIE
My name is Freddie Sutton and I'm a friend of the family. Where in England?

VOICE
Are you in any kind of trouble that we can help you with? You can come in for an evaluation.

FREDDIE hangs up. He thinks. He thinks. He thinks. He looks at Ellen...she looks at him...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEEN'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

FREDDIE is in Ellen's bed. She is going over his tattos. She kisses the tops of his FEET. ON HIS LEFT FOOT: A PIG. ONE HIS RIGHT FOOT: A ROOSTER.

ELLEN
What are these? What does this mean?

FREDDIE
They keep you from drowning...keep the sea from swallowing you. Pig and rooster's always survive a shipwreck.

ELLEN
How come they survive?

FREDDIE
I don't know. They can swim better? Never thought about it.

ELLEN
Did you ever have a shipwreck?

FREDDIE
.....I did.
HOLD. He thinks about this.

Ellen starts to get a little teary. She hugs his legs and feet, holds onto him....

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. DAY.

FREDDY on board a ship heading across the ocean.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY - MONTHS LATER.

FREDDIE, alone, walking down the STREETS OF LONDON...CAMERA WITH HIM, IN THE B.G. there are still VACANT LOTS, HALF BOMBED BUILDINGS, REMNANTS OF THE CITY BOMBARDED...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/ENGLAND - DAY.

FREDDIE walking a long road carrying his DUFFLE BAD...he heads up, passes some STUDENTS (wearing uniforms)

He comes into a clearing and heads up a driveway that leads to a VERY LARGE ENGLISH MANOR...

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA/MANSION.

A young BRITISH GIRL is very welcoming, asking him:

BRITISH GIRL
Hello! welcome, can we help you and invite you to sit down?

FREDDIE
You can...

BRITISH GIRL
You look like you’ve travelled here...

FREDDIE
...how else do you get someplace?
BRITISH GIRL
Ha, ha, he, he...
...can I assist you in help?

FREDDIE
...I'm here to see your Master.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING AREA/COUNTRY ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER.

FREDDIE is sitting, waiting...he sees:

DOWN THE HALLWAY, APPROACHING IS: VAL. he looks good, healthy clean-cut, etc...he's walking with an AID and going over some official business...

VAL walks past FREDDIE...

VAL sees FREDDIE.

FREDDIE sees VAL. He stops, comes back...walks up to Freddie:

VAL
Come to get yourself straight?

FREDDIE
You look good, Val.

VAL
Thank you.

FREDDIE
Was in the neighborhood, stopped in to see your old man.

VAL
Does he know you're here?

FREDDIE
He should...

MASTER comes down the long hallway...

MASTER
IS THERE A RASCAL IN THE HOUSE??

VAL to FREDDIE quickly before MASTER arrives:

VAL
They always come back.
MASTER
IS THERE A RASCAL NEARBY?

MASTER comes barreling up to FREDDIE, wraps his arms around FREDDIE in a big-friendly BEAR HUG.

MASTER
M'old sparring partner.

VAL watches...

MASTER

days of rugged wear on your face, come with me...

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER'S OPULENT OFFICE — DAY.

MASTER and FREDDIE together... MARY SUE is here...

CU. FREDDIE
he's listening to MASTER speak —

MASTER (O.C.)
You don't believe that this can work

FREDDIE
Not really.

MASTER (O.C.)
Then you'll never know.

are you drunk?

FREDDIE
No.

MASTER (O.C.)
It's not up to me to decide how ou use it or if you use it.

but if you want FACT. And scientific proof. This is it.

REVERSE, MASTER.

MASTER
Who got to you?
FREDDIE

Nobody.

MASTER

Do you want to come back?

FREDDIE

I don’t think so.

MASTER

We could have some fun. Without you, there’s less adventure.

FREDDIE

How did you get this castle?

MASTER

I think I won it in a card game. He he he.

MARY SUE

You look sick, Freddie. You don’t look healthy.

FREDDIE

I don’t look that way, that’s not the way I look. (must be a bad habit.)

MARY SUE

You should.
You can.

You don’t think you can. ?

FREDDIE

It’s just not how I look.

MARY SUE

Can’t take this-life straight, huh?

BEAT.

MARY SUE

What do you want? What did you hope would happen by coming here today?

FREDDIE

I don’t know.

I had a dream.
MASTER
The pull and the dream. The intersection of astral planes. Only a man as strong as you can listen to those calls...

PAUSE.

FREDDIE
Do you need some photographs taken? I could do that for you.

You know. Whatever I do for you, I'm only gonna do for a minute. It's only gonna be a minute before I go somewhere else again... just the way it's built.

MASTER
I know it. But this is not fashion. This is something to do for billions of years or not at all...

MARY SUE
We don't need any photo's taken, Freddie.

They all sit and look at each other. MARY SUE gets restless. She stands up...

She leaves. It takes her a minute to walk across the huge room... PAUSE, THEN:

MASTER looks at Freddie... MASTER goes into his desk, takes out a CONTRACT.

MASTER
We have a new contract... it says that you will serve the Cause above all other laws and regulations in this or any other neighboring galaxy for three billion years...

... would you sign it? And join with me?

FREDDIE
...

MASTER
It's not that long in the scheme of things, Freddie... he he he he.

PAUSE. SILENCE between them... then: MASTER starts to sing... and walk over to Freddie... serenades him;
MASTER

Lighting up the night so bright, for all of us
who sail by night...

for those of us who sail by night...light, light, the light.

I'd love to get ya...
on a slow boat to China
all to myself alone...

get you and keep ya,
in my arms ever more.
Leave all your lovers,
weepin' on a far-away shore.

Out on the briny
with that moon big and shinee.

Melting your heart of stone.
Honey I'd love to get ya
on a slow boat to China
all to myself
alone...

They look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE – COUNTRYSIDE.

FREDDIE walks off, away from the mansion...down the road...passing STUDENTS......

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHEL/APARTMENT – LONDON – NIGHT.

FREDDIE is lying in bed with a BRITISH WOMAN. He’s smoking, looking at the ceiling, she curls up next to him...smokes some of his cigarette...

We SEE HIS FULL BODY NOW, COVERED IN AMAZING, INTRICATE TATTOOS’S. BIRDS, SHIPS, FLAGS, PALM TREES, “TOO TOUGH TO DIE,"

FREDDIE
What's your name?

WINN
I told you...don’t remember?
FREDDIE
Say it...

WINN
You’re drunk...

FREDDIE
No. Not drunk yet. Say it...

WINN
Winn.

FREDDIE
Say your full name.

WINN
Winn Manchester.

FREDDIE
Say it again...

WINN
Winn Manchester.

FREDDIE
Say it again...

WINN
Winn Manchester.

FREDDIE
Are you sure you haven’t lived before?

WINN
No.

FREDDIE
Maybe this isn’t your only life...

WINN
I don’t think it is...

THE END.