

GIN AND SIN

Written by

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Based on his novel

LOGLINE: When a cynical saloonkeeper with a penchant for gin suffers head trauma, the alcohol takes on the guise of a beautiful woman from ancient times who seduces him and compels him to commit a sin there is no coming back from.

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GIN AND SIN

SUPER: "I know now that there is no one thing that is true; it is all true." - Ernest Hemingway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUSTIN-BERGSTROM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER: "Austin, Texas. December, 2017."

Snow flurries. BIRD'S EYE VIEW as a sedan leaves the airport. It enters an empty Highway 183. WE FOLLOW IT as snow doubles.

Suddenly, it spins out of control and crashes. A PASSENGER goes through the windshield. HOLD. Snow flurries triple.

BLEED TO WHITE.

EXT. BAYSIDE - NIGHT

SUPER: "Seven Years Later. South Padre Island, Texas."

CROWDS line the shore between the saloons overlooking the bay as spotlights search for the main attraction. There it is!

ANNOUNCER (LOUDSPEAKER)

And here she comes now, ladies and gents! I hope you brought earplugs!

A PT boat slices across the surface of silky dark water, firing its weapons. Booming MACHINE GUN FIRE fills the air.

A MAN, 40s, in a breezy suit, Panama hat, its brim casting him in Bogart mystery, stands behind a HUSBAND AND WIFE, 50s, who cover their ears from the sound of the gunfire.

WIFE

What kind of boat is that?

MAN IN PANAMA HAT

A PT. Stands for 'patrol torpedo'.

HUSBAND

A torpedo boat??

MAN IN PANAMA HAT

World War II. They liked to eat at night. Japs were scared shitless of them. Called them Green Dragons.

The PT boat launches a torpedo. Its rooster tail of green fluorescent dye makes it easy to follow through the water.

BOOM! Target explodes. Fireworks commence. A cheering crowd.

Man in Panama hat smiles and enters a bar called "Skivvies". Beneath the neon sign is the slogan: ". . . optional".

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - NIGHT - MAN IN PANAMA HAT

DOLLY with him past photos of PT boats on the wall. STOP on one showing sailors posing with their skivvies hanging on gun barrels. PULL BACK ON HIM studying this photo. He's hungover. Dangerous. Perhaps hiding a secret. But the stunning black bartender, NIXY, late 20s, gives him no quarter.

NIXY  
You look like shit.

MAN IN PANAMA HAT  
I like you, too.

He nods to a bottle of "Garden of Life" gin.

NIXY  
I get dizzy when I drink gin.

MAN IN PANAMA HAT  
Dizzy's the name. Drinking's the game.

NIXY  
Cute. This came for you.

An envelope with a scallop seashell wax stamp. He passes through French doors into his office off the bar.

DIZZY'S OFFICE

SCALLOP SHELL ASHTRAY as he scrunches out his cigarette. He sits behind his desk and opens the letter.

INSERT - LETTER, an invitation which reads:

Mr. L'Amour,  
Please join us after the show. Slip  
F-18, Stella's Sassy Snapper.  
Gin and Murphy  
P.S. Erica says go fuck yourself.

Sure she does. He slips the invite between the pages of a volume of "Great Expectations" by Charles Dickens. He then begins scrolling his cell when Nixy enters with his drink.

DIZZY

You remember Q, right? Dropped off the grid after the last election.

NIXY

Aren't we done with that fuck?

DIZZY

Listen to this. 'The little mouth belies the body of Christ. From the peak the thunderstone crowns the once and future king.'

Dizzy shows her his phone -- a picture grab of DONALD TRUMP.

NIXY

I remember that book. I was like maybe ten. So Trump is King Arthur now? What's a thunderstone?

DIZZY

An ancient weapon used by the gods.

NIXY

You mean like a sword?

DIZZY

Bigger than that. Probably nuclear.

NIXY

No shit. Sounds like a superhero movie. I hate superhero movies. Where's that fancy letter?  
 (he nods/she reads it)  
 How do they know Erica?  
 (accidentally drops it/picks it up/puts it back inside book)  
 Everyone deserves forgiveness, Diz.  
 It was an accident.

DIZZY

You can't pray a lie.

NIXY

Who said that, an election denier?

DIZZY

Mark Twain. You're having a great ass day, by the way.

NIXY

Thanks, but it belongs to someone else. Oh, the Chief's here.

EXT. OUTDOOR DECK - SKIVVIES SALOON - NIGHT - DIZZY

as he sees CHIEF WES TULLY, 50. He is of the John Wayne mold. His twelve-year-old daughter EMMA flies a drone over the bay. Emma has cancer. She hides her hairless head with a scarf.

A COUPLE dining enjoy the antics. Dizzy steps up to Tully.

CHIEF WES TULLY

Just stopped by to thank you. Best birthday gift ever. It has opened the world for her. She's posting her videos on Facebook.

DIZZY

Good! Good!

Tully nods to BADDOG, 30, a ruin of a man, eyeing them from down the dock. He drinks from his pint of rum.

QUICK FLASH - when he was vital. To impress his tennis pal, a GIRL, 20s, he jumps over the net but fails, howling in pain.

HE MORPHS before us as opioids become his god. QUICK CUTS of him taking one, two, three pills. His athletic body, million-dollar smile and blond hair wither away.

BACK TO SCENE

CHIEF WES TULLY

Want me to run him off?

DIZZY

Everyone needs to be somewhere.

CHIEF WES TULLY

Don't be naïve. If it looks rotten and smells rotten it's rotten.

DIZZY

Oxys will do that. You and Emma stay for dinner. It's on me.

CANDY CASTLE, 30, a Scandinavian beauty, skips up and pecks Dizzy on the cheek.

CANDY CASTLE

Hi, Chief. My new business card.

CHIEF WES TULLY

Thanks. I haven't seen you around.

CANDY CASTLE

I've been in Croatia!

CHIEF WES TULLY  
You built a sandcastle in Croatia??

CANDY CASTLE  
(to Dizzy)  
Mind if I pass some of these out?

DIZZY  
We're not very busy.

CANDY CASTLE  
I'm a workaholic, what can I say?

DIZZY  
Go ahead.

CANDY CASTLE  
Thanks. Oh. Erica says go fuck  
yourself.

She moves to the first table of TWO CUSTOMERS dining.

CANDY CASTLE (CONT'D)  
Hi! I'm Candy Castle! I build  
sandcastles! Would you like to  
become a member? Okay. Raise your  
right hand and repeat after me. 'I  
promise to have fun'.

CUSTOMERS  
I promise to have fun.

CANDY CASTLE  
'I promise to play when the work is  
done'.

CUSTOMERS  
I promise to play when the work is  
done.

CANDY CASTLE  
'And I promise not to eat too much  
candy'. Ruins the teeth.  
(the customers repeat it)  
Now you're an official member of  
the Candy Castles!

BADDOG watches Candy flirt with Dizzy. He's jealous as fuck.

CANDY CASTLE (CONT'D)  
I have something else to tell you.  
Meet you upstairs in five.

Dizzy turns back to address Baddog's presence but he's gone.

INT. BEDROOM - RESIDENCE - SKIVVIES SALOON - NIGHT

Candy is in Dizzy's bed. He begins to undress.

CANDY CASTLE

I've been diagnosed with this condition, you see.

DIZZY

Sounds serious. Is there a cure?

CANDY CASTLE

We're about to find out -- hold it.  
(reaches beneath her)  
What's this?

A yellow tennis ball.

Dizzy can't explain it. She tosses it into a bin. Swish!

EXT. PT BOAT - SLIP F-18 - NIGHT - DIZZY

as CAPTAIN MURPHY QUINN welcomes him aboard. Quinn is in swashbuckler-good shape, ageless, dirty blond hair streaked white. He wears a talisman around his neck and a leather belt about his waist with a gold scallop seashell belt buckle.

MURPHY QUINN

Welcome! My wife is primping but she said dinner would be on time. Drink? I hear you like gin.

DIZZY

Straight, if you would. Over ice.

MURPHY QUINN

Want the nickel tour?

DIZZY

I'd pay a buck.

MURPHY QUINN

I appreciate that. Well. She's eighty feet long with a twenty-four foot beam. The satellite dishes keep us connected to the world. Those Lewis guns were owned by Al Capone. Spin-stabilized rockets, port and starboard. I call them Budweiser Tallboys. Browning fifty-calibers in the bird nests. We have two torpedoes per side. And lighter than the Navy's Mark 54.

DIZZY

Why not uses racks? These tubes weigh two thousand pounds a piece.

MURPHY QUINN

You know PTs?

DIZZY

I've always been fascinated by them. Just never been aboard one. What brings you to these waters?

MURPHY QUINN

The Mayan temples of Tulum aren't that far. Legend is they were star gates into the afterlife. Erica said you are fascinated with the esoteric. Is that true?

DIZZY

How do you know Erica?

MURPHY QUINN

We don't know each other that well.

DIZZY

You know her well enough to tell me to fuck off.

MURPHY QUINN

Oh, that. She insisted we put that on the invitation. We wanted her to join us. A car wreck, was it?

DIZZY

(dodges the query)

PTs ran on the old V-12 Packards. Airplane fuel isn't too readily available for boats anymore.

MURPHY QUINN

No worries. She's a diesel. Napier Deltic. You gotta hand it to those Swedes. They know how to build an engine. I reconfigured everything to run from the helm. I don't want to rely on some motor mac to get us underway. This is my home and I sure as hell don't want someone below decks gimping around while I'm trying to make love to my wife!

DIZZY

Is that a Thunderbolt?



MURPHY QUINN

The man knows his guns. Anti-aircraft weapon designed specifically for the PT.

DIZZY

What about her speed?

MURPHY QUINN

Sea or air? This wagon has wings!

BELOW DECK - MAIN CABIN

Quinn is our Captain Nemo, the PT our Nautilus. Computers. Candelabras. Antique firearms on display. And a backlit stained-glass depiction of the All-Seeing Eye in the ceiling.

LATER

Dinner continues. Dizzy notes a sword crowning the firearms.

DIZZY

Is that a gladius?

MURPHY QUINN

The man knows his swords, too.

GIN

Have you ever heard the story of the Wandering Jew?

DIZZY

He mocked Christ on the way to the Crucifixion. Something like that. Jews just can't catch a break.

GIN

There's no proof he was Jewish. We heard you are a man of history.

DIZZY

History. Not myth.

MURPHY QUINN

What's the story's theme you think?

DIZZY

Guilt. The one thing humanity seems to share with itself. In spades.

GIN

Not Donald Trump.

Quinn shoots her a critical look. She politely flips him off.

He removes a six-gun from the wall, twirls it like a pro.

MURPHY QUINN

This belonged to Johnny Ringo. I bought it at auction for thirteen grand. Outbid a family who claimed to be his descendants but wanted nothing to do with him except bury the only evidence he ever existed.

(briefly AIMS GUN AT DIZZY  
before returning it to  
the wall)

Erica said you dabble in private investigation.

GIN

Darling, Mr. L'Amour rescued a girl from a crack house in Rio Hondo. There's a video of him carrying her out of a burning trailer still on YouTube. He's buck-ass naked! I'm not embarrassing you, am I?

(Dizzy shakes his head)

"Gallant Gumshoe Goes Full Monty"! "Knight in the Buff Rescues Damsel in Distress"! So the world knows what you look like without your clothes on. Big deal.

DIZZY

I had business cards printed the next day.

The Quinns laugh.

MURPHY QUINN

Not many men would have risked their lives like that.

DIZZY

I was drinking.

MURPHY QUINN

So you didn't rely on faith to see you through, eh?

DIZZY

I had a Glock Twenty. I had some faith in that.

MURPHY QUINN

And the belief Jesus would protect you when you brought it to bear?

DIZZY

Something supernatural ought to have our backs. Flying Scabs are not to be underestimated.

MURPHY QUINN

Flying Scab? What is that?

DIZZY

A Mayan devil. And anyone exploring the Mayans would have known that.

MURPHY QUINN

I see. Well, I wasn't aware we were in a pissing contest. Are we in a pissing contest, dear?

GIN

Mr. L'Amour is certainly poking you in the ribs. Is it customary where you come from to insult your host or has the wine gone to your head?

DIZZY

I meant no disrespect. But my gut tells me I'm here for a reason.

Dizzy assesses a faded wolf tattoo on Quinn's forearm.

MURPHY QUINN

What do you think of the death penalty?

DIZZY

It's too lenient.

MURPHY QUINN

(to Gin)

I think I'm going to like this man.

(to Dizzy)

Could you elaborate, just to be clear?

DIZZY

Why send them to the afterlife where there might be forgiveness? Make them suffer in this world like you're made to suffer.

MURPHY QUINN

What can you tell us about Q?

DIZZY

Talk about your segue. Not much.

GIN

But you've reached out to him.

DIZZY

What makes you say that?

GIN

Because we have. It's easy to do with all these chat rooms.

MURPHY QUINN

A post of his mentioned a thunderstone. Do you know what that is?

DIZZY

A weapon used by Zeus. So. What do you call this bucket?

He notes Gin fondling a lotus-like charm hanging on her neck.

GIN

I call her Farra. After Admiral Farragut. He's the one who yelled --

DIZZY

Damn the torpedoes.

GIN

Correct. But I'm afraid my Murph has gone down the rabbit hole. He calls her the President Trump.

DIZZY

I can't see naming anything after a guy who thinks the laws that you and I must abide by don't apply to him. If you break the law you ought to be held accountable.

MURPHY QUINN

Accountable for what? Greasing a few palms? Slapping a few backs? That's politics, Mr. L'Amour.

DIZZY

Having to show your ID every time you cross a state line. That's where we're headed under Trump.

(like a Nazi)

*Papers! Let me see your papers!*

I like Farra.

MURPHY QUINN

President Trump.

DIZZY  
It's your boat.

GIN  
Whatever we call her, my husband  
has a magic touch.

DIZZY  
Well, I've got a friend looking for  
a good masseuse.

GIN  
Over my dead body. The last time he  
helped, it nearly got him killed.

MURPHY QUINN  
I just fixed Caesar's neck once.

DIZZY  
Caesar who?

GIN  
It was Tiberius, wasn't it, darling?  
You both were so young. Caesar had  
suffered a neck ailment and --

MURPHY QUINN  
And L'Amour here shouts I can fix  
it! If I couldn't I'd be put to  
death for the trouble. But I did  
help and my career took off.

DIZZY  
You know someone who thinks he  
lived in the past. Is that right?

MURPHY QUINN  
Yes. You.

DIZZY  
I don't believe in that kind of  
stuff. But, hey, for the sake of  
dinner theater, what was my name?

MURPHY QUINN  
Lucius. Gaius Lucius Tanicus.

DIZZY  
Doesn't ring a bell. And who were  
you, back in the day?

MURPHY QUINN  
I am Quintus Arias Apollus, first  
centurion under Claudius Lysias.

DIZZY

That's who you thought you were in  
the past life?

MURPHY QUINN

No, Mr. L'Amour. That is who I am  
in this life.

Dizzy's eyesight blurs.

KERPLUNK! His head falls on the table. He's out cold.

Gin and Quinn carry him to the couch.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

This better work. I wanna go home.

GIN

The angels are calling us all. It's  
just about guilt and our friend  
here is carrying a ton of it.

They place their hands on Dizzy's head as if in prayer.

DIZZY'S POV - Gin and Quinn, in an aura of magical light.

MAGICAL VOICE (V.O.)

Where you at, boy?

DIZZY (V.O.)

Come again?

MAGICAL VOICE (V.O.)

Wheremyouat-wheremyouat-wheremyouat?

A WORM HOLE forms and Dizzy is sucked back in time . . . .

FLASHBACK - EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT - 2000 YEARS AGO - A GIRL

Gin of ancient times, GINAT, 10-12, foraging when tinkling  
bells announce a masked HORSEMAN. He extends a hand. When he  
hoists her up, a bosom protrudes. The rider is a WOMAN.

INT. BROTHEL - KING HEROD'S PALACE - DAY - GINAT

as she is guided by the woman to a COURTESAN.

WOMAN

I am Yu-at. You will be trained in  
the arts of love and present  
yourself at the altar of the one  
true god, Sin. The Moon Father.

POOL

Ginat is led in by the courtesan and "baptized". When she surfaces, she is a GROWN WOMAN. Yu-at combs her hair.

YU-AT

You were with Romans last night.  
They did not touch you, did they?

GINAT

No, mistress. But they tried.

YU-AT

And how did you dissuade them?

GINAT

I can cuss in Latin better than  
they can.

YU-AT

The universe shines within you. You  
are the one I've been waiting for.

GINAT

I thought King Herod was who you  
were waiting for.

YU-AT

We were lovers. But he likes girls.  
Not women. He gave me a gift.

Yu-at wades to the side of the pool and draws a knife from beneath a towel. The pommel is a snake's head with ruby eyes.

YU-AT (CONT'D)

I often fantasize using it on him.

GINAT

He is coming.

YU-AT

Who is coming, child?

A big bellied man emerges from the shadows. KING HEROD, 50s.

KING HEROD

When will she be ready?

YU-AT

She needs more training, sire.

Yu-at emerges from the pool, naked, blocking Herod's view of Ginat. She is at the peak of her sexual powers.

YU-AT (CONT'D)  
May I be frank, my lord?

KING HEROD  
(a devious smile)  
And I'll be honest?

YU-AT  
You don't want her to just lie  
there, do you?

The spell broken, Herod mopes away.

GINAT'S ROOM

Yu-at rushes in with a tall EUNUCH. She hands her a goblet.

YU-AT (CONT'D)  
Drink this tonic, child. There are  
tremors in the cosmos. We must run.

HALLWAY

They hurry along, a drugged Ginat in the eunuch's arms.

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT - A HORSE-DRAWN CART

as Yu-at cracks the whip. The horse bolts forward.

EXT. CLEARING BY A RIVER - NIGHT

The eunuch carries Ginat inside a ring of torches. Yu-at  
strips Ginat and bathes her in oil, focusing on her womb.

YU-AT  
The center of being resides in  
woman. We didn't come from Adam's  
side; we were created equal. Woman  
is the "Garden of Life", Ginat. You  
are the garden. That is what your  
name means!

The Morning Star twinkles above a bank of amethyst clouds.

YU-AT (CONT'D)  
Oh, Phosphorus, come quickly! She  
is ripe for your seed!

Ginat opens her eyes. Yu-at has vanished. The torches spit  
forth a WINGED CREATURE with cobalt eyes and sensuous muscle.  
He disappears, leaving behind a JACKAL with a predatory gaze  
on the virgin. Ginat staggers back. The beast attacks.



INT. GINAT'S ROOM - BROTHEL - KING HEROD'S PALACE - NIGHT

Yu-at examines Ginat's belly, growing at an alarming pace. She reaches across her to fluff the pillows while a WET NURSE applies a compress. Yu-at smiles wickedly, leaves the room.

HALLWAY

Yu-at hurries, stops when she realizes her knife is missing.

GINAT'S ROOM

Ginat cuts the throat of the wet nurse with Yu-at's knife.

HALLWAY

Yu-at races back to Ginat's room only to find her gone.

EXT. BONE SPUR VALLEY - DAY - TWO ROMANS

on horseback. They remove their helmets. It is QUINTUS APOLLUS (Murphy Quinn) and LUCIUS TANICUS (Dizzy L'Amour) watching a DRIFTER make his way across the valley floor.

LUCIUS

Fool.

QUINTUS

A fool is right in his own eyes.

LUCIUS

How convenient there's an axiom to justify it.

QUINTUS

It comes from Proverbs.

LUCIUS

What is that?

QUINTUS

A collection of stories. To know the enemy, you must read their stories. Listen to their prophets. And keep your ear to the street.

LUCIUS

I'd rather my ear be on a harlot's bosom, if it's all the same to you. Whores talk too. If you beat on them long enough.

(drinks from wineskin)

Fool.

QUINTUS  
Keep drinking and I'll have two  
fools to deal with.

LUCIUS  
Who would build a post in this  
boneyard?

QUINTUS  
Men with ideas but no means.

LUCIUS  
If they have no means, where is the  
threat?

QUINTUS  
The idea is the threat, Lucius.

The drifter collapses and rolls onto his back, revealing the  
extended belly of a pregnant girl.

INT. CAVE - OASIS - DAY

A small campfire. Cathedral ceilings. The horses are hobbled.  
A distant lion's ROAR. Ginat mutters in delirium.

LUCIUS  
What is that gibberish?

QUINTUS  
An appeal to her god, I believe.

LUCIUS  
And which god would that be?

QUINTUS  
She is strong but she is bleeding.

LUCIUS  
Then the child will die inside her.

QUINTUS  
We can cut it out.

LUCIUS  
You can cut it out.

QUINTUS  
I am not a surgeon.

LUCIUS  
Then you will kill her taking it.  
You are not a delicate creature.

QUINTUS

Nor are you.

LUCIUS

Rome does not pay me to be. We are here to rule.

QUINTUS

It is difficult to rule what you don't understand.

LUCIUS

I can't abide a people who worship a bush. Even if it is ablaze.

QUINTUS

Does not the smithy honor Vulcan? He alone cannot forge fire hot enough to make steel. We are mere tools of the gods. Hers is the Moon Father, if I heard her correctly.

LUCIUS

And who is that?

QUINTUS

Sin. That is her god.

LUCIUS

Then perhaps he heard her. Put the whore out of her misery.

QUINTUS

Why do you think she's a whore?

LUCIUS

She is marked like one.

QUINTUS

(re: her henna tattoos)  
She could be a priestess. I have seen the Vestal Virgins decorated in much the same way.

LUCIUS

Whores know the secrets for preventing children.

QUINTUS

So does a priestess. Bring me the kanab. They say it helps.

LUCIUS  
 I smoked it.  
 (then)  
 It's this wretched heat! If I knew  
 we were going to be midwives I  
 would've saved some!

QUINTUS  
 Is there any wine left or did you  
 drink all that too?

EXT./INT. CAVE - NIGHT - QUINTUS AND LUCIUS

share the wine overlooking an oasis scalded by the sunset. A  
 STAR with a moonbeam like a celestial moat rules the sky.

QUINTUS  
 There it is again. It's a sign from  
 the gods.

LUCIUS  
 Then let them read it.

QUINTUS  
 They're the ones who sent it.

GINAT'S SCREAM slaps them silly and they rush inside. Quintus  
 hovers above the girl.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)  
 Push!

GINAT  
 W-when it comes, you must kill it!

Lucius walks out.

EXT/INT. CAVE - NIGHT - LUCIUS

A BABY'S WAIL compels him back inside. Quintus wraps the  
 afterbirth. Ginat is sleeping, the babe in swaddling clothes.

QUINTUS  
 (re: afterbirth)  
 I have to bury this. Then we must  
 build a litter.

LUCIUS  
 Where are we going?

QUINTUS  
 Jerusalem.

EXT. JUDEAN WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Though the celestial compass bathes the desert a powder blue, Ginat is sullen. She rejects the babe. It begins to slide off the litter. Quintus leaps off his horse and saves it.

GINAT  
You must kill it!

QUINTUS  
I ought to kill you.

Ginat turns away and sees THREE CAMEL RIDERS loping easily along an escarpment. They too seem to be following the star.

Suddenly, NINE RIDERS approach on a wave of silver dust and surround the pilgrims. Pinpricks of evil reflect in the eyes of the turbaned riders. They wear leather breastplates rimmed in onyx and scimitars with bone handles.

YU-AT  
The child is mine!

INT. GINAT'S ROOM - KING HEROD'S PALACE - DAY

Quintus enters. Ginat is in bed propped against pillows. He steps up to the grand window and looks out over the city to the Temple of Solomon and the smoke rising from its altar.

QUINTUS  
The air is foul with burnt lamb.  
(then)  
How are you feeling?

GINAT  
Why do you care?

QUINTUS  
How long have you been in Herod's charge?

GINAT  
One day Yu-at came. I was very young.

QUINTUS  
And your parents, where are they?

GINAT  
I belong to Yu-at. You may sit.

QUINTUS  
I am not here for comfort.

GINAT

I have merely offered you a seat.

QUINTUS

Very well. But I have no time for indulgences.

GINAT

Perhaps you do and don't know it. As payment for your service, I will bathe you with my hair which I'm told is soft as a virgin's thigh.

QUINTUS

That will not be necessary.

GINAT

What am I to you?

QUINTUS

Nothing.

GINAT

Then why come?

QUINTUS

(awkward)

Some babes don't take to the milk at first.

GINAT

(laughs)

How would you know? Open your eyes. They have used you as they used me.

QUINTUS

No one has used me, milady.

GINAT

And that makes you a fool.

QUINTUS

How does that make me a fool?

GINAT

Because you believe it! Ignorance does not absolve you.

QUINTUS

Of what must I be absolved?

GINAT

Whatever evil is unleashed upon the world is your doing, not mine.

QUINTUS

If what you say is true, why have  
you not opened your veins?

(draws his knife)

Here. Do it now.

GINAT

I-I am jealous for my life!

He is moved by her tears but unsure if they are real. He sheaths the knife and pulls her into his arms.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - GINAT AND QUINTUS

-- They share food together.

-- His animation telling a story makes her laugh.

-- He retires to the corner and watches her sleep.

-- As night descends, he too falls asleep.

EXT. BALCONY - KING HEROD'S PALACE - NIGHT - YU-AT

spies Lucius in the courtyard pool. She conjures black magic.

INT. POOL - NIGHT - LUCIUS

as he ponders the strange star when the water begins to boil.

INT. GINAT'S ROOM - NIGHT - LUCIUS

enters, naked, dripping wet, holding Yu-at's knife. He approaches sleeping Ginat when Quintus leaps on him.

QUINTUS

Lucius! Lucius!

But Lucius is locked in the trance of possession. They crash into a brazier, spilling hot coals. Lucius screams, his bare flesh burning. He vomits the evil Yu-at planted in his belly.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY - QUINTUS

helps Lucius mount his horse. The SERGEANT AT ARMS looks on.

QUINTUS

I will take him to the mud pits at  
Ein Gedi to aid his recovery.

EXT/INT. GINAT'S ROOM - KING HEROD'S PALACE - DAY

From her balcony she watches the two Romans ride away,  
reenters her room and plops on the bed, distraught.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Loud voices awaken her. She slips out of bed and moves to the  
wall of tapestries and peers through to the Throne Room.

THRONE ROOM - KING HEROD AND YU-AT

KING HEROD

Do not patronize me! Am I so vain  
that I would anger the prophets?  
No! I respect them! They can hear  
my thoughts. They live in the  
shadows. They sent them! And I seek  
your counsel and you have me wait??

YU-AT

Who came to you, my lord?

KING HEROD

Kings. With no riders. No support.  
No one travels this land alone.

YU-AT

What did they want, exactly?

KING HEROD

To know where the King of the Jews  
is to be born. Did you not say my  
reign would outshine the glory of  
Moses? That nations would bow to  
the luster of my dawn? Or were you  
just using me to gain my trust? I  
was a fool to take you to the bed!

YU-AT

(to the star)

O Lucifer, is this not your holy  
light?

(spins about)

What did you tell them?

KING HEROD

I sent them on their way. Now you  
come with the girl and a babe from  
the south. That's when I recalled  
the prophecy. 'But you, Bethlehem  
Ephrata, though you are little  
among thousands, shall bring forth  
he who is to be ruler of Israel.'



YU-AT  
 (intones)  
 Bethlehem.

KING HEROD  
 This girl. How do I know she did  
 not birth this king? Did you not  
 pass Bethlehem on your way here? Is  
 that enough to satisfy the omen?  
 This star. It vexes me. How many  
 have been born in its light? How  
 will the kings know whom to pay  
 homage? Will they tell me? I think  
 not. How then can I pay tribute?  
 Did the star shine for her?

YU-AT  
 The child is no threat to you.

KING HEROD  
 DID THE STAR SHINE FOR HER!

YU-AT  
 I cannot say, sire. I was not there  
 when she delivered.

KING HEROD  
 How then can we know? Tell me true,  
 Yu-at.

She seeks refuge but shafts of starlight through the windows  
 sear her flesh (or so she imagines) and she stays put.

KING HEROD (CONT'D)  
 I fear the prophets are listening.  
 The diviners, the necromancers.  
 Those who court the Moon Father.  
 And where is he? Even he has run  
 from this star. Call your priests!  
 Tell them I have gold for them.  
 Tell them I will tithe a full  
 year's worth for the entire Jewish  
 nation -- Mariamne? Is that you?

WHAT HE SEES is the honeydew corpse of his niece, MARIAMNE.

YU-AT  
 You must kill them.  
 (shakes him by the stole)  
 The babes! Do you hear? No! Wait!  
 Kill every male child up to two  
 years. It will safeguard your  
 kingdom. That is the only way to  
 destroy the star.

KING HEROD  
Y-you want me to kill the children?

YU-AT  
KILL THEM ALL!

EXT. JUDEAN WILDERNESS - NIGHT - QUINTUS AND LUCIUS  
beside a campfire. Quintus pulls out a pomegranate.

QUINTUS  
I have fruit.

Lucius nods. Quintus reaches for his knife -- but it is gone.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GINAT'S ROOM - KING HEROD'S PALACE - NIGHT

His knife in Ginat's hand. She turns away from the tapestry.

THRONE ROOM

Yu-at sees the tapestries ruffle. Ginat is eavesdropping.

GINAT'S ROOM

Yu-at finds Ginat in bed, looking up at the ceiling. Yu-at sits beside her and takes a nurturant tone.

YU-AT  
I suppose you heard some of that.  
It's all right. Adults argue. But  
you are innocent. What you have  
been through. It is so unfair.

The mistress licks Ginat's lips -- the girl stabs her in the back, then snaps Yu-at's neck.

THRONE ROOM

Herod drinks. He looks up at the tapestry wall. His yeasty eyes betray what he wants. He wants Ginat.

NURSERY

The babe sleeps. A WET NURSE doses. Ginat steals the kid.

GINAT'S ROOM

Herod tiptoes in. He stops when he sees Yu-at on the bed, transfixed on the steel in her back. She raises her head.

YU-AT (CONT'D)

A moment, please, old king. I just need an adjustment.

She approaches him, arms out, as if wanting an embrace. But they are backwards. She is backwards. Her head hangs cockeyed between her shoulder blades just above the hilt of the knife. Her fanny jiggles. She bumps into a chair but keeps coming.

Herod hurls a brazier down upon her. She erupts into flames as he runs from the room.

KING HEROD

FIRE! FIRE!

EXT. HORSE STABLES - KING HEROD'S PALACE - NIGHT - GINAT

steals a horse while HEROD'S NIGHT RIDERS prepare for their attack on Bethlehem.

EXT. JUDEAN WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Quintus sleeps. Lucius, on the other hand, becomes transfixed on the GHOST of Yu-at, seated by the campfire.

As he readies his horse he senses Quintus rushing him. He turns and strikes him, mounts his steed and rides away.

EXT. JUDEAN WILDERNESS - NIGHT - GINAT

as she gallops towards Bethlehem.

EXT. JUDEAN WILDERNESS - NIGHT - HEROD'S NIGHT RIDERS

as they gallop towards Bethlehem.

EXT/INT. SMALL DWELLING - BETHLEHEM - NIGHT - GINAT

as she dismounts and enters a small dwelling and lays the baby on a table, then hides in the corner.

EXT. BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS - HEROD'S NIGHT RIDERS ATTACK

-- A YOUNG BOY is decapitated.

-- A YOUNG GIRL is sliced by sword.

-- A YOUNG BOY is trampled by a Night Rider's horse.

-- CHILDREN and PARENTS are indiscriminately murdered.

INT./EXT. SMALL DWELLING - NIGHT

Lucius rushes in to rescue the baby when Quintus jumps him from behind. HEROD'S NIGHT RIDERS move in. They watch Quintus and Lucius in combat. They see the baby, draw their swords. BLOOD SPLATTERS THE SCREEN. The Night Riders rush out.

The room shakes. The floor erupts. Claws grab Lucius. Quintus hacks at the DEMONS but Lucius is dragged underground.

Quintus carries Ginat outside. They watch the blazing home collapse. Suddenly, Lucius emerges on fire. Quintus rolls him in the dirt. Ginat runs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GINAT'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

A happy sporting house. Lucius walks in. His face is horribly scarred from the Bethlehem fire. Ginat and he lock eyes. He grabs her by the hair and forces her into a room.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY - QUINTUS

as he fights GERMANIC BARBARIANS.

EXT. ROME - DAY - QUINTUS

enters by chariot in triumph. Beneath the Arch of Tiberius, CAESAR whispers in his ear, crowns him with a golden laurel.

INT. GINAT'S BROTHEL - DAY

Ginat, bruised, beaten. Lucius slips on his sword belt, having enjoyed another day of violent sex with her.

EXT. JUDEAN WILDERNESS - DAY - GINAT

lies down to die. The shadow of a MAN carpets her.

INT. CAVE - DAY

She awakes to see a scruffy man eating dates big as eggs.

SCRUFFY MAN

Take one. They come from the banks  
of Shatt-el-Arab.

GINAT

Who are you?

SCRUFFY MAN

They call me The Baptist.

GINAT

What are you doing out here?

THE BAPTIST

I think the better question is What  
are you doing? Fear not, for he who  
is greater than you or I is coming.

EXT. TEDI GATE - ANTONIA FORTRESS - DAY

Quintus Apollus and Lucius Tanicus embrace as brothers.

QUINTUS

I was unsure you would receive me.

LUCIUS

Nor I you. You are The Great Man.

QUINTUS

So we meet where the clerics pass  
after they have had their whores.

LUCIUS

May the white flux wither their  
loins.

QUINTUS

Thankfully, I have never suffered  
that malady.

LUCIUS

Nor have I!

QUINTUS

Rome's strength is her brothers.  
You deserve this as much as I.

He places the gift from Caesar on Lucius's head. Lucius is  
stunned beyond words, his burned face embittering Quintus.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Let us ride again as we did when we  
were young.



-- Lucius happens to look at the hill where the crack in the earth began and sees a BROADSWORD glistening in the sun.

-- The drifter lays his hands upon Quintus's horse.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)  
STEP AWAY!

His attention is diverted to Lucius galloping up the hill. When Quintus turns back to his horse, the drifter is gone. He addresses the gash in his horse's neck but can find no wound.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - DAY

Lucius digs through the shale as if looking for treasure, the drifter nearby watching when Quintus pulls up.

LUCIUS  
Did you see it, Quintus? It was a sword, wasn't it? I swear it was!  
(to drifter)  
Where is it? It changed the day's fortune in your favor!

Quintus studies the man whose eyes are bright as the sheaves of harvest.

QUINTUS  
Your name, Jew.

DRIFTER  
My mother used to call me Nova since I came after the new star.

QUINTUS  
That's a girl's name.

NOVA  
She thought she was going to have a girl.

Quintus follows his eyes to another hill but sees nothing.

LUCIUS  
The earth here is unstable. It must have taken it. Wait . . . here!

He withdraws a yellow tennis ball just as a stone strikes him. Another bangs Quintus. THREE MEN on the adjacent hill launch their missiles with slings. Stones fall like meteors.

The Romans bolt but explosively turn and charge up the hill. When they reach the top the zealots are gone.

LATER - QUINTUS AND LUCIUS

as they trot back to Jerusalem.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

The gods favored that man. They broke the earth with a thunderstone to aid his defense.

QUINTUS

This country shakes all the time. I doubt it needs Jupiter to open it. Or Zeus, for that matter.

LUCIUS

Only the heavens can shake the earth. You make my case for me.

QUINTUS

As you make mine. Oh. Thanks for the help.

LUCIUS

Keeps you sharp.

QUINTUS

The stones were sharper.

LUCIUS

Is it any wonder Rome rules the world when one legionnaire can fight like ten? I hope we never meet in battle!

Lucius tosses away the tennis ball and they gallop on.

EXT. JERUSALEM - DAY

PONTIUS PILATE and CAVALRY enter in force. MERCHANTS seek cover lest they be trampled to death. When Pilate reaches the Antonia, he finds Lucius outside the gates, waiting.

INT. ANTONIA FORTRESS - DAY - PONTIUS PILATE

as he washes away the road dust.

PONTIUS PILATE

What news of the territory?

LUCIUS

We have captured one of their leaders. A man named Barabbas.



PONTIUS PILATE

I understand Quintus Apollus has taken his leave here. You served together when you were young?

LUCIUS

Yes, sire.

PONTIUS PILATE

Did he aid in this man's capture?

LUCIUS

Sire? No. I made the arrest.

PONTIUS PILATE

We must break this insurgency. Reinstall him on a provisional basis. I want results.

(studies Lucius's face)

Fail me and I will burn the other half.

EXT. GALILEE - DAY - GINAT

as she walks behind Nova and his troupe. She stops startled when she sees Quintus dressed plainly, his hair streaked white, eyes like gems. Together they follow Nova in quietude.

PEOPLE descend on the rabbi like ants to a sugar cube. The DISCIPLES do not know what to do. Quintus takes action, knocking people off their feet and carries Nova to safety.

GINAT - witnesses his brutal heroism. It stirs her.

EXT. FOREST - CAESAREA PHILIPPI - NIGHT

A magnificent spring churns nearby. The disciples praise Quintus. Campfire light dances across Nova's face. When he and Quintus lock eyes, it's as if the rabbi has pierced the Roman's soul.

NOVA

There are some of you who will never die. Not until you see me coming in my kingdom.

Hidden in the forest is Lucius, spying.

LATER

Quintus sits apart from Nova and his company and admires the stars when Ginat appears. She offers her hand and leads him.

When properly concealed in darkness she undoes the clasp of her tunic. It falls away. She stands before him, naked.

Lucius spies this, also.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - NOVA'S MINISTRY

-- Nova preaches to a multitude. Ginat and Quintus share a love note with their eyes.

-- Nova heals a BLIND MAN who screams "I can see! I can see!"

-- Nova heals a CRIPPLE who, laughing, starts to dance!

-- The backside of a WOMAN which is covered in blood. She crawls towards Nova and touches the hem of his skirt. Feeling her intrusion, he turns and kneels beside her.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Take heart, daughter. Your faith  
has made you whole.

Quintus turkey-necks for Ginat whose attention is elsewhere.

WHAT SHE SEES is Lucius, as a commoner, looking right at her.

EXT. MOUNT OF OLIVES - JERUSALEM - DAY - GINAT

on a flat rock watching Nova teach his disciples when Quintus sits down beside her. A BOY rushes up and hands Ginat a small silver amulet shaped like a lotus and then sprints off.

QUINTUS

Relation?

GINAT

I may adopt him as the brother I  
never had.

QUINTUS

Or son.

GINAT

I will never have children. After  
what happened, I can't believe you  
would think I would even try.

QUINTUS

Forgive me. It is easy to forget  
the past. I guess that is why  
stonecutters are in such high  
demand. Tell me about your new  
acquisition.

GINAT

It's called a hamsa. We will talk  
of it later.

Quintus focuses on Jerusalem behind its high walls.

QUINTUS

There is a strange light here.

GINAT

How do you mean?

QUINTUS

Beyond the one I think I'm seeing.

GINAT

Like a pulse.

QUINTUS

Yes.

GINAT

Like a light inside the darkness.

QUINTUS

Yes!

GINAT

For a Roman to feel it is some-  
thing. After all you're a pagan.

QUINTUS

Then we must be related because  
that's what we Romans call you  
Jews.

She guffaws and slaps him playfully on the shoulder.

GINAT

(nods to Nova)

He is the light you seek, Quintus.

She moves up the hill. He lets her go, regrettably. He  
watches Nova, sunlight around his head.

The hamsa shimmers.

Ginat has forgotten it. He sets off after her, his trek  
impeded by trees with trunks large enough to hide in.

It is just such an alcove that conceals the lovers, pawing  
each other with unbridled passion. If Ginat is afraid of  
Lucius, she shows no sign of it here.

EXT. STREET - JERUSALEM - NIGHT - LUCIUS AND GINAT

He has had too much to drink and tries to kiss her again.

GINAT

Stop now. I have to go to work.

INT. LUCIUS'S QUARTERS - ANTONIA FORTRESS - NIGHT

A lash bites his back when he enters. Then another. He drops to his knees as TWO SOLDIERS take turns whipping him.

PONTIUS PILATE

This Barabbas has no means. Tell me who is sponsoring the rebels or Caesar will learn that your duty to him has been subverted by your infatuation with a whore.

(pours some wine)

You have until I finish my drink to give me a name.

LUCIUS

T-the rabbi is the key.

PONTIUS PILATE

He has no wealth.

LUCIUS' POV - The golden laurel from Caesar Quintus gave him.

LUCIUS

I will give Caesar what he wants but he will not like it.

INT. MOON FATHER TAVERN - NIGHT - GINAT

as she serves PATRONS inside this run-of-the-mill saloon. She wipes her hands on her apron and goes upstairs.

UPSTAIRS

Ginat peers through a hole in a door.

WHAT SHE SEES - Nova blesses the bread and passes a scallop seashell around the table that each disciple drinks from.

NOVA

Take, eat; for this is my body.  
Drink; for this is my blood.

His eyes swing to the hole in the door -- Ginat backs away having been caught eavesdropping.

AT THE BAR

Ginat returns from upstairs with a troubled look. Quintus, at the bar, scowls. He slides the hamsa towards her.

QUINTUS  
Guess you forgot something, eh?

GINAT  
(takes charm/pours wine)  
What do you want from me?

QUINTUS  
Honesty. Fidelity.

GINAT  
We are not wed. I will be no man's property. I see who I want.

QUINTUS  
You told me he beat you.

GINAT  
Everyone has beaten me.

QUINTUS  
Not I.

GINAT  
Your eyes betray the desire. I owe you nothing. You're too old for me anyhow.

QUINTUS  
And Lucius isn't?

GINAT  
(sees Nova exit the house)  
You will excuse me.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - PLATOON OF SOLDIERS  
as they march like storm troopers.

INT. UPPER ROOM - MOON FATHER TAVERN - NIGHT - GINAT  
as she loads a tray with the dishes from The Last Supper.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - PLATOON OF SOLDIERS  
stop at the saloon. Lucius winces from the beating, enters.

INT. MOON FATHER TAVERN - NIGHT

LUCIUS

Quintus! So it's true. You prefer low company to the nobility into which you were born.

Ginat dumps the dishes into the wash bucket.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

Your secret is safe. It is difficult to delight in a people who do not delight in you.

(re: Ginat)

Unless that joy abides in a whore. I like meat on my women. Gold wears better on a curve than a rake. What possible reason could compel you to associate with rabble?

QUINTUS

They pour a better drink.

LUCIUS

Tell me. When Caesar whispered in your ear, what did he say?

QUINTUS

You know what he said. The same thing he tells anyone who dares outshine him. 'Remember, you are mortal.' He overstates his influence in the matter.

LUCIUS

That he does, Quintus.

(drinks his friend's wine)

If this is what you consider a better drink, you need to get back to Rome. My sources tell me the Nazarene frequents this boot stain.

(to the small crowd)

Caesar has declared your rabbi an insurrectionist. Tonight he will be arrested. My advice to you is to go home lest you be arrested.

(pulls out pouch of coin)

But allow me to buy a round before you go. It will help lighten the mood. Then, perhaps, one of you will have the courage to declare his innocence. Unless someone wants to declare it now. Anyone? I see. Well then, he must be guilty.

GINAT

The only guilt in him is what he  
took from us. For he is guiltless.  
And with that guilt our sin, for he  
is sinless.

LUCIUS

The only guilt I carry, dear woman,  
is that I don't sin enough!

He bends Ginat over and lifts her tunic. Quintus leaps up.

QUINTUS

Release her, Lucius!

LUCIUS

Are you challenging me, Quintus?  
How unfortunate.

From among the locals, SOLDIERS reveal themselves. They  
surround Quintus and disarm him.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

It pains me to think you might be  
their benefactor. She is playing us  
against each other, you know. She  
beguiled us with talk of miracles.  
That is what a priestess does. A  
whore, too, for that matter.

(re: his burned face)

Tell me, girl, where is my miracle?

(to Quintus)

The rabbi says love your enemy and  
do good to them that hate you. Do  
you hate me, Quintus?

QUINTUS

You are my brother, not my enemy. I  
do not hate you.

Lucius nods to the soldiers. They extend the captive's arms.

LUCIUS

The universe seems to. We were both  
in the fire. But I burned. You did  
not. That is offensive to me. As if  
one hand does not know what the  
other is doing. You once told me  
that to know the enemy we had to  
read their stories and listen to  
their prophets. So I did. Let me  
see. How did the rabbi put it? Ah  
yes. 'If thy hand offends thee, cut  
it off.'

Ginat's peripheral vision catches the flashing arc, almost graceful. But there is nothing elegant in the blood that peppers her cheek when the blade slices off Quintus's arm.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

(to locals)

A hundred of you cannot equal the virtue of this man! But you know your place. Tonight, he forgot his.

(to Quintus)

Now we are both cripples, brother.

GINAT

Help me! He will bleed to death!

Lucius gives consent. Locals try to staunch the bleeding. Ginat brings him water in a scallop seashell. When the water touches Quintus, he plows the length of the bar as SPARKLING BLUE LIGHT soaks him and then vanishes.

Soldiers back away as if they smell disease for he cradles an arm that moments ago had rolled beneath a chair.

LUCIUS

By the gods what sorcery is this?

He examines Quintus. The arm is complete. He replays the event. Everything changed when the shell was brought to bear. He pans the floor. But the shell is nowhere. Nor is Ginat.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

The woman! Find her!

The soldiers fan out. As Quintus exits, he gifts what he pilfered to those who helped him: Lucius's pouch of coin.

EXT. STREETS - JERUSALEM - NIGHT - QUINTUS

as he snakes through the city. He stops and lifts his arm by a wall torch. It is still there. All of it.

A PROFILE sails across his field of vision. He intercepts Ginat, pats her down and finds the shell beneath her tunic.

GINAT

Death devours us all, Quintus. But even she answers to the devil.

QUINTUS

Lucius was right. The rabbi is just an excuse to justify your visions. Tell me, priestess, what do you see for us?



GINAT

I see the fires of Tartaros. That is what awaits us for what we did.

QUINTUS

That is not what the rabbi said.

GINAT

You weren't listening because you were looking at me. You were always looking at me. He said there will be a weeping and gnashing of teeth. Eternal hellfire awaits those who don't believe.

QUINTUS

But we do believe.

GINAT

Are you simple? The devil will have a say in what becomes of us! We killed his son! Even the rabbi can't help us in the afterlife!

QUINTUS

You do not know that.

GINAT

Are you willing to find out? I know I'm not. But look at what you hold in your hand. Death cannot touch us now. You and I--.

QUINTUS

You and I? What happened to Lucius?

GINAT

I am just an amusement for him. I have hurt you. I see that. But that must be protected. The gods entrusted it to us. Let us have faith in one another. Kiss me and let us begin again.

EXT./INT. SMITHY HOUSE - DAYBREAK

Quintus and Ginat find the door of "Auri Digitum", named after the goldsmith who lost a finger in the priceless goop.

WORKSHOP

During casting, Ginat peruses the shop, planning the theft.

The smithy water-quenches the shell. He takes the extra money from Quintus and nods for him to proceed.

Quintus inscribes a symbol in the hot gold to ensure that he can identify it -- two convex lines that cross at one end. The creation of an image is accidental. It resembles a fish.

With Ginat preoccupied, he commences a theft of his own. He lifts the shell with prongs and hides it where the smithy points. Then replaces the shell with one almost identical.

LATER - OUTSIDE

Ginat embraces Quintus.

GINAT

Let us meet by the Jaffa Gate. We will charter a ship and sail to Alexandria to begin our new life together. But there are things I can not do without. Irreplaceable things. I will hurry and get them. Oh! I forgot something.

WORKSHOP

She secretly replaces the seashell with one of her choosing.

OUTSIDE

She rushes into Quintus's arms and kisses him.

GINAT (CONT'D)

Don't keep me waiting!

And she is off. Quintus turns to the smithy.

QUINTUS

Keep it safe and I will make it worth your while.

EXT. JERUSALEM - LOWER CITY - DAY

The cosmopolitan heart of the ancient world beats here. The Jerusalem Market. Colorful tarps. Camel caravans. A cauldron of races where divergent tongues come to buy, sell and trade.

Ginat darts into a tent to see if she is being followed.

INT. TENT - DAY

Something enticing tweaks her nostrils. Roasting meats.

GINAT  
Is that stuffed lamb stomach?

LATER

as she licks her fingers. Belches. She then purchases a sling, moves in back and fits the gold shell into the sling's pouch as best she can. She drops it over her head like a necklace and tucks it under her tunic.

EXT. JERUSALEM MARKET - DAY - GINAT

moves down a side street where SOLDIERS are waiting for her. She puts up a plucky fight and is dragged away.

INT. TOWER - ANTONIA FORTRESS - DAY

Chain holds Quintus. Lucius burns him with an iron poker.

LUCIUS  
WHERE IS THE SHELL!  
(to SOLDIER)  
Cut him down. He knows nothing.

He focuses on Ginat by a window.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)  
Where is the shell?

She defies him as sunlight betrays a hole in her dress. When Lucius sees gold, he lunges at her. She falls out the window.

EXT. ANTONIA FORTRESS - DAY

Quintus drops beside her, her pupils pinpricks on green. Blood off her lips. Lucius tears away the shell, fills it with puddle water and pours it in her mouth. But nothing happens. He repeats the process but Ginat remains motionless.

LUCIUS  
Never have I seen death give up the ghost. Not once she claims it. This would be useless in battle.

He tosses it away. His attention is drawn to the portcullis where PRIESTS haul Nova towards the court of Pontius Pilate.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)  
Perhaps the rabbi can help you, Quintus. I hear he speaks to ghosts all the time.



NIXY

At least draw the blinds.

Dizzy scans for any prying eyes at the bar, turns in his chair and snorts from the vile. Hands it back.

NIXY (CONT'D)

Keep it. I've got more.

DIZZY

How did we do last night?

NIXY

Looks like off season just dropped.

DIZZY

Take the week off.

NIXY

Are you sure?

DIZZY

Maybe leave the island altogether.

NIXY

A month makes more sense.

(he shrugs okay)

Is it tasting better?

DIZZY

Lock up. We're closed.

BATHROOM - RESIDENCE - LATER

Dizzy exits the shower when a VOICE FROM ON HIGH BELLOWS:

FOGHORN LEGHORN DOORBELL (O.S.)

'Now looka, I say, looka here.'

He cusses, hastily puts on a robe and WE FOLLOW him through the Hemingway-esque residence where a TV is on, playing a Foghorn Leghorn cartoon.

TRACK with him down the winding staircase and through the saloon that suspiciously resembles *Rick's* from the film "Casablanca". Dizzy opens the tavern's front door . . .

GIN

Nice bell.

(then)

Buy a girl a drink?

CUT TO:

Playing bartender, Gin pours two frothy cocktails.

DIZZY

Where have you worked before?

GIN

Quinn doesn't like me working.

DIZZY

Let's give him a call and we'll have one together.

GIN

He's gone. He does that. He likes the jungle. It's the predator in him.

DIZZY

All the more reason you shouldn't be here. I don't need to be hunted.

GIN

We have an open marriage. He'll know this was my idea. Cheers.

DIZZY

What's it called?

GIN

Kiss Me.

DIZZY

. . . I thought about it.

GIN

No. That's what it's called. So. Does that earn me some credit?

DIZZY

It gets you an application.

GIN

Is this you playing hard to get?

DIZZY

I believe in self-preservation.

GIN

'Only those who live in proximity to death live their lives to the fullest.' Know who said that?

DIZZY

Ernest Hemingway.

GIN  
 Correctamundo!  
 (rips off shirt)  
 So let's live!

A SERIES OF SHOTS - GIN AND DIZZY'S LOVE AFFAIR

-- They sail the Gulf of Mexico.

-- They ride horses through the surf.

-- They dance beside FIRE TWIRLERS in a neon-lit tiki bar. We TILT UP, UP AND AWAY because we are really a DRONE eyeing the carnival craziness that is South Padre Island at night.

-- Racing down the beach in a four-wheeler, Gin stands, holding the roll bar, and hollers at the top of her lungs.

-- Their bodies undulate beside a campfire on the beach.

THE DRONE hovers above them recording Dizzy pounding Gin.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM - CHIEF TULLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - EMMA

gasps watching the drone's feed of their sex on the beach.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - NIGHT - DIZZY AND GIN

fuck on a barstool, her back against the lip of the bar, arms spread out in mock crucifixion.

KITCHEN - RESIDENCE

Gin wears Dizzy's Panama hat and cooks pasta. They are both naked. He eyes the sleek, leather holster strapped across her back like a bondage toy. It holds a derringer.

DIZZY  
 How can we cement our friendship  
 when there's a gun between us?

GIN  
 I think we're past the friendship  
 stage, don't you?

DIZZY  
 Then why wear it?

GIN  
 (hits some cannabis)  
 To remind me that if I say no, I  
 can back it up. No means no.

DIZZY (sings) GIN (CONT'D) (joins in)  
 'Don't Bogart that joint, my friend, pass it to me.' '. . . pass it to me'

DIZZY (CONT'D)  
 Little Feat.

GIN  
 Nope. The Fraternity of Man. I was there when they wrote it. When was that? Nineteen sixty-seven maybe?

DIZZY  
 You're not old enough. You'd be in your seventies now and, baby, you sure ain't in your seventies.

GIN  
 I'm older than that.

DIZZY  
 (blinks confused)  
 And I'm stoned as shit.  
 (re: amulet on her neck)  
 That's Islamic, right?

GIN  
 This? No one knows its origin. Jews and Christians claim it as well. I'm Jewish, by the way. It's called a hamsa. To ward off the Evil Eye. They're big in head shops. And Bloomingdales, come to think of it.

Etched into the palm is a design: a crescent atop a triangle.

DIZZY  
 What's that symbol?

GIN  
 (turns to stove)  
 The sign of Sin. The Moon Father.

DIZZY  
 You're blowing my mind here, kid.

GIN  
 Okay. Let's start at the beginning. Abraham is considered the father of many nations, yes?

DIZZY  
 So I've heard.



He presses up against her, reaches in front. She jerks, then accepts his touch.

GIN

The . . . the name Abraham breaks down as Ab-Sin. Ab means father, sin means moon . . . do that again.

DIZZY

I thought sin was, y'know, sin.

GIN

That kind is but the word is Sumerian. It predates Judaism. It means moon. Jews were worshipping the Moon Father four hundred years before Moses climbed Mount Sinai. In fact Mount Sinai translates as Mountain of the Moon. So, y'know. Do the math . . . there . . . mmm.

DIZZY

So being moonstruck is --

GIN (CONT'D)

(spins round)

Are you moonstruck, Mr. L'Amour?

DIZZY (CONT'D)

Is that such a bad thing?

GIN

No. It's just romance ringing the dinner bell. Like when Jimmy Stewart wooed Donna Reed with it in "It's A Wonderful Life". He said he'd throw a lasso around it for her if she wanted. Even your bible thumpers can't call that movie evil.

DIZZY

Don't bet on it. Kiss me.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Dizzy, carrying a satchel, and Gin walk towards the moored President Trump. Tully shakes Dizzy's hand. Emma and Gin hug.

GIN

It's going to be loud.

EMMA

Loud I can do. I want loud.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
But too much excitement --

DIZZY  
I've got her meds.

GIN  
It's going to be wonderful.

OPEN WATER

The PT at full speed -- meets up with a forty-five foot long RB-M Coast Guard vessel -- FOUR SAILORS transfer to the PT.

EXT. THE PRESIDENT TRUMP - DAY

BROWNING DOUBLE-BARREL MACHINE GUN as a sailor OPENS FIRE on a floating target-boat. He slips out of the turret to let another sailor have a go with the antique weapon.

DIZZY takes a moment to study the Elon Musk SpaceX rocket on its launch pad on nearby Boca Chica beach looming over them like a shiny steel totem god.

GIN AND EMMA - Emma FIRES an M2 pistol, hitting the target-boat. The sailors cheer for her. She does a quick curtsy but then sees how the young men ogle Gin's bikini-clad bod.

EMMA  
I wish I had a figure like yours.

GIN  
You will. I promise.  
(she knows that wolf look)  
HEY! Rack it back and go!

The sailors gulp with fear and return to target practice.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Gin and Dizzy watch Chief Tully carry away an exhausted Emma.

EXT. MERCADO JUÁREZ - MATAMOROS, MEXICO - DAY - GIN AND DIZZY

exit an ice cream store. Gin notes the poverty. She gives her ice cream to an unfed CHILD. Dizzy parrots to ANOTHER CHILD.

STREET - DIZZY AND GIN

GIN  
I'm going to buy that store.

DIZZY  
You want to move to Mexico??

GIN

I mean invest in it. That ice cream was a dream.

DIZZY

Those containers weren't clay. That was just for decoration. I'm pretty sure they were made of lead.

GIN

Oh! Weren't they beautiful?

DIZZY

I'm talking about lead.

GIN

I'm sure they're lined some way. I want one. Did you know Romans used lead to sweeten their cakes? Let's do it now. C'mon.

Dizzy follows her back to the ice cream store. Gin speaks Spanish to a plump MR. and MRS. GOMEZ, 50s. Much laughter. While negotiations continue, Dizzy strolls the market.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Stalls of fresh fruits and vegetables.

-- Stalls of fresh meats and fish.

-- Stalls of SKELETON BRIDES honoring Santa Muerta, "Saint Death". A bride in pink satin sports a sign: "We will all look like this one day." Her eye sockets draw Dizzy in, like a warning. Gin steps up, scaring the bejesus out of him.

GIN (CONT'D)

Done! And I bought a cannister. Can you come get it tomorrow?

DIZZY

As long as it doesn't have ice cream in it.

GIN

Oh nothing like that. Come to think of it, let's do it now.

They return to the ice cream shop and the cannister is already on a two-wheel dolly, wrapped in clear plastic.

STREET

Dizzy pushes the two-wheel dolly when Gin stops.

GIN (CONT'D)  
Crap! I forgot my purse!

DIZZY  
Okay. I'll wait.

GIN  
No. I saw some things I want to  
look at. I promise not to be long.

DIZZY  
You don't wanna be here alone.

GIN  
I'll be fine. I shouldn't be more  
than an hour. You can do without me  
for an hour, can't you?

She kisses him and scoots off back to the market.

BORDER CROSSING

AGENTS scrutinize the cannister.

BORDER AGENT  
Pull this over there, please.

SENSORS AND CAMERAS seem to watch Dizzy, and he them. The border agent cuts a hole in the plastic, reaches in and withdraws a yellow tennis ball. Dizzy is just as surprised as he is. The agent bounces the ball and lets Dizzy pass.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - SOUTH PADRE ISLAND, TEXAS - NIGHT

An hour has long come and gone. Dizzy pours himself a shot of whiskey when, finally, Gin walks through the door, dressed in a silk Oriental robe. She has a devilish look in her eye. She saunters over, drinks his whiskey, then ascends the stairs. She pauses, drops her robe. She is nude.

GIN  
Well? Are you coming?

DIZZY'S BEDROOM

Moonlight through the window bathes their writhing bodies.

DIZZY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Dizzy sleeps. Gin turns him over and uses zip ties on his wrists, securing him to the bedpost.

He awakes, amused, assuming some kinky sex is forthcoming when Quinn appears and presses duck tape across his mouth.

GIN

This is your initiation, Diz. A baptism, if you will. We've had to initiate a few over the years simply because we needed help. Of course it took us centuries to admit we needed any. We were afraid the power would be used against us.

MURPHY QUINN

And it has.

GIN

Yes, it has. I'm sorry, love. There really is no other way. We need your help. And the only way that will happen is if you believe.

Quinn produces a twelve-inch stainless steel needle. He presses the tip against Dizzy's chest, grasps it with both hands and using all his weight, rams it through his chest!

A SERIES OF SHOTS - DIZZY'S DEATH

- His vision cracks.
- Fluids flush his throat.
- A heat bloom rushes his cerebral cortex.
- Internal organs fight for oxygen.
- He convulses in the throes.

Gin presses her palm on him like the Laying of Hands and recites Keats:

GIN (CONT'D)

'Darkling I listen; and for many a time I have been half in love with easeful death, called him soft names in many a mused rhyme, to take into the air my quiet breath; now more than ever seems it rich to die, to cease upon the midnight with no pain.'

DIZZY'S POV - A sapphire-blue wall of water rising, tumbling towards him. IT SMASHES ACROSS THE SCREEN.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dizzy awakes. Gin sits stoically at the foot of the bed beside Quinn who holds his belt buckle. Some water in it.

MURPHY QUINN  
Time to say farewell.

Dizzy leaps from bed, naked, and dresses in front of them.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)  
No regrets?

DIZZY  
I was hoping you'd get attacked by pigmies on Pigmy Island and they'd shrink your head or something.

MURPHY QUINN  
That almost happened once. Would you like to hear about it?  
(Dizzy shakes his head)  
It's good of you to withdraw so gallantly. Too much of a good thing and all.

DIZZY  
She's done this before?

MURPHY QUINN  
We've had many lovers. She cares deeply for you. But all things end.

Dizzy gives Gin the evil eye and steps into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

He leans on the sink and looks at himself in the mirror.

QUICK FLASHES OF

-- A star in the sky.

-- A slaughter of children.

-- A tsunami of sapphire-blue water.

BEDROOM

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)  
Have a drink. You deserve it.  
(Diz deodorizes his pits)  
I hear you never pass one up.

DIZZY  
Excess is overrated.

MURPHY QUINN

And moderation is for teetotalers.  
Seize the day. Be enthusiastic.

DIZZY

When I go down on your wife, I'm  
enthusiastic as hell.

(Quinn's joy vaporizes)

Who are you?

MURPHY QUINN

(nods at scar on Dizzy's  
arm: a tattoo removal)

Who are you, Mr. L'Amour?

DIZZY

Answer my question.

MURPHY QUINN

Why, I'm the Count of Saint  
Germain, if you really must know.  
Meet us downstairs. We have a  
proposition for you.

He tosses the water from the shell onto the sheets. How rude.  
Dizzy notes the water stain. That's when he sees the blood.

BAR

Gin and Quinn patiently watch Dizzy tread back and forth.

DIZZY

What happened? D-did I try to kill  
myself? OhGodohGodohGod!

MURPHY QUINN

Have a drink. It'll help.

GIN

Murph is wrong about that. That's  
the last thing you need right now.

Dizzy grabs a bottle of Honey Jack and pours a shot.

DIZZY

You said you had a proposition.

He drinks, then vomits violently in the bar sink.

MURPHY QUINN

Oops.

Dizzy stumbles out from behind the bar and paces. He drops to  
the floor, draws his knees beneath his chin, scared shitless.

GIN

I'm going to fix some breakfast.

She exits to the kitchen. Quinn fixes himself a cocktail.

MURPHY QUINN

After Rome fell, time seemed to stand still for us. It would be another thousand years before real reform even began. But oh the lives we have lived!

INT. ROYAL COURT - FRANCE - MIDDLE AGES - DAY - QUINN

QUICK CUTS - as he bends the knee to a KING LOUIS, then to ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, and (a bit miffed) yet ANOTHER!

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)

We held court with so many kings named Louis I lost count.

EXT. SAILING VESSEL - 1770 - DAY - QUINN AND GIN

They stand aft on the rigged ship, ocean air in their faces.

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)

We sailed to the New World to advise the colonies.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - 1773 - NIGHT - QUINN AND GIN

aid BOSTONIANS in "The Boston Tea Party".

EXT. THE PYRAMIDS - EGYPT - 1798 - DAY - DIZZY

as he rides alongside NAPOLEON after defeating the TURKS.

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)

You rose from the ashes to help launch the reign of Napoleon.

INT. SKIVVIES BAR - PRESENT DAY - QUINN AND DIZZY

MURPHY QUINN

Don't you remember?

DIZZY'S QUICK FLASH - he does remember! On the eve of battle in Egypt, Napoleon is visited in his tent by a shaman: the RED MAN (Dizzy).



## THE RED MAN/DIZZY

The cannon ball that is to kill you  
has not yet been cast.

EXT. SOMEWHERE - 19TH CENTURY - NIGHT - QUINN AND GIN

in Domino masks join THREE KINGS in faceless masks.

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)

We have had many names. The  
Faceless Kings.

EXT. OPEN TERRAIN - SUNDOWN - FIVE RIDERS GALLOP

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)

The Shadow Riders.

INT. BOARD ROOM - BAVARIA - 19TH CENTURY - NIGHT

Gin, Quinn and Dizzy with their SECRET SOCIETY at a round  
table etched with the Freemason image of the All-Seeing Eye.

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)

The Illuminati.

EXT. JFK'S MOTORCADE - DALLAS, TEXAS - 1963 - DAY

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)

President Kennedy called us the  
Gnomes of Zurich.

GUNFIRE rings out. Chaos ensues.

INT. SKIVVIES BAR - PRESENT DAY - QUINN AND DIZZY

Dizzy looks up at him from the floor.

DIZZY

What happened there?

MURPHY QUINN

I will not speak of that. Today  
they -- whoever *they* are -- call us  
the Deep State. Fine. But it was  
never our intent to rule the world.  
All we do is take the planet's  
temperature from time to time. We  
have nothing to do with devil  
worship or sex-trafficking.

(MORE)

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

We'd like to think our efforts have been for the good of mankind. One thing that needed to end was this unification of church and state. That was our creation. But it was a miserable failure. The world was crying for help and the Church said God would provide. Well, God didn't provide. We provided. Through those we let take the wheel for awhile. The world is always on the lookout for a savior so we must be careful whom we support. Politics is just a game to help justify the march of folly. Better that than war. The world is just plain tired of war. But hells bells we're at it again.

DIZZY

Yeah? Who are we fighting now?

MURPHY QUINN

A game show host.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - DAY - CHIEF TULLY

as he pulls to a stop in front of Skivvies.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY - MURPHY QUINN

as he sees a note on the wall held there by a push pin.

MURPHY QUINN

What's this? 'The little mouth belies the body of Christ. From the peak the thunderstone crowns the once and future king.'

DIZZY

The latest Q drop.

MURPHY QUINN

Q. What a coward. I'd like to put my foot up his ass.

EXT./INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY - CHIEF TULLY

pushes the doorbell shaped like FOGHORN LEGHORN.

FOGHORN LEGHORN DOORBELL (O.S.)

'Now looka, I say, looka here.'

MURPHY QUINN  
 (opens front door)  
 Chief! Murphy Quinn, remember?

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 You own the gunship.

MURPHY QUINN  
 PT, actually. Patrol torpedo.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 Yeah. I know what PT stands for.

MURPHY QUINN  
 I'd be happy to give you a tour.  
 Let you fire the Brownings if you  
 had a mind. Relieves tension better  
 than a trip to a massage parlor.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 I'll think about it. Is Dizzy here?

He steps by Quinn to find Dizzy crouched beside the bar.

CHIEF WES TULLY (CONT'D)  
 The world look better from that  
 angle, L'Amour? Or are you hiding?

DIZZY  
 Just sweatin' out the evil, Chief.  
 Help me up.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 I better not see you behind the  
 wheel or I'll haul your ass in.

DIZZY  
 Duly noted. So what can I do for  
 you?

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 Emma wants to know why you haven't  
 answered her texts.

DIZZY  
 Jeez. She's been texting me?

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 She sent you some videos from the  
 drone you got her for her birthday.

DIZZY  
 Man, I'm sorry. I'll, um, I'll get  
 back to her. I promise.

MURPHY QUINN  
 What's 'little mouth'?  
 (sees Tully's interest)  
 Just a riddle.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 I like riddles.  
 (reads it)  
 Little mouth. That could be Boca  
 Chica. That's where the star base  
 is. Body of Christ. Corpus Christi.  
 It's Latin.

MURPHY QUINN  
 (intones)  
 I should've known that!

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 Belies. Never liked that word much.  
 Means to lie.

MURPHY QUINN  
 'What is a lie?' wrote Lord Byron.  
 'Tis but the truth in masquerade.'

DIZZY  
 Hmph. Today it's alternative facts.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 'The little mouth belies the Body  
 of Christ'. Sort of mocking Corpus,  
 isn't he?

DIZZY  
 Who?

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 I dunno. Elon Musk? Did he write  
 the riddle? What's a thunderstone?

DIZZY  
 It was a weapon favored by Zeus.  
 Some believe it was nuclear.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 Where did this come from?

DIZZY  
 Q.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 That little shit. I'd love to punch  
 his lights out.

MURPHY QUINN

That makes two of us, Chief. So,  
Boca Chica means little mouth?

CHIEF WES TULLY

Yeah. It's a freshwater fish from  
Columbia. You can't find 'em here.  
Legend is there was a man who told  
big lies. He couldn't help himself.  
The locals called him little mouth  
to shut him up. It didn't.

DIZZY

Sounds like Donald Trump.

CHIEF WES TULLY

Speaking of. He's coming to town.  
Musk invited him to watch the  
launch. The Secret Service has  
already taken over Margaritaville.

DIZZY

Better view at The Sapphire.

CHIEF WES TULLY

There's a regatta coming from  
Corpus to greet him. Hundreds of  
boats, if you can believe it.

DIZZY

You can have that.

CHIEF WES TULLY

You're not going to open? You'll be  
missing a big payday. Text Emma.

(then)

Sober up.

Dizzy takes his medicine, follows Tully to the door where a  
MOUSY FELLOW in tan slacks and Izod shirt is about to knock.

MOUSY FELLOW

Dizzy L'Amour?

DIZZY

You got him.

MOUSY FELLOW

(hands him an envelope)  
You've just been served.

CHIEF WES TULLY

Oh. Have you seen Candy?

DIZZY

When Emma and you were here. Why?

CHIEF WES TULLY

She missed her party but we knew she was out of town. She was going to make it up to her. If you see her tell her to call me.

DIZZY

Will do.

Gin carries out a tray of food like a seasoned waitress.

EXT./INT. THE PRESIDENT TRUMP - DAY - A YOUNG WOMAN

as she steps aboard and makes her way below decks.

STATEROOM

She is obscured in mystery. Scars on her neck. At Gin's vanity she pilfers the hamsa, then is startled by the painting over the bed. "The Storm on the Sea of Galilee", Rembrandt's only seascape. It was stolen from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in 1990.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY

Quinn and Gin chitchat while Dizzy sits with zero appetite. Suddenly, he pounds the table with his fist.

DIZZY

WHAT DO YOU TWO WANT!!!

MURPHY QUINN

We're going to stop Trump -- and you're going to help us.

DIZZY

Put some PBX in those fish. That'll stop him.

MURPHY QUINN

I've already done that.

DIZZY

Good. Maybe there's justice in the universe after all.

GIN

The last thing we want is a martyr. We just want to make a point.

DIZZY

Then you must be a Democrat.  
Idealism don't pay the rent, lady.  
Wanna know why Trump won? Because  
he's perceived as a man of action.  
People don't want to fight; they  
want to be led. If you want to  
dethrone the man, humble his  
supporters.

GIN

That's what we were thinking. Make  
them suffer in this world. Like you  
said.

Not liking his words thrown back at him, Dizzy moves to a bay window. The day is almost too bright.

DIZZY

You have to put the fear of God in  
them. The question is, How?

GIN

There's a bomb.  
(Dizzy turns)  
But you'll find it and save the  
day. Come. Eat. You'll feel better.

DIZZY

What kind of bomb?

Neither of them answer; they simply glare at Dizzy.

DIZZY (CONT'D)

*Are you out of your mind??*

MURPHY QUINN

It's the only thing that will shake  
the nation back to its senses.

DIZZY

You supported the sonofabitch. You  
named your boat after him.

MURPHY QUINN

We all make mistakes.

DIZZY

And we all see the light when it  
suits our purpose. O Lord, purge me  
of my sins for I've been caught  
with my pants down in a strip club!  
Or was it a confessional?

MURPHY QUINN

The bomb will go off at sea. We don't want to kill anyone. But he'll be blamed. It happened on his watch. His fans will finally be able to come in from the cold.

GIN

It's a lot to take in. We know.

DIZZY

They'll just blame the Deep State and give him a pass! You guys. *You're fucking certifiable!*

MURPHY QUINN

(draws GUN)

You want a repeat performance, kid?

DIZZY

Bring it. I'll bounce back.

MURPHY QUINN

If I shoot, you'll die. Without the shell you'll stay that way too.

GIN

No! We need him! We've spent too much time planning this!

He presses the gun to her temple. She shoots up in her chair.

GIN (CONT'D)

Darling . . . Murph . . . Quintus.

The sound of his ancient name calms him. He retires the gun. Suddenly, he drives a dinner knife through his hand!

MURPHY QUINN

*Show him!*

Gin unhooks his belt. He yanks out the knife. Blood spews over his eggs. She pours his martini into the buckle and spills the liquid over the wound. The skin bubbles in blue iridescence. He shows off his hand. The wound has vanished.

DIZZY

(sits, defeated)

What do you want me to do?

MURPHY QUINN

We have a show to put on tonight. Let's just have some fun, okay?



EXT./INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY

Gin and Quinn slip into a golf cart.

GIN  
Aren't you coming?

DIZZY  
I have a call to make first.

RESIDENCE

Dizzy runs up the staircase to the residence and finds his phone on his desk, charging. He calls a number.

INT. CAR - SAME

ERICA AMES, 30s, examines the hamsa, her face disfigured by scars. She rubs her finger over the symbol etched into the metal, pops the amulet open. It's empty. Her head drops.

ERICA  
Fuck.

She pockets the charm. Starts loading a GUN. Her phone RINGS.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DIZZY  
I need to see you.

ERICA  
Are you going to bring your girlfriend?

DIZZY  
The last I checked you were my girlfriend.

ERICA  
Really?? Was that before or after you screwed Candy? Oh, and I just got a tweet telling me you're involved with a married woman. How's that working out?

DIZZY  
I'm being sued.

ERICA  
Nice deflection. The reggae band?

DIZZY

The drummer. His wife fell off the dock and broke her arm, remember?

ERICA

She was trashed. I'm free today.

DIZZY

I--uh--the car's acting funny.

ERICA

Let me check my schedule.  
(loads bullets/doesn't  
bother checking schedule)  
Why don't you come up?

DIZZY

Why don't you come down?

ERICA

And wait in line? Sorry, dollface.

DIZZY

There's more to it than that. There are these people, see. They say they know you. The Quinns.

ERICA

She's the one you've got the hots for.

DIZZY

You're not listening! You don't know who these people are!

ERICA

I know they pay well. Come up and we'll do lunch. Or don't. I really don't give a shit.

She hangs up on him and returns to loading bullets.

EXT. THE PRESIDENT TRUMP - LATE DAY

GIN AND EMMA watch the sun set across the bay when Chief Tully BEEPS his car horn. Gin kisses her. She hops off the boat and runs down the dock to her father.

DIZZY throws off the spring lines when something on the deck catches his eye. A shard of clay. By its design he recognizes it as part of the adornment on the lead cannister he brought back from Mercado Juárez. He sees another clay fragment.

MURPHY QUINN (O.S.)  
How are we doing back there?

Dizzy puts the pieces in his pocket and ascends the bridge.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)  
Isn't Candy coming? She likes a  
good bang.

He laughs at his own joke, engages the clutch and shifts into forward. The PT's throaty growl squashes the evening's quiet.

EXT. BAY - NIGHT - THE PRESIDENT TRUMP

as it cuts a gash of white across the dark water, its sleek arrowhead silhouette ablaze in red LED lights.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - SAME

JIGGER DOYLE, 50s, stands at a microphone drinking a beer. He could peddle beef at the Fort Worth Stockyards.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER)  
Here she comes now, folks!  
Yessireebob! Fifty tons of fast  
fightin' fury! Ladies and Gents,  
give it up for the President Trump!

PEOPLE standing bayside cheer, applaud and boo.

EXT. THE PRESIDENT TRUMP - MOVING - NIGHT - DIZZY

as he holds his place behind a port side torpedo while Gin straddles the one in front of him, waving a cowboy hat over her head like Slim Pickens riding the bomb out of the plane. Each wears a radio headset. Manning the machine guns inside the turrets are buxom GALS in Las Vegas showgirl glitter.

MURPHY QUINN (HEADSET)  
Fire your pretty buns off, ladies!

The beauties open up the fifties. The staccato GUNFIRE elicits frightened "oohs" and "aahs" from the crowd.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER)  
Holy Guacamole! If that don't blow  
your skivvies off, I don't know  
what will! Speaking of underwear,  
folks. After the show, ya'll mosey  
(MORE)

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
 over to Skivvies and pick up a  
 pair. Red, white and blue. Buy one,  
 get one free. Now, see that target?

Spotlights strafe the water until they find the target: an  
 anchored float of foam and balsa wood with a huge bull's eye.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
 Ya'll know what the T in PT stands  
 for, don'tcha? Torpedo! Keep your  
 eyes on that pigeon, pardners.

Quinn comes about and zeroes in on the float. Gin is now  
 standing behind her torpedo like Dizzy stands behind his.

MURPHY QUINN (HEADSET)  
 All set back there, boys and girls?

GIN (HEADSET)  
 Torpedo One manned and ready, sir!

DIZZY (HEADSET)  
 Torpedo Two manned and ready!

MURPHY QUINN (HEADSET)  
 On my mark!  
 (checks bearing/drops arm)  
 Fire one!

Gin yanks the CO<sup>2</sup> lever. The tube ejects the torpedo.

MURPHY QUINN (HEADSET) (CONT'D)  
 Fire two!

Dizzy's torpedo jettisons. Rooster tails of green dye mark  
 the fish -- BOOM! BOOM! They EXPLODE in red, white and blue  
 paint. Whoop-whoop sirens HOWL. Flares LAUNCH over the bay.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER)  
 Bull's eye!

Quinn makes a run for shore. When he reaches the point of no  
 return he heaves to and wets down a portion of the crowd.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
 Ya'll forget to bring umbrellas?

The PT's red-light outline vanishes. Just smoke on the water  
 remains and the lights of the two-mile-long Queen Isabella  
 Memorial Bridge a half mile away. Then the red lights power  
 back on, pinning the boat's location.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
 There she is!

The dragon spews smoke. The Glitter Girls OPEN FIRE. The PT rushes the crowd again, then vanishes behind the misty wall.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
 (deep as Vincent Price)  
 What is she doing? Where can she be?

Suddenly, as if Poseidon lifted his trident, a shaft, high as a telephone pole, pierces the fog. The kraken creaks forward behind black sails. Her hull, yardarms and masts burst upon the night when her profile is set ablaze in blue LED lights.

JIGGER (LOUDSPEAKER) (CONT'D)  
 Oh no! It's the Pirate Queen! She looks angry! These waters belong to Jean Lafitte and Captain Kidd!  
 (the red dragon reappears)  
 But you better move on over, Queeny! Cuz the President Trump don't take no prisoners!

The Pirate Queen's first broadside engulfs the PT. Dazzling ruptures blaze from the President Trump. Back and forth these leviathans battle as fake fires and explosions abound. It's a pyrotechnic's delight and a huge theatrical success.

EMMA atop Tully's shoulder claps along with the crowd.

ERICA is not laughing. She clasps the GUN inside her purse, eyeing the PT. But for facial scars, she was once a beauty.

QUICK FLASH - to page one when the sedan crashes on Highway 183 and someone goes through the windshield. It was Erica.

BACK TO SCENE

She shakes off the memory and draws the gun but Baddog grabs her wrist, forcing her to stop. He wears a large gold cross befitting a hip hop artist.

BADDOG  
 Not here.

ERICA  
 Baddog, is that you? You . . . you look fabulous!

BADDOG  
 I've never felt better.

ERICA  
 They promised me a new face!

BADDOG

And you'll get it. Let me see what I can do. Wanna grab a drink?

ERICA

How about you grab my pussy and fuck me.

BADDOG

I can do that.

EXT. DOCK - THE PRESIDENT TRUMP - NIGHT - DIZZY

drops a fender. Is that Erica? Who's the stud with her? They get in a dated green pickup with jumbo tires. He ties off the boat, lights a cigarette but coughs.

MURPHY QUINN

Those aren't likely to taste good anymore. You've got holy water in you now. Might be a good time to take up jogging or something.

GIN

(absently feels her neck)  
The hamsa! Did I wear it? I'm so skitzo these days.

MURPHY QUINN

It'll turn up.

GIN

Have a good night, Diz! Quinn and I have business that needs tending!

She gives Quinn a sexy kiss when a COMMOTION stops her cold. Emma has collapsed.

NIXY (INTO PHONE)

We need an ambulance at Skivvies Saloon. A girl. Twelve.

CHIEF WES TULLY

Emma! Hold on! Help is on the way! Emma! *Emma!*

Quinn turns to go below. Gin blocks him.

GIN

We can beat them to the hospital.

MURPHY QUINN

If it's her time it's her time.

GIN

I promised myself I would help her.

MURPHY QUINN

How many times have you done that over the years? How many times have you failed? We can't save everyone.

She reaches for his talisman. He SLAPS her hand.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

This is for our emergency.

GIN

Then let me have the belt!

He pities her. Dizzy knows he can't step in. She storms off.

EXT. CANDY CASTLE'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY - DIZZY

knocks. No answer. He peers through the windows. No one home.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - DIZZY

jogs. A flier whips by. Another. He grabs the third, reads.

INSERT FLIER - Donald Trump is coming to town.

Dizzy comes across Baddog and Candy. She wears a sarong decorated with pink roses.

DIZZY

I went by your place.

CANDY CASTLE

Yeah, well, I've been out.

DIZZY

(skeptical)

Out, huh? You'd think Trump would steer clear of us. A lot of Mexicans live down here.

CANDY CASTLE

But we've got a star base.

DIZZY

And a great jail if he incites another riot.

CANDY CASTLE

You're a piece of work. Trump is good for this country. He's shaking up the status quo.

DIZZY

Which is good. I'm not saying it isn't. But he thinks he's above the law. That doesn't work for me.

CANDY CASTLE

So why's he not in jail?

BADDOG

Biden's the one who ought to be in jail. We can't even house our vets but if you're seeking asylum, you hit the lottery. It's called the browning of America. Look it up.

DIZZY

Why do white folks think they're meant to rule the world?

BADDOG

Because we ruled it first.

DIZZY

Not according to ancient history.

BADDOG

We make the history now. Send the Africans back to Africa, the Mexicans back to Mexico and the Asians wherever the fuck.

CANDY CASTLE

Republicans are just taking a stand, Dizzy. Come on.

DIZZY

It doesn't bother you they own your uterus now?

CANDY CASTLE

If I get knocked up, the state will have to step up.

DIZZY

Republicans hate social programs.

BADDOG

We hate open borders, too. I'm gonna take a dip.

He leaps up with startling vigor and trots off.

CANDY CASTLE

He's looking good, don't you think?



DIZZY

He find religion or something?

CANDY CASTLE

Gin gave it to him. Said it was blessed. That's the power of suggestion for you.

DIZZY

When he can square a circle call me. The Chief says you and Emma --

CANDY CASTLE

Shit! I forgot!  
(absently knocks shades)  
Oww.

She turns away but Dizzy spins her back. He lifts her shades. Purple bruising streaks her eyelid. Her cheek is swollen.

TURTLE MYRTLE (O.S.)

Dizzy L'Amour! Are you going to say hello, or not?

DIZZY

Tell her I'll be along shortly.

CANDY CASTLE

Fine. I've got a bone to pick with that old gal anyway.

DIZZY

I've got a bone to pick, too.

OCEAN/BEACH

Baddog bobs like a cork. Dizzy trudges through the surf, grabs him by the neck and brings his fist down. He dunks him, pulls him up and slugs him again. He hauls him out, straddles his chest and goes to town on him.

DIZZY (CONT'D)

If you ever hit her again, I'll put you in a fucking coma!

Dizzy walks up to Myrtle's house just as Candy is exiting.

CANDY CASTLE

Is Baddog with you?

DIZZY

Nah. He's beat.

CANDY CASTLE

I was going to buy him a beer.

DIZZY

You can buy me one. Say Flipflops  
in half an hour?

CANDY CASTLE

It's a date. I check in on Myrtle  
from time to time. Well. You know.

(picks up a Slurpee cup)

She's what this island used to be.  
Clean! College kids need bibs! The  
beach isn't your personal trash  
can. Take your shit with you when  
you leave. See ya in a bit.

(pedals, hollers back)

Watch your head!

She rides off, a slender hourglass shape with too much limb.

INT. TURTLE MYRTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bookcases of the occult abound; subjects from aliens and  
artificial intelligence to the New World Order. Three black  
cats doze contently. A sunbeam highlights the gilded letters  
on a book. "Les Sects et les Secret Societies" by Le Coulteux  
de Canteleu. Dizzy opens it to a woodcut of St. Germain.

DIZZY.

What are the odds?

TURTLE MYRTLE (O.S.)

Bonswa!

A Jamaican immigrant, 60s, she wears a t-shirt with the image  
of a sea turtle on it above a slogan that reads: "Save the  
Ridley." She holds a turtle with her hands cupped beneath its  
flippers. Atop the reptile's head is a tiny Mexican sombrero.

Dizzy's nostrils twitch.

DIZZY

Is that garlic?

TURTLE MYRTLE

Oh! I must be losing my mind.

She shoves the turtle into Dizzy's arms and rushes off.

KITCHEN

With mitts Myrtle opens the oven and slides out the rack.

TURTLE MYRTLE (CONT'D)  
I do something new every year. I  
sent you an invitation.

DIZZY  
I came that one year, remember?

TURTLE MYRTLE  
Don't you like my cooking? Is it  
too much garlic?

DIZZY  
It could raise the dead. Just  
kidding. But I'm a turkey and  
dressing kind of guy.

TURTLE MYRTLE  
That's what everyone has.

DIZZY  
It looks great. Smells great. Some  
kind of lamb, right?

TURTLE MYRTLE  
Stuffed lamb stomach. I'm in the  
back.

#### BACKYARD

Myrtle commences in baby talk with the reptile, slips off the  
sombbrero, kisses it on its beak and slips it into the tank.

TURTLE MYRTLE (CONT'D)  
Get some exercise, my little Ariel.  
(sees book Dizzy holds)  
Ah! Saint Germain. Extraordinary.  
Erica called me the other day  
asking about him and here you are  
asking about him. Like-minded  
people, eh? Are you still together?

DIZZY  
That depends on the day. Sometimes  
the hour.

TURTLE MYRTLE  
Would you like a beer? Me too.  
(reaches in cooler)  
So secret societies or immortality?

DIZZY  
Is that what he represents?

TURTLE MYRTLE

To some. To others, something else.  
A most puzzling character. Not a  
count at all. More an enchanter.  
Quite adept in the dark arts. He  
was Illuminati. Did you know that?

DIZZY

No.

TURTLE MYRTLE

He was a spy for the king of France  
when he wasn't selling potions or  
weaving tall tales. He was a vain  
kaka who had his own harem. Minors,  
mostly. What is this fascination  
men have with underage girls?

DIZZY

I don't know. Ask Congress. Did he  
go by any other name?

TURTLE MYRTLE

He had many names. Count Weldon.  
Marquis de Montferrat. But it was  
groovy back then to put on airs.

DIZZY

What else?

TURTLE MYRTLE

Voltaire snubbed him. Called him  
the 'Wonderman' because, by all  
accounts, he was immortal and knew  
everything there was to know. Why  
the interest?

DIZZY

Just killing time.

TURTLE MYRTLE

Killing time. That would be an  
understatement. What we do know of  
St. Germain is that he was the son  
of Francis Rákóczi The Second, the  
Prince of Transylvania.

DIZZY

Transylvania.

TURTLE MYRTLE

I suppose that is how the rumor  
started he was a vampire. But he  
was damaged goods long before that.

DIZZY

What do you mean?

TURTLE MYRTLE

His sin is what I mean.

DIZZY

What sin would that be?

TURTLE MYRTLE

The legend is he mocked Christ as he carried the cross to Calvary. Told him to hurry along. He could rest when he was dead. Jesus cursed Germain by denying him rest.

DIZZY

You mean death.

TURTLE MYRTLE

Yes. Condemned him to walk the earth for all time. Idiot.

DIZZY

Before the sin. Well, his name wasn't Germain, was it?

TURTLE MYRTLE

No one knows who he was. Some claim it was a woman.

DIZZY

Last question.

TURTLE MYRTLE

Oh pooh. I do enjoy our forays into the weird and wonderful.

(raises beer in toast)

As the barstool turns, cheri.

DIZZY

As the barstool turns.

TURTLE MYRTLE

So, what's the question?

DIZZY

Is there any mention of St. Germain in the Bible?

TURTLE MYRTLE

Not by that name.

DIZZY

By any name?

TURTLE MYRTLE

That is open for debate but some believe Jesus foretold his sin like he foretold the betrayal of Judas.

DIZZY

Do you have a Bible here?

TURTLE MYRTLE

You seem anxious.

DIZZY

I have a restless soul.

TURTLE MYRTLE

That can get you into trouble. I prefer a more measured approach.

DIZZY

In other words you dawdle.

INT. TURTLE MYRTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

A hutch packed with Bibles in Greek, Aramaic and Hebrew. She uses both hands to pull down a twenty-pounder.

TURTLE MYRTLE

Here it is. Mathew sixteen, verse twenty-eight. It happens about a week before the transfiguration.

(reads the verse)

'Verily I say to you there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom.'

DIZZY

Why would Nova say that?

TURTLE MYRTLE

Who?

DIZZY

Never mind. There ought to be a record of this guy. The Romans were sticklers at taking notes.

TURTLE MYRTLE

This is the record. Why do you think he was Roman?

DIZZY

I didn't say he was. He probably wasn't. I mean why call him the Wandering Jew?

TURTLE MYRTLE

Because history loves piling on those people.

A tabby's HOWL drops like a waterspout.

TURTLE MYRTLE (CONT'D)

Oh, D'Artagnan!

Dizzy follows her to a niche between towers of books.

TURTLE MYRTLE (CONT'D)

I can't reach her. She had ten last time. Can you imagine? But they won't make it if I'm not here to help. I must get her out of there.

DIZZY

Let me see.

The cat is a calico balloon. He bends between bookcases to reach her but nearly bashes his face on a shelf jutting out.

TURTLE MYRTLE

Careful. Candy gave herself a good whack on that. I told her to put some ice on it. It looks like someone smacked her.

FREEZE ON DIZZY - Aw shit. He retreats without the feline and looks out a window where he left Baddog on the beach, bloody and beaten. He's gone.

BACKYARD - A BIT LATER

Myrtle is working a bong when Dizzy appears with the cat.

TURTLE MYRTLE (CONT'D)

You got her! Thank you. Would you like some?

(he shakes his head)

They can't make a pill strong enough. This comes from the earth. It's a holy thing.

DIZZY

I'll try to check in on you later. I have to go to Harlingen.

TURTLE MYRTLE  
Just marry that girl, will you?

DIZZY  
We're in negotiations as we speak.

TURTLE MYRTLE  
Let me tell you what you can do  
with your negotiations. Drive safe.

DIZZY  
Oh. Um. Just call it stuffed lamb.

He pecks her on the head and then leaves. Myrtle sets down D'Artagnan and steps up to the pool to watch Ariel swim.

(beat)

Suddenly, she is hoisted into the water. HANDS have her by the ankles pinning her head underwater. After a violent struggle she drowns and floats alongside the turtle.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY - DIZZY

as he jogs, looking round for any sign of Baddog.

INT./EXT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY - DIZZY

opens a Bible and withdraws a Smith and Wesson .38 revolver.

He approaches his car, a 1967 black Cadillac Eldorado with hidden headlamps. He opens the driver's door, pops a latch to a secret compartment. He fits the gun in and closes it.

INT. ELDORADO - MOVING - DAY

Dizzy places a call on his cell.

ERICA (V.O.)  
This is Erica.

DIZZY  
Hey. I'm on my way.

ERICA (V.O.)  
I'll see ya when I see ya.

INT./EXT. BUILDING - HARLINGEN - DAY

The door to Erica's office is locked.



He calls her. It goes to voice mail. He walks to the outdoor café but no one's there. He calls again. Voice mail.

EXT. HIGHWAY 100 - DAY - ELDORADO

as it rolls down a lonely stretch of blacktop when a dated green pickup with jumbo tires barrels up behind it.

INT. ELDORADO - MOVING - DAY

Dizzy lights a cigarette -- WHAM! The pickup rams his rear. His forehead hits the steering wheel. He pulls onto the shoulder and stops. He reaches for a tissue to staunch the bleeding when he hears the SCREECH OF RUBBER on macadam.

He looks in his rearview to see plumes of smoke spitting from under the pickup. It's coming back for more -- he floors the gas pedal when the truck POUNDS him again. The Caddy teeters like a sloppy drunk -- the truck comes abreast.

A bullet SMASHES Dizzy's driver's side window -- he releases the latch and grabs the Smith and Wesson.

Another SHOT from the truck -- Dizzy returns fire. BLAM BLAM! The pickup veers off.

Up ahead is a makeshift runway stretching all the way to the horizon. A cold shade of acceptance drops over Dizzy's eyes. He is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.

As the pickup leans in for the kill, he kicks the Caddy into overdrive and hurtles down the road like a slingshot.

The air peels back and he enters a vortex . . . .

FLASHBACK - EXT. JERUSALEM - THE CRUCIFIXION - DAY

EVERYONE focuses on the Lamb being led to the slaughter.

SATAN watches, his face hidden beneath a threadbare shawl. He stands beside a cart wherein lies Ginat's body.

Nearby, Quintus, also cloaked, bears witness. But had he been by Ginat's side, he would have seen her hand move. She is alive. That is why Nova didn't bring her back to life. She wasn't dead in the first place.

Satan sees her hand move. He focuses on its meaning and misses what happens when Christ collapses beneath the beam.

Quintus rushes in to render aid, or so it seems.

QUINTUS

Too heavy for you, Rabbi? Speak and it will rise. That's what you said, isn't it? Declare the Word and I can move a mountain? I believed you. Ginat believed you. But now she's dead. Dead! She will never rise again because you wouldn't say anything! I so pray death spares us both just long enough for you to beg my forgiveness!

NOVA

Death has heard thy prayer. Today she will grant me peace. But you shall not taste her calm until the final sun sets on the final day.

A SOLDIER tugs at Quintus to help Nova but he runs off.

SATAN'S POV - the wolf tattoo on Quintus's forearm.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lucius watches Nova lowered from the cross. The Crown of Thorns falls off his head. Lucius nods to the boy who races up the hill with a cloak and snatches the circlet.

He stands before Lucius, panting as he did when he delivered the hamsa to the pretty lady on the flat rock on the Mount of Olives. His eyes grow wide at the coin the Roman gives him.

LUCIUS

Do you believe in miracles?

BOY

Yes, my lord.

LUCIUS

Good. That will make this easier.

Lucius stabs him in the throat. He plucks a barb from the Crown of Thorns.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

Suck on this. Careful. It's sharp.

But the boy dies. Lucius presses the thorn inside the boy's mouth. A blue light bathes him. His lungs fill with air.

Lucius watches the PALLBEARERS carry the rabbi's body away.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

He really was a god.

The boy clasps the centurion's boot, praising him as if he were a god. Lucius cleaves the boy's head with his sword, wraps up the bramble and ducks into the darkness of the day.

INT. HELL - DAY - SATAN

as he addresses a MAN and WOMAN, 40-50.

SATAN

You have been damned to Hell for making fun of the less fortunate.

WOMAN

Please Your Highness, have mercy. What we did was wrong.

SATAN

Evil, actually.

MAN

But it wasn't as evil as what that Jew did to Jesus.

SATAN

And which Jew would that be? All I saw was a wolf tattoo.

Man and Woman share a look; this might be their lucky day.

WOMAN

Then he couldn't have been a Jew! Wolves feed on dead meat. No self-respecting Jew would desecrate his skin with a wolf.

MAN

But a Roman would. The Roman race descends from the she-wolf who nursed Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome.

SATAN

Thank you for the clarification.

The Man and Woman sigh in relief. Satan turns to his DEPUTY.

SATAN (CONT'D)

Burn them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY - QUINTUS

stands inside his chariot overlooking the Jezreel Valley.

Snowflakes dust his beard. His two whites tamp their hooves, signaling they want to move back from the edge. But Quintus holds firm the reins just as two black stallions lugging Lucius inside a second chariot pull up alongside him. He stands dark as basalt in his armor and purple cape.

LUCIUS

Three thousand years of war. I told you I was reading. See the flattop? It was once a chariot city.

Quintus looks out at the distant tell dusted in fallen snow.

QUINTUS

Megiddo. The Jews believe it will be the place for the final battle.

LUCIUS

Between what armies?

QUINTUS

Good and evil.

LUCIUS

Such a battle I fight every day!

As does Quintus. But he is as dead inside as the bear he killed for the fur he wears on his shoulders to keep warm.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

It was not my intent to hurt you. I cannot speak to the motive of a whore. She was a whore, Quintus.

Quintus fondles the gilded seashell against his breastplate. This offends Lucius.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

Wait. You don't think she's alive, do you? That's like believing the rumors about the rabbi. He's alive! He's alive! This land is a crucible of wiles and hexes.

Quintus looks at his friend whose face shows no defect now.

QUINTUS

It seems to have bewitched you as well.

He nods to the Crown of Thorns coiled around the gauntlet on Lucius's arm. Lucius brandishes it for his friend's benefit.

LUCIUS

By this we are invincible. Immortal  
if we want to be. The rabbi's power  
came from the gods. I concede that.  
But we hold that power now.

Sunlight slices the gloomy sky, painting the valley floor.  
Unmoved by the brilliant display, Quintus backs away.

QUINTUS

No one lives forever, Lucius.

He begins a tempered descent. Lucius comes abreast of him.

LUCIUS

I was there, Quintus! In Caesarea  
Philippi! I hid in the forest.

Quintus shifts uneasily; he and Ginat made love there.

LUCIUS (CONT'D)

I heard the rabbi as plainly as  
you. Some here shall not taste of  
death! He was speaking to us! He  
did not want to die in vain. He  
wanted to pass his power on to  
someone who would know what to do  
with it. We can set right the  
wrongs of the world. Come to Rome.  
We can rule her like brothers. Like  
Romulus and Remus ruled her.

QUINTUS

Romulus killed Remus.

LUCIUS

We will succeed where they failed!  
We can build a new Rome. Take my  
hand. Let us swear allegiance to  
one another.

QUINTUS

Our allegiance is to Caesar.

LUCIUS

You would betray me to Tiberius?

QUINTUS

Your ambition has betrayed you--.

Lucius's sword misses Quintus by a hair. He bolts down the  
peak. The chariot shakes violently. Lucius charges in. Their  
chariots collide with a screeching din. The iron-rimmed  
felloes churn up divots of flint and frozen earth.

They plunge down the mountainside in rolling thunder, their swords clashing. They punch through the tree line. A branch whacks Lucius so hard his sword flies out of his hand.

As the earth gives way to flatter ground, Quintus peels off just as a missile tears by his head. He turns to see where Lucius is when another spear sails by.

The blacks are so close to Quintus he can feel the heat of their breath on his legs. Lucius is trying to "shipwreck" Quintus by forcing his horses to leap into Quintus's chariot from behind and trample him to death inside the cockpit.

Lucius makes an error that brings him abreast of Quintus. He slashes Quintus with his whip. Quintus returns the favor.

The forest opens abruptly. Quintus grabs a spear and takes aim on Lucius when a LION sails in, sinking its claws into one of his whites. The horse's whinny chafes the wood.

The uneven ground hinders a clean strike. Quintus throws the javelin, driving the beast to the ground. It rolls, bucking and biting at the spike through it just as a second LION dashes through the trees and leaps onto Lucius from behind.

Pinned forward, Lucius hangs over the rim of his chariot. He dangles over the axle and the thumping hooves of his horses. Quintus sweeps in and slashes the lion with his sword. He tries to gain control of the runaways when the unexpected rears high: the edge of a cliff and nothing beyond but sky.

He coaxes his whites into the blacks to avert certain death when Lucius rears up, bedraggled. He sees disaster awaiting and swings his stallions over. The whites buckle.

He whips Quintus again and again, then suspends his attack, pulling his stallions away. But Quintus has nowhere to pull off to. He soars off the cliff and the sky turns on its side.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ELDORADO - MOVING - PRESENT DAY

The corn fields along Highway 100 cease flickering as Dizzy's quantum break fades; the chariot chasing him gone.

EXT. PADRE BOULEVARD - DAY - ELDORADO

as it exits the causeway, the radiator BLOWS. The car pulls off. Dizzy gets out, raises the hood, waves down an island shuttle and hops aboard.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY - DIZZY

as he grabs a bottle of gin and takes a shaky swig.

EXT. PADRE BOULEVARD - DAY - POLICE CRUISER

pulls off. Tully gets out to investigate the crippled Caddy.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY

Dizzy checks his phone for messages. Emma has sent him three videos. He lights a fag, coughs, and watches them.

VIDEO #1 - shows the Port Isabel lighthouse and small town square. Like a colony before cars and cell phone towers.

VIDEO #2 - A SWEEPING VIEW of South Padre Island, the Queen Isabella causeway, the Laguna Madre, Port Isabel and distant Boca Chica where the Elon Musk rocket stands, visible.

VIDEO #3 - the drone flies towards the causeway where the President Trump idles in the shipping lane under the bridge's eighty-foot-high rise. It hovers above the PT, tilts up, exposing something tucked between the girders. A duffel bag?? Dizzy zooms in. It really is a duffel bag. Strange.

A yellow tennis ball bounces up from behind. Erica appears. Legs lean, tan; a stark contrast to the gummy worm-like scars on her face. She holds a GUN aimed straight at his heart.

ERICA

I guess we need to reschedule, hmm?

DIZZY

Nice entrance.

ERICA

I was hoping to find that bitch in your bed. I still have a key to this shithole, you know.

DIZZY

Which bitch are we talking about?

ERICA

Either of them. How about a drink?

DIZZY

What'll it be?

ERICA

Gin and Sin. You forgot.

DIZZY

No no. But that's a pretty sweet drink, considering.

ERICA

(gives gun a little wave)  
I am feeling a tad salty.

Dizzy fills the shaker with ice, pours in the gin, orange and lemon juice, the Grenadine, shakes it, chilling the liquid, and strains it into shot glasses. They drink.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Again.

EXT. PADRE BOULEVARD - DAY - CHIEF TULLY

examines the engine, moves around the car. A swatch decorated with pink roses flaps over the banged-in rear. He jimmys the trunk to find Candy's body in plastic, eyes bulging in death.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY - ERICA AND DIZZY

Their eyes glisten in ecstasy. She motions for another round.

DIZZY

Gin's a creeper.

ERICA

But I've got the gun. Forget it.  
Come here.

(he steps from behind the  
bar/she raises her skirt)

Get on your knees.

As he makes his descent she pushes him back onto a stool and straddles him. Her moans seesaw in anger.

ERICA (CONT'D)

You did her at the bar, didn't you?  
Do me like you did her! *Do me like  
you did her!*

He recognizes Gin's hamsa around her neck and stops.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Keep going or I'll--.

DIZZY

Or you'll what?

Dizzy pulls up his shorts when he sees the PT at the dock.



ERICA

You're a worthless piece of shit.  
 Forget about college age. It  
 doesn't matter how much they drink  
 before they toss their bras over  
 the rafters. You're too damn old.

EXT./INT. SKIVVIES - DAY

Tully screeches to a stop, draws his gun. His cell RINGS.

CHIEF WES TULLY (INTO PHONE)

This isn't a good t --

What he hears freezes him. He drops his phone, stumbles back.

ERICA AND DIZZY

ERICA

They fixed Baddog. He looks like a  
 god. They promised me a new face  
 but they lied. Everyone lies. I WAS  
 PREGNANT!

CHIEF WES TULLY (O.S.)

Show me your hands!

Erica FIRERS impulsively. Tully FIRES. She drops badly.

DIZZY

*Erica!*

ERICA

It was going to be your Christmas  
 present . . . ours . . .

Her light vanishes. Tully picks up her gun.

CHIEF WES TULLY

Hands behind your back.

DIZZY

What'd I do?

CHIEF WES TULLY

She's in the trunk of your car.

DIZZY

What? Who?

CHIEF WES TULLY

Candy.

Dizzy shakes off the cuffs, stumbles to the bar, lost.

DIZZY  
Candy's dead??

CHIEF WES TULLY  
(bitter)  
. . . so is Emma.

Tully lowers his gun. Neither can process the news; they're both lost. Dizzy absently picks up the Q note. His hand is shaking. His very soul. He mouths the riddle, gaining tone:

DIZZY  
'From the peak the thunderstone  
crowns the once and future king.'

He looks out across the bay, to the long lazy causeway that rises to a peak before dropping gently into Port Isabel.

Peak . . . The duffle bag.

DIZZY (CONT'D)  
It's under the bridge.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
What's under the bridge?

DIZZY  
The bomb! The thunderstone! Look!  
(shows him his cell)  
Emma sent me this. What's a duffel  
bag doing up there? Chief??  
(shakes him)  
Chief! You have to close the  
bridge! *You have to stop Trump!*

CHIEF WES TULLY  
(fumbles with phone)  
He's already here. They just passed  
Los Fresnos. We got word Musk wants  
to launch the rocket tonight.

DIZZY  
You've got to stop that motorcade!

CHIEF WES TULLY  
Where are you going?

DIZZY  
To stop those boats!

INT. THE PRESIDENT TRUMP - MOVING - DAY

Dizzy leaps aboard and moves to the cockpit. Baddog pays him no mind and increases speed. Dizzy braces behind the windshield as flocks of white ibis flutter against the red sky.

QUICK FLASH -

ERICA  
I WAS PREGNANT!

BACK TO SCENE

Dizzy quakes at the thought as Baddog pulls to a dock and Gin and Quinn hop aboard. When she sees Dizzy she draws the M2.

DIZZY  
You don't need that. I'm here to  
make sure no one else dies.

GIN	MURPHY QUINN
What are you talking about?	Then call your girlfriend and tell her to stay home.

DIZZY  
She's dead.  
(he and Gin lock eyes)  
So is Candy.  
(then)  
And Emma.

Quinn is no less shocked by this gut punch than Gin is.

MURPHY QUINN  
We did promise. Don't you worry  
about Emma. We'll bring her back.

GIN  
And just how are we going to do  
that if she turns to ash?

She goes below. Dizzy turns to Baddog.

DIZZY  
Candy was no threat to you.

BADDOG  
Are you accusing me of something?

MURPHY QUINN  
You could've left Myrtle out of it.

DIZZY  
What did you do to Myrtle?

BADDOG

What did you do to Myrtle?

MURPHY QUINN

Get after it.

Baddog moves aft, takes up an iron rod with a dogleg handle, places its tip into a slot countersunk in the deck and trains out a torpedo tube, rotating quickly like churning butter.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

The Talmud says, 'You can educate a fool but you can't make him think'. See anything?

Dizzy doesn't, then he does: distant sails on the horizon.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

They say a thousand boats are headed this way. They'll follow Trump right off a cliff. Just like the Pied-fucking-Piper.

DIZZY

Because they're brainwashed.

MURPHY QUINN

You weren't so forgiving a few days ago. Humble his supporters you said. I intend to do just that. They're junkies and social media is their drug. They created this reality. Not me. Now any half-wit with an agenda can rewrite history. The real genius here is Q. But he's playing with fire.

DIZZY

So are Republicans.

MURPHY QUINN

But at least we know who they are. Q could be anyone, even a foreign government. Democracy doesn't mean a damn to someone like that.

DIZZY

Because it's broken.

MURPHY QUINN

Democracy has always been broken. That's how it comes when you order it. And it's up to both parties to come together to make it work.

(MORE)

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

But Trump doesn't care. All he wants is revenge. And his cohorts want war. The Proud Boys, Oath Keepers, Three Percenters. Macho assholes who call anarchy freedom. But they're in for a rude awakening when their parents call 'em up, crying, 'Son! We haven't received our social security checks!' They say Trump's got the answer. I've got news for you. He doesn't know the question. If we don't act now democracy will not survive.

BELOW DECK

Gin drinks a shaky glass of whiskey.

ABOVE DECK

DIZZY

(re: sails)

You said you didn't want to kill anyone.

MURPHY QUINN

That's Plan B. Always have to have a Plan B, kid.

DIZZY

Stop the kid shit. I'm old as you.

BELOW DECK

Gin leans across the bar and sobs.

ABOVE DECK

MURPHY QUINN

Erica's dead?? I liked that gal. She helped us with the algorithm, you might say. And here you be.

DIZZY

. . . The car accident.

MURPHY QUINN

Bingo. You wear your guilt like bad cologne. You hate yourself for what you did to Erica. Flash! Everyone hates you for what you did to Erica. But here's the kicker: guilt is what bonds humanity.

DIZZY  
Who are you?

MURPHY QUINN  
(shows off his tattoo)  
Look familiar?

QUICK FLASH - the same tattoo on Dizzy's arm being removed.

BACK TO SCENE

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)  
No tattoo no me. No me no you.

Dizzy lunges at him. Quinn smacks him back.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)  
Take the helm.

DIZZY  
Fuck you.

He wraps his skull with the gun barrel. Dizzy complies as Baddog steps up, videotaping with his smartphone.

BADDOG  
Smile. You're about to go viral.

MURPHY QUINN  
Zoom in on those boats.

Baddog cants left and then rack focuses on the regatta.

THE REGATTA

Yachts, sailboats, trawlers. Jet skis zigzag like wasps. "Trump, No More Bullshit" flags flap alongside Confederate Battle flags and "Gods, Guns and Trump" flags.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)  
That ought to do it. Upload it.  
(retakes the helm)  
Every great crime needs a patsy.

JUMP CUTS -

-- 1963 STOCK FOOTAGE - President Kennedy is assassinated.

-- 1963 STOCK FOOTAGE - Lee Harvey Oswald shot by Jack Ruby.

EXT. SHIPPING DOCK - MEXICO - PRESENT DAY - A CRATE

is offloaded from a cargo ship.

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)  
 The isotopes will be traced to a  
 lab in Iran.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - MERCADO JUÁREZ - DAY - THE CRATE  
 is delivered to Mrs. Gomez.

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)  
 And linked to an ice cream shop in  
 Matamoros, recently purchased by  
 you. At least that's what the LLC  
 says. It's a bit shady. But, hey,  
 it's Mexico.

EXT. BORDER CROSSING - DAY

CAMERAS SNAP Dizzy as he pushes the cannister on the dolly.

MURPHY QUINN (V.O.)  
 We have a photo of you at the  
 border. Lead can cloak a nuclear  
 signature, you know.

BELOW DECK

Gin wipes away her tears. A walnut case catches her eye. She  
 opens it, revealing a knife we only partially see.

ABOVE DECK

DIZZY  
 Why are you doing this?

MURPHY QUINN  
 The world's a chess game.  
 Nationalism is checkers. Trump  
 wants to wall off America and let  
 the world burn. We can't let that  
 happen. He started a movement that  
 boils down to one thing: thumbing  
 your nose at the rule of law. Who  
 wants to do that? Everyone. We  
 can't let that happen, either.

DIZZY  
 It's hard to kill a movement.

MURPHY QUINN  
 It has to turn on its leader. Tell  
 the truth, damnit!

(MORE)

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

'For the wrath of God is revealed against ungod-liness and the unrighteousness of men who by their unrighteousness suppress the truth!' Romans one, verse eighteen. That's it right there. The suppression of truth. The Big Lie!

DIZZY

And you're the wrath.

MURPHY QUINN

Damn right! Trump supporters have deified him. They made him their Golden Calf! That's blasphemy and they ought to burn in Hell for it. But since I can't make that happen, I'm going to give them a taste of what to expect when they get there.

COAST GUARD (LOUDSPEAKER)

This is the United States Coast Guard. Heave to.

A medium response boat astern, a red Dolphin MH-65 helicopter above it -- Baddog OPENS FIRE on both with the Thunderbolt.

Quinn slams the throttles forward when a bullet CRATERS him to the deck -- Gin emerges from below, aiming the M2.

She sees the Coast Guard when Quinn yanks her down. They struggle. The gun goes flying -- Dizzy dives for the weapon.

She rears back with upraised arm and pummels Quinn's chest with the knife. It once belonged to her mentor, Yu-at.

GIN

*That's for Emma!*

MURPHY QUINN

(spitting blood)

I-I-I kept your secrets.

His eyes pity her but also approve. He cups her cheek.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

'Fear no more the light'ning flash,  
Nor th' all-dreaded thunderstone.'

GIN

I hate Shakespeare.

She rams the knife further into him. His eyes pin skyward.



DIZZY

It was you. You were the one who sinned against Christ --

GIN

We both sinned against him! After all we'd seen we still didn't believe. Where is Christ, by the way? Nowhere in this world. What's that tell you? We're on our own.

The chopper EXPLODES. A charcoal umbrella against a red sky.

QUINN - pulls out the knife. Hard man to kill; he's the Wandering Jew! He leaps up and grabs the M2 from Gin.

MURPHY QUINN

It would have been a whole lot cleaner the other way!

He pounds his fist on the launch button. The torpedo tube jettisons its load with a violent *whoosh!*

Dizzy jumps on him. Quinn chops him across the clavicle. He checks his running angle and launches the second torpedo when the PBX explosives in the first find a target.

BOOM! Then the second torpedo HITS.

The day erupts in a seismic wave of cinder and ash.

Ensuing EXPLOSIONS blow apart the boats like a fist swiping the dominoes off the game board.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

(grabs Dizzy by the neck)

If you want to survive this, get us out of here!

Quinn slithers into a machine gun turret and OPENS FIRE on the regatta -- Dizzy takes the helm -- Quinn FIRES on the Coast Guard -- The CG FIRES BACK, raking the President Trump.

Three cruisers attack off the PT's port beam. GUNFIRE sputters from their sleek windows -- Quinn RIPS APART their pretty white hulls with the Browning.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

Give us cover!

Dizzy triggers the smoke cannons. Tunnels of fog spew from the transom as the Coast Guard SPITS ANOTHER SALVO.

GIN'S BLOODY HAND pierces Dizzy's peripheral vision.

Dizzy screams out her name but the sound of battle and the pounding waves smothers his voice. He decreases speed which suspends Quinn's maniacal attack. He sees what Dizzy needs him to see: his beloved bleeding out.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

Gin!

He slips down from the turret. Dizzy relights the diesels. He tears off his talisman and draws out an oil-soaked thorn and jams it inside her mouth.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)

I'm not going to suffer eternity  
without some company!

Sparkling blue light engulfs her. Her mind clears, gratitude moistens her eyes. She presses her derringer at his neck.

GIN

You selfish motherfucker!

Suddenly, she swings her aim off him and SHOOTs the BATMAN.

The flying soldier spirals out of control and slams against the bow of the PT boat before falling into the water.

Dizzy turns to see TWO ROCKET MEN in the sky. Another THREE launch from the Coast Guard. With weapons on their flanks, they OPEN FIRE by remote control. Human drones. Oz monkeys.

Fizzy blisters RIDDLE the PT, obliterating Baddog -- The Thunderbolt falls silent.

Quinn climbs back into the machine gun nest -- Gin runs aft and swings into the portside turret and together they STRAFE the sky with double-barrel streams of hot lead.

Dizzy is at full speed now but the birds are faster. His eyes drop to the wing deployment button.

QUICK FLASH - Quinn tells Dizzy when they first meet.

MURPHY QUINN

This wagon has wings!

BACK TO SCENE

Dizzy punches the button. The President Trump lifts off the water, transforming into a hydrofoil with the ease of being touched by a wizard's wand. With its foils deployed the PT gains her own rocket speed. She flies across the flaming pie, headed back to South Padre Island, her pursuers but spackles on a smoldering horizon.

THE BRIDGE!

Gin and Quinn stand together and watch the causeway get closer. The wind beats back their hair, their sanctimony, their mantle of justice. It is madness. Fucking madness.

Dizzy looks aft. Baddog's body vanishes. He blinks confused.

MURPHY QUINN

What is your intention?

DIZZY

If the island stands any chance of surviving, the bomb has to be in the water! There's only one way to ensure that! Bring down the bridge!

MURPHY QUINN

It won't make any difference.

DIZZY

It'll make some!  
 (takes aim thru the MK-31  
 torpedo director)  
 Fire one!  
 (launches first torpedo)  
 Fire two!  
 (launches second torpedo)

Diz trains binoculars on the fish converging on the causeway. When the torpedoes hit there is no explosion. Just a splatter of red, white and blue paint.

He looks over at Quinn who vanishes. Gin smiles sadly at him. Then she too vanishes.

He stands alone, speeding towards the Queen Isabella with no reprieve for his sins. Just a payment due notice.

The WHITE FLASH of detonation. The sky BURSTS into a dome. But the dome retracts like a rubber band pulled back by the Hand of God.

It is then released -- as a yellow tennis ball -- that WALLOPS Dizzy smack dab in the eye.

INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - DAY - DIZZY

as he enters, bleeding from the head.

His focus is on Tully having lunch.

He yanks the gun from the Chief's holster.

DIZZY  
 Where's Quinn?  
 (sees Erica and Myrtle  
 also at the table)  
 Y-you're alive!

Nixy is behind the bar cleaning a scallop shell ashtray.

DIZZY (CONT'D)  
 Put that down! No. Put some gin in  
 it.

NIXY  
 You drank it all.

DIZZY  
 Then use water! Whatever! Christ!

Nixy complies. Diz holds up the ashtray for Erica's benefit.

DIZZY (CONT'D)  
This is what brought you back!

He drinks the sooty water as TWO POLICE move up behind him.

DIZZY (CONT'D)  
 Where's Quinn!

ERICA  
 You're Quinn.

DIZZY  
 I'm Dizzy.

TURTLE MYRTLE  
 I bet you are. Nixy says you've  
 been drinking all night.

NIXY  
 (holds up bottle)  
 You nailed this bitch an hour ago.

DIZZY  
 Where's Baddog?

Police grab Dizzy, disarm him. The Chief retrieves his gun.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 The only dog being bad here is you.

RACE IN TIGHT ON DIZZY

QUICK FLASH - HANDS hold Turtle Myrtle by the ankles as she  
 drowns in the pool. PULL BACK to see the assailant is Dizzy.

BACK TO SCENE

Dizzy shivers at the insight as Myrtle smiles sympathetically at him and then vanishes.

CHIEF WES TULLY (CONT'D)  
I'd be within my rights to arrest you, son. But we half expected some trouble when Nixy called. I'm going to search you. I'm not going to get poked by anything, am I?

DIZZY  
I don't do drugs.

Tully withdraws an amber vial of cocaine.

DIZZY (CONT'D)  
Some toot up the snoot. Big deal.

The man whom we have known as Quinn/Quintus throughout the film steps up. In real life he is DR. LUCIUS TANNER.

ERICA  
You remember Lucius. Sorry. Dr. Tanner.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
I'm sure he does. Though in what capacity I can't say. One minute I'm his friend. The next his enemy. Hazards of the job, I'm afraid. Do you remember me, Mr. Quinn? The Sentient House? It's all about feelings, you know.

DIZZY/QUINN  
If you say so.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
You stayed at our Dallas facility last year.

DIZZY/QUINN  
All freeways and glass towers. Not my kind of town.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
You might appreciate Los Angeles.

DIZZY/QUINN  
More freeways and glass towers.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER

And a wonderful ocean view. We have our own private beach.

DIZZY/QUINN

Where's Quinn?

ERICA

Murphy! *You're Quinn! You're Quinn!*

DR. LUCIUS TANNER

Dr. Prior will be waiting to assist. You two made significant headway the last time.

DIZZY/QUINN

What's happening here? Is this an intervention? I don't know what meds you're on but stay away from the anti-depressants. They just make you want to kill yourself. And who the hell is Dr. Prior?

A yellow tennis ball hits Dizzy in the nose. The floor becomes a quicksand of tennis balls as Dizzy/Quinn sinks, screaming.

FLASHBACK - INT. SIRENS TAVERN - AUSTIN, TEXAS - DAY

Cozy. Mermaid decor. Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" on a wall. Christmas lights smother the ceiling. The real Murphy Quinn (who we've known as Dizzy L'Amour) sits at the bar with ROCKET, 30s, construction lean. They share a mutual lust for the BARTENDER, 20s, who wears a scallop seashell bra.

ROCKET

I'll bet those could kill ya.

MURPHY QUINN

Yeah. But what a way to go.

She's heard them which is what the guys wanted.

BARTENDER

(cups her breasts)

Fair warning, boys. You drink from these and you'll live forever.

MURPHY QUINN

(raises glass in toast)

Then here's to the top and here's to the bottom and here's to the middle and I hope you get a little.

BARTENDER

I hope I do too! What's your name?

Rocket elbows Quinn, goes to the head. Quinn winks at her.

MURPHY QUINN

Be back in a sec.

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Hey! It's snowing!

BARTENDER

Guys don't go to the head together unless they're up to no good.

When Rocket opens the bathroom door, a fishing line of scallop seashells hooked to the door dip from the ceiling.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I haven't seen you in here before.

MURPHY QUINN

I'm down on South Padre.

BARTENDER

I drove there once. Too damn far.

MURPHY QUINN

Padre's what four and half hours? Another hour you could be on South Padre. That's where the action is.

BARTENDER

Felt longer than that. So, you're not gonna tell me your name?

MURPHY QUINN

You first.

BARTENDER

Nova.

MURPHY QUINN

That's a gem. Latin, right?  
(she dons a kooky face)  
Yeah. Means 'new'.

NOVA

Heck if I know what it means.

About to leave, he pauses when he sees the letter "Q" burned into the seat's wooden back on the stool next to him.

MURPHY QUINN

That wouldn't have anything to do with QAnon, would it?

NOVA

Here?? Mermaids at Christmas. Now there's a conspiracy for ya! Nah. That's for Quentin Tarantino. He's a regular. When he's in town.

MEN'S BATHROOM

Rocket and Quinn snort cocaine. Nova steps in. The boys bandy an eye. They are more than happy to share.

INT. ROCKET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rocket and a GIRL, 20s, make out. Nova writhes across Quinn. He reaches for the gin and pours them both a shot.

NOVA

What's your name again?

MURPHY QUINN

Dizzy's the name. Drinking's the game.

INT. ROCKET'S HOUSE - DAY - QUINN AND NOVA

asleep under a blanket. Morning light bleeds through the drapes. Rocket pokes his head in.

ROCKET

Yo, Murph. The airport's waitin'.

MURPHY QUINN

Fuck me.

EXT./INT. SEDAN - ROCKET'S HOUSE - DAY - QUINN

walks to the car. Stops. He's entered a winter wonderland. Trees sparkle with geometric gemstones. Telephone lines drip with icicles. Shivering, he gets in the car, turns on the heater. He drinks a nip of gin before pulling away.

EXT. AUSTIN-BERGSTROM INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Wearing a MAGA hat, beautiful ERICA AMES gives a wonky wave to Quinn as he pulls up. They embrace. He throws her suitcase in the trunk, gets in behind the wheel. Snow falls.



INT. SEDAN - MOVING - DAY - ERICA AND QUINN

ERICA  
I've got big news!

MURPHY QUINN  
Yeah? How big we talkin'?

ERICA  
Big. Consider it your Christmas present. We'll discuss it when we get to my parents'. Things are looking up! The whole country is out of its mind for Donald Trump!

MURPHY QUINN  
It's out of its mind, all right.

ERICA  
He's going to be one of the greats.

MURPHY QUINN  
Let's see what he does first, mm?

ERICA  
Anything's better than Hillary.

MURPHY QUINN  
She won the popular vote, Erica. This damn Electoral College has fucked us for the last time!

His outburst irks her but she keeps her calm, for the moment.

CRANE UP TO BIRD'S EYE VIEW as the car enters Highway 183.

INT. SEDAN - MOVING - DAY - ERICA AND QUINN

ERICA  
(can't help herself)  
You have no idea who the Clintons are! There's a guy called Q. He broke this story about Satan worshippers kidnapping kids and cutting them up for pizza toppings. Can you believe that?

MURPHY QUINN  
No, actually.

ERICA  
That's their punishment, see, if they try to escape.

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)

And the queen-bitch boss of this cabal is Hillary Clinton! Think about it, Murph! Satan-worshipping, pizza-loving pedophiles who drink children's blood from bottles of wine. That's sick. But that's how they get away with it! It looks like wine! Trump's going to bring it all down.

MURPHY QUINN

But Trump doesn't drink. He wouldn't know a Chianti from a Cabernet.

ERICA

He knows the people! He knows Hillary!

MURPHY QUINN

That can't bode too well for him. If he knows her, doesn't that make him guilty by association? His record with women isn't exactly stellar.

ERICA

Please.

MURPHY QUINN

Trump and Hillary go way back. They're friends, for fuck's sake.

ERICA

You are so misinformed. Trump hates the Clintons. There's a high-ranking military officer inside the Pentagon right now giving him what he needs to expose these people.

MURPHY QUINN

Then he's breaking the law.

ERICA

Who's breaking the law?

MURPHY QUINN

That military asshole. Trump hasn't been sworn in yet.

ERICA

Don't you care about the children?

MURPHY QUINN  
(stifles a belch)  
Where are you getting your info?

ERICA  
It's all over the net. Washington  
is the ancient Rome of today and  
it's corrupt to the fucking core.  
You can't fix the system unless you  
get in the gutter and flush it out.

MURPHY QUINN  
I highly doubt Donald Trump has  
ever been in the gutter.

ERICA  
I'm speaking metaphorically.

MURPHY QUINN  
Then he ought to feel at home.

ERICA  
You mean that Access Hollywood  
tape? That's just boys being boys.  
Locker room lewdness. You should  
hear how girls talk.

MURPHY QUINN  
Set it up. I'd love to.

ERICA  
Trump is going to drain the swamp,  
baby. You watch. It's a great day  
for America!

MURPHY QUINN  
'Show me a hero and I'll write you  
a tragedy.'

ERICA  
What's that?

MURPHY QUINN  
F. Scott Fitzgerald.

ERICA  
There's nothing tragic about Donald  
Trump.

MURPHY QUINN  
There's nothing heroic, either.

A belch escapes Quinn's mouth.

MOVE IN on him: A SERIES OF SHOTS

-- his sweaty brow and bleary eyes.

-- his tummy sloshing alcohol, his thoughts gluey cocaine.

-- Erica talking MOS, index finger thrashing like a blade.

HIS POV - Her succulent breast beneath a wool sweater with an unfastened seatbelt.

MURPHY QUINN (CONT'D)  
Y-your seatbelt . . . Fasten . . .

ERICA  
*Are you high??*

Then it happens. They hit a patch of ice and go into a spin. Quinn turns the wheel in the direction of the skid but it doesn't matter. The car only accelerates.

A cement wall runs up to greet them. Erica screams. The windshield BURSTS in Big Bang brilliance and she is gone.

Quinn HITS HIS HEAD on the wheel so hard it bends.

INT. ER - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Doors punch open as STATE TROOPERS wheel in the two blood-soaked victims. A MEDICAL TEAM takes over.

SPLIT SCREEN - Quinn in one examining room / Erica the other.

TRAUMA DOCTOR #1  
Can you tell me your name?

TRAUMA DOCTOR #2  
What is your name, miss? How many fingers am I holding?

TRAUMA DOCTOR #1 (CONT'D)  
(checks Quinn's pupils)  
Fixed and dilated.

ERICA  
Eri . . .

STATE TROOPER  
The EMT says his GCS is three. They found cocaine in his pocket.

TRAUMA DOCTOR #2  
Erica, did you say?  
(to team)  
Let's do a crit and count, cross match it and get it to the bank.

Trauma Doctor #1 lifts Quinn's arm above his head and then lets it go. It drops like dead weight.

The nurses cut away Erica's bloody sweater, exposing flesh pierced with jagged pieces of glass.

TRAUMA DOCTOR #1  
I want a full neurologic  
exam.

TRAUMA DOCTOR #2 (CONT'D)  
Notify the OR and call  
vascular.

DISSOLVE TO  
BLACK:

GIN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
I'll let you be in my dreams if I  
can be in yours. Who said that?

FADE IN:

INT. MRI ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR, aka "Gin", in a lab coat, gives a lecture  
to THREE INTERNS.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
Bob Dylan. If life is a dream what  
is true? Are dreams true? Is death?  
We all die so in a way it is.

She turns to Murphy Quinn lying on the scanning bed. His eyes  
are fixed and dilated. He is in a coma.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR (CONT'D)  
We did not know if those in this  
sort of locked-in phase could  
dream. We hate to think that some  
may have been conscious when they  
were taken off life support. You  
must be self-aware to dream, yes?  
But how can we know? How do we  
communicate with someone in coma?

A SKULL CAP with electrodes is fitted over Quinn's head by a  
NURSE. Gin reaches over him to center his head on the pillow.

HIS POV - the hamsa slips out from around her collar.

BACK TO SCENE

The nurse prods Gin who turns to see two hospital BOARD  
MEMBERS in the adjacent room, eyeing them through a window.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR (CONT'D)  
(to interns)  
Please excuse me.

ADJACENT ROOM

Gin enters, a bit miffed.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR (CONT'D)  
If you take him off life support,  
you will be committing murder.

BOARD MEMBER #1  
I resent that. Your team has  
already declared him brain dead.  
We have bills to pay.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
And lives to save. They are not  
mutually exclusive.

BOARD MEMBER #2  
In a perfect world, perhaps, but we  
don't live in one. We're sorry.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
What if I could prove it? Would  
that sway the board?

BOARD MEMBER #1  
We are not a charitable  
organization. Young people don't  
think about carrying insurance. I  
know I didn't when I was his age.

BOARD MEMBER #2  
Let's hear her out, John.

BOARD MEMBER #1  
Fine. But the money issue is still  
the issue. The board has spoken.

BOARD MEMBER #2  
Go on, Doctor.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
We use the cap to measure brain  
activity after a stroke. It's not  
normally used for coma patients  
since there is no brain activity.  
But there can be. That's the  
difference. We just need to ask the  
right questions. You can thank our  
friends across the pond for this.  
(then)  
Do either of you play tennis?

BOARD MEMBER #2  
Golf.

Board Member #1 shakes his head.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR

So neither of you play tennis. But you can imagine swinging a racket over your head, can't you? Anyone can imagine that. Even someone in a coma. With artificial intelligence and three-D virtual reality . . .

QUICK FLASH - A GAME PLAYER wearing a virtual reality helmet. His POV of the game he's playing: shooting zombies / driving race cars / flying space ships.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR (V.O.)

. . . working in tandem with neurons passing electric signals to target cells . . .

QUICK FLASH - NEURONS firing action potentials in the brain.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR

. . . the cap becomes our intermediary in communicating with someone in coma. In England they call it a thunderstone. Something to do with Shakespeare, I believe. In other words, when the brain is in a vegetative state it's like a rock. Nothing gets through. But if you bring the power of Zeus to the neurons -- you know the Brits. They love their mythology.

(re: computer screen)

This is Mr. Quinn's brain scan. Our associates at Cambridge tell us the questions asked have to be of the yes or no variety. If his answer is yes, he will think of swinging a tennis racket. That's all. But that's the thunder, you see. Because when you do, the premotor cortex of the brain flashes in reds and oranges. If his answer is no, he'll imagine something mundane. Like sorting the sock drawer. His brain will remain dark as a bruised plum. Many questions asked of coma patients have been tried. But they were too difficult for them to conceive. Imagining swinging a tennis racket is not. So. Who wants to be first?

Gin notes a NEW FACE with a six-year-old, LITTLE MURPHY.

ERICA

Hello, Dr. Prior. Today's the day.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR

Unless these men change their mind.  
I have to say the plastic surgeon  
has really stepped up!

ERICA

He's wonderful but no more  
surgeries. We all carry scars.  
That's part of life. Mine just  
happen to be a bit more visible.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR

How is our little man doing today?

LITTLE MURPHY

I can eat ten hot dogs at once!

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR

Really? That's great, I think.

(to Erica)

I was about to show these gentlemen  
that Mr. Quinn is still with us.

Erica sits at the computer, facing the microphone.

ERICA (INTO MICROPHONE)

Hey, Murph. It's Erica. You know  
you owe me money, right?

COMPUTER SCREEN - His premotor cortex bursts with color. Yes!

ERICA (INTO MICROPHONE) (CONT'D)

Can you help me take out the trash  
and clean the bathrooms?

COMPUTER SCREEN - Quinn's brain scan remains dark.

She covers Little Murphy's ears with her hands.

ERICA (INTO MICROPHONE) (CONT'D)

I'll give you a blow job.

COMPUTER SCREEN - His premotor cortex bursts with color. Yes!

Erica notes the ire of the Board Members, tries another tack.

ERICA (INTO MICROPHONE) (CONT'D)

Hey, Murph. Do you know who the  
president is?



COMPUTER SCREEN - His premotor cortex bursts with color. Yes!

ERICA (INTO MICROPHONE) (CONT'D)  
Is Kamala Harris the president?

COMPUTER SCREEN - Quinn's brain scan remains dark.

ERICA (INTO MICROPHONE) (CONT'D)  
Is Donald Trump the president?

COMPUTER SCREEN - His premotor cortex bursts with color. Yes!

BOARD MEMBER #1  
How would he know?

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
I keep the TV on. It's been on for seven years. He's seen what's happened to this country. He saw what happened on January 6. He really is with us, gentlemen. He's just in a deeper ocean and I truly believe one day he will surface.

TWO ORDERLIES enter with a motorized wheelchair.

BOARD MEMBER #1  
We hope you understand, Mrs. Quinn.

ERICA  
Miss. We never got to the altar. I understand business makes the world go round. What I don't understand is why health care is a business.

The Board Members exchange a look and then leave the room. The orderlies roll the wheelchair into the MRI room. Little Murphy follows them and runs to his father.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
He asks me when Daddy's going to wake up. He knows what a dream is. But not guilt.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
No. Not guilt. It was an accident.

ERICA  
But he was fucked up. Does that make it a sin? No one believes in sin anymore. Just look at TikTok.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
Ha! I try not to.

ERICA

And he's paying for it in the worst kind of jail there is. 'As if he has no idea where he's going and no intention of ever coming back.'

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR

"Great Expectations".

ERICA

One of Murph's favorite books. It's an allusion to the Wandering Jew.

(looking at Quinn)

Now that's some guilt for you.

EXT./INT. SKIVVIES SALOON - SOUTH PADRE ISLAND, TEXAS - DAY

TWO EMTs lower Quinn from the ambulance where Gin, Erica and Little Murphy are waiting. Fading daylight pops the timbered accents along the saloon's stucco walls and brings out the red of the Spanish tiles on the roof.

SALOON

DOLLY with them (the same DOLLY SHOT from Page 2) past photos on the wall of CUSTOMERS, male and female, showing off their skivvies. Not a PT boat in sight.

ELEVATOR

A vintage glory from the past.

ERICA

I had this installed. I wanted something to go with the decor.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR

It's magnificent.

She rolls Quinn inside. Gin steps in. Erica closes the gate, points out the wheelchair's control panel under Quinn's hand.

ERICA

I also had everything routed to the chair. You know. Just in case. He can call me, order a pizza or ring the doorbell if he wants!

(laughs)

Though that doesn't make a lot of sense, does it?

She lays her hand on the elevator control lever and pushes it forward. The elevator ascends.

RESIDENCE

EVERYONE  
HAPPY THANKSGIVING!!

Chief Tully and Emma. Nixy and Turtle Myrtle. Candy Castle.  
Even Dr. Lucius Tanner is here.

ERICA  
Is that garlic I smell?

TURTLE MYRTLE  
Stuffed lamb. One of Murph's faves.  
Oh. I hope that's all right.

CANDY CASTLE  
Everyone has turkey.

ERICA  
Fine with me. I'm famished.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
Emma?? You're so beautiful!

CHIEF WES TULLY  
The cancer's in remission.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
I'm so glad!

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
Erica, it's so good to see you.  
Thank you for inviting me.

ERICA  
Hello, Doctor. You look tired.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
We never sleep, do we, Doctor  
Prior?

ERICA  
We were just talking about that.  
(nodding at Quinn)  
The big sleep.

She catches Gin and Lucius exchange a funny look.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
What?

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
We just saw that. The movie?

QUINN

SPLIT SCREEN - the film, "The Big Sleep", Humphrey Bogart opens the hidey hole in his 1938 Plymouth and grabs a Colt Detective Special / Dizzy opens the secret space in the door of his Eldorado and stashes the Smith and Wesson.

BACK TO SCENE

ERICA

Murph and I've seen that one I don't know how many times. "The Maltese Falcon", "Casablanca". We're huge Humphrey Bogart fans.

EMMA

Everything smells so good!

CANDY CASTLE

I made pie!

CHIEF WES TULLY

Is the bar open?

DR. LUCIUS TANNER

Here here!

NIXY

I whipped up something special.  
(to Emma)  
For adults only.  
(Emma pouts)  
Talk to your dad.

Nixy passes around pink nectar in tall festive glasses.

CHIEF WES TULLY

What is it?

NIXY

It's called Gin and Sin. An Old Prohibition drink.

ERICA

Let's move outside for a bit. We'll watch the sun set. Then we'll eat.

OUTDOOR DECK

The sun's glow over Port Isabel transforms the Laguna Madre into a carpet of orange topaz and crushed emeralds.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
I wish I got down here more often.  
It's really quite beautiful.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
The Mother Bay.

ANGLE ON QUINN - the sun seems to paint his face with life.

Emma takes off her sunglasses and puts them over Murphy's dead eyes. She's suddenly embarrassed over the flub but Erica and the doctors nod their approval.

ERICA  
I can really smell that garlic.

TURTLE MYRTLE  
Murph once told me my food could  
raise the dead.

ERICA  
I'm sure he was just kidding.

QUINN - his nostrils twitch!

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
Maybe we'll all watch a movie  
together later.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
(re: his cocktail)  
Not after a couple of these!

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
We've seen some really good ones  
this week, haven't we, Doctor?

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
Yes, we have. "Ben-Hur" with  
Charlton Heston.

QUINN

SPLIT SCREEN - the film, "Ben-Hur" as Messala battles Ben-Hur in the famous chariot race / Quintus and Lucius in chariots battle each other racing down the mountain.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. LUCIUS TANNER (CONT'D)  
"Batman". The one with Michael  
Keaton. Jack Nicholson played The  
Joker.

QUINN

SPLIT SCREEN - the film, "Batman", as The Caped Crusader crashes through the ceiling glass / the "Batman" hovers over the President Trump when Gin shoots him with her derringer.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. LUCIUS TANNER (CONT'D)  
 "The Shadow Riders" with Tom Selleck and Sam Elliot. Great western. A Louis L'Amour book. In fact, I've got it right here.

He draws an old dog-eared paperback from his back pocket.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER (CONT'D)  
 L'Amour got me through med school. I carry him like a lucky charm.

QUICK FLASH - In the hospital at Quinn's bedside, Tanner reads the L'Amour book. Quinn "sees" the cover.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
 What was the one with the boats?

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
 "They Were Expendable". Robert Montgomery and John Wayne. The Duke took second billing in that one.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
 But what were they called? I can't remember.

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
 PT boats.

ERICA  
 What's a PT boat?

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
 A torpedo boat.

QUINN

SPLIT SCREEN - the film, "They Were Expendable", as a PT boat launches torpedoes at a Japanese destroyer / Dizzy launches torpedoes at the causeway from the President Trump.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. LUCIUS TANNER (CONT'D)  
 The action pieces were impressive.  
 But you can get away with a lot if  
 it's filmed in black and white.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
 Mister Movie Critic here.

ERICA  
 (looks at Quinn)  
 Do we really dream that way? I mean  
 in black and white.

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
 The jury's still out. They ought to  
 be in color, don't you think?

DR. LUCIUS TANNER  
 Technicolor!

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
 (draws DVD from purse)  
 So this is what I brought. It's a  
 love story. "Somewhere in Time".

ERICA  
 With Jane Seymour?

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
 (a saucy wink)  
 And Christopher Reeve.

ERICA  
 I love that movie!

FOGHORN LEGHORN DOORBELL (O.S.)  
 'Now looka, I say, looka here.'

ERICA  
 Who could that be?

CHIEF WES TULLY  
 Take the elevator.

ERICA  
 The stairs are faster.

STAIRCASE/FRONT DOOR

Erica skirts the stairs, opens the front door. But no one's  
 there. She closes the door, hurries up the stairs when --

FOGHORN LEGHORN DOORBELL (O.S.)  
 'Now looka, I say, looka here.'

Her shoulders slump and she rushes back to the front door, opens it but no one's there.

ERICA  
What the f--?

She shudders in realization and bolts up to the residence.

OUTDOOR DECK

Erica rushes to Quinn.

CHIEF WES TULLY  
Who was it?

DR. VIRGINIA PRIOR  
Anyone we know?

ERICA  
Maybe . . .

Erica lifts the sunglasses off Quinn's eyes.

He blinks away the fog and focuses on her.

ERICA (CONT'D)  
Well, looka here!

SMASH TO WHITE.

END