

SAM BAILEY

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. NORTH END - EVENING

Comfortable in his weariness, SAM BAILEY roams the murmuring cobblestone streets of Old Boston and spots an inviting *ristorante*.

He check his POCKETWATCH... then wanders towards the entrance.

INT. BOBO'S - EVENING

Stepping into the cozy brick room, Sam takes stock:

Behind the bar, a worn-out BOBO chats up his only customer.

BOBO

You're a good father. (To Sam) Have a seat, I'll be right with you. (To Max) Listen. You're a good father. It's just you're not a kid anymore, is all. Do you hear what I'm saying to you?

Hanging up his coat, Sam takes a seat at the bar.

MAX DESTEFANO, a gruff blue-collar working man pushed way past his prime, picks through a plate of pasta and steak.

MAX

So I'm not a kid.

BOBO

No. Which is what you're acting like when you run around pulling 12 hour shifts.

MAX

So what about you?

BOBO

So what ABOUT me?

MAX

It's nine at night and look where you are.

BOBO

Oh yeah? I own this bar, bought and paid for, my wife's in the kitchen, and here you are getting ready for another six hours driving a cab.

MAX

(indicating Sam)
Would you please help this guy?

BOBO

You think you're doing Mona a favor? She wants you around for the grandkids.

MAX

Who says she's getting married?

BOBO

Course she's getting married.

MAX

Bobo, how is this even your business?

BOBO

How is this MY business? Max, let the scholarship people figure it out.

MAX

They figured it out.

BOBO

No scholarship.

MAX

No.

BOBO

So there you go.

MAX

No Bobo, because I'm her father.

BOBO

Max, you're a senior citizen.

MAX

Go play with yourself, and stop bothering me.

BOBO
You're a geezer.

MAX
It's like having a mother in here.

BOBO
Here. I'll set you up with my
geriatric doctor.

MAX
Would you please let me eat my
dinner?!

Exasperated, Bobo turns to take the stranger's order...

SAM
(in a neutral accent)
I'll pay.

MAX
What?

SAM
I'll pay for your daughter's
education.

MAX
Sure, man. Go ahead, I'll owe you
one.

SAM
Where'd she get in?

MAX
Tufts Medical.

SAM
What's her name?

MAX
Mona.

SAM
Her given name, please.

MAX
Ramona DeStefano.

Taking out his cell phone...

SAM
Zurich.

Sam's phone starts to dial.

SAM (cont'd)

At Tufts University in Boston,
there's an account under Ramona
DeStefano. Keep it current. Call
if you have questions. Thank you.

Sam hangs up.

MAX

Yeah, ok. See? Bobo, I've known
this guy six seconds, and already
he's a bigger help than you.

SAM

Anything on the menu I should know
about?

MAX

His wife makes the gnocchi.

BOBO

It's true. With the sausage. The
sausage is from down the street.

SAM

If you please, gnocchi and sausage.
And a glass of the house wine.

BOBO

House wine. Coming right up.

Bobo serves a glass of wine...

BOBO (cont'd)

(towards the kitchen)
Evelyn! Gnocchi and sausage!

MAX

You a father?

Sam smiles while he gathers his thoughts.

SAM

I gather you drive a taxi.

BOBO

When he ain't driving his wife
crazy.

MAX

You better knock it off.

SAM
You know Boston?

BOBO
I take it you're from out of town?

SAM
Bristol.

BOBO
Bristol where?

MAX
Bristol's in England.

BOBO
So how come he don't speak English?

MAX
Bobo, you're an idiot.

SAM
What's your name?

MAX
Max.

SAM
Max DeStefano?

MAX
Yeah.

SAM
Sam Bailey. When the wire clears
at Tufts, you can find me at the
Parker House.

MAX
Sure, but I'll changing my name and
moving to Toronto.

SAM
Cheers to that.

MAX
To the kids.

SAM
Well put.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Pulling into a spot on a street lined with apartments and trees, Max cuts the engine and lays his head on the steering wheel and GROANS in exhaustion.

INT. CASA DE DESTEFANO - NIGHT

Opening the door, Max sets his keys on the china cupboard...

Looking up, Max sees his wife ROSE DESTEFANO sitting at an empty dinner table. Crows' feet in her eyes reveal her kindness and worry.

Setting down his keys, Max crosses the room and kisses her head.

MAX
Can't sleep?

ROSE
Ha. Yeah.

Max gets up for the kitchen, but Rose grabs his hand.

MAX
Can I fix you some milk or something?

ROSE
Max, where you been all night?

MAX
What do you mean where have I been all night? You know where I been all night. I just got home. I just finished my shift.

Weary, Rose slides an e-mail across the table.

ROSE
Look what your daughter got in the e-mail two hours ago.

MAX
She told you to stop printing the e-mails.

ROSE
Max.

MAX
It's bad for the environment.

ROSE
Max, will you shut up and read this
please?!!

Taking the sheet, Max looks it over.

MAX
Mona paid her tuition bill.

ROSE
No she didn't.

MAX
So how'd she get the money?

Max covers his mouth in realization and takes a seat.

ROSE
What did you do?

MAX
No, I didn't do anything.

ROSE
Obviously.

MAX
I met a guy.

ROSE
You met a "guy".

MAX
No! I met a guy at Bobo's.

ROSE
Bobo's.

MAX
No! I met a guy! He's just a guy.

ROSE
So the story is you met a guy at
Bobo's, and now Mona's tuition is
paid for.

Still covering his mouth, Max sighs through his fingers.

ROSE (cont'd)
So what do we do?

Max rubs his mouth.

ROSE (cont'd)
We give it back.

MAX
I know!

ROSE
So what's the problem then?

Still massaging his face, Max wracks his brain for an answer.

ROSE (cont'd)
Are we in trouble?

MAX
No.

ROSE
Who is he?

MAX
He's nobody.

ROSE
Max, who do you think I am?

MAX
He's nobody! The guy's name is Sam Bailey.

ROSE
Irish name.

MAX
He's English. He says he's English. Look, it's not like he's a gangster.

ROSE
You don't think it's like that?

MAX
The man's got better things to do than run shipping companies and liquor stores.

ROSE
Maybe he's a con man.

Max SIGHS into his hands

ROSE (cont'd)
Well don't you think?!!

MAX
He's a con man who's giving away
\$52,000.

Rose eyes her husband in stern silence.

MAX (cont'd)
Sometimes, good things just happen
to people.

ROSE
Oh my God, Max.

MAX
Isn't this what we've been praying
for?

Rose fails to respond.

MAX (cont'd)
Isn't this seriously what we've
been praying for?

ROSE
I hope so.

Watching her husband, Rose EXHALES her frustration.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

KNOCK KNOCK.

Waking up on his hotel room desk, Sam peels his face off a manilla envelope. Beneath it is a pile of photocopies, plane tickets, documents of all descriptions...

KNOCK KNOCK.

SAM
Wait a bloody minute!

After a quick peep through the hole, Sam opens the door. Max is standing outside.

MAX
Sam Bailey, you and I need to get a
few things straight.

SAM
It's four in the morning.

MAX
Actually, it's six.

SAM

This isn't something to lose sleep over.

MAX

Funny, because here we are.

SAM

You're right to think I want something.

MAX

So tell me something I don't already -

SAM

You're thinking it's dangerous or illegal, and that's not the case. All I need is the discreet attention of the community for a day or two.

MAX

The community.

SAM

Something important has gone missing in Boston.

MAX

And you think paying for my daughter's education will buy you what exactly?

SAM

It's not just you I'm helping, Max. Once someone finds the thing I'm looking for, I'll be leaving.

MAX

You know you can't just buy a city.

SAM

Once upon a time, that's how things were done. Back then they called it patronage.

MAX

Yeah. They still call it that.

SAM

Two days ago, an illuminated manuscript arrived at a PO Box here in Boston.

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)
 None of the Boston curators or
 dealers can tell me anything, so
 I'm looking for people to make
 inquiries.

Max SIGHS.

MAX
 Come on. My wife's cooking
 breakfast.

INT. CASA DE DESTEFANO - MORNING

With a CLACK or two, the door opens into a cozy, homespun
 apartment.

MAX
 Through the door. I'll be there in
 a minute.

INT. KITCHEN DE DESTEFANO - MORNING

Confident and warm, Sam wanders into the linoleum
 interrogation room of the DeStefano home.

ROSE
 Sam Bailey, I presume.

SAM
 So they tell me.

ROSE
 How do you take your coffee?

SAM
 Black. Thank you.

Rose pours a black coffee, passes it to Sam...

ROSE
 I told Max to give us some time
 alone.

Sam SMILES.

ROSE (cont'd)
 Have a seat.

Sam pulls out a chair at the breakfast table. Eggs and
 bacon begin to sizzle.

SAM

It's been ages since a woman made me breakfast.

ROSE

I guess you're not married?

SAM

Not for a long time.

ROSE

Kids?

SAM

Not for a long time.

ROSE

Sam, before I tell you what's on my mind -

SAM

I'm looking for an illuminated manuscript.

ROSE

A what?

SAM

It's a book from a Benedictine abbey outside Antelao, in Northern Italy. There's one copy, dating back to 1640.

ROSE

You think maybe it's in my kitchen?

SAM

Ha! No, but it's important that I find it quickly. Six days ago at a Vatican auction, a man paid twenty six million euros for it.

ROSE

Seems to me that's what happens at auctions.

SAM

That's forty million dollars. The manuscript is valued at one point two million. What I need to know is why this book is so important to him.

Suspicious, Rose serves Sam with a plate of eggs.

SAM (cont'd)

In the fall of 1623, a friar found a man who'd been left for dead, left for quite some time, inside an iron maiden in one of the Vatican's torture chambers. None of the cardinals knew who he was or why he was there - and so the friar was given leave to take him home to a Benedictine abbey in the Alpine foothills. His torture should have killed him, many times over. Then neglect, then travel... but he lived. The monks of Antelao regarded his survival as a miracle. This book was their petition to the Pope to have the miracle recognized.

ROSE

What was wrong with him?

MAX

She asks that question every time she sees me!

Max shows up at the kitchen door, showered and ready for the day. Rose passes him coffee.

ROSE

Try shaving. It'll help.

MAX

Why... How come he got his sunny side up?

ROSE

Because that's how I made 'em.

MAX

Can I get that?

ROSE

Will you eat them?

MAX

I could dunk my toast. He gets to dunk his toast.

ROSE

Will you eat them?

MAX

Yes, I'll eat them! That's how I want them!

ROSE

You gotta tell me these things.

MAX

I'm telling you.

ROSE

Then that's how I'll make 'em.

MAX

Thank you.

Max receives his coffee with cream and sugar.

MAX (cont'd)

Thank you. Mona eat?

ROSE

There were dirty dishes when I came in.

MAX

What she eat?

ROSE

I don't know what she ate! You do know Sam was talking.

Sam looks up from his plate.

SAM

It's all right, I assure you.

ROSE

Sam, the thing I'm worried is that all this is gonna wind up in someone getting hurt.

SAM

I'm here precisely to see that doesn't happen.

ROSE

See...

MAX

What if I just bring him to talk to Val?

ROSE
She's not gonna help. You should
call up Greasy Steve.

MAX
God bless him, but Greasy Steve's a
moron.

ROSE
Val's a cop.

MAX
That's why I would feel better
about all this if he talked to Val.

SAM
I'll talk to her.

ROSE
I think he should talk to Steve.

SAM
I'll talk to Steve then.

MAX
I'll call Steve, but I think he
should talk to Val.

ROSE
I'm just not sure bringing him to
the police is the best idea.

MAX
Did you come here to rob a museum
or something?

SAM
I'd really prefer not to.

MAX
So let's talk to her.

ROSE
Well, that does make me feel
better.

MAX
Ok then. See?

Sam dunks his toast.

EXT. CASA DE DESTEFANO - DAY

Stepping out of a weary apartment building, Max leads Sam over to a beat-up cab and opens the door.

With Sam settled in the passenger seat, Max lets himself in and starts the engine.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

MAX

Val?

VAL

That you Max?

MAX

Did you get my message?

VAL

Did you get my unmistakably clear response?

MAX

I just need you to look up a Post Office Box.

VAL

No.

MAX

Look, I know what you're thinking.

VAL

Because I told you, actually.

MAX

I know it's an abuse of whatever-

VAL

Exactly. Yes. That's what it is.

MAX

Yeah, but it's a little one.

For a moment, Val considers.

VAL

Is this the guy?

MAX
Sam Bailey, Valerie Collard.

VAL
He's a convict.

Sam SMILES.

MAX
Oh, come on!

VAL
Look at him!

MAX
Look at him what!

VAL
Look at him! He's a convict!

MAX
What are you talking about?

VAL
Look at him! Look at his
shoulders!

MAX
Look at his shoulders?!

VAL
I'm talking about his body
language!

MAX
Well look who's suddenly the people
whisperer!

Sam LAUGHS.

MAX (cont'd)
I'm glad someone thinks this is
funny.

SAM
No, she's right. I spent some time
in prison.

Max doesn't know what to say.

VAL
So what'd they put you away for?

SAM

Living.

VAL

And somehow this is the first time
I've heard that one.

SAM

It wasn't a legal prison. Not in
the modern, secular sense.

VAL

What's that supposed to mean?

SAM

Take a look.

Sam rolls up his shirt a little.

VAL

Come where I can see.

Along Sam's back, he has a series of gashes and tears -
discolored skin.

VAL (cont'd)

Oh.

With a disarming smile, Sam sits back down in his chair.

VAL (cont'd)

Did they get the people who did
this to you?

SAM

The people who did this to me were
only acting according to their
custom.

VAL

So, what? You get caught doing
something you weren't supposed to?

SAM

You mean like stealing books and
that?

Val shrugs.

SAM (cont'd)

No, I was in the wrong place at the
wrong time. I still am, in fact.
I will be until I find that
manuscript.

VAL
Tell me what the threat is here.

Sam SMILES, and pushes a sliver of paper across the table.
Val opens it.

VAL (cont'd)
If you're in trouble Sam, that's
our job. Just tell me what this is
about and let us do our job.

SAM
That's the address to a postal box.
If I could just have a name, I'll
have this cleared up and be on my
way without anyone the poorer for
it.

Val considers the scrap of paper.

SAM (cont'd)
You have my word.

Val rubs her face.

MAX
Val.

VAL
Hmm.

MAX
This guy helped me be a father to
my little girl.

After a moment's thought, Val reaches for the slip of paper
and wakes up her computer...

VAL
His name's Minor Stockman. There's
no forwarding address or anything.
Minor Stockman.

SAM
Minor Stockman. Thank you.

Taking back his slip of paper, Sam stands to leave.

VAL
If somebody gets hurt because of
this -

SAM

No. I came to put the past behind me.

After giving Val a warm smile, Sam turns and leaves.

INT. TAXI CAB - BOSTON

SLAM! SLAM!

Both Sam and Max get back into the cab.

SAM

The Parker House, please.

MAX

What are you talking about, the Parker House?

SAM

I'd like to go back to my hotel.

MAX

Left your silencer there or something? Left your 9 millimeter?

SAM

Max, I've given you every assurance I can, and I appreciate your help, and -

MAX

Then shut your yap and let's get moving. We're meeting Greasy Steve in twenty minutes.

SAM

I don't think we need to.

MAX

I told Rose we would, and that means we need to.

SAM

Max, I don't have the time.

MAX

He's a private investigator.

SAM

I've got three private investigators working on this already.

MAX

Yeah? They found your book yet?

SAM

This is the same man you called a moron two hours ago.

MAX

Yeah... He's a good kid. He just likes sticking his nose where it doesn't belong.

Sam SIGHS.

MAX (cont'd)

If you got something to hide, now's the time to tell me.

SAM

Let's go.

MAX

Ok.

INT. TAXI CAB - REVERE BEACH - LATER

Sitting in the back, sipping coffee out of a styrofoam cup, Sam watches the shops and gazebos of Revere slide by the window.

EXT. REVERE BEACH - MORNING

Max pulls the can into a spot along the beach...

SLAM. SLAM.

MAX

I used to get Mona from school and take her here for roast beef and ice cream.

All Max gets in reply is a thoughtful SNORT.

Leading the way, Max walks towards the gazebos lining the beachfront.

MAX (cont'd)

You got kids back in England?

SAM

No. Yeah. I had a son.

MAX

What do you mean? What happened to him?

For a moment, silence.

MAX (cont'd)

Hey, look...

SAM

No, I don't blame you.

Making his way up the steps to the beach, Max takes a seat on one of the gazebo benches overlooking the street.

MAX

Have a seat. You're making me twitch.

Sam looks around for a moment or two, refusing to sit.

SAM

Is that Greasy Steve?

Across the street, a younger man with a cup of coffee runs across the traffic towards them.

MAX

That would be him. He's Mona's Godfather's son. I swear, John McAvoy is the most rock-solid guy I know.

Sipping his coffee impatiently, Sam watches the kid approach and take out a notepad.

MAX (cont'd)

Kid's kind of... you know. But like I said.

Greasy Steve jogs up the gazebo steps.

GREASY STEVE

Uncle Max.

MAX

Steve, this is Sam Bailey.

GREASY STEVE

It's Regan.

MAX

Steven Regan McAvoy.

GREASY STEVE

It's just Regan.

SAM

Regan. Fine. Sometime in the last day or two, a package arrived at this box. I want 24 hour surveillance, for which I'm willing to pay two thousand a day.

MAX

No.

SAM

The owner's name is Minor Stockman. If you can tell me where to find him before I find him myself, I'll pay you an additional one hundred thousand dollars.

MAX

Over my dead body, man!

GREASY STEVE

Uncle Max! Seriously.

MAX

We're supposed to be doing this guy a favor and that's, like, three years pay for you!

GREASY STEVE

Uncle Max, please shut up.

For a moment, Greasy Steve waits to see what else Max has to say.

GREASY STEVE (cont'd)

Two thousand a day, and a hundred grand to find Minor Stockman.

First Sam, then Steve takes a seat on the bench.

SAM

The package shipped from Rome on Saturday. It's an illuminated manuscript called "The Resurrection of Antelao." That's all the information I can give you.

GREASY STEVE

Then that's all I need.

Sam takes out his wallet.

SAM

I'll pay you for a week up front.
Work fast. I have three other
investigators looking for him. You
can leave messages with the
concierge at the Parker House.

After handing Steve the cash, Sam offers his hand. Quietly,
Steve shakes it.

After waiting a moment for some kind of permission...

GREASY STEVE

Ok.

Greasy Steve turns and leaves.

MAX

You're throwing money around like
you don't see me holding my end.

SAM

Your end of what.

MAX

It's just something people say. I
figure it's like a couch or
something.

SAM

No. There's no couch. We're not
moving a couch. You're going home,
and I've got to get on myself.

MAX

Get on where? Where you gonna go,
Sam? It's lunchtime. Come on,
there's someone you gotta meet.

SAM

Max, I'm trying to be civil about
this.

MAX

No, you son of a bitch. I'm trying
to be civil, before I knock your
ass all over this pavement. You
did me a favor, you told me there's
nothing wrong with that, and now
I'm taking you to lunch. Now get
your ass in the cab.

INT. DINER - DAY

Sitting on one side of a booth, Sam and Max wait with two empty cups of coffee sitting on the table.

On the other side of the table there's a slice of pie and a third, full cup o' Joe.

Dressed in hospital scrubs, MONA comes through the door smiling like the classic she clearly is.

MONA
Cherry?

MAX
They're out of rhubarb.

MONA
Thanks, Dad.

MAX
Mona, this is Sam Bailey.

MONA
Seriously?

SAM
Call me Sam.

MONA
You're Sam? You're the guy?

SAM
The way your father speaks about you...

MONA
You're the guy.

SAM
...it says a great deal.

MONA
You ARE the guy! I seriously don't know what to say.

MAX
Start with "thank you".

MONA
Thank you! Thank you very much!

SAM
It's my pleasure.

MONA

Oh God, I'm so sorry! I really don't know what to say!

SAM

Thank you is enough.

MONA

No! I mean...

MAX

We need you to do the internet for us.

MONA

Dad, nobody "does" the internet. Excuse me, Sam. Dad, do you think about how this stuff sounds before you speak it out loud?

MAX

You know what I mean.

MONA

You want me to do the internet. You me in pornos.

MAX

Come on! There's a guy named Minor Stockman and we need you to do the internet on him.

MONA

Now you're doing it on purpose.

SAM

I know how to use the internet.

MAX

Are you under thirty?

Sam SIGHS.

MAX (cont'd)

Then you have no idea what the hell you're talking about.

MONA

Whereas you are obviously an authority.

SAM

I've got people. I've got Greasy Steve.

MAX
Does he look like he knows what
he's doing to you?

SAM
Max.

MONA
No, Sam - Mr. Bailey -

SAM
Sam.

MONA
Sam, because listen. I really want
to help.

SAM
I've got all the help I can manage.

MONA
No, you have to let me help!

MAX
Sam, will you stop trying to manage
us and just let us help?

MONA
Yes! No, I... I just... Shit,
I'm gonna cry.

Mona starts to cry.

MONA (cont'd)
God, it's like English literature
or something. I'm good. This'll
pass. Go ahead. Tell me about the
guy.

WAITRESS
Can I get you guys something else?

SAM
I'd... Yes, please. I'll have a
tuna melt on rye.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD - DAY

Looking out across the water, Max rests on a park bench.
After a moment, Sam joins him.

MAX
Hey there.

SAM
Evening.

MAX
Do your rounds?

SAM
I did.

MAX
Come up with anything?

Sam has no response. After allowing a pregnant moment to pass...

MAX (cont'd)
Yeah, well. I bet you Mona tells us something at dinner. I bet you twenty bucks.

Sam extends his hand.

MAX (cont'd)
Now you're talking.

SAM
No, I can't join you for dinner. You've been more than helpful.

MAX
Either you let my wife cook you dinner or I'm a walking deadman. She'll bury a carving knife so deep in my skull they'll use me for a coatrack.

SAM
You're a good man, Max. You deserve a good turn, and I was there to give it.

MAX
Buddy, that's not how it works.

SAM
It doesn't always work, Max.

MAX
What you did for me... People don't do things like that anymore.

SAM
They do when they have to.

MAX

Sure they do. And I'll tell you something else - you better have a terrific reason for refusing my wife's hospitality or so help me I will knock you flat into next week.

SAM

Max, you don't understand.

MAX

Maybe -

SAM

You don't understand the price you're going to pay.

MAX

Now you're just making a scene.

SAM

Believe me, Max. You've worked hard. You have a firm hand on things - a firm grip on your life. I...

For a moment, Sam stares at Max. Max stares right back at him.

MAX

You finished?

INT. CASA DE DESTEFANO - NIGHT

Rose takes her oven mitts off and sits down. Max begins serving a large Italian meal to Rose, Sam, and himself. There's an empty place at the table...

Mona SLAMS the door behind her.

MONA

Guess what you guys!

ROSE

You took a vow of silence.

MONA

I found the guy.

ROSE

Is he the guy who eats dinner with no yelling? Is he single?

MONA

Mom, I found the illumination guy.

Max notices the surprise fleeting across Sam's face.

MAX

See that? Do you see what the kids can do?

ROSE

Did you not just hear me tell your daughter it's time for a quiet family dinner?

Mona dumps her stuff and pulls up her chair.

MONA

He signs in at the rare books room at the Warwick Theological Seminary.

MAX

(mocking Sam)

Oh, I know how to use the internet.

Rose MOANS in frustration.

MONA

I got a list right here: Maître François. Les Revue de St. Germain. I can't tell you what any of that means. So much for High School French.

Mona passes her notes across the dinner table.

ROSE

That's enough passing notes. Time to eat.

Sam looks across the table at Rose for a moment, and then examines the list.

Setting it down, he picks up his fork and takes a smirking bite...

MONA

You gonna say something?

SAM

Journals. St. Germain was a courtier in the eighteenth century, credited with invention, alchemy, espionage...

(MORE)

SAM (cont'd)

By many accounts he was a charlatan, probably the illegitimate son of a nobleman of other. Others maintain that he's still alive.

MONA

Alive like what though?

SAM

"Alive" has only the one definition. That's a fairly important word for a doctor, I should think.

MONA

Har-de-har-har.

SAM

Indeed.

MONA

You're not telling me he's alive today.

SAM

Suddenly his journals seem worth the read.

ROSE

I swear to you Max, this family can eat their dinner or they can wear it.

SAM

You're not seeing it.

ROSE

Not seeing what.

SAM

You've put all this work into sorting out my agenda, and now that it's right in front of you you're not seeing it.

ROSE

Sam, what are you talking about?

SAM

Look.

Sam slides the list across the table.

SAM (cont'd)

Some of these books had to have been requested from other collections.

ROSE

What am I supposed to be seeing here?

SAM

Whoever he is, Minor Stockman's research is exhausting expenses too vast for my own considerable holdings to match. His search for information is both global and discreet. Here, The Resurrection of Antelao. A man pays forty million US dollars for the record of a miracle, a miracle witnessed by an entire abbey of monks, in which a man's flesh refuses to release his soul. Here, you've got him reading St. Germain, a known alchemist and reputed immortal. Here you have the journals of Rasputin.

MAX

Isn't he for something?

SAM

He was an advisor to the last ruling family of Russia, and their political enemies poisoned him. When he survived that, they shot him. Then they cut his liver out with a letter opener. They weighted and dumped him in the Lyena River. Six months later, they hauled him up and burned him alive.

ROSE

How is this an appropriate conversation for the dinner table?

SAM

After spending six months at the bottom of a river, they BURNED HIM ALIVE. During the burning, witnesses say he got up and left.

MAX

Who got up and left?

Sam SIGHS.

MAX (cont'd)
Got up and left like what?

SAM
Like a man on fire.

MAX
They just let him do that?

MONA
You think this guy is looking for a way to live forever.

Sam SMILES.

ROSE
Nobody's living forever.

Sam LAUGHS.

MAX
You making like you're some kind of vampire hunter?

ROSE
That's it.

Sam can barely control his LAUGHTER.

MAX
Sam, this isn't funny.

SAM
These other books are forgeries. Dead ends... But the Resurrection of Antelao is legitimate. It's the last unrecovered text, and someone like that -

MONA
Unrecovered by who?

MAX
Sam, seriously. That's enough.

SAM
What if it were real?

MONA
What if what were real?

SAM
Immortality.

MAX
Sam, this conversation had better
stop right here and now.

SAM
You want to know what's so
important about that book?

MAX
Yeah, as a matter of fact I do!

SAM
But not at dinner.

MAX
I'll make it simple for you.
Either you can tell me what the
hell is so important that you're
throwing money around all over
town, or you can get out of my
house.

SAM
Every human achievement, great or
small, is about the will to conquer
death.

MAX
Name one!

MONA
The Crusades, Dad.

ROSE
I will not tolerate blasphemy at my
dinner table!

SAM
What if it's the truth?

Max breathes deep, controls his temper...

SAM (cont'd)
Thank you for dinner.

Sam pulls out his chair.

MAX
Don't you walk away from me!

SAM
 Your daughter's education is
 provided for. Rest assured, you
 have my gratitude.

With the faintest smile, Sam turns to leave.

MAX
 Goddamit! Don't you turn your back
 on me, you son of a bitch!

MONA
 Dad.

MAX
 You're a goddamned son of a bitch!
 Goddamn it Sam Bailey, you son of a
 bitch!

Pausing by the door with infuriating calm...

MAX (cont'd)
 You get the hell out of my house!

MONA
 Don't cuss, Dad.

CLICK.

MAX
 Goddamn it!

EXT. CASA DE DESTEFANO - NIGHT

Sam's hand lingers on the old wood of the door a moment...
 ...then he walks down the stairs and out the door.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Making his way to the desk...

CONCIERGE
 How is your evening, Mr. Bailey?

SAM
 Productive, thank you. Any
 messages?

As the concierge bends under the counter to check...

CONCIERGE

These were left for you.

Efficiently, the clerk produces a pair of manilla envelopes.

SAM

Thank you. Have a good night.

CONCIERGE

Good night, Mr. Bailey.

Tipping the clerk, Sam crosses the lobby to an elevator. Behind him, the doors close...

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Sam tears open the envelopes and dumps their contents on the desk:

Photographs of museums, mainly. Not much here.

All over the desk are documents... some of them photocopies of very old works, others are notes...

There's also a picture of a woman and a child. Kept in a portable frame, it's actually a photograph of a fifteenth century painting.

Sam winds a POCKETWATCH. It's 4 AM.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sam splashes cold water in his face, and examines his own exhaustion.

SAM

Suddenly I'm out of time.

Testing the words in his ears, Sam LAUGHS.

INT. CASA DE DESTEFANO - MORNING

Stepping out from the bathroom in his bathrobe and towel, Max trudges towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN DE DESTEFANO - MORNING

Resting himself against the doorway, Max watches his daughter and wife. Rose is making breakfast, and Mona is sitting at the table talking up her mother:

ROSE
Well, it ruined your shoes.
There's blood all over your shoes.

MONA
You're missing the point of the
story.

ROSE
So what's the point of the story?

MONA
Dr. Callahan let me set help set a
compound fracture.

ROSE
So Dr. Callahan ruined your shoes.

MONA
Aren't you going to ask me what a
compound fracture is?

ROSE
Am I going to regret it?

MONA
No, a compound fracture is when the
bone splits out through the skin.

ROSE
Mona!

MONA
You asked!

ROSE
Not me!

MONA
You asked about my day.

ROSE
Well, I didn't know what I was
getting your father into.

Max LAUGHS.

ROSE (cont'd)
He's got sensitive ears.

MONA
Well, it's ok. I gotta go.

ROSE
You gonna tell me the story?

MONA
Nope. Love you Mom.

She kisses her mother.

MONA (cont'd)
Love you Dad.

She kisses her father and leaves the apartment.

After she's gone, Max SIGHS.

ROSE
What's on your mind?

MAX
Something Bobo said.

ROSE
Wha'd he say?

MAX
That I'm old.

Rose kisses her husband.

ROSE
You're aging gracefully. You're my
reserve selection. They aged you
in smokey wooden casks.

MAX
You think every great thing happens
because people want to live
forever?

Rose SIGHS.

ROSE
You're the best father a girl could
hope for. Every day, you show me
how good a good man can be. I love
you.

MAX
Me too.

Max holds his wife. She SIGHS.

ROSE
Ok.

EXT. REVERE BEACH - DAWN

In the raw dawn light, Sam stands under one of the gazebos by the cold, grey Atlantic. In his arm, he carries a FOLIO.

From across the street, Greasy Steve approaches.

SAM
Good morning.

Sam passes him a cup of coffee.

GREASY STEVE
We need to talk about how you handled Uncle Max.

SAM
Can you take fingerprints?

GREASY STEVE
Sure.

SAM
Have you taken prints from the mailbox?

GREASY STEVE
I can do that.

SAM
Take the fingerprints to Detective Collard.

GREASY STEVE
We need to talk about -

SAM
Take the fingerprints to Detective Collard. She'll run them.

GREASY STEVE
Not for me, she won't.

SAM
She will. Tell her you're investigating me.

GREASY STEVE
Even say she does, it's not like she's going to give me any leads.

SAM
She may look into it on her own. Follow her.

GREASY STEVE
Look, we need to talk about Max.

SAM
What is there to talk about?

GREASY STEVE
I may have done some asking around.

SAM
Come to the point.

GREASY STEVE
My point is you've spread like ten million dollars -

SAM
More than ten.

GREASY STEVE
What?

Sam SIGHS impatiently.

GREASY STEVE (cont'd)
Nobody spends ten million dollars to find a book.

SAM
He did.

GREASY STEVE
Sure.

SAM
Is it working?

GREASY STEVE
What?

SAM
Will giving money to the good people of Boston buy me his whereabouts?

GREASY STEVE
Sure, I mean where is this guy supposed to hide, but -

SAM
Then how long do you plan to stand here talking about Uncle Max?

GREASY STEVE
He's not my uncle.

SAM
All I want is an address.

GREASY STEVE
Yeah.

Greasy Steve awkwardly takes his leave.

EXT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Setting the FOLIO down beside him, Sam climbs in...

CABBIE
Where to?

SAM
Warwick Theological Seminary,
please.

With a gentle lurch, the world starts slipping past the window.

CABBIE
You like music?

Sam doesn't respond, and the cabbie turns on the radio.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Carrying his FOLIO, Sam walks up to the desk librarian, GERALDINE.

SAM
Rare books, if you please.

GERALDINE
Do you have an appointment?

SAM
I'm a walk-in.

GERALDINE
Our rare books room is by
appointment only. You can e-mail
our librarian or leave a message on
the phone.

SAM
Your librarian will want to see me,
I assure you.

GERALDINE
What's your name?

SAM
Sam Bailey.

GERALDINE
I'm sorry, Mr. Bailey. Our rare
books room is by appointment only.

SAM
Last month, you received three
volumes of St. Germain from the
Theological University in Cannes.

GERALDINE
That's something you'll need to
discuss with the librarian, at the
time of your appointment

Sam opens up a portfolio and sets it on the table.

SAM
Your copies are forgeries.

GERALDINE
As I said -

SAM
These are the originals.

GERALDINE
Just one moment.

INT. REFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CREAK... In the reference room, the air is heavy and
academic.

Leaving Sam to wait at one of the many reading tables, the
desk librarian fetches a young woman with a crone-like look
in her eye - SOPHIA RICCI. She has a measured, European
manner and an Italian accent:

SOPHIA
(Italian accent)
Thank you, Geraldine.

Dismissed, Geraldine makes her exit.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
I'm told you have something I need
to see? Original -

SAM
Original pages from the journals of
St. Germain. I understand you're
researching his work.

SOPHIA
It's a pleasure to meet you...

SAM
Sam Bailey.

SOPHIA
Sam Bailey. I am Sophia Ricci.

SAM
You're an Italian woman.

SOPHIA
You are fond of Italian women?

SAM
I married one.

SOPHIA
Mr. Bailey, I can assure you that
all the rare books in our
collection are authenticated.

SAM
Those journals were authenticated
by the Church in 1827. By the same
monk who wrote them, actually.
Take a look at the paper.

SOPHIA
I've examined the texts personally.

SAM
The paper they're printed on was
milled in Italy, nearly a century
years after the journals were
dated. Look.

Sam opens the folio and lays it on the table.

SAM (cont'd)
Look here. This is St. Germain's
actual handwriting. French paper,
seventeenth century.

SOPHIA
It's very similar.

SAM
The forger knew what he was doing.
I have all nineteen volumes and all
his surviving letters.

SOPHIA
You're suggesting that every one of
St. Germain's papers in academic
circulation is a forgery?

SAM
Informing, more like.

SOPHIA
And no man but you knows that
history has been rewritten?

SAM
Only because I happen to know why.

SOPHIA
And you have the originals.

SAM
I keep them to impress pretty young
librarians.

SOPHIA
I see.

SAM
I was hoping you'd tell me what a
series of alchemical journals are
doing at a theological seminary.

SOPHIA
They were requested by a visiting
professor.

SAM
Minor Stockman?

SOPHIA
You know his work?

SAM
Four days ago, a man named Minor
Stockman placed the winning bid on
an illuminated manuscript in an
auction at the Vatican. The book
was "The Resurrection of Antelao."

SOPHIA
We spoke about it. He acquired it
on behalf of Cambridge University.

SAM
Did you verify his academic
credentials?

SOPHIA
No.

SAM
Did he tell you how much he paid?

SOPHIA
He did not.

SAM
Twenty-six million euros. That's a
forty million dollar research
grant. He's not a professor.

Sophia smiles against her will.

SAM (cont'd)
You knew that.

SOPHIA
Maybe.

SAM
Why are you helping him?

SOPHIA
He made an appointment.

SAM
Why are you helping him.

SOPHIA
He's an interesting man. I confess
that interesting men get the better
of me.

SAM
Strange that you work at a
seminary.

SOPHIA
There is no safer place for a woman
of mystery and intrigue, Mr.
Bailey.

Sam LAUGHS.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Circumstance plays us all for comedy. Professor Stockman came looking for information. I helped him because alchemy is a topic that interests me, and because I believe in finding what you're looking for.

SAM

Did Minor Stockman tell you about the man in the Resurrection of Antelao?

SOPHIA

An Englishman walked away from his deathbed at the abbey, despite his mortal wounds.

SAM

And where the man came from? What caused his injuries?

SOPHIA

I'm not sure Mr. Stockman knows himself.

SAM

Every attempt was made to kill that... Englishman.

SOPHIA

I'm not sure I understand.

SAM

Your Englishman was a prisoner of the Inquisition. Those wounds began as a test of his... resilience. If Minor Stockman is looking for answers, he may hurt people to get them.

SOPHIA

You can ask him yourself.

SAM

I'd appreciate that.

SOPHIA

My next appointment with him is tomorrow morning at eleven-thirty.

SAM

Thank you.

SOPHIA
You're welcome.

As Sam starts folding up the folio...

SAM
Why don't I pick this up tomorrow?

SOPHIA
That would be lovely. Thank you.

With a smile, Sam turns to leave.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
You're an interesting man, Sam
Bailey.

Sam LAUGHS as he makes his exit.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An elevator door opens with a DING. Sam makes his weary way down the corridor, fingering his pockets for the key...

There's a note attached to the door. Tearing it off, Sam crumples it up.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Stepping into the hotel bar, Sam finds Max waiting by himself.

SAM
I'll buy you a drink.

MAX
No, no. I'm 28 years on the wagon.

Sam puts money on the counter.

SAM
Let's go for a walk.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

As the bellboy opens the door for Sam, he tips him handsomely.

DOORMAN
Thank you, sir.

SAM
You're welcome.

With Sam walking alongside him, Max puts some distance between him and the doorman...

MAX
Rose says men only worry about two things. Know what I mean?

SAM
I really don't, Max.

MAX
Yeah well, she says men only worry about hurting people and getting caught.

SAM
Hmm.

MAX
Yeah, because see... I've been thinking about what you said.

SAM
Was there something I said?

MAX
Something about me only hearing the things I wanna hear.

SAM
You've got the wrong man.

MAX
I'm trying to apologize here!

SAM
There's no need.

Sam keeps walking.

MAX
You obviously don't know what you did for my family. Right? You obviously don't, or you'd let us help you when you obviously need it.

SAM
You've been enough help.

MAX

Says you! If you don't need no help, then hows about you tell me what you're trying so hard to protect us from.

SAM

Go home, Max.

MAX

Because now I'm listening.

SAM

Will you please go home?

MAX

What! Are you with some secret society or something?

Sam LAUGHS.

MAX (cont'd)

Someone locked you up and tortured you.

Hearing that, Sam picks up his pace.

MAX (cont'd)

Look, I know I've been blessed. Really blessed, ok? I got this amazing wife who would walk on fire for me, and she has. My daughter is the greatest kid in the world, and she looks up to me. Ok? But look at me for a second. I drive a cab. I pay the bills.

SAM

You take care of your family. There's nothing more important

MAX

Yeah, except being a vampire hunter.

Flummoxed, Sam stops still on the sidewalk.

SAM

Max, there's no such thing as vampires.

MAX

Even if that's true, that's not the point.

SAM
Even if that's true?

MAX
Man, you know what I'm saying!

SAM
Go home. I'm not joking.

MAX
Sam, you're being an idiot.

Dumbfounded, Sam gathers his wits.

MAX (cont'd)
I'm a cab driver, I know my way around. That's why you wanted my help in the first place, so how about you shut your face and just tell me when to pick you up.

SAM
Nine thirty.

MAX
That give us time for breakfast?
Hows about I pick you up at seven.

Satisfied, Max slaps Sam on the back and heads off down the street.

MAX (cont'd)
Should I bring stakes and rope and stuff? I'm just kidding. I'll see you at seven.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

RING!!!

With an arcane pile of notes piled before him and the first light of day outside his window, Sam rouses himself. He grimly checks his STOPWATCH and SIGHS.

RING!!! Sam picks up the phone...

SAM
Yes, thank you.

...and hangs up.

INT. TAXI CAB - MORNING

Resting his head against the window, Sam watches life roll on past him.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Max eagerly accepts a plate of eggs, sunny side up with hash, from the waitress. She dishes Sam out some eggs florentine.

Chewing vigorously:

MAX

I got one for you.

Sam looks up from his plate.

MAX (cont'd)

What's your Dad do?

SAM

What's that?

MAX

My Dad owned a pizza shop in the North End until my brother took it over. Only now my brother lives in Western Mass, and my Dad passed years ago. He used to give subs to the cops. Val was one of them. There's still a pizza shop there, which is nice. It's actually not bad.

For a moment, there's an awkward silence.

MAX (cont'd)

What's your Dad do?

SAM

He owned a shipping company out of Bristol.

MAX

Yeah?

SAM

He did.

MAX

You ever sail the high seas?

SAM

Ha.

MAX

So did you or what?

SAM

Once upon a time.

MAX

Yeah?

SAM

I have indeed.

MAX

Yeah. Yeah, that's cool.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Resting his head against the glass, Sam watches the trees fly past his field of view. Quietly, Sam LAUGHS.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Pushing the doors open, Max follows Sam to the reference desk...

The desk librarian greets them with an unhappy scowl.

INT. REFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Stiffly, Geraldine leaves Sam and Max in the reference hall.

MAX

You think Tufts is nice?

Entering the room, Sophia hands Sam his FOLIO:

SOPHIA

Mr. Bailey, thank you for this.

SAM

Max, this is Sophia Ricci. Max Destefano.

MAX

Pretty name you've got there.

SOPHIA

Mr. DeStefano.

MAX

Max. Please.

SOPHIA

I admit. I'm surprised to find Mr. Bailey in company.

MAX

Come on. He's not so bad as all that.

SOPHIA

How long have you known Mr. Bailey?

MAX

Few days.

SAM

Two.

MAX

Two is about right.

SOPHIA

Mr. DeStefano, it's almost certain that Sam Bailey isn't who he claims to be.

MAX

He's not claiming to be anybody. What's she talking about?

For a tense moment, Sophia pauses...

SOPHIA

I lied about one thing. I've seen the manuscript.

Sophia looks at Sam, challenging him to respond. He doesn't answer.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

In the seventeenth century, there was Benedictine abbey in Northern Italy.

MAX

Antelao.

SOPHIA

Yes, that's right. The Resurrection was written when a friar delivered to them a man with wounds from an iron maiden.

MAX

I don't know what that is.

SOPHIA

A sarcophagus, a standing coffin,
lined with spikes.

Sam SIGHS.

MAX

Sam's got...

SOPHIA

The friar -

SAM

Antonio.

SOPHIA

A friar named Antonio found this man locked inside a Vatican torture chamber that had been locked for many years. His body was cold and full of rot... Only he clung to life. For twenty years, the monks of St. Benedict witnessed his restoration to health. And for twenty years, that man never aged a day.

MAX

How do you know?

SOPHIA

There's more.

That moment, there's a knock at the door.

GERALDINE

Ms. Ricci? Your appointment is here.

SOPHIA

Tell him I'll be a moment.

Sophia waits for the door to close.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

The monks learned the man's name.
His name was Sam Bailey.

After a brief moment of charged silence...

SAM

Excuse me, I have an appointment.

...Sam leaves the reference room.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Standing by the reference desk, a man with the gruff, unkept look of an extreme academic - MINOR STOCKMAN.

SAM

Mr. Stockman?

Like a deer, the man freezes stiff - and runs.

GERALDINE

Hey!

Quick as lightning, Sam charges after him.

EXT. SEMINARY - LIBRARY - DAY

Rushing through the doors, Sam spots a man dashing into an adjacent building!

Sam gives chase across the quad.

INT. SEMINARY HALL - DAY

The seminary hall is SILENT until Sam bolts through the door. Swinging wide, it hits the wall with a CRACK!

Sam looks through the dim, carefully maintaining the silence.

THUD. In the distance, a door closes. Sam breaks into a run, turns a corner, sees a door...

EXT. SEMINARY - DAY

Panting in the doorway, Sam looks out across the picturesque campus... and can't see his mystery man anywhere.

Minor Stockman is gone.

INT. REFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Returning breathless, Sam notices Max - with a file full of pictures on his lap.

MAX

Sam, what is this?

SAM

This is where we part ways.

MAX

Because this lady's telling me all these guys are you.

SOPHIA

I was possessed when I was eight years old. By the time someone found me who could help, I had killed both my mother and father. The orphanage where I was raised encouraged me in my study of theology. Meeting you, Mr. Bailey, is not so extraordinary.

Sam SIGHS.

MAX

I don't understand.

SAM

I'm not asking you to understand.

MAX

Oh, come on -

SAM

Max, this isn't part of your life.

MAX

Like hell it's not, man -

SAM

And you.

SOPHIA

I'm sorry.

SAM

No, you're testing me.

SOPHIA

I'm not.

Sophia tries to hold Sam's gaze.

SAM

You're going to die. In forty years, maybe 50, you're going to die. And when that happens, I'll be buttering my toast.

SOPHIA

I understand.

SAM

Do you think so? Minor Stockman does. You have no idea what that man is capable of. You think because you found matches in the cupboard that you're all grown up. Your little games are going to burn the house down.

SOPHIA

I had to know that Mr. DeStefano wasn't in danger.

SAM

Your mistake is that you think you're not.

SOPHIA

What do I do?

SAM

Do you have his address?

SOPHIA

It's in the other computer.

SAM

Give it to me.

SOPHIA

I can get it for you tonight.

SAM

Tonight... Meet me at South Station at 8PM. I'll see you tonight.

Reaching for the portfolio, Sam tucks it under his arm and meets Max's gaze.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Slamming the driver's side door behind him, Max rubs his face. Sam lets himself in.

SAM
The Parker House, please.

MAX
Man, when's your birthday?

SAM
January fifth, 1462.

MAX sighs.... After a moment, Sam goes to let himself out of the cab.

MAX
Sit your ass down.

SAM
Max -

MAX
Sam, don't say another word. God love you, but don't say another word. Not one more word.

Breathing a moment, Max starts the engine.

SAM
Where are you driving?

MAX
I'll get you to South Station by 8.

SAM
Where are you driving.

MAX
I just need to think a second.

SAM
Max...

MAX
Have I given you any reason not to trust me?!?

INT. DINER - DAY

Sitting across from Sam and Max, Mona quietly picks at her lunch.

MONA
Actually, this is the best mid-life crisis anyone's even heard of.

MAX

Funny.

MONA

Least you're not dating one of my friends or something.

MAX

Who says I'm not?

MONA

Gross.

Mona sits there a moment.

MONA (cont'd)

Dad, I'll find a way to pay for school.

SAM

That's not necessary.

MONA

Don't. You don't have to owe this guy anything.

SAM

Your father doesn't owe me.

Nobody says anything.

MONA

Dad, seriously?

Max looks at his daughter, looks Sam over...

MAX

I don't know, baby.

MONA

Dad!

MAX

You think Sam's scamming us so he can give us forty grand a year, or so I can get him arrested.

MONA

Maybe?

MAX

I don't think so, baby.

MONA

Yeah... Mom's gonna stick a salad fork in your frickin' skull.

MAX

You let me worry about Mom.

MONA

Ok.

MAX

Thanks.

Easing up, Mona gives her Dad a smile.

EXT. SOUTH STATION - EVENING

Standing by a table on the train platform, Sam checks his watch as he watches for Sophia. Max sits and watches him.

MAX

You drive me crazy with all that standing.

Sam sits.

MAX (cont'd)

There you go.

Max picks at his coffee.

MAX (cont'd)

I got a question for you.

Sam focuses on Max.

MAX (cont'd)

You ever meet any famous people?

Sam pauses a moment.

SAM

There she is.

Sure enough, there's Sophia coming off the platform...

SAM (cont'd)

Yes, I have.

MAX

Famous people? Like who then?

SAM
Wolfgang Mozart.

MAX
Yeah? Anybody else?

SAM
It's time to go.

MAX
Seriously though, is there anybody else?

Sam waits for Sophia to join them...

SAM
Do you have an address?

SOPHIA
I'll tell you while we're driving.

SAM
There's no need for you to be there.

SOPHIA
The need is simple. This is the last evidence that connects you to your past. Whoever possesses it will know you, and whoever has known you has tried to destroy you.

MAX
So that's his business then.

SOPHIA
No man should die for seeking knowledge.

SAM
You're going to have to trust me.

SOPHIA
No, Mr. Bailey. If you intend to meet with Minor Stockman, you'll have to trust me.

Max watches Sam's reaction.

SAM
Then I will.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Pulling his cab up outside the boarding house, Max finds a spot and kills the lights.

Sam and Sophia get out of the back.

SAM
Which floor?

SOPHIA
Room four hundred and six.

EXT. APARTMENT 406 - MORNING

Walking towards room 406, Sophia puts her hand in her pocketbook.

Sam RAPS on the door, and after a moment something flashes behind the peephole.

Two LATCHES, and the door starts to open... The chain lock holds the door mostly shut.

SAM
I'm Sam -

MINOR STOCKMAN
I know who you are.

Mr. Stockman SIGHS before unlatching the door.

MINOR STOCKMAN (cont'd)
Come in.

INT. APARTMENT 406 - MORNING

Holding the door, Minor Stockman closes everyone in.

MINOR STOCKMAN
Would anyone like tea?

MAX
Yeah, I'll have some. Please.

SAM
I'm here to ask you for the
Resurrection of Antelao.

Minor Stockman smiles. His apartment is a den of arcane study, with hermetic images on the walls and polished bookcases full of leather-bound volumes.

Otherwise, his home is modestly distinguished - a few nice chairs and a classy rug over hardwood floors.

MINOR STOCKMAN

Please, help yourself to a seat.

Stepping into the kitchen, Minor Stockman fixes tea.

MINOR STOCKMAN (cont'd)

Mr. Bailey, I've acquired this text at some considerable expense. I'm not likely to give it away.

SAM

There's a chance you might.

MINOR STOCKMAN

How do you imagine?

SAM

You're going to realize that book can't give you what you're looking for.

Mr. Stockman serves a cup of tea to Max, and passes another to Sam. Wary, Sam sets it on the bookshelf as Stockman takes a seat.

MINOR STOCKMAN

You haven't asked me what I'm looking for.

SAM

A key to alchemy. A philosopher's stone.

MINOR STOCKMAN

Like the Comte de St. Germain before me.

Sam LAUGHS. Minor Stockman takes a moment to read Max's confusion.

MINOR STOCKMAN (cont'd)

Eternal life is alchemy's highest application, Mr. DeStefano... The expression of the divine from within the crude.

SAM

And somehow it always brings out the worst in people.

MINOR STOCKMAN

Nicolo di Pietro said as much when he brought you before the Holy Tribunal.

Seething quietly, Sam watches Mr. Stockman direct his attention towards Max.

MINOR STOCKMAN (cont'd)

In the year 1515, Sam Bailey was taken before the Inquisition under his Holiness the Pope Leo the Tenth. Not the most gentle of Holy Fathers. Mr. Bailey has his own mentor to thank for that.

SAM

Don't insult me with history.

MINOR STOCKMAN

No? I'm fairly certain you planned to regale me with the folly of like Flemel and your master, Nicolo di Pietro... I agree. I brought you here to make history, not argue it.

Impatient, Sam crosses his arms.

MINOR STOCKMAN (cont'd)

But I wonder what it felt like.

SAM

What's your interest in this, Mr. Stockman?

MINOR STOCKMAN

I'm wondering what it felt like. Being released when the men who punished and remembered your crimes had been dead for generations. When all you had left were the graves of your wife and son -

SAM

Tell me what your interest is!

MINOR STOCKMAN

I'm wondering if it was worth the price!

SAM

WHAT PRICE?!!

MINOR STOCKMAN
The price of transmutation! The
price of immortality!

SAM
Alchemy is a fever dream.

MINOR STOCKMAN
You're either keeping the single
most important secret in the
history of the world, or you've
made a mockery of everything this
world stands for.

SAM
That's absurd.

MINOR STOCKMAN
Far from absurd. Did you achieve
some kind of transmutation into
purity, or was the tribunal right
to judge you?

SAM
What do you think you're going to
find in the Resurrection?

MINOR STOCKMAN
I found you!

SAM
Then what do you want from me?

MINOR STOCKMAN
I want the answer!

SAM
There is no answer! Not in that
book, and not anywhere else!

MINOR STOCKMAN
Then what are you protecting?

SAM
You.

MINOR STOCKMAN
Oh, please!

SAM
You arrogant little titwad!

MINOR STOCKMAN

You stood in that auction room with
23 million euros! For what? To
keep me from hurting myself?!!

SAM

He locked me up! He locked me up
and drove himself insane looking
for answers that were never there!
The man taught me engineering - I
was never an alchemist! When I
first set foot in that lab, it was
to help him find the same answers
you're looking for - and after I'd
been locked up for three years, he
poisoned me! He beat my head in
with a fire poker! I was blind!
But I healed. I healed, and he
never did, and he gave me to the
church because destroying me was
all he had left.

MINOR STOCKMAN

You've killed your share of men?

SAM

I've served in four wars.

MINOR STOCKMAN

No. You've lived over 500 years,
and I'm asking you if you've
murdered anyone.

Sam SEETHES with anger.

MINOR STOCKMAN (cont'd)

You could kill me. Take back the
manuscript.

SAM

Is that where this is going?!!

Minor Stockman presses his finger to his lips.

SAM (cont'd)

Do you think I'm not prepared?

SOPHIA

Mr. Bailey.

SAM

I'm here! I came here, yes? Mr.
Stockman, now is the time to
compromise!

MINOR STOCKMAN
Compromise?!! What can a man hope
to accomplish in just one
lifetime?!! What is the value of
my life?

SAM
Finally! A reasonable question!

MINOR STOCKMAN
Do you have an answer?

SAM
Of course not!

MINOR STOCKMAN
Yes you do. Killing me has a
finite cost.

SAM
Don't presume to know me.

MINOR STOCKMAN
If this manuscript were public, the
public would never get tired of
pursuing you.

SAM
Be careful.

MINOR STOCKMAN
Killing me poses questions that
other people might find compelling.
Who killed him? Why was he killed?
What was stolen that once belonged
to him? Whereas my giving up the
manuscript poses answers. I quit
because I was crazy. I was
misguided. I was obsessed. So
lets' put aside any naive notions
that you're here to help me.

MAX
Sam.

SAM
I'm ok.

MINOR STOCKMAN
All I'm asking for is time.

SAM
Time won't help you.

MINOR STOCKMAN

You say that because it hasn't helped you.

SAM

As St. Germain, I was the kind of simpleton that people with money and power have always loved - a who needs to know his worth. That man will always find what he's looking for.

MINOR STOCKMAN

Which is what?

SAM

Men willing to put you on the scales. Men who will tell you how to shift them.

Minor Stockman meets Sam's gaze.

SAM (cont'd)

When I went to Russia... There was no romantic history. There was civil war. Even when things were good, when I was teaching the children about math and rhetoric and imagining everything our empire could become, it was never as precious as spending one day with my son.

Minor Stockman swallows.

SAM (cont'd)

Let me be clear about where this will go. You will find no answers, but the potential for discovery will give you strength. You're going to make sacrifices, you'll make promises to anyone who will listen, and that hole will become more and more the one thing that holds your life together. And this I promise you. It's just a hole. You will destroy everything you love to survive, and then you will die.

MINOR STOCKMAN

I'm willing to make that sacrifice.

SAM
You want to live?

MINOR STOCKMAN
With every fiber of my being.

SAM
SO LIVE!

MINOR STOCKMAN
And then die.

Sam calms himself.

SAM
This is your moment. This is where
your life begins, or where it ends.

Reluctant, Minor Stockman stands.

MINOR STOCKMAN
I think you should leave.

Minor Stockman opens the door, waits for everyone to leave,
and closes it shut.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam steps out into the night, with Max and Sophia right
behind him...

SOPHIA
Sam...

SAM
You gave him the opportunity to
reconcile.

SOPHIA
I don't see what else I can do.

SAM
Thank you.

SOPHIA
Well... Goodbye.

Awkwardly at first, Sophia turns and walks away. Looking at
Max, Sam extends a hand.

SAM
Thank you.

MAX

Thank you?

SAM

Max, this is goodbye.

MAX

You know you're an asshole, right?

SAM

Beg your pardon?

MAX

You think you're so smart! You're an asshole! Buddy, right now you got me so wound up all I can think is how bad I want to break your goddamned jaw!

SAM

Max, this is simple.

MAX

It's dirt simple!

SAM

I manipulated you.

MAX

You're a goddamned jerkface!

SAM

Good enough. Goodnight, Max.

Nope. Sam's walking away.

MAX

Oh, come on! You're not a jerkface! Will you please just talk to me?

After a moment of thought, Max follows him...

MAX (cont'd)

I'm not some fair-weather friend, you know.

SAM

No, you're not.

MAX

Ok, that's bullshit. Hey, you know something? I'm not as stupid as you think I am, man.

(MORE)

MAX (cont'd)

Somewhere in the back of my pea-sized brain, fine, I assumed this is all some kind of stupid prank, so fine. Right now you got me so pissed off and so irritated that I'm actually not even worried about what just happened up there, and you know what? How about this. How about if you're so immortal and all, how come you're acting like such a goddamn coward?

Sam stops for a moment.

MAX (cont'd)

Yeah, no kidding! I want to know what you're afraid of, you halfwit jackass! We got everybody from the police to the goddamned freemasons or some bullshit, so you better tell me what's got you acting like such a scaredycat because you know I'm finding out from somebody!

Trying not to look back, Sam keeps walking.

MAX (cont'd)

You better be hearing me Sam, because there's no way I'm going to let this slide!

SAM

What is it you want me to tell you?

MAX

Tell me what's got you so goddamned scared of me!

SAM

Max, you can't possibly understand -

CRACK! Max punches Sam in the face!

MAX

Oh, shit!

SAM

Oh.

MAX

Oh, man I'm so sorry. Well, yeah. Yeah, I'm sorry but holy shit you really deserved that.

SAM
There it is.

MAX
Then don't be such an ass-

SAM
No Max. That's it. That's the reason why you and I need to go our separate ways.

MAX
Hey! What do you want from me!

SAM
I want you to leave me alone!

MAX
What do you want from me?!!

SAM
What do I want from you? My closest friend used up his fortune and his life to destroy me. I want you to leave!

MAX
Not everybody's like that man!

SAM
You have to believe that they are!

MAX
Then quit asking for it!

SAM
My wife and my son are dead! My son, Max! My wife! Imagine having your flesh pulled off your bones every night until the people doing this to you actually get bored of it, actually bored, imagine begging to die but you can't, imagine when the people are finally finished with you and the bugs move into the useless meat that used to be your body, imagine living through that, imagine breathing your own rot every single day, just so I can give you a gravestone with your daughter's name on it! Tell me what that's like, Max?

MAX
How the Hell should I know?

SAM
Then you and I are done!!

MAX
My ass, we're done!

Sam turns away.

MAX (cont'd)
Because people heal, Sam!

SAM
Goodbye, Max.

MAX
So, what? You're just gonna live forever buying people out of your life when they get too close and that's it? You're just standing here with no friends and no family and you're waiting to die, and you know you're not gonna, and that's seriously the plan?

Sam starts walking...

SAM
I'm talking to you!

...and Max gets right in his way.

MAX
That's not a life, man!

SAM
It's all I have!

MAX
Like hell it is.

Sam tries to walk around Max.

MAX (cont'd)
No way, man. No way. Buddy, that's not it. You gotta believe me, you got more than that. You got me. Seriously, you gotta hear that. You got me.

Standing there in the street, Max pulls Sam into a hug. Sam cries mightily into Max's shoulder.

MAX (cont'd)

All right.

As Sam calms down, Max sizes up the apartment building. Immediately, Sam's attention is back on the tome:

SAM

No. Max, you need to get away from me.

MAX

No, man. You're not doing this alone.

SAM

Think about your family

MAX

We gotta go back up there.

SAM

Max, you have to get away.

MAX

Or I help you get your head screwed on straight and we find another way.

SAM

There's no other way.

MAX

What if you just give him what he wants?

SAM

We're done here.

MAX

No, seriously. Walk him through your research, and maybe he lets you have the paperwork. So long as there's no proof, am I right? Let it all tie back to him, and he gets the credit, and he's happy.

Sam stops in his tracks.

MAX (cont'd)

Am I right?

EXT. APARTMENT 406 - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK.

Minor Stockman opens the door a crack, and sees both Max and Sam waiting outside.

MINOR STOCKMAN
Mr. DeStefano. Mr. Bailey.

SAM
I'd like to propose something.

Minor Stockman considers for a moment, and opens the door.

INT. KITCHEN DE DESTEFANO - MORNING

Mona unwraps the plastic bundle to reveal a cloth wrap.
Inside the cloth...

Mona inhales.

Gently, she sets it down: THE RESURRECTION OF ANTELAO.

Max leans in with a cup of coffee, while Sam and Rose stand by the stove with their breakfast.

MONA
Dad.

MAX
I'm just looking.

MONA
Look into not spilling your coffee
on it.

MAX
I'm not gonna spill!

MONA
Can I touch it?

ROSE
No!

SAM
Yes.

Opening a page, Mona finds painted letters... Old, brittle paper...

MONA
Should I be touching this?

SAM
Yes.

As she turns another page, she sees a woodcut of a man who might be Sam, bleeding from a hundred wounds.

ROSE
My God.

SAM
That woodcut alone took...

For a moment, Max plays with his food...

SAM (cont'd)
You know that Minor Stockman never asked for your name.

MAX
He did.

SAM
No. You never introduced yourself.

ROSE
Don't take it personal.

MONA
So then where'd he know your name from?

Sam looks at Max, who catches on:

MAX
Oh, come on!

EXT. APARTMENT 406 - DAY

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

After a moment, Max puts his hand on Sam's back.

MAX
Here. Gimme.

CRACK! Steeling himself to kick the door down, Max whacks his leg.

MAX (cont'd)
Gaah-d dillie mother!

Stepping back, Sam kicks the door...

INT. APARTMENT 406 - DAY

...open. The tea mugs are sitting right where they were last night.

INT. APARTMENT 406 - BEDROOM - DAY

In the bedroom, the bed is still made.

MAX

What is it?

SAM

The dishes are dirty but the bed is made.

Sam pats the bed, and dust rises.

INT. APARTMENT 406 - DAY

Stepping back into the parlor, Sam casts his eyes into the corners.

Checking the books, Sam notices that his mug from last night is missing.

Sticking his hand into the bookshelves, he runs his hands along the backsides of the books.

Reaching down, Sam pulls out a power cable.

MAX

What's that?

SAM

Power cable.

Then, Sam touches the artifacts and arcane images that hang on the wall.

One of them wobbles awkwardly as Sam runs his hand across it. Turning it over, he finds a microphone...

Crossing to the window, Sam looks out to see if anyone is watching.

MAX

What is this?

SAM
This is a surveillance operation.

MAX
No it's not. Seriously?

SAM
My tea is missing. DNA swabs.
Fingerprints. Video, audio -

Stunned Max falls into a seat.

MAX
Oh, man. I'm sorry.

EXT. REVERE BEACH - DAY

Greasy Steve runs towards the bench, where Sam and Max are waiting.

MAX
Ruben!

GREASY STEVE
Regan!

MAX
What did you tell Minor Stockman?

GREASY STEVE
What, seriously?

MAX
What did you tell him?

GREASY STEVE
Tell him what?!?

MAX
Did you talk to him?

GREASY STEVE
You mean like for money or something?

MAX
Did you?

GREASY STEVE
You ask these other guys you got working for you?

MAX

Did you say anything to Minor Stockman?

GREASY STEVE

No! No, man

MAX

You follow Val to his place?

GREASY STEVE

She hasn't... I don't even know where his place is!

MAX

Somebody told him my name. I just -

GREASY STEVE

So you automatically think it was me?

MAX

Are you serious? Because Steven, I swear to you, I am in no frame of mind to -

GREASY STEVE

When some guy pays you a hundred thousand dollars for a frickin' address, you get the frickin' address and you keep your frickin' mouth shut! Obviously!

For a moment, Max ponders.

GREASY STEVE (cont'd)

What about your librarian there?

SAM

No.

GREASY STEVE

Unless there's something she's not telling you.

SAM

No...

GREASY STEVE

Sure. Because you guys connected.

For a moment, Sam considers the possibilities...

SAM

Ugh.

GREASY STEVE

So how about that? How about that?!? That's worth a hundred thousand grand, am I right?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Walking up to the reference desk, Sam catches the eye of the librarian on staff.

DESK LIBRARIAN

How can I help you?

SAM

Sophia Ricci.

DESK LIBRARIAN

She's not in.

SAM

I need her contact information.

DESK LIBRARIAN

We're not permitted to disclose -

Sam POUNDS the counter.

SAM

Please.

DESK LIBRARIAN

It's against our policy, sir.

MAX

How about you make it your policy, before I bust your damn head in.

With a passive aggressive smile -

DESK LIBRARIAN

I'll get security.

Sam freezes with anger. Max slaps him on the back.

MAX

Slow down, tuffie. We're not bust yet.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

With an exhausted look.

VAL
Max.

MAX
I know.

VAL
Max, we're not friends anymore.

MAX
Yeah, I know.

VAL
I'm serious. Please leave.

MAX
Val, look.

VAL
I was thirteen once already! I
don't need this! Leave my office!
Please!

MAX
Seriously, I just need this one
favor.

VAL
If I wanted to do you a favor, I'd
have you restrained before you can
do something even dumber than what
you've done!

MAX
No, Val. I swear -

VAL
Max, you're leaving. Please, don't
make me call the paramedics. I'm
asking you that much.

Max SIGHS, and turns to leave -

Sam reaches into his pocket and puts something on her desk -

VAL (cont'd)
What's this?

- his POCKETWATCH.

SAM
Go ahead.

Carefully, she inspects it.

VAL
It's something else.

SAM
It was owned by a constable of
Bristol. One of the very first.

Val smiles as she looks the watch over.

SAM (cont'd)
Keep it.

VAL
I can't take this.

SAM
From one cop to another. He'd want
it that way.

Sam SMILES.

VAL
I ran those prints of Greasy
Steve's. Phillip Gardner. Vatican
passport. There's an address here
in town.

Val reaches into her desk, pulls out a notepad, and sets it
in front of Sam.

SAM
Thank you.

VAL
Where'd you get this?

Sam just SMILES.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Outside a low-rent brick apartment building, Max finds a
parking spot for the cab.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - EVENING

Inside the cramped, tiled lobby, Sam fingers down the list
of tenants...

MAX
No Phillip Gardner.

SOPHIA RICCI.

Leaning back, Sam front-kicks the door open.

MAX (cont'd)
All right then.

SAM
Shout if she comes this way.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

As the door LATCHES shut behind him, Sam pauses to listen.

Quiet and listening, he heads up the front stairs.

EXT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stepping up to the door, Sam puts his hand on it and listens.

The door is loose.

INT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Right away, Sam sees the computer with the camera. Images of him litter the room.

Photocopied sheets from the Resurrection of Antelao are across the wall. Pictures of him in Boston are all over the surfaces.

INT. FATHER PHILLIP'S ROOM - DAY

In a spartan room off the main living quarters, Sam finds a twin bed and a cross on the wall. In the closets, he finds priest's uniforms.

INT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walking back into the living room, Sam sees a candle burning.

Checking the window, Sam sees a clear view of the cab. Opening the window wide:

SAM

MAX!!

MAX (O.S.)

You want me to come up?

SAM

Has she been down there?!!

MAX (O.S.)

No!

Rubbing his head, Sam checks the camera. There is no memory stick.

SAM

Stay put!

MAX (O.S.)

You got it!

EXT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stepping into the hall, Sam listens. In the distance, a door slams.

Sam sets off running for the back stairs -

EXT. BACK ALLEY - EVENING

- and bursts into the back alley. Nothing.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Sam charges onto the sidewalk. Max waits near the front door...

SAM

She saw us from the window. I didn't hear a car.

MAX

I ain't seen any cabs come by. There's a subway...

SAM

Let's go. Let's hurry.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

As Sam takes his seat, Max jumps into the driver's seat and turns the engine on.

MAX
Grab onto something.

Max pulls out of the space...

EXT. GREEN LINE STATION - NIGHT

As Max pulls the cab up, Sam opens the door.

MAX
Run, Sam! Run, man! Just run!

Sam hops down the Green Line stairs while Max pulls away...

INT. GREEN LINE STATION - NIGHT

In one of the oldest subway stations of the city, Sam spots Sophia sitting on a bench. Deep in the tunnel, a train SCREECHES towards the platform.

Looking over her shoulder, she sees him...

SAM
Who are you people?

As Sam approaches, Max waits by the turnstile.

SOPHIA
Who I am isn't important.

SAM
What does the Vatican want with me?

SOPHIA
We don't represent the Vatican.

Sam gathers his thoughts.

SAM
Phillip Gardner.

SOPHIA
What about him?

SAM
You set me up with him..

SOPHIA

We are not representative of the
Vatican's interests.

SAM

Bloody likely!! Maybe you don't
represent His Holiness, but I
bloody well bet he's paying for all
this! So what is it then? Who the
hell are you?!?

In the distance, a train screeches down the tunnel.

SAM (cont'd)

Tell me! What gives you the right
to take my life?

SOPHIA

When the day comes many will say to
me, "Lord, Lord, did we not
prophecy in your name, drive out
demons in your name, work many
miracles in your name?" Then I
shall say them to their faces: I
have never known you; away from me,
all evil doers!

The train arrives. Sophia stands for boarding.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Goodbye, Mr. Bailey.

SAM

Will you wait? Will you wait just
one moment? Please? Just wait.
Please.

Sophia looks into Sam's eyes...

The train gathers its passengers and leaves.

SOPHIA

Confession.

Sam blinks.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

You would have us... let well
enough alone.

SAM

Please.

SOPHIA

Then confess.

SAM

I'm sorry.

SOPHIA

Confess your sins before God. Then we know.

SAM

I gave my confession five hundred years ago.

SOPHIA

No. Not of your own free will.

SAM

What do you think that's going to prove?

SOPHIA

It proves that you've made your peace with God, Mr. Bailey.

SAM

Until my comes up again.

SOPHIA

I'm not actually a librarian, Mr. Bailey. Keeping records is not something I particularly enjoy.

SAM

You think I owe you a confession? HA!! You think I owe God an apology?

Stoically, Sophia just stares at Sam.

SAM (cont'd)

Your problem is you're trying to separate the men from the monsters. They're the same, but for the one detail that a man still thinks he needs God.

SOPHIA

Then show me you are a man.

...and here comes another train...

Max is running down the steps. Sam looks at him, looks at Sophia...

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Opening the doors...

SOPHIA

Mr. Bailey, please wait here.

...Sophia disappears into the back.

Taking a seat in the pews, Max sits with Sam. A moment of silence passes...

...until he sees Sophia returning with Minor Stockman, henceforth to be known as FATHER PHILLIP and dressed accordingly.

FATHER PHILLIP

Mr. Bailey, my name is Father Phillip.

SAM

How old are you?

FATHER PHILLIP

I'm thirty-eight.

SAM

No. I can't do this.

FATHER PHILLIP

Please. There is no soul pure enough to bare itself before God. But only God can know your soul is not condemned. You have a choice. We must be certain. So you have a choice.

SAM

This... All this... was to test me. To judge me.

FATHER PHILLIP

In this house, we ask for God's judgment.

SAM

What if I had killed you?

For a moment, Father Phillip waits for a response that isn't coming.

FATHER PHILLIP

This way.

Sam makes his way out of the pew. Phillip pauses by a standing latrine and dips his hand before crossing himself with his right hand.

FATHER PHILLIP (cont'd)
In nomine Patris, et Filii, et
Spiritus Sancti.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

WHOCK! The screen slides aside.

FATHER PHILLIP
For what it's worth, I've been
praying for you.

SAM
Bless me Father, for I have sinned.
It's been four hundred ninety-six
years since my last confession.

FATHER PHILLIP
I imagine you look at our work with
a degree of skepticism. I can only
assure you that we are not here to
bring you injury.

Sam LAUGHS.

SAM
Then let me go.

FATHER PHILLIP
You're free to go.

SAM
But you'll follow.

FATHER PHILLIP
Until we know God's will.

Sam SIGHS.

FATHER PHILLIP (cont'd)
I'm not blind to the sins of our
Church.

SAM
Yeah.

FATHER PHILLIP
Our extra-papal authority gives us
liberty to make certain...
(MORE)

FATHER PHILLIP (cont'd)
 admissions. Our Church has sinned
 against you.

SAM
 Your Church? Your Church. His
 Church! HIS Church, Father! This
 happened under the House of God!

FATHER PHILLIP
 That much, I am free to admit.

SAM
 Yeah? Then why are you here?

FATHER PHILLIP
 Because I believe your soul can be
 absolved.

SAM
 You think so.

FATHER PHILLIP
 Yes.

SAM
 You want a confession?

FATHER PHILLIP
 Yes.

SAM
 My confession is that I've been
 cursing God's name for what He did
 to me. I've trodden him underfoot
 as I've walked the earth. And you
 know what I've learned?

Phillip just listens, challenging Sam to speak.

FATHER PHILLIP
 Tell me.

SAM
 Gladly! I've learned that his
 Glory is a lot more fragile than he
 wants you to believe! I've learned
 to see the light inside people as a
 lie. I lost my faith in God, and I
 lost my faith in people, and all
 I've wanted, all I've wanted is for
 them to finally admit that all this
 progress, this human achievement...
 It's all a joke! I'm waiting for
 God to show me the punchline!

FATHER PHILLIP

But you're still asking God for something.

SAM

Father, listen to me. I have killed people. I've lied, and I've cheated, and I've stolen, and I use people and I throw them away, and I give them money to convince myself that I'm not a monster... and I hear myself say this, and I feel this burning rage that it all started because someone thought I traded my soul for this! My son's life for this! I've bought and sold my own soul so many times...

Sam's LAUGHING.

SAM (cont'd)

I'm sorry, but it's just... it takes a long time to become this much of a mess...

Sam LAUGHS HARD, and then starts to CRY.

SAM (cont'd)

...and I don't think God can forgive me.

Stunned, the Father sits there a moment...

FATHER PHILLIP

Can you let them be the lambs of God?

Sam looks up.

FATHER PHILLIP (cont'd)

Can you let them be innocent?

SAM

Can I let them be innocent?

FATHER PHILLIP

All of them. I'm asking if you can forgive them their innocence. The lamb of God. And the Lord be their Shepherd. And so be yours. That's the punchline. For all our sins. For all our murderous ways.

(MORE)

FATHER PHILLIP (cont'd)
 God the Father of mercies, through
 the death and resurrection of his
 Son, has reconciled the world to
 himself and sent the Holy Spirit
 among us for the forgiveness of
 sins; through the ministry of the
 Church may God give you pardon and
 peace, and I absolve you from your
 sins in the name of the Father, and
 of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

For a moment, Sam is speechless. Slowly, the tears roll
 down his cheeks.

In pain, in wrath, in forgiveness, Sam SCREAMS.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - NIGHT

Opening the doors of the church, Sophia finds Sam and Max
 out on the steps, breathing in the night.

SOPHIA
 Sam Bailey?

SAM
 Yes.

She passes him an envelope...

SOPHIA
 This is for you.

Inside, there's a handful of flash drives, papers... Sam's
 file.

SAM
 Thank you.

SOPHIA
 This is also for you, if you will
 accept it.

She passes him another, smaller envelope.

MAX
 What is it?

SOPHIA
 More paperwork.

Sam opens the envelope

SAM
Five names.

Sophia smiles.

MAX
What names?

SOPHIA
If we are lucky, they will all be
men like him. But be careful.

SAM
Thank you.

INT. BOBO'S - EVENING

Bobo sets a plate of gnocchi down in front of Mona.

BOBO
There you go, Doctor Mona!

MONA
No! Don't jinx it!

BOBO
Nah. You'll make it happen.

MAX
Thank you, Bobo.

BOBO
Enjoy. If you need me, I'll be in
back making love to my wife.

MAX
Gotta keep young, man!

BOBO'S WIFE (O.S.)
(in back)
I heard that, Maximillian!

BOBO
Enjoy.

Bobo heads for the back:

BOBO (cont'd)
You know why I say these things!
Why do you think I say these
things?

For a moment, everyone breathes in the scent and flavor of their feast.

MONA

Can I say something?

MAX

You waiting for an invitation?

MONA

I'm just being polite.

MAX

That's a first.

ROSE

Will you let her speak?

MAX

Come on.

ROSE

Mona, go ahead.

MONA

Sam, meeting you... Look. I want to have kids, not soon, but someday, and I'm doing it again. I'm talking to much. God, I'm sorry.

ROSE

Mona!

MONA

Ack! He he... Mr. Bailey, I was wondering...

SAM

Sam.

MONA

Sam, I was wondering if you'd be you know, be a part of their lives. See? Ack! I knew I'd screw this up!

SAM

No, it's generous. Thank you.

MONA

No, because what you did for me was the most incredible thing anyone's ever done, and I just think...

(MORE)

MONA (cont'd)

You're a really good person, and
someday I'm gonna be a Mom.

ROSE

Better late than never.

MONA

I'd like it if my kids, you know...
I'd like them to know you. And my
grandkids. And their grandkids.
Is that right? And you know,
you're leaving, but... We'll
remember you. Always. I promise.
Always. Just come home sometimes,
because it'll always be here. Come
home sometimes, and I promise it'll
be here for you. Always.

Sam looks at her, seemingly frozen.

MONA (cont'd)

That's my promise to you.

Fitfully, a tear pools in Sam's eye. There's no helping it.

After watching Sam struggle for something to say...

MAX

Eat your damn gnocchi.

...and BELLOWS with LAUGHTER.

FADE OUT.