

THE LAST BOOK OF JOHN  
an original pilot by

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## **TEASER**

**FADE IN:**

**SUPERTITLE:**

*"And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels..."*

*Revelations 12:7*

**EXT. BLEAK LANDSCAPE - DAY**

SUPERTITLE: AMERICA. SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE.

This country is desolate. It's not that it's desert, it's more a wasteland. Whether from fire, drought, or something worse, is unclear—but there's nothing.

The weather is bitter. Cold, windy, and bone chilling.

On the horizon, a speck of dust. Someone driving on a dirt road.

**EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY**

It's a beat-up old truck "dragging" an equally beat-up old travel trailer. Neither is from the era of computers, and that's the point. Can't be tracked.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

The driver is JOHN: a dark, handsome, and unkempt man in his thirties. Probably hasn't shaved since August and it's almost Christmas.

The truck's cab looks like John: disheveled, messy, and uncared for.

Playing on the ancient cassette deck, a 1950s "CROONER" sings a romantic song. Music that hasn't been heard for a hundred years.

John doesn't look like he's enjoying the music; John doesn't look like he's enjoyed anything for a very long time.

The truck hits a chuck hole. The tape deck whines and the singer wobbles. John whacks the deck a couple of times, which just makes it worse. He pushes the eject button, but nothing happens.

He pulls an intimidating hunting knife from his belt and jabs at the cassette, popping it out. He pulls it out, but the tape stays in, like a string of bubble gum.

He sighs, yanks the tape out, and tosses the broken cassette out the window.

As he does, he spots something behind him in the cracked side mirror. A BLACK DOT coming up from behind, coming up fast.

He grabs another cassette and shoves it into the deck. It plays "TOMORROW" from ANNIE. He ejects it and throws it out the window.

He glances in the side mirror. The SMALL DOT is now a BIG DOT, and getting bigger every second.

John rummages through some junk on the floor and grabs a large steel can wrapped in some kind of metallic tape.

He glances in his rearview mirror, then shoves his left hand into the can. What the hell...?

**EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY**

A MASSIVE DRONE the size of a car streaks toward the truck, then slows on approach.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

John watches the drone in his rearview mirror, then wraps his coat around the can on his left hand, just to make sure. Not that the coat would do much good.

**EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY**

The drone creeps toward and past the trailer, then hovers over the truck. This sucker is huge.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

John peers at it through the back window. Crap!

He reaches for another cassette and shoves it into the deck. This time it plays some female rock band. He CRANKS it.

To make things interesting, he eases up on the gas and slows. The drone matches his speed.

He presses on the gas. The drone keeps up. The thing is relentless.

He SLAMS on the brakes!

**EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY**

The truck slides to a stop; the trailer nearly jackknives.

The drone whizzes past. Then stops. Then slowly turns, and lowers.

The truck and the drone face one another. The truck idles in chugs and sputters; the drone purrs.

Then, the drone rises, lumbers around, and speeds off.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

John watches the drone vanish, then leans his head back, relieved. He pulls his hand out of the can and wipes the sweat off. Another crap-fest averted.

Or maybe not. For in the path of the drone, beyond in the foothills, an EXPLOSION. Fire. Smoke. Smoke coming from a place where there's nothing to burn.

John's face flushes with concern.

He stomps on the clutch, the gears GRIND.

**EXT. DESOLATE ROAD - DAY**

The truck wheels spin in the dirt. It lurches forward and heads toward the smoke.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY**

A small, transient settlement of a few tents and beat-up trailers: ransacked, blown up, and smoldering.

Bodies dot the ground: Latinos, Blacks, Whites... Men, women, and children. Some shot in the back, some shot execution style. However it happened, they didn't have a chance.

John's truck pulls up slowly and stops. He climbs out and stares at the slaughter.

He comes to the body of a Native American WOMAN, shot in the head.

As he stares at her, a blaze of white light as he **FLASHES BACK TO:**

**EXT. WESTERN PRAIRIE - DAY - FLASHBACK**

John, his beard trimmed, dressed in a 19th century cavalry uniform, stands in the middle of a burned-out, and defiled Indian camp.

Bodies of butchered MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN dot the ground.

He stares at the body of a WOMAN, shot in the head.

Then, a WAR CRY! John looks up. A fierce NATIVE AMERICAN WARIOR bears down on another SOLDIER at a dead run.

Behind him, on the periphery of the slaughter, two figures: a PERFECT MAN and a PERFECT WOMAN, just visible through the gunsmoke, dressed in dark gray and wearing black sashes, watch.

John raises his hand to stop the man. In slow motion he yells:

JOHN  
Michael! No!

GUN SHOTS and bullets RIP through the Warrior's body. He falls next to the dead woman. John stares at the carnage, not unlike...

**END FLASHBACK**

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY**

...the carnage John stares at now.

He stops and leans against an overturned SUV. He SHUTS his eyes and breaths through the sickening PAIN.

When his eyes open, he sees it, spray-painted in RED on the side of a smoldering trailer:

THE SYMBOL: A CIRCLE WITH A SYMBOL INSIDE...A HOOK OR SOMETHING.

His face hardens. He looks around and spots TIRE TRACKS leading off into the desert.

He thinks a moment, then moves to the dead woman, drawing his knife. He lifts her left hand and deftly cuts a COMPUTER CHIP from the back of her hand. It's small, maybe a quarter inch.

He wipes off the blood, then strides to his truck, climbs in and follows the tire tracks.

**EXT. MAKESHIFT RENEGADE CAMP - NIGHT**

Three or four BLACK, HUMVEE-LIKE GUN-CARS form a ring around a blazing campfire. Each car has the circle and hook symbol.

In the center of the cars, around the fire, nearly a dozen UNIFORMED MEN sit drinking and eating. They're not soldiers really, more like THUGS.

Suddenly, one of the men points outside the camp.

THUG #1

Lights!

Every man grabs his weapon and spreads out, either behind or inside a gun-car.

The truck drives up and FLASHES its lights. The door opens. John exits, his hands raised.

JOHN

I'm unarmed. I'm coming in.

He walks warily into the camp.

THOMAS—a big, hairy guy—grabs John roughly and slams him against a gun-car. The other men gather, each weapon drilled on John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, fellas.

John looks around the camp and spies the RED SYMBOL on the cars.

THOMAS

Chip!

John straightens and looks at the man a moment. This guy's mean. Sick and mean.

John holds out his left hand. Another MAN scans it with a LASER STROBE DEVICE. A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE rises from his hand: it's John's face and some writing.

So that's why John put his hand in the can.

After a second the image skips and breaks up, unintelligible. Thomas looks at John, suspiciously.

JOHN

I know, I know. It's a piece of crap. Damn thing must've been made in Idaho.

The men chortle, but Thomas eyes him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, wait.  
(he pulls the woman's  
chip from his pocket)  
What about this one?

He places it on the hood of the car. Scanner Man hesitates.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go ahead. It won't bite.

Scanner Man looks to Thomas, who nods. Scanner Man scans the chip. A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE rises of a lovely WOMAN, the dead woman.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You recognize her, don't you?  
Earlier today?

Scanner Man eyes Thomas, worried.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. I mean, look at her...  
(feigning surprise)  
Oh, right...How could you? She  
doesn't have a bullet in her head.

John locks eyes with Thomas. Rage flashes in Thomas's eyes.

He swings the butt of his rifle! John catches the butt and smashes it into Thomas's head. He's out.

A SCRUFFY MAN comes at John. John hits him, flat-handed, in the sternum. The man goes flying.

John turns and catches Scanner Man in the jaw. He soars over the hood of the gun-car.

Behind him, the CLICK of a rifle hammer. John turns. Another THUG has his automatic rifle trained on him.

He pulls the trigger again. What the...? He smacks the gun, turns away from John, and pulls the trigger.

It FIRES! He takes out three of his comrades! The Thug looks to John, who smiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I must be blessed.

In a heartbeat, John's FIST is in the man's GUT. He's out, probably bleeding inside.

These men are no match for John's skill, strength, and remarkable speed.

He grabs another by the arm and hurls him at a FAT MAN. They both slam into the side of a gun-car. They're down.

The remaining three run away, disappearing into the dark.

John picks up the Thug's rifle and peers after the three. Can't see a thing, but their out-of-shape "huffing and puffing" is perfectly clear.

John SHOOTS three times. That's all he needs. GRUNTS and CURSES breeze in from the dark as the THUGS fall.

John smiles ever so slightly. Everyone's down, but nobody's dead. Killing is not in John's nature. He's seen too much of it.

Then, behind him, FRANTIC WHISPERING. He turns. A Native American BOY of about sixteen is on the radio.

BOY  
(terrified)  
Come in! Somebody!

John is instantly at his side.

JOHN  
(calmly)  
Hang up.

BOY  
(into the mic)  
You gotta help us!

JOHN  
Son...

John touches the frightened Boy's arm.

**SUDDENLY, JOHN FLASHES BACK TO:**

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Mayhem at the settlement where John found the dead woman. Frightened civilians scatter as the THUGS shoot, beat, and ravage.

Not far off from the ambush stand the TWO FIGURES from the Native American camp, watching.

Scanner Man has a woman over the hood of a car.

Scruffy Man crack's a LITTLE BOY'S skull.

Thomas SHOOTs the Native American Woman in the head. She slams against the side of a trailer while her BOY watches. It's the Boy on the radio.

**END FLASHBACK**

John releases the Boy.

JOHN  
I know what they did to your mother.

The Boy freezes.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
There was nothing you could do.

The Boy stands motionless. A voice comes over the radio.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)  
This is HQ. Who the hell is this?!

The Boy stares at John.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Identify, dammit! Identify!

The Boy switches off the radio. All is silent except for the crackling fire. Then the radio BEEPS and RINGS.

JOHN  
They'll send somebody come morning.

BOY  
It was Thomas that did it.  
(John looks at him)  
Killed my mother.

JOHN  
I know.

The Boy looks at John.

BOY  
How do you know? Who are you?

John sighs.

JOHN  
Name's John. I...  
(shrugs)  
...see things.

The two stand there in the firelight. The stars above, the men  
on the ground.

**END TEASER**

**ACT ONE****FADE IN:****INT. MAKESHIFT RENEGADE CAMP - DAY**

It's early. Another miserable day in the wasteland. The wind blows and there's a snowflake or two.

John smashes a rifle against the hood of an overturned gun-car. The rifle pulverizes. He throws the remains into a pile. He's done the same thing with every weapon in the camp, and pretty much all the gun-cars as well.

He grabs a case of food, and carries it to one of the functioning gun-cars, and loads it in. The Boy is close behind with another case.

JOHN

That food should last you a couple weeks. Got enough ammo?

(the boy nods)

Good, but don't kill anyone. It isn't worth it. Stay off the road whenever you can.

He hands him a slip of paper.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Find these coordinates. There are good people there. Tell them John sent you.

The Boy turns, but John stops him and rips the RED SYMBOL patch off the boy's coat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Burn this.

The Boy nods, climbs in the car, and drives off into the desert.

John watches him a moment, the wind ruffling his mop of hair. Then he strides to the back of a covered troop truck.

In it are the Thugs, securely tied. Thomas grunts and tries to talk through his gag. John looks at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't you know you can't talk through a gag? That's why it's called a "gag."

John climbs in.

**INT. TROOP TRUCK - DAY**

John takes the rag out of Thomas's mouth.

THOMAS

The wrath of America will be  
unleashed upon you!

JOHN

No, it won't.  
(he leans in to Thomas)  
Look, Thomas...you're Thomas right?  
You know how this ends. You know  
who wins. You've read the book.

Thomas sneers and stares at him with cold, hateful eyes.

THOMAS

Yeah, but look, John...it is John,  
right? The John. The legend?

John meets his gaze.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

So, look, John. What we do before  
this ends... I mean, you know. You've  
read the book. Hell, you wrote the  
book.

John pauses. Yes, he knows. He smiles.

JOHN

Repent, Thomas. The end is near.

THOMAS

(laughing)  
We've been hearing that end for a  
thousand years. Your God doesn't  
care.

John just shakes his head.

JOHN

Well, they can't say I didn't try.

John shoves the gag back in.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thomas... It's not the end yet, but  
when it is, things are going to get  
nasty. You're on the wrong side.

(to the Thugs)

All of you are. Your comrades should  
be here soon. Give them my regards  
and stay out of my way.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY**

He hops out of the truck and strides toward a couple of gas cans.  
He grabs them and hoists them into his truck bed.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

John climbs into his truck. He starts it and shoves in a cassette tape. It's 1950s Doo-wop. He sits there a moment.

He puts the truck in gear.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY**

The truck slowly pulls away and heads back to the road.

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C./WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The White House. Elegant and gleaming. A star in the nightlife of America's capitol. Elegant limousines glide up to the front as equally elegant PEOPLE emerge and walk up the steps.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE/BALL ROOM - NIGHT**

A state dinner is in full swing. No taxpayer money was spared for this one. The din of the crowd is deafening.

On one side of the room stands the perfectly put together PRESIDENT ROGER CAIN: a handsome, Viking of a man, tall, broad-shouldered with a winning smile, looking splendidly handsome in his tuxedo.

However, if you looked at him more closely, close to his hairline, you would see his only physical flaw: a SCAR shaped like a hook. But he does his best to cover it with his hair.

Cain drinks in the well-wishes of the richest, most beautiful and powerful sycophants in the world. He basks in the adulation.

STEVE, an equally powerful man dressed in black, moves to his side and whispers in his ear.

STEVE

He's back. He destroyed a squad.

Cain's smile fades.

CAIN

Where?

STEVE

Eastern Wyoming.

CAIN

Who cares what the hell happens in Wyoming? Where is he heading?

Steve shakes his head.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Get back to me when you know.

A lovely woman in her forties, HELEN BLAKEMORE CAIN, the classy and dignified First Lady, takes Cain's arm.

HELEN  
Darling. I think President Huwang  
is getting irritated.

CAIN  
Well, we can't have that. He has  
nuclear weapons.

Cain chuckles. Helen leads Cain to the PRESIDENT OF CHINA and his WIFE. A White House PHOTOGRAPHER takes a photo.

On the other side of the room, MARA ROSEN WEXLER, a stunningly handsome woman in her fifties—she may be in her sixties, but what with the advances in plastic surgery, it's hard to tell—stands.

She watches Cain's every move, perhaps a little too closely, drinking him in...

Cain leans over and whispers into Helen's ear. Mara raises an eyebrow. Is that a jealous glint in her eye?

A tall, slender, mild man in his late fifties, ABRAHAM WEXLER, moves to her and hands her a drink.

ABRAHAM  
Don't stare, darling. What will  
people think?

She takes the drink and looks at him. Cain and Abraham couldn't be more different. Cain robust. Abraham bookish.

MARA  
Let people think whatever they want,  
so long as you don't.

Abraham raises an eyebrow. That was a deft parry. Mara kisses his cheek. Both turn to regard President Cain. Cain and Helen smile to the FLASH, FLASH, FLASH of the photographers. Cain turns to his wife, and kisses her flat on the mouth. He adores his wife, or so it appears.

Mara's smile stiffens. Abraham throws an unseen glance at his wife and smiles ever so slightly.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE/OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT**

Mara is up against the wall as she and Cain go at it. It's not so much sex as calisthenics. She holds on to him tightly, his face red and sweaty.

Then, they calm...

Sweat beads on Cain's ample face. It's not that Cain's fat, he's just big. And strong.

He eases her back down to the floor, both of them gasping. She leans against the wall. He pauses over her.

MARA

Good lord, Roger. I won't be able to walk for a week.

Cain guffaws. These two are perfect for each other. Their only true loves are power and pleasure.

CAIN

You're a hellava woman, Mara.  
(moves away)  
I need a clean shirt.

He rips his shirt off revealing a body toned and brawny.

MARA

Are you trying to rev me up again?

Cain smiles and winks. He wipes his face with his shirt and splashes on some aftershave, then puts on a clean tuxedo shirt.

Mara pulls down her gown as at the door, a KNOCK.

CAIN

Gotta go. Can you get my tie?

MARA

Of course, Mr. President.

She grabs his tie from the sofa, puts it round his collar and deftly ties the bow.

MARA (CONT'D)

Are you sure you want me this close to your neck?

She smiles. He moves in very close to her.

CAIN

You couldn't.

He starts to move away, but she grabs him and kisses him hard, one he'll remember. They part, breathless.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Lady. This is the only clean shirt I got.

She laughs. He starts out. She smacks his butt.

MARA

Next time you'll need clean pants, too.

He guffaws again. He sounds a little like a jackass.

CAIN

When you're ready, Steve'll escort  
you back in.

MARA

Give me a sec.

He nods and opens the door. She watches him go, then looks around the oval. She pours herself a drink, then sits behind the desk and settles in.

She takes a cigarette from a box, then looks for a light. In the drawer is a matchbook, black, with the RED HOOK SYMBOL.

She lights her cigarette, throws the matches back in the drawer, exhales, and settles in. Yes, this place would suit her just fine.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE/BALL ROOM - NIGHT**

President Cain, flanked by two SECRET SERVICE MEN, enters the ballroom, looking fresh and relaxed.

Abraham stands speaking with Helen. Both turn as Cain enters the room. Abraham's face darkens. He knows what's been going on.

Helen, on the other hand, does not.

HELEN

Excuse me, Mr. Wexler. It's been a  
pleasure as always.

ABRAHAM

Thank you, Mrs. Cain.

Abraham is every inch a gentleman. Helen glides to her husband and takes his arm. Cain never has been nor ever will be a gentleman.

HELEN

Where have you been?

Cain smiles that smile of his.

CAIN

Affairs of state.

He kisses her cheek.

HELEN

You dog. You freshened up. You're  
wearing the aftershave I gave you.

CAIN

I wear everything you give me.

She kisses him.

By the bar, Abraham watches them as they move into the room. He takes a long drink, and then swipes another from a passing waiter.

Mara appears at the door, smoothing out a lock of hair. She catches Abraham's eye, smiles, and starts toward him.

Abraham watches her a moment, then moves away. Mara stops, snubbed.

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

The sun is low on the winter horizon. The faded lines on the asphalt of a two-lane highway slip past.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

The cassette plays softly. John, looking even more weary than the last time we saw him, gazes blankly at the road.

Suddenly, a WOMAN IN WHITE appears next to him.

WOMAN IN WHITE

John...

He jumps, startled. The truck jolts. Everything jolts, except the woman, who sort of floats on the seat next to him.

JOHN

I hate it when you do that.

WOMAN IN WHITE

I am sorry. There is no subtle way to appear... I just do.

John shoots her a look. She's beautiful, ethereal even. She is about 30 with strawberry-blonde hair, a long flowing white coat and red sash. There is a subtle glow about her.

JOHN

I haven't seen you for a while.  
You never write, you never call.

Silence. Just the sound of the tires on the pavement.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Where are you going, John?

He just drives.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)

Where are you going, John?

JOHN

To visit my mother.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Sarcasm is lost on me.

JOHN  
Everything's lost on you.

She looks at him with eyes that seem to peer into his soul.

WOMAN IN WHITE  
Where are you going, John?

His jaw clenches. He can't tell her what he thinks, what he wants. There are rules, protocols.

She looks back to the road.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)  
Remember what happens when you are headstrong.

She touches his arm.

**JOHN FLASHES BACK TO:**

**EXT. AUSCHWITZ - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Rain. Miserable. A handful of Nazi GUARDS herd a group of WOMEN and CHILDREN against a wall.

One YOUNG WOMAN looks to John, a prisoner himself, held back by nearly a dozen SOLDIERS, being brutally beaten with batons. Not one blow fazes him. He struggles, but...just...can't...move!

The Young Woman breaks away and runs toward John. A Guard catches her and throws her back with the others. She CRIES OUT.

John pushes against the weight of the guards.

JOHN  
Lassen sie mich gehen sie schweine!

With everything he has, he kicks, twists and pushes through them then takes off at a run. Suddenly:

GERMAN GUARD  
Fire!

Every rifle BLASTS as the women and children are gunned down.

As they fall, they reveal the TWO FIGURES dressed in dark gray. The man and woman are expressionless, watching.

John slides to a stop, the rain pelting him. The Young Woman lies dead on the ground.

**END FLASHBACK****INT. TRUCK - DAY**

John trembles with the weight of the vision. He's sick of reliving this and everything else.

He lifts his foot from the accelerator. The truck slows. Tears well in his eyes, but he holds them back. He's also sick of weeping.

The truck stops, then coughs, and DIES.

JOHN

I had to do something. It was out of control.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Yes...it was.

He turns to her, his eyes flare.

JOHN

Was that how God willed it?

She now looks to him, her eyes gentle and understanding.

WOMAN IN WHITE

No, how humans did.

He sighs and wipes his eyes, angry and fed up.

JOHN

I noticed you weren't there.

She is astonished at his words.

WOMAN IN WHITE

I was there.  
(he knows this)  
I was always there.

They are silent a moment.

JOHN

I can't do this anymore! I can't watch this anymore!

WOMAN IN WHITE

You asked for this!

JOHN

No! Not this! I never asked for this. I asked to bring souls to God. I wanted to bring souls to God.

Her tone softens.

WOMAN IN WHITE

You have. They are all with God.

JOHN

Sarcasm is lost on me.

He turns the key. The engine grinds and dies. He flings the door open and climbs out.

**EXT. TRUCK - DAY**

John lifts the hood and fiddles with a few wires. The Woman in White is at his side.

JOHN

I wanted the joy of bringing souls to God, of watching lives change for good. That's what I asked for! Not...

He can't find the words.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...this. This cruelty. This... viciousness. I thought it would change or that I could change it, but it just goes on and on.

He braces himself against the truck.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I didn't think it would take this long. Had I known, I wouldn't have asked. I thought...maybe my lifetime and a bit more. But I have watched humanity for 2000 years! I have watched their brutality...and remained true. I have watched their savagery...and remained true.

He is bone weary, his heart breaking.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But this generation... I can't watch it anymore.

He shuts the hood.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You don't need me. Not yet. You want to know where I'm going? I'm going away.

She hears and understands as he climbs back into his truck.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come and get me when it's time.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

John reaches for the key. The Woman in White is by his side.

WOMAN IN WHITE  
Why do you think I am here?

John stops, then turns to her, his eyes dare to hope. She studies him a moment.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)  
You are a remarkable man, John.

Her eyes are full of love and admiration. She smiles.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)  
It is time. Gather who and what  
you need and go to New York.

He can't believe what she's saying.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)  
I am sorry it took so long, but...  
It is time.

He nearly cries out with relief.

JOHN  
Thank you!

WOMAN IN WHITE  
Do not thank me. You asked for  
this, and as you have seen... It is  
going to get worse.

He looks to her, and nods. She touches the dashboard. The truck starts and coughs.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)  
You need new spark plugs.

He smiles. She smiles back, then vanishes.

John sits a moment, then puts the truck in gear and stomps on the accelerator.

**EXT. TRUCK - DAY**

The truck fishtails, dragging the trailer with it, and takes off down the road.

After a few hundred yards it veers sharply toward the mountains.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****FADE IN:****INT. TRUCK - DAY**

John drives and listens to Christmas music from the 1950s. It's a gloomy day. It's always a gloomy day, but John's countenance is lighter, his eyes brighter.

**EXT. EDGE OF BOOM TOWN - DAY**

The truck dives through a scrubby landscape filled with stand pipes, pipe lines and oil pumps, their metal heads bowing methodically up and down. In between the oil pumps are wind turbines which slowly spin.

John's truck moves past a HUGE sign that says, BLAKEMORE ENERGY CORPORATION, then the truck slows and enters the town.

**EXT. BOOM TOWN - DAY**

The truck moseys down the main street. The buildings are one hundred and fifty years old, at least. Scattered throughout the old are new "prefab" buildings placed on top of one another, stairs connecting them.

The truck pulls into an auto garage and stops; the engine sputters and dies. John climbs out.

MECHANIC (O.S.)

That don't sound good.

John looks to the garage. The MECHANIC, an old, amiable guy in greasy overalls, walks toward John, a shotgun in his hand.

JOHN

Yeah. I'm told I need spark plugs.

MECHANIC

You an oil man?

JOHN

No. Worked some pipe in my time, but it's not for me.

The Mechanic slings the shotgun over his shoulder.

MECHANIC

Sorry about this. Can't be too careful these days.

John nods.

JOHN

Can you fix something this old?

MECHANIC

Son, I am that old.

The old man laughs. John smiles. The man lifts the hood.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

Now, ain't that a sight for sore eyes. Not like all these electric contraptions. I'll give it a look.

JOHN

Mind if I leave my rig here?

MECHANIC

Nope. If you got an extension cord you can plug it in over there.

He points to the edge of the building.

JOHN

I'll pay you for it.

MECHANIC

I'd have it no other way.

He laughs again, but coughs. John smiles and pats the old man's shoulder.

JOHN

Is there a place in town where I can get a bite?

MECHANIC

Yeah. Fern's in the middle of town.

John nods and tosses his keys to the old man and starts off. The wind blows. It's getting bitter.

**EXT. BOOM TOWN MAIN STREET - DAY**

John walks up the worn-out sidewalk of the dreary little town. He eyes each building. There's what you'd expect: a bank, a saloon, a store, a tailor shop.

John stops. A "tailor shop?" Naw, it can't be a "tailor shop, who needs a tailor out here? But it must be. The sign in the window says, "Alterations."

Then, he sees them. The TWO FIGURES in dark gray, fully visible. They're about 30...both beautiful, but ghostly pale. They wear clothes cut exactly like the Woman in White, except dark gray with black sashes. If the Woman in White is a "Light" angel, these are "Dark."

The Dark Angels lock eyes with John. In a heartbeat and a BLUR, John crosses to them. The world around him STOPS...except for John and the Dark Angles.

John reaches for them...but they vaporize...their smoke disappearing in opposite directions...but not before John grabs a handful of smoke.

He opens his palm. The handful of smoke materializes into a small CREATURE that wriggles in his hand. It has a serpent's tail and a head like a scorpion. It quickly goes up in a puff.

The Woman in White appears at his side.

JOHN  
Can you keep them away from me?

WOMAN IN WHITE  
At times. Not always.

JOHN  
Do they know?

WOMAN IN WHITE  
No more than you.

John sighs and nods. The Woman in White vanishes.

**INT. FERN'S CAFE - DAY**

It's a homey greasy spoon, the kind you're always looking for. Bottomless cups of coffee and the biscuits and gravy are to write home about. It's also packed with men: rough, grimy oil workers.

John pushes through the door. A handful of customers look up. John pays them no mind and walks up to an empty barstool.

An OLDER WAITRESS limps in his direction, but a Latina woman, VIRGINIA (GINGER) DIAZ, pipes up.

GINGER  
I got this, Fern. You go get off your feet.

The Older Waitress nods, happy to put her feet up. Ginger is a petite thing, around twenty-five, fit, with a ready smile and gorgeous, dark eyes.

She automatically pours John some coffee.

JOHN  
No coffee for me.

She cocks her head. Is he serious?

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Stimulants make me jittery.

GINGER  
(with a wink)  
All stimulants or just the liquid  
kind?

John smiles.

JOHN  
Pretty much all of them.

She hands him a menu. He eyes it.

GINGER  
You could use a barber.

JOHN  
Yes, I could.

GINGER  
Got a name?

JOHN  
John.

GINGER  
Well, John, I suggest the pancakes.  
Or the skillet. Or both.

She reaches past him and fills the cup of the man sitting next to John. Her sleeve inches up and reveals a Navy Seal tattoo.

JOHN  
I'll have both. You in the Navy?

She looks at her tattoo.

GINGER  
Was. Seal. You?

JOHN  
Frequently.

She smirks. That's an odd answer. She looks at him a moment then slaps the order ticket on the window counter behind her.

GINGER  
Order up!

JOHN  
Mind if I ask a question?

GINGER  
It's a free country.

They both pause, then laugh.

JOHN  
Is there a lot of work around here  
for a tailor?

She frowns. He nods out the window. She looks up. Across the street is the "Alterations" sign. She nods.

GINGER  
Some. Mostly rips and tears. Why?  
You looking for alterations?

JOHN  
I am, but for a different kind of  
material.

She looks at his left hand. There are a couple small scars where his chip is. She leans her elbows on the counter.

GINGER  
Well, John, tell me... You running  
from something or to?

JOHN  
(smiles)  
To...

She studies his face as the hustle and bustle of the cafe whirls around her.

GINGER  
Well, I can't say for sure, but  
drop by and tell them what you need.  
They may be able to help...or not.

He nods. Behind her:

COOK  
Order up.

**INT. ALTERATIONS SHOP - DAY**

The door opens. A little BELL TINKLES. John enters and looks around. It's a tailor shop all right. Industrial sewing machine, dress form, bolts of material.

On the wall is an old monitor, on it is the news. Something about President Cain and the President of China. John steps closer to the monitor and zeroes in on Cain.

From the back comes BLANCHE, a middle-aged Native American woman, puffing on a cigarette in a silver holder.

BLANCHE  
You need a suit?

John turns, startled.

JOHN

What?

BLANCHE

A suit. You need a suit?

JOHN

No.

She walks to him and sizes him up.

BLANCHE

Pants?

(he shakes his head)

Shirt?

He shakes his head. She takes a long drag on her cigarette and blows the smoke.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

What do you need?

John thinks a moment.

JOHN

Alterations. The woman at the cafe said you might be able to help me.

BLANCHE

Which woman?

JOHN

Navy seal.

She peers at him, then moves to the ancient wall phone and dials.

BLANCHE

Yeah, it's Blanche, put Ginger on.

She looks to John. He smiles.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

Did you send a hairy man to me?...  
You know him?... All right...

She hangs up.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

She doesn't know you. Go away.  
Unless you need pants.

JOHN

I can pay.

BLANCHE

Don't need money. Go away.

She starts into the back room. In a heartbeat, he is next to her.

JOHN  
Blanche. I need your help.

He touches her arm.

**JOHN FLASHES BACK TO:**

**EXT. BOOM TOWN MAIN STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

In the faint glare of the street lights, Blanche embraces the Woman from the encampment who was shot in the head. Tears slip down Blanche's cheeks.

BLANCHE  
(in Shoshone)  
You will be safe in the wilderness.

WOMAN FROM ENCAMPMENT  
(in Shoshone)  
Come as soon as you can.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. ALTERATIONS SHOP - DAY**

John lets go of Blanche's arm.

JOHN  
Who was she?

BLANCHE  
Who?

John reaches into his pocket and puts the woman's chip on the counter.

JOHN  
Her?

Blanche thinks a moment, then reaches behind the counter and pulls out a decrepit Laser Scanner Device. She holds it over the chip. It blinks, flashes, and sputters.

The Woman from the Encampment's face rises from the chip. Blanche's eyes widen, but her countenance falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Who was she?

Tears well in Blanche's eyes.

BLANCHE  
Where'd you get this?

JOHN  
Off a woman I found. She and her people were killed.

BLANCHE

All of them?

John nods. Blanche stumbles. John catches her. She grabs the counter and steadies herself.

JOHN

You were...sisters. I am so sorry.

He eases her down into a chair.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Her boy, your nephew, survived. I sent him to friends of mine in the wilderness. He'll be safe there.

She looks at him, hopefully.

BLANCHE

In the wilderness? Have you been there?

He nods. She takes his left hand and touches the small scars, then looks deep into his eyes.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

Are you him? The Angel Who Walks... I didn't believe you were real.

JOHN

(smiling)  
I'm no angel.

She grasps his hand.

BLANCHE

Come.

She rises, and shoves a key into a dead-bolt, and leads John through the door.

**INT. ALTERATIONS SHOP/LAUNDRY - DAY**

Blanche guides John through a maze of running washers and dryers into a back room. She turns the key in another lock and opens the door.

**INT. ALTERATIONS SHOP/BACK ROOM - DAY**

The hall light from the door stabs into the dark. The only light in the room comes from a dozen brand new monitors that play everything from the national news, to business news, to soap operas.

Cords and wires go everywhere, stringing from monitor to monitor, hard drive to hard drive. It looks like an Apple Store exploded.

In the middle of all this sits a kid—a teenager—maybe seventeen. This is MICHAEL EASTEAGLE, a computer savant.

MICHAEL

Mom!

Blanche closes the door quickly.

BLANCHE

This is—

Michael bolts to his feet.

MICHAEL

What the hell?! Why did you bring someone back here?!

John walks around the place, dodging the web of cords, regarding the FLASHING LIGHTS and BEEPS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't touch anything.

JOHN

How do you afford all this stuff?

MICHAEL

None of your damn business.

BLANCHE

Michael.

JOHN

Michael? Your name's Michael?

BLANCHE

Easteagle.

MICHAEL

Mom!

BLANCHE

Listen to this man, he is—

John motions for her to stop.

JOHN

I knew a Shoshone warrior once named Michael Easteagle. Well, his name was just East Eagle. I gave him the name Michael. He was a great warrior, just like Michael the archangel. Just, and true, and fierce.

(in Shoshone)

He taught me your language.

MICHAEL  
 (in Shoshone)  
 Yeah, so what?

JOHN  
 He was killed at the Battle of Bear  
 River in 1863.

Michael looks at him and scoffs.

MICHAEL  
 Are you trying to B.S. me into  
 believing that you were there?

BLANCHE  
 He was my great-great-great-great-  
 grandfather.

John looks at her.

JOHN  
 I thought you might be related.

It's starting to dawn on Michael.

MICHAEL  
 Wait... That was two hundred and  
 fifty years ago.

JOHN  
 Give or take. I was there when he  
 was killed.

Michael's eyes widen. It hits him!

MICHAEL  
 Oh, my gosh! Oh, my gosh! You're  
 him! You're the guy! You're the  
 "Angel Who Walks" my grandmother  
 told me about!

JOHN  
 I'm not an angel, kid.

MICHAEL  
 But you're the guy! You're John!  
 Mom, he's John!

Blanche nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Holy sh—

BLANCHE  
 Michael!  
 (to John)  
 What do you need from us?

MICHAEL  
Anything! Anything!

John holds up his left hand.

JOHN  
I need you to fix this.

Michael sprints back to his console.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, yeah, sure. Sit here.

Michael yanks a stool next to his desk. He starts pounding on his keyboard. John sits and places his hand under a makeshift scanner that starts flashing.

JOHN  
And for the first time in my life,  
make me filthy rich.

Michael smiles.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

SUPERTITLE:

*"And I saw in the right hand of him that sat on the throne a book written within and on the backside, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof?"*

*Revelations 5:1-2*

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BOOM TOWN/AUTO SHOP - NIGHT**

It's a clear, cold winter night. John's truck and trailer are parked in the gravel parking lot of the auto shop. Light ekes through the curtains of the trailer.

**INT. JOHN'S TRAILER - NIGHT**

The Lilliputian trailer is crammed with notebooks, papers, and parchments. Writings of every kind, stuffed anywhere paper can be stuffed. Boxes full.

Bare-chested, John sits on the bed writing in a spiral notebook. He pauses, then leans his head back. He takes a deep breath as...his...eyes...close.

**EXT. FOGGY VOID - NIGHT - VISION**

John appears in a landscape of mist and fog. He looks around, warily. Then, somewhere, a WOMAN'S painful MOAN.

John spins, but there's nothing but mist.

Then, a sound. The great FLAPPING of WINGS!

Then, a SCREECH of something not human, as a GREAT RED DRAGON with SEVEN HEADS and TEN HORNS swoops down out of the mist, knocking John to the ground. The beast is enormous! Terrifying!

John looks up as one of the Dragon's heads lurches into the mist and drags a WOMAN, very pregnant, dressed in purple, out of the mist. She has BLONDE hair, but John can't see her face.

She SCREAMS and holds her stomach.

The Dragon's head lifts her into the air. A SECOND HEAD chomps down onto the woman's leg. She SCREAMS!

She reaches for John just as the largest Dragon Head bears down on her, teeth bared, and chomps!

**INT. JOHN'S TRAILER - NIGHT**

John sits up with a gasp, bathed in sweat! He pants, stunned, cold cocked.

The Woman in White sits at the foot of the bed. He leans back on the pillow.

JOHN  
I'm glad you're here.

She smiles and nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
The woman in the dream. In purple.  
Is that who I'm looking for?

WOMAN IN WHITE  
Yes.

JOHN  
Do you know who she is?

WOMAN IN WHITE  
(shakes her head)  
Many are worthy, but you must choose.

JOHN  
What if I make the wrong choice?

WOMAN IN WHITE  
You cannot choose wrongly, only  
unwisely. You will know her when  
you see her.

Then, a KNOCK. The Woman in White looks to the door.

WOMAN IN WHITE (CONT'D)  
Follow your heart and have faith.

The KNOCK turns to an agitated POUND. John stands and the Woman in White vanishes. He moves to the door and throws it open. Michael stands there bundled in every sweater he owns.

MICHAEL  
Dude, it's like two degrees. Put a  
coat on.

JOHN  
It doesn't bother me. What do you  
want?

MICHAEL  
I've been working all night, and I  
got everything programmed. I need  
your hand.

JOHN  
This couldn't have waited till  
morning? What time is it?

MICHAEL

Three, and yeah it could wait.  
But, why? I was up. Were you  
sleeping? Do you need to sleep?

JOHN

Sometimes. Depends.

MICHAEL

Go back to sleep; I'll see you in  
the morning.

Michael starts off.

JOHN

No, wait. It's fine.

John grabs a sweater and follows the boy.

**EXT. BOOM TOWN MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

John pulls the sweater over his head.

MICHAEL

I thought cold didn't bother you.

JOHN

It doesn't, but I'm not walking  
around like this.

He and Michael clip up the main street. Most of the shops along  
the main street are closed and dark. Except for the saloon, which  
is never dark, and Fern's cafe.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Why do you live here?

MICHAEL

What?

JOHN

Why do you live here? I know what  
you're capable of. You can hack  
into anything. You could be rich.

MICHAEL

Dude, we are rich.

JOHN

Then why stay here?

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL

It's our home. No one bothers us...  
We get to help people. We like it.

Makes sense.

JOHN

Okay.

MICHAEL

So, I did what you said. Your name is John James Altman, you're a well-to-do financier...from London.

JOHN

Why London?

MICHAEL

'Cuz it's not America and it's classy. Oh, can you do an English Accent?

JOHN

Yeah.

John glances toward the cafe.

**INT. FERN'S CAFE - NIGHT**

The cafe is quiet with only a few graveyard shift customers dotted around. Ginger brings out an order, sets it before a CUSTOMER, and spots John and Michael walking down the street.

She moves to the window and peers out.

**EXT. BOOM TOWN MAIN STREET - NIGHT**

John and Michael walk along.

MICHAEL

I'm still working on your background, but there's enough to get you started.

They get to the Tailor Shop.

**EXT. FERN'S CAFE - NIGHT**

Ginger watches John and Michael push through the door. What the devil are they doing out this time of night?

**INT. ALTERATIONS SHOP/BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

Michael and John enter the lattice of cords and wires. Michael shoves crap off the stool.

MICHAEL

Sit.

(he catches himself)

Sir.

(John smiles)

Put your hand under the scanner.

John does. Michael types rapidly. The scanner flashes. A hologram rises from John's hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We need an updated picture. Maybe one where you're not so hairy.

(John nods)

You're an only child. Your parents are dead, you're single. Any other personal stuff?

**JOHN FLASHES BACK TO:**

**INT. GOTHIC CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK**

The year 1160. John slips a wooden wedding ring onto the finger of a pretty, young, BLONDE WOMAN. They lean in to kiss. FLASH TO:

**INT. ELIZABETHAN CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK**

The year 1599. John kisses a REDHEADED WOMAN. FLASH TO:

**INT. MODERN CHURCH - DAY - FLASHBACK**

The year 1942. John pulls back from kissing a striking BRUNETTE WOMAN.

**END FLASHBACK**

JOHN

No... No other personal stuff.

MICHAEL

Okay.

Michael bangs on the keys.

JOHN

But on another note, we need a phone. Something that can't be traced or tracked.

Michael stops typing and thinks.

MICHAEL

Okay, yeah... Instead of not being tracked, how about...one that leads them to the wrong place?

John smiles and rises.

JOHN

Even better.

MICHAEL

I can take a Holophone, rewrite the logarithms, and...

(it dawns on him)

Wait. "We" need a phone?

JOHN

Yeah. You're coming with me. So, reprogram your chip.

Michael stares at him, gob-smacked.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's a lot I can do, but I can't do...

(he looks around)

...this. I need you for this.

Michael explodes with joy, jumping around the room, again.

MICHAEL

Are you kidding me?! Oh, my gosh!  
Are you freaking kidding me?!

Michael leaps into John's arms.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thanks! Thanks! Where are we going?

JOHN

New York.

Michael erupts even more and bounces around.

MICHAEL

Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh! I'm going to New York!

JOHN

If it's okay with your mother.

MICHAEL

Are you nuts? She'd do anything for you!

JOHN

I want to leave day after tomorrow, so get it done.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

He goes back to typing. John smiles. He likes this kid. Who wouldn't? John starts out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, and you're filthy rich.  
(more)

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
 (John turns)  
 Three billion.

JOHN  
 That should do.

MICHAEL  
 Guess where I got it?  
 (John shakes his head)  
 President Cain!

Michael laughs, gleefully.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 And there's no way he'll ever find  
 out.

**EXT. WEXLER BUILDING - DAY**

This is gorgeous. It's the Chrysler Building on steroids.

CAIN (V.O.)  
 It's three billion dollars! Someone  
 hacked through your bank's un-  
 hackable firewall and stole three  
 billion dollars of my money!

**INT. MARA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Mara's on the Holophone; which is a piece of glass about the size of a playing card and about a quarter inch thick. Cain's image hovers above the Holophone, as he rants. She's on her feet.

MARA  
 That's impossible—

CAIN  
 Find my money!

MARA  
 Roger, calm down.

**INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

President Cain is on his Holophone, Mara's image hovering above his desk.

CAIN  
 Don't patronize me you—  
 (he stops himself)  
 You have 24 hours to get that money  
 back into my account...

**INTERCUT: OVAL OFFICE/MARA'S OFFICE**

Cain is red-faced and enraged off the charts.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
 ...or there's some legislation I  
 will sign that will make you very  
 uncomfortable. Got it?

MARA  
 Roger—

But he's hung up. The image disappears. Mara flops down in her chair, exhausted. This is the last thing she needs.

**INT. JOHN'S TRAILER - DAY**

John stuffs a few things into a duffel. He looks around. What else should he take? An old wooden box catches his eye. He pulls it from a shelf and opens it.

Inside are pages from an ancient Bible, but these are typeset, like the Gutenberg. The heading on the top page, in Old English script, is: The Book of Revelations of St. John the Divine.

The pages are old and yellowed, but still in remarkable shape after six hundred years.

John touches the page and closes his eyes, when:

A KNOCK at the door. His eyes open. Another KNOCK...soft, almost timid.

He closes the box, puts it on the shelf and opens the door. Outside, shivering in the snowfall, is Ginger.

GINGER  
 Is it true?  
 (John frowns)  
 What Michael says. Is it true?

John's eyes flare.

JOHN  
 What did he tell you?

Ginger climbs up the step and pushes past him.

GINGER  
 Everything. And if it's true, I  
 want to come with you. I have to  
 come with you.

Ginger glances around the trailer. John closes the door.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
 He says you're a walking angel.

JOHN  
 "The Angel Who Walks," and I'm not  
 an angel.

She picks up an old parchment and reads. John pulls it from her grasp. She looks up, astonished.

GINGER  
You are him! It is true! Please,  
let me come with you.

John rubs his aching forehead.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
I'll do anything, I could be your  
bodyguard.

JOHN  
I don't need a bodyguard.

GINGER  
Then I could babysit Michael—

JOHN  
I may need that.

GINGER  
Or a scout, or another pair of eyes,  
anything. Just please, I have to  
get out of here!

John just shakes his head. Then, another KNOCK.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
And don't blame Michael. He's had  
a crush on me since he was ten, and  
I can get anything out of him.

JOHN  
That's reassuring.

Another KNOCK. He opens the door. There stands Michael.

MICHAEL  
So, I got this idea. I hacked into  
the guts of a Holophone and—

He looks up and sees Ginger.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

JOHN  
Come in.

John literally lifts Michael into the trailer and shuts the door.

MICHAEL  
(to Ginger)  
What did you tell him?  
(to John)  
I didn't tell her anything!

JOHN  
You told her everything.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I did.

He looks at the two of them.

JOHN  
What do you think this is? Both of  
you, what do you think this is?

Michael and Ginger glance at one another.

MICHAEL  
Armageddon?

John shakes his head.

JOHN  
You don't even know what that word  
means. We're far from Armageddon,  
but this is the inception, and I  
don't need children looking for  
adventure.

Ginger stiffens.

GINGER  
I am not a child!

MICHAEL  
I'm sort of a child.

John zeroes in on Ginger.

JOHN  
Why did you leave the Navy?

Her jaw tightens. Michael looks at her, angry tears well in her eyes.

GINGER  
Because my commanding officer...  
He... They believed him.

John lowers his head. Ginger swipes a tear from her eye.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
Please, sir. If you're really who  
Mike says you are...

JOHN  
I can't... Being around me is  
dangerous. People close to me...  
women...get...killed.

GINGER  
I'm not afraid.

JOHN  
That's because you don't know. You  
don't know what's ahead.

GINGER  
Please. Let me serve.

John looks at the two of them, then turns and shakes his head.

JOHN  
I must be insane.  
(to them)  
We leave at first light.

Ginger grins and shakes his hand.

GINGER  
Thank you, sir. Thank you.  
(to Michael)  
Come on.

She yanks him out.

MICHAEL  
Wait! I gotta show him—

She hauls him out the door. With one last look to John.

GINGER  
Thank you.

She closes the door. John sighs and flops down on the bed. What has he gotten himself into?

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR**EXT. EDGE OF BOOM TOWN - DAY**

It's sunny and the sky is blue, but the town's still a dump.

A beat-up old GREYHOUND bus idles at the curb of an old gas station. John gives his duffel to Michael, who tosses it into the luggage compartment. Ginger waits at the door. John turns to Blanche and places his truck keys in her hand.

JOHN

Everything I have is in that trailer.  
Everything I've written, everything  
I've seen... Please, keep it safe.

Blanche nods.

WOMAN IN WHITE (O.S.)

She will guard it with her life.

John looks up. The Woman in White stands behind Blanche. Blanche gives him a bear hug.

MICHAEL

Mom, let him go.

Blanche releases John. John kisses her cheek.

JOHN

You have a great spirit. Thank you.

She turns to her son and takes his hand.

BLANCHE

When you are in doubt, be still and  
wait; when doubt no longer exists  
for you, go forward with courage.

Michael nods and starts away. John stops him and whispers.

JOHN

Kiss your mother.

Michael looks up. Is John nuts?

JOHN (CONT'D)

Kiss her. You may never see her again.

This hits Michael. He hadn't even considered. He walks back and throws his arms around Blanche. They hold each other, tightly. At the bus, Ginger watches. No one's there to hug her...

The BUS DRIVER exits the gas station and climbs into the bus.

BUS DRIVER

Bus is leavin'.

Michael kisses his mom.

MICHAEL  
I'll call you.

She nods, tears streaming down her cheeks. Michael heads for the bus. He and Ginger climb aboard. John takes Blanche's hand and gives it one last squeeze, then hops aboard.

Behind Blanche, SMOKE. The Dark Angels materialize as the bus lumbers off.

**INT. BUS - DAY**

Michael and Ginger sit in the back of the bus facing each other. John sits next to Michael.

MICHAEL  
Why are we taking the bus? You  
have three bill—

John puts his hand over his mouth. Ginger shakes her head.

JOHN  
Think before you speak.

Michael nods. John takes his hand away.

MICHAEL  
(whispers)  
Why the bus?

JOHN  
Private cars aren't allowed in New York.

MICHAEL  
I know that, but I repeat, why the  
bus? Let's take a plane! First  
class, dude.

JOHN  
Less security at the bus terminal.

MICHAEL  
Oh... Good thinking. So, I made  
these for us.

He hands them each a Holophone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I hacked into your average Holophone,  
changed the logarithms so that we  
can talk on the network, but nothing  
can trace us. And if you touch the  
corner here, it turns into a  
communicator. We can talk to each  
other without the network.

JOHN  
Like Star Trek.

MICHAEL  
Like what?

JOHN  
(sighs)  
I hate this generation.

Ginger shoves her phone into her pocket.

GINGER  
John... Sir. What's in New York?

JOHN  
A woman... The woman. I have to  
find her, and I don't know who or  
where she is.

**INT. WEXLER PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR LANDING - NIGHT**

The perfectly polished mahogany door of an elevator opens. There stands LENNOX ELIZABETH WEXLER, weary to the bone. She's a classic beauty. Flawless, one might say. Mid-thirties. Blonde. She's Grace Kelly with grit.

She steps out of the elevator and walks toward the penthouse door.

**INT. WEXLER PENTHOUSE FOYER - NIGHT**

Now this is a place! Rain forests were devastated to furnish this house. There's a Picasso on one wall next to the two Monets. The opposite wall is dotted with Rembrandts, three Van Goghs, and a Vermeer.

The door opens, and in walks Lennox. She sets her \$2500 coat and \$900 briefcase on a table. A MAID swoops in, gathers her things, and is out.

ABRAHAM (O.S.)  
Lennox?

Abraham appears at the portal.

LENNOX  
Hey, Dad.

She drags herself to her father and kisses him on the cheek. Lennox is Abraham's treasure, and she adores him.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I'm so late. Three billion  
went missing in President Cain's  
account, and Mom's frantic.

ABRAHAM  
That's unfortunate.

Lennox moves into his study. He follows.

**INT. ABRAHAM'S STUDY - NIGHT**

This room is simpler, not trying to make a statement. There's a very nice desk upon which is a Crystal Holographic Computer—which is just a perfect plate of glass balanced on a crystal base. A gas fire place blazes and a couple of overstuffed chairs in front. It's actually cozy. Lennox and Abraham enter.

LENNOX  
It's a mess. Whoever broke through the bank's firewall was a genius. Left no tracks. That money is gone. Dad, I'm afraid we are going to be three billion dollars poorer tomorrow.

ABRAHAM  
A drop in the bucket. We'll make that back in three months. Drink?

LENNOX  
Please.

She eases into a comfy chair as he pours a brandy.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
You know, you could have let Walter take him home. I didn't mean for you to—

ABRAHAM  
I will not have my chauffeur put my grandson to bed. Besides, I wanted him to read me a story.

She chuckles and kicks off her \$1500 shoes.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I suppose your mother stayed at the office?

LENNOX  
Didn't she call?

ABRAHAM  
She rarely does.

LENNOX  
I hate the bank. I'm sorry, Dad, but I do.

He hands her the brandy.

ABRAHAM  
Is it the bank you hate?

She sighs.

LENNOX  
Why is Mother so relentless? Why  
can't she ever just...stop.

ABRAHAM  
Your mother is like a shark...

Lennox takes a sip of her brandy.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Or maybe a Spiny Dogfish.

Lennox spit-takes into her glass and laughs.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
She always has to be moving or she'll  
suffocate.

LENNOX  
She's exhausting.

She downs her drink and closes her eyes. Abraham sits in his  
chair.

ABRAHAM  
Why don't you quit?

She peers at her father and raises an eyebrow.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Take Edward and go away. I'll come  
with you.

LENNOX  
Where?

ABRAHAM  
Anywhere you want. Good heavens,  
Lennox, we own half the world, and  
when your mother is done, we'll own  
all of it.

She gets up and pours herself another, stiffer drink.

LENNOX  
You're serious.

ABRAHAM  
I am.

LENNOX  
It is tempting...but someone has to  
keep an eye on her.

She moves to him, bends down, and kisses him, warmly.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
 If it's all right with you, I'll  
 stay here tonight. I'll take Edward  
 to school in the morning.

ABRAHAM  
 I'll take Edward to school in the  
 morning. You have the Foundation  
 Gala shoot.

LENNOX  
 (deflates)  
 Oh, crap, I forgot all about it.

She moves to the portal, then looks back, her eyes weary.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
 So, you'd leave with me?  
 (he nods)  
 It is tempting.

She and her drink depart, leaving Abraham alone with the fire.

**INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

It's a perfunctory room, comfortable, but not lavish. There are a few "boy things" around: a skateboard, a bat and ball, that sort of thing.

The door opens slowly with the faintest of SQUEAKS. Lennox peeks in. EDWARD, her seven-year-old son, is fast asleep. If Lennox is Abraham's treasure, Edward is hers.

She pulls up his blanket and tucks him in, like all mothers do. She watches him a moment with such love...

She takes a sip of brandy and walks out on the balcony. It's cold and snowing lightly.

She stares at the silent city. From this vantage, she can see the entire city and a wall going up on the other side of 5th Avenue.

On her side of the wall there's peace and quiet—just the falling snow. On the other, flashing police lights, fires and smoke here and there. What must it be like on that other side?

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BUS - NIGHT**

John gazes out the window of the bus; it's like he's gazing at Lennox. She fades. Next to John, Michael and Ginger are sound asleep. John stares into the night.

**EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL - DAY**

The bus slows as it approaches the tunnel.

**INT. BUS - DAY**

The morning sun shines right in Michael's eyes as he sleeps on John's shoulder. He blinks and struggles awake.

MICHAEL

Where are we?

Ginger slices off a chunk of apple with a wicked-looking knife.

GINGER

Union City.

MICHAEL

We're in New Jersey? How long have I been asleep?

GINGER

Eighteen hours.

MICHAEL

Is that all?

The bus slows. Ginger looks out the window. Her eyes widen.

GINGER

The son-a-va... Cain really did it. He put up a wall.

**GINGER'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW**

Along either side of the tunnel entrance, huge cranes lift fifty-foot-high blocks of concrete and steel, making a great wall.

GINGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I thought it was just talk after Mexico and Canada, but he's really walling the cities.

**BACK TO SCENE**

John gazes out the window. They pass a WORKMAN who waves them on.

MICHAEL

Your tax dollars at work.

Then John sits up. He sees something.

GINGER

What is it?

JOHN'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

Behind the Workman are the Dark Angels. Around them the winter wind blows, but nothing on them moves. Not a whiffle.

They look up. Their eyes lock with John's.

GINGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

John?

**EXT. LINCOLN TUNNEL - DAY**

John's face is framed in the bus window. The Dark Angels focus directly on him.

Suddenly...everything slows...except the Dark Angels...who vaporize into SMOKE and whisk underneath the bus.

In an instant, the bus VAULTS into the air, turning side over side. The Dark Angels stand where the bus was.

**INT. BUS - DAY**

SCREAMS as PEOPLE, luggage, and glass fly around the bus.

John immediately has Ginger and pulls her close. He reaches for Michael, but his fingers just graze Michael's jacket. Michael catapults around the bus.

John protects Ginger as they both bounce off the sides of the bus like human pinballs.

Then, the bus comes to a stop.

John uncoils from around Ginger. He's not got a scratch. She has a couple.

JOHN

Are you all right?

(she nods)

Where's Michael? I couldn't grab him!

WHIMPERS and GROANS from the injured. They see Michael, bruised and bleeding, his body twisted, stretched out across a seat.

GINGER

Michael!

She climbs through the glass and rubble to him. He's out cold and hurt badly. John is at her side.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Look at his back.

John gently picks up the boy.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
Don't move him!

But John takes him and lays him down on the floor, then puts his hands upon Michael's head. Ginger watches as John closes his eyes and bows his head.

Somehow...time is suspended...the bus...the world is still...frozen in time. And John...

...radiates. He rises and walks through the bus...touching each person...

As he touches them, a burst of light pulses through their body.

Lastly...he touches the Bus Driver. John looks back to Ginger.

JOHN  
All will be well. Take care of  
them. I will find you.

Ginger watches...frozen...but her eyes somehow BLINK.

John looks out the window...the Dark Angels watch him. John takes off, in a BLUR. Time returns to normal.

**EXT. BUS - DAY**

John's BLUR streaks toward the Dark Angels, but they vaporize and disappear into the Lincoln tunnel.

John looks to the bus. Ginger stares at him through a window. He nods. She nods back. Then he takes off into the tunnel.

**EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY**

FIRE. A brownstone is up in flames. Engulfed.

HOMELESS FOLK and PEOPLE stand in the street as one solitary fire truck drenches the structure, but with little effect.

John's BLUR streaks up the street and stops. He stares at the building. Suddenly, the Woman in White is next to him.

Then, blocks away, an EXPLOSION! John turns. After a moment, another EXPLOSION farther away. Then another, even farther away.

WOMAN IN WHITE  
And so, it begins.

John looks down the block. The Dark Angels watch him, then slowly vaporize, waft up, and disappear into the smoke from the brownstone fire.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

The Dark Angels stand as a SECRET SERVICE AGENT sails through them and SLAMS into the wall, caving it in. They look to the Agent, unfazed.

CAIN  
Fire won't stop him!

Cain rants red-faced, and enraged! Steve stands off to the side.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
Who was he with?

DARK ANGEL WOMAN  
A woman and a boy. They are only hurt.

Cain strides to them.

CAIN  
Then kill them!

They are unfazed by his anger.

DARK ANGEL WOMAN  
We cannot. She is with them. We  
can do nothing when she is there.

Cain's fury explodes.

CAIN  
How are we supposed to fight him?

DARK ANGEL WOMAN  
By turning his followers to our side.

Cain puts his face in theirs.

CAIN  
Then turn them. I'll do the rest.

He moves back to his desk.

DARK ANGEL MAN  
Stay away from John.

CAIN  
Or what?

The Dark Angels smile. The Woman cocks her head. Suddenly, Cain winces in pain as his hand goes to the scar on his forehead.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
All right, all right, stop.

The Dark Angels vaporize.

CAIN (CONT'D)

I hate them.

Cain sits in his chair and rubs his scar. A bead of sweat runs down his brow.

CAIN (CONT'D)

(to Steve)

Why is John in New York? Who is he looking for?

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY**

Lennox sits with an INTERVIEWER on camera.

LENNOX

Sex trafficking is the new American Slave Trade. That's all there is to it. Girls and women are preyed upon by men every day in our poorer neighborhoods. Desperate women are easy victims of despicable men.

As she speaks, we pull back, and now Lennox is on a huge television screen. We continue to pull back and she is on twenty-five huge television screens.

**EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY**

Twenty-five Lennoxes speak in unison as on the street, PEDESTRIANS walk by, taking no notice.

John's BLUR streaks down the street in and out of traffic, his draft blowing up papers and dust.

Then...time SUSPENDS...everything and everyone FREEZES...only John moves, running through traffic. He looks to his right and spots Lennox frozen on the wall of televisions.

He stops. The world speeds up. A HORN BLARES as a taxi swerves to miss him.

He leaps onto the curb and walks to the store window. He gazes at Lennox, the TV image reflected on the window, her voice muffled.

LENNOX (O.S.)

The Wexler Family Foundation's goal is to eradicate this slavery once and for all.

John touches the window and smiles, then takes off down the street in a BLUR.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Michael, cut and bruised, lies awake in bed, Ginger by his side.

MICHAEL  
Have you tried to call him on his  
phone?

GINGER  
That's the fourth time you've asked  
me. How many drugs did they give you?

MICHAEL  
A lot.

John's blur comes to a stop at the door; his back draft washes  
into the room, ruffling everything that can ruffle.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(doped up)  
Johnny!

JOHN  
Has anyone been here? Have you  
felt anyone here?

Ginger frowns... What the hell?

WOMAN IN WHITE (O.S.)  
They are fine.

John turns. Standing next to the bed is the Woman in White.  
John nearly collapses with relief.

JOHN  
Thank you.

GINGER  
Who are you talking to?

John looks at Ginger. What should he tell them?

JOHN  
A...friend. A guide, or...a  
protector. You will meet her when  
it's time.

MICHAEL  
Is she here now?

John nods.

JOHN  
On your left.

Michael looks to his right.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
The other left.

Michael looks left; he is so dopey.

MICHAEL  
Hi, I'm Michael.

He holds out his hand. The Woman in White smiles and passes her hand through his. Michael gasps.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What was that? Someone touched my hand.

Ginger pushes him back onto his pillow.

GINGER  
What's happening outside?

JOHN  
It's a mess. Most of our infrastructure is gone. Is he all right?

GINGER  
The scans showed that his back had been broken and then...healed.

As she speaks, John's attention is caught by Lennox's image on the television. He walks to the television as a super fades up under Lennox's image reading: Lennox Wexler - Chair, Wexler Family Foundation.

JOHN  
Turn it up, turn it up.

Ginger turns up the TV.

LENNOX (V.O.)  
The gala will benefit our family foundation fighting this scourge on our nation and the world.

ANNOUNCER  
How do people become involved?

LENNOX  
Well, I'm afraid the tickets for the gala have been sold out for months, but there's always a way to get involved in this worthy cause.

John stares at her as Ginger and Michael look at him then at each other.

JOHN  
Ginger...

Ginger turns.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I need a barber.

Ginger smiles. Finally!

**EXT. WEXLER BUILDING - NIGHT**

Banners announce the Wexler Family Foundation Gala. Searchlights blaze as a string of limousines line up in front of the entry.

**EXT. WEXLER BUILDING/FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

A CHAUFFEUR opens the door of a sleek black limo. John climbs out. He is transformed. His beard trimmed perfectly, his hair cut. He wears a perfectly tailored tux with a red sash; he's drop-dead handsome.

He helps Ginger out; she is stunning in a black gown with a slit up to her mid-thigh (so she can run if she needs to).

Then there's Michael; he sort of looks the same, only more expensive, and with bruises.

John strides up the red carpet to a WOMAN with a clipboard, in an evening dress, Michael and Ginger just behind.

CLIPBOARD WOMAN  
Name?

John speaks with a perfect English accent.

JOHN  
Well, there's the thing. I only became aware of this gala earlier today, so I was wondering if there might be some extra room?

CLIPBOARD WOMAN  
I'm sorry sir, we're at capacity.

JOHN  
Isn't everyone.

He pulls a wad of bills from his pocket and peels off two, \$1000 bills.

CLIPBOARD WOMAN  
Please, sir, I could lose my job.

JOHN  
If you lose your job over this, you can come and work for me. I assure you as soon as I am inside, my associate will make good on the ticket price.

He peels off three more thousands.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You make a little, the foundation  
makes a lot. It's a win-win.

She looks around, then stealthily takes the bills.

CLIPBOARD WOMAN  
Name?

John smiles.

**INT. WEXLER BUILDING - NIGHT**

The colors of Christmas are everywhere: gold, green, red. Trees bursting with decorations. The colors are there but none of the spirit. And the music... The entire Philharmonic must be on the stage. No expense was spared.

John, Ginger, and Michael enter and stop. Michael and Ginger are awestruck.

MICHAEL  
Holy, sh—

Ginger whacks him.

GINGER  
Have some class.

MICHAEL  
Sh—ver me timbers. Who lives here?

GINGER  
The people who own the world.

But John is oblivious to them as he looks around. Then, like being pulled by an unknown power, he turns. A group parts and standing in the midst of them is...

...Lennox. She is dressed in a purple, strapless gown, a red belt cinched at her waist, her hair up. John drinks her in. There's a perfect light on her. Mother of Mercy, she is beautiful.

He starts toward her, but Ginger catches his arm.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
Mr. Altman. What do you want us to do?

JOHN  
Guard me.

She smiles and nods. John walks toward Lennox. He is smooth and graceful. Every inch the gentleman. Behind him, Ginger and Michael move to his flanks.

John circles around Lennox. Suddenly, Mara intercepts him.

MARA  
Well, hello there.  
(John's thwarted)  
Mara Rosen Wexler.

She offers her hand. John takes it and bows.

JOHN  
John James Altman.

MARA  
John James? Two of my favorite names.  
Are you here stag, John James?

JOHN  
Quite "stag," Mrs. Wexler.

MARA  
Please, call me, Mara.

She's as subtle as a tank.

JOHN  
It would be my pleasure—

Just then, Ginger is at his arm.

GINGER  
Excuse me, Mr. Altman. There's an  
urgent call for you.

JOHN  
Thank you, Miss Diaz.  
(to Mara)  
If you'll excuse me.

Mara's not happy, but has no choice. He walks off with Ginger.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Excellent guarding, Miss Diaz.

She smiles and veers off. John spots Lennox and from behind, pauses, then moves to her.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

Lennox turns, startled.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

She looks at him. Her breath catches. Good Lord, he's handsome.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I'm looking for Lennox Wexler.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 (looks around)  
 Perhaps you could point her out?

She smiles and shakes her head.

LENNOX  
 Really? Does that line usually work?

He smiles, caught.

JOHN  
 Not as often as I'd like, but it's  
 the best I've got.

LENNOX  
 I find that hard to believe.

JOHN  
 Forgive me, Miss Wexler, for my  
 sloppy approach. My name is John  
 Altman.

He takes her hand and kisses it.

LENNOX  
 I don't recall your name on the  
 guest list.

JOHN  
 No. I must confess, I bribed my way in.

LENNOX  
 Really?  
 (he nods)  
 How much did it cost you?

JOHN  
 Five thousand.

LENNOX  
 She should have held out for ten.

John laughs as he spots Mara by the buffet eyeing Lennox, or rather, him, not amused. Lennox slips her arm through his.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
 May I buy you a drink?

JOHN  
 Thank you.

She guides him to the bar.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 But I'm afraid I don't drink. Clouds  
 the senses.

LENNOX  
Which is exactly why I do drink.

They wedge themselves between the mob at the bar.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
Vodka martini...wet.

John pulls out a wad of bills, and throws a \$500 into the brandy snifter.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
Are you trying to impress me?

JOHN  
Yes. How am I doing?

The Martini is on the counter. She raises it to her lips.

LENNOX  
Not bad.

She takes a long drink. John looks around the room. He spots Ginger not far off, watching him.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
So, what do you do?

JOHN  
I own a small equity firm. Altman Equity Partners...though I have no partners.

LENNOX  
I've never heard of you.

JOHN  
We try to keep a low profile.

She refers to the gathering.

LENNOX  
So do we.

JOHN  
Yes, very subtle.

For just a moment he is lost in her eyes. Then:

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Would you care to dance?

She drains her drink. She's just on the verge of "not giving a damn."

LENNOX  
I would care to.

He leads her to the dance floor.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
My father wears a sash. I didn't  
know they were so in style.

JOHN  
It's a military thing.

LENNOX  
You were in the military?

JOHN  
Frequently.

He takes her in his arms. They look perfect together. She missteps.

LENNOX  
Sorry. I think that last Martini  
may have been ill-advised.

JOHN  
Not to worry. I've got you.

She looks into his eyes; he smiles. There's something about this man, something about his eyes.

As they dance to the lush music, he catches sight of Abraham watching them. He wears a blue sash. Abraham nods. John nods.

Next to Abraham are the Dark Angels, watching him. John stops.

LENNOX  
What?

Suddenly, the Woman in White appears between the Dark Angels. They HISS, distortedly, and vaporize.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
What is it?

Suddenly, Ginger is at John's side.

GINGER  
Excuse me, sir. At the door.

John looks up. Cameras FLASH... Crowds gather...

It's CAIN.

At that moment, the band plays, "Hail, to the Chief."

LENNOX  
Oh, God, is he here? I told mother—

She looks around and spots Mara bustling to the door.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
I'll kill her, I swear I'll kill her.

JOHN  
Then I shall leave you to it.

He bows and starts away. She grabs his arm, almost desperately.

LENNOX  
Please don't go.

She looks deep into his eyes and releases his arm.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... It's not your problem.

He takes her hand.

JOHN  
Miss Wexler, I am at your service.  
How may I help?

She gazes at him, a little blurry.

LENNOX  
Get me out?

JOHN  
At once.  
(turns to Ginger)  
Find Michael. Meet me at the car.

Ginger nods and heads toward the buffet. The place is a madhouse as the "gala goers," en masse, move to the door.

John guides Lennox through the "goers" towards sanctuary, when:

MARA (O.S.)  
Lennox!

Lennox freezes. Damn! Mara sidles up to them.

MARA (CONT'D)  
It's rude to leave your own party.  
(eyes John)  
That was a short call, John James.

Lennox looks at John.

JOHN  
They sometimes are.  
(a thought)  
I am sorry we weren't able to dance.

Lennox looks to him and frowns.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
May I have a rain check?

MARA

(charmed)

Of course... And may it rain soon.

(to Lennox)

Come, I want you to meet the  
President of the United States.

She takes her daughter's arm and starts off. Lennox balks.

LENNOX

I'd rather not, Mother.

MARA

It wasn't a request, sweetheart.

(to John)

Would you like to meet the President?

John smiles, roguishly.

JOHN

Yes, I think I would.

She pulls Lennox toward Cain. Lennox wrenches free and strides alongside her mother, John behind them. Michael, hors d'oeuvres in both hands, and Ginger come along either side of John.

GINGER

Change of plan?

John nods as he watches Cain in the middle of his fans, Helen at his side. They shake hands and take pictures. Mara pushes through to him.

MARA

Mr. President.

Cain looks over. His eyes lighten.

CAIN

Mrs. Wexler! There you are.

He kisses her cheek as they whisper.

MARA

You brought your wife?

CAIN

Had to.

John catches this interchange. Hmm...interesting. Mara pulls back, all smiles.

MARA

I would like you to meet my daughter,  
Lennox.

Mara turns and motions toward Lennox. Cain is thunderstruck. The mother is nothing compared to the daughter. He turns on the rest of his charm.

CAIN  
Miss Wexler. How very happy I am  
to meet you.

LENNOX  
Mr. President.

He raises her hand to kiss it. She slips her hand from his grasp.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
And may I present to you, Mr. John  
Altman, of Altman Equity Partners.

Cain looks up. John steps out of the crowd. Cain's smile fades; John's smile widens.

Photographers close in. FLASH! FLASH!

CAIN  
John...?

JOHN  
Cain...

FLASH! FLASH!

Lennox stares unbelievably. Mara is intrigued.

MARA  
You two know each other?

JOHN  
We've had dealings...off and on...for  
years and years and years.

Cain smiles. His equilibrium returns.

CAIN  
I heard you were back.

Cain raises his hand to John. John takes it and leans in.

JOHN  
I heard you were three billion  
dollars poorer.

Cain's eyes flare. He squeezes John's hand, hard. John squeezes back, but his is like a vice-grip. Cain winces.

Cain shakes with pain. John's eyes narrow.

FLASH! FLASH!

John releases him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I'm talking to you as a courtesy.  
It's time.

Cain flexes his hand.

CAIN  
Thanks for the heads-up. But then  
you always did play by the rules.

JOHN  
Rules change.

He smiles, then turns to Mara.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Mara, thank you so much for your  
hospitality.  
(he takes her hand)  
I look forward to our next rainstorm.

Then, out of the blue, John KISSES Mara...on the lips!

Lennox is SHOCKED. So is Mara. John turns back to Cain.

FLASH! FLASH!

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Mr. Cain.

John turns and walks past Lennox. As he does, his hand brushes  
Lennox's, slipping a card into her palm.

John strides away, Ginger and Michael in tow.

GINGER  
What was that?

John smiles, broadly.

JOHN  
Strategy.

Behind them, Lennox looks at the card. It says: Dinner? Tomorrow?  
7?

Her jaw sets. She crushes the card in her hand and lets it fall  
to the floor.

She stands alone as the PAPARAZZI swarm Cain. As she gazes toward  
John, he disappears out the door.

**END PILOT**