

DANGEROUS SECRET

original film script by

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Dangerous Secret

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHERN NEVADA DESERT, EAST EDGE OF DEATH VALLEY - DAY

MATTHEW ALCOTT about 30 yrs old, 5' 10" stumbles about with a gunny sack over his head. Legs and feet are bare. Flailing to get out of the gunny sac he falls over a bush, fights his way out of the bag. Naked, dust laden, he hops about on hot sand. Awkwardly hobbles bent over on gunny sac. Sees what he hopes is a building in the distance. Moves toward buildings. Bloody shins, limping, blistering skin, Matt makes it to a trailer house behind a service station just off I-95. Matt almost faints. Shakes his head, knocks on trailer door. Door opens. Two young women stand dumbfounded and wide eyed at naked man on his knees in front of them.

MATT

Please help me.

Matt's voice is a whisper.

INT. BORDELLO, HOUSE TRAILER - DAY

Two young women manage to drag-walk naked man inside. Five young women start talking all at once, put him in chair, get water. Matt blinks attempting to understand what he is seeing. Water revives him. Speechless.

BLOND WOMAN

Don't drink so fast.

He flinches as a red head in hip-hugger shorts applies lotion over his shoulders, back and chest.

WOMAN WITH OLIVE EYES

Hold still. It's only Aloe vera and vitamin E

She stops at his genitals.

WOMAN WITH OLIVE EYES (CONT'D)

Here, you'll have to do that part, otherwise, I'll have to charge you.

The women laugh, happy that he is responding to their ministrations.

MATT

Sorry to . . . a . . . be a bother.

BRUNETTE WOMAN

Don't worry about that.

BLOND WOMAN

Mornings are mostly boring anyway.

It grows quiet. Matt blinks to see a short, plump, matronly-looking woman in a muumuu standing in front of him.

BETTY IN MUUMUU

I've seen men do a lot of things to get laid. You beat all. What in hell are you doing in my store?

Matt's voice fails him.

BETTY IN MUUMUU (CONT'D)

Lincoln County sheriff is at the other end of the county. I called Clark County. A uniform from Vegas is on the way. The girls saving your life are Brandy, Pussy, Bunny, Bella, and Liberty. I'm Betty. What's your name? What's happened to you?

MATT

(voice is a whisper)

M . . . Matt Alcott. I live in Las Vegas. Where am I?

BETTY IN MUUMUU

Vegas is ninety miles south.

A deputy sheriff comes through the door.

DEPUTY SHERIFF LYMAN

I was on my way to Death Valley. Dispatch rerouted me to you, Betty.

The officer begins interviewing Matt.

BETTY IN MUUMUU

Get a bed sheet for him.

Girls run about fetching extra water, a sheet, slippers, working on his sunburn.

MATT

No. That's it. I woke up. I was naked. I could see this place in the distance.

DEPUTY SHERIFF LYMAN

Your eyes are pin point. You've been drugged.

At conclusion Deputy Lyman tosses clip board on table.

DEPUTY SHERIFF LYMAN (CONT'D)

I have to conclude you were drugged,
transported from somewhere else, and
left in the desert to die.
Premeditated. Attempted homicide.

He turned and looked at Betty.

BETTY IN MUUMUU

In my back yard?

DEPUTY SHERIFF LYMAN

Keep your eyes open. Doors locked.
You got Protection?

BETTY IN MUUMUU

Sawed-off twelve.

DEPUTY SHERIFF LYMAN

How are you feeling?

MATT

There's a possibility I'll live.
It's terrifying.

DEPUTY SHERIFF LYMAN

We'll be leaving in a minute. Get
you to a hospital.

The Deputy disappears into the back of the trailer with Brandy and Liberty. Twenty minutes later he returns adjusting his gun belt.

DEPUTY SHERIFF LYMAN (CONT'D)

Can you show me where you were when
you regained consciousness?

The girls gather and help Matt get to his feet. They wrap him in the bed sheet.

BETTY IN MUUMUU

Y'all come back and see us now, you
hear. You owe me a bed sheet.

The girls say their good-byes.

BRUNETTE WOMAN

Come back soon. I promise I'll make
you feel better.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - DAY

Officer Lyman wants to see if he can collect any evidence from the scene of the crime. Matt isn't much help with directions.

For a few minutes the Deputy wander around inthe desert looking for clues. Finds nothing. Deputy Sheriff Lyman doesn't talk much the hour it takes to drive south on I-95 to Vegas red lights blinking.

EXT. FLASHBACK, ONE DAY EARLIER (YESTERDAY) - MATT'S HOME, TEN MILES NORTH WEST OF LAS VEGAS - LATE AFTERNOON

Matt exits his van carrying a half gallon of Cutty Sark. The back door to kitchen of his house is open. Alarmed he cautiously approaches.

INT. FLASHBACK TO YESTERDAY CONTINUES - MATTS HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The kitchen has been trashed. Coffee grounds, open milk carton on floor. Fridge on its side, door ajar. Finds, Little Buddy, his dog laying in the fridge his head at an odd angle.

MATT

Bastards. Goddamn coward bastards.

Matt looks around outside. He crosses the street to a house kitty corner to his. Knocks on neighbors door.

MATT (CONT'D)

Pharmy! You in there?

Gaunt, lean, unshaven man about 40 years old opens door, exits house.

PHARMY

What's up.

MATT

Have you seen anyone hanging around my place?

PHARMY

Why?

MATT

It's been trashed. Killed Little Buddy too.

PHARMY

Serious? You don't strike me as the kind to have enemies.

MATT

You mean, other than half the state of Utah.

PHARMY
Wrong house maybe?

MATT
Happened to me before. An apartment
in Salt Lake City. I didn't have a
dog then.

PHARMY
Damn man. You're not the ideal
neighbor are you. Get this on record.
911. I don't mean to be short, but
I got a big customer waiting. Big
party at the Flamingo. Nine grand,
I gotta run. Don't mention my name.

MATT
I know.

PHARMY
I will see what I can find out. You
know where to find me.

INT. FLASHBACK TO YESTERDAY CONTINUES - MATTS HOUSE. KITCHEN -
EVENING

Matt returns to his house. Enters by kitchen door. Alarm
registers on his face. He turns stares at a wall. He thrusts
his hand against the walls, fingers the push-pins that
formerly held papers in place.

MATT
Shit. My research. Irreplaceable,
God damn it.

Matt pounds the wall.

MATT (CONT'D)
Shit!

Matt turns, hurries into the living room.

INT. PRESENT DAY, POLICE CAR, MATT AND OFFICER LYMAN - DAY

MATT
That's where memory fails Officer
Lyman.

Officer Lyman thoughtfully glances at Matt. Looks back to
the highway.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Killed your dog too?

MATT

Little Buddy. Yeah. Friendliest little brown-and-white mutt you ever saw.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

You can't think of anything they might have been after . . . anything of value someone might have wanted?

MATT

No.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Have you pissed anyone off recently?

MATT

Not that I can think of, no!

INT. NEXT MORNING, MATTS HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

Matt is cleaning up in kitchen. Refrigerator is back upright. Matt pours himself a scotch. Drinks. Finds the phone under some garbage. Notices it is blinking (message waiting.) From his boss, Jack Holiday, editor, City Desk, The Las Vegas Sun.

Matt winces as he listens.

JACK

Matthew it's me. Pick up. This is important. Pick up. I've given you more slack than anyone. It's killing me to do this, but there is nothing I can do about it. Word came down from up stairs. I have your last check on my desk.

(pause)

God damn it Matt you are the best investigative reporter I've got. Get off the sauce, damn it, and call me.

Matt kills his drink. Pours another. Pauses thoughtfully. *Bookends* begins here. He holds the bottle of Cutty Sark while his fingers glide slowly over the surface of the label.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BACK STORY, ONE YEAR EARLIER, ARCHIVES VAULT FOR MORMON CHURCH, COTTONWOOD CANYON, EAST OF SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Matt's gloved fingers thoughtfully glide over the surface of a large leather bound journal with tag reads, Journal, Brigham Young, 1875.

Matt takes surgical forceps out of his inside coat pocket. Opens cover leaf of journal. Fingers inner face liner where it has come unglued. Inserts forceps where his fingers feel a slight lump. Lightly clamps and withdraws instrument with its treasure - a yellowed folded paper. His hands shake as he unfolds the document.

MATT

On this, the 27th day of June of our
Lord, 184 . . . 4.

Matt looks up as though searching for something.

MATT (CONT'D)

Has to be in the Carthage Jail the
day he was murdered.

Matt takes a deep breath, lets it out slow. Audience sees the paper over Matt's shoulder while he skips through it quickly. He reads some parts slow, others rapidly.

MATT (CONT'D)

. . . Be it known unto Brother Young,
I Joseph Smith, speak unto you of
the new and everlasting covenant.

(labors over faded
writing)

*Whereupon more was promised more is
revealed. It has been made known
unto me the reason the Lord commands
celestial marriage. Verily, I say
unto you, our precious sisters do
not carry the seed of truth. Eve by
her nature deceived man. Verily,
women is not apportioned to understand
the precepts of heaven. Her nature
falls to pleasure, her calling the .
. . . profane . . . profane. Therefore,
she must administer unto man in order
to provide the earthly bodies that
man might progress and enter into
exaltation according to the
commandment God gave unto Abraham.
And again, verily I say, men alone
hold the keys of the priesthood.
Touching on these matters, the Lord,
thy God commands every man with the
duty of the priesthood. We must
carry the burden of wives and
concubines into the millennium where
righteous men will rule during
Christ's reign.*

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

(Matt is reading very slowly at this point)

It is to us to sow the seed of righteousness throughout every nation, people, and tongue. Verily I say unto you these are the fullness of times. To deny celestial marriage is to invite damnation. Behold, the laws of men are as nothing to the Law of God. The seed of your loins is the promise of the future. Nations of the righteous await. The Lord commands it.

(Matt looks about.

Reads faster)

Now Brother Brigham, the saints have seen enough persecution. Take the church west into the great territories where a nation of cities and towns can grow under the eternal covenant of holy marriage.

(thinks out loud, but to himself)

Oh my God. No wonder Brigham Young kept this hidden.

Matt carefully places the yellow paper in a plastic folder and puts it in his brief case.

EXT. FLASHBACK CONTINUES, ONE YEAR. TWELVE STEP HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY.

Matt picks up folder on seat next to him, exits car. Enters main door next to a sign reading Twelve Step House.

INT. FLASHBACK CONTINUES, ONE YEAR, OFFICE OF DR RODNEY OVERTON, TWELVE STEP HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

DOCTOR RODNEY OVERTON, six foot, Salt and pepper beard cut short, brown jacket with leather elbow pads, dark brown tie, is working at his desk. Framed degrees on wall, PhD Psychology, Etc. Matt enters office of Dr. Oveton. Dr Oveton stands, leans over his desk, and shakes Matt's hand.

DOCTOR RODNEY OVERTON

Matthew. How delightful. What brings the President of the church to my office or is it a bed in detox that you need?

Matt shakes his head. Looks down at the floor.

MATT

Rod, I should have listened to you
years ago.

Dr. Overton turns serious.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Sit Matthew. What's going on?

Matt extends folder to Dr Overton. He slumps into chair.
Flops one leg over the arm.

MATT

I've known for some time now that
the church is based on fraud. What
you have in front of you is the glaze
on the donut.

Overton sits. Opens file. Begins reading. Doesn't look up.

DOCTOR OVERTON

(utters matter-of-
factly)

I saw it coming. A person can only
deny it for so long.

Matt talks while Overton reads.

MATT

Three days ago. I'm working in Cotton
Wood Canyon. Brigham Young archives.
I open the cover leaf of his 1875
journal. I feel something, the
smallest lump on the inside of the
cover leaf under the inner face liner.

Dr Overton picks up phone.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Sherry, hold my calls. I will call
them back.

MATT

I checked it. Damn thing is
authentic, Rod.

DOCTOR OVERTON

This is devistating. Defines women
as . . . a sub species, baby making
slaves.

MATT

Member of the presiding Bishopric,
told me it only looked harmful.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

He said 'all things will be revealed
in the last day.'

DOCTOR OVERTON

Classic diversion.

MATT

I'm pissed, Rod. Enraged. My whole
life is upside down. Carol divorced
me. Yesterday my place was trashed.
Someone was looking for something.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Are you still on the payroll?

MATT

Burgess saw to that. Bastard hardly
said a word to me when I was married
to his daught. He had my supervisor
call me. 'Don't bother come to the
office. Keys have been changed.'

DOCTOR OVERTON

What are you going to do?

MATT

It is not right to hide information
like this.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Involuntary servitude has been against
the law since the Civil War. The
church is 55 percent female. The
math does itself.

Pause.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)

Church will never allow this to become
public.

MATT

I'm an investigative journalist. I
will never allow it not to.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Does the Bishop know?

MATT

Dad? Not yet.

DOCTOR OVERTON

What are you going to do?

MATT

I've had it with this town.
Everything that wasn't destroyed in
my apartment is in my car. I'm gone.
Start over somewhere else. You are
my last stop.

Dr Overton opens a drawer. Extracts a business card. Writes
on the back.

DOCTOR OVERTON

My cell number is on the back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESENT, KITCHEN, MATTS HOUSE, LAS VEGAS - MORNING

Matt sets the bottle of Cutty Sark down. Looks at the empty
walls. Slams his fist into the counter. A startled look
comes over him. Matt races outside.

EXT. PATIO OFF KITCHEN, MATTS HOUSE - MORNING

Matt throws open the rear doors of his van and leaps inside.

MATT

Yes. Yes. There is a God.

Matt is looking in a cardboard box filled with copies of his
research. Big sigh of relief.

INT. BE BACK BAR, ONE BLOCK NORTH OF THE SAHARA HOTEL, LAS
VEGAS - DAY

Pharmy, Matt's neighbor, is exactly where Matt figured he'd
be, in his office; last stool, back to the wall where he can
see both entrances. Matt takes the adjoining stool. Nods at
the bar tender.

PHARMY

I put out some feelers. There's
been a white . . .
(Pharmy sees Matt's
face up close)
Jesus, what happened to you?

MATT

Someone drugged me . . . left me for
dead in the goddamn desert.

PHARMY

That's attempted freakin' murder
man.

MATT

Tell me about it. You hear anything?

PHARMY

There's been a guy in a white pickup truck. Big guy! Driving the back roads. Brown suit, brown fedora hat . . . in this heat if you can believe that? Anything ring a bell?

MATT

It's why I left Salt Lake. I've got information I need to get into a book before I'm history. My new reality dictates I disappear before someone does it for me.

Bartender serves Matt a drink.

PHARMY

You're life has to be worth more than a freaking book.

MATT

Not this book and listen to you. Your the guy with a death wish.

PHARMY

So . . . is this Good bye?

MATT

I got a letter of recommendation to an editor at the L.A. Times. If I ever come back this way I'll look you up if your still stupid enough to stay here.

PHARMY

Selling the Devils Dick to the City Fathers . . . I'm gonna rub it in there faces. Premo dollars man. Figure I'm good until they get another source.

MATT

After what they did to you they owe you.

PHARMY

They don't see it that way.

MATT

I want your story. License being pulled, everything.

PHARMY

Fuck it. You ganna disappear?

Matt nods.

PHARMY (CONT'D)

Want some advice?

Matt nods.

PHARMY (CONT'D)

No cell phones. Cash only. Don't
sell your car. Don't renew your
license plates. Don't call home.
Don't go on line. If you fart it's
tracable.

Matt kills his drink. They shake hands.

EXT. PARKING LOT, BE BACK BAR, LAS VEGAS - LATE AFTERNOON

Matt on cell phone. Dial tone. Female voice answers.

EVE

Professor Eve.

(Matt attempts to
speak. Stops)

Hello. This is Eve.

(Pause. Silence.)

Matthew? Is that you? You are a
bad boy, Matthew.

(teary voice)

Call me. When you quit drinking
call me.

(click)

MATT

I'm sorry.

Matt slumps over. Takes a big breath. Pulls out in traffic.
Pulls the chip out of cell phone and chucks it. Tosses cell
at next corner.

EXT. MATT'S VAN, LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD SOUTH - LATE AFTERNOON

Van passes freeway entrance sign reading Los Angeles. Drives
through Henderson, Nevada, Boulder Dam, passes sign reads US-
93 South, Phoenix, Arizona, 295 miles.

EXT. MATT'S VAN - MONTAGE, THE CITIES COME AND GO - DAY,
NIGHT, ETC.

Matt passes a sign reads Kansas City, a cloudy sky. Sips
scotch from a bottle next to him on the passenger seat.
Another, a sunny day, sign reads Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Sleepy, head nodding, rubs his eyes. Reads a sign, Resurrection Corner, next exist. Reaches for his bottle of Cutty Sark. Empty. Takes the off ramp. Small Hamlet. One tavern middle of town. As he approaches sign reads 'One Hump' closer he can see the entire sign, 'The One Hump Bar.' Matt parks and enters bar.

INT. ONE HUMP BAR. RESURRECTION CORNER, NY - EVENING

Matt wearing Levies, sweatshirt over tee shirt, sneakers, baseball cap with the red letter B, takes the stool at the end of the bar.

JAMES J FLANNERY, bartender, in his 50's, about 6', black tee shirt reads AA Angels. Gray at temples. Black leather vest, walks with limp.

JAMES J
Started to snow yet?
(Places a coaster in
front of Matt)

MATT
Getting close. Scotch water.

JAMES J
We don't get many strangers here.
What brings you to Resurrection
Corner?

MATT
Looking for an Inn, motel for the
night. Preferably cheap. Clean
straw. That sort of thing. Any
recommendations?

James J is distracted by the sound of a car pulling up in front. He puts two wine glasses at the corner of the bar and pours red wine into both glasses. RAVEN NIGHTEAGLE is the taller of the two ladies, dark hair, angular face with the cheek bones of a model. CATE LYNN SUDONI also a brunette looks Hawaiian or Spanish. She flits about the room like a butterfly saying something to each person in the bar. Goes behind the bar, gives bartender a hug. She glances at Matt, whispers to James J.

CATE LYNN
Who's the smelly drunk?

MATT
Matt. Name's Matt.

The butterfly, Cate Lynn, goes around the bar and stands behind, Raven, the lady she came in with.

Matt, in an attempt to be casual, spills his drink.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Didn't plan that.

JAMES J
 No sweat. On the house.

James J frowns at Cate Lynn.

JAMES J (CONT'D)
 Will you lighten up?

CATE LYNN
 We don't get many strangers here.
 Just passing through I hope.

Matt sips his drink. Bar regulars look at each other then Cate Lynn.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)
 Where are you from?

Matt looks at James J.

MATT
 Not looking for any trouble. I'll
 drink this and be on my way.

JAMES J
 Nice to meet you Matt. My name is
 James J Flannery.

James J offers his hand. They shake.

JAMES J (CONT'D)
 You're moneys good in this bar, Matt.

Matt heads for the rest room. Bartender addresses Cate Lynn.

JAMES J (CONT'D)
 Cool it Little Sister. Man can buy
 a drink in my bar.

Cate Lynn pouts, snubs James J, begins talking to another customer. James J addresses Raven.

JAMES J (CONT'D)
 Correct me if I'm wrong. Isn't this
 the way it started with you-know-
 who, her ex?

RAVEN
 She treated him like shit until . .
 .

Matt returns from restroom. James J and Raven watch Cate Lynn and Matt. Matt is having trouble keeping his eyes off Cate Lynn.

INT. ONE HUMP BAR - MORNING

People talking. Matt's head is on bar. Blinks awake. James J places a beer in front of him. He tries to sip it. His hands shake too much. He realizes someone is talking to him. It is the butterfly, Cate Lynn from last night.

MATT

What is your problem, lady?

CATE LYNN

What you are doing to yourself will kill you.

MATT

Promises. Promises.

CATE LYNN

Ugh!

James J places a drink in front of Cate Lynn.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

What's this?

JAMES J

Help him hold it while he sips. It will help with the shakes.

Cate's eyes widen.

CATE LYNN

Are you talking to me?

JAMES J

I know how he feels. It would be nice of you.

Cate Lynn is horrified.

CATE LYNN

This shit-faced drunk? You can't be serious?

Matt attempts to drink the concoction by himself. Shakes spilling half of it.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

You were like that?

JAMES J
More times than I can count.

Reluctantly she holds the drink. Arms length, head turned away. Matt's hands on hers hands. He gulps it down.

The bar has small kitchenette. Cate Lynn makes a mustard cheese sandwich, watches Matt inhale it. She leaves the bar. Matt in low voice to James J.

MATT
Open to suggestions. How do I get away from that?

James J shrugs.

JAMES J
Call it penance.

Matt decides it is time to change the subject.

MATT
I take it the Camel wasn't from Mongolia?

JAMES J
You're fast. My old man's idea. He died drunk, left me the bar and the camel.

MATT
Catchy name.

JAMES J
Considering a new name. Open to suggestions.

Matt goes to the John again. This time he notices the Harley Davidson motorcycle sitting on a pedestal in the booth area of the bar. Classic 1949 with knuckle headers and ape hangers.

MATT
Your bike?

JAMES J
Yeah. I restored that sweet heart four years ago. You might say we got sober together.

At that moment two Harley Davidson motor cycles thunder to a stop in front of the bar. Two drunk bikers in black leathers bluster through the door.

GAB
Jack and water.

BARTH
Black or green. Whatever this cheap
joint stocks.

Both move to the classic 1949 Harley Davidson bike.

GAB
Damn Beauty. She fire up?

JAMES J
Ninety all day.

BARTH
Rumor has it this bike is a member
of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Gab pushes Barth laughing his ass off.

GAB
God you can be insensitive bastard.

James J looks at Matt. A smile like a challenge forms at
the corners of his mouth.

JAMES J
Four years.

GAB
No booze? No nose candy?

JAMES J
I don't repeat myself to idiots.

Barth roars with laughter.

GAB
Couldn't hold your booze huh? What
was your drug of choice old man?

JAMES J
More.

Both bikers laugh.

JAMES J (CONT'D)
Where you ass holes from?

GAB
Salt Lake City. That a problem?

JAMES J
I'm workin on it.

James J leaves the room. Matt anticipated a fight. Gab looks at Matt.

GAB

Is he chicken shit?

MATT

New around here myself. My guess is no.

BARTH

Is he gone to get a gun?

James J returns in his riding leathers, puts a helmet in front of Matt. He slams two drinking glasses down on the bar, opens a new bottle of Black label Jack Daniels, and begins to pour. Fills both to the rim. He looks at the two Salt Lake bikers who are transfixed staring as he pours.

JAMES J

You haven't got a hair on your ass if you can't walk away from this drink and keep up with me for the next three hours.

James J says something to a patron and as he walks out the back he speaks to Matt.

JAMES J (CONT'D)

You're with me. Bring the helmet.

The roar of a Harley starting is heard. The noise moves around to the street in front of the bar. Several revs of engine crackle the air. Gab and Barth stumble all over themselves getting to their bikes. Three bikes thunder off toward the freeway.

EXT. DUNN'S HOLLOW, DANVILLE, NY, BROWN CINDER BLOCK BUILDING - DAY

Three Harley Davidson motor cycles pull in and park next to eighteen other Harley Davidson bikes. Sign in front reads 'AA Club'. All enter the building.

INT. DANVILLE. BROWN CINDER BLOCK BUILDING - DAY

An AA meeting is in progress. The four bikers sit. Matt swallows. Sits quietly. A woman in a black leather jacket is talking. She is the only woman in the room.

WOMAN BIKER

Only problem was I had to sit through ninety meetings in ninety days in order to reverse the inflow of self-
(MORE)

WOMAN BIKER (CONT'D)

centered horse shit my disease had
been feeding me, God knows how many
years. Today a meeting's as good as
a drink. Thanks for being here.
Thanks for listening. I'm through
talking and fuck all of you.

Roaring applause. Meetings over. All stand and repeat the
Serenity prayer.

CHORUS

God grant me the serenity to accept
the things I cannot change, the
courage to change the things I can,
and the wisdom to know where to bury
the bodies.

Clapping and noise come to an end.

JAMES J

Have you got it ready?

FONZIE

Here.

Fonzie tosses a small flat valise to James J. He checks the
contents making sure the new bikers from SLC see it is filled
with money. James J tucks it in Gab's front Jacket pocket.

JAMES J

We have a delivery to make. Lets
go.

GAB

Initiation?

FONZIE

Something like that.

Laughter from other bikers as they all exit the building.

EXT. STREET. DUNN'S HOLLOW, DANVILLE, NY, BROWN CINDER BLOCK
BUILDING - DAY

Twenty-two Harley Davidson motor cycles motor through town.
The two Salt Lake bikers coralled in the middle. Matt rides
beind James J in the lead. All wave and honk as they pass
the Police Station. Two policemen getting into a police
care wave back. The bikes pull up to a pink cottage with
white picket fence at the end of a dead end street. Girl
perhaps eighteen years of age comes out of the cottage. She
sports a black eye.

GIRL WITH BLACK EYE

Where have you been? We have been waiting.

Most of the bikers sit at wood picnic tables out side.

INT. DUNN'S HOLLOW, DANVILLE, NY. PINK COTTAGE - DAY

James J, Fonzie, Matt, and the two SLC bikers enter the pink cottage. Two young women greet them by name. James J picks up a toddler and holds him. One of the young women wipes the toddler's wet chin. James J lovingly fusses with the child for a moment. Puts child back down. A lady walks in the room wearing a nun's habit and wearing a broad, glowing smile.

SISTER ANGELA

Good Morning, gentlemen. Good Morning.

(Sister Angela radiates joy and good will)

JAMES J

Good morning Sister. You look well.

SISTER ANGELA

We are full. And we are two more as of midnight. Full house and a phone call already. I couldn't say no. I am afraid I couldn't turn her away.

JAMES J

What do you need?

SISTER ANGELA

We better have a couple of those fold up cots and some more blankets, anyway.

FONZIE

I'll see to it.

Fonzie steps outside for a moment.

SISTER ANGELA

What have we here?
(she is referring to the two SLC strangers)

JAMES J

New recruits. These gentlemen are from Salt Lake City, Utah. They want to know how to run an emergency shelter for battered women and children.

Fonzie returns. Two Harley's are heard taking off.

The two SLC bikers are puzzled, nervous. They glance at each other. Sister Angela smiles and greets them individually.

SISTER ANGELA

It is a pleasure to meet you. Is that for us?
(she is referring to the valise)

Gab looks at James J.

JAMES J

Give Sister Angela the money.

He hands her the valise. She holds it to her breast.

SISTER ANGELA

You are so tall. Would you bend down for me please?

James J nods toward the floor.

JAMES J

Kneel.

Both kneel.

SISTER ANGELA

God bless and keep you. May the Lord love and protect you.

Hungover, pathetic bikers are confusion. Sister Angela makes the sign of the cross at each man.

SISTER ANGELA (CONT'D)

Girls, girls a little gratitude is not out of order. If they say they are not hungry, feed them anyway. They are men after all.

Three ladies carry pitchers of ice tea and cookies outside. Others hand glasses of ice tea to Gab and Barth who are now sitting with children hanging on them. The children find them fascinating. Gab and Barth are each holding a child. James J goes with Sister Angela into another area of the house to talk. Fonzie speaks to Gab and Barth.

FONZIE

Residence Eight is a safe house for battered women with children. James J started it. Twenty of us support this place. Harley lovers, AA types.

GIRL WITH BLACK EYE

Molly has a wet diaper.
 (she reaches for the
 toddler. Toddler
 starts to cry)
 I'll change her.

BARTH

Don't matter little sister, I mean
 ma'am. Molly can piss all over me
 she wants . . . I mean, it don't
 matter. She's good right where she
 is.

Another child is inspecting Gabs beard.

EXT. YELLOW COTTAGE - DAY

All bikers are sitting or standing around the picnic table
 in front of the cottage. One of the bikers lays a brown
 manila envelope in front of Barth and Gabe.

JAMES J

Incorporation papers and bylaws for
 a residence for battered women and
 children. Are you interested in
 being more than hungover, useless
 drunks?

BARTH

Thing like this never occurred to
 me, man. I thought a coke deal was
 goin' down, man and we were the test
 mules. Then you hook us up with a
 bunch of little babies slobberin'
 all over my ugly ass and mothers no
 older than my daughter, and a nun
 for god's sake blesses me, thinking
 I was helping them. Holy snot, man.
 I did nine years . . . hard time.
 Watched my daughter grow up in
 snapshots. Eighteen years old when
 I got out, my wife still won't let
 me see her, my own daughter. She's
 right too, nothing but a worthless
 dirt-bag piece of shit.

Barth puts his hand flat on top of the envelop.

BARTH (CONT'D)

I freaken swear it man.

GABE

Second chance. I'm good for this,
 man.

FONZIE

AA too?

Reluctantly at first, then he goes all in.

GABE

AA too, God damn it.

Other bikers slap them on the back, etc., etc..

JAMES J

We only have one pressing problem needs addressing this month. Sister Angela tells me the dairy delivered out-dated milk this week. She never said anything before. But this is not the first time. I'm open to suggestions.

Barth stiffens, nostrils flaring he rises slowly, deliberately.

BARTH

Is there a policy on torture?

JAMES J

Sister Angela says 'No violence.'

Barth's head drops forward as though concentrating on the table surface. Looks up.

BARTH

But the owner can drink his own piss, right!

Every one looks at James J who takes his time pondering the question.

JAMES J

I can't see where there is any violence in that.

There is a rousing reverie of yahoos as they mount their Harleys for a showdown at the Danville Dairy.

INT. ONE HUMP BAR - DAY

Matt is in the bar drinking coffee. He has a legal size yellow pad on which he is doodling, and making notes. James J is taking inventory to figure out what he needs to order. Old Man Wylie is asleep, his head on the bar.

JAMES J

You are a journalist then? I guess that doesn't make you all bad.

MATT
Newspaper. Vegas. Fired for
drinking.

JAMES J
No sense of humor.

MATT
I was thinkin' of hanging around for
a while.

JAMES J
Yeah?

MATT
There is a project I'm workin on.

JAMES J
Would that project be Cate Lynn?

MATT
I think she'd rather put a knife in
my back. You her real brother?

JAMES J
More like adopted.

MATT
Can't deny it. She gives desirable
new dimension.

JAMES J
Didn't she make a sandwitch for you
couple days ago?

MATT
Yeah.

JAMES J
Did you thank her?

Matt scratches his head.

MATT
I can't even remember where I slept
that night.

JAMES J
See that building across the street,
The Merchantile . . . ?

Matt turns on his stool. He glances at what he can see of
it from where he is sitting.

JAMES J (CONT'D)

The outside stairs . . . There is an apartment up there. Go see Doris. Tell her I sent you.

EXT. FRONT OF MERCHANTILE STORE - DAY

Matt comes out of Merchantile front door. Looks down at a key in his hand. Walks to the side and climbs the outside stairs. Puts key in door and disappears inside. A moment later he exits, starts carrying boxes, sleeping bag, etc. to upper apartment from his van parked in vacant lot.

INT. ONE HUMP BAR - NIGHT

Raven is talking to James J and Old Man Collins. Cate Lynn enters. She sits next to Raven. They can see something is bothering her. They go on talking. She cuts in.

CATE LYNN

What do Mormons believe?

OLD MAN COLLINS

That's it. I'm done.

Old Man Collins downs the last swallow of his drink. Leaves.

RAVEN

Where did that come from?

CATE LYNN

What are they . . . the Mormon people?

James J and Raven look at each other. James J smiles, shrugs.

JAMES J

You're the school teach.

James J picks up a full garbage bag and goes to the back room.

RAVEN

Honey, calm down. It's the new guy, Matt, isn't it?

Cate Lynn is quiet.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Well, lets see. It's been a while since I talked to that side of my family. Aaaah . . . they used to pracise polygamy. Aaah, they baptize people after they die. Aaah, oh, you'll love this one.

(MORE)

RAVEN (CONT'D)

They believe God cursed Cain with a dark skin for killing Abel. As a result, everyone on earth with a dark skin descended from Cain and are damned or something.

Raven notices a tear in Cate Lynns eyes.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Honey, you've been putting up with this white elitest crap all your life. Don't let this throw you.

CATE LYNN

Matthew comes from a church that teaches that my daddy was damned, my daddy and me.

RAVEN

It's a belief system, a perceived bias.

The teacher in Raven is rising.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Not factual. In any sense of the word.

CATE LYNN

Matthew is from Utah. He's a Mormon.

RAVEN

Honey, can he help it if he was born in Utah? Can you help it if you were born in The Corner?

CATE LYNN

Mormon's believe my daddy was damned.

RAVEN

I don't think they believe that anymore. Anyway Mormons don't drink alcohol or coffee. I don't think Matt qualifies as much of a Mormon. Have you talked to him? Have you asked him what he believes? Look, It's late. Robin's with grandma Nigteagle. Why don't you stay with me tonight.

Cate Lynn climbs off the stool. Her Jacket is open against the cold.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Raven zips up Cate Lynn's Jacket. Cate Lynn does not seem to notice.

CATE LYNN

Home.

Raven watches her leave the bar.

EXT. EXTERIOR STAIRWAY TO ROOM ABOVE THE HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

Hardware store is closed. Matt in bare feet, fruit of the loom and tee shirt comes down the steps. Walks on tip toes against the cold dirt to his van. Opens rear doors. Disappears inside. Comes out with bottle of scotch in hand. As he steps down from the van Cate Lynn is standing in front of him.

CATE LYNN

My Daddy was black.

Matt is startled, glances around.

MATT

Aaah, yeah, I heard that.

CATE LYNN

He was from Asmara, Eritrea.

MATT

North Africa. Yeah.

Long pause. Neither know what to say.

CATE LYNN

What's your problem? Do you have something against talking to me?

MATT

I did . . . talk to you . . . I thought.

CATE LYNN

Is that all you can say?

MATT

Is there something I'm supposed to say?

CATE LYNN

My daddy's not damned!

Tears of anger. She turns and begins to walk away. Matt frustrated.

MATT

What do you want me to say Cate?
 God, I'll say anything you want me
 to. Of course, your father is not
 damned. I don't believe he is damned.
 I never have.

Cate stops walking. Matt turns her around. She's crying a flood of tears. Matt kisses Cate Lynn.

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY, SUGARHOUSE MALL. CINEPLEX THEATER BOX OFFICE. - AFTERNOON

Two girls in box office are talking. A twenty year old girl with narrow set eyes is training a another girl with short blond hair.

TELLER WITH NARROW SET EYES

I told you so. Here he comes.

GIRL WITH SHORT BLOND HAIR

Only detective movies, really?

TELLER WITH NARROW SET EYES

Last time it was the Maltese Falcon.
 Any of the old kind, Phillip Marlow,
 Mike Hammer, Sam Spade, Popeye Doyle.

GIRL WITH SHORT BLOND HAIR

He's so big. How do people behinds
 him see?

TELLER WITH NARROW SET EYES

He always sits in the back row on
 the left side. When he's here I
 never go on that side.

Farley Harper 7' plus in height. Wears brown suit, brown hat, bends down speaks through hole in glass.

FARLEY HARPER

French Connection.

He paid for the ticket with four one dollar bills and the rest in change.

TELLER WITH NARROW SET EYES

Thank you. Enjoy the movie.

Farley takes the ticket, touches the brim of his hat just as he has seen Sam Spade do. Goes in movie theater.

GIRL WITH SHORT BLOND HAIR

Oh . . . my . . . God. I've got
goose bumps.

TELLER WITH NARROW SET EYES

Told you. Just don't be in the lobby
when it's over. He likes to hang
around and look at you. Pretends to
be reading about the coming
attractions.

GIRL WITH SHORT BLOND HAIR

Creepy doesn't cover it.

EXT. RESURRECTION CORNER, NY, THE ONE HUMP BAR - EARLY
MORNING

Sheriff's car parks in front of The One Hump Bar. Sheriff
Wally steps out of vehicle, turns, walks across the street
toward the vacant lot next to the hardware store. He stands
quietly assimilating what he sees. A full bottle of Cutty
Sark lays on the ground. The rear doors to Matt's van are
wide open. There is a crunching noise. James J stands next
to the sheriff, a mug of coffee in each hand. Together the
two men stand observing the scene. They stand that way for
half a minute. The Sheriff points to foot prints; one set
without shoes the other, smaller with shoes. Both foot prints
move toward the stairs on the outside of the building. Both
men look up to the door at the top of the stairs at the same
time. The two men nod knowingly. James J picks up the bottle
of scotch. Sheriff Wally closes the rear doors of the van.
Together they return to The One Hump Bar.

EXT. SINGLE WIDE TRAILER. SALT LAKE CITY. HOME OF FARLEY
HARPER - DAY

Elder Walker parks his car. Gets out. He is carrying a
pizza. He bangs on the side of the trailer.

ELDER WALKER

Hey Farley, Pizza's hot. Lets eat.

Walker goes to the wood picnic table and looks to make sure
it's clean before he sits. Farley comes out in suspenders
and shirt.

FARLEY HARPER

Hey teacher.

He sits and begins eating.

ELDER WALKER

How's it going?

Farley nods. His mouth is full.

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)
 You still making keys for Dick Parry
 at his key shop?

FARLEY HARPER
 I stopped going there.

ELDER WALKER
 How come?

Farley looks away for a moment.

FARLEY HARPER
 You got married, didn't you.

ELDER WALKER
 You were invited. I was disappointed
 when you didn't come.

FARLEY HARPER
 Remember when we were on our mission
 in Flint, Michigan. You told me I
 would have a wife some day.

ELDER WALKER
 I remember.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK (YR AND ONE HALF EARLIER,) RESIDENTIAL STREET,
 FLINT, MICHIGAN, - DAY

Two men in suits are walking on sidewalk in residential
 neighborhood. They pass a building with a sign that reads
 Flint Michigan Industrial Park. One, Elder Farley Harper,
 is seven feet tall. The other, Elder Walker, is five foot
 eight inches in height. In b.g. seven gang bagers are
 heckling men in suits.

GANG BANGER NUMBER ONE
 Hey, Mutt and Jeff.

GANG BANGER NUMBER TWO
 Get hell off our streets.

Elder Harper stops walking. He turns and looks back at the
 Gang Bangers.

ELDER WALKER
 Pay no attention to them Elder Harper.
 The Lord will not let them do us
 harm.

Elder Walker consults a note book. He makes a check mark.

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)

Okay. That completes this block.
It's lunch time. I think there is a
park bench this way.

ELDER HARPER

Tell me the story again, school
teacher. The one about the man that
helped the prophet.

ELDER WALKER

You really take advantage of my good
nature, Elder Harper. Two more years
at Brigham Young University before
I'm a teacher.

The Gang Bangers grow bored and leave. The two Mormon Elders
sit at a park bench and open there back packs. They begin
eating sandwiches.

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)

I can't tell you a story unless I
have a name.

Elder Harper's brow wrinkles.

ELDER HARPER

O . . .Porter Rockwell.

ELDER WALKER

Excellent. Orrin. Orrin Porter
Rockwell. He had other names. Do
you remember any of them?

ELDER HARPER

Protector of the Prophet.

ELDER WALKER

Son of Thunder, Man of God.
Destroying angel. Some called him
the Samson of The Latter-Days. Why
did they call him that?

Elder Harper's brow wrinkles.

ELDER HARPER

His hair.

ELDER WALKER

Yes. Like Samson in the Bible he
made a covenant with the Lord. His
strength was in his long hair.
Rockwell would not be killed by bullet
or sword if he left his hair long.
Who told him that?

Elder Harper can't remember.

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)
The prophet, Joseph Smith.

ELDER HARPER
Rockwell couldn't read. He was a man of action.

ELDER WALKER
Yes.

ELDER HARPER
Did he have a wife?

ELDER WALKER
Yes. He did.

ELDER HARPER
Teacher, will I have a wife?

ELDER WALKER
Sure you will. You are a loyal servant of God. It's his commandment.

All is quiet for a minute. Elder walker continues

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)
The Saints needed protection from the Missouri raiders and the prophet needed a bodyguard.

ELDER HARPER
Rockwell whipped on them.

ELDER WALKER
What society did Rockwell belong to?

Elder Harper strains to remember. Frustrated he hits on his knee.

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)
It's all right. We all forget things. Before long you will be telling me the story.

Elder Harper rocks with pleasure to hear that.

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)
In Genesis 49:17 it speaks of the sons of Dan being kept secret for a long time.

(MORE)

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)

Joseph Smith started a Danite society that later became the Quorum or Council of Fifty. When we get back to the apartment this evening we can read the Danite pledge if you would like.

Elder Harper frowns, stands, deflects a blow from a baseball bat. The two Mormon Elder's are surrounded by gang bangers swinging chains and baseball bats. They circle the two men. Big fight. Great fight. Elder Walker from Mountain Home, Idaho, fights hard, takes blows. Elder Harper is a wreching ball. He takes blows, laughs, breaks bats and sends chains whooshing off in the distance. Sound of breaking bones, yelping accompanies the action. Harper holds man down with his foot, grabs two gang bangers and bounces them together like rag dolls. As the bloody battle winds down Elder Harper stacks up the bodies on top of each other. The last gangbanger runs away. Harper is still wearing his hat.

INT. FLASHBACK CONTINUES, HOSPITAL E. R., FLINT MICHIGAN, DAY

Elder Walker getting stitches. Harper in waiting area.

EXT. FLASHBACK CONTINUES, HOSPITAL EXIT, FLINT MICHIGAN - DAY

Harper and Walker exit E.R. Walker with bandage on his head.

ELDER HARPER

How did Porter Rockwell die?

Elder Walker is temporarily taken-a-back by the question.

ELDER WALKER

Huh? Heart attack. . . Forty years later.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK TO PRESENT, FARLEY HARPER'S TRAILER HOME, SLC - DAY

FARLEY HARPER

Remember when you told me I'm a loyal servant of the Lord and it's the Lord's commandment to have a wife.

ELDER WALKER

I remember. Why?

Farley squirms on the bench. Doesn't know how to say it.

FARLEY HARPER

Well . . . a . . .

WALKER

Are you lonely?

The two sit quietly for a time. Elder Walker put his fist on top of Farley's hand and taps lightly, indicating that he understands.

ELDER WALKER

I know you are brother. Would you like to pray about it?

Farley nods his head.

ELDER WALKER (CONT'D)

All right. Finish your pizza.

Farley stuffs another piece of pizza in his mouth.

INT. ROOM ABOVE THE HARDWARE STORE, RESURRECTION CORNER, NY - DAY

Matt is alone working on a computer. A phone rings. Matt ignores phone. Continues typing at the keyboard. Suddenly at the sixth ring he hits save, angles across the room, and grabs the phone.

MATT

Yeah. Carl. Sorry, forgot you were going to call.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

Matthew Alcott. Is that you?

MATT

Carl?

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

Matthew, this is Hamilton Gloss in New York. I have news.

MATT

Who?

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

Hamilton Gloss.

MATT

New York agent person. Hamilton Gloss, my elusive agent, the one who doesn't return phone calls.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS
I have great news.

MATT
You hate my book.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS
I've sold your book.

MATT
You don't understand my book.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS
You are published, Matthew -- will
be that is -- published.

(After three years
the sudden realization
floods Matt. He
realizes that what
he has been working
for is actually
happening)

MATT
That's good . . . isn't it . . .
good news?

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS
I've been with the publisher all
day. You won't believe the advance.
Lord knows I don't believe it. You
must come into the city.

MATT
How much?

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS
Three
(a believable sum)
hundred thousand.

Matt felt his knees weaken. He moves into the bath room,
drops the lid on the toilet and sits.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS (CONT'D)
You get one third of that up front
now.

MATT
My God Hamilton. How many zeros is
that? No don't tell me. Anything
beyond the second zero is uncharted
territory. But, but, but, this is
all in the negotiation stage, right?

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS
 Negative. Read your contract. You gave me authority to accept the offer. It is a done deal, Matthew. Not like you're the new kid on the block. They know you were with the Los Vegas Sun. Talked to your editor, Jack Holiday. This last revelation thing from Joseph Smith, hidden in Brigham Young's journal is huge. Sam, that's your editor's name, said you are frying big fish in this book and they want to publish it. Listen, I'm exhausted. I will call you tomorrow. Congratulations. Start packing.

Matt sits on the john looking at the receiver and listening to the dial tone. The sun has all but set. The apartment is almost completely dark. Over dial tone . . .

MATT

Oh shit!

INT. THE CLUB (THE COUNCIL OF FIFTY), SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

President Ezra Burgess follows Brother Angus to the room where the membership meets.

BROTHER ANGUS

In these rooms you are Brother Burgess. No Presidents, no Apostles. Just Brother's. Anyone asks, it's a retirement club for old men, but don't think for one damn minute that's what it is. The world is a damn mess and we are the only thing between damnation and salvation. Our responsibility is to keep the world from completely surcomming to evil until the millenium. We are called together as one body as much as twice a week to deal with issues effecting the church. We work within our committees after that. You know some of us, but I want to caution you . . . hang on to your hat. You are about to be surprised at who the fifty richest men in the church really are.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I can see you haven't changed.

BROTHER ANGUS

They still get on me for cussing, at least they try. I repent to damn fast.

President Burgess stops in front of a placard in the hallway which reads; A MAN IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE LORD KNOWS SUCCESS IN BUSINESS IS NO ACCIDENT.

BROTHER ANGUS (CONT'D)

Yes. Our relationship with the Almighty. We're pretty brazen about it, but only in here. When you see the work we do you'll understand why we are so damn secretive. I've put \$62 million in an account for you to work with. Use it in defense of the good name of the Church. It's in a bank account that doesn't exist.

(Brother Angus motions a direction. They talk while they walk.)

I'm the one who nominated you. That make's you my responsibility.

(Brother angus hands President Burgess a plastic ID card)

Your access card is temporary, but only until Brother Cantwell passes through the veil which we are told is any time now.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I'm a Stake President. I knew the Council of Fifty existed, but I had no idea . . . How many people actually know what the Council does?

BROTHER ANGUS

The First Presidency and most of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Not the two new ones.

(Angus puts his hand on a door knob)

You account to no one on the planet but the men in this room.

(Brother Angus begins to open the door)

You are about to be amazed in ways you can't yet imagine. So let me just say we have a medical staff without equal. Now it's time to meet your brethren.

(MORE)

BROTHER ANGUS (CONT'D)
 (Angus starts clapping
 as do a room full of
 men all of whom look
 to be about fifty
 years of age.)

INT. ROOM ABOVE THE HARDWARE STORE. RESURRECTION CORNER, NY -
 EVENING

Matt and Cate after sex.

MATT
 Do you feel it?

CATE LYNN
 I saw color in the Maples today.

MATT
 We won't need the fan tonight.

Cate Lynn pulls one a tee shirt. Gets comfortable next to
 Matt. Matt is drifting down into a blissful sleep. Cate Lynn
 likes to talk after.

CATE LYNN
 Do you love me?

MATT
 Uh huh.

CATE LYNN
 Are you sure?

MATT
 Uh huh.

CATE LYNN
 Promise me you will never leave The
 Corner.

MATT
 Uh huh.

CATE LYNN
 Promise me you won't go into the
 City.

Matt stirs.

MATT
 What?

CATE LYNN
You said you had to go into New York
to meet with Hamilton and the
publisher people.

MATT
Yeah.

CATE LYNN
Promise me you won't go.

Matt shakes himself awake.

MATT
I don't understand.

CATE LYNN
Do you love me?

MATT
Of course I love you. What are you
talking about?

CATE LYNN
Tell me you love me.

He cranks his head to look at her resting on his arm.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)
Now would be good.

MATT
Are you frightened I won't come back?

CATE LYNN
Will you say the words?

MATT
I love my Cate. I love her before
and I love her after.

His voice grows husky with sleep again.

MATT (CONT'D)
I love her in the morning. I love
her in the night. I love her tomorrow
and I love her forever.

Trembling fingers cover his mouth.

CATE LYNN
Don't say that.
(MORE)

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

(there is hurt in her
voice)

Don't say you love me forever. I
don't trust forever and you're not
hard so you don't have to lie to me.

Cate turns over, curls up in a little ball, goes to sleep
her back against him. For Matt it was hours before sleep
returned.

INT. LIBRARY IN THE HOME OF PRESIDENT EZRA BURGESS, SALT
LAKE CITY - DAY

A long narrow room; book shelves on one wall, gun cabinets
on the other. We see the silhouette of a man kneeling in
prayer against the large floor to ceiling glass wall at the
end of the room. Up close President Burgess while kneeling
is reading from a book laying open in front of him on the
leather cushion of a studio couch. There in his hand writing
on the inside of the open cover page it reads, AS GOD IS MAN
MAY BECOME. AS MAN IS GOD ONCE WAS.

INT. LIBRARY IN THE HOME OF PRESIDENT EZRA BURGESS - MORNING

Phone rings. Burgess answers.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Yes.

BROTHER TANNER

This is Fredrick Tanner, Welsely and
Tanner law offices. Am I speaking
to President Burgess?

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I am President Burgess.

BROTHER TANNER

I was given your name and number by
Brother Angus. There is something
you need to see. I cannot discuss it
on the phone.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Now?

BROTHER TANNER

Brother Angus said you would
understand.

BROTHER BURGESS

I will be there directly.

INT. OFFICES OF TANNER & WELSELY, TWELFTH FLOOR, AN OFFICE BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY - MORNING

President Burgess is perusing papers spread out on a conference table. In the background part of the Salt Lake Mormon Temple can be seen through window behind Burgess.

BROTHER TANNER

This is the manuscript. It came to us from the offices of the First Presidency with a memo marked urgent: Non faith promoting.

The two men exchange a knowing look.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Who wrote this? Who is the author?

BROTHER TANNER

A former historian for the church, one Matthew Alcott.

Burgess stiffens, remains silent. Brother Tanner continues.

BROTHER TANNER (CONT'D)

This manuscript is in two parts. The main body is about the character of the Prophet and a last revelation apparently lost until now and discovered by this Alcott in the church archives. There are a host of implications of sexual impropriety and promiscuity surrounding the Prophet, Joseph.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I thought the church didn't bother with this kind of thing any more.

BROTHER TANNER

We don't ordinarily, but this is different. Read this.

Burgess reads aloud.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

The servant girl, Fanny, peered out of the spaces between the boards in the barn wall and watched Joseph quietly closing the rear door of the house. Quickly she loosened the strings of her bodice. As Joseph entered the barn she ran into his arms.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

"I am frightened" she whispered, her breath as sweet as honeysuckle.
 'The Lord has revealed to me, sweet sister, that we are to form a holy union in his name. Let us pray together.' They knelt in straw his arms around her. 'Oh Lord, our God we, your servants; come before you. In answer to your call we humble ourselves, knowing that you are here with us. We know we are called upon, Kings and Queens to your covenants.' As Joseph whispered his prayer, his breath touched her ear. She spread her wealth before him. The transaction that followed was written in the sacred text of the most high. One sigh lay on the breath of another. Her face on fire, flames of desire held order to the chaos of creation. 'Oh Lord, joining me now in holy covenant is the daughter of Eve. Multitudes will flow from us.'

(Straw and night gave
 over to celestial
 vibrations. He spoke
 an unutterable chant,
 the only ear his own)

To blaspheme against me is to
 blaspheme against the Lord. My love
 wells up from the spring of creation.
 It is done. It is ever done."
 Pregnant, Fanny had to be sent away
 from the Smith home.

(Burgess draws a deep
 breath)

This is pornography.

BROTHER TANNER

The church is comprised of over fifty-five percent women. Can you imagine the impression this will make?

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Yes. Yes. It's written to target women - the baser instincts.

BROTHER TANNER

We are charged to act with haste and prejudice. In the past we have bought out small, independent publishers, but this is a major publisher.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Buying them out is going to require a substantial sum.

BROTHER TANNER

It would have to include the author, otherwise what's to stop this Alcott from selling to another house. The revelation is bogus, but if it got out the integrity of the restoration would be challenged.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

A sum? I could use a recommendation.

BROTHER TANNER

I'm thinking one million dollars.

President Burgess stands, extends his hand.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Thank you, Brother Tanner. You were right to call me. I will need the name of the publisher and the publisher's attorney. This is in my hands now. You will be informed.

INT. LIBRARY IN THE HOME OF PRESIDENT EZRA BURGESS, SALT LAKE CITY - MORNING

President Burgess is on the phone.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

You're new with the team? I'm on the Board of Directors of Strengthening The Membership Committee. Are you aware of that. Good. I need a phone tap yesterday. Salt Lake City attorney, Paul Alcott. Most important, I need a confirmation when the tap is in place.

Burgess hangs up the phone. (Head partially bowed he speaks aloud, but to himself)

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

Vengeance is mine, sayeth The Lord,
His wonders to perform.

EXT. DANSVILLE, NY, GREYHOUND BUS - MORNING

Matt and Cate Lynn stand next to a bus. A small overnight bag at his feet.

Cate's eyes are filled with tears.

MATT

Will you not do this, please?

CATE LYNN

Don't go. You can do everything by e-mail and snail mail.

MATT

It kills me when you cry. One night, two at the most. What are you frightened of?

CATE LYNN

If you leave The Corner I will never see you again.

MATT

Did we have this conversation already?

Cate pouts.

CATE LYNN

You won't come back. No one comes to Resurrection Corner on purpose.

MATT

I did.

CATE LYNN

You came here by accident. You said you were just driving east.

MATT

Look. This ia a round trip ticket . . . hardly an accident.

Bus driver comes out of building and enters the bus.

CATE LYNN

Hasn't happened yet.

Cate turns to leave.

MATT

Where you going?

CATE LYNN

I'm not going to watch you leave me.

Matt watches her walk away crying.

MATT

Cate, please. I have to go. I have been working three . . .

BUS DRIVER

Boarding now.

Matt looks at the bus. People staring out of the windows. A lady is frowning at Matt.

Cate walks out of sight, Matt watches.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Make up your mind.

Matt boards bus. Goes to back of bus where he finds a seat by himself. His eyes are watery.

EXT. BUS DEPOT NEW YOUR CITY - EVENING

Bus noise when air breaks are set. Bus door opens. Matt debarks Greyhound bus along with other passengers. Looks about.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

You must be Matthew.

Matt shakes hands with a lean, well tanned gentleman with a salt and pepper mustache, about 60 yrs.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS (CONT'D)

Something has come up. They want to meet with us now. Tonight. Let's get a cab.

Matt stops in his tracks.

MATT

What's happened?

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

Not fully up on it myself. Tell you about it on the way. No. No. Deal's not off. There's been a development.

EXT. PUBLISHERS OFFICES, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

Gaunt-looking security guard unlocks door. Matt and Hamilton enter building.

SECURITY GUARD

It's on the third floor, right side.

INT. PUBLISHERS OFFICES, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

Matt and Hamilton enter a no-frills conference room. Chairs, conference table. No phone. An obvious work room.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

Samantha Perness . . . Matthew Alcott.

Samantha a tall woman extends a hand. Matt has to look up to meet her gaze. They shake.

SAMANTHA PERNESSE

Please, call me Sam. I'm so happy to finally meet you. What a marvelous book you've written. This is Glenda my secretary.

Matt extends a hand to an even taller lady could play center for any woman's basket ball team. The door clicked shut behind them. Matt turns to be introduced to the House Legal. A woman he does not have to strain his neck to look at.

SAMANTHA PERNESSE (CONT'D)

Please lets sit.

SUSAN VINCENT, Attorney-at-Law takes the chair at the end of the conference table.

SAMANTHA PERNESSE (CONT'D)

Mr Alcott we received a second-party offer to purchase your manuscript. Kill fee and for a considerable amount of money.

SUSAN VINCENT, HOUSE LEGAL

Technically it's not a kill fee, Sam. It's a direct buy-out.

Vincent opens briefcase. Extracts an off white envelope. Hands it to Sam. Sam slides it across the table in front of Hamilton. Hamilton slides it in front of Matt. Matt puts his hand on it . . . hesitates, pushes it back in front of Hamilton. Hamilton opens it. Lays a cashiers check for two million dollars in the middle of the table. All stare. The first name on the check reads, Bloomsburg & Walbridge, the second. Matthew Alcott.

SUSAN VINCENT,

Someone wants to own our manuscript outright, Mr Alcott.

Matt is frustrated, angry.

MATT

You call me mister, I start looking for my dad. Call me Matt or confused. Not Mr. Alcott.

Matt looks at Hamilton. Gestures his confusion with hands wide.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

What's going on here, Sam?

SAMANTHA PERNESSE

We know this is sudden. Us as well.

SUSAN VINCENT, HOUSE LEGAL

It is no hoax. I called the bank of origin. They will honor this check. It's a legitimate offer.

MATT

Salt Lake City?

SUSAN VINCENT, HOUSE LEGAL

The attorneys for the principal are a well-respected Salt Lake law firm, yes.

MATT

And . . . ?

SUSAN VINCENT

That's the hitch. The express qualification is that the presenter remains anonymous.

MATT

Who's representing the principal?

SUSAN VINCENT

The law firm of Tanner and Welsely. I was told further information was not relevant. You have to agree, Mr. Alcott, excuse me, Matthew; the offer is more than generous.

Matt looked down at the table surface, took a deep breath. As though thinking out loud,

MATT

What would you say if you had just given birth to your first child and you are looking down into its face for the first time and someone walks in the room and says we will pay you to smother it?

GLEENDA

Oh!

HAMILTON GLOSS

What do you recommend, Sam?

SAMANTHA PERNESSE

If we publish we'll make out all right.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA PERNES (CONT'D)

But to split two million without all the publishing expense makes good fiscal sense. Matt, you should ask yourself how much you would make if we publish? Few authors ever see this kind of money.

MATT

Why tonight? Why couldn't this wait until morning?

SUSAN VINCENT

The offer dies tomorrow, midnight. We thought you would appreciate as much time as possible.

SAMANTHA PERNES

Either way we want you to come back in the morning and sign another book deal with us. Your style works well with a couple of other ideas along these lines. No one can stop you from writing Mr Alcott, Matt.

Matt still frustrated glances at Hamilton.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

Say mid-morning?

SUSAN VINCENT, HOUSE LEGAL

There is one more thing. Time is of the essence. I'm to tell you that day after tomorrow the offer will be null and void and a new offer will be on the table for . . .

MATT

. . . Don't tell me. For one million, right?

The confusion drained out of Matt. He distinctly remembered when . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - FOUR YEARS EARLIER, ALL GLASS BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY - MID MORNING

The elevator whispers to a stop on the top floor. Elegant, austere. Giant windows, floor to ceiling. Matt walked the thirty feet of multi-grained marble tile to a desk manned by a silver haired middle-aged woman could be a statue. Secretary Perfect, gate keeper to old money-bags.

MATT

I have an appointment with President Burgess.

Secretary Perfect looks down nose, doesn't speak, nods in direction of the door behind her.

INT. FLASHBACK CONTINUES. PRESIDENT BURGESS OFFICE - MORNING

President Burgess, about 65 yrs, slender, maybe 5'10" dressed in an immaculately tailored dark blue suit, is standing in the middle of the room. Instinctively Matt reaches out to shake hands. Burgess turns leaving Matt with his hand out.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I have a letter for you from the First Presidency.

Desk, clean and well polished. One phone console, one leather appointment book and one plane envelope which he picks up and presents to Matt.

MATT

You have a letter for me. Gosh, I had the impression the postal service handled the mail.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I asked the first Presidency to expedite the matter, and then there was the problem of an address. Where do you reside since you and my daughter separated?

Matt opens the letter and reads.

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

You are welcome to sit down Matthew.

Matt remained standing, reading . . .

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

When my wife passed it was a difficult time. I know how hard it is to be objective under emotional circumstances like a divorce.

Matt continued reading . . .

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

You and I know the First Presidency will only grant a celestial divorce under certain conditions.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

You have been working hard doing research for the church. Important work. I understand hard work. I've worked hard all my life. Can you tell me a little about the research you were working on?

MATT

Nothing complicated.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Has it had anything to do with the way you feel about the church?

MATT

I don't understand the question.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I understand you found a bogus revelation attributed to The First Prophet.

Matt avoids the statement. Goes back to reading the letter.

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

I called Bishop Alcott, father to father. We would both like to know, do you still have a testimony of the gospel?

MATT

That's between me and God.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Another man can respect your dedication, your industriousness, unfortunately, its the kind of work that doesn't pay well.

MATT

Is that why you asked me here, to point out the nature of my poverty? Your silk tie could pay my rent for a month.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Matthew I have no desire to part enemies.

MATT

Let's not bullshit each other.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I want to help you. Carol wants to help you. I would like to compensate you . . . a token, for the work you have been doing for the church. Let me explain myself. I'd like this entire divorce thing to happen as quickly and quietly as possible. The proper perspective is important here. And, of course, this is no one's business . . . an agreement between gentlemen. I imagine you could use five thousand dollars to compensate you for your work in the church archives.

MATT

Hold it. Can we . . . I need to back up. I'm confused. You want to give me five thousand dollars. Just give it to me.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

For the work you have been doing, yes. It is a write off and i can use write offs.

MATT

This is about the dissalution of the eternal marriage. No good Mormon boy would want her if she is going to be my old lady in the hereafter. I get it. You want a letter from me right now consenting to the divorce and, the letter is very clear, making moral judgment on her character. Okay. No wonder things like this are not taught in Sunday School.

Matt waves the letter indicating its content.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

The First Presidency will accept a hand written letter.

Matt can see the veins sticking out of Burgess throat. Burgess opens a drawer. A yellow pad appears on the desk surface.

MATT

Then you write me a check.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Exactly.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

And when the eternal sealing has
been reversed I will see that you
get this.

Burgess reaches in a drawer. He extracts a banded stack of
crisp one-hundred-dollar bills. He holds it up.

Matt folds the letter and stuffs it in his pocket.

Burgess drops it in the drawer. He shuts the drawer.

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

A week from today this is reduced by
half.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRESENT TIME - PUBLISHERS OFFICES, NEW YORK CITY - LATE
EVENING

MATT

And the day following one million.
Right?

SUSAN VINCENT, HOUSE LEGAL

How did you know?

INT. OFFICE OF AGENT HAMILTON GLOSS - NEXT MORNING

Louise, Gray hair in tight bun, proper as a paper clip, offers
weak smile while typing.

MATT

It's very nice to meet you, Louise.

Hamilton enters his personal office. Matt follows. Hamilton
begins moving things, looking for something. He picks up
the telephone, dials.

AGENT, HAMILTON GLOSS

Glenda tell her it's me.

(pause)

It's not here, Sam. The manuscript,
Matt's files.

Hamilton listens for a moment, hangs up. He returns to the
front office, speaks to Louise, his office manager.

HAMILTON GLOSS

When you found the door unlocked
this morning, did you look around,
see if anything was missing?

LOUISE

Nothing was missing or out of place in the front office. Back there, I have no idea.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Okay. I'll have the locks changed and bars put over the windows.

LOUISE

Upgrade the locks, Mr Gloss. We don't need bars.

HAMILTON GLOSS

All a thief needs to to is break the glass.

LOUISE

Bars would offend our clients, and I refuse to work in a prison. What time was your meeting with Samantha?

HAMILTON GLOSS

Yes! Yes! We'll be late if we don't get a move on.

Hamilton holds the door for Matt. They walk to the elevator. Hamilton pushed the button for the elevator. Matt has funny expression.

MATT

Need a minute.

Matt leaves Hamilton with his finger on the down button. He walks back, stands in front of Louise' desk.

MATT (CONT'D)

You've read my book.

Her eyes, gray and cobra steady, soften.

LOUISE

Yes.

MATT

You could do me a great favor. No one has said word one to me, but I have a problem. I have written a book. I like to think, a valuable book. Beyond killing it, no one seems otherwise interested. Before I agree to its abortion I need to know . . . was . . . is it a good book or just a commodity for barter?

LOUISE

Matthew Alcott you gave the world a whole new Joseph Smith, an ordinary man with fears and flaws. It wasn't just about the misogyny. It was your insight into his character and your empathy for what drove him that gripped me. I can sense your respect for a driven man at a peculiar moment in America's history. I could tell you were sensitive to the needs that sustained him and to an intellect that could not be contained. It gave me goose bumps to read what you wrote about him. He fought against titanic odds. When that mob shot him, maverick rascal that he was, I wept.

Hamilton walks into the room.

HAMILTON GLOSS

We're late.

Matt picks up his overnight bag turns to follow Hamilton.

LOUISE

The two million dollars . . . what does that say to you?

Matt turns back, looks at her.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

If you sell it now it will be a much safer world.

MATT

I get that. As long as someone appreciates my work.

They head toward the elevator. Louise' voice echoes behind.

LOUISE

I will also say this to you Matthew Alcott. If you take the money, something meaningful will be lost - something meaningful and important.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE, ALL GLASS BUILDING, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

President Burgess hands a brief case to Farley Harper. A security guard is standing near by.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Discretion is key. This man needs to be taught a lesson. He must be made to fear the Lord.

FARLEY HARPER

You can count on me, sir.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

There is money and a car. Do your work quietly.

Farley pulls in to a storage facility. He backs a four door late model Ford out of Storage Unit number B-22.

He folds and puts 50 one hundred dollar bills in his pocket.

He looks at pictures of Matthew Alcott and stares at pictures of Cate Lynn. There is a Grayhound bus in the b.g.

INT. SUGARHOUSE MALL. SALT LAKE CITY, EVENING.

Farley is staring into a glass case display of knives. The clerk approaches. He points at a large folding knife with an eight inch blade.

INT. SINGLE WIDE TRAILER ON BLOCKS, SALT LAKE CITY - NIGHT

Farley Harper, sitting, holds an open book he is reading from. He reads haltingly, pronunciation labored. He is holding a large folding knife with the eight inch blade in the open position.

FARLEY HARPER

In the name of Jesus Christ, I promise and swear, truly, faithfully, and without reserve, that I will serve the Lord with a perfect heart and a willing mind, dedicating myself, wholly, and unreservedly to the up building of His kingdom on earth. I further promise and swear that no gentile shall ever be admitted to the secrets of this holy institution. I furthermore promise and swear that I will assist the sons of Dan in the utter destruction of apostates in these last days. I furthermore promise and swear that I will never communicate the secrets of this degree to any person in the known world, except it be to a true and lawful brother, binding myself under no less a penalty than that of having

(MORE)

FARLEY HARPER (CONT'D)
my blood shed. So help me god and
keep me faithful.

INT. THE CLUB, COUNCIL OF FIFTY, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

President Burgess is standing in front of a group of men. A man in the audience is speaking.

BROTHER SMYTH
You say this book has been labeled,
'non-faith promoting' by the First
Presidency?

PRESIDENT BURGESS
That is correct Brother Smyth.

BROTHER ANGUS
Is this lost revelation real?

PRESIDENT BURGESS
Four years ago this author, a Matthew
Alcott, was doing research in the
archives in Cotton Wood Canyon.
When the Church Historians office
saw the last revelation they had it
tested and labeled it bogus. This
Alcott has it. The lost revelation
discredits the First Prophet directly
attacking the authenticity of the
restoration. Other parts treat the
first prophet with pornographic
imagery.

Mumbling among the members.

BROTHER POST
What steps have you taken?

PRESIDENT BURGESS
I was informed of this matter by the
law firm of Tanner and Welsely. At
their suggestion I offered one million
to the publishing house and a like
amount to the author.

BROTHER SMYTH
Why so much?

PRESIDENT BURGESS
We are not dealing with a small
independent publisher. This is a
major house. I want it cleaned up
quickly and quietly.

BROTHER SMYTH

Loose ends?

PRESIDENT BURGESS

We have the author's research notes and hard drive now. The only thing we are waiting on is the manuscript itself. I made it a self-limiting offer. \$2 million today only. At midnight the offer is worth \$1 million five. I'll be surprised if I don't hear from the publisher within the hour.

BROTHER POST

Wicked! Brilliantly wicked! Remind me not to do business with you, Burgess.

BROTHER SMYTH

I've heard that name, Alcott.

BROTHER ANGUS

His father is Bishop of the Bountiful Ward.

BROTHER SMYTH

Oh, yes. I've met Bishop Alcott. An asset to the church.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

This Alcott was married to my daughter. I think you should know that.

Some mumbling and commotion among the members.

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

Not a union I encouraged or was proud of. Carol is an only child. I readily acknowledge I spoiled her.

BROTHER SMYTH

I think we can all plead guilty to that one. The children of money often have a difficult time of it. Temple divorce. Did you arrange for a Temple divorce?

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Immediately.

BROTHER ANGUS

You keeping track of this man, this Alcott?

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I convened a Bishops court. His excommunication is forth-coming.

BROTHER ANGUS

I was thinking along the lines of something a little more definitive . . . something that would guarantee his reunion with his family in the next estate.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

You mean . . . ?

BROTHER POST

Blood atonement, yes.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

That would be up to you gentlemen.

BROTHER POST

So it would.
(he looked about the room)
Excommunication for now?

Most heads nod affirmatively.

BROTHER POST (CONT'D)

Excommunication for now, brother.

INT. PUBLISHERS OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM, NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Matt and Hamilton, Sam Perness, Glenda, and the legal, Susan Vincent are sitting around the conference table. Hamilton and Sam are talking, Glenda and the legal listening. Matt has begun scribbling on a piece of paper. When finished, all are staring at him. He looks at the house legal, Susan Vincent.

MATT

This money didn't come from the church, did it!

SUSAN VINCENT

If I have one regret in all of this, it's that I didn't get to read your book.

MATT

Can you . . . will you dell me who the private party is?

SUSAN VINCENT
Honestly, I don't know.

Matt folds the paper he had been writing on one time and slides it across the table to Susan.

MATT
Is this legal?

Susan reads it and hands it to Sam.

SUSAN VINCENT
Is this the way you want it then?

Matt takes a deep breath, lets it out slow, nods.

SUSAN VINCENT (CONT'D)
There is no mistaking its intent.
Date it. Have two witnesses sign
it.

Hamilton turns white. Matt stands, slips a CD out of his pocket, hands it to Sam.

MATT
It is all in there; reference
materials, foot notes, everything.

SUSAN VINCENT
You want one half of your portion of
the advance to be put into your bank
account in Resurrection Corner and
the other half in your bank account
in Salt Lake City.

SAMANTHA PERNESSE
I'll need to confer at various points
in the publishing process.

MATT
Every decision from now on is to be
made by Louis and Hamilton. I need
to catch a plane. Is there a phone
I can use?

HAMILTON
Airport?

MATT
Yes.

HAMILTON
I'll drive you.

INT. FOUR DOOR SEDAN, NY - DAY

Hamilton is driving. Matt on passenger side. Car is moving through traffic.

HAMILTON

I would have thought Salt Lake City is the last place you would want to be.

MATT

See the folks and my brother before the stinky stuff hits the fan.

HAMILTON

How do you think the people in Utah found out about your manuscript?

MATT

Ten to one the publisher has at least one Mormon on staff. It's their duty to take it to their Bishop. We were raised that way.

HAMILTON

Surely there is more to it than that.

MATT

Church has unlimited resources. For instance, who's on the cutting edge of investigative technology?

HAMILTON

FBI, CIA?

MATT

There's your answer.

HAMILTON

I don't understand. What's the connection?

MATT

A lot of FBI retirees work on church security teams.

HAMILTON GLOSS

You're saying FBI retirees take jobs in Utah for the Mormon church.

MATT

It's no secret.

HAMILTON GLOSS

One might think you're dangerous to be around.

MATT

My brother is an attorney. I should brace him for what's coming.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Does he know what your book is about?

MATT

Little brother will have a coronary. I want to see an old high school buddy, Rod Overton. Runs a rehab joint, Twelve Step House. I may be staying with him while I'm in Salt Lake.

HAMILTON GLOSS

What made you decide to throw common sense at Joseph Smith's life?

MATT

When I realized that I had absolutely no experience what-so-ever that can be called supernatural. That's easy for you. Not for ua. I mean look, Joseph Smith's wife is pissed, jealouse she crossed her legs. He can't get laid at home, yet here he is the leader of his people. An alpha type if ever there was one. Creative. And it's all in the bible. Growing up it's 90% of what he had to read until he was sixteen. Man knew his bible. Love, sex, revenge, murder, rape, torture, abandonment, betrayal, repentance, sacrifice, slavery, polygamy, concubines. Bible is yesterday's soaps.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Religion makes for the best sex no question.

MATT

Church makes sex forbidden. Hormonal opiate. The forbidden increases curiosity. The itch to procreate intensifies. Add religion you've got a winning combination for clandestine sex.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Evolution wins.

MATT

Add Smith's velvet tongue and the beast with two backs is elevated to celestial pornography. Between 1841 and 1844 the guy manages to marry a different woman on average about one per month.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Joseph Smith?

MATT

We're talking busy. Some of those ladies had living husbands. And bite on this . . . He sends one guy on a mission to England and marries the guys wife. King David had nothing on Smith.

HAMILTON GLOSS

I must say the man had steel huevos.

MATT

Started the Eternal Life Truth Company, aka the Mormon Church. You gotta have big brass ones to write a book and call it the bible to the new world.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Why did the women go for it? Phallic worship?

MATT

Smith taught there was no salvation for women without marrying a pair of external gonads. Mormonism is a culture of, for, and by men.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Like having your own personal whore house. God's brothel.

MATT

There is a book by that name already. It's about polygamy. Andrea something. Valuable research.

HAMILTON GLOSS

What did your first wife, your Mormon wife, think about all this.

MATT

Out side of men-only meetings, it's seldom mentioned. You wanna get lucky tonight, not really a subject you want to bring up at dinner.

HAMILTON GLOSS

God Lord, the psychological implications . . . ?

MATT

People know so little about the Mormonism.

HAMILTON GLOSS

You should have taken the money, Matthew. I've heard of a Mormon mafia.

MATT

I don't think so.

Hamilton brings sedan to a stops. They are in front of the terminal.

HAMILTON GLOSS

Your dangerous. Get another agent.

MATT

Convert Mormon. You get your wish.

Matt steps out of the car.

HAMILTON GLOSS

How many wives can I have?

Matt closes car door laughing.

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY AIR TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Matt passes a sign that reads 'Salt Lake City.' Exists terminal. Matt hales a cab.

INT. PAUL ALCOTT'S OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

All glass door closes behind Matt. He tosses his over night bag in a chair. Young lady is sitting at receptionist's desk.

MATT

Where's dummy?

Receptionist's jaw drops, blank expression, doesn't know who Matt is or who he is talking about.

Without hesitation Matt walks to Paul's personal office and enters.

INT. PAUL ALCOTT'S OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Matt sits at Paul's desk. There is doodling on a yellow pad, Matt tears off the page and begins writing a note to Paul. (At Weller's Book Store. Need bed for couple nights. Much to tell. Back - one hour.)

Secretary follows flushed with indignation. She grabs the yellow pad.

MATT

Leave it where he will see it. He likes to be warned when I'm around.

YOUNG RECEPTIONIST

Who shall I say wrote it?

MATT

Just be sure dimwit sees it.

Matt leaves.

EXT. WELLER'S BOOK STORE, SALT LAKE CITY - LATE IN DAY

Matt exists book store. Is looking through book he just purchased. He takes short but through alley. Fifty feet in a gray sedan is parked in the alley. A large man is standing between the car and the building.

MATT

Excuse me.

Matt moves to go around still leafing through the book. A shadow moves over him.

INT. MATT, DARK PLACE, NORTHERN UTAH - NIGHT - DAY

Darkness. Beam from flashlight silhouettes of naked man strapped into a square cube shaped metal frame about half the size of a phone booth. Matt is hanging upside down in the cubed metal frame.

MATT

Come back. Come back. Fuzzy. Big bear. There's the rub, cheap after-shave. Hey, while we are thinking about it, lets have a little light in here. Don't leave. We need the needle ass hole.

Farley kicks frame. It flops about like a cube of dice. It stops with Matt upright. Farley leans over metal cube.

He opens a large folding knife.

FARLEY HARPER

I serve at the behest of God and you
are a thorn in his side.

MATT

Tickles. Jesus that tickles. Oh my
God. Fetid breath. Sour, lousy
digestion breath. I'll buy you a
tooth brush. Am I still upside down?
Maybe I am an astronaut? That's it.
I'm astrofucked.

Light from flashlight moves away from Matt. Screeching hinges
as door slams shut.

MATT (CONT'D)

Where is everyone?

INT. OFFICE DR RODNEY OVERTON, TWELVE STEP HOUSE, SALT LAKE
CITY - DAY

Phone buzzes. Dr Overton, short white beard, button down
brown sweater, open, with leather elbows turns away from
computer, reaches for phone.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

You have a call from New York. Line
one.

Punches a button on console.

DOCTOR OVERTON

This is Dr Overton.

LOUISE (V.O.)

This is the offices of Hamilton Gloss.
We were given your name by Matthew
Alcott. We are trying to reach Mr
Alcott at this time.

DOCTOR OVERTON

I haven't seen Matthew.

LOUISE (V.O.)

May we leave our number with you in
the event he contacts you?

DOCTOR OVERTON

Certainly. Is there a message?

LOUISE

He will know the reason for the call.

Dr Overton writes the number down, hangs up. He sits looking at it, circles the area code with his pen.

DOCTOR OVERTON
That's where you have been.

INT. MATT, DARK PLACE - NIGHT - DAY

MATT
Shit breath. Is that you? Cold in here.

Sound of a man vomiting. The screeching complaint of old hinges and beam of searing bright light from a flash light.

MATT (CONT'D)
Thorns is it? Vomit dreams. Warm water. Okay with that. Smells like piss, though. Hey! That hurts. Straight shots vodka thank you. Better now. Up my ass toast the train. Puke in silence. Quit that. It burns. I know you're here. Stop that shit. You cutting? No, no, no. No cutting. Jesus, cutting, tickling. What kind of pervert are you?

FARLEY HARPER
Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord.

MATT
The wrong people do the dying, ya know.

Farley bends down reads from a piece of paper.

FARLEY HARPER
I am God's avenging angel and you are a thorn in his side.

MATT
Never mind that shit. We need the needle, God damn it. Recluse knows. Wrong people do the pissing, you know. Shit breath.
(he laughs)
We could use a little help here.

Farley kicks steel frame. Frame hits a wall. Matt is jostiled about.

MATT (CONT'D)

Perverse prick, traitor, murderer of churches. What time is it? What year is it?

FARLEY HARPER

I am the son of thunder and you are a thorn in God's side.

INT. RECREATION ROOM, TWELVE STEP REHAB HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY - NIGHT

Several patients, talking, playing cribbage, etc. Screeching noise of rubber on pavement. Everyone stops what they are doing. Girl runs to window.

YOYO

What the hell?

GIRL, ALCOHOLIC IN TX

Taxi. Dumped something in the street.

Excitable, thin as rail, Yoyo runs to window.

GIRL, CRACK HEAD IN TX

People throw kittens in plastic bags in the street.

YOYO

S'not a cat.

GIRL, ALCOHOLIC IN TX

God. I think it's a man.

YOYO

He's bare assed as a baby

EXT. TWELVE STEP HOUSE. STREET - NIGHT

Tiny Tim, a six foot muscular male attendant steps off a curb into the street. He walks around a naked man. He looks to the people crowded in the entry watching. In the distance Salt Lake Temple spires are visible from lights below.

TINY TIM

Yoyo.

YOYO

Yeah, What?

TINY TIM

There's a stretcher in the back room. Get it.

A Harley Davidson bike comes to a stop in the middle of the road.

GABE

Tiny, it that you?

TINY TIM

Did you just pass a Taxi?

GABE

Yeah. Stompin' on it.

TINY TIM

Didn't happen to see a Taxi number by chance?

GABE

Sure, I memorize Taxi numbers for a hobby. This the way you kick people out of treatment?

TINY TIM

Can you believe someone dumped him like this?

GABE

You want some help get him inside before his balls freeze?

TINY TIM

I got it handled.

GABE

See you Friday. Can't wait to tell Barth how you run this place.

Gabe rotates the throttle forward and moves on.

YOYO

I got it.

Tiny gestures to bring the stretcher to him. Yoyo doesn't move.

TINY TIM

I don't need it over there.

YOYO

You told me not never to go past the goddamn threshold.

Tiny looks at Yoyo. Yoyo picks up the stretcher and carries it into the street.

YOYO (CONT'D)
 He's probably not an exhibitionist,
 huh.

Yoyo lowers the stretcher next to the naked man.

YOYO (CONT'D)
 Jesus! He is black and blue all
 over.

TINY TIM
 Tell the nurse to call doctor Overton.

YOYO
 He smells like an outhouse in a
 brewery. Is he dead?

TINY TIM
 Go. Dr Overton.

Yoyo runs off. He is excitedly flailing his arms in the
 air.

YOYO
 Someone beat the shit out of that
 poor fucker. Get the nurse. Get
 the goddamn nurse.

INT. TWELVE STEP REHAB HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY - NIGHT

Nurses room. Face of man on gurny is dirty, puffy. Hair
 matted. Contusions, abrasions, ligature marks at wrists and
 ankles. Lacerations at buttocks. Dr Rodney Overton, Nurse,
 Tiny Tim working on naked man.

TINY TIM
 I was surprised too when I found it.
 Your card.

DOCTOR OVERTON
 Is there a driver's license?

The nurse looks at the wallet.

NURSE
 Alcott.

DOCTOR OVERTON
 Matthew Alcott.

Doctor takes a closer look at Matt's face.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)

Okay I want CBC, Electrolytes, Chem Seven. I'm assuming pneumonia. We need to start him on a broad spectrum antibiotic immediately. I can smell the alcohol, but what are these lacerations on his buttocks and what are these puncture marks? Tiny, run his blood over to St. Joseph's lab, stat. Be sure they FAX the results the minute they have them.

NURSE

Librium for now?

DOCTOR OVERTON

There is a toxic liability at this stage. I need to know how much alcohol is in his system first. Vitals q/15 until we know what's going on.

Matt's eyes open. He blinks.

MATT

Rod. Son-of-a-bitch, where you been?

YOYO

(standing in door way)

Can I give him a bath?

NURSE

Close the door Yoyo.

Yoyo steps in and closes the door.

TINY TIM

Outside Yoyo.

DOCTOR OVERTON

B-12. Start hydration. Lets get him cleaned up.

Dr. Overton is looking at Matt's wrists and ankles.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)

These abrasions where he was apparently tied down are infected. I want to see him again before you put some of our scrubs on him.

Matt is delirious.

MATT

Shoot me up. Who am I to argue?

INT. TWELVE STEP REHAB HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY, NURSES STATION -
MORNING

Matt is propped up on gurney. He is awake. Tremulous. Dr
Overton walks in.

DOCTOR OVERTON
You look better.

MATT
Not from where I sit.

DOCTOR OVERTON
What happened to you?

MATT
I was kinda ho . . . ho . . .hoping
you could t . . . tell me.

DOCTOR OVERTON
I can give you some thorazine for a
couple of days. It will help with
the shaking.

MATT
I been chemically lobotomized long
enough. M . . . memory is mush.
How did I get here?

DOCTOR OVERTON
I'll talk to you later.

Dr Overton leaves Matt to the nurse.

MATT
Did he just walk out? Jesus Christ.

NURSE
This is a shaving kit.

MATT
I'll shave if you'll marry me.

NURSE
Thanks anyway. I've seen you naked.

MATT
I can s . . . see self-esteem is not
going to be a problem around here.

EXT. TWELVE STEP HOUSE - EVENING

Matt exits building. Gets in waiting cab.

MATT

Head down town.

INT. PAUL ALCOTT'S OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY - EVENING

All glass door swings closed behind Matt. Office manager, attractive, slim, immaculately dressed, is putting on her coat. Matt walks past her straight to his brother's office and enters.

INT. PAUL ALCOTT'S PERSONAL OFFICE, SLC - EVENING

Paul has his coat on, briefcase in hand.

MATT

You turncoat son of a bitch.

Matt hits him. Paul falls back into chair. Office manager enters room.

OFFICE MANAGER

911. I'm calling 911.

MATT

You tried to get me killed.

Matt is shaking his hand in the air, wincing in pain.

OFFICE MANAGER

911.

MATT

Yes. Call the cops. Call the Salt Lake Tribune too. I want everyone to know this turncoat bum had me tortured for two weeks.

PAUL

My Bishop threatened excommunication. What was I supposed to do.

Secretary Perfect, Mary Laningham, the office manager moves to stand between them. Matt knows if he hits Paul again he WILL have to fight her too. He starts looking through Paul's desk.

Matt opens draws, shuffles papers, moves files, and documents to the surface of the desk.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Help him. The alcohol.

Secretary perfect, the office manager pushes Matt out of the way with her body, hands him a quart of Cutty Sark. Picks up files on top of desk and puts them back in desk drawer.

Closes the drawer. Takes a key from her pocket and locks drawer.

MATT
Screw you. Screw your Bishop.

Matt unscrews the lid, and takes a long, slow swig. Closes his eyes.

PAUL
Do you know what happens to your family when they excommunicate you?

MATT
You ever had a vodka enema?

Paul blinks. Secretary Perfect turns white.

MATT (CONT'D)
Had to be you gave me up. Any idea where I've been for two weeks?

OFFICE MANAGER
You don't look like you are hurt.

Matt sits the bottle of whiskey on the desk. He stands, walks to the end of the desk, turns, and drops his pants.

Secretary Perfect lets out a shriek could pierce armor. There on both cheeks of Matt's buttocks are the partially healed scars of his sadistic captor. It looks like someone played tic-tac-toe with a knife.

PAUL
I was told they needed to talk to you, that's all.

Matt hitches up his pants, reaches for the whiskey.

MATT
Christ, Paul. I don't even like vodka.

INT. RESURRECTION CORNER, NEW YORK, ONE HUMP BAR - EVENING

Late, raining, only one customer in the bar. The door eases open. Cate Lynn stands wet, cold, and shivering, her jacket unzipped against the cold rain. She looks up at the man she thinks of as a brother.

CATE LYNN
What's happened? Why hasn't Matthew called?

She sits at the bar, leans forward until her head rests on her hands.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

We have all that money in our checking account and no Matthew.

She sobs. James J's hands rest gently on her shoulders. He watches the rain on the window.

The large man in the corner booth wearing a brown hat and brown suit under a rain coat floats a ten on the table. He walks quietly out exactly as Humphrey Bogart had done in the movies.

INT. SALT LAKE CITY, TWELVE STEP REHAB HOUSE, OVERTONS OFFICE - DAY

Matt and Dr Overton are catching up.

MATT

Savage bitter rage. It wasn't just Carol divorcing me and it wasn't being fired as a church historian, it was the betrayal. Dad loved the church more than me.

DOCTOR OVERTON

That hurts. Tell me about the twelve days. Nothing but toxins. I'm surprised you lived through it.

MATT

I remember being hosed with water. Cold as a glacier. I tried to drink it, I think.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Why do you think you were kidnapped?
(Overton remembers something)
By the way, there was a call for you. A Hamilton Gloss in New York.

Dr Overton hands a telephone message to Matt.

MATT

I didn't tell you. God, I'm all cobwebs. I'm being published. The firm of Welsely and Tanner offered my publisher \$2 million for my manuscript.

DOCTOR OVERTON
(Overton sits up)
You did say \$2 million?

MATT
Turned it down. Took the advance
money instead.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Well, that explains the last 12 days.
Does this have anything to do with
what we talked about four years ago.

MATT
I'm publishing the lost revelation,
yes.

DOCTOR OVERTON
If I remember correctly It alluded
to sexual slavery. Brigham Young
concealed it did he not/

MATT
Smith didn't get laid enough.

OR OVERTON
This is really about turning down
what two million dollars represents.

MATT
What do you mean?

DOCTOR OVERTON
You should be frightened.

MATT
Oh, yeah, I keep forgetting that
part.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Not to change the subject, but how
long has it been since you've seen
your folks?

MATT
Yeah. Right.

Dr Overton pulled open a drawer, extracted a set of keys.

DOCTOR OVERTON
There's a limousine out back we used
to use for Airport pickups. Gift
from a rich client. Give your father
my best. Remember you're relatively
safe in here with us.

EXT. BOUNTIFUL WARD MEETING HOUSE, TEN MINUTES NORTH OF SALT LAKE CITY - EVENING

Matt parks limo in front of church. Turns off the key. Goes inside.

INY. HALLWAY INSIDE BOUNTIFUL WARD MEETING HOUSE. EVENING.

Office door is open. Bishop Alcott is at his desk, pen in hand. Matt walks through open door.

MATT

Hi, Dad.

Matt's voice is warm with love. Bishop Alcott looks up.

BISHOP ALCOTT

Matthew.

(Bishop stands, extends his hand)

Paul said you were back east some where. How are you, son?

As he looks at Matt his expression changes. Matt watches his father turn old and tired in front of him.

Bishop Alcott all but collapse in chair. Picks up his pen.

BISHOP ALCOTT (CONT'D)

President Burgess called. He explained that he couldn't stop the . . . the . . . the excommun . . .

Bishop Alcott put the pen down. He rises and looks directly at Matt.

BISHOP ALCOTT (CONT'D)

I don't understand. Your mother and I . . . is there something we've done? Have I let you down in some way? I've prayed and I've fasted. I've searched my heart. I don't understand.

Bishop Alcott collapses in his chair. Sobbing silently,

BISHOP ALCOTT (CONT'D)

Matthew, you are a complete mystery to me.

Matt doesn't know what to say. As he turns to leave . . .

BISHOP ALCOTT (CONT'D)

I don't know how to tell your mother.

EXT, LIMO, REAR DRIVEWAY, TWELVE STEP HOUSE - DAY

Matt parks limo, sits quietly, tears running down his face.

INT. TWELVE STEP HOUSE - MORNING

Matt walks past the counselors station.

MEMBER OF THE STAFF
Matt, you have a letter.

MATT
Impossible.

MEMBER OF THE STAFF
Unless you've, changed your name,
here.

Matt opens the letter. It reads:

MATT POV
Stop the book. Give everything over.
She would be hurt.

INT. DOCTOR OVERTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Door is open. Doctor Overton is on the phone. Matt barges in, lays the letter open faced in front of him.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Let me call you back.

He hangs up.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)
This came to you in our mail? It
came here? Let me see the envelope,
the date stamp.

Matt hands him the envelope.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)
Local.

MATT
May I use your phone? I need to
call Cate.

Dr Overton turns the phone around facing Matt.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Of course. Who is Cate?

Matt dialed the loft. No answer. He dials Raven at school.

RAVEN (V.O.)

Matt is that you?

MATT

Where's Cate? Is she with you?

Matt puts the call on speaker.

RAVEN

She's not with you? We haven't seen Cate in a week.

MATT

Oh God, I think she has been kidnapped. I can't reach her mother. Have you seen her?

RAVEN

Her mother takes your name in vain every day.

MATT

So do I.

RAVEN

She filled out a missing persons report yesterday.

MATT

If you hear anything call Twelve Step House in Salt Lake City.

RAVEN

You're in Salt Lake City? Did you drink?

MATT

It's a long story, Raven.

RAVEN

Do you need money? I can't send the computers back. We've been using them.

MATT

What computers?

RAVEN

You didn't know? You - they were bought in your name - supplied the school with computers, twenty-four, in all, new. I assumed she had talked to you.

MATT

Have the sheriff find out if your phone has been bugged. I'll call you back tomorrow.

RAVEN

You know Matthew, if I ever see you again, there's every chance I may kill you.

They hang up.

DOCTOR OVERTON

So that's who Cate Lynn is.

MATT

She's the best thing that ever happened to me. I've put her in harms way. God, all I do is hurt people.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Let's not go there. Self pity will not find her and finding her is what you need to focus on.

MATT

What do I do?

DOCTOR OVERTON

Who was with you when you were kidnapped? Where were you? Believe it or not you probably know how to find her. I know enough about the human mind to know that all the parts and pieces to find her exist. You can wallow in self pity or you can focus.

MATT

You know you can be a cruel motherfucker.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Listen to yourself. Get objective. Stop thinking about losing her and focus on finding her.

INT. TWELVE STEP HOUSE - EVENING

Matt mopes into the day room. He looks at the hat Yoyo is wearing.

MATT

Yoyo, let me see that hat for a minute?

YOYO

Mother will do anything for you Matthew.

Matt tries it on. He looks at his reflection in the window.

MATT

Can I borrow this for a day or two?

EXT. LIMOUSINE PARKED IN FRONT OF HOTEL, SALT LAKE CITY - MORNING

Matt is wearing Yoyo's hat and a black suit. He sits in the drivers seat. Hotel is owned by ex-father-in-law, Burgess.

MATT

(soliloquy)

Good grief, daddy money bags, Your getting richer by the minute. You must have paid, thirty million for this shit house.

Hotel attendant approaches Matt. Matt rolls window down part way.

HOTEL ATTENDANT

You are here for Mr Burgess?

MATT

Yes.

HOTEL ATTENDANT

Where is the regular driver?

MATT

Mr Burgess doesn't want him to drive if he has a cold.

Hotel attendant nods. Returns to his station.

Couple of motor cycles pull up on the street beyond. Matt stiffens, turns to see if it is the police.

MATT (CONT'D)

(soliloquy) How can the police know what I'm doing when I don't know what I'm doing? Relax fool.)

Burgess exits hotel. The parking attendant waves Matt in. Matt eases limo into place. Burgess assistant is held up giving instructions to a subordinate. Attendant opens and holds door for Burgess. Burgess gets in. Matt buries his foot in the throttle. He doesn't stop for traffic. Tires squealing, horns honking as he pulls on to street. Several motor cycles have moved in behind the limo. One pulls alongside and makes a motion to roll down the window.

BARTH

Where you been, man. We been lookin' all over for you.

Matt is relieved.

BARTH (CONT'D)

James J sends his best. Says to give you a hand. Where you headed?

MATT

The Club.

BARTH

THE Club! Follow me.

Barth rolls ahead. The other bikes surround the limo. Matt looks at Burgess in rear view mirror.

MATT

Hello daddy. You know what I want, don't you.

President Burgess is stoic. Does nothing. Says nothing.

MATT (CONT'D)

Nothing is going to happen to you as long as you listen to me. On the other hand I don't care if I get us both killed. You or someone you know just offered two million to stop my book from being published. If you are half as smart as you think you are, you'll take me seriously. If anything happens to Cate, be damn sure to kill me too. You got it? Not one scratch, one tiny abrasion, a bruise, even a rash and your worst nightmares come true. Eye for fucking eye, I'll come for you Ezra Dickhead Burgess. I swear to God on High I will. Let Cate go. She's innocent of all this.

Down town Salt Lake City. The caravan stops. Matt gets out of limo. Sticks his head back in the limo window.

MATT (CONT'D)

You're the richest bastard in this valley. I know nothing happens without you know about it. See that she's released I'll forget everything that you put me through. You got until tomorrow same time or I go to the newspapers.

Matt climbs on behind Barth. Twelve bikes pull away and begin separating by twos at each intersection they come

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA. CINDER BLOCK BUILDING WITH TWO TWELVE FOOT OVERHEAD DOORS, SALT LAKE CITY, - DAY

Overhead doors commence to open. Motor cycles pull into cinder block building. They enter in twos. Barth pulls in with Matt. Overhead doors close.

INT. INDUSTRIAL AREA, LOUNGE IN CINDER BLOCK BUILDING, SLC - DAY

Large lounge with coffee bar, AA signs; First Things First, One Day At A Time. Twelve bikers plus Matt.

BARTH

Welcome to Residence Twelve.

MATT

Your timing? How did you know what I was up to?

A familiar voice enters the room.

TINY TIM

Yoyo tells me everything.

GABE

James J called yesterday told us about the disappearance of a Cate Lynn Sudoni.

BARTH

We got feelers out, man. See what we can find out. We're not dealing with your average criminal type. Rich and powerful is hard to figure.

TINY TIM

Up against the law.

BARTH

The guy in the limo, what was that about?

MATT

Ex-Daddy-in-law. President Burgess. Cotton Wood Stake. He's one of the richest men in the church. Owns enough of this valley to know everything that goes on. I doubt a seagull shits he doesn't nod first.

GABE

No shortage of balls in your family. You the guy with the book?

TINY TIM

Count yourself lucky you didn't call the police. Eighty-five percent of the Salt Lake force are Mormons.

BARTH

How can we help?

MATT

I'm not sure. Cate's mother did a missing persons thing in New York.

GABE

What did the guy in the limo say?

MATT

I might as well have been talking to Brigham Young's statue.

BARTH

Look, anything you need. James J says you get it.

MATT

Can't tell you how much I appreciate that. If I had a clue what to do, I wouldn't hesitate, believe me.

Gabe hands Matt a business card.

GABE

Our phone number. Ask for one of the twelve. We call ourselves The Twelve Apostles.

MATT

Fashionable.

INT. TWELVE STEP RECOVERY HOUSE, SLC, - DAY

Small room where Matt sleeps. Tiny Tim knocks on door.

TINY TIM

There was a call for you. You brother wants to see you. Doc Overton says to tell you he is going with you.

MATT

I'll bet this is where I get arrested.

INT. PAUL ALCOTT LAW OFFICES, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Matt, Dr Overton, and Tiny Tim enter attorney Paul Alcott's office.

PAUL

No offence, Rodney, but this is for Matt's ears only.

Doctor Overton and Paul shake hands.

MATT

I ask Rod to come with me, keep me from doing a Cain and Able on your ass.

TINY TIM

I'm Matt's body guard.

MATT

Tiny is a former member of the Salt Lake Police Department. He's gonna help me find Cate.

PAUL

I've been asked to talk to you. Did you kidnap your ex-wives father?

MATT

Next time I'll shove a magnum of vodka up his ass. The more I think about it, Old Money Bags knows exactly what's going on.

PAUL

You idiot. He is a well respected, prominent businessman. There is no way he could be mixed up in this.

MATT

I take you for naive, little brother, not stupid.

PAUL

He has lunch once a month with a member of the twelve.

MATT
And who had lunch with Cate Lynn
today?

Matt is turning red with anger.

MATT (CONT'D)
No skin off your self-rightious ass,
is it?

DOCTOR OVERTON
Timothy. Put Matt in a chair. Paul,
it is my understanding that Cate's
Mother filed a missing persons report
in New York.

Tiny grabs Matt just as he is about to push Paul backwards.
Paul sees his advantage and delivers a right to Matt's jaw.
Tiny drops Matt in a chair then steps in front of Matt to
protect him.

MATT
You hit me, asshole.

PAUL
I owed you, you arrogant prick.

Paul's secretary enters.

OFFICE MANAGER
I'm calling 911.

Paul shoos her away.

PAUL
Just close the door, Mary.

Paul's secretary slams the door.

MATT
Just tell me Cate's okay.

PAUL
I can't tell you that. I received a
call from Tanner at Tanner and
Welsely. I'm to convey to you that
Burgess has no idea what you are
talking about.

MATT
Does Dad know you're associated with
kidnappers?

PAUL
That's a serious allegation. The people who offered to buy your manuscript are business people. That's the extent of it.

MATT
Bullshit.

PAUL
They made you a legitimate offer.

MATT
Yeah, and your brain's not connected to your asshole either.

PAUL
Rodney, for God's sake talk some sense into my fool brother, will you?

DOCTOR OVERTON
I believe you believe what your clients have told you, but Matthew has a point. There is a woman missing and people just don't vaporize.

PAUL
That's all I can tell you.

Enraged Matt attempts to stand, finds himself wobbly.

MATT
That's it. I'm going to the Tribune. Cate's kidnapping will make a great story and dick head Burgess will figure prominently in that story. Tell that to Tanner at Tanner and Welsely.

Paul's phone buzzes. He answers it.

PAUL
I said no interruptions . . .

He freezes listing. His expression changes. He hangs up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
There's a man, might have something to do with this. His name is Harper.

DOCTOR OVERTON
How do we find this man?

PAUL
 Apparently your ex-father-in-law
 Brother Burgess knows something about
 this guy.

MATT
President Burgess.

PAUL
 Not anymore.

INT. VAN BELONGING TO TWELVE-STEP HOUSE, SLC - DAY

Tiny Tim is driving. Matt and Dr Overton are passengers.

MATT
 That's it. Turn here.

They pass beyond a large hedge, drive down a long drive to
 the estate of Ezra L Burgess.

DOCTOR OVERTON
 Timothy and I will wait out here.
 Now Matthew, don't lose you head.
 Remember why your there.

EXT. HOME PRESIDENT BURGESS, EAST FOOTHILLS, SALT LAKE CITY -
 AFTERNOON

Matt approaches eight foot high arched door, rings bell.
 Waits. Door inches open. Matt steps closer, peers in.
 Voice from behind door.

CAROL
 What is it with you? I divorce you
 and four years later you are still
 ruining my life.

MATT
 Carol?

Bewildered, the voice is that of his ex-wife Carol Burgess.
 Her hair has never been blond and her face is an imitation
 of the girl he had once been married for eternity.

CAROL
 Don't be a smart ass!

MATT
 My God, how many times have you had
 your tits lifted?

CAROL
 You've been excommunicated.
 (MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)

Your records are still here, in our
Ward and the bishopric met. You are
a son of perdition, you apostate
bastard.

Matt attempts to push past her. She holds the door from
fully opening.

MATT

Yeah, I heard.

CAROL

I can't imagine what attracted me to
you.

MATT

Truly, one of the great mysteries.

CAROL

I will personally see that you are
my servant in eternity.

Matt forces the door open and heads for Burgess' library.

MATT

I'll take the fire and brimstone.

INT. LIBRARY, PRESIDENT BURGESS HOME, EAST FOOTHILLS, SALT
LAKE CITY - DAY

Burgess is sitting behind his desk, the large glass wall
behind him. Matt makes his way down the long narrow room.
A Security Guard Burgess employees at one of his office
buildings is standing in the room. Burgess stands and turns
his back on Matt.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I have one question for you. You
are a treasonous son.

He turns and points his cain at Matt. The Security Guard
doesn't move.

MATT

You are getting senile, Ezra. That
was a statement, not a question.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Nothing is more contemptible than a
self-righteous fanatic with a cause.

MATT

And I was wondering, what is more dangerous than an arrogant, self-righteous old fool who thinks his way is the only way.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Are you aware that you have sinned against God and placed your immortal soul in grievous peril?

MATT

I keep forgetting what planet I'm on. You know why I am here. A woman has been kidnapped and you know where she is.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

That is absolutely not true.

MATT

Then why was I given your name by Tanner and Welsely as the man who knows where this Harper is.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

I heard of a man that was watching you. That's all. That's the extent of it.

MATT

Liar!

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Get out before I slap a kidnapping charge on you for that limousine stunt.

Matt sits down, crosses his legs.

PRESIDENT BURGESS (CONT'D)

I had a duty to call your father, and inform him of your excommunication. When I did I spoke to a man with a broken heart. What does it take to turn a missionary for God into a son of perdition?

Matt comes out of the chair. The security guard puts his hand on his piece.

MATT

Don't bring my father into this you miserable bleep.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

You don't stand that tall. My father is a decent man and you are nothing but an empty, bullying, spiritual shill. There is a mother who wants me to call her every day. She wants to know where her daughter is.

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Get out of my home.

MATT

You arrogant old bastard, you have a man working for you played Jazz basketball with my gonads for two weeks. Now he's kidnapping innocent women and doing God know what to them.

Burgess raises his cane high above his head. Matt finds himself being held by someone he can't see. Burgess brings his cane down on Matt's head. Matt pushes backward hard propelling himself and the man who is holding him through the large glass window.

EXT. LIBRARY, PRESIDENT BURGESS HOME, EAST FOOTHILLS, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Matt is falling outside of the Burgess home, another man behind, still holding him. They slam into the patio cement surface below. Matt is stunned. The gardener who was behind Matt is now under Matt and is unconscious.

Tiny Tim lifts Matt to his feet.

MATT

Where the hell did he come from?

PRESIDENT BURGESS

Shoot him.

Matt looks up to see the security guard drawing his weapon from its holster.

TINY TIM

Let's get out of here.

A shot is fired. It misses. Another shot pings off the cement patio and spirals off into the cottonwoods. We hear a car start and drive away.

INT. LIBRARY, PRESIDENT BURGESS HOME, EAST FOOTHILLS, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Matt, Tiny Tim, and Dr Overton converge in Burgess' library. Overton see's what looks like an address book.

MATT

The old bastard wouldn't tell me
shit. What's this?

Matt picks up a leather book looks like it might be an address book.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Your bleeding Matt. Here.

Dr Overton hands Matt his handkerchief. Matt hands Doc Overton the address book.

MATT

Harper. The last name was Harper.

Matt holds the handkerchief to his head.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Odd jobs. What does odd jobs say to
you?

MATT

Bingo. Harper.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Redwood Road. It has to be a trailer
park.

EXT. LIBRARY, PRESIDENT BURGESS HOME, EAST FOOTHILLS, SLC - DAY

Tiny Tim exits Burgess home, gets in drivers seat of van. Matt and Dr Overton follow. The engine turns over.

INT. VAN BELONGING TO TWELVE STEP HOUSE, A TRAILER PARK - DAY

The van with Matt and Dr Overton pulls into trailer park. It proceeds to the last trailer. Tiny Tim parks and exits van.

Matt tries the door. Locked. Tiny Tim shoves Matt aside. He pulls the door open breaking the lock. Three men peer inside. Three men recoil at the same time.

TINY TIM

Man must have the palate of a grizzly.

INT. FARLEY HARPER'S TRAILER HOME, SLC - DAY

Tiny Tim pulls his shirt over his nose. Layers of garbage and dust are piled everywhere. The walls are covered with home made banners exhibiting various titles, endorsements, and intimidations.

AVENGE THE BLOOD OF THE PROPHET. ORRIN PORTER ROCKWELL, SON OF THUNDER. DANITE LEADER. COMMISSIONED BY THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH. AVENGER-IN-CHIEF FOR THE LORD.

Matt turns pale and pasty looking.

MATT

What's this animal doing to Cate?

TINY TIM

We need backup.

Dr Overton hands Tiny Tim his cell phone.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Take Matthew out of here.

Tiny puts Matt's arm around his neck. They exit the trailer. Dr Overton remains inside.

EXT. FARLEY HARPER'S TRAILER HOME, SLC - DAY

Tiny opens the side sliding door of the van. Matt sits in the side of the Van. Tiny places a call.

TINY TIM

Won't take them long.

Dr overton exists trailer. He is pensive, deep in thought, talking to himself more than to Matt or Tiny.

DOCTOR OVERTON

We are obviously dealing with a functionally retarded man. Rudimentary conversation. Dull norman IQ with an obsession.

(Doc Overton stops,
turns, and looks
directly at Matt)

Cate is being held exactly where you were. It only makes sense.

MATT

The same cold, shit hole basement I was in.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Was it a basement? How about an abandoned building? And why did he not kill you? He played with you - like a cat plays with a mouse or a ball of string. This man has little control over his life. She, Cate Lynn, is a great prize to him. This is as close to intimacy as this level of intelligence gets. He needs her alive, Matthew.

Roar of a couple of Harley Davidson bikes can be heard in the distance. Bikes peel into trailer court in one's and two's. Tiny introduces Barth and Gabe to Dr Overton. The bikers gather around.

BARTH

All right, lock it down. This here is Doctor Overton. He's gonna explain it.

DOCTOR OVERTON

The man we want to find lives in this trailer. He is a large man, maybe as much as seven feet. Mentally? He is not too swift. He is holding Cate Lynn in something like a basement or an old abandoned building, an unused factory - someplace where you can shout all day and no one would be able to hear you. The key is the railroad. It has to be near the railroad. If we stay close to the tracks, check out every building . . .

GABE

What about Ogden or Provo?

DOCTOR OVERTON

He is too limited, like a small rodent that would be disoriented outside of its own territory. He knows this town. Salt Lake is the extent of his world.

GABE

Woods Cross to just south of Riverton at the turn of the mountain? sound about right?

DOCTOR OVERTON

(nods thoughtfully)

That sounds about right. And west of I-5. Every abandoned edifice where you can feel and/or hear a train.

BARTH

How about we cut the valley into six sections? Two bikes to a section for a first sweep?

As each of the bikers paired off and picked a section they would stop by Matt in the van.

BIKER ONE

Hang in there, man. We'll find this SOB.

A bushy red beard, Biker Number Two, stands in front of Matt. He reaches behind and from under his vest produced a large bone-handled hunting knife. He points to the handle.

BIKER TWO

Human bone.

(laughs)

Been months since I killed anyone.

I'll personally bring you his balls.

(laughs)

We'll tape his freakin eyes open and feed them to freakin dog.

(laughs like laughter

was a drug and he

had overdosed)

Bikers roar off.

INT. VAN BELONGING TO TWELVE STEP HOUSE, TRAILER PARK, SLC - DAY

DOCTOR OVERTON

Matt what do you remember about being dumped at Twelve Step House? You've never told us how it was that you were naked?

MATT

I was dumped.

DOCTOR OVERTON

We know that.

MATT

That's what I'm telling you. I was dumped before that.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

In an alley somewhere the first time.
A . . . a cobblestone not asphalt.
Hurt my knees. It was dark. There
was a restaurant. Brick building.

TINY TIM

How did you get naked?

MATT

I don't know. But I had to pick my
clothes up off the street. I had
them in my arms when I got in the
taxi.

TINY TIM

What kind of restaurant?

MATT

I don't know.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Sit back. Relax. Take a deep breath.
Don't try to force it. Let your
mind drift back to that time. How
did it smell?

Matt shakes his head.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)

Chinese?

Matt shakes his head.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)

Mexican? Pizza?

MATT

Pizza. Yes. Pizza. Small place.

TINY TIM

When you came out of the alley was
the Pizza restaurant on the right or
left.

MATT

Right.

TINY TIM

How long was the ride to Twelve Step
House?

MATT

I wasn't very with it. I think it
was a short ride.

Tiny starts the engine. Floors it. The Van squeals out of the trailer park.

TINY TIM
Damn. We should a had this conversation two weeks ago.

INT. ALLEY, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Van pulls into alley.

TINY TIM
Does this look right?

Matt studies the alley from inside the van.

MATT
Couldn't see much. The light was killing my eyes.

DOCTOR OVERTON
You were blindfolded for almost two weeks. A full moon would have looked like the sun.

TINY TIM
Building was on the right, like this?

MATT
Yeah.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Walk it. See how it feels.

Tiny turns the engine off. They all exit.

MATT
It was . . .

Matt throws his hands in the air in frustration.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Close your eyes. Were you standing?

MATT
It was hard to stand. My legs . . .
I leaned against the building, worked my way to my feet.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Kneel down. Feel the surface. Crawl.

EXT. FLASHBACK, WEEK EARLIER, ALLEY, SALT LAKE CITY - NIGHT

Matt naked, face down in alley, lifts his head.

MATT

Make up your mind. Cold. Stand up fool. Where did you get them legs?

Matt bends at the waist. Looks at his legs.

MATT (CONT'D)

My God, I have legs. Crawl. That works, but where. God. Light hurts. Smells dark. Smells Pizza.

Matt struggles to get to his feet. Picks up his clothes. Looks about. Attempts to make sense of what is happening. Works his way up the side of a brick building. Wobbly, legs unsteady.

MATT (CONT'D)

Kill for a pizza. Where am I?

Attempts to exit alley. Covers his eyes from the light. Totters to a yellow cab. Shakes his head, pushing through the fog of mind. Opens rear door on passenger side of cab. Finds himself facing a dog.

MATT (CONT'D)

Big dog.

Opens door wider.

MATT (CONT'D)

Here doggy, doggy.

Dog jumps out of cab. Matt falls into rear seat.

MATT (CONT'D)

Nice taxi. Take me to Twelve Step House.

Taxi driver is talking to someone. Turns to see naked man in back seat of his cab.

TAXI DRIVER

Hey buddy. You need clothes on. I can't fare you without clothes.

Matt finds pants pocket with money. Throws handful of bills in front seat.

MATT

Take me to the jitter joint. Buy you a new cab.

Lady looking into taxi.

LADY
That's a naked man.

Matt looks around.

MATT
Where?

PEOPLE
Laughter.

Cabby looks at money. Two \$100's and a \$50.

Taxi driver speaks to people he was about to fare that had already put their dog in the taxi.

TAXI DRIVER
Back in five minutes. Drop him just down the street. Five minutes.

EXT. PRESENT TIME, ALLEY, SALT LAKE CITY - DAY

Matt kneels, crawls, feels the brick surface of the alley.

MATT
I think so. My knees hurt. Yes. Bricks. Not cobblestones.

DOCTOR OVERTON
You were drugged. Feel the building. How long did it take to work your way to the end of the alley?

Matt walks to the end of the alley, leans against the building. He stands for a minute looking around.

MATT
Yes. I was here. New York Pizza Company.
(Matt looks down.
Points to his feet.)
I was right here.

Cell phone rings.

TINY TIM
Yeah.

GABE (O.S.)
Tiny, you know where the Army Reserve Building is?

TINY TIM
Yeah man.

GABE

It looks right man. Meet us there.
It looks right.

Tiny walk past shrubbery that has overgrown part of the entrance to the alley. Matt and Dr Overton follow into the street. A car honks, goes around them. They turn taking in every view. All three stop at the same time looking in the same direction.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the old Army Reserve Building, shut down for years. Unless I ill remember, it was a foundry before that. Some barracks were added for later military use, Second World War. Unused for years.

They stand squinting to see what they can. A train traveling north cuts between them and the old abandoned buildings.

MATT

Train.

The three scramble in to the van.

INT. TWELVE STEP VAN, SLC - DAY

Tiny drives. They find a side road, follow a high chain link fence perimetered to the old buildings and property.

DOCTOR OVERTON

During the second World War, those buildings were used for casting metal parts for jeeps and B-29s. This would be the perfect place to imprison someone without anyone knowing it.

They come to a gate. A heavy chain secures it.

MATT

It's locked. Can we ram it?

DOCTOR OVERTON

Get closer. The padlock is only looped though the chain . . . see.

Matt gets out, opens the gate.

TINY TIM

Leave it open for the Apostles.

They drive around the first single level building. A large, six-story concrete structure stands before them.

A gray four-door sedan is parked in the shadow of a loading dock. Tiny brings the van to a stop. They sit in silence straining to see into the shadows of the loading dock.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Did you see . . .

MATT

Behind the car. That's him.

Matt jumps out of the van

EXT. OLD, UNUSED, SIX-STORY CONCRETE FACTORY, SLC - DAY

Matt is running for Farley Harper who bends down giving only a shoulder for a target. Matt bounces off like a toy person. Farley enters the building through a hollow metal door. Matt is winded. He is helped up by Tiny. The two of them enter through the same door.

INT. OLD, UNUSED, SIX-STORY CONCRETE FACTORY, SLC - DAY

Inside is total darkness.

TINY TIM

I'm going to Look for a flashlight.

Dr Overton and Matt wait in the darkness with the light from the open door behind them.

MATT

There is another door over here.
(He tries it.)
It's locked.

DOCTOR OVERTON

I think there is a conveyer belt over here.

Overton walks to it.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)

Yes. It goes on through into the next room. Too small for me or Timothy. Do you want to try using it to get to the other side?

Matt climbs on the dust laden belt and crawls through into the next room. He unlocks the door. Tiny follows Dr Overton in.

TINY TIM

Found a flashlight, but the batteries are almost shot.

DOCTOR OVERTON

There are skylites. Some help.

Lattice work steel stairs ascend up into the building. Matt walks to them. Starts up.

DOCTOR OVERTON (CONT'D)

Put the light on the floor. Look where the dust has been disturbed by his shoes.

TINY TIM

Damn batteries.

DOCTOR OVERTON

He didn't go that way Matthew.

Dr Overton and Tiny follow the foot markings in the floor dust. A door opens and closes. Matt comes back down.

MATT

Where are you?

Total silence.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hey. Where are you guys?

Matt feels, gropes his way. Dim illumination. Bumps into machinery, finds a door. It opens into more stairs. Level after level Matt is skirting a large empty area. There are sky lights six floors up that are covered with years of dust. They emit some light, Matt's eyes are adjusting. He can see up through steel lattice work flooring into the next level. He makes out a chain and what must be a chain link pulley. With the use of steel railings he works his way up four stories to a more open area without safety railings.

MATT (CONT'D)

Must be for off-loading. Where are you guys?

Thinking the steel flooring continues Matt steps off into nothingness. As he falls he reaches for anything. He gets lucky. The lattice floor does extend farther but to the side. This saves him. He is hanging out over four levels of blackness.

MATT (CONT'D)

Help! Hey you guys. I'm in trouble here.

A large shadow leans over Matt.

FARLEY HARPER

She is mine.

Farley grabs a handful of Matt's collar and pulls him up. Matt smells a familiar foul odor of Farley's breath. Matt kick as hard as he can. In pain Farley drops Matt on steel grid flooring.

MATT

Farley Harper is that your name?

Matt grabs a handful of the silky dust and attempts to throw it into Farley's face. Reticulate powder. It doesn't carry a foot, hangs cloud like in the air.

FARLEY HARPER

You are a sinner.

Farley puts hand in pocket. Matt hears the unmistakable metallic sound of a pocket knife clicking open.

MATT

Cate's not a sinner.

FARLEY HARPER

The Lord has given her to me for a helpmate.

MATT

You touch her I will kill you.

FARLEY HARPER

I am here to avenge the blood of the Prophet.

A glint of light flashes from the blade. Looks like a machete.

MATT

You gonna cut my throat? You gonna bloodatone my ass, you ass.

INT. LARGE AREA, OLD, UNUSED, SIX-STORY CONCRETE FACTORY,
SLC - DAY

Farley is kneeling on Matt's chest, winding a chain around Matt's foot.

MATT

Where
(voice is strained)
is Cate?

FARLEY HARPER

Mine.

Matt hears the click, click of a block and tackle. Upside down he is being pulled higher and higher. The chain bites into his ankle like fire.

INT. MATT, LARGE AREA, SIX-STORY CONCRETE BUILDING - DAY

P.O.V. Matt finds himself hanging upside down over a black empty expanse. He is swinging back and forth, first into the face of Farley then away. Matt sees the large blade flash.

FARLEY HARPER

Say your prayers.

MATT

Dear God. Please forgive me for my sins.

Farley's hesitates. His respect for all things religious causes him to wait with the knife.

MATT (CONT'D)

I will repent of all my sins if you spare me. I will be good. I will repent. Dear God, please forgive me and please forgive Farley too, because he doesn't want to go to hell for the mistake he is about to make. Please forgive Farley and please let Cate go. She has nothing to do with this.

FARLEY HARPER

No.

Farley holds knife with one hand makes a fist with the other. It is like a padded sledgehammer. Blow after blow causes Matt to swing wider and wider. Farley is enjoying knocking Matt around.

FARLEY HARPER (CONT'D)

Ha ha ha ha.

Every time he hits Matt he laughs long and hard. Matt swings closer and closer to Farley.

MATT

Oh, shit. Dear God, help Farley understand that I have him by the balls . . .

Matt grabs a handful. One gonad is all his hand will hold. He squeezes with all his might.

FARLEY HARPER

Yelp.

Farley drops the knife. The yelp tells Tiny and Dr Overton where they are. Upside down Tiny Tim looks funny to Matt. Tiny engages Farley. Farley lets go of Matt. Dr Overton is unwinding the chain from Matthew's ankle. Farley protecting a treasure fights with great fury. Farley pushes Tiny into the darkness. We hear Tiny crash into things. Farley disappears in the darkness.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Can you stand up, Matthew?

A door is heard opening and closing. Matt tries to stand. Too much pain. He tries again. He is wobbly, but finally stands.

MATT

He broke a rib, I think.

They come to a locked door. The upper half is glass with wire in it. Tiny catches up.

TINY TIM

We need to find something to break the glass with.

DOCTOR OVERTON

We know she is here. I'm going to let the Twelve Apostles know how to find us. We will need some emergency medical people. Too much steel in here. I'll be back.

Tiny kicks around in the shadows on the floor. He finds the handle to a piece of machinery, breaks the glass and wire away.

TINY TIM

There is something blocking it on the floor. I can't reach it. Do you think you can get through with my help?

Matt gets half way through the glass opening when Farley materializes and knocks Tiny down and out. Matt cries out in pain. He falls though to the other side of the door. Some of the wire in the glass is protruding. One leg of his pants is torn off. Matt removes what was blocking the door and opens it to find Farley standing in front of him. Farley laughs, picks Matt up, carries him off into the darkness. Couple of bikers and Dr Overton show up. One has a flashlight. Tiny gets up, shakes his head.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)

They went that way.

Matt can be heard hollaring . . .

MATT

Help. My ribs ass hole. Watch the ribs.

DOCTOR OVERTON

There. Put the light over there.

BIKER ONE

He's cornered. No way out of this room.

TINY TIM

We've got him.

Farley lifts Matt above his head and sends him flying knocking down Tiny and a biker. Matt crys out in pain. Flashlight roles across the floor making weird shadows. Dr Overton behind Farley hits him with a pipe. The men are no match for Farley. Matt is lying on the floor. We see his face. Something comes over him. Matt takes a deep breath and begins rolling along the floor into the back of Farley legs. He wraps himself around Farleys ankles and holds on for dear life. Farley is unable to move his legs. Tiny goes down. Two bikers have Farley on the floor on his face. Tiny pulls plastic handcuffs out of a back pocket, puts them on Farley.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)

I used to be a cop.

Bikers laugh. The three men begin carrying and draging Farley out of the building. Dr Overton is catching his breath.

MATT

My ribs hurt too much. Try hollering for Cate.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Cate.

MATT

Did you . . . I think I heard something.

DOCTOR OVERTON

I couldn't tell over the racket they are making.

Matt is bent over, but on his feet. They leave this room and try another door. It is locked.

MATT
Another conveyer belt. Help me up.

DOCTOR OVERTON
Lets wait for help.

MATT
Help me up.

Matt is obviously in pain. Dr Overton gives him a leg up. He notices that Matt's shoe is sloshing blood. Matt gets through. He unlocks the door. They move into the next room. Matt Stops.

MATT (CONT'D)
That smell. I know that smell. Cate.
(little more than a
wisper)

DOCTOR OVERTON
Cate.

CATE LYNN
Hello.
(muffled)

MATT
Cate.

Matt collapses. He is on his hands and knees. Tiny finds them.

TINY TIM
What happened?
(He is looking at
Matt)

DOCTOR OVERTON
He belongs is a hospital bed Timothy.
He's still detoxifying.

CATE LYNN
Matthew is that you?

TINY TIM
You found her.

DOCTOR OVERTON
(puts his face near
the door)
Cate Lynn my name is Rodney Overton.
I am an old friend of Matthew's.
Are you all right?

CATE LYNN

I'm okay, thank you. Is Matthew there?

MATT

I'm here, honey. Has that bastard hurt you?

CATE LYNN

You won't hurt Mr. Rockwell, will you? He has been very kind to me.

Tiny looks at Matt, his face one long question mark.

MATT

You have to know Cate.

DOCTOR OVERTON

Cate Lynn how long have you been here?

CATE LYNN

I don't know. Maybe a month. I read the Book of Mormon, the whole book. Mr Rockwell has been teaching me about the church. He went on a mission too like you did.

Matt try's to get up. Tiny helps.

TINY TIM

You went on a mission?

DOCTOR OVERTON

I want the Medics in here. One of us should be outside when they arrive.

Dr Overton leaves.

MATT

Can you unlock this door, Cate?

CATE LYNN

No. I need a key.

TINY TIM

It's keyed both sides.

Matt is studying the upper area of the room. He makes his way to top of a wide shelf leaving a blood smudged trail. Matt pushes on a heating and air conditioning duct about 30" in diameter.

MATT

Maybe I can get through this way.
Can you help break it off back here?

Tiny climbs up. They push it loose.

MATT (CONT'D)

If you can give me another leg up
Maybe I can get to her through here.

TINY TIM

All right, but this time give me the
dry shoe.

Tiny gives Matt a leg up into the opening of the heating and air conditioning duct. Matt commences crawling forward.

TINY TIM (CONT'D)

Watch yourself. It's only held up
by thin straps.

Matt forced himself deeper into the pipe by pushing with his toes. Tries to reverse his movement. He's stuck.

VOICE, SHOUTING

Farley broke loose. He's loose in
the building.

MATT

Die, Farley, you feeble-minded fuck.
Touch her you're a dead man.

More muffled shouting. Matt kicks his legs from side to side. There is a vibration. Under his weight the duct separates. Matt finds himself suspended by one of the straps that hold up the two severed ends of the duct he was crawling in. Hanging on for dear life he looks down. Below smiling up at him is Farley Harper. Under his weight, the straps holding the pipe breaks. Matthew slams into Farley. Matt notices Cate as he flies by and bounces off of a cement wall. Dazed, he rolls over. He comes to his feet and puts himself between Cate and the big man. Matt runs at the big man grabbing for anything he can get ahold of, do any damage possible. He heard someone grunt when he hit the wall again. Someone grunts every time Matt hits the wall. What comes as a surprise - it doesn't hurt or doesn't seem to hurt as much as it should. What Farley doesn't know . . . Matt is charging with a plan. Each lunge is at a different part of his apparel. Finally he'd done it. His suspenders were unhooked and Matt had a firm grip on his unhooked belt buckle so that when Farley dispatches Matt toward another wall all he has to do was hang on to the belt. There is a grunt. Matt drops to the cement floor. When he looks up Farley is looking down at his pants gathered around his ankles. Cate Lynn is between them directly in harms way.

Matt picks Cate Lynn up by her shoulders and puts her in a corner. Matt is able to propel himself up on Farley's back. Matt's fingers clutch at Farley's eyes. This time when he heard the grunt he realizes it's coming from him. This time when Matt is slammed into the wall it is so hard he can't catch his breath. Matt tries to get up. Everything is quiet. Matt lays watching a very large man attempting to find his suspenders. Farley has to remove his suit coat in order to re-hook one side of his suspenders. There is a muffled sound. It is sweet and soft like a dove cooing.

CATE LYNN

Get up Matthew.

Farley is leaning over Matt. Matt is lifted in the air. Matt finds the single suspender and pulled it again. Farley panic-drops Matt, bends over to grab his pants. Matt leaps, find himself kneeling on Farley's back both arms extended out at his sides like he is going to turn into a hawk and fly off. When Matthews hands come down they are flat against Farley's ears and he let out a roar of pain that chills Matt to the bone. Farley drops to his knees. Matt moves toward Cate.

MATT

Are you hurt?

Kate holds Matt's head in her hands. She looks into his eyes. She sees a madness there. Matt's legs begin to shake. He drops to his knees and puts his arms around his Cate.

A door opens. Three firemen, two paramedics, a policeman, Dr Rodney Overton, Tiny Tim Malloy, several black leather bikers enter.

INT. ROOM ABOVE THE HARDWARE STORE, RESURRECTION CORNER, NY - MORNING

Cate and Matt are in bed. Cate sits cross legged looking at Matt's black eye, contusions, various stiches. *

CATE LYNN

So, I began to try things. When Mr. Rockwell came to bring me food everyday, I asked for things. Soap and water, paper and pencil, a book to read. Things like that. When I thanked him, he was like a puppy. He brought me three books. Two comic books and the Book of Mormon. So I told him I can't read without light. He brought me candles and flowers. I wrote questions about the Book of Mormon. He never did answer them.

(MORE)

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

One day I asked for a change of clothes. Do you remember a floor length, white dress with long selves and a green apron?

MATT

I thought I dreamed it.

CATE LYNN

Those were my temple clothes. Mr Rockwell said he knew a secret way into the Temple and that he was going to baptize me and then we would go to another room and be married. He said I would be happy and showed me his penis to prove it.

Matt started to laugh. He doubled over in pain.

MATT

What did you do?

CATE LYNN

Well, I was trying to gather my wits. I still don't know why I said what I did. I think I ask him what he was going to do with it?

MATT

Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed.

CATE LYNN

I told him it would be a sin before we were married.

MATT

At least you had a plan.

CATE LYNN

I was hoping, if he really took me to the big temple building, I could hide from him. He doesn't move very fast.

MATT

I should have known you would make him your slave too.

CATE LYNN

Are you sure you're not angry with me?

MATT

Why would I be angry with you?

CATE LYNN

For spending all the money. You were gone. I had to do it. The students needed computers desperately.

Matt crosses his fingers a gesture he makes with the hand Cate can't see.

MATT

I could care less about the money.

She grabs for his hand.

CATE LYNN

You crossed your fingers, I know.

MATT

I love living above a hardware store.

The phone rings. Cate answers.

CATE LYNN

Dr Rodney. Are you going to do it?

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)

What are you referring to Cate Lynn?

CATE LYNN

Are you going to be our speaker at the High School commencement ceremony? I know you speak at college commencments but our high school kids desearve the best.

Matt reaches for the phone.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)

Cate Lynn, I am honored. Of course, I will.

CATE LYNN

His majesty wants to cut me off.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)

Tell Matt to wait a minute.

CATE LYNN

Shush! Doctor Rodney and I are talking.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
I am sometimes called on to help
pick people for a jury. If I were
to ask you to assist me from time to
time would you be interested.

CATE LYNN
Yes, oh, yes.

Cate Lynn begins bouncing while sitting down. Matt take the
phone from Cate.

MATT
Remember those computers I gave to
the school? They put a plaque on a
school wall with my name on it.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
Memorialized while alive.

MATT
Remember that when you talk to me.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
Thought you would like to know the
disposition of the Rogue element in
all this.

MATT
Farley Harper. Hell yes.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
His brothers declined to put up bail.

MATT
Bastard had her in the trunk of the
car from New York to Salt Lake.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
Looks like he is going to have a
permanent address at the Point of
the Mountain.

MATT
State Prison. What about Burgess?

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
Nothing. And you will hear nothing.
No organization on earth can create
a veil of silence like this one.
Frankly I doubt he is in the country.

MATT

Hey, I've been meaning to get your input on something. Remember the federal manifesto of 1890 -- the church was supposed to have discontinued the practice of polygamy -- all they did was go underground.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)

Until 1906. I remember.

MATT

When I was in little brother's office I saw something. Paul keeps a bottle of booze in his desk for clients. I was throwing things out of his drawers looking for the bottle when I saw it . . . a marriage license. At the time I wasn't paying attention to anything except finding that bottle.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)

I'm listening.

MATT

Paul told his secretary to 'show me where the alcohol is' but he wasn't pointing down to his desk drawers where the bottle was. He was pointing to the top of the desk where I had tossed that marriage document. Mary, his secretary, pushed me aside, handed me the bottle from the drawer. Then she gathered up the stack of papers on top of the desk and left the room.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)

I do not think we should talk about this on a telephone.

MATT

I paid no attention to it at the time. Couple nights ago, middle of the night, I sit straight up in bed. Guess what? The names on the marriage licence are clear as hell.

Cate was leaning forward, all ears.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)

Matthew, stop there.

MATT

It wasn't a civil certificate.

DOCTOR OVERTON (O.S.)
Matt this is not a conersation to
have over the phone.

MATT
It was a church certificate; Mary
Lanningham to Paul E. Alcott.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
Matthew for God's sake. Use some
common sense. These are things only
the elite of the patriarchy are privy
to. Please treat this seriously and
shut the hell up.

MATT
I'm an investigative reporter. It's
what I do.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
Okay, Well I am a lowly doctor of
psychology and I am going to hang
up. That's what I have to do.

MATT
They are still practicing polygamy,
Rod. They just went deeper
underground.

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
If it is going on it is only for the
afterlife, not in this life.

MATT
That is precisely the point. Can
you imagine. "I can't wait until we
are dead so we can fuck." How can
you not get the picture?

DOCTOR OVERTON (V.O.)
All right, Matthew I will talk to
you when you are more reasonable.

MATT
Reasonable is my middle name.

Click. The line goes dead.

CATE LYNN
While you are being reasonable I
think you should know something.

MATT
Et tu Brute?

CATE LYNN

Something you need to correct in your book.

MATT

Don't you think you should have said something before it was published?

CATE LYNN

You said Joseph Smith couldn't resist women, that he loved every woman he met.

MATT

I will admit to one thing I don't understand. Why did he collect wives? I have no more desire to collect wives than I have to collect bruises.

CATE LYNN

I hope not.

MATT

I'm serious. If I had not met you and I was horny, I imagine I could go to a bordello, but is that the same thing?

CATE LYNN

The idea wasn't to share wives. So, no. It was different.

MATT

Then why in the last year of his life was he marrying on average one a month?

CATE LYNN

You wrote your whole book about him and you don't know why.

MATT

Oh, and you do.

CATE LYNN

Dah! He hated that he needed women the way he did.

MATT

Sex? Availability?

CATE LYNN

Women, even the most passive, are too independent. He needed slaves.

(MORE)

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

Men want to be pleased. Controlling women was a hugh pain in the butt, but it was better than monogamy. Your Joseph person did not understand himself.

MATT

So why did he love women by the numbers so much? Was it as simple notches on a belt?

CATE LYNN

Love. You think it was love?

MATT

Well it wasn't hate.

CATE LYNN

Why not?

Matt looks at her cockeyed.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

God, men are dumb. Apparently, I'm the one that is shortsighted. It was his vulnerability he hated. It was a constant need to control what he couldn't control.

MATT

Do I do that to you?

CATE LYNN

Little bit.

MATT

Why do you take it?

CATE LYNN

I love it when you are using me to get high. My part of the evolutionary bargain.

MATT

Men are dumb.

CATE LYNN

Don't worry about it. We made you that way.

They laugh at each other.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

Your Joseph Smith transferred his need directly to us. He blamed women. If his wife hadn't been so cold to him, Mormonism might be a whole different religion. Subconsciously he hated us.

MATT

Why didn't I see that?

CATE LYNN

You are comfortable with yourself today. You don't feel the need to control anyone.

MATT

It's all about power, control.

CATE LYNN

It's not a secret.

MATT

I guess, as far as my book goes, it doesn't matter that much.

Cate Lynn claps.

MATT (CONT'D)

What's with the clapping?

CATE LYNN

You have let it go. You don't resent what you think a church did to you.

MATT

God you exasperate me.

CATE LYNN

Not my fault you are so dumb.

MATT

Guess I had that coming. I will get even.

CATE LYNN

(sly giggle)

I'm counting on it.

INT. ROOM ABOVE THE HARDWARE STORE, RESURRECTION CORNER - NIGHT

Dark. Cate and Matt are in bed. Bed is heard squeaking rhythmically. Reaches a crescendo. Heavy breathing ebbs until all is silent.

CATE LYNN

Are you unhappy that we never married?

MATT

I don't need a piece of paper to know how I feel about you.

CATE LYNN

Tell me again about accidents.

Matt's voice is husky with sleep. He takes a deep breath. Forces himself to talk for her sake.

MATT

You and I are like two atoms in space that happen to collide.

CATE LYNN

Unlikely?

MATT

Our meeting is an accident so unlikely, calculating its opportunity would be an incomprehensible number.

CATE LYNN

So we were meant for each other.

MATT

Exactly. Mystery's perfection. And guess what?

CATE LYNN

What?

Matt is pleased with himself.

CATE LYNN (CONT'D)

Are you being silly?

MATT

You just made love to a Saint.

CATE LYNN

I don't think so.

MATT

When I was a young boy my father told me I was born a saint.

CATE LYNN

I think I'd know if I made love to a saint.

MATT

The last days. My dad said, because I was a good boy in the life before this one, I was born a saint in the last days.

CATE LYNN

So?

MATT

When I was a boy I believed everything Dad told me, didn't you?

CATE LYNN

My daddy taught me not to believe everything boys tell me.

MATT

Smart ass.

Cate Lynn giggles.

MATT (CONT'D)

I assumed when I was young that, at least I was a good boy in the preexistence.

CATE LYNN

Did anyone ever call you a good boy?

MATT

Mmmmm, good point.

CATE LYNN

Last days?

MATT

Uh huh.

CATE LYNN

Then we should do it again.

MATT

Again?

His voice breaks.

CATE LYNN

This time in the missionary position.

A long moan.

FADE OUT