



1 hour serial television series

based on *The Promises of Dr. Sigmundus*
trilogy by Brian Keaney

PILOT SCRIPT

THE PROMISES OF DR. SIGMUNDUS

- 1st Canto -

story adaptation & script

by

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— ACT ONE —

200 years from now...

1 EXT. OPEN WATER, OFF THE COAST OF TARNAGAR ISLAND - NIGHT

A STORM RAGES as A SPEEDBOAT careens over the chop, SIREN WAILING. HALF A DOZEN UNIFORMED GUARDS (shaved heads, genders inconclusive) hang on, peering into the whirlwind. THEY'RE ALL ARMED WITH PECULIAR LONG-NOSED PISTOLS.

LEADER

There!!

DEAD AHEAD: A GLOW HOVERING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

LEADER

(in a bullhorn)

Stani! Pokazi se! Pokazi se!!

THEN WITHOUT WARNING: THE SPEEDBOAT THUNKS OUT OF GEAR, unbalancing everyone on board.

LEADER

(to the Helmsman)

Idiote! What are you doing?!!

But the HELMSMAN is mystified -- the controls aren't responding.

The Guards rapidly recover, aiming their weapons at the glow as the boat continues towards it at ebb speed.

LEADER

(calming the edgy Guards)

Lako, lako. Take him alive.

Their boat eases into **THE GLOWING AURA** -

And it's as if we've penetrated a force field. Here, things are strangely placid -- while beyond the hemisphere of the aura, THE STORM STILL RAGES.

In the middle of the calm sits ANOTHER BOAT, preternaturally still, propped up on A TANGLE OF GNARLY BRANCHES, as if some monstrous tree lurks beneath the water.

A MAN is standing in the boat, like he's been waiting, his face obscured by haze.

THE LEADER PULLS BACK THE BOLT ACTION ON HIS WEAPON. The others do the same as their boat drifts closer.

LEADER
(shouting a warning)
Ne mrdaj! We will not hesitate!

The haze evaporates, revealing the ELABORATELY TATTOOED FACE of EZEKIEL SEMIRAMIS (50s).

EZEKIEL
(mocking)
Salvation at last.

Infuriated, THE LEADER FIRES HIS PISTOL -- and A BIZARRE DART embeds in Ezekiel's neck. But instead of crying out in pain, his reaction is more like the ecstasy of a martyred Saint.

AT THAT MOMENT: THE AURA DISSOLVES, THE TEMPEST THUNDERS BACK IN, AND A CRACK OF LIGHTNING TRANSITIONS US TO:

2 INT. GRAND HALL (TARNAGAR ISLAND) - SAME

Serenity.

Underscored by ETHEREAL MUSIC, we're looking at a fantastically surreal, theatrical performance - what will later be revealed to be A REVERIE. It feels like we're watching a dream.

IN THE AUDIENCE, we focus in on one YOUNG WOMAN: BEATRICE ARGENTI (14, OCD - we see this in the way she folds and refolds the edges of her clothes).

Surreptitiously, she looks at her brother NICHOLAS (8) who's entranced by the spectacle. On the other hand, her father BREN and mother ARTIMESIA (both in their 40s) seem distracted. In fact, her mother is licking her lips, like she's thirsty or craving something.

She's not alone: all of the Adults seem distracted.

ANOTHER PECULIAR DETAIL: ALL THE ADULT AUDIENCE MEMBERS HAVE THEIR HAIR BUZZED SHORT, both men and women. Bea touches her own long hair.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
(softly)
I wonder -- will I miss it?

She watches as her mother closes her eyes - to calm her nervousness?

BEATRICE (V.O.)
 I wonder... are they dreaming now,
 in the in-between time?

She looks back up at the performance where there's a particularly gorgeous swirl of costumes.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
 Or is this like a dream stitched
 together from the dreams they never
 have?

Entranced, Bea repeats a mantra:

BEATRICE (V.O.)
 Line, triangle, circle, square...

3 INT. A SMALL ROOM, UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME

A tiny, monk's cell of a room. A narrow bed, stone walls; one small window high up, letting in moonlight that casts the room in a grey light.

CLOSE IN ON: dirty hands using a blunt blade to pry out one of the stones in the wall. Behind the stone is a small niche. From the niche, A RAGGED CLOTH BUNDLE is removed.

REVEAL: DANTE CAZABON (15), his face shadowed as he unfolds the bundle revealing A COLLECTION OF DELICATELY CARVED WOODEN FIGURINES. He selects A FEMALE ONE.

DANTE
 (a whispered prayer)
Nista se ne plasi u senci.

** translations & pronunciations in addenda at end of script*

He gives the figurine a perfunctory kiss, SLIDES IT INTO HIS POCKET, then hastily replaces the bundle and the cover stone.

He throws on a jacket, quickly pockets a few other items we don't see; takes a moment to make sure he's got everything; then FLIPS UP HIS HOOD, goes to the door, his senses on high alert.

He listens. Nothing. He takes a deep breath, cracks open the door.

4 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dante moves out into the dark hall.

THEN: A DISTANT CRY STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS. We get a glimpse of his darting, intense eyes (*though we still don't see his face*).

Then it's quiet again, and Dante continues down the corridor.

BACK TO:

5 INT. GRAND HALL - SAME

FROM BEA'S POV: overlaid on the action, there is a system of lines, triangles, circles, squares.

REVEAL: Bea's tranquil face as she mentally tracks the choreography.

THEN THE STAGE ACTION SLOWS A MOTIONLESS TABLEAU -- which throws Bea out of her daydream (*her mental diagrams evaporate*).

The audience sits up, attentive, expectant. USHERS appear at the end of the rows with what look like COLLECTION PLATES - as if the offering was about to be collected.

But as the plates are passed, instead of people putting donations in, they each take out from the plate A SMALL, PECULIAR BLACK DISC. Protruding from one side of each disc is a short stud.

AND NOT EVERYONE TAKES ONE. Only the adults, or those in young adulthood. The children pass the plate on, gazing with curiosity at the discs.

When the plate arrives at Beatrice, she passes it on with a look of mistrust -- catching the eye of ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN down the row: FRANCESCA OSUDENA (14), who looks at Bea with a *Yikes!* expression.

Then Bea's eye is caught by A YOUNG COUPLE (ROMEO & JULIET, both 14). And though they're doing a good job hiding it, Bea can see that they're holding hands.

Bren nudges Bea and motions her to bring her focus back to the stage. Worrying a disc in hand, one could say Bren has the quality of someone jonsing for a fix.

6 EXT. ASYLUM WALL - NIGHT

Outside the massive stone wall of THE ASYLUM.

Rising over the Asylum is A MOON -- BUT CONSPICUOUSLY TWICE THE EXPECTED SIZE, AND ENCIRCLED BY RINGS.

After a moment, HALF A DOZEN STONES NEAR THE BASE OF THE WALL POP OUT, and Dante emerges through the opening (*the hood still concealing his face*).

He gets up, hustles up a ridge. The glow coming from the other side of it indicates there's a town or brilliantly lit building over there.

7 INT. GRAND HALL - SAME

A BELL CHIMES, and as one the Adults in the audience unfasten a fold of cloth in their tunics revealing that they all have something that looks like a chemo port cancer patients might have, IMPLANTED UNDER THE SKIN, NEAR THE HEART.

PERFORMERS

(in unison)

Where there was uncertainty, there
will be assurance.

THE AUDIENCE RESPONDS IN UNISON:

AUDIENCE

Where there was anxiety, there will
be peace.

And with that, THE ADULTS PUSH THE STUD END OF THE BLACK DISC THROUGH THEIR SKIN INTO THE PORT. With a soft *CLICK*, they lock in.

BEATRICE SHUDDERS.

But after a moment, the Adults settle back -- all signs of nervousness now alleviated.

8 EXT. GRAND HALL - SAME

WITH DANTE: in the deep shadows of the woods, watching SECURITY GUARDS loitering outside a large building that resembles a theater - The Grand Hall. From inside, we hear MUTED MUSIC.

Dante, settles down into the undergrowth, TAKES OUT THE FIGURINE, absently worrying it in his hand like a good luck charm.

A MARQUEE on the Grand Hall has the word "REVERIE" on it, and A NEWS CRAWL: *Southern Border Secured, Territory Expansion at 300% Mark, Terrorist Incursions in Daleko Odragen...*

THEN: THE MUSIC FROM INSIDE THE HALL SHIFTS TO A TRIUMPHAL MODE. THE SECURITY GUARDS HEAR IT, HEAD INSIDE.

This is what Dante's been waiting for.

He pockets the figurine, climbs the tree he's been hiding behind. It has a perfect array of climbing limbs, and where he steps, we see that the bark is worn away: he's done this before.

BACK TO:

9 INT. GRAND HALL - SAME

EXULTANT MUSIC. As the performance goes into its final movement, A VAST PROJECTION OF A CITY materializes on the upstage wall.

Beatrice sits up.

The music reaches a crescendo and THE IMAGE OF THE CITY RAPIDLY DECAYS INTO RUINS. BEATRICE GASPS (*noticed only by Nicholas*), and the spectacle ends.

THERE IS NO APPLAUSE.

Instead lights in the auditorium rise, and everyone quietly stands to exit, LEAVING THE CLOTH FOLDS IN THEIR TUNICS OPEN.

NICHOLAS

(to Bea)

You okay?

Bea nods, as they move towards the aisle.

10 INT. GRAND HALL, LOBBY - FOLLOWING

Here there is some low key, cordial chatter as the audience members depart.

INSPECTORS stand at the doors, checking that those of age have a disc inserted into their ports. As they get the go-ahead, the Adults close up their cloth folds, concealing the discs from view.

As Beatrice & her family emerge from the Hall, Bea notices Romeo & Juliet off in a corner, speaking in hushed tones.

As Francesca passes close by, she whispers to Bea:

FRANCESCA

(re. the young couple)

Cute, right?

BEATRICE
Mm hm. Meet in the courtyard?

FRANCESCA
(frowns)
Can't. Family meeting.

BEATRICE
Ok.

FRANCESCA
Love you.

BEATRICE
Mm hm.

As Francesca and her family head off, the PARENTS of Romeo & Juliet appear; gently but firmly part the couple, and go their separate ways.

SUDDENLY, A DISTRAUGHT MAN SUDDENLY RUSHES IN, PUSHING PAST EVERYONE.

The Inspectors stop the exiting process, and everyone watches as the Distraught Man hurries to an alcove where there is A RECEPTACLE MARKED WITH A DISC -- like the black ones, BUT THIS ONE IS WHITE.

BREN
(to Artimesia)
Not the first Reverie he's missed.

The Distraught Man yanks down the cloth fold in his tunic AND REMOVES A WHITE DISC FROM HIS CHEST PORT, DEPOSITING IT INTO AN OPENING IN THE RECEPTACLE.

He's about to head into the Grand Hall when a Guard intercedes.

ARTIMESIA
(to Bren)
They won't forgive it this time.

INSPECTOR
We can move on.

The exiting process continues; Bren and Artimesia corral Nicholas towards the door. But Bea lingers, watching as the Guard guides the Distraught Man to AN UNMARKED DOOR, the Man pleading as they go.

Artimesia and Bren get the nod from the Inspector. As Artimesia starts to close her fold of cloth:

NICHOLAS
Let me, let me!

Artimesia stops, and Nicholas reaches up and carefully closes her fold, taking his time - gazing at the black disc as long as he can.

11 EXT. GRAND HALL - FOLLOWING

WITH DANTE UP IN HIS TREE, watching as audience members pour out of the Hall, each family heading towards one of the many lighted paths that radiate out from the Grand Hall.

DANTE GAZES LONGINGLY as family after family head off. Then BEA'S FAMILY PASSES UNDER HIS TREE.

NICHOLAS
Mama?

ARTIMESIA
Yes?

NICHOLAS
Does it hurt?

ARTIMESIA
Does what hurt, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS
You know. When you put the new one in.

ARTIMESIA
Of course not. It's designed that way.

Dante watches them as they head down a path.

DANTE
(to himself)
"Mama... does it hurt?"

DOWN TO GROUND LEVEL: with Bea's family.

NICHOLAS
And it feels good, right? When the -
the --

ARTIMESIA
The Ichor.

NICHOLAS
When it gets in your blood.

ARTIMESIA
Circulates.

NICHOLAS
Right, that. Does it feel good?

ARTIMESIA
It does what it's supposed to do.

Nicholas looks at his mother, her slightly stoned look.

NICHOLAS
And it stops you dreaming and
feeling scared and stuff.

BEATRICE
It's called *San Zaustavite*.

ARTIMESIA
(to Bea)
Good.
(to Nicholas)
It feels like normal life. Let's
get going.

SHIFT TO DANTE'S POV: in the woods tracking the family as
they move down the lit path.

NICHOLAS
(to Bea)
I only remember my scary dreams.
Monsters and stuff.

BEATRICE
Those are nightmares.

She gives him a hug. Dante catches this moment of affection.

BREN
That's why it's good not to dream.
Remember Sigmundus survived the
tortures of prison by stopping his
dreams because they were worse
torture than what they were doing
to his body.

ALL 4
(like saying 'Amen')
Sigmundus imam milost.

NICHOLAS
What kind of torture?

BREN

It doesn't matter. Any torture is bad, unless the victim is a criminal.

ARTIMESIA

He also stopped his dreams because "dreams" are also impossible things, like imagining you could be somewhere you aren't. And that's no good to anyone.

BEATRICE

(reciting)

"Dreams are the most secret thing of all, and keeping secrets means you have something to hide."

ARTIMESIA

Good.

THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE draws Dante's attention to a nearby access road where A WINDOWLESS VAN WITH DISTINCT MARKINGS rumbles past, heading back towards the Grand Hall.

12 EXT. GRAND HALL - SAME

The van parks, and TWO IDENTICALLY DRESSED FUNCTIONARIES hop out, pull a wheeled cart out of the van and head inside.

13 INT. GRAND HALL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Functionaries, attended by an ARMED GUARD, head right for the used disc receptacle. They detach the receptacle from its mountings, clamp it onto the wheeled cart, and roll it towards a door marked with the symbol of the disc.

The Distraught Man, now subdued, emerges from the unmarked door attended by the Guard. A moment later, AN OFFICIAL comes out.

OFFICIAL

Drzite.

The Guard stops as the Official scans what looks like a **QR CODE TATTOOED ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE DISTRAUGHT MAN'S WRIST**. The Official looks at his tablet, nods, and motions them on their way.

DISTRAUGHT MAN

Please, please I --

OFFICIAL
 (dismissive)
Dosta, kretati se.

The Man is led out.

14 EXT. FOREST - SAME

WITH BEA & FAMILY: they're paused as Artimesia and Bren speak with an OFFICIAL.

Bea and Nicholas are looking through a break in the trees at the ringed moon hovering above the Asylum. Bea is in mid-thought:

BEATRICE
 (to Nicholas)
 - because an asteroid collided with the moon which exploded and the moon's gravity made the rings out of the fragments. It knocked the moon closer and that did crazy stuff with the oceans.

WITH DANTE: hiding in the undergrowth, WORRYING THE FIGURINE IN HIS HAND, all the while listening intently to Bea.

THE OFFICIAL GETS A RADIO MESSAGE.

BEATRICE
 That was after all the ice caps had melted.

The Official nods to Bren & Artimesia.

BEATRICE
 Back in the times when no one cared about poisoning the planet --

BREN
 Beatrice, he'll learn it when he needs it.

ARTIMESIA
 And no one actually needs it. Education is a ritual.

NICHOLAS
 (re. the Official)
 What's going on?

BREN

A special prisoner. We had to wait
until the motorcade got through.

INSERT: DANTE'S FIGURINE falls from his pocket into the
underbrush.

DANTE

Kretenu!

BACK TO SCENE: as Nicholas sees movement in the woods.

NICHOLAS

There's something in the woods.

BREN

There are a lot of things in the
woods, Nicholas.

INSERT: in the shadows, Dante snags the figurine out of the
dirt; looks up TO SEE NICHOLAS LOOKING RIGHT IN HIS
DIRECTION.

NICHOLAS

No no no, an animal. A big animal!

Nicholas clutches Bea's hand.

The Official comes over, peers into the woods.

DANTE PANICS, RUNS, CRASHING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH. No one
misses it this time. Nicholas yelps, Bea hugs him close --
though BREN AND ARTIMESIA SEEM STRANGELY UNFLUSTERED.

OFFICIAL

Stani pokazi se!

BREN

We should go.

The Official takes out his radio, speaks rapidly into it.

BREN

Just stay on the path. Likely some
animal got lost in the storm, swam
over from the mainland.

NICHOLAS

(scared)

That's too far for a thing to swim,
isn't it??

ANOTHER LOUD CRASH IN THE WOODS.

BEATRICE

There it is!!

SUDDENLY A HELICOPTER swoops in, its blazing searchlights cutting through the trees. THE WIND FROM THE ROTORS IS TERRIFIC.

HELICOPTER LOUDSPEAKER

Stani pokazi se!!

Nicholas cries out, Bea holds him.

BREN

Come. It's not our business.

AT THAT MOMENT: the helicopter searchlight snares A TERRIFIED DANTE in its glare. THE WIND WHIPS BACK HIS HOOD, and at last we really see him -- HIS SHAVED HEAD HALF COVERED IN TATTOOS.

Beatrice SCREAMS.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

- ACT TWO -

15 EXT. FOREST - SAME NIGHT (CONTINUING)

Terrified Dante emerges from the forest, slipping & sliding on the wet ground, the helicopter closing in. It looks like his goose is cooked --

WHEN THE HELICOPTER INEXPLICABLY PAUSES IN MID-AIR; HOVERS A MOMENT; THEN BANKS AND HEADS AWAY.

Whaaat??

Dante clammers to the top of the ridge that overlooks the Asylum. The Asylum windows completely dark. And the helicopter has all but disappeared.

His lucky day! Dante allows himself a moment to catch his breath --

And now we get a good look at his tattoos: a wildly eclectic collection of animals, objects, faces... capably drawn and puzzled together, but with no apparent rhyme or reason.

Dante starts to press on towards the Asylum -- WHEN A LIGHT SUDDENLY BLINKS ON IN ONE OF THE WINDOWS, stopping Dante in his tracks.

THEN ANOTHER LIGHT COMES ON - - THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, and a moment later, A CLANGING BELL CUTS THROUGH THE AIR.

As Dante sprints across the ridge, the helicopter reappears, searchlight trained on A MILITARY MOTORCADE ON THE ACCESS ROAD BELOW, HEADING FOR THE ASYLUM.

Dante runs like hell, skittering down the embankment towards his secret hole in the Asylum wall, all the while cursing his luck.

We see the Motorcade approach the front gate. A bridge lowers, as if over a Medieval moat.

16 EXT. ASYLUM DEAD GROUND - FOLLOWING

We're in the area between the exterior wall and the Asylum building proper.

Trying to keep low, Dante scurries along the periphery of the main building. MORE LIGHTS BLINK ON, threatening to catch Dante in their glare. THE ALARM BELL CONTINUES TO SOUND.

THEN DANTE PASSES A MASSIVE STONE TOWER that sits apart from the Asylum. And though he's running for his life, Dante can't help but glance at it and --

THE WORLD FLICKERS, LIKE THERE'S A SHORT CIRCUIT IN REALITY.

THEN: A GHOSTLY FIGURE FALLS FROM THE HIGHEST BATTLEMENT.

But before the figure hits the ground, Dante viciously tamps down the hallucination.

DANTE
(hissing, to himself)
Stani! Stani!

REALITY FLICKERS ONCE AGAIN, and Dante sprints on towards A LITTLE WOODEN DOOR in the Asylum wall.

17 INT. ASYLUM TUNNEL - FOLLOWING

Dante hurries down a low ceilinged, stone-walled tunnel, his breath coming in ragged gulps.

DANTE
(a rapid chant)
*Fox went out in a hungry plight and
begged of the moon to give him a
light for he'd many a mile to go
that night before he could reach
his --*

Behind the door at the end of the tunnel, THERE IS A DIN OF VOICES. It sounds bad.

But there's no other option. So Dante screws his courage up, opens the door, and A TORRENT OF CHAOTIC VOICES FLOODS IN.

Dante eases into **A BLINDINGLY LIT HALLWAY** LINED WITH PRISON CELLS. THE PLACE IS IN AN UPROAR: CRIES LIKE WOUNDED ANIMALS FILLS THE CORRIDOR. Fragments of faces appear; hands claw through the bars.

Dante knows he's screwed. But there's no choice, so he strides purposefully down the corridor, acting the part of a Man on a Mission.

All goes well -- until he gets too close AND A PAIR OF WICKEDLY STRONG HANDS GRAB HIM THROUGH THE BARS. It's THE SNAKE CHARMER (70), his head and face completely covered in tattoos.

SNAKE CHARMER
 (desperate)
 They're looting the night terrors,
 you know that don't you??

DANTE
Jebi se!

Dante struggles, but the Charmer's grip is intense.

SNAKE CHARMER
 Bottle 'em up, mainline 'em back
 in.

Now we can see he has an inflamed chest port -- with a RED DISC inserted.

SNAKE CHARMER
 Sell it to junkies too, right?? At
 the borderlands? Make a lotta money
 on that!

DANTE
Gonzo ludak!

SNAKE CHARMER
 (a warning)
Otrovana dusa...

Dante wrenches himself away, flees up the corridor.

STAY WITH THE SNAKE CHARMER as he collapses to the floor. He touches his tattoos, like a blind man an unknown face.

THE SNAKE CHARMER
 (weeping)
Otrovana dusa...
 (like a child)
 But the messiah cometh, *dete*. And
 soon, there will be salvation.

For a fleeting moment, HIS TATTOOS COME ALIVE, RIPPLING ON HIS FACE. Then, as he starts to LAUGH --

INSERT: at the far end of the corridor, DANTE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR --

18 INT. SECOND ASYLUM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- And falls flat on his face.

IVANO
 Where have you been, pig boy?

Dante looks up to see the guy who just tripped him: IVANO NUSNO (16, resident bully, his head also tattooed).

IVANO
Didn't you hear the alarm bell?

DANTE
No, I --

IVANO
You can't sleep through that.

DANTE
I was dreaming --

IVANO
He'll make you dead, dunder-head.

DANTE
Oh yeah, and what're you doing here??

Ivano kicks a bucket which is full to overflowing with disgusting liquid.

IVANO
Midnight slops, pops. But I think maybe you should take over the festivities.

DANTE
I did the morning!

IVANO
Yeah, well now you gotta do the midnight run, hun. Then maybe I won't mention this little encounter to Cudoviste.

He kicks the bucket closer to Dante. The slops slop over, getting on Dante's shoes, the floor.

IVANO
I think I need a dream or two, kangaroo.
(taps an un-tattooed spot on his head)
Got some real estate to fill in.

DANTE
(through clenched teeth)
Ivano you *kopile* --

IVANO
Did the little bird say something?

AT THAT MOMENT: A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM CAROMS DOWN THE HALLWAY, SILENCING THEM AND SHUNTING US INTO --

19 INT. TREATMENT ROOM - SAME

ON A STEEL TABLE, A MAN HAS BEEN STRAPPED IN, his face concealed behind a lead mask decorated with intertwining snakes. His body bristles with 1000 needles, like acupuncture gone berserk.

HALF A DOZEN INDIVIDUALS SURROUND HIM, their faces likewise concealed. One of them, A MAGISTERIAL WOMAN, tips up her mask. This is ASYLUM DIRECTOR, DR. BRIJAC APPOLLYON. She lifts the mask off of the man on the table: it's Ezekiel Semiramis, the man on the boat from the opening scene.

APPOLLYON
We always assumed you were dead.

EZEKIEL
(breathless)
-- been waiting.

APPOLLYON
For what?

In answer, Ezekiel weakly turns his wrist face up. Instead of a QR Code, THERE IS A BLACK SQUARE.

EZEKIEL
Can you even be sure who I am?

APPOLLYON
(waving him off)
At the highest levels, they're curious why you suddenly appeared. So tell me: what were you waiting for??

EZEKIEL
Today.

She'll get nothing more at this time.

APPOLLYON
I'm a very patient woman.

EZEKIEL
-- Such a gift.

She lowers her mask, then gestures. A SWITCH IS THROWN, AND AN ELECTROMAGNETIC HAZE SUFFUSES THE AIR, ENVELOPING EZEKIEL.

HE CRIES OUT, ARCHING WITH PAIN.

20 INT. SECOND ASYLUM HALLWAY - SAME

THE SCREAM REVERBERATES DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

IVANO

(shaky)

Do your job.

And with that, he bolts through a side door, leaving Dante in the hallway, the slops at his feet.

For a moment, Dante considers his options. There aren't any. He tears off his jacket and starts mopping up the heinous mess.

CUDOVISTE (O.S.)

There it is.

Dante freezes. At the far end of the corridor is a chunk of a man: CUDOVISTE (*koo-doh-VEEST*, 50) warden of the Asylum. A deceptively kind voice belies his brutality (*think Christoph Waltz*). As he saunters down the corridor towards Dante:

CUDOVISTE

And where have you been, *lijep dečko*? I've been looking for you.

DANTE

I -- I was cleaning up.

CUDOVISTE

And where's Ivano?
(mock pity)
Did it upset his tumtum?

DANTE

No I - I owed him a favor.

CUDOVISTE

Such camaraderie! For what, pray-tell, did you owe him *duljo*?

Dante has no answer for that, no matter how hard he tries to get his brain to work. Cudoviste is now looming over him.

CUDOVISTE

Didn't you hear me?? I said "for what?"

DANTE

I - I -

CUDOVISTE

I I I I!

HE SMACKS DANTE, sending him sprawling into the muck. Dante tries to get to his feet, but Cudoviste presses his shoe on Dante's neck, choking him.

CUDOVISTE

(icy calm)

I should learn to expect nothing
more than lies from a motherless
jebi se like you -

ANOTHER SCREAM ECHOES, and Cudoviste releases Dante, who skitters to the wall. THE INMATES' CRIES RISE AGAIN IN FURY.

DANTE

What's going on??

CUDOVISTE

Oh a very important soul has been
washed up on our shores, *jebi se*.
There is so much to do.

Without warning, he nabs Dante by the collar and drags him down the corridor at a fast clip.

CUDOVISTE

Arrangements to be organized,
kowitzes to be made - and you,
prostrating yourself before me so I
don't throw you to the night dogs!

A SIDE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS, and Director Appollyon comes into the corridor, removing her mask. At the sight of her, Cudoviste drops Dante, inclines his head in respect.

CUDOVISTE

Dr. Appollyon.

APPOLLYON

(re. Dante)

Have this thing bring water and
food to 237 in half an hour.

CUDOVISTE

(curt bow, nod)

Bez pitanja.

APPOLLYON
 (in disgust)
 And for God's sake, hose him down.

Appollyon heads down the hall as A GURNEY IS WHEELED OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR from the treatment room, bearing Ezekiel Semiramis. He seems quite unconscious, but as the gurney passes Dante, Ezekiel's eyes flutter open and HE LOOKS DANTE RIGHT IN THE EYE.

EZEKIEL
 There you are.

Then his eyes roll back in his head. As the gurney moves on, Cudoviste eyes Dante, intrigued... But only for a moment. And as Cudoviste's hand makes contact with Dante's head --

CUT TO:

21 INT. CLEAN ROOM, GRAND HALL - SAME

We're in a chamber that resembles a Clean Room in a lab. The Functionaries are now in lab outfits fitted with respirators.

As if they're withdrawing fuel rods from a reactor core, the Functionaries remove a series of LONG TRANSPARENT TUBES from the Receptacle, each one stacked up with WHITE DISCS.

They transfer the tubes into a series of ICE COOLED CONTAINERS.

22 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANTE'S ROOM - SAME

Ivano outside Dante's room, scraping up A HANDFUL OF GRIT from where the stone wall meets the stone floor.

23 INT. DANTE'S ROOM - FOLLOWING

Ivano scatters the grit on Dante's bed, covers it with Dante's sad excuse for a blanket. Satisfied, he looks around for something else to do - but decides it's enough... for the time being. He leaves.

IN THE DIM LIGHT, CLOSE UP ON: the stone that barely covers Dante's secret niche, carelessly put back in place.

24 INT. ASYLUM KITCHEN - SAME

Dante - cleaned up a bit, but bruised - places a bowl, plate, glass of water on a tray.

REVEAL: the steam filled kitchen, and the cook, DEPONIJA SMECHA (gender & age uncertain) in a pissy mood.

DEPONIJA SMECHA

He'll get what he gets. Bringing a prisoner in at this hour... I found a dead badger on the road on the way over. I made some soup.

Dante makes a disgusted noise, something not lost on the cook.

DEPONIJA

You never heard of *badjar kackavalj*?

Deponija ladles up some of the gruel, holds the steaming ladle out to Dante.

DANTE

I'm not hungry.

DEPONIJA

As if that's the point.

DANTE

It's too hot.

DEPONIJA

We can only hope.

He puts the ladle to Dante's lips, BURNING THEM. Dante yelps, but Deponija holds Dante's nose until he slurps, gags, finally swallows.

Deponija watches him for a few moments.

DEPONIJA

Still breathing. That's something. Thought there might be too much mercury oil.

He goes back to the stove, while Dante rubs his tongue off on a dirty dishtowel.

DEPONIJA

They say he's got mind powers. Worms into your brain and rewires the circuits. Not that you have much brain to worry about. -- No, you'd never get me in a cell with a monster like that.

He comes back over to Dante with a ladle full of glop, pours the heinous liquid into the bowl, then tosses the ladle into a nearby slop sink.

DEPONIJA

But then I don't need to go into
that viper's den, do I?

He raises his arm revealing the QR Code on his wrist - two capital "F's" prominent.

DEPONIJA

Food services. Freeman.

He opens the fold of cloth on his tunic, revealing a black Ichor disc.

DEPONIJA

Full Citizen.

He grabs Dante's wrist, turns it over revealing his own QR Code tattoo - a capital "B" prominent.

DEPONIJA

(with disgust)
Bondsman. Bottom of the barrel.

He throws his apron on the counter.

DEPONIJA

And when you're done, clean this
place up, like it was the *kuhinja*
in Sigmundus's palace.

As he leaves, he flicks the glass of water off the tray. It SMASHES TO THE FLOOR. Deponija doesn't even look back as the door swings shut behind him.

Dante looks at the shattered glass. Then at the tray, and the steaming, disgusting stew... bones drift to the surface.

Then he looks up at the stunning mess Deponija has left behind; the remains of the badger draped on a chopping block.

25 EXT. LOADING DOCK, GRAND HALL - SAME

A GUARD stands by the open rear door of the windowless van as the Functionaries come out of the loading dock door with a cooling container secured to the cart.

They use a hydraulic lift to convey the container into the van.

26 INT. ROOM 237 CORRIDOR - FOLLOWING

Dante walks down the corridor, holding a covered tray, licking at his burned lips.

The hall is devoid of cells but for one at the far end, attended by TWO GUARDS and Cudoviste. As Dante approaches:

CUDOVISTE

There he is! Our lamb to the slaughter.

The Guards laugh. Cudoviste uncovers the tray, breathes in what we know to be a disgusting aroma.

CUDOVISTE

A hint of rosemary? A patina of turmeric, and perhaps --
(sniff sniff)
- a smidgen of offal?

More laughter. Cudoviste re-covers the tray, then punches in a code on a keypad on the wall.

CUDOVISTE

(to Dante)
Watch out for this one, little *duljo*. He chewed the throat out of a Bondsman at Ludnica.

The door unlocks with a metallic CLUNK.

DANTE

(hushed)
Who is he?

CUDOVISTE

(blasé)
Oh, a traitor. A terrorist. Killed hundreds, tortured more. Enemy of the State. The worst of them all -- well so they say.
(a kind smile)
At any rate, for your dining pleasure, may I present:
(ta dah!)
Ezekiel Semiramis!

And with a flourish, he swings open the cell door.

27 INT. ROOM 237 - FOLLOWING

Dante stands just inside the door as it thuds closed behind him.

The walls of the narrow room are stone, sweating moisture... Medieval. But the appointments of the room are modern, minimalist: a platform of steel for a bed, a stool, a steel-rimmed hole in the floor for a toilet.

Water drips rhythmically (torturously) from a pipe in the high ceiling, the water collecting in a metal basin. And tucked into each corner of the room is A GLASS LENS, presumably surveillance cameras.

Ezekial Semiramis lies silent on the platform, his body dotted with red marks where needles had been inserted. METAL CLAMPS SECURE HIS WRISTS AND ANKLES.

Dante approaches a shelf on the other side of the room, sets down the tray. Relieved at his accomplishment, he's about to leave -- but he can't resist.

He sneaks a look; then moves closer to the shackled Ezekiel. He stares down at the man's pockmarked body, his closed eyes.

But then, something stirs in the Ezekiel's face, and Dante decides enough is enough.

INSERT: CUDOVISTE PRESSES A BUTTON.

BACK TO SCENE: THE RESTRAINING CLAMPS RELEASE WITH A METALLIC SHIRRING SOUND, and before Dante can react, EZEKIEL'S EYES SNAP OPEN AND HE SNARES DANTE'S WRISTS.

EZEKIEL

Dante...

29 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ROOM 237 - SAME

Cudoviste slides open the viewing hatch, peers into the room, a devious smile on his face.

FROM CUDOVISTE'S POV: inside the cell, Dante struggles, terrified.

DANTE

Get me out of here!!

CUDOVISTE

(disappointed)

Fun's over. Pity.

(to the Guards;

(MORE)

CUDOVISTE (CONT'D)
could care less)
Get him out.

30 INT. ROOM 237 - SAME

Ezekiel pulls Dante in close.

EZEKIEL
You have a choice. Stay here and
die, or come with me and change the
world.

DANTE
What are you talking about?? You're
here!

EZEKIEL
Only to find you.

WE HEAR THE CELL DOOR UNLOCKING.

EZEKIEL
What they say happened to your
mother --

THE CELL DOOR BANGS OPEN.

EZEKIEL
Are you sure you know the truth?

BEFORE DANTE CAN REACT, the Guards shove him to the floor,
and slam Ezekiel back down onto the steel platform, grating
the clamps home.

FINAL CLOSE UP ON DANTE'S BEWILDERED FACE.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

— ACT THREE —

IN BLACK: A TICKING CLOCK.

DANTE (V.O.)
Mama -- does it hurt?

31 INT. LABORATORY / DREAMSCAPE - UNCERTAIN

CLOSE IN ON: an image being drawn on a blackboard. AN UROBOROS - A SNAKE EATING ITS OWN TAIL.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(lilting)
*The fox went out in a hungry plight
and begged of the moon to give him
a light --*

DANTE (V.O.)
Mama?

HIS VOICE MORPHS INTO A CHILD'S VOICE:

DANTE (O.S.)
(5 years old)
Mama?

The WOMAN looks up from the blackboard (*later we will know her as YASHAR CAZABON, Dante's mother*).

YASHAR
*-- for he'd many a mile to go that
night...*

She smiles, caresses the face of **5 YEAR OLD DANTE**. He takes her hand, kisses her fingers - she smiles.

Dante goes up to the blackboard, tracing his finger along the circle of the Uroboros. THE SNAKE STARTS TO REVOLVE, then twines itself into the shape of infinity. Dante is enraptured.

THEN WE HEAR ANGRY VOICES. Dante looks around.

Yashar is now across the room arguing with a MALE SCIENTIST, attended by A GROUP OF UNIFORMED GUARDS.

DANTE
(5 years old)
Mama??

Yashar looks back at Dante, concern on her face. But the Scientist grabs her, forcefully turns her back to face him.

She breaks away, rushes over to a cooling unit, SHOVES IT OVER. IT SMASHES OPEN, SENDING HUNDREDS OF BLACK DISCS SKITTERING ACROSS THE FLOOR.

The Guards are in action, subduing Yashar as she struggles to reach Dante in vain. DANTE CRIES OUT!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE CEILING OPENS UP AND THOUSANDS OF BIRDS FLOOD INTO THE LAB.

Dante shuts his ears to THE TERRIFYING SCREECHING as Yashar, the Scientist, and the Guards are all attacked by the flock.

THEIR BODIES FRACTURE, AND THE FRAGMENTS TRANSFORM INTO BIRDS THAT STREAM BACK OUT THROUGH THE OPEN ROOF.

DANTE RUNS, throws open the door --

32

EXT. CITY / DREAMSCAPE - UNCERTAIN

Young Dante, desperate, running down a WIDE AVENUE STREWN WITH RUBBLE, and lined with the REMNANTS OF STATUES.

SCREECHING draws his attention skyward TO A MURMURATION OF A MILLION BIRDS, the birds shifting and flowing like a pulsating curtain over AN ENORMOUS RUINED CITY.

As Dante runs, FLASHES OF LIGHTNING illuminate a succession a terrifying images in the surrounding ruins:

- A MAN WITH THE HEAD OF A GIANT BIRD
- A ZOO CAGE WITH A MADWOMAN INSIDE
- PEOPLE RISING UP OUT OF THE GROUND, AS IF THEY'VE BEEN BURIED ALIVE

ANOTHER CRACK OF LIGHTNING reveals it's now **15 YEAR OLD DANTE** running desperately through the ruins.

A GUNSHOT!

Dante glances into the surrounding ruins where A SMALL BAND OF PEOPLE are being chased by an ARMED MILITIA.

ANOTHER SHOT! A dart finds its target and one of the escapees falls. ANOTHER SHOT. Another victim. Dante runs for his life.

THEN SUDDENLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, A STONE TOWER RISES, BIRTHED OUT OF THE RUINS (*it's the tower from the Asylum grounds*).

YASHAR STANDS IN AN OPEN DOORWAY. But before Dante can cry out, Yashar is dragged away, the door slammed shut.

Another flash of lightening, and now it's **5 YEAR OLD DANTE** standing in the middle of the road, terrified. A BRAIN-JARRING BELL draws his attention far up the tower where a single window has been cut into the stone.

Yashar appears, clambering out onto the window ledge.

DANTE
(5 years old)
Mama!!

She looks down; her expression hardens -- AND SHE JUMPS.

Dante SCREAMS! AND THE WORLD FLICKERS, LIKE THERE'S A SHORT CIRCUIT.

TIME REWINDS. THE BRAIN JARRING BELL CLANGS AGAIN. But now it's **15 YEAR OLD DANTE** who stands at the foot of the tower, gazing up.

THIS TIME YASHAR FLOATS OUT OF THE WINDOW, AS IF SHE IS TAKING WING. For a few moments, it's extraordinarily beautiful.

DANTE
(15 years old)
-- Mama...

In mid-air, Yashar looks down at Dante, a look of pure love on her face.

THEN: THE BELL CLANGS AGAIN, AND YASHAR CRIES OUT AS GRAVITY REASSERTS ITSELF AND SHE PLUMMETS.

But BEFORE SHE HITS THE GROUND --

33

INT. DANTE'S ROOM IN THE ASYLUM - EARLY MORNING

Dante (15) startles awake, sweating. THE MORNING WORK BELL is incredibly loud here.

After he gets his bearings, Dante remembers the figurine, takes it out of his pocket... AND NOW WE RECOGNIZE THE FIGURE AS YASHAR.

34 INT. ROOM 237 - SAME

The same EAR-PIERCING BELL here. But Ezekiel Semiramis is already awake, standing calmly below the single window high up in the wall, gazing out at the rising sun.

35 INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - SAME

Beatrice also awakens, roused by the same morning bell, though it's distant and muted here in the workers' housing complex.

She wastes no time.

She opens the drawer in a bedside table, pulls out a pad of paper and pencil, HURRIEDLY SKETCHES SOMETHING WE DON'T SEE.

After a few moments, both satisfied and frustrated, she tosses the sketchpad on her bed and gets up. She looks out her window, into windows across a courtyard where she can see FRANCESCA'S FAMILY getting up.

Then there's A KNOCK on her door.

BEA IS IN ACTION, shoving the sketchpad under her covers, just as her mother opens the door, dressed in the plain, grey uniform of her vocation.

ARTIMESIA

You're up.

BEATRICE

Got up early.

ARTIMESIA

Excited for the day?

BEATRICE

-- Yes.

Bea starts to make her bed, creasing and re-creasing the sheets to make them perfect -- all the while being careful to keep the sketchpad concealed.

ARTIMESIA

You know one of the things Ichor will help with is your compulsions.

BEATRICE

(stops)

What?

ARTIMESIA

To keep things so neat, so ordered.
Your compulsions.

BEATRICE

I like things that way.

ARTIMESIA

What I meant was that, with Ichor,
you won't be *worried* about keeping
things in order. You'll just do it
out of habit, without anxiety.

Bea's not sure what to do or think.

ARTIMESIA

You understand?

BEATRICE

It's a good thing.

ARTIMESIA

It is. Breakfast. Get dressed.

BEATRICE

Of course. I'm not a child.

She bites her tongue. But Artimesia isn't ruffled.

ARTIMESIA

Of course not. And soon to be
officially not a child.

An awkward silence. For Bea. Not for Artimesia who simply
stands there, looking distant... Then without another word,
she leaves.

Beatrice quietly closes the door, turns the lock.

36 EXT. ROAD ON TARNAGAR ISLAND - SAME

The windowless van in transit on a road near the shore.

IT ARRIVES AT A DOCK ACCESS GATE. A FERRY waits at the
water's edge, attended by ARMED GUARDS. A SENTRY emerges from
a Security Hut, digital clipboard and scanner in hand.

37 INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - SAME

Beatrice sitting on her bed, staring at the sketchpad (*we
still don't see the image*). Then she carefully tears off the
top sheet, puts the pad & pencil away.

She listens at the door. Nothing. She goes to her closet, parts the clothes to one side and edges into the closet. She clicks open a latch.

38 INT. ATTIC ROOM - FOLLOWING

Beatrice emerges from a small *Alice in Wonderland* door.

She is now in a cement-walled room that looks like the mechanical heart of the house: pipes, conduit, electrical panels.

But what really catches our eye is that the walls are covered in equations, hypotheses, and a veritable forest of question marks, as if the walls were blackboards -- all of this a reflection of Beatrice's curious, searching mind. Bea scans the array.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

2 weeks.

(a mild panic sets in)

2 weeks to make sense of everything. Before I stop -- stop caring.

THEN SOMETHING CATCHES HER EYE: it's a drawing of the Earth and the ringed Moon surrounded by numbers and words.

An idea hits her. She reaches for a piece of chalk - when she remembers the drawing in her hand. Trying not to forget her thought -

BEATRICE (V.O.)

Displacement, displacement...

- She moves to another wall on which are affixed DOZENS OF DRAWINGS: of a city in ruins, deserted streets, fragments of statues -- AS IF ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PLACE DANTE WAS DREAMING ABOUT.

Beatrice hurriedly affixes her drawing to the wall, adding to the collection THE IMAGE OF A SNAKE EATING ITS OWN TAIL.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

- ACT FOUR -

IN BLACK:

BEATRICE (V.O.)
The ritual is I look.

39 INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Beatrice is at her window again, now dressed in a school uniform ca. 2220. Across the way, Francesca and her family are getting ready for the day.

BEATRICE
Remember the details. Store them in
a deep place.

Bea crosses to her bedroom door. As she puts her ear to the door:

BEATRICE (V.O.)
The ritual is I listen --

BEATRICE
(to herself)
To own the world for a few moments.

She eases the door open, moves out into **THE HALLWAY**, tiptoes down the hall, cataloging the empty rooms as she passes them.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
The ritual is I'm silent, alone by
myself - store the memories in a
deep place.

STAY WITH HER: as she carefully descends the stairs, then eases into **THE FOYER**.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
The ritual is I see them before
they see me.

She stands incredibly still, willing herself invisible, as she looks in on her family at the kitchen table, all of them otherwise engaged. Nicholas is also dressed for school.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

I could lay out these moments and catalogue this piece of time for every day, every year since I was old enough to count. And if I erased Nicholas - which I would never do - they would be identical.

Nicholas is the first to notice Beatrice.

NICHOLAS

(smiles)

Hey Bea.

BEATRICE

(aloud)

Hey, Nicky.

(to Artimesia and Bren)

Good morning. *Dobro jutro.*

As Nicholas slides off his chair and runs over towards Bea:

BEATRICE (V.O.)

The ritual is I learn.

CUT TO:

40

INT. CLASSROOM IN THE ACADEMY - LATER

VIDEO: a series of BRIEF VIGNETTES OF PEOPLE JOYFULLY WORKING IN VARIOUS VOCATIONS. It all has the feel of a Soviet era propaganda film.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

-- that your work may lie in the field of Industry, Food Services; in Border Security, Land Expansion, or in Ichor manufacture to keep supply up for the newly annexed territories.

REVEAL: Beatrice at a desk in a room with A DOZEN OTHER STUDENTS HER AGE.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

Children have daydreams of what they will do when they grow up. But when they enter Adulthood, they find out what they were really meant to be, and where in all of the domains of Sigmundus, your future lies.

ON SCREEN: QR CODES of the various professions POP OUT OF VOCATION ICONS and spread out to populate A MAP OF THE WORLD - which is all islands.

VIDEO NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yes, soon you will discover - Your True Destiny.

ON SCREEN, the title sweeps in: *Your True Destiny*.

MUSIC AND VIDEO OUT. An INSTRUCTOR comes to the front of the class.

INSTRUCTOR

Once vocations are determined, you'll be scheduled a meeting to introduce you to your calling. It's exciting, isn't it? Not knowing what the future has in store for you? Imagine, for instance, Ismet --

A BOY perks up.

INSTRUCTOR

- may have fancied himself a Builder, but there may be greater needs in the Ichor industry.

Ismet smiles, proud.

INSTRUCTOR

Or Beatrice may have imagined herself a border agent -

BEATRICE

Scientist.

The class chuckles, embarrassing Bea.

INSTRUCTOR

(indulgent)

Or a scientist. But she may have the privilege of being an Asylum guard like her father. One of the great aspects of our leader is that he has the uncanny ability to see the real you, to determine what job will be best for you and the nation. The beauty - one of the beauties of Ichor is that it eliminates the worries of decision making. As well as many other common anxieties of adolescence.

He looks at Romeo & Juliet, sitting side by side.

INSTRUCTOR

What we eat, how we spend our days,
who we mate with.

Students steal glances at Romeo & Juliet.

INSTRUCTOR

And in this way, humanity was saved
from extinction. *Sigmundus imam
milost.*

STUDENTS

Sigmundus imam milost.

INSTRUCTOR

Dobro uradeno.

(looking at a list)

I see Beatrice is up first today
for special topics. You have been
assigned the Confessions - which I
imagine you know a great deal about
since your mother is a Confessor.

Bea heads up to the front of the room, affecting a humble
expression.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

The ritual is I am proud.

Up front, she taps a digital tablet and an image of the
Asylum appears on the projection screen.

BEATRICE

Every 100 days, inmates go to
confession. There are 7 Confessors
at the Asylum.

41 INT. ARTIMESIA'S OFFICE, THE ASYLUM - SAME

A spare, featureless room. Artimesia is setting up for the
day. Set into one of the walls is a panel of one-way glass.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

In the confessional booth, the
inmates declare their dreams...

Artimesia opens a DIGITAL TABLET.

There is A BELL TONE, and a light illuminates the other side
of the one-way glass. Artimesia isn't quite ready.

42 INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - SAME

A narrow sound-proofed booth.

The entry-point door opens and Dante enters, escorted by Bren, NOW IN A GUARD'S UNIFORM. Bren positions Dante on a stool facing the 'opaque' glass.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
 (over loudspeaker)
Drzite. You've been delivered
 early.

Bren looks at the glass, gestures an apology, and exits.

Dante waits. Through the loudspeaker, we hear Artimesia shuffling papers, moving around. Dante leans in, tries to peer through the glass.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
 Sit back.

DANTE
Izvini.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
 Again?

DANTE
 (louder)
 I said I apologize.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
 Scan.

Dante turns his left wrist face up, revealing the QR code tattooed there. A beam scans it. *BEEP.*

BACK TO: ARTIMESIA'S OFFICE

Artimesia looking at her tablet as Dante's information rapidly populates the screen: headshot, data, history of tattoos, etc.

ARTIMESIA
 Cazabon. You've confessed here
 before.

DANTE (V.O.)
 (loudspeaker)
 Over the years, many times.

ARTIMESIA
 You're a Resistant.

DANTE (V.O.)

Yes.

ARTIMESIA

Immunity to Ichor presumed because
of a flaw in DNA.

DANTE (V.O.)

Yes.

ARTIMESIA

Immunity identified early on.

DANTE (V.O.)

I was five.

ARTIMESIA

Father: unknown. Attempts were made
to bring you into the regimen young
because mother died. Suicide.

BACK TO: CONFSSIONAL BOOTH

DANTE

(softly)

-- Yes. She died.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)

(loudspeaker)

Again?

DANTE

(aloud)

She died.

Dante, subdued. Long beat.

DANTE

You want me to tell you my dream?
It was only one dream, but I had it
a few times --

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)

When I say.

BACK TO: ARTIMESIA'S OFFICE

Artimesia's tablet loads a page with the heading "Dream
Schematic", and below that: "KEY IMAGE."

Artimesia looks up at Dante through the glass, his impatience
obvious.

Long pause, as she stares at Dante, now puzzled by this unexpected suspension.

ARTIMESIA
Tick tick tick.

Dante looks out from the booth, confused. Artimesia cocks her head, like she's looking at a bug under glass.

ARTIMESIA
Tick tock, tick tock --

DANTE (V.O.)
(loudspeaker)
What - what's going on??

Artimesia says nothing, moves closer to the glass looking at the bewildered, caged animal within.

ARTIMESIA
(encouraging)
Why did she die? The mother?

DANTE (V.O.)
I -- I don't know.

ARTIMESIA
(false empathy)
Was it you? Something you did?

DANTE (V.O.)
No, she loved me -

ARTIMESIA
Then why did she kill herself?

DANTE (V.O.)
I don't know!

ARTIMESIA
But you do. It was the crime she committed. The record says. The *tetovaza* on your neck records the same story.

BACK TO: CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Dante rubs his neck, scratching at a tattoo we can't see.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
(loudspeaker)
Did you lie? That you dreamed of her?

DANTE
No, I did -

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
But not last night.

Dante hesitates.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
Still? That dream should be
desiccated by now.

DANTE
-- It is.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
Do you think it's acceptable to
lie?

DANTE
I'm not lying.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
Keeping secrets is unlawful.
(an adage)
*Sooner the truth, sooner the brand.
Sooner back to the Bondsman's land.*

Beat. Dante quiets himself.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
Now. What did you dream last night?

DANTE
What did I dream?

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
(brusque)
Yes, Dante Cazabon. What did you
dream??

43 INT. TETOVAZA CHAMBER - FOLLOWING

WE'RE IN A BARREN, CLINICAL ROOM. Dante is strapped into an
examination chair.

ARTIMESIA (V.O.)
(distant, fading)
Tick tick tick... What did you
dream?

Across the room, A PERSON in a lab coat (the TETOVAZA, tattoo
artist) is looking at Artimesia's Dream Schematic page.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
 The violent criminals, the pathetic
Poluditi, the Resistants -- every
 100 days they have a dream tattooed
 on their heads.

The Tetovaza picks up a tattooing device and switches it on:
BUZZ. She grasps Dante's head, turns it this way and that;
 decides on a location.

TETOVAZA
 You'll feel a sting.

Dante closes his eyes. The tattoo needle pierces his skin.

44 INT. CLASSROOM - SAME

ON SCREEN: the image of the Snake Charmer with his full head
 & face tattoos.

BEATRICE
 That's why our hair is cut short,
 so anyone can tell right away if
 you're good or bad. Thank you.

There is tepid applause. Bea looks at Francesca, relieved to
 be done.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
 The ritual is we escape.

45 EXT. ACADEMY - FOLLOWING

Most of the rest of the students are outside, including
 YOUNGER KIDS horsing around, among them Nicholas. Sitting in
 a corner of the steps in an emotional conversation are Romeo
 & Juliet.

Francesca and Beatrice emerge from inside.

FRANCESCA
 -- no they *will* listen to you.

BEATRICE
 They say they do, but they don't
 really. It's all preordained by
 Sigmundus -

FRANCESCA
 - Who has the wisdom to see who you
 really are.

BEATRICE
But how can he know??

Francesca spots Romeo & Juliet, pauses.

FRANCESCA
(distracted)
They say he knows everyone's
dreams...

BEATRICE
But --

FRANCESCA
Hey, I wanna --
(nods towards Romeo &
Juliet)
See what's goin' on.

BEATRICE
Yeah, ok. Good. I'm gonna go and,
you know --

FRANCESCA
(smiles)
Oh, I know. See you at the Hall.

BEATRICE
'kay.

FRANCESCA
Kisses.

BEATRICE
Kisses.

As Francesca goes over to Romeo & Juliet, Bea heads out. She waves to Nicholas; then passes A CLUTCH OF GOSSIPING GIRLS from class, surreptitiously looking over at Romeo & Juliet.

GIRL A
Seriously??

GIRL B
No, I get it. They're scared of not
being in love after the Ceremony.

GIRL A
Of course they won't.
(quoting scripture)
"You can't extinguish hate without
erasing love." Duh. Price of peace.

GIRL C
Not like it's the end of the world.

GIRL B
It is for them.

As she passes them:

BEATRICE
See you soon.

No response. Stay with Beatrice as she strides off. The Girl's voices fade away:

GIRL A
Anyway, it's so childish.

GIRL B
Not if you've ever been in love...

BEATRICE (V.O.)
The ritual is I'm free. For a few minutes anyway: free.

WE STAY WITH HER as she moves rapidly through **THE FOREST**, breathing more freely as she goes.

46 EXT. THE AXIS MUNDI TREE - FOLLOWING

A clearing on a spit of land near the shoreline.

AN ENORMOUS TREE comes into view sitting alone by itself. The tree is strangely barren, it's branches more like gnarled roots. Still, its presence calms Bea, like finding an old friend.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
Remember the details. Store them in a deep place.

She moves ever closer -- then suddenly realizes there's someone sitting beneath the tree - *her* tree.

IT'S DANTE. On the side of his head is a bandage. He doesn't notice Bea at first, COMPLETELY ABSORBED BY CARVING A SMALL PIECE OF WOOD.

BEATRICE
You can't be here.

Dante startles, scrambles to his feet, stuffs the carving into his pocket.

DANTE

I was on my - my way to --

BEATRICE

This is my tree.

DANTE

-- Don't think you can own trees.
Not really.

BEATRICE

(it clicks)

You're that boy from the forest.
The night of the Reverie.

DANTE

(punting)

Couldn't have been me. I was - I
was working.

BEATRICE

You shouldn't have been there, it's
against the code.

DANTE

It wasn't me! I work at the Asylum,
I was emptying slops and --

BEATRICE

Wait, what are you doing out here?
You're not supposed to leave the
grounds, I know that.

DANTE

I do errands.

BEATRICE

Here??

DANTE

(flustered)

No. But I -

BEATRICE

You're a criminal.

DANTE

(ridiculous)

No --

Bea gets her bearings, claims her privilege.

BEATRICE

Yes you are. You have those marks.
Nobody's on the island who's not a
Criminal, a Practitioner or their
families. One or the other.

(gestures to his tattoos)

You're the other. What did you do,
kill somebody??

DANTE

I shouldn't be talking with you.

He makes an abrupt move, to head off. Bea misinterprets it
and backs off, defensive.

DANTE

(seriously?)

I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm not a
criminal, alright??

BEATRICE

So you're a Resistant. That's it,
right?

DANTE

Not like it's on purpose -

BEATRICE

You're of age and you still dream?

DANTE

(defiant)

So?

BEATRICE

-- Never mind, nothing. Just never
met one before. I have to go.

She heads off, not the way she came.

DANTE

The school's that way.

BEATRICE

(don't bother me)

It's a rehearsal.

DANTE

You're coming of age soon, is that
it?

Bea stops.

BEATRICE
That's not your business.

DANTE
(pressing on)
You're coming of age and you're
afraid of the end of dreaming.

BEATRICE
No.

But Dante isn't convinced.

DANTE
Ok. I should go --

BEATRICE
What do you dream about? I mean, if
you're grown up?

DANTE
Stuff anybody dreams about.
(re. his tattoos)
You don't know what these are, do
you?

BEATRICE
Of course I know what they are. My
mother's a Confessor.

DANTE
Lucky you.

He moves towards Bea, who manages to hold her ground.

Then, when he's close enough, Dante turns his head so she can
see his neck -- and A TATTOO OF THE STONE TOWER AND A FIGURE
SUSPENDED IN SPACE.

DANTE
Your mother had them carve that
into my neck. I was five.

BEATRICE
They don't do that to kids.

DANTE
They do. Trust me.

BEATRICE
You must have committed a sin of
non-orthodoxy and disruptive -

DANTE
 You don't really believe that
 stuff?

Beatrice hesitates, just enough to clue Dante into Bea's
 uncertainty.

BEATRICE
 What were you doing there? In the
 woods that night?

Beat. Dante calculates.

DANTE
 Just watching.

BEATRICE
 Watching what?

DANTE
 (shrugs)
 Families. Like yours. Normal, happy
 --

BEATRICE
 God, you're so ignorant.

A DISTANT BELL CHIMES, putting Bea on the alert.

DANTE
 They steal your dreams.

BEATRICE
 What??

DANTE
 That's what I heard. That stuff,
 that drug. It's not just a drug.

BEATRICE
 What are you talking about?

DANTE
 Makes it so they can steal your
 dreams and turn them into something
 else, then they sell it.

BEATRICE
 (that's stupid)
 They can't do that.

DANTE
 I hear things. They think I don't.

Again, THE BELL. All of this has upset Bea, so she turns her anger on Dante.

BEATRICE

You're not supposed to leave the grounds. My father's a guard and -

DANTE

What's he gonna do? Lock me up?

Dante gestures to the world around. THE BELL CONTINUES TO CHIME.

DANTE

They can't lock you up when the whole world's your prison. Even if I could get off this *proklet* island --

(re. his tattoos)

I couldn't ever go anywhere without people knowing what I am. For the rest of my life.

He tears the bandage off his head.

DANTE

The rest of my life!

Blood oozes, etching the contours of the tattoo: AN UROBOROS. **A SNAKE EATING ITS OWN TAIL.** Now Bea is totally freaked, and as THE BELL REVERBERATES, SHE FLEES.

DANTE

(calling out)

You don't know! You don't know how lucky you are!

But she's gone.

DANTE

You don't know. You don't know...

He slumps against the tree, sobbing.

47 EXT. GRAND HALL - FOLLOWING

Bea breaks out of the woods, so very late.

48 INT. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

Beatrice quietly opens a door at the rear of THE DARKENED AUDITORIUM.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
The ritual is preparing for the
Ceremony.

UP ON THE EMPTY STAGE: facing THE RITUALIST (female, 30), the students from Bea's class stand in a line, EACH WITH A RED BOOK IN HAND - *The Promises of Dr. Sigmundus*.

STUDENTS
(finishing a recitation)
"-- where once we lived in fear of
violence, we will fear no evil. The
deviant and the criminal will be
banished from our ranks forever."

As Bea creeps down the aisle, she takes out of her bag her own Little Red Book.

THE RITUALIST
Good. You may sit back down.

The Ritualist goes offstage as the students head back to their seats. Bea slides in next to Francesca.

FRANCESCA
(hushed)
Your parents would kill you.

BEATRICE
(unsettled)
Something happened.

FRANCESCA
What??

BEATRICE
Tell you later.

Anxious, Bea worries the folds of her clothes. Seeing this, Francesca gently stills Bea's hands. Touched, Bea nods her thanks -- as the Ritualist re-enters with a MEDICAL TECHNICIAN.

Bringing up the rear are 2 ATTRACTIVE 16 YEAR OLDS, A BOY and A GIRL: perfect specimens. Lots of buzz from the students.

THE RITUALIST
Today we have a special visitor
from the medical bloc on the
mainland to explain the minor
operation that, as you know, is
such an important part of the
Coming of Age Ceremony.
(MORE)

THE RITUALIST (CONT'D)

Assisting him are two recent graduates, LeeRah Dosta and Praznina Dusa.

PERFECT SPECIMENS

Hello!

STUDENTS

Dobrodozli.

MED TECH

Good afternoon.

The Ritualist moves off to the side as the Med Tech starts in. For their part, the students are more interested in the Perfect Specimens.

MED TECH

Now at the age of 14, like you all are -

(to Ritualist)

They are, I assume?

THE RITUALIST

Of course.

BEATRICE

(whisper, to Francesca)

Of course we're 14. Why else would we be here?

Francesca shushes Bea with an "are you crazy??" expression.

MED TECH

So at 14 all young people in the domain and territories are brought into the realm of adulthood by the introduction of Ichor into their systems.

Smiling, the male Specimen open his fold of cloth, revealing the Ichor disc, as the other holds up a placard with an enlarged image on it. The students are entertained --

All except Bea who looks around at her classmates. And it occurs to her (and to us) how very, very young they all are.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

We're 14 years old. And life is about to change in ways we can't imagine.

MED TECH

The operation is quite minor, with a small incision made under local anesthesia and the so-called Otrov Port slipped under the skin where it simultaneously amalgamates to the circulatory, nervous and lymphatic systems...

The Specimens hold up more illustrations. The Med Tech continues, but his voice fades as BEA LOOKS AT FRANCESCA.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

We're 14, and some of us are good citizens.

MED TECH (O.S.)

(fading in & out)

-- be a part of you for the rest of your life...

Bea looks at TWO GIGGLING GIRLS.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

Some of us are clueless.

She spots Ismet, the boy we met in the classroom, who's riveted by the presentation.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

Some of us are excited.

MED TECH (O.S.)

-- a beautiful feat of bio-engineering...

PERFECT SPECIMENS (O.S.)

Sigmundus imam milost.

STUDENTS

Sigmundus imam milost.

Bea looks at a HOPEFUL STUDENT.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

Some of us can imagine a contented tomorrow.

MED TECH (O.S.)

-- the old discs recycled, and a new disc inserted at the Reverie...

Then Bea looks at ROMEO & JULIET.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
And some of us are just scared.

SPECIMEN 1 (O.S.)
No more of those baffling emotions!

SPECIMEN 2 (O.S.)
That irrational, selfish behavior
we teenagers are so famous for!

Pained, Bea looks away from Romeo & Juliet.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
We're 14 -

Bea looks at Francesca again, who turns to Bea with a brave smile.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
- and we had our whole lives ahead
of us.

Francesca's smile softens. She affectionately touches Bea's hand.

MED TECH (O.S.)
Absolutely safe with an
insignificant adverse reaction
rate.

Bea's attention drifts back to the stage where we see the ever smiling Specimens holding a sign that reads ".001% Adverse Reactions!"

PERFECT SPECIMENS
But as Sigmundus has said: "No
resource shall ever be wasted!"

MED TECH
Unfortunate adverse reactors are
sent off to the new territories...

49 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - SAME

A village somewhere, a mash up of Medieval and Modern. A DOZEN CITIZENS gaze at a disheveled YOUNG MAN on a tall stool inside A GLASS BOOTH, a GUARD nearby.

MED TECH (V.O.)
There they live as cautionary tales
for how destructive dreaming is.

The Young Man laughs, his gaze constantly shifting, captivated by things we cannot see. A YOUNG CHILD in the crowd laughs with him; her FATHER doesn't know what to do.

MED TECH (V.O.)
We pity them, of course - the
Poluditi Morfina: the mad dreamers.

The Young Man suddenly stops laughing. Then some deep sorrow wells up, and he begins to WEEP -- frightening the Child, who turns away. But the Guard moves forward, cautioning -- and the Father firmly turns the Child back to face the heart-rending Young Man.

THE RITUALIST (V.O.)
But this is so rare we don't even
need to think about it.

THE CHILD SOBS.

PERFECT SPECIMENS (V.O.)
Ichor - key to a worry free future!

50 INT. GRAND HALL - SAME

The Ritualist has joined the group center stage. She smiles encouragingly at the students.

RITUALIST
(upbeat)
Sigmundus imam milost!

STUDENTS
Sigmundus imam milost.

THE RITUALIST
(to the Med Tech)
Thank you so much!

She leads the APPLAUSE. Beatrice dutifully applauds, but her heart's not in it. She looks again at ROMEO & JULIET. A tear rolls down Juliet's cheek.

SUDDEN SILENCE.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
We're 14. And we're standing at the
edge of a cliff.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

- ACT FIVE -

51 EXT. INSTITUTE ACCESS ROAD, MAINLAND - NIGHT

THE WINDOWLESS VAN glides down a road towards THE SIGMUNDUS INSTITUTE: a massive science installation. In the distance, THE SOARING SPIRES OF AN ENORMOUS CITY FILL THE HORIZON.

AT A CHECKPOINT, SECURITY GUARDS certify paperwork, motions the van through.

IN A PARKING LOT, the van pulls up to a numbered spot, alongside other identical vans. A crew of **TECHNICIANS** appear and get to work.

52 INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - SAME

BRILLIANT MOONLIGHT illuminates Beatrice -- in bed, but wide awake. And it's not the moonlight that's woken her. There's A SYMPHONY OF NOISES coming from elsewhere in the house.

For a few moments it feels like Bea's in a horror movie.

Then she turns over, tries to get back to sleep, clearly not so much afraid as irritated. She drags a pillow over her head to try and blot out the sounds -- but then A PARTICULARLY LOUD DOOR SLAM exasperates her.

She throws back the covers, goes to her window. Down below, in the courtyard, is her father. He's doing some sort of work.

Or so it seems.

Actually he's going through the motions of something, but without objects or purpose. Is he raking leaves without a rake? Hard to tell. Whatever he thinks he's doing, it's surreal, unsettling.

TO US -- Not to Beatrice who watches him with a detached curiosity.

BEATRICE (V.O.)
Every night...

Then the weirdness of it hits home: *this is what the future has in store for her*. She closes the curtains, tries to calm herself. But MORE SOUNDS FROM DOWNSTAIRS settle the matter: she's not going to sleep. Not tonight.

53 INT. HALLWAY - FOLLOWING

Now fully dressed, Bea creeps out of her bedroom, carefully closes her door. She cautiously edges down the hall, anxious: she's never done this before, knows she's going against the rules.

She passes her brother's room. Inside, Nicholas is twisted up in the sheets, deep asleep, twitching... *dreaming*.

Bea gets to the top of the stairs - JUST AS HER MOTHER SUDDENLY CROSSES DOWN BELOW. Bea startles.

But after a breath-held moment, Bea puts a hand to her mouth, STIFLING A LAUGH.

54 INT. ASYLUM - SAME

Dante sneaking down a dark hallway, passing cell after cell of prisoners -- moaning, mumbling, laughing in their sleep.

55 INT. BEATRICE'S HOME - SAME

Beatrice quietly creeps down the stairs, now sporting a look of nervous fun.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, she looks around.

There's her mother, in the common room. Like her father, Artimesia seems to be doing something, but it's just a series of fragmented gestures in the empty air.

SHE'S SLEEPWALKING.

THEN THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND BREN COMES IN. Bea holds her breath as he pauses, looking right in her direction... But after a suspended moment, he simply turns and goes into the common room where he engages in another pantomimed activity.

He hasn't seen Bea: HE'S ALSO SLEEPWALKING.

Bea watches, fascinated - like the true scientist she is - as her somnambulant parents busy themselves doing nothing, barely a few feet away from one another, each in their own mental reality.

56 INT. SIGMUNDUS INSTITUTE ON THE MAINLAND - SAME

A safety-suited DRUDGE WORKER with a vacant expression pushes a cart on which is loaded one of the cooling containers from the van.

The Worker pauses at A WORK STATION, where a LAB TECHNICIAN SIGNS A RECEIPT FORM, then unlatches the top of the container and carefully withdraws one of the long transparent tubes stacked full of white discs.

57 INT. ASYLUM - SAME

Dante at the end of a long hall that we recognize: the hallway that leads to the corridor where Ezekiel is imprisoned.

PRE-LAP:

BEATRICE (V.O.)
Line, triangle, circle, square...

58 EXT. THE ASYLUM STAFF DISTRICT - CONTINUING

The town center, SCATTERED WITH SLEEPWALKERS. Overlaid on the action, we see the morphing system of lines, triangles, circles and squares that Bea was imagining earlier in the Grand Hall.

Beatrice walks through the scene, mentally mapping the movements of the Sleepwalkers (all Adults), who are oblivious to Bea and one another as they pantomime shopping, fixing things, speaking to others who aren't there...

It's *Night of the Living Dead* surreal -- but without the zombie hunger. It's actually even more bizarre, aimless and pointless as it is.

Beatrice moves among the sleepwalkers; even walks right up to one or two, but no one flinches.

Then the situation really hits her (*her mental diagrams evaporate*).

BEATRICE
I'm invisible.

She laughs. It's a feeling of freedom unlike anything she ever feels in this world. So what if it's one of her last nights of joy? Why not relish it??

THEN SHE HAS AN INSPIRATION, dissolves into laughter and sprints off.

WE STAY WITH HER as she runs through the crisp-shadowed woods.

When the spectacular silhouette of the Axis Mundi tree comes into view, she stops to catch her breath.

THAT'S WHEN ANOTHER SOUND DRIFTS IN ON THE WIND, something at odds with Bea's joy: DEEP WRENCHING SOBS.

59 INT. SIGMUNDUS INSTITUTE ON THE MAINLAND - SAME

The Lab Tech inserts the tube into a receiving conduit beside a computer array. She pushes a button, and the white discs flow out of the tube and into a sorting system.

Then one of the discs emerges onto a receiving pad, and the Lab Tech plugs the disc into a port on the computer array.

CLICK: it locks in.

60 EXT. SPIT OF LAND NEAR THE AXIS MUNDI TREE - SAME

Beatrice moves cautiously, nervously towards the tree...

Francesca comes into view, brightly lit by the moonlight, kneeling on the ground, sobbing her heart out.

61 INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY - SAME

With Dante paused at the door that leads to the 237 corridor, his breathing shallow.

THEN - the moment he touches the door handle - THE AIR SHIMMERS, and for a split second, he sees A GHOST OF HIMSELF, its hand on the door handle.

THEN, AS THE GHOST EVAPORATES, THE ATMOSPHERE OSCILLATES -- SENDING PULSES OF AIR RADIATING OUT LIKE RIPPLES ON A POND.

62 EXT. AXIS MUNDI TREE - SAME

As Beatrice comes ever closer to Francesca, SHE SEES WHAT LOOKS LIKE TWO PEOPLE SLEEPING UNDER THE TREE.

BEATRICE
(bewildered)
Francesca?

Francesca startles; then realizes it's Bea and runs into her arms.

FRANCESCA
 (moaning)
 Oh god, oh my god - -

And that's when Bea realizes it's Romeo & Juliet, entwined in one another's arms beneath the tree. THEY'RE NOT MOVING.

THEN SHE SEES THE DARTS JABBED INTO THEIR CHESTS -- right where their ports would be, had they lived long enough.

The bodies lit by the full moon, the soft rhythm of the nearby water, the moonlight reflecting off the tide... The image is perfect: fittingly romantic, and deeply tragic.

THEN JUST AS BEA'S VOICE RISES IN A WAIL OF GRIEF - - **THE AIR RIPPLES, AND TIME STOPS.**

BEA & FRANCESCA FREEZE IN MID-GRIEF. THE REFLECTIONS OF MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER STOP STILL. THE WIND CEASES, THE TREES HALT IN MID-SWAY -- EVERYTHING FROZEN IN TIME.

63 INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY - SAME

Dante gathers his strength and opens the door.

WHAT GREETES HIM IS A SURREAL SIGHT: down the hallway, A CLUTCH OF GUARDS ARE FROZEN IN MID-ACTION, as if they were escorting an invisible prisoner.

Then we notice Ezekiel Semiramis, off to the side, looking curiously at the tableau of Guards.

TIME HAS STOPPED HERE AS WELL. BUT NOT FOR DANTE -- AND NOT FOR EZEKIEL, WHO TURNS AND LOOKS DIRECTLY AT HIM.

DANTE
 (bravado)
 Who are you?? What do you know
 about my mother?!

Without a word, Ezekiel abandons the inanimate Guards and heads towards Dante.

DANTE
 (now he's scared)
 What's happening???

EZEKIEL
 More than you can imagine in your
 wildest dreams, Dante Cazabon.

And the moment before he reaches Dante --

CUT TO:

64 INT. SIGMUNDUS INSTITUTE ON THE MAINLAND - SAME

The Workstation. The Lab Tech, NOW ALSO FROZEN IN PLACE,
facing her computer array.

COMING FROM SPEAKERS, A GIBBERISH SOUNDSCAPE: FRAGMENTS OF
MUSIC, NOISE, VOICES, SCREAMS, LAUGHTER.

AND ON THE SCREEN: A DIZZYING, CHAOTIC FLOOD OF WORDS,
NUMBERS, PEOPLE, IMAGES --

A fractured, densely compressed symphony of the human
experience.

AND AS WE ZOOM IN ON THIS INSANE PROFUSION:

BLACK OUT.

- END OF PILOT -

TRANSLATION APPENDIX

Bosnian source words (see "Mythology" document for correct grammar markings)

Ne mrdaj! = do not move! (*Nem-reh-DIE*)

idiote = idiot (*Ee-dee-OAT*)

Stani! Pokazi se! = Stop! Show yourself! (*STAHN-ee! Poe-kah-zee-SEH!*)

Nista se ne plasi u senci = nothing to fear in the shadows
(*Neesh-tah seh nay PLASH-ee oo SEN-see*)

Ne bojte se senci = fear no shadows (*nay-BOY-teh seh SEN-see*)

(Francesca) Osudena = doomed (*Oos-u-DEE-nah*)

Daleko Odragen = *Odrongen* = far flung (*da-Lekoh OH-dra-jen*)

San Zaustavite = Dream Stop (*San Zoh-stah-VEET*)

drzite = hold (*Drah-ZHEE-tay*)

Dosta, kretati se = enough, move along (*DOE-stah, kray-Tah-tee SEH*)

kretenu = motherfucker (*KREH-teh-noo*)

jebi se = fuck (*jeb-EE-zah*)

ludak = madman (*LOO-dak*)

otrovana dusa = poisoned soul (*Oh-troh-Vanna DOO-sah*)

kopile = bastard (*koh-PEEL-ay*)

(Ivano) Nusno = *gnusno* = heinous (*eee-Vah-no NOOS-no*)

Jebote = motherfuck (*YAY-boh-teh*)

Cudoviste = monster (*ku-doh-VEEST*)

lijep decko = pretty boy (*Lee-yep DETS-koe*)

duljo = sweetheart (*DOOL-yoe*)

Brijac (Appollyon) = razor (*BREE-yatz ah-poll-ee-OHN*)

Deponija Smecha = garbage dump (*deh-poh-NEE-jah SMEH-cha*)

badjar kackavalj = badger stew (*Baad-yah KATCH-kah-vie*)

kuhinja = kitchen (*Koo-HIN-yah*)

Ludnica = madhouse (*lood-NEE-kah*)

izvini = sorry (*iz-VEE-nee*)

izvinjenje = apology(ies) (*Eez-vih-YEN-yeh*)

Dobro uradeno = well done (*Doh-bro oor-ah-DEE-no*)

Tetovaza = tattoo (*teh-TOH-vah-zah*)

dete = child (*DEH-tay*)

Ismet = Innocent (*EEZ-met*)

Senadin = name meaning "majesty of faith" (*SEN-Ah-din*)

proklet = cursed (*PROH-klet*)

gluposti = nonsense (*glue-POH-stee*)

Leere Dosta = empty soul (German: *LEE-rah Doe-stah*)

Prazna Dusu = empty soul (Bosnian: *PRAHZ-nee-yah Doo-suu*)

dobrodozli = welcome (*Doh-broh-doh-DOZE-lee*)

Otrov = poison (*OAT-rohv*)

Nema pitanja = without question (*Nay-mah pee-TAHN-yah*)

Sigmundus imam milost = Sigmundus have mercy (*Seeg-MOON-doos ee-Mam mee-Lowste*)