

PARADISE

WRITTEN BY

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EXT.-- JUNGLE.-- SUNSET.

POV:

We open on a face-full of dark-red meat. Almost purple. Fibrous, raw meat. Sloppy sounds of viscous ligaments tearing. We see a glimpse of a black beak in front of us.

The motion of whipping our little head upwards and scanning the area allows us to see the source of this meat. Our angle is from atop the mound of a bloated stomach. It belongs to a dead steer. Black fur. That grey layer of skin before the meat.

We go back to eating. Breaking into a shiny, wet, maroon, whoopy cushion like thing. We eat some more. Something bubbles in our stomach. With two flaps of our wings, we're up.

Up, to that ember colored sky.

Soaring over jungle.

We glide for a minute.

For the enjoyment of those with fucking eagle eyes. If you look to your left. Two vehicles are driving into a small clearing.

An old red tractor, and a blue late sixties pick up truck behind it.

A dozen men who look like fucking ants jump off their respective vehicles.

We gag again. Travel a bit more.

If you look to your right. In the distance is another clearing. Plowed dirt. A crowd of about six hundred gathers around a large gazebo style structure. A public announcement system can be heard. It's faint

JOHN (O.S.)

We are holding a true revolution!  
The only revolution anybody has  
left!

Beside this "pavilion", is a nice little neighborhood of houses shaped like shoe boxes.

Like they were made with power tools. Big and rectangular.

A white truck takes off in a hurry. Kicking up a cloud of dirt.

We glide. A beautiful sunset. The orange shedding to red. We admire the beauty. A valley of endless green. Meeting perfectly in the middle with the fire red sun above.

The sounds of us taking a massive shit hits us. A nasty gooey shit. Our little stomach is groaning.

OUT OF POV:

A bird slams onto the forest floor. In the high brush. We are surrounded by trees. Pause. We hear something inside the tree line, flattening brush, etc.

A Scruffy man is running right at us. Seventies attire.

MICHEAL(30's), looks as if Shaggy from Scooby Doo got beaten to a bloody pulp.

He's sprinting, heading right towards the spot were that bird just landed. MIKE misses the bird.

He's at the tail end of a full sprint through the jungle. Exhausted. Stressed.

He collapses to his knees.

SUPERIMPOSED: 1972, SOUTH AMERICA.

Michael looks ahead. Trying take in as much air as he can. He's drenched in sweat.

MICHEAL  
(Breathing hard.)  
Come on!(Big cough.)

He gives in, letting himself drop to the ground.

The sun completes it's vanishing act behind the hill.

MICHEAL (cont'd)  
(Out of breath.)  
Shit!

Michael gives the grunt of painful exhaustion as he sits up. His legs are putty.

TIME CUT:

The sky is pitch black. The stars are beautiful.

Micheal walks quietly through the jungle.

MICHEAL (cont'd)  
(Out of breath.)  
I need to make a some kind of camp.

The whirl of propeller blades.--

The sound slices through everything. A flock of birds can be heard flapping away in a panic.

Michaels head snaps upwards searching the starry sky for the source. We struggle to make out anything through the tree tops.

The sound flies past.--

Then there's silence. He waits.

We hear the faint sounds of automatic gun fire. Equally faint is the sound of the crowd. Barely audible echoes of horrific screams.

The sounds become steady. Mike slowly turns around and continues walking.

We take a look above the trees.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT.-- HUMVEE, JUNGLE.-- DAY.

Two South American police officers with shiny faces. Brown skin all oily from the sun. Both wearing dark aviator shades. They are scanning the fields. The edge of our jungle is on the horizon.

The tires bounce off of rocks buried into the ancient back-road. One officer points towards a fence at the edge of the jungle. There's a shirt hanging on the fence.

COP #1  
(Heavy Caribbean accent.)  
Look!(Points.) There's something  
over there!

The vehicle slowly approaches. A man is barely visible inside the tree line. They're outside of a apple banana farm.

EXT.-- JUNGLE.-- CONTINUOUS.

The Humvee stops fifteen-feet away. The officers walk up to the fence, carefully resting their arms on the top rung.

Michael is staring daggers into the police officers, not moving. He has been through hell. Covered in cuts and dirt. Probably reeks of armpit sweat, and shit.

He is sitting on a boulder buried in the jungle floor, a pile of apple banana peels to his left. TWO LARGE RED GYM BAGS with white straps on the other side.

COP #1

You have to come with us!

CUT TO:

INT.-- MOTEL ROOM.-- DAY.

MARCH 13, 1979

Reporters stand around a queen-sized bed. The room is trashy as all hell. Brown shag carpeting. Wood print linoleum. The rancid vagina smell has penetrated every inch of the room.

The reporters are grabbing notepads and pencils, putting their bags down. They're nervous. They are looking to their left, off screen, worried.

As worried as they are, they are not sitting on that fucking bed.

We pan to the left.-- MICHAEL PROKES looks homeless. The blue denim jacket looks like he's been sleeping on the street, not an alley or the sidewalk, in the middle of the fucking road; and hasn't been washed in two years.

He looks over his one page statement.

REPORTER #1

Mike!

Mike snaps out of his trance and looks up from his note.

REPORTER #1 (cont'd)

We're ready.

MICHAEL

OK. I have a short statement.

He begins reading.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

The total dedication you once observed of me was not to John Sellers- it was to an organization of people who had nothing left to lose. No matter what view one takes of Paradise, perhaps the most relevant truth is that it was filled with outcasts- and the poor- who were looking for something they could not find in our society...

REPORTER #1

Wait a second.

All of them furiously catching up from memory. They finish and point their faces at him. They are ready to continue, emotionless to the context.

MICHAEL

And sadly enough, there are millions more out there with all kinds of different, but desperate needs whose lives will end tragically, as happens every day. No matter how you cut it, you just can't separate Paradise from America, because the Temple of Paradise was not born in a vacuum, and despite the attempt to isolate it, neither did it end in one.

REPORTER #2

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

(Looks up, sighs, and searches for the words.)  
I believe the State Department, or the CIA contributed heavily, and directly to the death of Paradise.

The reporters look at each other. Some in disbelief, others with skeptical smiles.

REPORTER #1

Wait, wait a second. You are saying that the United States government killed a thousand of it's own citizens? For being in a cult?

MICHAEL

Not for being in a cult.(BEAT.) For trying to build a better society.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

By themselves.(Again, the skeptics grin.) They used their influence over the media to achieve their perfect ending. The appearance of self-destruction. I was contacted by someone when I first started attending the church. They wanted me to report to them any illegal activities.

REPORTER #2

Who?

REPORTER #1

How do you know they were government agents?

MICHAEL

I don't know. Excuse me.

He walks to the bathroom.

INT.-- MOTEL BATHROOM.-- CONTINUOUS.

Michael turns on the faucet and sits on the toilet.

He's breaking down. Tears flowing. The end is happening here. In this tiny turquoise and peach; flower patterned bathroom.

He reaches into his left jacket pocket, pulls out a note, and places it on the floor. He reaches into his other pocket.

Michael pulls out a 357 snub nose, cocks the hammer back and places it up to his right temple. He takes a deep breath. Fires.

The head and neck fling violently to the left like a rag doll's. The blood ejected covers the wall. The heavy gun drops to the floor with a thud.

A pause.--

The door opens.

We pull back slowly. Showing the eight men cramming into the doorway. All trying to see the bloody show.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(Reading from the suicide note.)

"Don't accept anyone's analysis or hypothesis that this was the result of despondency over Paradise.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I could live and cope with  
 despondency...

We continue pulling back. Into the old shaggy motel and out  
 of the window.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
 -Nor was it an act of a "disturbed"  
 or "programmed" mind - in case  
 anyone tries to pass it off as  
 that...

FADE TO BLACK:

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
 The fact is that a person can  
 rationally choose to die for  
 reasons that are just, and that's  
 what I did... (PAUSE) If my death  
 doesn't prompt another look at what  
 brought about the end of Paradise,  
 then life wasn't worth living  
 anyway."

TITLE: PARADISE

FADE INTO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- DAY

BLACK SCREEN.

SUPERIMPOSED: Temple of paradise congregation 1969.

The sounds of a large crowd.

It slowly fades away.

The score and it's corresponding image opens with a bang. A  
 sweaty African American preacher named John Sellers screams  
 like Pacino in the devil's advocate. A fit, forty year old  
 black man. Stirring this crowd into a frenzied hive, adoring  
 the man like he's helping them mainline euphoria.

Oddly, all we hear are the sounds of the ominous soundtrack.  
 It's drowning him out as he preaches to the packed house.

We turn to see the church hall. Housing a congregation of 600  
 strong. The crowd is mainly African American. More than half  
 are elderly, and the rest are a diverse mix of adults, young  
 adults, and children. All worshipping the man onstage.

The church is just a huge rectangular room.

We see RUBEN(19) sitting in the crowd next to a tall black kid, this is NICK(16). Ruben whispers something to Nick. Nick starts quietly cracking up.

A woman in a wheelchair, screaming Amen! Her face is ferocious. Her screams, drowned out by the soundtrack.

MAXWELL HALL(38) is holding his three year old son, MATTHEW, on his lap. Sitting in the front row. The score suddenly fades away. It's only there to show these people as a mob.

We close up on reverend Sellers as he begins his final point.

JOHN

(Preaching.)

Pray for your sins. Pray for a better world. "That's all we can do."- Against the racism. Against the inequality! Against the horrible things we see everyday. Centuries old institutions, telling us everyday that they are working tirelessly. To bring the world faith. To bring it equality. The truth is. The evils of this world give them their power. The world is falling apart under their rule. Yet, when you ask them: How do you fix the world? They say "Be more like me"?! Fuck them!

The crowd screams "Amen!"

JOHN (cont'd)

We are at a crossroads. Each and every one of us here today. We know we can't go on much longer. Living like this. Check to check. We did not choose to live in this system. Society gave us no other option... In this room are survivors of this profits over people system! Survivors of a broken government. Survivors of a hideous world, our corrupt institutions have kept from their rich communities. What we bear has been hidden from the world like the proverbial bastard child! Our government abandoned us. Our churches have abandoned us! We have no choice; but to create the world they promised, ourselves!

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

We do it FOR ourselves! And when  
the world witnesses the paradise  
we've created here on earth! Maybe  
then they will follow.

The crowd erupts. Cheers and "Amen" fill the chamber.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- GHETTO, SAN FRANCISCO.-- DAY.

CAR RADIO (V.O.)

Violence in New York, as the police  
raid a homosexual hotspot called  
the Stonewall Inn. Police were  
forced to engage the-

Mike turns the station. We hear "In the Ghetto" by Elvis  
Presley(or something from the sixties)for a second.

MICHAEL

Fucking liars.

Michael is driving his maroon jalopy. A 1952 Mercury  
Monterey. He's driving it through the most poverty stricken  
African American neighborhood in San Francisco.

A very dangerous thing to do for what your average young  
black male might call "a pussy ass white boy".

He pulls up in front of an apartment building. A crowd of  
black people hanging out in front. It is a scorcher.  
Glistening skin under tank tops or spaghetti strap tops.

He nervously sits in his car. Staring at them. They're  
staring back. He quickly gets out of his car and walks into  
the building. Passing the dozen or so death stares outside.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- LOW INCOME APARTMENT COMPLEX.-- CONTINUOUS.

The apartment complex's hallways are filled. This was before  
the internet. Not everyone had a tv. So they spent most of  
their time socializing with the neighbors.

He gets some looks before he climbs the stairs to the second  
floor. Another crowd is hanging out on the balcony style walk  
way.

Door 213. That's his destination, conveniently located behind the crowd. He walks up to them. They start circling Mike in this small space. The main kid is a monster of a human being.

GIANT KID

What the fuck are you doin here  
cracker?

BLACK GIRL

He fucking smells like hot dog  
water!

MICHAEL

I'm here to see Marcus.

Marcus opens the door of the apartment.

MARCUS

I knew it got quiet out here for a  
reason. Lett'em through.

MICHAEL

Thanks Marcus.

KID #2

(Mimicking in a girly  
tone.)

Thanks Marcus.

The crowd laughs as Marcus holds the door smiling.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. -- MARCUS' HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Michael sits awkwardly on the couch. Hands to his side, and legs straight. He's very stiff.

We go wide. We se can see the whole room. What all heterosexual males will immediately notice is the beautiful light-skinned black girl with the afro, and tiny jean shorts.

She's sitting on the couch next to Mike. Sideways, with her feet towards him.

Marcus comes out of his room with a big brown paper bag. The giant 1950's TV showing the news.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

President Nixon meets with the president of South Vietnam at a joint press conference announcing the reduction of US troops in Vietnam.

MICHEAL

(Looking at the T.V.)  
Can you believe this shit?!

MARCUS

Yes! What?

The girl laughs.

MICHEAL

That story is almost a month old!  
Did you hear what happened last night?

MARCUS

No.

MICHEAL

There was a riot at a gay bar in New York. The Stonewall Inn,

MARCUS

Who gives a fuck about fags?

MICHAEL

Come on!

MARCUS

You a faggot, Mike?

MICHAEL

Really, dude.

MARCUS

(Sinister look on his face.)  
You lookin for Mandingo dick.

MICHAEL

(Knowing it's a game.)  
Hey, that's not funny.

Marcus laughs. Micheal laughs with a bit of fear leaking into it. We see the girl getting ideas.

GIRL #1

Nah, he ain't no fag.

Puts her foot on his thigh.

MARCUS

Nu-uh, He's gotta pay for that  
shit! We still don't know if he got  
enough for the weed, girl!

MICHAEL

Hey! I'm gonna buy you out today.

MARCUS

Why you jiving me, honky. You ain't  
gonna buy but your same ol' half.  
Writer my ass. Those honkies make  
money.

GIRL #1

(A little impressed.)  
You're a writer?

MICHEAL

(Nervous.)  
Yeah.

Looks at her beautiful hazel eyes.

GIRL #1

What d'you write?

MICHEAL

I'm a journalist. I want to write  
books also-

MARCUS

(Interrupts.)  
I still cannot believe I have a  
white friend.

Marcus cracks himself up.

MICHEAL

(Smiles.)  
How's your dad?

MARCUS

(Calms down.)  
Good. He's travelin again. Playing  
with a new band.

MICHEAL

That's great!

MARCUS

I remember when he came to interview my pops. Me and pops just couldn't stop wondering; what the fuck is wrong with this cracker's brain? Riskin gettin' killed, to interview a negro blues player.

Their attention is stolen by footage of Cleveland's Cuyahoga River catching fire due to pollution levels in the water.

MARCUS (cont'd)

You wanna roll a joint.

Michael grabs a paper from a pack sitting on the table

MARCUS (cont'd)

That shit is crazy!

Michael is putting the finishing touches.

MARCUS (cont'd)

You better get out there and meet some white boys that sell weed!

Michael passes the unlit joint. Marcus lights it and takes a hit. He stares at Mike.

MARCUS (cont'd)

(Exhaling.)

I can't believe you.

MICHAEL

What?

MARCUS

You comin around every other week, riskin gettin' beat to death by a bunch of crazy niggas. Why?(BEAT.) You really willin' to die, to prove you like black folk?

MICHAEL

I don't know, man.(Beat.) Hey,-

He stands up.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Thanks again. For everything.

INT.-- LOW INCOME APARTMENT COMPLEX.-- CONTINUOUS.

Michael tries walking through the gauntlet again. The giant steps right in front of him. Marcus walks up to the two.

MARCUS

Lettem' go. He's just buyin' dope,  
man.

Tries to hand the giant his joint.

MARCUS (cont'd)

It's the last time. Just relax. Go  
Mike. Get out of here.

The giant doesn't move. He's thinking about it. He takes the joint, takes a hit and moves to the side.

Michael nervously speed walks down the stairs and out of the exit.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MICHAEL'S APARTMENT. -- DAY.

Mike sits at his desk. Rolling a joint with the phone clinched between his neck and shoulder.

His cluttered studio apartment barely has enough room for the twin sized bed and bible teacher's desk.

There are cut-outs of the articles he's written tacked onto the walls. The massive 12" TV is pressed against the wall across from his bed.

His apartment is on the second floor. Giving him a nice view of another two-story building.

MICHAEL

I just need something for  
groceries.

MICHAEL'S MOM (V.O.)

This is the last time, Michael.  
(Sighs) You need to move back-

MICHAEL

Don't worry.

MICHAEL'S MOM (V.O.)

He can help you get you a job at  
the factory.

MICHAEL  
How is dad?

MICHAEL'S MOM (V.O.)  
He's fine. Worried. We both are. We are always worrying about you. Just be careful.

MICHAEL  
I will. Say hi to dad for me.

CUT TO:

INT.-- VALLEJO TIMES, OFFICES.-- DAY.

The cloud of cigarette smoke swirls around the fluorescent light fixtures.

The office is alive. The violently loud clacking of typewriters and twelve pound phones ringing. Small coffee mugs with giant hair do's.(you know sixties' shit)

Mike is at his cubicle. He goes over a story.

ABBOT (O.S.)  
Mike!

Mike pokes his head out, over the top of the cubicle's partition.

ABBOT is a short and barrel chested man with tons of black hair growing everywhere but his head. He stands in front of his office door and signals Mike over with his hairy-ass finger.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- ABBOT'S OFFICE, VALLEJO TIMES.-- DAY.

Mike stands nervously in front of Abbot's desk.

ABBOT  
I need you on this here. (Drops the folder on his desk.)

MICHAEL  
What is it?

ABBOT  
You can read, can't you? Close the door on your way out.

Abbot starts reading the papers on his desk.

MICHAEL

Yeah, sorry. (Beat.) I was wondering if you had given a second thought to the story about the petition to the FCC, to ban racist radio and television pundits down in Birmingham.

ABBOT

There's thousands of Negroes going crazy in the streets; and you want to do a story about a couple of them filing some papers?

MICHAEL

So you're saying that, right now, there's no room for a story about blacks as proactive individuals; only as perpetrators or victims.

Abbot gives him that "You just talked shit to your boss?!" look.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Sorry, boss.

CUT TO:

INT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- DAY.

Michael is seated at the end of a row of metal framed chairs. Their across from the secretary's desk. The crypt keeper herself is sitting there reading.

There is a door beside Michael. The name on the door: ZOE WALLACE.

Pictures of their beloved JOHN cover the walls. He walks amongst protesters, hands out food to the homeless, speaks at rallies. There are also certificates of recognition from various organizations.

On the wall behind Michael are more pictures, Michael stands up to look at these. He sees one with a man he recognizes.

He's nervous. Looks back at the receptionist and smiles, the old lady returns a cold, indifferent scowl.

Zoe opens the door and invites him in.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- ZOE'S OFFICE.-- CONTINUOUS.

ZOE is a heavy set woman, in her late thirties. Flared glasses chained around her neck. She waddles her massive thighs back to her desk. Squeezing between it and the wall, to get to her chair.

They both reach their chairs and sit. It takes her a bit longer and a little more effort.

ZOE

That's mighty kind of your paper.  
Hey, we'll take all the free  
publicity we can get.

MICHAEL

Good.(Beat.) A co-worker of mine  
interviewed voters at that voting  
station at Vallejo High School, a  
couple of months back.

ZOE

(Gleefully announces.)  
We gave free rides to over eleven-  
hundred voters.

MICHAEL

(Chuckles.)  
That's amazing! Uh- How big is your  
congregation?

ZOE

A little over Two thousand.  
Mr. Sellers has worked tirelessly  
to help hundreds of struggling  
families get food, and money for  
housing. He never stops working. I  
guess word has gotten out about  
what a wonderful Pastor we have  
here.

She smiles.

MICHAEL

How does he know Congressman  
Sinclair?

ZOE

Not sure. Why?

MICHAEL

Well, seeing as the congressman was  
running for reelection.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It sort of gives the impression that you bused your congregation to the voting booths. Specifically to vote for him.

ZOE

We bused them and many non-church goers, FOR FREE, to vote for whoever they wanted. The Social services office also refers a lot of needy people to our church for food boxes and free dinners. We do not ask their political affiliations before we feed them either. We are not political Mr. Prokes. But we work together with politicians to help our community.

CUT TO:

INT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- CONTINUOUS.

Zoe opens the door to walk Mike back out into the main office area. Both smiling.

MICHAEL

Thank you again, Miss Wallace.

ZOE

No problem. I'll be looking for you this Sunday.

MICHAEL

I'll be here.

John strolls in like the fucking man. He's followed by two specimens that would of been right at home in the upper ranks of the Nazis. Two stoic, steely eyed, blond haired psychos.

Their dark glasses stare at Michael and Zoe.

Behind John and Hitler's wet dream, is a short balding man, in a brown suit.

ZOE

How are you, mister Sellers?

JOHN

Good. Is this a new associate?

ZOE

This is Michael Prokes. He is a writer for the Vallejo Times. They want to do a story on our church.

JOHN

Nice to meet you, Michael.

MICHAEL

Nice to meet you, sir.

JOHN

I'm a little busy right now. These gentleman are interested in donating to our church.

MICHAEL

Oh, Yeah. I was going to ask if we can set up a time-

JOHN

Sure, I'll let you know. You're coming to mass aren't you?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

JOHN

Good. Zoe, Give him whatever he needs.

ZOE

Yes, sir.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Mr. Sellers, I really appreciate it.

John gives him a friendly slap on the shoulder and leads the two giant men and Steve into his office.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, SHOWER.-- DAY.

Michael stands with his back to the shower head. He begins to jack off.

TIME CUT:

INT.-- MICHAEL'S APARTMENT,-- CONTINUOUS.

We slam into a close up of a manuscript. The title reads: "Diary of a dope dealer". We pan up as Michael sits at his small desk.

He puts the plate down and continues writing into his notebook. He picks up a sad sandwich, at least he has a nice side of potato chips. Images of the Vietnam war are on his TV in the background.

He changes the dial on his tiny 2-tone RCA tv. He lands on something free to use.

CUT FORWARD:

The empty plate sits on his desk, the morning ritual continues with a nice fat joint. He sparks it and looks at the clock on his wall. It's 9:00 a.m..

CUT TO:

INT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- DAY.

Michael downs two cups of water quickly at the water cooler. We follow him as he walks through the doorway,...

The menacing soundtrack throws us back into this frenzied atmosphere. The main hall is packed. The heat has these people ready to pass out after they vomit.

Sellers is sweating all over. His emphatic words drowned out by the music. The captivated crowd yells Amen and shuts up immediately.

Michael observes all of this.

EVERYTHING STOPS.

We cut to John right as he points to the girl in the wheel chair.

JOHN

Our Chelsie was in a car accident two years ago. The parasites told her that with a lot of luck. (Walks to Chelsie.) She might one day walk again. BUT if she had the money, she would be as good as new in ten months!...

He pauses in front of her for a bit. Stares at her eyes. He violently grabs her forehead.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 It's time to walk again Chelsie!  
 Ask God to give you the strength!  
 Ask the God within yourself to give  
 you the strength!... Walk, Chelsie!

The soundtrack swells with our sinister theme. Michael has been sucked in. His eyes are wide and ready to witness this miracle.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 Chelsie! Let the Lord give you the  
 strength! Let the room give you the  
 strength!

Chelsie grimaces as she struggles to push herself out of her wheelchair. Someone behind her holds the chair as another person holds her arm. John still has his hand on her forehead.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 Get up! Get up!

She stands, wobbling. She struggles a bit to steady herself.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 Walk! Chelsie! Walk!

She starts taking small steps. The music crescendos. The crowd is erupting in astonishment. We see close ups of the frenzied, hypnotized mob. The tears of joy and ecstatic applause.

Michael is looking around at the power of this. The libidinous force, that appeal to lose control along with your fellow primates, has him ready to believe.

CHELSIE raises her hands like she just won the super heavyweight championship. The room erupts again. MIKE does the same, screaming...

MICHAEL  
 YEEEEEEAAAHH!

He then starts clapping with a big smile on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.-- NIGHT.

The church's gymnasium is packed with devoted worshipers.

Michael sits at a table by himself. Taking in all of the human interactions, the smiles, and conversations.

Zoe approaches with a family. Two blonds, a short woman with glasses, named SAVANNA(42), and her eighteen year old daughter VIVICA.

Then there's the two smaller kids. The little brown haired boy named JASON, and a little red-headed girl named LINDA.

The tall young lady has the beauty of a fashion model. Even Her face is blinding. Even through the Amish style fifteen layer outfit.

The two youngest run off to play with the other kids.

VIVICA immediately sends MIKE that vibe with a look. He reciprocates with a confused smirk. The idea of this young Goddess being at all interested in a skinny, patchy bearded hippie like himself is laughable.

ZOE

Hi, Michael. Having a good time?

MICHEAL

I am. I ate so much I can't move.

ZOE

I was wondering if they could sit with you. Help with some of those interviews.

MICHAEL

Sure. You're doing my work for me.

ZOE

This is Savanna, and her daughter Vivica.

SAVANNA

We just can't wait for you to start spreading Reverend Sellers' beautiful teachings to the world.

MICHAEL

It'll spread him to two more people in the bay area.

Savana laughs. VIVICA is still flashing those hazel eyes deep into MIKE's soul.

SAVANNA

Well, he saved our family.

VIVICA  
 (Embarrassed.)  
 Jesus, Mom!

Savanna tries to playfully slap her daughter. Vivica flinches hard. A little too hard.

SAVANNA  
 Stupid.(Chuckling nervously.)

Savanna quickly consoles her by rubbing her back.

SAVANNA (cont'd)  
 My ex-husband was very abusive. We lived with him for Ten years. I started drinking to deal with the pain from the injuries. When I finally left him, my alcoholism got so bad; I lost my job as head cook at the elementary school. We were about to lose our apartment. We had little food. I almost had no choice but to go back- Anyway. We were referred to the church by welfare services. IT changed our lives.

Short and bald STEVE(48) enters the gymnasium with his young and incredibly hot wife, KYRA(26).

She is way, way out of his league, in her short and very revealing cheetah print skirt. The look in her eye of a drugged up narcissistic nympho.

MICHAEL  
 Who's that short guy, right there?

SAVANNA  
 That's Steven Brummet.

VIVICA  
 He's in charge of accounting, I think.

SAVANNA  
 Yeah. He's not a real "people person".

MICHAEL  
 (Returns to the interview.)  
 So, what would you say John's views are?

## SAVANNA

He thinks the politicians aren't doing enough for people. Which is very true. But he doesn't blame them for everything. A lot of people get those confused.

John and his wife Julie(39) enter the gym. Julie is a short, brunette. Behind them Steve and Kyra enter.

A crowd quickly gathers around John.

Steve tries to whisper something to John. John nods and ignores. He continues shaking hands and greeting. Then he greets Steve's wife and gives her a nice little smile. Steven notices.

Julie also notices, but continues greeting people. She does give a quick scowl towards John.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MICHAEL'S APARTMENT.-- DAY.

Michael's bathroom door is ajar. The shower is on. We hear the slapping skin of masturbation.

He now sits on his twin sized bed. He's got his nicest bell-bottoms. A white button up with blue pin stripes. He's tying he's shiniest brown shoes.

Checks himself in the mirror, then walks out of the apartment.

The phone rings. Michael doesn't come back. It rings again.

FADE INTO:

INT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.-- DAY.

Michael sits across from a sweet old gray haired lady.

MICHAEL

So, Barb. What do you like about this church?

BARB

Oh my goodness. I love everything about it. The people. They are so kind and welcoming. I love Mr. Sellers. He is so sweet and profound. Very articulate.

(MORE)

BARB (CONT'D)

I like his wife and their son. I've never gotten a funny feeling from his son. You know sometimes you get a funny feeling from young negro boys. But he is such a nice and well behaved young man...

TIME CUT:

MICHAEL

What is it that you like about this church?

NICK

I don't know.

TIME CUT:

MICHAEL

What do you like about Reverend Sellers?

CHURCH MEMBER #1

John tells it like it is. Those other pastors want to say they are speaking the word of God. But they themselves do nothing for anybody. They would never lay their life down for any of us. John would.

MICHAEL

Have you been to other churches?

CHURCH MEMBER #1

Yeah. I got thrown out of one for stealing the money out of the collection basket. Judging me and shit.

Micheal writes that down.

CHURCH MEMBER #1 (cont'd)

What you writin'?

CUT TO:

EXT/INT.-- MAX'S CAR, RURAL ROAD.-- DAY.

Max is driving his 1966 Oldsmobile Tornado through farm country. His three year old son is in his clunky sixties safety seat in the back.

MAX  
 (Uses his baby voice.)  
 Are those cows?!

MATT  
 Cows!

EXT./INT.-- REDNECK'S TRUCK, DOWN THE ROAD.-- CONTINUOUS.

Two diesel trucks rev their engines. Four young rednecks have split up into two teams and challenged each other to a diesel fueled pissing contest.

REDNECK 1  
 You ready motherfucker?!

REDNECK 2  
 Yeah, pussy! Let's fucking do thi-

Truck 1 take off.

REDNECK 2 (cont'd)  
 Fuck!

Truck 2 follows.

EXT/INT.-- MAX'S CAR, RURAL ROAD.-- CONTINUOUS.

Max drives up to a four-way stop. There's a horse right by the fence, a couple of feet away from the car. Baby Matt is now loose in the backseat.

EXT./INT.-- REDNECK'S RACE, DOWN THE ROAD.-- CONTINUOUS.

At the end of a long curve sits Max's pussy ass car. Both teams see it. Redneck #1 is thinking he needs to pass his piece of shit friend before they get to that car.

REDNECK 2  
 What you gonna do?!

EXT/INT.-- MAX'S CAR, RURAL ROAD.-- CONTINUOUS.

Max is infatuated with the horse as it gallops away. He turns to Matt.

MAX  
 You see the horsey?

Max sees the unlatched belt.

MAX (cont'd)  
Matty. You took...

One of the trucks passes him full tilt. The car sways side to side. He looks up through the rear windshield. A truck is swerving and skidding right towards them. Max reaches to hug his child.

MAX (cont'd)  
No!!!

The truck stops a few inches from disaster. Max opens his eyes.

We see the baby staring back at us smiling.

EXT/INT.-- RURAL ROAD.-- CONTINUOUS.

Max exits his vehicle in a rage.

MAX  
You fucking pieces of...

He sees the shotgun being grabbed off of the gun rack. It stops Max right in his tracks. They stare at each other for a bit.

MAX (cont'd)  
I'm sorry. It's fine.

He speed walks back to his car and gets in. Before he can put it in drive, Redneck #1 reaches into his car and grabs Max's steering wheel. The shotgun in his other hand.

REDNECK 1  
You had something to say?

MAX  
No. I mean... Look, I have  
a...(Goes to look back at Matty.  
Immediately regrets it.)

REDNECK 1  
Oh! You have yourself a little  
nigger baby... Well I sincerely  
apologize.(Long beat.) You have a  
nice day. Okay?

MAX  
(Angry and terrified.)  
Yeah.

The man walks away.

REDNECK 1  
 (Does the redneck yell.)  
 Yeehaa!

His friend in the truck laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- GRAVEYARD.-- DAY.

Important people are dressed in expensive black fabrics. It's a beautiful day out. The casket has an American flag draped over it. The soldiers give the twenty-one gun salute.

John and Julie stand beside the portrait of the deceased. It's Congressman Sinclair.

The press is there snapping pictures. Steven Brummet is hiding in the back row.

FADE INTO:

EXT.-- MARSHES.-- DAY.

Two hunting dogs sit nicely on a shore of some north eastern swamp. We hear the whistle, they take off.

Their owners, the two tall white guys with brown hair standing beside them. Beer in one hand, shotgun in the other.

The one without glasses has a little bit more chin. I'm talking about his literal chin is kind of there, as opposed to the four-eyes beside him, who looks like someone taped glasses on a human sized thumb.

Steven is there, looking out into the woods.

All three have rifles and beers in their hands. They have the old hunting attire that makes them look like Oxford professors. Tweed coats with patches on the elbows.

SEAN VICK  
 It looks like PAZ is going to win the seat.(Beat.) We're going to have to close down shop there in San Francisco.

STEVEN's attention springs back towards SEAN.

STEVEN

(Confused.)

We have the SAMOSAS using it as a checkpoint.

SEAN VICK

We're going to start bringing everything in by plane. Through the Midwest.

STEVEN looks out into the woods again. He begins to grin...

STEVEN

ULTRA is there.

The two twins snap their heads towards Steve.

SEAN VICK

(Angered.)

Close it down, and clean it all up.  
A-S-A-P!

The superiors start walking in the direction the dogs went.

FADE TO:

EXT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT.-- DAY.

Michael sits in his car. Raindrops the size of grapes hit the windshield. He is agonizingly bored. Rubbing his eyes. Blinking a bunch after.

POV: He then continues staring at the front door of an apartment building. Large windows let us see the mailboxes inside the lobby.

A taxi cab drives up. It drops off Sellers. Wearing his shades and a newspaper on his head. He stretches and then holds his lower walks into the building. He straightens right up.

A frail old woman is in the lobby, struggling with her groceries. John offers to help. He takes the bags up.

He gets out of his car and runs across the street.

CUT TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT.-- DAY.

A knock at the door.

John opens it.

MICHAEL

Mr. Sellers. How are you doing tonight?

JOHN

Uh. Good. How may I help you?

MICHEAL

Yes. I'm Michael Prokes from the Vallejo Times.

JOHN

Ah. I remember, now.

MICHEAL

I'm writing that story on your church.

JOHN

Yep.

MICHEAL

I was wondering if you had some time for an interview?

JOHN

Um. Yes. Of course, come in.

MICHEAL

Thank you.

Michael is greeted into a nice home. Antique wooden furniture, nicely sitting in a sea of well placed religious and family keepsakes.

John's son, NICK(18) sits on the couch, scowling at MIKE and JOHN before he continues watching TV. He's half black.

JOHN

This is my son, Nick.

MICHEAL

We met.

Nick stays quiet.

JULIE (O.S.)

John!

John's wife comes in from the hallway shuffling papers. Michael startles her a bit.

JOHN  
Honey, this is Michael from the  
Vallejo Times.

John nervously rubs his eyebrow with his thumb for an instant.

JULIE  
(Surprised.)  
How are you?

MICHAEL  
Good.

JOHN  
We're going to do an interview  
really quick in my office.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT, OFFICE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Certificates of recognition from the city hang on the walls. There are books everywhere. Titles include Mein Kampf, books by Lenin, Machiavelli, and Dostoyevsky.

Michael starts the interview as he puts his bag down and sits.

MICHAEL  
I read a transcript of your speech  
at the congressman's funeral. It  
was nice.

JOHN  
He was a great man. That made it  
easy.

MICHAEL  
He never had a problem with some of  
your rhetoric towards our  
government?

JOHN  
He was never fooled by the promised  
vicissitudes of capitalism. He saw  
the discrimination. He knew there  
are innocent kids starving, because  
of the system. He was just(Beat.)  
too connected to the people running  
the show.

MICHAEL  
 (Shit eating grin.)  
 Achieving the quotas of the  
 machine, huh?

JOHN  
 Exactly.

Michael quickly shifts.

MICHAEL  
 How did you get here, John?

JOHN  
 (Confused.)  
 I'm sorry?

MICHAEL  
 What made you want to be the leader  
 of a agnostic church in San  
 Francisco?

John smiles and stares blankly in the eyes of Michael.

JOHN  
 It was a funeral. My father's.

MICHAEL  
 Really?

JOHN  
 Yeah. My father died. When I was  
 (Thinks.) five, maybe.

FADE INTO:

FLASH BACK BEGINS.

EXT. -- FUNERAL.-- DAY.

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN INDIANA, 1928.

A black priest, giving a recently deportee's final prayer. A  
 six year old John Sellers sits beside his mother. Staring at  
 his father's coffin.

His coffin is a regular rectangle made out of fresh pine. No  
 stain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.-- JOHN'S HOUSE-- DAY.

Young John carries a dead cat back home by it's tail.

His elderly black neighbors are watching him from their tiny porch. One of the few things to entertain them in the little cluster of shoe-box homes. John ignores them.

NEIGHBOR 1

There he go again. Lil preacher man.

NEIGHBOR 2

His momma gon' whoop his behind.

Turns the corner into his backyard.

He lays the dead cat in a nice shoe box, suspended by two sticks over a deep whole in the dirt. Flowers that he collected are placed around it. John stands dramatically.

There are little mounds of dirt all over the yard. This has been his favorite game for a while now.

JOHN

Dearly depar-

The back door of his house whips open.

JOHN'S MOM

You're doing it again, You little shit?!

John's mom rushes out to kick his ass, with a bottle of jack in her hand. John darts away like a stray dog.

JOHN'S MOM (cont'd)

You're killing them ain't you?! Ya freak!

She punts the box. The dead cat flies out.

John spies on her from the trees as she kicks his funeral service everywhere.

JOHN'S MOM (cont'd)

I'll get you when you come back, you little shit!

CUT TO:

EXT.-- LARGE FIELD.-- DAY.

SUPER: INDIANAPOLIS, 1936.

We're in a open field. A church group is setting up for an event. John(14) helps in unrolling a massive tent.

-- Sleeping tents.

A woman in an old dress is standing outside her tent. She's hammered. Standing with a glass cup, half filled with whiskey.

She stares at the builders.

John sees her, she smiles at him, he smiles back.

TIME CUT:

EXT.-- TENT CHURCH.-- CONTINUOUS.

The tent is built. It's crowded. The event now in full swing. Our drunk woman is on stage with an audience member.

MARY

Let the lord take control of your  
body! Scream whatever he passes  
through you. Don't think. Unleash  
the tongues of God flowing through  
your unconscious.

Mary palms the audience member's forehead as the man starts violently yelling gibberish. John is captivated.

John approaches her after she gets offstage. She's out of breath and full of adrenaline.

JOHN

That was amazing!

She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- TENT CHURCH, SLEEPING TENTS.-- NIGHT.

We see the red police lights illuminate the residential tent area. Dozens of tents spread out across the field. People are starting to come out and see.

Three of the old police units have been dispatched. John sits on the ground. Face bloodied. Mary is being arrested by force. Drunk and enraged, she screams and flails as cops drag her to their vehicle.

MARY  
You fucking pigs!

Two officers throw her in the car. The higher ranking officer approaches John. This is Dan Mittrione(50). Built like a lumberjack. He stands tall over John.

DAN  
You okay?

JOHN  
Yeah. (Begins tearing up.) I don't know what happened.

DAN  
You tried to get pussy from the wrong lady, that's what.

John is visibly traumatized.

DAN (cont'd)  
How old are you?

JOHN  
Fourteen.

The officers come back.

OFFICER #1  
You want us to take him in, also?

DAN  
For what?

OFFICER #1  
For rape, or something.

DAN  
(Thinks for a second.)  
Go book "Bloody Mary" over there.  
(Turns back to John.) Have you eaten anything?

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- DAN'S HOUSE, BED ROOM.-- CONTINUOUS.

John is sitting on a twin bed. He looks around the room and finds on a dresser the portrait of Dan's son. There are trophies on the wall.

Dan brings in a pillow and blanket. His wife watches from the hallway.

DAN

He died.

They both stay quiet.

JOHN

Do you think God meant for us to meet this way?

DAN

I don't know(Beat.) We've been there a lot. Sometimes she's the one who ends up beaten half to death in the hospital.(Another beat.) Crazy bitch never chose someone as young as you, I don't think. Just try and get some sleep.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

FADE BACK TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT, OFFICE.-- NIGHT.

John is in the middle of a call. Hunched over and agitated.

STEVE BRUMMET (V.O.)

That's all you told him?

JOHN

(Whispering.)

Yeah. But what if he starts asking questions out in Indiana? How long is it going to take, to find that I was the only black boy to be adopted by a white police officer in the history of the state?

STEVE BRUMMET (V.O.)

What do you want me to do about it?

JOHN

I know you have the land in Guyana.

STEVE BRUMMET (V.O.)

(Long pause.)She told you, didn't she? Does your wife know you're fucking my wife?

JOHN

I need that land... If I go down I will tell the- No, I will tell EVERY fucking journalist, everything. And I will tell the feds to drug test every single one of these people!

STEVE BRUMMET (V.O.)

You have her head that fucked up, don't you? Is she sober while you fuck with her mind? Cause I know my-

JOHN

(Still whispering.)

Fuck you! Tell your fucking bosses what I want. Or I'll go to the fucking press!

Silence.

STEVE BRUMMET

(Pauses.)

Take it easy, house nigger.

JOHN

And I want money.

STEVE BRUMMET

(Another pause.)How much?

JOHN

Ten million.

STEVE BRUMMET

I can give you three.

CUT TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY.-- CONTINUOUS.

John walks a little into the hallway and leans his back against the wall, overwhelmed. Julie gives him a tender hug.

JULIE

What did he say?

JOHN

We got the go ahead...

She looks up at him and smiles.

JOHN (cont'd)  
And the money.

JULIE  
That's great, honey! Why are you sad?

JOHN  
I'm not sad. I'm just tired...(Fakes a smile.) We did it.

They smile at each other and kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STREET. -- NIGHT.

Michael exits the building. Nick sits on a bench outside.

NICK  
You guys sounded like you were having a good time.

MICHAEL  
Yeah. Your father is an incredible person.

NICK  
Have you figured out that he's a fucking psycho yet. (Getting up and heading inside.)

MICHAEL  
What?

NICK  
You're not a very good reporter then.(Walks in to the building.)

MICHAEL  
Little prick.(Thinks for a second. Runs in the building.)

INT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT BUILDING, LOBBY.-- CONTINUOUS.

Michael catches up to him.

MICHAEL  
What the fuck are you talking about?

NICK

He's a fucking drug addict! He cheats on my mom!(Starts tearing up.)

MICHAEL

You've seen this?

NICK

They fight about it all the time!

MICHAEL

So your mom knows about this?

NICK

She knows. He thinks he's a fucking god.(Beat.) Who can tell God not to do something?... He even had sex with this girl my friend liked. She was fifteen. My friend told me, he took her to his office... They moved her away.

MICHAEL

Your father had sex with an underage girl?

CUT TO:

INT.-- CLASSROOM, CATHOLIC COLLEGE.-- DAY.

Vivica sits at her desk. She's absent mindedly sketching a circle in her notebook. A priest with the traditional black suit and white collar, stands in front of the chalkboard. A student is finishing of his question.

STUDENT #1

-Why would God prioritize us over everything else? Over the animals, over the planet?

PROFESSOR

We are God's children. He even holds us in higher regard than angels. Angels work for the lord. When you accept Jesus as your savior, you will live along side him, when you go to heaven. As for the planet. God said gave us dominion over earth.

The professor turns to Vivica.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
 What do you think about this Miss  
 McMann?

VIVICA  
 I still don't understand why a  
 system that offers eternal  
 salvation, only does so in exchange  
 for your loyalty. That's like you  
 knocking on my door and saying:  
 "Help, someone is trying to kill  
 me!" And I respond with: I will  
 give you shelter, if you promise to  
 worship me, and no one else.

The professor stares at her.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- PROFESSOR'S OFFICE.-- CONTINUOUS.

The professor is at his wit's end. Exhausted by Vivica's  
 continued Sinicism.

PROFESSOR  
 This is an expensive school, Viv.  
 Why are you here, if you don't want  
 to be here?

VIVICA  
 My mom loves the-(Beat.) security  
 of your dorms.

The professor is confused by the answer.

VIVICA (cont'd)  
 She wants to keep men away from me.

The professor leans back in his chair.

PROFESSOR  
 I can talk to her, if you want.

VIVICA  
 It won't help.

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM. -- CONTINUOUS.

BIRDS EYE VIEW: Michael is talking with Julie in a quiet  
 corner.

Twenty large tables are on the basketball court for a pancake/ baked potato bar luncheon. The typical banner above the four table spread. The gym is packed.

JULIE

(Laughing in disbelief.)  
What did he tell you?

MICHAEL

Just some things that he claims John is doing, and has done.(Whispers.) Drugs, having an affair. Not to men-

JULIE

He's lying!. He's a liar! He's always done this.(Beat.) I don't even want to know what kind of crap he's telling you.

MICHAEL

(Whispering.)  
He said John slept with a fifteen year old girl.

JULIE

Is this what you're going to write in your story?!

MICHAEL

No. Listen, I-I just wanted to let you know what he said. This can all be off the record.

TIME CUT:

Micheal sits across from Ruben at one of the long tables.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

So, what do you like about this church?

RUBEN

It's-

TEEN #1

(Mouth full of pancakes.)  
Vivica's titties!

The other kids at the table laugh. Both of them look towards Vivica. They know exactly where she is. She chose her most revealing little sundress. Tiny straps with big cleavage.

She's staring back at Michael with a sexy little smile.

Ruben notices.

MICHAEL  
(Clears throat.)  
Ahem. You were saying?

Ruben is retreating into an angry shock. Eyes darting around in the processing.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
Uh-(clears throat, again.)

Everyone else at the table looks at each other.

The table laughs.

We cut forward.

Michael is now sitting across from Max. His adorable 3 year old plays with the pancakes.

MAX  
He's just that guy that gets the world, you know? He realizes how it is and how it should be. He thinks he can make the world how it should be. And he takes real steps towards making it a reality, every single day. It's incredible how much that man is working.

We cut forward again.

RANDOM PERSON #1  
I love the pancakes.

CUTTING FORWARD.

Micheal sits nervously across the sexiest thing he's ever seen.

VIVICA  
This church really helped my mom through some tough times. She was drinking a lot after she left my dad and got fired from her job at the school. They gave her a job here. There's a glow here. You can feel something profound.

MICHAEL  
 (Trying not to look at her  
 breast.)  
 That's incredible.

VIVICA  
 Do you want to hang out tonight?

Michael is caught off guard.

MICHAEL  
 Sh-Sure.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MICHAEL'S APARTMENT.-- NIGHT.

Vivica is laying naked in Michael's bed. Michael is next to her.

VIVICA  
 (Laughs.)  
 My mom thinks I'm with a friend,  
 doing my homework.

MICHAEL  
 Nice.(Long beat.) Hey. What do you  
 think about Nick?

VIVICA  
 What do you mean?

MICHAEL  
 You know him to be a liar?

VIVICA  
 He lied about having sex with me to  
 some girl he liked.

MICHAEL  
 Hmm.

VIVICA  
 They're all two-faced. My mom says  
 everyone knows Max likes men.  
 Nobody ever says anything about it.  
 Steve's wife was a stripper. We're  
 all one big abusive fucking family.

CUT TO:

INT.-- VALLEJO TIMES, BULLPEN.-- DAY.

Michael closes the door to his boss' office. He looks a bit disappointed as he walks to his cubicle.

He throws the papers he was holding in the trash bin and grabs his satchel.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MAX'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM.-- NIGHT.

Max sits on the couch. In front of him is baby Matt, asleep in his bassinet.

He's drinking whiskey. The lights from outside projecting the pool onto the wall. Max is looking at the phone periodically.

He looks at a picture on the coffee table. It's of him and his late wife. She was a plus sized black woman in her early thirties.

MAX'S WIFE (V.O.)

Max, are you gay?!-

Max takes another drink.

MAX'S WIFE (V.O.)

They way you look at me! You look at me strange! When I get dressed up for you, you just look at me wrong!

He picks up the receiver and dials. The phone rings. And rings.

JULIE (O.S.)

Hello.

Max hangs up.

MAX

Come on John.

CUT TO:

INT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.-- DAY.

Top members of the congregation sit in the dark gymnasium.

David Attenborough's 1955 film "A journey into Guiana" plays on the roll down projection screen. Images of beautifully lush hills, green forests, waterfalls, and exotic animals.

The reel ends. The screen flashes as the film flaps those couple of seconds before someone turns the projector off.

The lights come on and we get a look at John's face. His eyes are extremely bloodshot with dark rings around them.

JOHN

This will be our new home.

The whole staff snap their heads toward John.

ZOE

What do you mean?

JOHN

We have to, Zoe.

ZOE

This community needs us...

JOHN

This community needs to stay the way it is for the cops to keep getting their funding. For the city officials to keep their jobs. We've been flying under the radar because of how little change we're actually affecting.

ZOE

But, why so far?...

JOHN

If we fix a couple of families' lives. They still live in a neighborhood where they can get robbed, or murdered. Where their children can get addicted to drugs-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH. -- CONTINUOUS.

Micheal is in the middle of a conversation with Julie. They're sitting in a pew in the church hall.

JULIE

That's awfu-

MICHAEL

I hate that place anyways. There's not many places I feel comfortable. I feel something different here. I can't explain it.

JULIE

Something profound.

MICHAEL

Yeah! I feel like I-(Beat.) I experience something life changing every time I'm here, even though I'm just talking to people.

JULIE

I know what you mean.

MICHAEL

I'm just a little concerned about what he said.

JULIE

Nick? He's just struggling with the lack of attention from John.

MICHAEL

I mean- Nick really sounded like he was-

JULIE

That's what he does! He manipulates people to get attention.

MICHAEL

So, none of it is true?

JULIE

No.

MICHAEL

Okay. I'll shut up about it.

JULIE

Trust me. John doesn't have time for anything like that.(Chuckles.)

She stands up and begins exiting the pew.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- CONTINUOUS.

Michael is late to the meeting. Vivica is waiting for him outside of the gymnasium. They spot each other. They meet in the middle of the field in between the church and gym. Before Michael can say anything she plants a heavy kiss on his lips.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

VIVICA

Come on.

MICHAEL

Where are we going?

They go into the custodian's shed. The kissing is getting more intense. Vivica starts unbuckling his belt. His pants come down. She reaches under her dress and takes off her panties. Michael presses her against the wall. He uses his hand to direct his penis in.

They start getting into the groove. They look into each others eyes.

VIVICA

Micheal.

MICHAEL

(Breathing heavy.)

Yeah.

She looks him in the eyes.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Something wrong?

He stops thrusting.

VIVICA

No.(Beat.) I'm pregnant.

MICHAEL

Really?! That's amazing!

VIVICA

I'm thinking about leaving California.

MICHAEL

Where are we going?

They look in each other's eyes for a second kiss. He slowly starts humping again.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.--  
CONTINUOUS.

JOHN

If we become a beacon of hope for every black neighborhood in America. We will have every government agency and white supremacist taking shots at everyone in this room!

The room stays quiet.

JOHN (cont'd)

Who ever wants to do something; I mean, really wants to do something to help our congregation. Please spread the word. Get them to contribute whatever they can. This is the only way to really make a difference. We are a part of something special here. We are going to change lives. Nothing we can ever do for them will be this helpful; this important. It's up to us.

Max enters the room.

JOHN (cont'd)

Thank you everybody.

The staff gets up from their chairs and start exiting the gymnasium.

EXT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- CONTINUOUS.

MAX

I'm in. I want to help.

JOHN

That's great. You're making the right choice.

MAX

Shit! You look terrible, man.  
What's going-

JOHN

I know, everyone's been telling me that. Listen, We need to get things moving. Fast. We have to get contracts written up. Find out what we'll need to get everyone through the borders.

MAX

What's going on? What's the rush?

JOHN

We just need to make this happen right away. We need to get away from this place.

Both walk to the church.

After a few seconds Michael and Vivica exit their custodial love shack.

MICHAEL

What the fuck is happening?

VIVICA

I don't know. I'll ask my mom.

MICHAEL

All right. Call me.

They kiss and go separate ways.

CUT TO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, SAVANNA'S CAR.--  
CONTINUOUS.

Vivica enters the passenger seat of her mom's car.

SAVANNA

Where were you?

VIVICA

Talking with the girls.

Michael exits the church. He smiles at Vivica as he walks to his little beater car. Savanna notices the smile, and how Vivica avoids looking in his direction.

SAVANNA

What was that?

VIVICA

What?

Savanna slaps Vivica hard in the face.

VIVICA (cont'd)

What the!...

SAVANNA

Have you been messing around with that reporter man?!

VIVICA

No!

SAVANNA

You little slut!

VIVICA

I said no, mom!

SAVANNA

You're lying to me, you fucking slut!

VIVICA

I'm sick and tired of this shit! I can't have a life because you decided to have kids!? I have no friends because of you! I can't talk to anybody!

SAVANNA

You think what I do to you is bad? My small ass hands hurt you?! I barely even touch you! These men will fucking brake your face! And then rape you!

VIVICA

He's not like that-

SAVANNA

You think he loves you?! You silly fucking child!

Savanna goes to slap her again, but Vivica quickly grabs her wrists. The kids start crying in the backseat.

VIVICA

(Screaming at her.)

I am not going to let you hit me anymore!

Savanna's eyes grow wild.

SAVANNA

Let. Me. Go.

VIVICA

If you hit me one more time. I  
swear to God I will fucking leave!  
And you will never see me again.

SAVANNA

(Starts to cry.)

We need you Vivi. Your family needs  
you. I just want to protect you.  
You don't know- I just don't want  
you to be like me-

VIVICA

I will never be like you.

They both take time to process what just happened.

SAVANNA

John wants us to move to South  
America.

Vivica faintly reacts.

SAVANNA (CONTD) (cont'd)

It'll be different there. It'll be  
safe. You can go out with  
friends... Find a nice boy there.  
There will be lots of parties...

Vivica turns and stares out of the window.

SAVANNA (CONTD) (cont'd)

Parties with people your age. I'll  
have plenty of help with the  
kids.(Beat.) Please. We-

VIVICA

I don't want to talk about it right  
now. Can we go home now?

CUT TO:

INT.-- VALLEJO TIMES, OFFICES.-- DAY.

Micheal walks in. He's carrying the morning edition. Walking  
with fury.

MICHAEL

Eric!

A tall bald man in his cubicle pokes his head out. The rest of the office stops pretending to work. They know this tone brings with it a shit-show worthy of spectating.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

What the fuck is this?!

ERIC

First off, watch your fucking tone.  
Go talk to Abbot.

MICHAEL

Who did you talk to?

ERIC

I don't have to tell you shit,  
hippie! Why don't you go back to  
that cult of yours.

Mike looks like he's about to punch him.

ABBOT

Michael!

Mike turns.

ABBOT (cont'd)

You're fired! Pack your shit and  
get the fuck out!

Mike walks up to Abbot with the same hostility.

MICHAEL

Who paid you to run the story?

ABBOT

Fuck you. (Walks in to his office.  
Slams the door.) I'm calling the  
police!

CUT TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT, OFFICE.-- NIGHT.

John is putting on his jacket. Julie walks in.

JULIE

Where are you going?

JOHN  
I have to go talk to Max.

JULIE  
About what?

JOHN  
(Getting annoyed.)  
Getting everybody out. I'll be back  
in a while.

JULIE  
You are not going to see Max!  
You're lying!

JOHN  
What are you talking about?

JULIE  
Or are you fucking Max now, also?

JOHN  
Shut your fucking mouth!

His eyes have an intensity.

JULIE  
Go ahead! Hit me! Maybe the  
reporter will hear about  
it!...(Silence, anticipation.) It's  
all getting exposed, now. How you  
can't keep your black dick in your  
fucking pants! Do you know what  
your son said to that reporter?  
Everything you're doing is getting  
out!

INT.-- JOHN'S APARTMENT.-- CONTINUOUS.

John angrily charges out of the hallway towards the kitchen.

JULIE (O.S.)  
John! I took care of it!

Nick is in the kitchen. He quickly pulls out two knives from  
a drawer. He grips them with all his strength. John stops  
right in front of him. Julie stops at a safe distance behind  
John.

JULIE (cont'd)  
Nick! Put those down!

NICK

I will fucking kill you if you touch me.

JOHN

You won't do a fucking thing! You little fucking boy. I will punch you in the face and leave you crying like a little fucking baby.

They all pause. Standing in the dark kitchen.

JULIE

Please, Nick! Put those down!

JOHN

What are you going to do, huh?

FADE INTO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- DAY.

The church hall is empty. John, Max, Zoe and Savanna are having a meeting in the main aisle. John takes a sentimental look around the place.

ZOE

That skinny little f-fuck-bitch Steve hasn't showed up for weeks. And that whore Kyra won't tell me anything! Every small newspaper in California has a story about us abusing our members.

MAX

Where's the reporter?

SAVANNA

We should never let that dooper in here again. He comes here wreaking of marijuana and writes this bullshit story.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I didn't write it.

Michael walks up to the meeting.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Read the name on the article...

SAVANNA

You have some nerve.

MICHAEL

You're just angry because you know  
I've been seeing Vivi-

SAVANNA

I will call the cops you little  
piece of shit! If you don't stay  
away from her, I will have you  
arrested!

MICHAEL

She comes to see me.

MAX

What are you doing here? I thought  
you finished your story already.  
Tell your boss to expect a libel-

SAVANNA

He was sent here to get  
information! Don't warn him!(As If  
Max is the moron.)

Savanna starts approaching aggressively.

SAVANNA (cont'd)

Get the-

JOHN

Hey! Let's calm down.

John turns towards Michael. He stares him down.

MICHAEL

I didn't know about the story. I  
wrote mine and gave it to my  
editor. He didn't like it, and that  
was it.

SAVANNA

Don't lie!

MAX

How could you not know someone from  
your paper was writing a story on  
the same church?!

MICHAEL

I didn't. I confronted the guy and  
he wouldn't tell me who he talked  
to.

SAVANNA

He's fucking lying!

MICHAEL

Fuck you!

MAX

I don't see how you couldn't have known.

MICHAEL

I'm not hiding anything! Unlike you fucking people!

MAX

What does that mean?

MICHAEL

Don't, Max. I'm warning you...

John is smiling, sunglasses still on.

MAX

(Voice climbing as he gets angrier.)

Just say what you mean.

Turns his body towards Mike and takes a semi aggressive stance.

JOHN

Okay! That's it!

SAVANNA

I told you, you need to get rid of him.

JOHN

STOP! Lets talk about the buses.

SAVANNA

I can't believe this!

JOHN

I said STOP! We got no time for this bullshit. We gotta get to work getting as many of our people out of the country as possible...

SAVANNA

John, can I talk to you in private.

JOHN

I know, Savanna!-I know! We'll work something out. I have to go and try to find Steven. Let's call it a day.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 We'll continue this after the weekend. Mike, I want you here with us. (Beat.) You can do a lot of good here.

Micheal thinks of an answer.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 Think about it. See you all Monday.

MAX  
 You need any help?

JOHN  
 No, I'll be fine. Just help Zoe get more contracts.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- NIGHT.

John pulls his car into the gravel parking lot. It stretches from the beginning of the property, beside the church, all the way to the gymnasium behind it.

There are four pick-up trucks parked in front of the gym.

Parked beside a medium sized freight truck. This is parked right in front of the doors. John drives all the way up to the gym.

He gets out of the car. He inspects the truck that's backed into the gymnasium double door. The truck reads PUEBLO CAFE, with a nice picture of coffee beans in burlap sacks.

He starts walking around to the back of the truck. He needs to squeeze a bit to get to the doorway. Before he can walk into the gymnasium brown hands yank John into the building by his collar.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, .-- CONTINUOUS.

Micheal is at his little desk, reading the contract. There's a knock at the door.

He opens the door to find Vivica on the other side. She has a black eye and lumps on her face.

Micheal immediately tries to get past Viv.

VIVICA  
No! No, Micheal!

Micheal shoves her hand away.

VIVICA (cont'd)  
She'll call the cops and say it was  
you!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.-- CONTINUOUS.

A mountainous South American man holds a pistol to John's neck.

JOHN  
Get your fucking hands off of me!

Other men with the same complexion stop their work for a second. They were separating gym bags from the coffee truck into four different piles. One for each truck outside.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT.-- GYMNASIUM, PANTRY.-- CONTINUOUS.

A man in the pantry has all of the church's drinking water, 10 water-cooler jugs, lined up on the floor. He's holding a large brown medical bottle with clear liquid, and a long syringe. More bottles of the liquid are on the table beside him.

He can the incident happening out in the gym and quickly closes the door.

BACK TO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.-- CONTINUOUS.

The leader suddenly appears. He was supervising from a distance, and speaks to John from the corner of the room.

NICARAGUAN #1  
(South American accent.)  
You're not welcomed here anymore.

JOHN  
Where's Steve?

NICARAGUAN #2  
He's not here, mallate(Ma-ya-te).

NICARAGUAN #1  
(Tells partner to let John  
go in Spanish.)  
You're not part of the hierarchy  
anymore Mr. Sellers. You are not  
authorized to be here, as they say.

JOHN  
I just need one more.

NICARAGUAN #2  
(In Spanish.)  
Fucking drug addict.

The "good cop" (Nicaraguan #1) walks up to one of the bags they unloaded. He unzips it and pulls out a brick of cocaine. Throws it at John who catches it like Randy Moss.

NICARAGUAN #1  
Last time, Mr. Sellers...

JOHN  
I need to talk to Steven. He was  
supposed to deliver money to me.

The two Nicaraguans look at each other. Nicaraguan #2 walks up to some gym bags. Red with white straps.

He picks them up, and drops them at John's feet.

NICARAGUAN #1  
This is the last time you can be  
here.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MICHAEL'S APARTMENT.-- CONTINUOUS.

Michael and Viv are sitting on his bed. She's holding his hands.

VIVICA  
We can go with them. We can leave  
the church when we get down there.

MICHAEL  
Elope?

VIVICA  
Yeah! Go somewhere beautiful, like  
Argentina, or Bolivia.

MICHAEL  
Can I slap your mom before we  
leave?

Vivica laughs.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. -- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH. -- CONTINUOUS.

John gets the bags inside of the trunk of his car. He's exhausted. He looks at one of the bags and unzips it.

The brick of cocaine sitting atop of a mountain of cash. All staring back at him from inside of the bag. He gets the brick out.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- STEVE'S HOUSE.-- CONTINUOUS.

John walks up to the nice mini-mansion in the hills. The lights are on inside. He knocks on the door. Kyra opens it.

JOHN  
Where is Steve?

KYRA  
I don't know.

JOHN  
Can I come in?

A young man walks into John's eye-line. Long hair, tight shirt and bell-bottoms.

KYRA  
I have company.

JOHN  
I have coke.

KYRA  
Rick! Get the fuck out.

Rick's face shifts from curiosity into anger and shock.

KYRA (cont'd)  
I'll call you.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: GOING TO GUYANA.

EXT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- DAY.

A very wide shot of the crowd gathered in the parking lot. Five buses are at the center of the celebration. John is praying beside one of the buses. His hand on it as he squeezes his eyelids closed. The crowd cheers at the end. John hugs Nick. Nick jumps on the bus.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.-- CONTINUOUS.

The crowd is being herded through tables of church staff.

CLOSE UPS: The staff helps people sign contracts.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT.-- MEXICO.-- DAY.

The buses stop at a intersection. A homeless man starts washing the windshield on the lead bus. Ruben jumps out. He starts helping the man by climbing the bus and lifting the windshield wipers. Grabbing some of the hobo's newspaper and wipes the other side of the glass.

The bus driver pays the hobo. Ruben holds his hand out for his cut. The hobo says no and walks away. Nick and the rest of the bus laughs.

WE PAUSE THE MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT.-- SENIOR LIVING FACILITY.-- CONTINUOUS.

Zoe sits in her mother's a room. They are having a tearful conversation.

ZOE  
I really want to help, but I don't  
think I can leave.

ZOE'S MOM  
You don't have to worry about me,  
sweetie.

ZOE  
I love you, mom.

SMASH CUT TO:

I/E.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH.-- DAY.

The buses are back. Another celebration. Another large group  
of church members say their good-byes and board the buses.

INSIDE.--

John shows the staff pictures of their unfinished new home in  
South America.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- MATTHEWS RIDGE, GUYANA.-- DAY.

Nick, Ruben, and the rest of the construction team have fun  
building the huge center pavilion in their new community.

FROM THE JUNGLE.--

An old, gray haired man watches from a distance with  
binoculars. He's obviously American. His side parted haircut,  
Banana Republic khaki shirt, and expensive watch. The dark  
shades resting on his forehead.

MONTAGE ENDS.

FADE INTO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, JOHN'S OFFICE.-- DAY.

John snorts a line of coke. He's thinking. Spacing out- in a  
manic gaze towards nothing. There's a knock on the door.

JOHN  
Just a minute!

Starts wiping off his desk. While also wiping his nose.

SAVANNA (O.S.)

Okay.

John fixes himself up a bit then opens the door.

SAVANNA (cont'd)

I wanted to talk to you about Vivica.

JOHN

Yeah, of course.

SAVANNA

I can't have her in the same place as that good-for-nothing hippie. I don't know how you trust him...

John slowly walks behind her.

JOHN

We have a house in Georgetown.

SAVANNA

Really?!

She tries to turn around but John gently grabs her shoulders.

JOHN

Yeah. I can have you there as our contact.

His hands move down to her hips.

JOHN (cont'd)

I do need a favor from you Savanna. I'm in need of something... I know what you must think of me right now. But I am in desperate need of you.

SAVANNA

What about Julie?

JOHN

This is my sin. The fact that you know this, will only bring us together more.

He begins feeling up her breast from behind. He lifts up her dress and starts unbuckling his belt.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- CONGRESSMAN ARTHUR PAZ'S OFFICE.-- DAY

Steven shuts the door to the congressman's office. The congressman sits at his desk on the phone.

ARTHUR PAZ

-Okay. I'll talk to you later.  
Thanks, Jerry.

Hangs up the phone.

ARTHUR PAZ (cont'd)

What can I do for you, Mr.(trying  
to remember) Knight?

STEVE BRUMMET

I know you're very busy Mr. Paz. So I won't waist much of your time.(Sits down.) I have a problem. It's a rather... unique problem. There's a church in Vallejo. My ex-wife is a member. I think she's being manipulated by them. She signed over everything she won in the divorce to them.

ARTHUR PAZ

I'm sure she just wants to help her church, no?

STEVE BRUMMET

Yeah. And I have no problem with that. But, I have talked to many of the members' families and they are all very worried. They all heard stories of people being mistreated and taken advantage of. Now they are taking all of their money. There's even rumors that the church is moving all of it's members to South America.

ARTHUR PAZ

The church and it's congregation is moving to South America?

STEVE BRUMMET

The entire congregation. About a thousand people, being torn away from their families... They've been in a lot of the local papers.

Hands the newspaper to the congressman. Leo starts reading.

ARTHUR PAZ

Listen. This is--(Takes a deep breath, rubbing his eyes in frustration.) I'm incredibly busy right now. I'm sitting on this committee... All the news papers want to talk about is this "poison gun". Meanwhile our intelligence agencies--

(Cuts himself off. Takes a deep breath.)

This is fucking frightening. Taking all these people from their homes. (Looks at the paper again.) I'll try and look into this. I can't promise anything.

STEVE BRUMMET

That's all I ask. There are a lot of families being hurt by these people.

CUT TO:

INT.-- STEVE'S HOUSE.-- DAY.

John enters the now familiar mini-mansion. It's in complete neglect. News papers and utility bills are thrown everywhere. Empty bottles of liquor, and ashtrays drowning in cigarette butts.

John looks around. On the wall there is a picture of his young self and his adopted parents Dan and Tiffany.

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK: INT.-- DAN MITTRIONE'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM.-- NIGHT.

The family is having dinner. Dan is having his third glass of whiskey. His head is swaying.

DAN

Listen, I know what you are going to say. But; you can't just be out there on a sidewalk screaming about God for the rest of your God damn life.

JOHN

I'm getting plenty of donations.  
And a couple of people from a  
church say they might want me to  
give my sermons there.

DAN

A nigger church.

JOHN

I'm black, aren't I?

DAN

Enough with that shit! While you  
are under my roof, you do as I say.  
You are going to be a cop. Do some  
real good.

JOHN

I don't want to be a cop-

DAN

Are you scared? It's not that bad.  
You're a big kid. You'd be perfect.  
That Julie will open her legs to  
you real quick.

TIFFANY

(Offended.)

Dan!

JOHN

And you think your racist partners  
would want me on the-?

DAN

(Interrupts.)

A black kid, living in a white  
neighborhood, should not be  
preaching to a bunch of old  
niggers! If they find out where  
you're from, They'll be down here  
looking for you.

JOHN

That's what this is about. You  
don't want a bunch of niggers  
popping up in your neighborhood.

TIFFANY

Dan! Just be quiet already! You're  
drunk!

JOHN  
A preacher named FATHER DIVINE is  
going to help me find a place-

DAN  
(Interrupts again.)  
Father what?!

JOHN  
Divine.

DAN  
Sounds like another dumb nigger.

JOHN  
So I'm a dumb nigger, now?

TIFFANY  
He's drunk, honey.

DAN  
If you think those old niggers want  
you speaking at their church, you  
are. They know where you're from.

JOHN  
At least I'm not out there robbing  
convenience stores! My congregation  
tells me all the time about how bad  
their kids are. How I can be an  
example. Show them that young  
people can think deeper than they  
expected.

DAN  
What store?

JOHN  
(Doesn't hear the  
question.)  
I can be an example to the young  
people and their parents say-

DAN  
Stop with the speech! What  
convenience store?

JOHN  
(Confused.)  
What?

DAN  
What were you talking about?!

JOHN  
I'm not talking about anything  
specific. I'm just saying...

DAN  
Bullshit! I know some of those old  
ladies are telling you about their  
grandkids! Help me, John! Help me,  
help you!

JOHN  
What are you talking about?!...

DAN  
What you are doing is going to  
affect us! It will get us kicked  
out of this community! If they peg  
you as a communist; I can lose my  
job! So could your mom!(Beat.) Help  
me. You can continue doing what you  
are doing if we have a record of  
you helping us.

TIFFANY  
(Looking ashamed.)  
He's right, John. People are  
starting to talk.

JOHN  
You two are fucking craz-!

Dan throws his glass at the wall and stands up aggressively.  
John's face is in disbelief.

DAN  
(Utter rage.)  
Give me a fucking name!

John doesn't speak. Dan grabs him hard by the shoulders

JOHN  
(Calmly.)  
Let me go.

DAN  
(Starts to plead.)  
Help me. If you want to do this,  
fine. Let's put it to use! Make us  
safe!

John pushes Dan as hard as he can. The small of Dan's back  
slams into a piece of furniture with a flower vase. Dan falls  
to the floor. He can't get up. Tiffany screams.

A second passes. John thinks.

JOHN  
 (Hesitating.)  
 Mrs. Jordan told me her son was  
 into some bad things. Andre, I  
 think.(Beat.)

FADE TO:

EXT. -- FATHER DIVINE'S GARDEN. -- CONTINUOUS.

They open the door to the courtyard and walk into a  
 beautifully manicured garden.

SUPER: 1958.

John is thirty-six. He's walking beside the Philadelphia  
 reverend, Father Divine(50).

Divine has that new age religious leader swagger. The nice  
 haircut, designer suits, gator shoes, and enormous gold  
 jewelry. All topped off with expensive gold framed glasses.

John listens carefully. The grim score swelling subtly.

FATHER DIVINE  
 (Sucks his teeth.)  
 This country's military has become  
 self-aware. Them and the white  
 business men are securing their  
 permanent place in the power  
 structure.

He stops to inspect some lavender pedals.

FATHER DIVINE (cont'd)  
 They have been recruiting  
 "Gatekeepers" to protect the empire  
 from the inside.(Beat. His stomach  
 rumbles.) Their paranoia doesn't  
 allow them to trust anyone with  
 influence, not even church leaders.  
 Even when we tell them all we want  
 to do is serve God.

Footage of Hoover and his G-men, raiding buildings, shooting  
 their revolvers; is faded over Father Divine and John walking  
 in the garden.

JOHN  
 What do they want?

FATHER DIVINE

Any large group is a threat. If they feel any brother's influence is possibly becoming political, they'll destroy his reputation, throw him in prison, or just kill him. All without anyone ever knowing he had their attention.(Beat.) Consider yourself lucky. I don't know if this is actually what you want to do; or if they're using you.

Divine stops and looks at the sky.

FATHER DIVINE (cont'd)

You're in a dangerous game.

He looks John in the eyes. John awaits the punchline.

FATHER DIVINE (cont'd)

I hope you know what you're getting into.(Beat.) I have to take a shit.

BACK TO:

INT.-- STEVE'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE.-- CONTINUOUS.

We begin to hear a conversation between him and Father Divine. It echoes over the swelling score.

JOHN (V.O.)

I feel like God gives everyone a mission.

John is cautiously walking towards the stairs.

FATHER DIVINE (V.O.)

Are you looking for solace? Or are you looking for truth?

He starts walking up.

FATHER DIVINE (V.O.)

If everyone has a God given mission. God has favored those with missions that are more... in line with human nature. You say your mission is to bring enlightenment to the world. To end violence...

John hears something from the bedroom, to the right of the stairs.

FATHER DIVINE (V.O.)  
Those missions are failing...

He continues to walk cautiously.

FATHER DIVINE (V.O.)  
The people whose missions are to  
maintain the status of their  
people. To restrict the access to  
power. To make the world an endless  
resource of disposable lives and  
money. These missions are being  
realized every day.

He reaches his hand out to open the door.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT.-- CAMP SITE, MATTHEWS RIDGE, GUYANA. -- NIGHT.

The building crew eats dinner sitting around a fire. Nick and  
Ruben mingle with the younger members of the crew.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- ABOUT A MILE AWAY FROM THE CONSTRUCTION, JUNGLE--  
CONTINUOUS.

A truck drives towards the camp, The headlights illuminate a  
thin dirt road, surrounded by jungle.

One of the passengers riding in the truck bed lights a  
cigarette, The light from the flame reveals an assault rifle.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- CAMPSITE.-- CONTINUOUS.

The truck pulls up. The two men in the back hop out. Pointing  
the weapons.

BUILDING MEMBER #1  
Whoa. What's going on?

One of the armed men marches toward the brave soul who opened  
his mouth.

BUILDING MEMBER #1 (cont'd)  
Wait, wait.

The butt of the rifle slams against the brave man's face.

The driver and passenger get out of the truck. The passenger side is nearest the camera. We immediately recognize the monster exiting.

BACK TO:

INT. -- STEVE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. -- DAY.

John slowly pushes the door open. The drawers on the huge vanity station are all hanging down. Two packed bags sit on the bed.

Kyra is in the walk-in closet looking for something.

JOHN

Kyra?

She pokes her head out... Walks out, angrily. She has a black eye and a bruised cheek.

KYRA

What the fuck do you want?!

JOHN

I'm looking for Steve. Did he-

KYRA

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS!

JOHN

Is it him?! Putting all this sh-

KYRA

I don't know what you're talking about. And I don't FUCKING care!

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT.-- MATTHEWS RIDGE, GUYANA. -- NIGHT.

The two Nicaraguans look at the group of hostages in front of them.

NICARAGUAN #2

(Spanish.)

Stay here and watch them.

Our two familiars go and search through the tents. They search around the tents. The huts that are already built.

The hostages start whispering to each other.

NICK  
What the fuck do we do?

RUBEN  
We don't do shit.

Nick and Ruben glance at each other.

BACK TO:

INT. -- STEVE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. -- DAY.

JOHN  
Is he putting all this shit in the papers?!

KYRA  
(Laughs.)  
You're both the same. Someone's life is falling apart right in front of you, and all you give a shit about is your fucking game! I don't give a fuck, what you need from me, or why you're here! Just leave! Like you always do!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- MATTHEWS RIDGE, GUYANA. -- NIGHT.

Nicaraguan #2 exits the last tent, irate.

NICARAGUAN #2  
(Spanish.)  
Nothing. Fuck!

He marches up to Nick.

NICARAGUAN #2 (cont'd)  
Where is it?!

NICK  
Where's what?

He grabs Nick by the shirt and yanks his tall, lanky body off the ground. Throwing him on the ground. He then bends down and gives him a heavy punch to the face. Nicaraguan #1 runs to pull him away from the kid.

NICARAGUAN #1  
(Spanish.)  
Stop!

He gives a hard push. Nicaraguan #2 almost falls on his ass.

NICARAGUAN #1 (cont'd)  
You need to calm down. He probably  
still has it with him.

NICARAGUAN #2  
(Spanish.)  
Let's take the kid.

Nicaraguan #1 is horrified by the ineptitude of his  
colleague.

NICARAGUAN #1  
(Spanish.)  
What the fuck is your problem?! We  
should not even be here! We need to  
keep the line with the agency.

NICARAGUAN #2  
Fuck!

The two get back into the truck. Followed by their acolytes.

BACK TO:

INT. -- STEVE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. -- DAY.

KYRA  
You fucks, think you're big men.  
You and Steve are the most  
manipulative fucking monsters-

She slaps him in the face.

KYRA (cont'd)  
You're nothing but a stupid fucking  
nigger. You two think you're gods.  
Such fucking geniuses, doing  
whatever it is you're fucking doing  
in the dark. As soon as your little  
dicks get hard. You two are just  
little fucking dogs.

She starts to turn her back towards him. John grabs her by  
the neck.

KYRA (cont'd)  
Fucking let me go. What are you  
gonna do, huh? You're gonna hit me?  
You're cousin already did that. You  
want to be like him.

(MORE)

KYRA (CONT'D)  
 Or are you going to kill me? Huh,  
 "Mr. C.I.A."?

He lets her neck go. Then quickly grabs a handful of hair and tugs on it hard, holding it hostage.

JOHN  
 (Whispers.)  
 Is this what you want?

He starts kissing her neck.

KYRA  
 (Pulls away a bit.)  
 Fuck you.

He pushes her on the bed, reaches up her skimpy skirt, and yanks down her panties.

TIME CUT.

They're in the middle of it. A passion filled release of everything. Hard fucking.

Kyra's eyes suddenly open wide and look towards the door. She tries to sit up. Trying to push John off. John notices and moves to turn around.

We hear the report. A bullet goes right through Kyra's head.

JOHN  
 Oh, God!

Steve is holding the gun. His face in shock. Maybe because it was an accident. Maybe he didn't think he had the balls to kill someone. Maybe he actually loved the toxic, jaded, fucking backstabber.

John is now on the floor. On his knees with his hands in the air. Kyra's lifeless head has fallen sideways.

Steve's eyes zero in on John. He aims the pistol.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 I was looking for you! I was  
 leaving! I was loo-

STEVE BRUMMET  
 She served her purpose,  
 right?(Beat.) She knew too  
 much.(Chuckles.) You were just  
 going to let her walk out of here  
 after you fucked her.

(MORE)

STEVE BRUMMET (CONT'D)

You think she was just going to disappear?(Beat.) As soon as her money ran out, she would come out of whatever rat's nest she was living in. Screaming about C.I.A and John Sellers and Church of Paradise. But you don't care about that. As long as you have some people near you that suck your dick and treat you like Jesus.

Points with the pistol, while staring at Kyra.

STEVE BRUMMET (cont'd)

I-(Beat. Eyes watering a bit.) I'm a little annoyed that you hopped on my tab without asking, but hey, what are cousins for, huh?-(Another beat.) You never gave a shit, did you? You really never learned anything. All you cared about were your little sermons, the attention. You really never saw the big picture.

Steven drops the gun and leaves the room. John covers his face.

He's trying to climb down from the adrenaline of certain death. He looks over to Kyra's emptied vessel.

CUT TO:

INT.-- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, GYMNASIUM.-- CONTINUOUS.

The tables are still set up in the gymnasium. The church's administrative group has chosen one of the twelve tables.

Micheal can see there is something wrong with John.

John sits at the head of the table. Sunglasses on indoors. The voices echoing around him.

ZOE

The families are petitioning to get them back.

MAX

They are adults who wanted to go?!

ZOE

They're saying their family members were brainwashed.

CHURCH MEMBER #1

They have a very low opinion of their family, then.

ZOE

A congressman is taking their claims seriously.

MICHAEL

A reporter from the San Francisco chronicle called me. He's- I'm sorry for sharing this here, but, he's asking if we know anything about an affair between you and Kyra. (He Looks at John.) If we think that's why she committed suicide. They claim to also have claims of homosexual affairs.

Max flashes a look of interest. Then "straightens" back up by smiling at the ridiculousness of the claim.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

This is how they beat you, by destroying your reputation. John-

SAVANNA

They're your friends, why don't you just tell them to stop.

MICHAEL

How are they my friends?!

SAVANNA

Don't talk to me in-!

John slaps the table as hard as he can. Everyone shuts their mouths.

JOHN

When do the buses get back?

ZOE

In two days. But they asked to have a couple of-

JOHN

Offer them five thousand each to leave right after they get here.

ZOE

John.

JOHN

Call some more drivers. Offer them the same. Just in case anyone says no.

ZOE

It's going to look like we're running. We should take care of this.

JOHN

(Blank stare, monotone.)  
They're going to win if we stay.(Pauses.) It sounds like you want out of this. Bring all the people back.

ZOE

Only until we figure out what's going on. There's something happening here.

JOHN

They are trying to put us on a leash! Make sure we know who is in charge!(Pauses again. Tears start to run down from under his sunglasses.) We have to be willing to die for this dream. I don't think everyone here is willing to do that.

Everyone at the table looks at one another.

JOHN (cont'd)

I'm leaving when the buses get back. If I stay here, they will arrest me, throw me in prison.

ZOE

I'm sorry, John. I can't go.

The table turns to Zoe. John stares at her a bit.

JOHN

That's fine. We can move the staff who wants to stay, into a contact office here in town. You can be in charge, ZOE.

ZOE

Thank you. I won't let you down.

JOHN

We will leave things here. I'll see you in two days.

They all stand up and gather their things. Max quickly follows John who was the first to reach the door.

MAX

John.

John stops

MAX (cont'd)

(Whispering.)

Are you alright? You're acting-

JOHN

Listen, I can fuck you in the ass later.

The crowd approaches.

MAX

(Rattled. Embarrassed.)

What?

JOHN

(Opening the door.)

But it'll have to wait. I don't have time for this bullshit right now.

John leaves, Max stands there in shock.

FADE INTO:

INT.-- COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, UNKNOWN.-- UNKNOWN.

A document comes through a telex in a dark office. The first word reads:

FLASH.

Superimposed at the top of the screen is our key.

CODE WORDS FOR LEVEL OF URGENCY IN DESCENDING ORDER: 1.CRITIC  
2.FLASH 3.IMMEDIATE 4.PRIORITY 5.ROUTINE

The key fades as the document continues. [Definitions are superimposed beside the underlined codewords.]

Forward to KUBARK. [Central Intelligence Agency]

Sellers leaving country. KUGOWN[Propaganda] underway. Contact ODACID[U.S. Embassy] in KMGUY[Guyana]. LCFLUTTER[Truth serum] will continue to be distributed.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. -- TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, BUS. -- DAY.

John boards the bus. Savanna quickly jumps to hound him with a problem.

SAVANNA

There's a man sitting in the back that I've never seen before. I asked him who he was and he won't tell me.

He spots the old man in dark shades. Michael overhears and turns around, immediately spotting the old man also. It's the same man who was dosing the water in the pantry.

JOHN

I'll take care of it.

John makes his way towards him. Michael watches.

JOHN (cont'd)

(Whispering.)

Who are you?

They stare at each other for a bit. John turns to the rest of the bus.

JOHN (cont'd)

(To the rest of the bus.)

Everybody. This is our Doctor. He's a little shy, but I'm sure we'll get to know him soon enough. So if you have any medical issues you want him to know about, come on back and let him know.

Fifteen or so of the more geriatric passengers make their way towards him. The doctor is suppressing his rage.

John smiles as he walks to his seat at the front of the bus. Michael is grinning.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT.-- THE TEMPLE OF PARADISE CHURCH, PARKING LOT.--  
CONTINUOUS.

The buses take off. Zoe and the five people who stayed behind wave them goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT.-- DIVE BAR.-- NIGHT.

Cigarette smoke.

One fat and balding stray soul drinks his memories away. Sad music playing in the background.

The bartender takes a shot.

In a booth at the farthest corner, Steven sits alone. A drunk stare, down towards his glass. Two thirds of the bottle of "Slow & Low" whiskey already gone.

BACK AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE BAR.--

One of the two "donors" walks into the joint. He looks around. Then spots the bald head poking above the booth in the back.

We follow as he walks towards Steve, with that perfect military posture.

TIME CUT:

INT.-- DIVE BAR, BOOTH.-- NIGHT.

The agent laser beams his steely blue eyes at Steven, who is still staring at his glass.

CIA AGENT #1  
You've lost control.(Pauses.)  
Kubark wants you to catch me up on  
the status of the players. You'll  
be reassigned-

Steven starts cracking up.

STEVE BRUMMET  
(Laughing.)  
You naïve fucking-(Beat. Sighs.)

The laughter winds down. He thinks a bit.

CIA AGENT #1

I don't really care what the fuck you're on. I have to debrief you. You'll then be reassigned. We have a place nearby. (Beat.) Don't make this difficult.

Steve looks around at the empty bar.

STEVE BRUMMET

Why don't we just do it here?

CIA AGENT #1

Lets go.

Steve looks him in the eyes.

STEVE BRUMMET

I'm not going anywhere.

CIA AGENT #1

The information we'll be discu-

STEVE BRUMMET

I'm not. Going. Anywhere. (Takes the shot and swallows hard, grimacing.) See, you don't know the sick old fucks like I do.

He pours another shot and empties it.

STEVE BRUMMET (cont'd)

You have to be more creative! You walk around like some six million dollar man, with an entire branch of government stuck up your fucking ass. Be less of a snob! Make friends with some of our boys in blue. Ask them for four of the meanest niggers they can find, track two of them down. Pay them five grand each to come in here with a couple of shotguns and they'll blow my fucking head off! But you walk in here yourself with this stupid fucking story.

The robot actually stores this advice. Stephen pours himself another shot.

STEVE BRUMMET (cont'd)

(Fiddles with the glass a bit.)

So you want to know where we're at.

(MORE)

STEVE BRUMMET (CONT'D)  
I guess they would wanna know  
what's going on with Paz, huh?

Steven pours a shot.

CIA AGENT #1  
Let's-

STEVE BRUMMET  
(Swallowing.)  
Wait! If you're going to be  
replacing me, you have to know the  
whole story.(Beat.) About twenty  
years ago, John and I went down to  
Guyana. Into the jungles to visit  
the tribes. Part of our South  
American Anti-Communist program. A  
village elder tells us a story.  
About a reverend named Smith. In  
the 1800's, he gathered a group of  
tribes on top of Matthews ridge.  
Told them that they would see God.  
Be given beautiful lands, and live  
forever.(Beat.) If they killed  
themselves. To be reborn in white  
skin. Supposedly, 400 tribesmen  
committed suicide that day.

His face morphs and eyebrows furrow as he tries to wrap his  
brain around something.

STEVE BRUMMET (cont'd)  
I wonder if he even remembers that  
day?(Asks himself.)I mean, it's  
like this was written somewhere.  
The circumstances that make an  
event like this happen, are so  
small and far apart. Each  
individual having a lifetime of  
experiences that somehow take them  
to a-a destiny.(Beat.) And to see  
it from the outside. To see the  
pieces fall into place. You realize  
a generation has it written in  
their very existence to bring  
forward something like this.(Snaps  
out.) An event, so heinous, just  
came together like it was a-a law  
of nature. The pieces almost fell  
by themselves, you know?

(MORE)

STEVE BRUMMET (CONT'D)

I just had to push the button.(Snaps out of it.) I drifted.(Beat.) So when we get back to the states, I needed to set up distribution points for Nicaragua's Somoza government to sell cocaine. They're raising money to stop a potential leftist uprising. The Garcia brothers, Luis and Anastasio will be your contacts for that.

We see pictures of the two Nicaraguans.

STEVEN

I suggested that we start a church, launder the money as donations. Send it back down with the promise of building schools and such. I made Sellers the face. He had been moving around with his family all those years.

INSERT CUT:

A flash of John and Julie in a small South American apartment. They are in a screaming match. Yelling at each other as six year old Nick cries in between them.

STEVEN (cont'd)

It's always been his dream to head a church. We already had the cover story with his former church in Indiana.(Beat.) He was informing on his fellow niggers to his adopted daddy. In 1965, they make him a non-official covert operative. They assign me to run the op as the church's "head accountant". Give us \$10,000 seed money. Also support through various local government agencies to set up shop in California...

CUT TO:

INT. -- STEVE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. -- NIGHT.

John and Kyra smile at each other during a dinner party.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
I decide to marry a prostitute I  
was having relations with, for  
appearances.

CUT TO:

INT.-- MICHEAL'S APARTMENT. -- DAY.

Michael sits at his desk, sifting through his notes. Smoking  
the last bit of his joint. His bags are packed and sitting by  
the door.

The phone rings.

MICHAEL  
Hello.(Beat. Other line is  
inaudible.) Who the fuck is this?

AGENT#1 (O.S.)  
(Very faint gravely  
voice.)  
We will contact you again.(Hangs  
up.)

Micheal stands and peeks out of his window. He then sits back  
down and thinks. He gets up from the chair quickly. Pulling  
his hair back as he stresses out.

MICHAEL  
Shit!

He runs back to the desk and sits down. He pulls out his  
joint rolling kit.

STEVEN (V.O.)  
They now have a press contact. Some  
fucking hippie named Micheal  
Prokes. A journalist from Modesto.

INSERT CUT:

INT. -- COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, UNKNOWN. -- UNKNOWN.

Another message comes through the telex:

IMMEDIATE.

Forward to KUBARK.

Messiah's press contact has been contacted by ODENVY.[Federal  
Bureau of Investigation.]

STEVEN (V.O.) (CONTD)  
 Hoover's boys made contact with him. Kept it anonymous. They didn't get anything, of course. We figured his boss must be on the bureau payroll, so we intercepted, and convinced him to pull Prokes off of the story.

BACK TO:

INT.-- DIVE BAR, BOOTH.-- CONTINUOUS.

Steve is turning his glass on the table.

STEVE

I did my best to radicalize the young boys at the church. But no one had the balls to do anything. They started avoiding me. So I cut off contact and started attacking Sellers from the outside... We still have a couple of informants in Seller's inner circle. One helping to build the compound. We also have many ex-members and media outlets slandering him and the church on a weekly basis...

ENTRANCE.--

"Donor" #2 enters the establishment. He looks towards the booth, then goes up to the bar and takes a seat. The bartender looks at him with extreme suspicion.

BOOTH.--

STEVE

He found out about the land we bought from the Guyanese government, from the prostitute. We cleared it out of the tribesmen years ago. I bought it in his name.

CIA AGENT #1

Has congressman Paz been involved?

CUT TO:

INT. -- TEMPLE OF PARADISE, CONTACT OFFICE. -- DAY.

Zoe is sitting at her new desk. The remaining members are emptying their boxes. Still moving into their two room office building. Zoe's phone rings.

ZOE

Hello. Church of Paradise. This is Zoe Wallace speaking.

CONGRESSMAN'S AIDE

Hello, Zoe. This is Theresa. I'm an aide for Congressman Arthur Paz. I'm calling because the Congressman wants to talk to someone there about some allegations concerning former members of your church.

ZOE

Yes, I can speak to him.

CONGRESSMAN'S AIDE

Thank you. Please hold.

INT. -- CONGRESSMAN ARTHUR PAZ'S OFFICE. -- DAY

We see the congressman standing by the window as he talks on the phone.

ARTHUR PAZ

Hi, Zoe. I would really love to talk to Mr. Sellers. I've been hearing some things. I want to see if he wants to address some of these... disturbing things, that he's accused of.

ZOE (O.S)

Do you want to talk to him? Or accuse him of all of this as fact and arrest him?...

ARTHUR PAZ

A lot of the victims of your reverend...

ZOE (O.S)

Victims! What victims?! They're all liars! Trying to bring down someone who's actually helping their family members. As opposed to just judging them and sucking every...

ARTHUR PAZ

Listen, can I say something. If that's the case, I will stop bothering him! I just need to talk to him and see that everyone is okay.

BACK TO:

INT.-- DIVE BAR, BOOTH.-- CONTINUOUS.

Steve looks at the agent.

STEVE

He took the bait.

BAR.--

The second agent is looking towards Steve's booth. The fat, bald man walks up behind him and smashes him in the head with a beer bottle.

DRUNK BAR GUY

Fuck you, mother fucker!

BOOTH.--

Steve and Agent #1 look towards the commotion. Agent #1 stands up to exit the booth.

The fat man starts stabbing Agent #2 in the neck with the shattered bottle.

SHOTS RING OUT.

Steve has shot the blonde robot straight through his very human skull. He then wildly sprints down a hallway with the bathrooms and out of a back door.

The fat man waddles out of the front door.

EXT.-- DIVE BAR, ALLEY.-- CONTINUOUS.

Steven runs down the dark alley. It's raining. He dumps the gun in a garbage can and calmly walks onto the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- MATTHEWS RIDGE, GUYUNA. -- DAY.

The buses pull up to the compound, where the crowd has gathered to welcome the last of the congregation. The doors open.

They're exhausted, but muster the energy for hugs and smiles with the welcoming crowd.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. -- SLEEPING HOUSE, PARADISE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Michael and Vivica found a little private time in one of the sleeping houses. Basically a shack full of bunk beds. They're naked, Viv laying on Michael still feeling the orgasmic energy they have waited for the entire trip.

MICHAEL

I've been waiting so long for this.

VIVICA

Me too.

MICHAEL

I love you.

VIVICA

I love you. This is going be incredible. Our son growing up in paradise.

MICHAEL

Not this one though, right?

VIVICA

No, not this one. We have to get the fuck away from my mother.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

VIVICA

(Mimicking the unenthused response.)

Yeah.

MICHAEL

(Chuckles.)

It's going to be amazing.

They cuddle.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- MATTHEWS RIDGE, GUYUNA. -- DAY.

We follow Nick. An over the shoulder shot as he approaches his father John and best friend Ruben. They're standing by a tree in the jungle. A crudely made bird house hanging off of a branch.

Ruben is hunched over. John reacts to his son approaching. Ruben stands up with his hand putting pressure on his nostrils as he sniffs.

JOHN  
What's going on?

NICK  
The bus driver is angry, he wants his money now. And Teddy wants to talk to you.

JOHN  
Who's Teddy?

RUBEN  
The guy who got hit with the rifle.

INT.-- JOHN'S HUT.-- CONTINUOUS.

The crew that was held at gunpoint are all gathered in John's shack. A bare light bulb assists the dying light from the evening sky.

They are twenty of the strongest in the community. All in their mid twenties. John sits on his two person cot.

JOHN  
This isn't easy for me to say...(Looks around the room.) We have to consider certain outcomes to this. Outcomes that the others aren't strong enough to know about yet. Those people that came here. They came here for me. The CIA is against us now.

He struggles to stand up. He's sweating. The eyes behind sunglasses are bloodshot.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 There are things we're going to  
 have to prepare for...

He's looking his people in the eyes. He passes a bowl filled with white powder to the right of him.

JOHN (cont'd)  
 For those who have never done it,  
 take some of it on your finger and  
 breathe it in through your nose.  
 Ruben and I have to go into town.  
 Grab some rifles. When you get  
 yours, try not to bring too much  
 attention to yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- DOCTOR'S HUT. -- CONTINUOUS.

Julia is arguing with the doctor outside of his hut. She has a boy in front of her. Her hands on his shoulders.

JULIA  
 This poor child is traumatized!

DOCTOR  
 John! Come here and control your  
 woman!

John marches angrily towards the doctor. He grabs him by his shirt collar and throws him down to the dirt. A cloud of dust flies up. John cocks his fist back and aims the hammer.

JOHN  
 (Whispering.)  
 You fucking piece of shit! I don't  
 have time for your FUCKING BULLSHIT  
 right now!

DOCTOR  
 I think what you are about to do,  
 might bring an early conclusion to  
 this little experiment. They're  
 coming. It's over already. But if  
 you do this-

JOHN  
 If this ends like that. I highly  
 doubt you'll be important enough to  
 seek any special retribution for.

DOCTOR

Didn't you ever wonder if it's the  
LSD that has these people wrapped  
around your little finger like  
this? Maybe I'm the one you owe for  
this little dream here. Boy, is it  
turning into a fucking nightmare,  
isn't it?

John drops the shit. Busting his nose. It's bleeding all over  
the place. The doctor turns his face. The second slams into  
the side of the chin. Almost twisting his head off. The old  
man is surely dead.

He drags the potential carcass into his shack and closes the  
door.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- CLASSROOM HUT, PARADISE. -- DAY.

Max watches his son in class. Matthew has an adorable way of  
counting. Closing one eye and pointing to every number.

Max looks around at the compound. The free and open  
atmosphere. He looks back at Matthew and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PARADISE COMPOUND. -- CONTINUOUS.

John is heading towards the monstrous white pick up truck.  
Nick and Ruben are slap boxing.

JOHN

Nick!

NICK

Yeah!

JOHN

Come here.

Nick runs to him.

NICK

Yeah.

JOHN

I signed the team up for a basketball tournament in Georgetown. You might play with the national team.

NICK

Whaaaaat! Groovy! (He slaps Ruben's hand.)

JOHN

I need Ruben here. But you'll be in charge out there, and I'm giving you money for a nice hotel.

NICK

I don't know what to say, daddy-o. (Turns to Ruben.) Sucks for you, jive turkey.

CUT TO:

I/E.-- DOCTOR'S HUT.-- DAY.

We see Michael's navy and white Converse All-Stars. In front of them is a trail of blood.

INSIDE.-- We see him slowly open the door. In the corner of the room, the doctor is a bloodied mess. He's sitting on the ground. Legs stretched out, his head tilted to the side.

DOCTOR

(Slurring.)

Get the fuck out!

MICHAEL

You're awfully rude for a guy who looks like he was already taught a lesson. You okay?

For the first time, the doctor seems a bit worried.

DOCTOR

I'm fine.

MICHAEL

I overheard you and John on the bus. Who sent you here?

The doctor doesn't respond.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Who do you work for!

DOCTOR

We're all going to die here.

Ruben bursts through the door. He points aims the rifle at Mike. Another gunman comes in.

RUBEN

Tie his fucking hands. Take'em to the tool shed. Make sure you move anything he can use out of there. It's time for the doctor to leave us.

MICHAEL

Hey-

RUBEN

Tape his fucking mouth shut and put a bag over his head.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- JUNGLE. -- CONTINUOUS.

John drives up to five of his henchmen. They're waiting by a fence. A dead horse in the distance. John pulls a bag of coke out and starts sharing.

JOHN

How's it going.

HENCHMEN

The Sulfuric Acid seemed a little painful. Blood came out of it's mouth.

He pulls a vile of liquid out of his pocket.

JOHN

Try this one. It's Cyanide. I saw a cow a couple miles down the road. Pay the owner for it before you do anything... (Starting to walk towards the truck.) I need you to go into town and get some Flavor-ade. A lot. And be at the pavilion for the meeting tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. -- SLEEPING HOUSE, PARADISE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Mike is tied up in the corner of the shed. He's been beaten.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PAVILION, PARADISE. -- NIGHT.

The entire community has gathered in the pavilion. Some of them still finishing their dinner. They're all drinking the Flavor-ade. We see Max and his son. John sits at the only full wall of the structure, which serves as the stage. Julie sits behind her class.

There's love. One big family, celebrating their first months since their emancipation from a corrupt society. John stands and calls for quiet with his hand. The crowd settles down.

JOHN

It's been a couple months now. Is everybody happy?

The crowd erupts with a positive response.

JOHN (cont'd)

We do have a couple of challenges to worry about. The world we left behind is angry that we are succeeding in our new society. They want to put an end to our new lives. We cannot allow that to happen.-

The energy changes.

JOHN (cont'd)

We WILL not allow that to happen! That's why we have just committed revolutionary suicide! We have all just drank poison. It's a painless poison. We will slowly fall asleep.

The crowd is stone silent. The shock is setting in. Whispers grow. Some people are panicking a little faster than others.

CROWD MEMBER

We will die with you John!

A large portion of the crowd cheers. Many are still grasping the fact that their lives might be over. There's a lot of chatter and some crying.

Max is starting to panic. He turns Matthew around and looks into his eyes.

MAX

Are you okay Matty? How do you feel? Are you okay?

Max looks up at John angrily. Then looks at one of the congregation members.

MAX (cont'd)

Is he serious?

Julie is starting to hug some of the kids closest to her. Looking up at John, confused and terrified.

JOHN

Thank you for your commitment to this. This was a test... But this might be necessary. If they come for us, they will end our lives. They won't arrest us. They will end our lives! Let's not give them that satisfaction. We will choose how we die! Not them!

Silence takes hold of the compound.

FADE INTO:

INT.-- JOHN'S HUT.-- NIGHT.

John was having another secret meeting in his hut. This time it's crowded. The room is full of debate. Many of the henchmen are quiet. Securely holding their rifles.

Max is there, witnessing the demise of their utopia in this volatile gathering.

JOHN

We need to safeguard ourselves from these monsters!

CONGREGATION MEMBER

Not like this! This is crazy!

HENCHMEN #1

We were held at gunpoint!

CONGREGATION MEMBER

When?!

HENCHMEN #1

Before any of you got to the camp!

MAX

Were they military?

JOHN

Most likely.

MAX

What does "most likely" mean?!

HENCHMEN #1

You think they're going to come in here and introduce themselves as the government?!

JOHN

We are talking worst case scenario here. (Beat.) I want us prepared for anything. I cannot stress the level of savagery that we are dealing with. These people cannot take us alive. Not here.

MAX

Why are we here then, John?

JOHN

TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD! And they are trying to fucking kill it. What?! Did you think this was going to be easy?!

MAX

We didn't think there was going to be people trying to kill us!

JOHN

We're dealing with it.

MAX

By you killing us instead of them! That would've been a mass fucking murder John! That wasn't suicide, you didn't give us the choice!

JOHN

You got a better idea?

MAX

How bout we just go back?

JOHN

You don't want to fight Max? Your life is too precious to sacrifice itself for a perfect world.

MAX

What?!

JOHN

No one is leaving. We will keep you safe.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- JUNGLE. -- DAY.

Again we're away from the compound. John and his handful of henchmen stare at a lone cow. The cow staggers a bit and lays down slowly.

RUBEN

That's the second cow we've tried it on. It seems to be painless.

JOHN

Alright. Good work.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- GEORGETOWN, CHEMICAL DISTRIBUTION PLANT.-- DAY.

ANDREW PRATT is waiting in his car. Across the street Ruben loads the Paradise cargo truck with two containers. The labels read "Potassium Cyanide".

John walks out of the building. Pratt turns the engine over and drives off.

John notices him. They look at each other through their dark glasses. John jumps into the truck and takes off without warning, Ruben is still on the flatbed and holds on for dear life.

TIME CUT: EXT.-- GEORGETOWN, RUSSIAN EMBASSY.-- DAY.

The dramatic music starts.

We're looking through a black and white lens. It's positioned across the street taking pictures of John. A plaque beside the door reads EMBAJADA USSR.

John walks to the truck and they take off.

CUT TO:

INT.-- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE, VIVI'S BEDROOM.-- DAY.

Vivica sits on her bed. She caresses her belly bump. Looking out of the window.

-- KITCHEN.

Savanna is trying to organize the mess in their new home. Her two young kids are crying.

The phone rings.

                  SAVANNA  
Shut up! Yes. Hello.

                  ZOE (O.S)  
Savanna?

                  SAVANNA (CONTD)  
Yes. Zoe?

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT.-- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE.-- CONTINUOUS.

The truck pulls up in front of the house. John takes a bump of coke. He gives one to Ruben.

                  JOHN  
Take the kids and Viv somewhere.  
Come back in an hour.

                  RUBEN  
You got it.

BACK TO:

INT.-- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Savanna is still on the phone.

                  ZOE (O.S)  
Congressman Paz is on his way down  
there to talk to John.

There's a knock on the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- RIVER.-- CONTINUOUS.

Vivica and Ruben sit on the truck bed.

VIVICA

I'm pregnant. Why are you finally telling me this now?

RUBEN

I know. I was always afraid of your mom.

VIVICA

Yeah, well he wasn't.

RUBEN

(Throws the Hail Mary.)

I know where John has two million dollars. (Beat. Viv is speechless.) With him it'll always be promises. I can give you and the baby the life you want. I don't care that it's his. I will love it like it's my own. Because I love you more than anything in this world.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- SHED/ TORTURE ROOM.-- CONTINUOUS.

Ruben throws a vicious kick at Mike's ribs. He might have broke a couple.

JOHN (O.S.)

That's enough, Ruben.

Michael vomits. We see John. He is sitting on a chair a few feet away from Mike.

JOHN (cont'd)

You know, I was in Brazil, around 12 years ago. Steven posted me at a church in Belo Horizonte. We were teaching local law enforcement how to find and interrogate communists. One day, I spot a guy sitting in his car, taking pictures of us. He was a journalist.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

Working on a story about the CIA in Brazil.(Beat.) You think you know the way the world works. Then you see them beat this man bloody, strip him naked, cover him in pork fat, and throw a rabid dog in his cell. They got him to admit he was a communist.(Another beat.) You're gonna cooperate, Mike.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PARADISE COMPOUND. -- CONTINUOUS.

A wide shot of one of John's minions running out of the radio room. He finds the truck arriving at the compound. John tells the driver something and gets out of the truck. Ruben hops off the back with his rifle.

The man from the radio room talks to John and Ruben.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. -- SLEEPING HOUSE, PARADISE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Max has started a Coup. They gathered ten brave dissenters.

MAX

We just tell him we didn't sign up for this shit!

DISSENTER #1

He's losing his fucking mind!

A group of John's henchmen walk into the room with their rifles.

RUBEN

What's going on?!

The room stays quiet. The dramatic music that has been playing in the background builds.

RUBEN (cont'd)

Max! John wants to see you.

The goons lift their weapons a bit.

MAX

(Shocked.)

Ruben-

DISSENTER #1  
 (Interrupts.)  
 We all want to see John.

HENCHMEN #1  
 I'll let him know. Max. Come on!

The group looks at the three men with rifles for a moment.  
 Max decides to go peacefully.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S HUT.-- CONTINUOUS.

Max is now in front of the king. John glares at Max from behind his sunglasses. The king's men are the young African Americans in the commune. Everyone is sweating. The bare bulb has moths orbiting.

MAX  
 A couple of-

RUBEN  
 I found him with about ten members.  
 They were wanting to ask you if  
 they could leave. They want to go  
 back home. Prokes was there too.

JOHN  
 A Congressman is coming in a couple  
 of days. If he asks if anyone wants  
 to leave we're all going to say no.

MAX  
 John,...

JOHN  
 (Interrupting.)  
 We can talk about you and the rest  
 of the fucking cowards leaving,  
 after the Congressman gets the fuck  
 out.

He lowers his head to the table beside cot and cokes up.

MAX  
 Okay.

JOHN  
 (Sitting up.)  
 You're not taking Matty with you.

The room stays quiet. Max is not sure what to say. After a second...

MAX  
What the fuck-

JOHN  
You want to take him back to black-hating-America?

MAX  
He's my son!

JOHN  
No, he's not. (Beat.) Do you know? Why Cece killed herself, huh Max? (Beat.) Because you're a fag! And she didn't want to tell you that I'm that baby's father!

MAX  
(Beginning to tear up.)  
You're a fucking liar!

JOHN  
You're not a fag? Maybe you're just secretly a racist? That's why you want to take Matthew back to those white people. You gonna betray us Max? Sells us out to them.

The room's energy is getting hostile. Rifles are slowly lifting.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Or maybe you're both. Why don't you prove to us you're neither of those, Max. There's a beautiful sister right there.

A lone black woman stands in this room of mounting tension.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Why don't you lick her beautiful pussy?

RUBEN  
(Sinister smile.)  
Get in there Max.

Smiling, she lowers her panties revealing a bloody mess in them. The men behind Max start pushing him forward. He has no choice at this point.

FADE INTO:

EXT.-- JOHN'S HUT.-- CONTINUOUS.

Max walks away from the hut traumatized. Blood on his mouth and cheeks.

FADE INTO:

INT. -- COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, UNKNOWN. -- UNKNOWN.

That powerful telex machine kicks on. A message begins printing:

Critic.

Forward to RTACTION.[CIA] Messiah went to BGGYPSI.[Russian embassy] Request SGUAT[CIA station in Guatemala] to contact FJHOPEFUL[Military base] Termination and clean up imminent. Wait for greenlight from KUDOVE.[Operation lead]

CUT TO:

EXT.-- PAVILION.-- DAY.

The sinister score overlays the happy people.

We hear Julie's class as they rehearse a Christmas song for Congressman Paz. The song is "Pablo the reindeer". The kids do a little dance as they sing "*Pablo does the CHA-CHA-CHA. He makes all the kids laugh HA-HA-HA.*"

FADE INTO:

EXT.-- GUADALAJARA AIR FIELD.-- DAY.

SUPER: GUADALAJARA, MEXICO.

Congressman Arthur Paz, his aide, and a camera crew are boarding a small plane. It's a dirt air field.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- PARADISE COMPOUND.-- NIGHT.

John's voice comes through the speaker system.

JOHN

White night. Everyone to the pavilion. White night.

EXT. -- PAVILION, PARADISE. -- NIGHT.

The whole commune drinks their entire cup of Flavor-aid together. The adults who have children, hug them afterwards. The ones without hold hands. The soundtrack drowns everything out.

Max is holding back tears hugging his son tightly. Michael looks around at the descending madness. We see through his eyes for a bit. The fanatics closing their eyes, raising their hands, and waiting for death.

Others sob uncontrollably. There are some that are numbly spectating. And others who are running around naked. Skipping up and down like they're in a big field, skipping through the flowers.

FADE INTO:

INT. -- SLEEPING HOUSE, PARADISE. -- DAY.

The "traitors" meet in their usual spot. Everyone sweating. Max is in shock. The group is getting desperate.

DISSENTER #1

(Whispering.)

We can't risk it. If we don't ask him for help, and he leaves. John can just change his mind and keep us here...

DISSENTER #2

Keep us here as fucking slaves! The rest of the camp is not gonna do anything about it!

A young girl in the group starts bawling. The two around her try to console.

GIRL

(Weeping.)

We should've never came here.

DISSENTER #2

Shhh. It's okay sweetie. It'll be okay.

DISSENTER #1

We should make a run for it, while the congressman is here.

DISSENTER #3

It's a hundred and fifty miles to the next town! If they catch us in the jungle-

DISSENTER #1

We can steal a truck, then!

MAX

We need to hand him a note.

Everyone looks at Max.

MAX (cont'd)

Even if they shoot that person, the rest of us have a chance after. I don't know how John is going to react. Let's just be prepared for the worst.

DISSENTER #2

Who's going to do it?

Everyone looks around.

MAX

I will.

DISSENTER #2

What about Mat?

He thinks about the question. What will happen to his little boy?

CUT TO:

EXT.-- AIR FIELD, GUYANA.-- DAY.

The small air plane lands. Chris Dwyer awaits the group in his shades and fancy khakis.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- AIR PLANE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Congressman Paz gets up from his seat and stretches his back. He playfully slaps the seat of the camera man who tagged along.

ARTHUR PAZ  
(To his aide.)  
Theresa! Wake up! We're here!

CONGRESSMAN'S AIDE  
(Groggy.)  
Yeah. Okay.

BACK TO:

EXT.-- AIR FIELD, GUYANA.-- CONTINUOUS.

The camp's truck parked near the shed. Henchmen in the back.

Ruben walks up to the plane as the door opens. The tall Congressman is the first through the tiny door. The rest of the "fact finders" follow behind him.

RUBEN  
Hello!

ARTHUR PAZ  
Hi. Are you from the paradise  
commune?

RUBEN  
Yes, sir. Here to give you a lift.

ARTHUR PAZ  
What's your name?

RUBEN  
Ruben Burns.

Art looks him in the eyes for a bit.

RUBEN (cont'd)  
Hop on.

The pilot is not approaching the truck.

RUBEN (cont'd)  
You too.

ARTHUR PAZ

No, he's staying. He needs to make sure the plane will be ready to leave.

Ruben signals one of the henchmen of the truck. He gets really close to Ruben.

RUBEN

He does not go near that door.

The man nods.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- JUNGLE. -- CONTINUOUS.

The sites are beautiful. Teresa loves everything around her. She takes her camera and starts snapping pictures.

For a moment she forgets about the world. Until she looks at one of the chaperons. He's staring at her, and smiles when she catches him. She smiles back to avoid making him angry.

CUT TO:

INT. -- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE. -- DAY.

Savanna dresses her young daughter and son in their Sunday best. Vivica walks by the room. She has on a beautiful sun dress and a picnic bag for groceries.

VIVICA

I'm going to the market.

SAVANNA

Okay. Be back quickly.

VIVICA

Why? What are we doing today?

SAVANNA

Just be back as soon as possible, Vivica!

VIVICA

Okay!... Jesus! (Starts walking away.) I thought we moved here so you didn't have to freak out anymore?

INSERT CUT:

EXT.-- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Vivica walks out of the Two-story South American home, located in a middle class neighborhood.

BACK TO:

INT. -- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Savanna finishes dressing her son. She starts choking up. Tears roll down cheeks.

JASON

Why are you crying, Mommy?

SAVANNA

No reason. You know Mommy loves you, right?

JASON

Yeah.

SAVANNA

Whatever I do, I do to keep you safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PAVILION, PARADISE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Julia's class sings "Everywhere, everywhere Christmas". They finish the song. The crowd applauds.

JOHN

They have been working hard all week. Along with their teacher; My incredible wife Julia. Stand up honey.

Julia stands and bows as the crowd applauds again. She then waves the applause back to the children.

TIME CUT:

Paradise is now having lunch. The Congressman's visit has been a success for the camp. The camera man smiles as he documents the festivities.

In the far corner of the pavilion, the exiles are sitting together. Never touching the food in front of them. Max and the group are very tense. They look at each other, then around the pavilion.

Ruben and John are entertaining the Congressman. The guards enjoying themselves in the same area.

Max pulls the note out of his pocket. The group is staring at him. Max gets up from his seat. He starts walking. Moving through the festive crowd, we begin to hear the John.

JOHN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
(Mid conversation with the  
Congressman.)

Capitalism turned humans into lab  
rats for the corporations. Now we  
have a society of strung out  
consumption addicts. Who think  
happiness comes from something new  
and shiny.

He reaches the forbidden zone.

Two of the henchmen notice. Their faces immediately disfigure into powerless anger. They know who Max is going for but don't want to make a scene.

JOHN (cont'd)  
All I wanted-

Max gets there.

MAX  
Mr. Paz...

John and Ruben's faces are trying to hide the shock.

MAX (cont'd)  
I just need to give you this.

Ruben grabs Max by the shoulder.

RUBEN  
What the fuck are you doing,  
traitor?!

The pavilion fades to silence almost immediately.

ARTHUR PAZ  
Whoa! Whoa!

Ruben tries to pull Max away by his shirt. Max is holding both hands up, showing he's not a threat.

JOHN  
Ruben! It's okay!

ARTHUR PAZ  
Hey! Let him go!

JOHN  
(Points at Max.)  
Congressman. That lazy, ungrate-

ARTHUR PAZ  
John. John. (Gently restraining.)  
Listen to me. This isn't for  
everybody. You don't have to take  
that personally. Hey, I love this  
place. I would love to come back  
here some day, if you'll have me.

JOHN  
(Flustered laugh.)  
Of course...

ARTHUR PAZ  
So, let's do this. Any one who  
wants to leave, should write their  
name down on a list that we'll  
make. I think we can take seven  
today. And we'll arrange to take  
anyone else later.

The pavilion's silence is overwhelming John. A thousand people all with their eyes on him. He's sweating and panicking behind his trusty shades.

JOHN  
Fine. Take that pack of traitors  
with you. I can guarantee you'll be  
leaving by yourself next time you  
come congressman.

He looks at Ruben.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Ruben, come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- AIR FIELD, GUYUNA.-- CONTINUOUS.

The henchman feels his stomach rumbling. We hear it.

HENCHMEN #2  
Hey, I gotta go take a shit. Don't  
touch anything over there.

Points at the shed.

The pilot acts like he is looking around for something. He then looks at the pad lock on the door. The key is hanging from a string. He opens it. Then slowly opens the door.

INSIDE THE SHED.--

Michael is in the corner of the dark shed. He is in the fetal position with a sack over his head and his wrist tied in front of him.

REFUGIO hurries to him and pulls the hood off. Michael's eyes lock with Refugio's and fill with hope. Refugio unties his wrists. He helps Mike up, puts his index finger up to his mouth. Signaling Mike to be quiet.

REFUGIO  
(Whispering.)  
Vete, go, go!

Mike runs out of the shed and into the jungle.

Refugio quickly closes the door and locks the pad lock.

TIME CUT:

The henchman returns, to find Refugio supposedly working on the engine. He looks at the door. Then looks at Refugio. He then walks towards the shed... and sits on the chair next to the door.

INSERT CUT:

EXT.-- MARKET PLACE, GEORGETOWN.-- CONTINUOUS.

Shots of Vivi enjoying life as she shops at a busy outdoor market.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- AIR FIELD, GUYANA.-- CONTINUOUS.

The trucks arrive at the airfield. The pilot is sitting by the small refueling and tool shack.

ARTHUR PAZ  
We're leaving, Refugio. Is the  
plane ready?

REFUGIO  
(Whispering.)  
Si.

(MORE)

REFUGIO (CONT'D)

Senor, I found a man being held prisoner in the shed. I let him out.

ARTHUR PAZ

Good job. Let's load all their stuff and get out of here.

REFUGIO

De volada.

Refugio gets to work.

The crew is loading the last things through the back of the plane.

INSIDE THE PLANE.--

Most of the group are in their seats. We cut to, Max he is looking at a wallet sized picture of Matthew. He starts crying. Dissenter #1 sits next to him.

DISSENTER #1

You can come back for him Max.

BACK OUTSIDE.--

Refugio notices two vehicles approaching. A tractor and a pickup truck loaded up with what looks like a dozen locals.

REFUGIO

Senor Arturo!

Everyone looks towards the road. The journalist looks at the camera man. The camera man pulls out his camera and turns it on.

Art pokes his head out to look.

ARTHUR PAZ

(To his crew.)

They're not from Paradise!

FACT FINDER #1

Thank god.

He walks out to the open area beside the plane to greet the strangers. The vehicles come to a stop beside the plane. The men are all armed with automatic rifles. They pause for a bit.

ARTHUR PAZ

What's going on?

The thirteen men open fire on the crew. They're spraying every single member outside. Bullets are tearing through the plane. Refugio's face and chest are shredded immediately. The crew packing outside are being shot by the gunmen who were on the tractor.

INT.-- AIR PLANE.-- CONTINUOUS.

The people inside take cover wherever they can. Max and others hide in the luggage stacked in the back of the plane.

The murderers enter the plane.

These wild eyed killers pause for another second. Instead of wasting time finding everyone they decide to open fire on the entire inside of the plane. Shredding through the seats and luggage.

EXT.-- AIR FIELD, GUYANA.-- CONTINUOUS.

There's a few men executing the victims outside. The lazy psychopaths who sprayed the inside, are exiting the plane.

The hit squad mounts their vehicles and leave the scene. Bloodied bodies laying all around the small plane.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- PAVILION, PARADISE.-- CONTINUOUS.

The final reports from the air field are being heard.

CUT TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S HUT.-- CONTINUOUS.

John is snorting some more cocaine. Julie opens the door.

JULIE

This is what you're doing!?

JOHN

Don't worry about it.

JULIE

What were those gunshots John?!

JOHN

We don't know what happened. Just get to Georgetown. I'll take care of this.

JULIE

How does this end, John? You're gonna kill us all, aren't you?

JOHN

Trust me. If the Congressman is dead. The people who will come for us, will do much worse to those kids than the poison.

Julie pulls a knife from her waistband. She attacks John. Throwing stabs she slices his fore arm.

JOHN (cont'd)

Aah!

John grabs her wrist and punches her hard in the face. The Henchmen bursts into the room.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. -- PARADISE COMPOUND. -- CONTINUOUS.

The sun is starting to set. The doomsday device is being armed. A fifty gallon black plastic drum is being filled with water, flavor-aid, and cyanide. Henchmen #1 is handing out syringes to the rest of his crew.

The entire community is walking to the pavilion. We hear the chatter of the crowd.

TIME CUT:

Dusk. The crowd is buzzing with curious chatter as they await their leader. John steps up to the small stage. His forearm wrapped in a bloody shirt.

JOHN

Everyone line up to get your drink.

CHURCH MEMBER #1

(Concerned.)

What are we doing, John?

JOHN

We are lining up and getting our drinks.

One of the henchmen goes to the elderly woman who asked the question and gestures her towards the line. The lines start forming as John's men start handing out the poisonous cocktail. The people who already have their drinks sit back down in the pavilion.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. -- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Vivica comes into a dark house.

VIVICA

Hello?

She turns on the light in the living room.

VIVICA (cont'd)

(Yells to the second floor.)

Mom?... Jason?... (Starts walking to the stairs.) Linda?

She starts walking up the stairs.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT.-- PARADISE/JUNGLE.-- CONTINUOUS.

Ruben is sneaking out of the compound with the red gym bags, rifle hanging from his shoulder. We can see the pavilion at a distance behind him.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. -- PAVILION, PARADISE. -- CONTINUOUS.

John sits on a chair on stage, looking over his people.

JOHN

We cannot let these monsters take our lives. Take our children's lives. We need to show them, that they can't take some people. They don't have power over us. They may have power over millions of their ignorant demons.

The crowd looks at each other. The gravity of the situation is evident to most of the crowd. Some start weeping. Julie is weeping, hugging the kids with a swollen face.

JOHN (cont'd)

But not us. We are holding a true revolution! The only revolution anybody has left! The one that no one has the courage to take. A revolutionary suicide. We will show them what true power is! It's the choice! The choice to not live in a world where we have to answer to a hierarchy! To a entitled institution. Especially a institution that lies to you! That feeds off of the poor! And leaves them stranded in miserable lives!

JULIE

(Screaming.)

Please, not the kids!

JOHN

These kids will suffer a merciless death at the hands of the people who are coming for us... We have to go out our own way...

JULIE

John!

JOHN

We have to be strong. We cannot leave them to the fate of these monsters...

The crowd is panicking. Darkness now covers the compound. Those who aren't ready for death are becoming more aggressively outspoken. The crying is getting louder.

JOHN (cont'd)

It's time!

The lights turn on. Half of the crowd disperses in a complete panic. Anarchy ensues, as the crowd scatters. Shots are fired.

A large number of people are drinking their cocktails. Julie starts screaming as John's henchmen inject the kids. One of the monsters grabs her.

JULIE

Let me go!

He injects her.

JOHN

It's okay! There is no need to fear  
death! There's no need to fear  
nothingness!

Four hundred people are now running into the jungle. The rest are either dying or patiently awaiting death. One elderly woman is eerily sitting with her legs crossed, watching the mayhem with wide eyes. Everyone around her is dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. -- GEORGETOWN, PARADISE HOUSE. -- CONTINUOUS.

Vivica is now upstairs. She looks into the kids dark bedroom and turns on the light. We see a quick glimpse. Horrifying splatters of blood. The kids are in the corner of the room with their throats slashed. Their little heads tilted. It's just a horrific split second flash.

Vivica gives a blood curdling scream. Savanna jumps out of her room with a knife. She attacks her daughter and immediately stabs her in the stomach twice as they trip over each other.

Vivica catches her mom's hand. They both hold the knife halfway in Viv's stomach.

Vivica bites her mom in the face. Savanna lets go of the knife. Vivica pulls it out and winds up. She waits a second for her mom to recover from the bite.

POV: WE ARE WAITING FOR SAVANNA TO OPEN HER EYES. We can see the severely torn flesh on the nose. The eyes open. The knife is quickly and brutally thrust into her face.

Savanna falls off of Vivica.

Again we only see horrible flashes of the brutal stabs to the face Vivica is unleashing on her psychotic mother.

She's not stopping. She exhausts herself. Starts crying.

VIVICA

You fucking bitch!...(Gasps then  
unleashes an angry scream.)

Vivica stabs her mom one last time, then lays down beside her. She coughs up some blood, and looks at the ceiling of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PARADISE COMPOUND. -- CONTINUOUS.

From the sky we see the people still running into the jungle. The Door's "Crystal ship" starts playing in the soundtrack as the helicopter's shadowy blades fly in front of our view.

From the camp we see the rope falling from the chopper. The men sliding down the rope. Landing in the jungle to cut off the crowd.

JUNGLE. --

The spec ops team are armed with flashlight helmets, shooting people with some sort of poison dart gun. They're shooting everything that moves. The bodies are dropping. Further into the jungle we hear machine gun fire. Meaning a team was waiting further down to make sure no one escapes.

WE SEE THE MASSACRE AT THE SMALL CLEARING.

The same hit squad from the air field. They're waiting in that small clearing north of the camp. They too are shooting indiscriminately.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PAVILION, PARADISE. -- CONTINUOUS.

John is still sitting on stage.

POV: John hears the screams.

He sees the bodies of the already deceased. Watches two of the military team enter the doctor's hut. The two military men exit the hut with the document chest.

Another member of the spec ops team is walking towards him. He pulls a pistol holstered on his lower back. Points it right at us. He pulls the trigger. The muzzle flashes.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. -- PARADISE COMPOUND. -- DAY.

It's noon. We see the compound from the sky again. This time the bright sun shines on the hundreds of corpses.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- JUNGLE.-- DAY.

Ruben is taking a break. Familiar red gym bags on the ground.

IN THE BRUSH.--

Michael's tenderized face peaks out. Ruben is looking out into the hills, rifle in hand. He's probably trying to get his bearings.

Michael looks down. There is a softball sized rock near his foot.

Ruben puts the rifle down and walks up to the very brush Mike is hiding in. He starts unzipping his pants.

INSERT CUT:

EXT.-- JUNGLE.-- CONTINUOUS.

POV: RUBEN.

Mike jumps out at us and smashes us in the head with the mini boulder. We keel over.

We then see Michael on top of us. The large stone slamming into the camera. The blood splatters flying onto Michael's face and clothes.

Exit POV.-- We see the split skull. The loose, detached skin. The soil, drowning in blood.

He continues as we...

FADE INTO:

EXT.-- STREAM.-- CONTINUOUS.

He found a small stream. His clothes drying on a tree branch. The bags sitting near him. He looks at the water. Numb.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT.-- POLICE JEEP, GEORGETOWN.-- CONTINUOUS.

Michael sits quietly in the back seat. The Jeep passes by the paradise house. Police are out in front of the house. Roping it off. The coroner loads a covered body into their van.

Michael's eyes widen.

MICHAEL

Do you know what happened there?

They stay quiet.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Do you know what happened at that house?! Is that the paradise house?!

The officer in the passenger seat whips around aggressively.

COP #1

Callate gringo!

Michael sits back.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- AIR FIELD, GUYANA.-- DAY.

The rescue team looks at the massacred group. The two inside the plane move bags off of hiding victims. Max is pale. One of them feels his pulse.

RESCUE TEAM #1

(Caribbean accent.)

This one here is alive!

They put him on a stretcher. His eyes open as the team works together to get him off of the plane.

CUT TO:

INT.-- SLEEPING HOUSE, PARADISE.-- CONTINUOUS.

The hut looks empty. We see movement from underneath one of the other beds. The dissenter who was bawling at their final meeting, hid under the bed with a couple of kids.

They stand up. Their bodies breaking loose from having to compress under a bed for a day and a half. They open the door.

Sunlight floods in. The brightness overwhelms them.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT.-- JOHN'S HUT.-- CONTINUOUS.

The door opens. The light invades the dark room. The beam of light exposing the dust as it widens. They find a small figure hiding under John's desk. Matthew.

CUT TO:

INT.-- PARADISE, CALIFORNIA OFFICE.-- CONTINUOUS.

ZOE and her small crew are shredding all the documents.

FADE TO BLACK.