

# *A look Inside The Manic*

Screenplay By  
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Story By  
Brent T. Weston

[Insert Image #02]

Professional Mental Health Consultation from  
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Based on accurate and inaccurate memories of Brent T. Weston.

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\*\*FADE IN\*\*

[Insert image #03]

**INT. BRENT'S BEDROOM (BRENT'S RENTED HOUSE) ----- NIGHT**

A young man bends over and takes off his sandals, then sits on the floor with eyes abuzz. [Focus on sandals in corner.] They are river "Jesus" sandals made of leather and thick brown shoe laces. The man is in his mid-twenties, slim, and his shoulder-length, dark hair is pulled back in a loose pony-tail. His hair is starting to dread. Fingers are wrapped around a pencil. His hand flies across the page of a black bound journal. Low, yellow, brownish light surrounds the bed as the darkneses of night descend across the windows. At one point, as Brent is writing, the shadow of his hand looks like a rabbit smoking a cigarette.

The floor is covered with scenes of interiors from Atlanta's historical restaurants, mixed with some attempts at abstracts. There is a large jar of Benzoate of Soda on a small end table. Contained pigments are placed across the room. A respirator with filters lies on the floor next to a painting of a Waffle House.

BRENT WESTON (V.O)

There is a time in every searching artist when they begin to wonder just what is "in" and "before" their eyes. In '94, I had recently returned from two one year trips backpacking Europe. Milking cows and making cheese high in the Swiss Alps for a summer, was one of many of my crazy adventures. More importantly, at L'Abri, I had built my first easel out of a stolen, old opera singer's walking stick, a kid's spear, some cut wood, an old coffee pot and my bandana. I learned to paint on the streets of Europe and traveled by selling artwork. Now that I had returned home to the South, I had my first art patron. The long hours of painting portrait like scenes of interior, historic eating establishments began to wear on me, and I started questioning where to walk on life's stage.

[Insert image #04]

[Insert image #05]

[Insert image #06]

[Insert image #07]

Photos of past trips to Europe are tacked to the wall.

[Insert image #08]

[Insert image #09]

His Rosewood and Birdseye Maple paint box is open. Gouache paints are spread out.

[Insert image #10]

[Insert image #11]

His Swiss, homemade, stick easel is in the corner.

[Insert image #12]

[The INNOCENCE MISSION'S *Umbrella* CD is softly playing in the background.]

### BRENT WRITES

I race into forever, beyond eternity  
And still the SOUNDS persist. In heat,  
Ram horns buck. Ram Horn. Earthquake  
divides the two and one falls into the abyss. Eerie  
Silence of breath as the fault separates the  
lone survivor from the herd. Feet tramp beside  
the crevice looking for a point to cross.

[There are sounds of very faint WEDDING BELLS.] Brent looks at the digital clock: 1: 55 AM. Brent stops writing, looks out at the darkneses, and is perplexed. [There is a slow, close up view of the window, and then the darkneses fade into flashback.]

### **EXT. DECATUR MARTA TRAIN STATION ----- DAY ----- FLASHBACK**

Brent gets off the MARTA train at the Decatur station. Brent is walking behind the station towards the buses. He sees a large piece of an orange peel on the ground. It is a single peel spread out like a flower. He stops and stares.

*BRENT (V.O.) (remembering a quote from E)*  
"He wanted to watch a baseball game? Our marriage was already at a tenuous point, and he wouldn't even go on a walk and share an orange. I knew then! Not long later, we were divorced."

Brent picks up the piece of orange and gently lays it back on the ground feeling empathy for E.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I'd have taken that walk with her any day.

He continues walking towards the buses, and on a circular, iron sewer cap, he finds a fresh magnolia flower exactly centered. The geometry of the flower petals match the angles within the design of the sewer cap. It catches Brent's eye. He looks all around. The closest magnolia trees are very distant.

Brent appears puzzled as he kneels down on one knee and takes a closer look. He checks the strength of the wind by looking at the overhead trees. The sun is bright and beaming through leaves that are barely moving. A blackbird takes off from the top of a tree. It flies to a near by sidewalk and picks something up. It flies away.

*BRENT*  
Okay?

*BRENT (V. O.)*  
Weird... not the wind. Someone must have placed that magnolia there. A child? An artist? *E*? Whoever did it... this is magical. It is BEAUTIFUL. That's the kind of art *E* would appreciate... simple and mysterious.

Deep breath, but a nervous one.

*BRENT (V. O.)*  
She didn't put that there for me? No way? But she knows this is the path for me to her place.

He picks up the magnolia flower from the blackness of the iron.

### **INT. E'S APARTMENT ----- NIGHT ----- FLASHBACK (2)**

The apartment is very small, two story modern architecture from the 60's. It is very late at night. Brent is sitting on a loveseat with *E*.

*BRENT*  
*E*, is this the loveseat that belonged to my parents?

*E*.  
Yes, your mom gave it to my mom, and she gave it to me. I had it re-upholstered. How do you like the black and white check?

*BRENT*  
I think it matches THAT.

Brent points to the low lit wall.

*E*.  
What?

*BRENT*  
Did you do that drawing?

*E* nods, pleasantly shocked and surprised.

*BRENT (seriously)*  
That's pretty cool. What does it mean to you?

Brent spots lace used as decoration under the painting, and does not hear the answer.

*BRENT*

Well, the swirls of the painting and the lace below look like a wedding or possibly a wedding dance.

*E.*

Like that! Pretty astute. Most people would not bring that interpretation.

*E* looks away. *E* gets up and gets her journal from a bookcase. Brent is really close to *E*. *E* is reading from her journal and showing him more black and white ink drawings. Brent doesn't hear *E*'s words, except when a green drawing appears.

*E.*

How do you like the vines? Notice the lace pattern. I'm proud of this.

Brent tries to put his arm around *E*.

*E.*

Don't you think it is a little too early for that?

Brent pulls his arm back in an extremely awkward moment. They both then smile at each other.

*BRENT*

You know *E*, tonight it seemed when I was coming to your apartment that there were concentric rings, waves of energy, that seemed to get more intense the closer I got to here.

*E.*

I understand. Sometimes places and people give off particular energies. Nothing particularly uncommon about that.

*BRENT*

It is really getting late, maybe I should go.

*E.*

Yeah.

*BRENT*

See ya again sometime?

*E.*

Of course.

**EXT. BACK at SEWER CAP WITH MAGNOLIA FLOWER ----- DAY**

Brent holds the flower as something very precious.

[Focus on the white of the flower and blackness of the sewer cap.] We see an overlay of *E*'s drawing from the apartment and the flower and sewer cap.

*BRENT (V. O.)*

Bride and Groom? We have not even really dated? Come on, admit to yourself you like her. You knew when you met her at home, she could be the one! Should I associate the flower with her black and white motif?

**INT. BRENT'S PARENT'S HOUSE ----- DAY ----- FLASHBACK (3)**

Brent enters the living room of the house he grew up during high school. He has recently gotten home from his second full year of backpacking Europe and is full of confidence. He comes in talking, and sees *E* sitting on the piano bench. She is facing the room instead of the piano. Brent's mom is sitting in a chair. He shuts up immediately when he sees *E*. Brent had forgotten that his mom wanted him to meet someone. He obviously is not expecting a gorgeous woman wearing a strange, maroon, mushroom hat. She has long thick brunette hair worn perfectly with the hat, and gorgeously large eyes. The eyes are confident and tells Brent she is fully engaged in the situation.

*BRENT'S MOM*

Hey Brent, you remember I wanted you to meet someone. Do you remember *E* from DeKalb Christian Academy? Her brother was in your class. She's pretty smart!

*E. (looking at Brent)*

Yeah, *M*, he's my brother. I was a few years ahead of you.

*BRENT (staring at E, kind of stunned)*

I love that HAT!

*E.*

Thanks!! I hear you were in Europe for a year painting on the streets. You must have some serious skills.

*BRENT*

Yeah. Where did you say you got that hat?

Brent looks at his mom. *E*'s answer doesn't register. It was no place he had heard of.

*BRENT*

I've never seen one like that. You look great in it. So, just how do you know my mom?

*E. (Smiles)*

Remember your mom and my mom are best friends. Your mother helped me after my divorce, and she got me through some deeper issues I was going through... (*conversation continues*)

**EXT. DECATUR MARTA STATION ----- DAY**

Brent, still holding the magnolia flower, realizes it's too hot out to carry it on the bus.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

It won't make it to *E*'s apartment. It will wilt.

He returns the flower to the sewer cap as he found it. Brent continues along the path to the bus, and not far from the magnolia flower, he sees a piece of folded paper in the downspout on a nearby building. He walks to the downspout, pulls out the paper, and opens it to find a list of love songs and concertos, handwritten.

*BRENT (V. O.)*

Songs? This wouldn't be a list of songs for a wedding would it?  
Oh my God. I need to ask *E* what's going on here when I see her.

There are chalk drawings on the pavement. It looks like kid drawings. Brent appears a tad anxious as he now thinks, for the first time, that these contain information. He is puzzled and soon forgets them. Now he starts picking up tiny pieces of paper. Candies and trash left outside, are all clues on the ground. He finds a business card for a TAILOR that is advertising business concerning "Wedding Apparel."

*BRENT (V. O.)*

Damn! This is serious! I gotta know if, by chance, *E* wants to marry me.

Brent finds a telephone booth and calls the phone number on the tailor's business card.

*BRENT*

Hi, this is Brent Weston. Do you know anything about a wedding concerning *E*?

*TAILOR (in a foreign accent)*

I am afraid I cannot help you. Let me get (*Jane Doe*). Maybe she can help you.

*JANE DOE*

Hello?

*BRENT*

My name is Brent Weston. Are you working on a wedding dress for *E*?

*JANE DOE*

Can you repeat that please?

*BRENT*

My name is Brent Weston, and I think I am supposed to be marrying *E*. I want to know if you are working on her dress.

*JANE DOE*

I not sure what you mean. I not think I can help.

*BRENT*

Okay, I'm sorry.

Brent gets on the bus. The bus will only take him part way, and he has to walk a

ways to *E*'s place. She lives just off of Clairmont and North Druid Hills. While walking, *E* drives by in her car. She stops the car and rolls down the window.

*E.*  
Where have you been? You are over an hour late.

Brent jumps in the car.

### **INT. BAKERY ----- DAY**

Looking from the outside through a window at a bakery, Brent and *E* are talking at a table. Their voices are silent. [Cut to the inside of the bakery.] Brent pulls out the change in his pocket. He has a round, metal washer amongst the coins. *E* gently takes it out of his hand.

*E.*  
Curious, where did you get that?

*BRENT*  
I found it along the road. Makes me feel like I have an extra penny in my pocket. You know I'm doing the poor artist gig right now. I'm too broke to even be in a relationship. Think I should make that into a piece of jewelry? Possibly a ring?

*E.*  
Maybe. I'm not sure what to do with it, but I understand the poor artist thing.

*E* hands the washer back to Brent.

### **INT. BACK AT BRENT'S ROOM ----- NIGHT TIME**

Brent is standing staring out the window at the darkenesses. [WEDDING BELLS, chime faintly... as if from an ancient European cathedral.] One of the neighbor's roosters crows three times around two o'clock in the morning. [It is much louder than the bells.]

*BRENT*  
Damn Roosters! And bells! I should have had the moxie to ask her!

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I have no money, but she may have this already planned out somehow. Bells. Those are original. Someone is having a church service at two in the morning? No way. This is bizarre. Could it be a wedding? No way! Not much has made sense today. It's *E*, it's gotta be. She doesn't always make sense. She thinks beyond me and sees what I don't. Is she calling me from the church up Moreland? God, she's the only one I'd marry. She IS smart enough to pull off all this. I just need the courage to show up!

*BRENT*  
I love you *E*.

Brent looks at the paintings and their tiny details, forgetting about his Patron sponsored restaurant series.

[Insert image #13]

[Insert image #14]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

The bells? It is 2am; this is not happening. I've got to know! I'm going down there to check!

He jumps up barefoot, journal in hand, to take a look. He is rushing with adrenalin. His hair is still disheveled.

### **EXT. BRENT'S RENTED HOUSE ----- NIGHT**

As the bells continue to ring, Brent hurries out of the house, turns right, and runs down the street.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Could this be it! Oh my God. I cannot believe it. Goodbye virginity.

### **EXT. CHURCH ----- NIGHT**

He stops in front of a yellow church. No one is there. There are bells ringing, but there are no church-bells on this church. He looks at the empty parking lot.

*BRENT*

Okay?

*BRENT (V. O.)*

Shit, I am now confused. The wedding bells are real, but just a clue that I'm getting married? Or at least someone is.

The bells have now stopped ringing.

*BRENT*

I heard those bells! Where are y'all?

He turns left and walks, forgetting about the bells. He is still holding his journal in his left hand very tightly.

*BRENT (V. O.)*

Whatever the case, I can't wait to show *E* my poems.

**EXT. GRANT PARK ----- NIGHT**

A man on a mission, he walks down the sidewalk scouring everything in sight for any clues. He finds nothing out of the normal except some black charcoaled wood on the tip of a white, painted line in the parking lot. He interprets this as a long cigarette. He hears a human making a BIRD WHISTLE, coming from somewhere in the park.

*BRENT (V. O.)*

Bells? And now a human's whistle? *T!* He's in my inner circle, and I trust him. He would definitely be at my wedding. He makes that whistle sound while goofing around. Of course! The park, a great place to get married. *E!* God, this is a big park.

A few homeless men glance his way -  
Brent jogs through the park, past men on benches under newspapers -  
Bird whistles continue in the trees -  
Halfway down a hill -  
He trips, rolls the rest of the way down, and bounces to a stop -  
No wedding party -  
He catches his breath and sees part of a sign that says "ATLANTA ZOO."  
He now hears chatter and a group singing hymns in the distance.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Interesting. *E* does like animals. Okay. If they are having a service in there, I AM curious. Plus, I am willing to get married in the zoo in the middle of the night, if she is. How do I get in? She IS creatively crazy, but I like it.

**EXT. ZOO ----- NIGHT**

Brent climbs easily over the front gate of the zoo with his journal. He wanders past elephants, zebras, and giraffes. He picks some flowers off a tree that is possibly a Magnolia. He squats in front of a black statue of an adult lioness and her cubs. He sets down his journal next to the lioness.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Hmmmm. How many children will we have?

Brent counts as he lays the flowers in a circle around the statue and sits down.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Yes, possibly five.

He grins slowly and laughs nervously.

*BRENT*

Five kids. I'll be a good dad if I can just sell some artwork.

He stands up.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

No kids without the wedding first.

He resumes his wandering and pauses at the monkey cage. Their hands snag his attention. He looks at his own hands, and is surprised to find them empty.

*BRENT*  
My journal!?

A SECURITY GUARD steps out of the shadows.

*SECURITY GUARD*  
Can I help you!?

*BRENT*  
Yes. Have you seen my fiancée?

*SECURITY GUARD*  
Son, what are you talking about? What are you doing in here?

*BRENT*  
I'm looking for my fiancé, and I think I am gettin' married!

*SECURITY GUARD*  
How did you get in here?

*BRENT*  
I climbed the front fence.

*SECURITY GUARD*  
Let's go for a walk.

*BRENT*  
Okay? But I gotta go back and get my journal first.

*SECURITY GUARD*  
No, you don't.

*BRENT*  
'Course I do. It has over a year's worth of personal stuff in it, and some of my best poems. I know exactly where I left it.

*SECURITY GUARD*  
I gotta escort you out of here.

*BRENT*  
Well, when you find it, it's back by the black lion. Will you leave it at the ticket gate? Please? I'll stop back by tomorrow and get it.

*SECURITY GUARD*  
Okay. There are a lot of drugs in this neighborhood. What kind did you take?

*BRENT*  
No, I have never had any drugs. Remember the journal!

The security guard unlocks the gate and escorts Brent out of the zoo. He looks at the fence and points to Grant Park.

*SECURITY GUARD (laughing)*

You should look for your fiancé over there. I thought I heard bells a few minutes ago. They seemed to be coming from that direction.

*BRENT*

You heard them, too. I already looked there, no luck, but thanks though.

The security guard watches, stupefied, as Brent shuffles through the parking lot. The security guard walks back inside the zoo locking the gate firmly behind him.

### **EXT. ZOO PARKING LOT ----- NIGHT**

Brent stops beside the two nice cars parked in the zoo parking lot. One is black; one is white.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Wedding presents? They could have hid them better. I'll take them, though. Black and white. I get the black one. No, no, no, no, no. *E* can pick first. Wonder where the keys are?

He searches under and around the cars for the keys. No luck.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I don't get it, Lord.

### **EXT. GRANT PARK ----- NIGHT**

Brent wanders back through the park and sits on a bench beside an OLD MAN.

*BRENT*

Have you seen a wedding party around here?

*OLD MAN*

What is the bride's name?

*BRENT*

*E.*

*OLD MAN*

*E?* Nope. Haven't seen *E.*

*BRENT*

Thanks.

Brent approaches a MEXICAN LADY with a newspaper. She is wandering the park, too.

*BRENT*  
Have you seen a wedding party?

*MEXICAN LADY*  
Buenas noches.

*BRENT*  
Have you seen my fiancé?

*MEXICAN LADY*  
Olah.

*BRENT*  
Olah?

*MEXICAN LADY*  
Si!

She gives him the comics section of her newspaper.

*BRENT*  
Is this for me? Are there clues in here that will tell me where the wedding is to be?

*MEXICAN LADY*  
Si. Si.

*BRENT*  
Excellent! Gracias!

The lady smiles. Brent walks away trying to decipher the comics; however, he is hardly able to concentrate.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
This is confusing, and no clues are in here. Nothing but riddles.

He drops the comics to the ground and goes to the public tennis courts. He invents his own game with objects placed on the court. It is as if, within the grid of the court, there are geometric hotspots that he is trying to find. Later, he sees a hubcap on the ground, picks it up, and carries it back home.

### **INT. BRENT'S HOUSE ----- EARLY MORNING**

It is dark outside, and one of Brent's ROOMMATES is still awake.

*BRENT*  
I'll trade you this hubcap for information on where I can get my fiancé an inexpensive but creative wedding ring. I'm kind of in a hurry.

ROOMMATE  
How about Little Five Points.

Brent gives him the hubcap.

BRENT  
Thank you. Why did I not think about that?

ROOMMATE  
What the hell is the hubcap for?

BRENT  
There is something huge going on. Just remember the circle is a sign of infinite unity, like a ring. Even in *Lord of the Rings*, remember the importance of a little circle... Mandalas of all shapes and sizes, too, have a symbolic meaning in many different cultures... Any particular shop in Little Five?

ROOMMATE  
There are plenty of shops, but they aren't open now. When you do go, be sure to get it large enough to fit her finger.

BRENT  
Good info.

ROOMMATE  
Who ya marrin'?

BRENT  
It is a long story.

ROOMMATE  
Is this a "big event," or you eloping?

BRENT  
Honestly, I am a little confused about the whole thing myself.

**EXT. GRANT PARK ----- SUNRISE**

Brent exits his house and walks back to the street exhausted, hopeless.

[DEPECHE MODE'S *Higher Love* is playing on his CD.]

BRENT  
I am tired. Where are y'all? I'm about done looking.

A RUNNER, dressed in black and white, sprints past Brent, dog in tow. His full face is hidden, but his visible lips move.

RUNNER  
Stone Mountain.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Why did that runner say that and keep on running? The mountain is a long way from here. Stone Mountain would be the perfect place! The tip-top of the mountain. We both have good memories there. We have climbed it many times.

He looks down at his dirty feet.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Must get my sandals.

### **INT. PUBLIC BUS ----- DAY**

Brent is now wearing his Jesus-looking river sandals, plaid cotton shorts, and a thin tank top that says "Hydra Greece" under a purple octopus wearing sunglasses. He has his Georgia Tech backpack, some food, his Bible, and a Swiss Army knife. He sits in the front of a bus. A woman in a black and white suit is first to get on the bus. Brent briefly stares at the woman, puzzled.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Half the city is involved in helping me get to our wedding?

### **EXT. BASE OF STONE MOUNTAIN ----- DAY**

Brent kneels down in front of a black and white sign at the base of the mountain. He arranges several rocks in the shape of an "E," then removes some chicken from his backpack and places it amongst the "E."

*BRENT (V.O.)*

*E*, are you "chicken?"

He starts up the mountain.

### **EXT. TRAIL UP THE MOUNTAIN ----- DAY**

Along the way, he sees a bong on the ground; Brent has never done illegal drugs. He removes some grapes from his backpack and stuffs them in the bong. He also sticks a large log, at an upward angle, in the brick grill half way up the mountain. He starts to feel dizzy in the heat of the sun.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I am going to make it. *E*, just give me a little more time.

He continues on and goes off the path into the shade of some trees. He pauses to pull out his small NIV Bible. He sits, hidden away from the path, to rest. He sees a very little bush/plant, with fire red and orange leaves. He thinks they are discolored for this time of year. He makes a small crown of thorns out of sticks and lays it on the ground. The leaves that had already fallen off the bush are poked onto the thorns. A breeze soothes his sweaty face. He opens the Bible to Ezekiel and skims verses already underlined.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Lord, where I go, I see patterns that involve people. A lot of people, all across the city! The patterns are also tied to a marriage motif. Is this going to be a wedding as large as an Old Testament story?

Immediately, a dove lands on a low branch two feet above Brent's head. Her feet are still as she scouts the territory. She walks to her nest a little ways down the branch. Brent is close to tears watching the dove within her nest, five feet from him. The timing to his question seems too synchronistic. He goes on to read prophetic words from Ezekiel.

After a long rest, he continues on up the mountain. He hears an airplane and feels like the airplane is hovering overhead. He looks up at an airplane in the sky, searching for its flight path to Hartsfield International Airport.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

The day will come when they have technology to see me from up there. If this is as huge as I think, my privacy will be gone. No reason to hide; it would not work anyway.

Brent continues up the mountain. He pauses before a rock. There is a large face carved into the rock. THREE KIDS watch as Brent puts green sod on top of the rock's "head" and a cigarette butt in its "mouth." The kids just see a textured rock and not the face. The parents see the face.

*KIDS*

What are you doing?

*BRENT*

I'm giving him green hair.

The parents point out the face, and the kids run off laughing.

*PARENTS*

Why did you put a cigarette in his mouth?

Brent does not answer, feeling somewhat ashamed.

### **EXT. MOUNTAINTOP ----- DAY**

As Brent reaches the top, he feels an overwhelming sense of white and yellow from the sun, as if the light has penetrated and gone right through him. He looks at the sun and then his own body, it seems a transparent bright yellow. He blanks for a minute, and then crawls under the guardrail fence. He tosses the rest of his chicken over the side of the half-dome, granite mountain.

*BRENT*

E, I am not chicken.

He staggers when he heaves the chicken. On that side of the fence, if he falls, he dies. He crawls back under the fence and walks across the top. Still no wedding party.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

For the first time, I feel something really evil. Something IS evil here.

He sees strange words written in house paint directly on the granite. It talks weirdly about a cross.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Is this where the KKK used to burn crosses? Maybe it is some pagan ceremonial place. I'm picking up bad vibes.

#### **EXT. MOUNTAINTOP BUILDING ----- DAY**

After wandering in and around the architecture at the top of the moonlike mountain, Brent props open a lower, unused door. He builds a large sculpture in the middle. It looks like a military tank to him. He throws some M&M's he found on the ground, in the trajectory of the turret. He leaves the sculpture and approaches a lone, desolate, glass tower, which sits on the back edge of the mountain. People come and go in the adjacent buildings while the tower is locked. He wanders around the back.

#### **EXT. GLASS TOWER ----- DAY**

The glass radio tower has caught Brent's eye. It is five to six stories. Brent steps closer and sees a broken window at knee level. The original window frame is very large. The broken section is a vertical slit about 9 inches across and 2 feet high. Other vertical cracks surround the opening. [We see an abstract vagina in the opening and surrounding cracks.] Torn black paper flutters off parts of the edges of glass. Brent sits in front of the opening for an extra long time.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

*The Fountainhead* - Roark finishes breaking a marble fire place mantelpiece that Dominique had purposefully scratched. Doesn't Roark end up raping Dominique in the book not long afterwards? I am not Roark. Lord, help me here. I'm a virgin. If I go through that glass, am I metaphorically raping someone? E's not a virgin. This is going to be a metaphorical loss of my virginity. What would E want? WHY am I even thinking this way? Maybe E is saying I need to go through to get to the wedding. This is MESSED UP! I am going up to the helicopter! This is also the chance to see and go beyond Paul's dim, "dark glass."

[There is a very faint HELICOPTER noise.]

A clean cut, middle-aged MAN IN A WHEEL CHAIR, rolls up beside Brent. Brent looks at him and thinks that he looks like a decorated war veteran.

*MAN IN A WHEEL CHAIR*

Are you thinking what I am thinking?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
You want to get in there too, don't you?

*BRENT*  
Would you go through that window if you could?

Man in wheel chair does not answer.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
You can't, but I can. In fact, I could do it for you.

Brent picks at the broken glass. He slowly wiggles a large section out of the frame.

*MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR*  
That is some pretty sharp stuff.

*BRENT*  
I will be careful.

Brent gently removes more broken glass from the large frame. The man looks at him and wheels away.

*MAN IN WHEEL CHAIR (muttering)*  
Where's responsibility these days.

Brent notices the man wheel off.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
It must be difficult for a man in a wheel chair on the mountain.

He continues his work, quite good indeed, with the glass.  
[The helicopter noise slowly grows.]

*BRENT*  
I'm coming! Just give me a minute to get up to the top of the tower.

[Pan the top of the tower and the sky around it.] There is no helicopter, only a bird soaring in the currents. Brent removes enough glass and PREPARES to go in.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Well! Who else can say they got picked up by a helicopter to go to their wedding?

[The helicopter noise steadily grows louder.] He looks left, feeling the stare of POLICEMAN #1, who stands around the corner looking at him through the glass.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Why are you not stopping me?

Policeman #1 doesn't move.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Cool. Thanks for understanding.

Brent looks again at the policeman. He slowly lifts his left leg over a low pane of glass. The policeman sees him enter the glass tower. Their eyes meet. The policeman walks off. As Brent's foot touches down inside the tower, everything goes BRIGHT WHITE.

*BRENT (Screaming, crying as loud as one can)*  
E! E! E! I'm here! I'm here!

[Slowly, the white dissolves.] Brent reappears, now standing inside the tower. His hair is disheveled, his face swollen with tears. He stares up the inside steps that lead to the top. He is still crying.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Is intellectual intercourse before marriage really okay? It doesn't feel right to me. YET... E, has me for life.

*BRENT*  
E! I LOVE YOU!

His gaze falls on equipment in the corner of the tower.

[Its volume meter rises and falls with Brent's voice.]

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
They're broadcasting me live on the radio. This has gone too far.

*BRENT (yelling)*  
This is too personal!

### **EXT. TOWER ----- DAY**

Policeman #1 and #2 run toward the tower.

### **INT. TOWER ----- DAY**

Brent races up the stairs hearing the helicopter. At the top is a room. He is met with a locked, storm-glass door attached to a huge plank of black, painted wood.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
More glass?

*BRENT*  
I'm almost there! Keep waiting!

The glass door is intact. He tries gently taking the door off its hinges with his Swiss Army Knife. That does not work. He starts to unscrew the frame holding the door to the wood. [There are footsteps and voices at the bottom of the tower.] Brent freezes.

He looks at the men in blue. Brent panics. Hemmed in, he puts his Jesus-sandaled foot through the glass. It shatters into fine beads. The wood plank does not budge.

*BRENT*  
Come on. Come on.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
This looks like a stage set up. No reason for a storm door on a flat piece of wood... and the way it broke?

He bangs his foot against the wood again and again, to no avail. The policemen reach the top of the stairs, guns drawn.

*POLICEMAN #1*  
FREEZE! Put your hands in the air!

Brent freezes, and puts his hands up.

[Insert image #15]

*BRENT*  
The helicopter has come to take me to my wedding. I have to find a way through the wood so I can get out there. The helicopter is landing.

The policemen do not hear a helicopter.

*POLICEMAN #1*  
You hear a helicopter right now?

*BRENT*  
Yes. It is about a hundred feet from our heads.

[Insert image #16]

Policeman #2 opens up his handcuffs. Brent offers his hands without any resistance.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
*E!* I am here for you!

As he is cuffed, he looks down at the sparkling glass beads on the floor.

*BRENT*  
Isn't that beautiful!?

*POLICEMAN #1*  
Is what beautiful?

*BRENT*  
Any of those would make the perfect ring for *E*. I don't think she would mind glass instead of a diamond.

*POLICEMAN #2*  
You have a lot to figure out, son.

*POLICEMAN #1*  
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say...

**EXT. MOUNTAINTOP ----- DAY**

They escort Brent past an extra long line of people who are waiting for the gondola down the mountain. Brent rides down the mountain with only the two policemen.

*POLICEMAN #2*  
Do you understand your rights?

*BRENT (completely seriously)*  
No. I – I – no – could you repeat them please? I'm not quite sure what's going on here.

**INT. DEKALB COUNTY COURTROOM ----- DAY**

People fill half of the courtroom space. The policemen walk Brent in. Brent looks around excitedly.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
All you folks wanted to help me find the wedding! And you were all willing to break a few rules too, weren't ya! E's mom is rich; she's probably got over a million dollars.

Brent raises his voice.

*BRENT*  
Hey everybody! I know someone who will pay our bail bonds.

*POLICEMAN # 1*  
Hush!

*JUDGE*  
Order.

*BRENT*  
She's loaded. She will help us ALL out.

*POLICEMAN #2*  
Be quiet.

*BRENT*  
I know you all are trying to help me. Even the police are in on it.

*JUDGE*  
You, young man, are in contempt of my court. Get him out of the courtroom.

The police lead him out. Brent's eyes linger on an overhead light in the courtroom. [The light's intensity grows.] Behind the light, he sees himself and *E* holding hands. They are clothed only in light. He's mesmerized in a kind of afterglow. He does not remember exiting the courtroom. The policemen haul him out into the atrium. Brent notices cameras for the first time in the corners of the ceiling.

[Insert image #17]

*BRENT (screaming)*  
IT IS FINISHED. IT IS FINISHED!

[Insert image #18]

### **EXT. JAIL ----- DAY**

Brent twists his wrists. The handcuffs are tight, and the policemen walk him out the entrance of the building. The handcuffs are tearing his wrists.  
[There is the sound of another helicopter.]

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Shit! We're getting married in jail, AND I am on trial for going through a window... all for my love of *E*! I am on trial for LOVE. Love for *E* versus the State of Georgia. Well, it's not going to just the local court. I will have to take it to the State Supreme Court. How do I get it there? I MUST emphasize my position for love.

The police back him up against a huge window while handcuffed. Brent hears a helicopter, and sees the landing pad on the roof of the police building. In a flash, Brent slams his foot through the huge, thick, glass window next to the Courthouse door.

*POLICEMAN #1*  
Shit! Ahhh, man. What'd you do that for?

Brent pauses for a short time.

*BRENT*  
It's obvious.

*POLICEMAN #1*  
WHAT is obvious?

*BRENT*  
You know, I'm emphasizing my position on LOVE versus the State.

*POLICEMAN #1 (to policeman #2)*  
You hearin' this?

*POLICEMAN #2*  
Dude's nuts, man! And how we going to explain this one!?

*BRENT*  
Nuts? I'm just trying to get to a higher court.

*POLICEMAN #2*  
Would you shut up!

*POLICEMAN #1*  
Son, can you remember what drugs you took and about how long ago? I'd certainly like to know. It could help us better understand.

*BRENT (feeling angry for the first time)*  
I don't do drugs.

### **INT. JAIL CHECK-IN ----- DAY**

The same two policemen lead him back inside to the check-in area. He sits in a chair. One policeman stands on his left, one on his right. Brent glances at his very dirty and slightly bloody feet. There are shards of glass in his sandals. An African American lady slowly kneels down at Brent's feet and removes his sandals. He unsuccessfully fights tears as she washes his feet with a bucket of water and antiseptic. They fingerprint him and take his photo.

### **INT. JAIL PHONE ----- DAY**

*BRENT (in a normal tone of voice)*  
Do I get a phone call?

Brent holds a phone to his ear while cuffed.  
[Sound of phone RINGING.]

*E. (O.S.)*  
Hello?

*BRENT*  
Hey *E.* It's Brent. You are not going to believe this. I'm in jail. Will you still marry me?

*E. (O.S.)*  
Brent?

*BRENT*  
Yes.

*E. (O.S.)*  
What are you doing in jail?

*BRENT*  
I followed the clues for the wedding.

*E. (O.S.)*  
Brent! You are not in jail, and you didn't just ask me to marry you? This is a joke, right?

*BRENT*  
No. It is very real. Is our marriage actually going to be at the jail?

*E. (O.S.)*  
What are you talking about?

A hand removes the phone from Brent's ear.

*BRENT (shouting)*  
They are making me get off the phone. I'll stay in contact with you! I love you!

[Insert image #19]

### **INT. TINY CELL ----- DAY**

Brent holds jail clothes. He has to totally strip, and is now barefoot. He glances at the single, small, smoky window in the cell. His "new" sandals are actually well used.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
A little privacy would be nice.

He reluctantly starts to change. The uniform is solid dark, midnight, policeman blue. The pants fit loosely, but the shirt is very tight. Its shoulders are way up and don't hang down normally. On the shirt, in white, is written "DEKALB COUNTY" and underneath that, "JAIL." Under the word JAIL, is an inch circular, wide dot. He has no underwear. Someone opens a slit in the door and slides a tray of food inside. He takes a tiny bite.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Basic, but this will have to tide me over until the wedding.

He looks up at the grill covering the air-conditioning vent. There is a small piece of paper folded up. It is part of a torn letter.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
This is similar to finding the list of songs in the drainpipe.

He smiles and puts the paper in his pocket. He is unable to concentrate on the small writing.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
No one but *E* would send me notes in jail.

He finishes eating. Someone with a cart passes the outside of the cell. A small piece of paper is stuck under the door. It has letters and symbols, a possible incomplete key to Morse Code. Brent hears CHILDREN LAUGHING behind the window.

*CHILDREN'S VOICES*

Brent. Brent. Tell us your story, your love for E.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

They cannot hear me in here. They are going to bring children into the room opposite this window? I am going to have to break this window so they can hear me on the other side.

He grabs his food tray and smashes it against the previously cracked window. The window will not break, nor will the tray.

*UNKNOWN VOICE (in Brent's mind)*

Are you going to fight for your love?

He smashes the tray harder. The window will not crack any further. It is soon a war, and he loses himself in the fight. He feels the walls of the cell shake. The jail is moving. Someone passes outside the door and says, "God, you are making noise on the other side of the complex." Brent thinks he has broken his hand. He kicks the window with his bare foot, but to no avail. Tears fall. The children's cheers fade. He gives up all hope of ever working with kids. He falls against the window, breathing heavily, and slides down the wall until he's lying on the floor. He feels trapped, and stares at the jail's impenetrable window. His hands are wrapped around the round stool bolted to floor, as if grasping a steering wheel.

**INT. CAR ----- LATE NIGHT ----- FLASHBACK**

Brent has just been in a near fatal traffic accident with his college friend, and is trapped. Brent is sitting in shock, staring out the car's front window from the driver's side. The window is dark, cracked, and crunched like a horrible fortune cookie. Like tears, the rain is slowly dripping down the outside of the glass. He hears voices of people asking if he is okay. He can't comprehend them. There is a vague memory of looking at a house through the window. Nobody is home at that late hour. The house is dark.

**INT. TINY CELL ----- DAY**

His eyes fixate on the wall and suddenly he quiets. He slides his fingertips across the wall and down the floor.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

You're watching me, aren't you? Who are you? You've censored the walls and the floor. You can feel the heat of my touch.

He writes, "I love you E," on the floor with his finger.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

You know exactly what I'm writing, don't you?

He writes, "Evil can't win," with his finger.  
[KEYS JINGLE as footsteps pass by his cell.]

*BRENT (V.O.) (smiling)*  
My friend, I will call you Saint Peter the sheriff. Why do you have so many keys?

**INT. TINY CELL ----- DAY ----- "FANTASY SEQUENCE"**

Brent sees the cell wall as a canvas. He decides to go for an imaginary walk. His hand paints a house in vibrant colors.

STREET  
Brent sees a magnolia tree.

TINY CELL  
A hand paints a magnolia tree.

STREET  
Brent looks left just in time to see a hand peeling an orange. He looks up at the face, but the body has already walked past him. All he can see is her back.

TINY CELL  
A hand paints an orange.

STREET  
As Brent strains for any sign of the woman, the sky clouds up and rain falls slowly. Brent hears each individual drop.

TINY CELL  
The drops continue to plop, as his finger tips paint them on the wall and floor. He notices the temperate differences on the individual walls. The air currents from the vent seem like swirls in a Van Gogh painting.

**INT. TINY CELL ----- DAY/NIGHT UNKNOWN ----- END "FANTASY SEQUENCE"**

Over the house, tree, orange, and wall of rain, Brent draws a purple "E" with his hand. Brent steps back, admires his handiwork. We see nothing on the wall. Brent knocks on his cell door.

*BRENT*  
I have to pee.

No response. He writes, "I have to pee," in red paint. No response.

*BRENT*  
Y'all going to let me out to pee, or you gonna sit there and make me suffer?

Again, he writes in red on the wall, "I have to pee." Again, nothing. Much time goes by as he continues knocking.

*BRENT*  
This is not fair.

He eyes a milk carton on the floor.

LATER

The carton sits on top of the tray in a corner, full.

[A door SHUTTING and LOCKING is heard. In another FLASH, a PISTOL is FIRING. {possibly at a firing range} In another FLASH, there is a HAMMER POUNDING a nail into a hand.]

*BRENT*

Lord, what am I doing here? Noises here seem evil.

Brent cowers in a corner. He draws a symbol for the noises on the floor. The air-conditioning kicks on, making him jolt.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Fresh air; my good friend.

Brent draws what he imagines is the air-conditioning piping system. Positive emotions of having cool air soon fade. He starts shivering uncontrollably. He draws snowflakes on the wall, huddles up in a corner, and puts his ear to the floor.

[Insert image #20]

SOUNDS bombard Brent: doors closing, locks clicking, footsteps slapping, carts rolling, keys jingling. While shivering, Brent draws a symbol on the floor for each sound. The sounds repeat faster.

[Insert image #21]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

There are unique codes for different people.

Brent's mind is dancing with, what he perceives as, 50 distinct sounds. He stops drawing with his finger; only his ear moves, ever so slightly.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

My ear is my paintbrush. I use it to dance around the sounds, organizing them, creating art.

A bird chirps very faintly. Brent assumes it to be blue. Brent takes solace in the friendly bird, and draws a musical note. He hears a different chirp slowly growing louder. It is definitely a Cardinal. The Cardinal noise soon mixes with silent, sexual, energy waves.

[Insert image #22]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Cardinal, is your noise made by a man? Most seductive, most intelligent, most evil of all the noises. Where are you locked up? You sound far away. Is it possible to communicate amongst cells?

Brent, confused, senses a growing evil within the sound. Sexual intensity and vibrations continually fill the cell. The Cardinal chirps again, and Brent is about to explode.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

What is that, a mating call? Are you calling me? I'm not available. I will wait for an eventual time with E. You have no business in my space. Feel my heart beat faster and more beautiful than your song.

[Insert image #23]

Brent's heart is pounding loud and fast. Brent's outer appearance is not moving at all. He is caught in a state of suspension, and feels in command of his heartbeat. It finally slows as he wards off the sexual waves of energy. The pace of rhythm slows to a tremendous calm, and for what is an unknown time, Brent feels okay within his white cell, as if some monster had just been avoided. He feels shielded, as consciousness between each heart beat seems like 5 seconds.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

My heart is my paintbrush. And I can paint like the wind.

[Insert image #24]

**INT. "GREENHOUSE" ----- DAY ----- FLASHBACK** *(to where Brent lived years before)*

Brent's friend, MIKE, stops by and wakes Brent from deep slumber. He is on the top bunk and is dazed, not getting up right away. He is caught between dreams and reality. Brent just stares out the window. Mike just looks at Brent and then exits up to the living room. An unknown time later, Brent gets up and goes to the living room, still dazed. He finds his roommates, plus Mike, engrossed in the latest episode of *Star Trek: the Next Generation*. The episode is titled, *Frame of Mind*.

*ROOMMATE #1*

Lieutenant Riker is imprisoned within his own brain!

Brent looks towards a part eaten sandwich on the table.

*BRENT*

Isn't he "Second in Command" aboard the *Enterprise*?

*ROOMMATE #2*

Not at the current moment. Psychological levels within his own consciousness are being controlled by a mind alternating machine in the hands of a mad politician.

*ROOMMATE #3*

We are having a difficult time distinguishing Riker's conscious realities.

*TV.*

"Riker, just calm down!"

*BRENT (whispering to Mike)*  
Is it Riker, or my roommates, being controlled by a machine?

*RIKER (from the TV screams)*  
What's REEEAL!?

Brent pretends to be recouping from sleep. During the next commercial, he echoes the scream softly. He shakes his head and badgers Mike.

*BRENT (seriously, but jokingly)*  
"What is real?"

Nobody answers except for the TV commercial man selling the new Q Infinity car.

*Q INFINITY MAN*  
"... Q Infinity"

Brent stares directly at the eyes of his roommates.

*BRENT (howling)*  
What is real? WHAT IS REEEAL?

Mike with his thick, long black hair and trimmed beard, takes notice, and slowly turns towards Brent with weird, strange, and subtle facial expressions. Brent's eyes widen and his eyebrows furl, making for a double take. Mike has surprised him. Brent has been phased and transported into a show that he actually does like.

*BRENT*  
Okay, Mike. You got me. I'm now warped into the show.  
Quickly catch me up with more details.

Brent is hooked into a machine until Riker is not. The show is soon over.

*BRENT*  
Hey Mike, I am hungry, and I have a "written" paper due for Painting I. I have to critique a gallery.

*MIKE*  
I didn't wake you up just to watch *Star Trek*. Want to go to Cafe Diem?

*BRENT*  
I can't afford to get into the High Museum. There are some paintings at Cafe Diem, aren't there?

*MIKE*  
And some painted tables too. I'll buy ya beer, if you want.

*BRENT*  
I'm in! I will call *E* and see if she wants to go.

Mike smirks.

*BRENT*

Why not? You have been asking about her, and she has been asking about you.

*MIKE*

Calling *E* is YOUR idea.

*BRENT*

Yeah, you bet! Besides, I've got this PAPER to write. Y'all can do most of the talking. It's what you want, isn't it?

### **INT. CAFE DIEM ----- EVENING**

Cafe Diem is in Virginia Highlands. It has a sidewalk European flair. All the inside, round tables are painted differently. *E* walks in and meets up with Mike and Brent.

*MIKE*

Maybe my favorite table will be open.

Mike grins and points.

*BRENT*

That's your table?

Mike steers Brent and *E* to the table. It is round, nuovo, modern pastel pink and blue dots, on a grey background.

*MIKE*

What's wrong with it?

*BRENT*

Nothing. Kitsch has its place. Think it matches the adobe tiled floor?

*E.*

I LIKE this table. GOOD choice, Mike.

*E* looks at Mike intently, and Mike looks at Brent with a sarcastic smile.

*E* is still looking at Mike.

*E.*

Have you ever eaten here? What do you recommend to eat?

Brent makes a goofy face as he looks at Mike.

*MIKE*

The chicken salad croissant and grapes are pretty good.

Waiter in vogue arrives with glasses of water.

*WAITER*

Can I start you with something else to drink? Coffee? Wine?

*E.*

What wine would you recommend with the chicken salad croissants?

*WAITER*

*(unknown name of wine)*; it's French.

*E* smiles and nods.

*E.*

Perfect, that's a Bordeaux.

*MIKE*

I'd like a Stella Artois.

*BRENT*

Hmmmm? I need a few more minutes.

Mike and *E* start talking about the weekly Bible study they all are a part of.

*E.*

Mike, I've got some concerns about the teachings regarding women and the church.

Brent slowly scans the room with a quick look at the art hanging from the walls. Brent looks at *E*.

*BRENT*

Haven't you and I already talked about this.

*E* just stares at Brent.

Brent smiles and winks at *E*.

*E*, without any hesitation or response, turns back to Mike.

*E.*

Do you think women can have a pastoral or an organizational leadership role within the church, i.e. Perimeter Ministries International or PCA?

Waiter returns with drinks.

*BRENT*

I'll take the roast beef and banana slices and a bottled Coca-Cola. Oh, if you have an extra pen and napkins, I would appreciate it as well.

WAITER (*smiles*)  
Sure!

E stills the conversation as pen and paper napkins are quietly slipped in front of Brent. She swirls her wine.

E.  
This will be really good with dinner.

Brent is eager to look at the art; he doesn't want to start a new conversation about wine. He is not aware of E's curiosity of the pen and paper.

BRENT  
Y'all, is it okay if I check out of the conversation for awhile?  
Besides, I don't know much about wine. I need to take some notes about the art on the walls here. I have a WRITTEN paper for Painting I?! It's already way overdue. It's suppose to be from a gallery visit, but here will have to do.

E seems a little disappointed as her and Mike's food arrives.

E. and MIKE  
No problem.

BRENT  
Sweet!

E.  
Mike, I think PCA has got it wrong.

Brent stares at the art around the room. He slowly and disappointedly analyzes all the paintings in the room. Taking notes on the napkins as he goes, he looks at the hues, textures, tinctures, opacities, and intensities.

BRENT (*mumbling to himself*)  
These painting vocab words are missing the point.

[There is a guitarist] The scent of coffee reminds him of Bordeaux. The fashions dancing around are not typical for Atlanta. Bones take on the beat of the strum of the guitar. There is a fan and a wonderful kitsch painting of a big coffee cup, behind the cash register. Brent is mesmerized by the whirling fan, and the sounds of the cash register begin to drown out peripheral perception. Brent retreats into the recesses of his mind. E and Mike have been talking about a new topic, but Brent doesn't know what.

BRENT (*interrupting excitedly*)  
Look at THAT painting!

BRENT points to the large window. On the other side of the glass is a porch, a tree, and people sitting. [The porch is dark with a light shining up into the tree.]

E. (*excited*)  
What are you talking about?

BRENT

Come on! Look at that painting... the WINDOW! It's alive. It's REAL, dammit! Conversations are only visual and cannot be heard. They hint at stories that have no end... what a strange mark on his arm?

E. (*Smiles*)

I follow! I don't care for that tattoo.

BRENT

Man look at THAAAAAAT HAAAT! Just where do you think she got it?

E.

No telling around here. It's cool!

BRENT

Remember that mushroom hat you were wearing when I first met you "again" at my parent's house? It was way cooler.

MIKE (*jokingly confused*)

Wait, whose hat has what? And whose hat is whose... on whom?

BRENT

The man... his cigarette... is it really burning? The beer in the tall, erect glass... it's half full, while the other half is expressed in the color of his face.

On the other side of the window, a tall, bodacious woman is on the lap of another man whose back is turned. He turns and shows his homely face.

BRENT

She is resting there. Why him? He must have something more than that simple brown coat.

[From below, a ground light illumines the tree, casting people's shadows into the top of the tree.]

E.

Murmurs of love. Maybe that's the topic of conversation.

E smiles and takes a sip of her remaining wine.

BRENT (*pointing at window*)

E, what's that painting by Renoir of everyone outside in a scene kind of similar to that, hats and all?

E.

Oh, you must be talking about *The Luncheon on the Boating Party*. I do believe that was 18... 81.

BRENT

Holy shit! That's it. How do you remember that stuff!

*E.*  
I'm smart, remember!

*BRENT (smiling)*  
You are not even a Fine Arts Major. You must have had Art History.

*E* smiles at Brent.

Brent starts to fidget a little and looks back at the menu to check the price of another bottled Coca-Cola.

*BRENT (looking at Mike)*  
Maybe I'll get a BEER. I still have to look at more of the art on the walls. My paper has to be soooooo long.

*E* and Mike both agree they have time. Mike doesn't remember about buying the beer for Brent. Brent soon forgets too, as he sees the back of the menu. Brent's eyes go wide.

*BRENT*  
Oh my God! *The Luncheon on the Boating Party* is on the back of the menu! Eeeeeee?

*E.*  
What?

*BRENT*  
Did you see that picture on the menu a minute ago?

*E.*  
NO! Did you?

*BRENT*  
I don't know! This is plain luck, Jungian *synchronicity*, or God revealed.

*E.*  
Let's go with synchronicity. Pretty amazing.

*E* winks at Brent. Brent doesn't know how to handle the wink.

*BRENT*  
We will never know.

Brent looks again at the menu. The beer and the bottled Coke cost more than he really wants to spend. Mike is finishing the last of his grapes.

*MIKE*  
We gotta come back here again.

*E* notices Brent is now looking at the art again and taking notes; she prolongs conversation.

*E.*  
Agreed! Mike, what do you think?...

Looking again at the art on the walls, Brent writes on the napkins some final words:

"Left over hippie art, the kind that hinted at old artistic movements without the creative struggle for something new. Surrealisms, 'Whateverisms,' all lacking the wrestle with the demon and the dialogue with the priest. I better stop the negativity, cause I do the same."

*BRENT*  
That's the only painting here not for sale.

He points to the big coffee cup painting behind the register.

*E.*  
I think the owner likes that one. You know, it has a sister painting over there. I like its rose on the piano.

*BRENT*  
Have y'all heard of Richard Roarty and his theory on *dialogue*?  
Does it concern visual language also?

Mike and *E* just stare at Brent.

*BRENT (smiling at E)*  
Come on *E*, you ARE smart.

[Pause] *E* looks directly at Brent.

*E.*  
Brent, is this a gallery, or a CAFE?

*BRENT*  
This table and window is a reality I'm going to have to return to one day.

*MIKE*  
So, how do you like the TABLE?

*E. (looking at Brent seriously, then smiling at Mike)*  
Mike, thank you for the CONVERSATION. (*Subtly*) And the table was a really good choice; we will have to come back again.

Brent just stares out the window.

*BRENT*  
You know, in class, I just did a painting in encaustic of my garage door window from childhood.

*E*  
At GA State, or at GA TECH? I know you have been cross enrolling?

*BRENT*

GA State, the concrete campus. It is my first painting class.

*E.*

You know, I teach English on Tues. and Thursdays. I'm not far from the Art Department. Maybe I can stop by some time.

*BRENT*

I'd like that. Professor Holden is really cool; he also runs a grist mill once a month up in north GA somewhere.

Mike's interest is perked.

*MIKE*

That sounds like a good day trip for a weekend.

*E* smiles.

*E. (seriously)*

Yeah, we should definitely go sometime. But I am going to have to go for now, got PAPERS to grade.

**INT. SMALL JAIL CELL ----- (DAY/NIGHT UNKNOWN)**

[Suddenly, a SLAM, followed by SILENCE, then a strange TONE on the periphery of normal hearing is heard. The tone turns into very fast, interrupting beeps. Electricity is heard, and fluorescent lights are barely vibrating.] Brent's body shivers violently. He is freezing. The frequency of lighting makes Brent squint.

[Insert image #25]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Oh my God! Please, some quiet.

Brent slides over to the other corner, covers his ears, and begins to rock, as waves of energy shudder through him.

*BRENT*

Where's the source? Leave ME alone.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

God, the energy... it's all sexual... they're raping me! They want me to participate!

*BRENT*

I WON'T DO IT!

He smashes a packet of mayonnaise on the door. He then covers his ears with his hands and slides to a different corner. The waves soften.

[Insert image #26]

[Insert image #27]

*BRENT*  
Hope.

The waves settle. Brent is stunned, and looks around the cell. He removes his hands from his ears slowly. All remains silent. He breathes deep.

*BRENT*  
Thank you, God!

[SCRATCHING NOISES comes from the wall.]

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Now, that sounds like E. The sounds seem to match her personality. The scratching sounds like what her pen marks would make on paper... a soft touch. In the upper classes at GA State, weren't they studying sounds made in the process drawing? Personal sound signatures.

He slams his ear against the wall.

*BRENT*  
E? Have they got you locked up, too?

[More scratching.]

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Talk to her. How can I talk to her?

He scratches on the wall, but can not interpret the responsive, new sound.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Brent, that doesn't mean anything.

He writes, "I love you," on the wall with his finger. No response. He draws a line for the word "I", two curved lines for a heart, and a curvy "U".

*BRENT*  
E, what do you want me to do? How can we understand each other?

[More scratching.] He writes, "Talk to me E," on the wall.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Romeo and Juliet in jail.

[Keys jingle] He smiles. GUARD opens the door. Brent smiles.

*GUARD A*  
Let's go.

Brent obeys.

**INT. COMMON CELL E1A ----- DAY**

The door opens into a large, drab, yellow/orangish room filled with dirty bunk-beds, heavy smoke, and approximately twenty inmates. Orange, fluorescent bulbs seem to make the room vibrate. A Guard gives Brent a roll of toilet paper, a towel, and sheets, then escorts him inside. Brent walks to an empty bed in the back on the right. Ashes lay on the uninviting, bare mattress.

[Insert image #28]

His eyes are drawn immediately to the window of the door into the common room.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
That window looks breakable. That doesn't make sense!

The Atlanta Braves are playing on the TV, but the reception cuts in and out. Brent scans the cell studying his new ROOMMATES, a mangy gang of guys. He notices right away a guy with a small radio tied to his headband that covers his right ear. There is no antenna on RADIOMAN'S radio. ROOMMATES are trading "roll-ups" for "moonpies."

Brent feels a beam of light pour down on him from above. It shoots in a straight line down over his head and through his body. It seems to sink into the depths of the floor, taking him with it. He lifts his face up to feel the warmth, but feels like he is in a mental elevator descending into a dark pool of waves. He is sinking into a water web.

JOE, a burly guy in the bed next to Brent, doesn't see the light; the light disappears. Brent brushes the ashes off his bed as best he can, makes it, and crawls in. Brent cannot sleep, as Joe is in bed a few feet away, playing with his own pecker. Brent tries to understand the personality types of the people in the big room. The only person he trusts after a cursory look, is the guy that never moves, except to eat.

LATER

Brent is awakened by an unintelligible mix of profanity and judgment day Bible verses streaming from the mouth of one of his neighbors. This neighbor is locked in an adjoining cell off the main room. The screaming goes on and off for hours. Brent has never heard words in English screamed unconnectedly with so much force or for so long.

*BRENT*  
God, I need some sleep. These guys are really crazy.

Another neighbor in a locked room, stops up his commode. Water, with a turd, flows out from under the door next to Brent's bed. Brent gets up and wanders around the communal cell. He looks at the doors into the other adjoining individual cells. One door opens with "Radioman." He is in charge of the "store."

One door window is surrounded by several men looking in. Brent looks over their shoulders, and he sees a man wearing a white toga made from bed sheets; his body is covered in sores. The man is sitting on a bed doing obscene acts. Fairy like drawings, literally drawn on the walls, cover the dingy, lowlight, orange room that has no windows. Brent sits down to eat at a table bolted to the floor. There are two identical tables. One is smooth, freshly painted without a scratch. The other has years of scratches and carvings in the paint, revealing past colors of the table. Brent thinks the second a tremendous work of art. He goes to study it. His hand traces some of the marks of names, drawings...

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Why fresh paint one table and not the other?

**INT. GA. STATE ART DEPARTMENT ----- DAY ----- FLASHBACK**

Brent is in the painting studio at GA State. His hand is softly following the lines on an art school table that has years of subconscious painting on it. He is in the process of making his own marks on the table. *E* walks through the doors into the art studio. Her hair is long, and she is carrying a very artistic purse. She is wearing heels and looks like someone walking out of Vogue Magazine. She is wearing lime-green and frosted orange. She smiles at Brent excitedly as she walks toward him. Brent stops and watches her approach.

*E.*

Hey Brent, so sorry I'm a little late.

She does not really care about being late.

*BRENT*

It's no problem. How ya doing?

*E.*

Quite well, thank you. What a nice space! The windows are LARGE, and the lighting is GREAT! What you working on?

*BRENT*

Doing what I do I best. I'm painting.

*E.*

So, you are smearing pigments... right onto a school table?

Brent laughs to himself.

*BRENT*

Actually, I am pouring paint on it and using a paint brush.

Brent points to a brush from the side of the table with his wooden paint case. *E* notices the paint box, but doesn't say anything.

*E.*

What's up with the table?

*BRENT*

In Painting I, there are several things I'm working on. Professor Holden sometimes picks up a chair, or a piece of paper or something. Then he looks underneath it without an explanation. I'm pretty sure it has to do with a different way of viewing... asking the CONCEPTUAL question, "What is UNDERNEATH?"... meaning look DEEPER. I cannot help but look at my earlier encaustic painting of my childhood window and feel a little remorse. Under the encaustic is just-bought canvas substratum...

Brent points at the encaustic painting.

*E. (interrupting)*  
The table!?

*BRENT*

I was getting there. The TABLE presents a more rich, alive, and historically laden substratum. The assignment was to do a self-portrait. I have started making marks over these subconscious, and purposeful, paint strokes. Part of ME is engaging the marks that came before me. I also talk with people as they paint on my self-portrait. My argument... part of ME is the dialogue with other people, both verbally and visually.

Brent points to the unintentional, and intentional, marks.

*E.*  
So, you may actually be projecting part yourself onto the table. Is the table you, or PART of you? Are all the projections you? Are YOU just the dialogue?

*BRENT*

Good questions. I'll have to think on these. Does the painted "on" become just a projection of the "self?" When does the painting stop becoming part of the painter? When the actual painting process is stopped, or is it when the creator, or viewer, is no longer engaged with the art?

*E.*

It may always live somewhere in the memory of the artist! Or viewer! Or even on a computer screen!

*BRENT*

Or in God... I'm getting mixed up now. Wish Carl Jung was here. Anyway, I am inviting other people to paint on the table with me... to dialogue in the process, and see where the life of the painting goes, how it affects me, and how it IS me.

*E.*

You are raising some interesting questions about the "self."

*BRENT*

I know. Want to paint?

Without hesitation in her nice teaching clothes.

*E.*  
Pick out some blue and green.

*BRENT*  
You got it.

*E.*  
What kind of paint is this?

*BRENT*  
Acrylic, remember I'm allergic to oil.

*E.*  
Looks like the top is almost finished. Any room "underneath?"

Brent looks puzzled.

*BRENT*  
I'll turn it over and get you some brushes.

*E.*  
Forget the brushes! Squeeze some paint out on a palette.

Brent's eyes widen as he turns the table over.

*BRENT*  
Okay?

*E* proceeds to take her hands and dip them directly into the acrylic paint. She rubs her hands on the underside of the table.

[Insert image #30]

When she is done, she looks at the paint case.

*E.*  
Bet they haven't seen a paint case like that in Painting I. Have you named it?

*BRENT*  
Nope, but it IS one of a kind.

### **INT. ORANGE COMMON CELL E1A ----- DAY**

The architecture gives off noises like a belly of a dragon. Radioman, a muscular African American, joins Brent at the "carved into" table. He blows smoke directly into Brent's face. Brent coughs.

*RADIOMAN*  
Are you sayin' my breath stinks?

*BRENT*  
What?

*RADIOMAN*  
'Cause if you are, I'm saying your breath stinks, and not just your breath, but your whole body smells like you spent the night in a trash compactor.

Brent pours a cup of water on Radioman's hand, to bring him into the present, and remind Radioman that he was listening. Radioman nails Brent with a right hook that knocks him off the table bench. Brent moans, gets up, and goes to his bed. His roll of toilet paper is gone.

INMATE walks through the cell picking up food trays. Brent gets up and snags the plastic spoon off his tray. He slides it into his pocket.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Suppose to turn all utensils back in. This is the first thing I can call MINE in a long time. Ownership, the key to survival in jail?

An inmate tells Brent not to go where everyone takes showers. Brent stays away from that spot his whole time in the common cell.

Meanwhile, Brent plays with the spoon. He uses it to launch little pieces of scrunched up paper. He places crumpled up paper at points where there seems to be an electrical hotspot within the room. The hotspots of the cell are like acupuncture points within the architecture. Someone asks, "What is he doing?"

*NATIVE AMERICAN (with long hair and severe acne, yells)*  
This guy is a genius! He doesn't need our games to entertain; he makes them up. He's a shaman.

*BRENT*  
I may be smart, but I know I am no genius, and DEFINITELY no shaman.

That night, when the lights are down and many are asleep, Brent jumps up on the one table that is freshly painted. He takes off his tight, undersized jail shirt. He starts to lower his pants. The custodial inmate walks out of an adjoining cell and asks him what he is doing. Brent is not sure. The custodial man tells him sharply, "Stop!" and to put his shirt back on. Brent goes back to his bed wondering what just happened and why he did what he just did. Brent cannot sleep. In the morning, the man that never moves except to eat, is in line for the kool-aid and holds his cup under the spout. He presses the nozzle, totally missing the cup. On purpose, he lets it pour all over the floor. Brent sees someone spit. Because of the close confines, he realizes that in whatever direction one spits, will be in the direction of a particular person.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
If I have to spit, it will be towards my own feet, and I will let it drop. Don't want to look like I'm spitting AT someone.

**INT. TV COMMON ROOM EIA ----- DAY OR NIGHT?**

Later, Brent looks at the TV.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
That guy looks like me.

Brent stands up. The guy on TV stands up. Brent scratches his head. The guy on TV scratches his head.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
That guy is copying me in a slight delay! That's us up there.  
People are acting us out on TV. Maybe. Maybe not.

He sits down. The guy on TV sits down.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Only one way to find out. I can't just sit here not knowing if he's copying me.

Brent looks around the room. No one is watching him. He looks at the door window he passed when brought to the common room. The guy on TV looks at a window.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
This is too weird.

Brent slinks over to the window. Nobody pays attention to him. He puts his fist through the window on the first try. People in the cell go nuts except for the man who just sits on his bed absolutely motionless.

*INMATES (screaming all at once)*  
Fuck! Glass! Blood!

[Insert image #31]

[Insert image #32]

Guards hurry in. Brent's hand pours blood. A Guard grabs Brent.

*GUARD A (to Guard B)*  
Is this the same guy who got the Courthouse window the other day?

*BRENT (interrupting)*  
Why the hell do you guys have a breakable window in here? Do you have any concept of how stupid that is? Some of these guys are definite felons and would kill each other with that glass!

Guard A walks Brent out of the room.

*GUARD A*  
Has it occurred to you that you didn't have to break it?

*BRENT*

Nope. I had to break it. I had to know if that guy on TV was copying me.

*GUARD A*

Man, be quiet!

**INT. JAIL NURSING STATION ----- DAY**

Brent's hand is now wrapped in a cloth bandage by a large, overweight, very effeminate, African American, male nurse. Brent is glad his hand has been cleaned. Blood leaks its way through the top of the bandage. He will have a scar on top of his right hand for life.

**INT. SWISS CHALET: L'ABRI ----- NIGHT ----- FLASHBACK**

Inside a door of a Swiss chalet at L'Abri, Brent and a female friend are seriously talking. They are talking about doubts of God and good verses evil. Brent is directly right next to the door. Outside the window, it is rainy and dark over the valley. Lightening is in the background. The chalet is dimly lit. A face of a LONG HAIREG GUY quickly appears pressed up against the window next to Brent. Brent turns toward the window and is spooked badly. His hand crashes through the window towards the face.

*LONG HAIREG MAN (talking through the broken window)*

Brent, it is me, Richard. You okay?

*BRENT*

Shit, Richard, you frightened me! Are YOU okay?

Brent looks down at his hand. He is embarrassed that he jumped uncontrollably and put his hand through the window.

*BRENT*

I think my hand is cut. How about your face?

*RICHARD*

Sorry about that! Didn't mean to scare you that bad.

Richard laughs.

*RICHARD*

I think the glass scratched my nose.

**INT. WHITE JAIL CELL (VOICES) ----- NIGHT OR DAY?**

Brent is ushered into a large cell with white, concrete blocks and Plexi-glass windows. He is alone. Through the windows, Brent can see the lobby with a large security station. Brent studies the frames of the windows. The braces beneath are upside down crosses. He thinks of Peter who was crucified upside down. He writes continuous lower case "e"s in cursive on the walls with his hand. They appear in red. They look similar to some of Cy Twombly's late work. The "e"s also look like rolled barbed wire.

*BRENT*  
E you are LIFE!

[The ELECTRICAL NOISES and ENERGY WAVES return.]

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Oh, SHIT, not again.

The intensified gravity and energy waves become an invisible mass of unbearable weight, all resting on Brent's shoulders. It is too heavy to bare. Brent groans and bends at the waist.

[Insert image #33]

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I feel the weight of ten thousand pounds. This ain't good! I'm losing control of my lungs!

His knees buckle, and the weight pushes him all the way down to the floor until he's lying smashed flat, on his belly.

**GEOMETRIC SYMBOLS** flash before his closed eyes in rapid succession. They appear as different military insignias.

[Insert image #34]

[Insert image #35]

He can hardly get any air inside his lungs. His eyelids are blinking irregularly. He plugs his ears while they pop as they would at high altitudes. The pressures and tones lessen a little. The invisible weight lightens a little, and he can breath. A lunch bag is dropped inside the door. The symbols continue to flash. He stretches out his arm and can just barely reach an orange in the brown bag. He rolls the orange on the floor and smiles at its freedom.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
The orange is free from pressure and can move?

SILENCE

Brent sits up and breathes deeply into the silence. He rubs his shoulders, stretching his neck. His attention returns to the orange. He bounces it off the walls, floor, and ceiling, finding solace in a new kind of geometric repetition. He gets up with a new symbol in

his head. He draws with his hand, a circle, and punctuates it with a dot in the middle. As he draws and punctuates the dot, he hears something in the wall. The tones of periphery sound soon return, followed by hyper-silence and excruciating pressure.

*BRENT*  
No you don't.

This time, Brent sees an imaginary target on the wall. He throws the orange at it as hard as he can, like a *baseball* pitcher. It hits directly in the center of the wall and splats. Pieces of orange drip down the wall to the floor. He stares at the crushed orange for a long time. Brent eats from the pieces on the floor. The noises subside.

[Insert image #36]

[Insert image #37]

*BRENT*  
WHAT is the SOURCE?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
The energy patterns? Why do I feel such sexual energy and severe weight? This has got to stop.

*MALE VOICE (V.O.)*  
Brent?

Brent puts his ear to the wall, confused from the definite personal voice. He thinks he is hearing through the wall. There is an undeniable and total silence.

*MALE VOICE (V.O.) (voice is very faint)*  
Brent.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I just heard my name.

*BRENT*  
HELLO!

*MALE VOICE (V.O.)*  
We think you can hear us?

Brent, a little spooked, looks around the room for a speaker; he even checks the vent. He puts his ear again, to the wall, thinking he was hearing sound from the adjoining cell.

*BRENT (yelling to the wall)*  
Anyone over there?! Can you hear me?

*MALE VOICE (V.O.)*  
Brent, we are here. You can back away from the wall if you want.  
Focus in your mind.

Brent backs away from the wall.

*MALE VOICE (V.O.)*

Brent?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

There must be microphones and speakers in the walls?

Brent checks the vents again.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Brent? Who's "WE"?

*BRENT*

What? We? Who's we? Whose "we?" Who ARE you?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

How I am I hearing someone that I can't see, and there are no apparent speakers? It's NOT being projected from the wall. The relationship of distance from wall doesn't matter; it's not any more loud, or any more quiet, based on distance. I am hearing in my mind more than with my ear.

*WISE WOMAN (concerned voice)*

Brent, we are here. We know you can't see us, but you have to trust us.

*BRENT*

Hold on, who is this? I just heard a voice in the wall?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

This jail is for men!?

*WISE WOMAN (concerned voice)*

Forget about the wall for now. We thought you'd never ask who we are!

*MALE VOICE (V.O.)*

Hey, Brent. This is incredible stuff. There are several of us monitoring you right now. My name is PETER. I am a man like you, just standing on the other side of a computer. It is good to finally meet you. I think our connection is working.

[APPLAUSE in the background.]

*PETER (V.O.)*

You have been through a hell of an experience.

*BRENT*

What the FUCK? Well, PETER (*sarcastically*), for "Pete's sake," what is going on?

*BRENT (V.O.) (to himself)*

Nothing! My perception of REALITY is rapidly diminishing! My name is Brent Weston. Start there. I have some parents.

*BRENT*

My name is Brent. My name is Brent. My name is Brent!

*PETER (V.O.)*

BRENT TAPLIN WESTON, I'm going to overlook your first question, but just think where you COULD be. With that aside, you may not think this possible, but you've been connected with us through a tower and satellites. Let's just say for now, you've entered a conversation with a pretty high circle. If only you understood where you are standing, you would feel honored, humbled, and probably, scared. You really surprised us when your heartbeat counteracted the "red bird."

[Insert image #38]

*BRENT*

Did I? Why? What tower? What birds are you talking about?

*PETER (V.O.)*

What you thought sounded like a Cardinal. No one has ever so artfully... NOT succumbed to that sound.

*BRENT (V.O.) (to himself)*

Brent! Cardinal? I thought the Cardinal sound was made by a man in a cell. He was trying to get my attention, and my gut said it was not a good situation. Blue bird = Okay. Cardinal = Danger. Tower... There is one outside the jail. Is that it?

[Insert image #39]

[Insert image #40]

*PETER (V.O.)*

We could tell you about the tower, but we won't, for now. Regarding your response to the red bird, it was pretty emotional for us as well!

Brent walks to the wall again and looks for speakers.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Don't worry about any speakers, you won't be able to find them. However, the fact there are noises in the wall and floor is real. For now, concentrating on the wall actually takes attention away from how we communicate at this level. In time, you will be able to decipher the difference better between modes of sound.

*BRENT*

IF I believe YOU, this will raise uncanny questions of reality. I'm already in a huge MESS! How would I know if it is you or God talking to me... my own self. And if its myself, what part? If there are parts?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Always asking the tough questions first. Let's start with the practical.

*WISE WOMAN (V.O.)*

You have been up for days; you are wired and frazzled. You need to get some good rest.

*PETER (V.O.)*

And Brent, we hate to be short, but getting some sound sleep is priority number one. There are also some initial protocols.

*BRENT*

Fuck protocol. I have questions. You owe me more knowledge than this.

[Long silence.]

*BRENT*

You there?

*WISE WOMAN (V.O.)*

Care to handle this one Pete?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Who me? *(laughs)* Not really, you go ahead.

*WISE WOMAN*

Maybe the best question right now Brent, is "Do you believe we exist?"

*BRENT*

Shit! I don't know about y'all. BUT I EXIST!

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I am tired, extremely tired... that, I know.

*BRENT*

And I know my name is Brent! And my hand is bandaged... and bloody!

*WISE WOMAN (V.O.)*

Surprisingly, it is good for us to know with confidence, that you can recognize that. Why don't you try and get some sleep?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I would love to rest, okay? But every time I lie quietly, there are flashes of strange light and shapes, in my eyes. There are also strange tones and compressing pressures. And, what is going on with this hypersexual sensitivity I've got?

[Insert image #41]

*WISE WOMAN (V.O.)*

In time, Brent. We sympathize and have empathy for your right to be angry at this point, but NOW, you have to trust us. Try again, one more time, to get some sleep. We must run some tests, but you should be able to get some sleep.

*BRENT*

Truth?

*WISE WOMAN (V.O.)*

Yes.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Have a little faith, son.

*BRENT*

Faith? My mind is shattered. I have a lot of questions, and I don't know how to even ask them anymore. And you ain't my dad!

*PETER (V.O.)*

We will have plenty of time for this, BRENT.

Brent, almost in tears, curls up in the corner, tired beyond belief. He closes his eyes to merciful silence and gets some real sleep, possibly for the first time in days. It is the first time the whole jail building is at rest since he has been locked up. While asleep, Brent does not move in the slightest, and dreams that his brain is being mapped by a computer. His heartbeat seems influenced by the computer, and slows to a point that Brent thought dangerous even while sleeping. He awakens not knowing how long he has slept.

### **INT. WHITE CELL (SHADOW) ----- NIGHT**

The air-conditioner jolts Brent awake, and he remembers the ensuing cold. He takes a moment to register his surroundings... a cell with windows to the lobby. He grins.

*BRENT*

At least they told the truth. I was able to get SOME sleep. The whole world seemed quiet.

He breathes in the silence.

Looking out the window, he sees a SHADOW move behind some blinds in an office at the back of the lobby. [A DOOR LOCKS, a GUN FIRES, a HAMMER POUNDS a nail.] Brent's body shakes violently with the sharp sounds. He now associates the hammer with Christ's crucifixion.

[Insert image #42]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

These sounds are evil. Not again. I just woke up.

*BRENT*  
Peter. Are you there? Peter?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Peter? Oh my God, was that all a dream?

Brent hears no signs of Peter, or anyone for that fact.

*BRENT*  
Shit.

Brent is extremely cold. Brent looks back at the “Batman” shadow, and his face gets serious as he feels a kind of evil fall over the cell.

*BRENT*  
PETER, where are you? I'M locked in a white cell, and its freezing cold.

Brent walks around the cell, then looks around at the shadow one more time. This time, the shadow appears to shift just a little, raising its right hand ever so slowly. Brent stares at the shadow. He hears Bach; Brent doesn't know much composition by Bach.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
This is spiritual, and there is evil coming from the room of that shadow. What are you? Why are your evil waves passing towards ME?

Brent hears the song *Shine*, by COLLECTIVE SOUL, playing very faintly in the background. It is louder than waking from deep slumber with a song stuck in mind. Brent goes down to the ground as a content deer, then gets up kneeling on one knee. Next, he stands up like a tree waving its “branches” dropping its fruit of oranges. Lastly, he stands in a position of the cross.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
As the deer pants for the water brook, so my soul pants for Thee.

The shadow's hand continues to rise slowly, almost imperceptive.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
That's demonic. No joke. It could be some sort of alien, but the probability of an alien contact feeling that evil, is miniscule.

Brent continues to stare at the shadow through the windows as he starts to circle his cell.

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.) (in Brent's mind)*  
Evil. You say I am evil? What about you? You fare no better. Hid from your mother. Lied to your sister. Cheated on your paper in college. Did not report all your income for your taxes. Irresponsible with your money... and do you really know how to love people?

*BRENT*  
That's almost comical. I was held accountable for the evil, but

have you heard of redemption?

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.)*

Bragged about your paintings. Cussed like a sailor. Jacked off for years. No faith in God. Life of doubt. You really don't know the goodness of God, do you!?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

PETER! Is this all tied into sound and the mind thing? Y'all will eventually use this worldwide? Ahhh, shit.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

If it exists, it would first be used in privy circles and places of power. Can't go there!

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.)*

And why NOT?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

There is someone much more powerful than privileged circles, YOU, and me. He suffered the consequences of my evil. Thanks to Him, I dance a dance of life.

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.)*

Shame. How you have been tricked!

Brent continues to feel evil pulsating in rings away from the shadow, attacking him. It is the scariest feeling Brent has ever felt. He begins to dance, repeating the formations of going to the ground like a deer, rising to one knee, standing as a tree dropping oranges, making a cross, and falling to the ground again. It is not the darks of shadow imagery that bothers Brent, but evil personified.

*BRENT*

You are wasting your time. In my entire, confusing life, this is the only thing I am absolutely sure of...

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.) (interrupting)*

... Evil.

Brent feels mentally defeated for a brief moment. The waves of energy feel like total death. He rises and repeats his dance, over and over.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

On rare occasions, the most intense feelings have been when I thought Evil was present, and common, everyday grace and goodness, gets lost. Does evil actually exist at all, in any ultimate way?

Brent gives up and recoils on the ground in a fetal position. He feels as if he was in the womb of God, cocooned in a force field of grace emanating from each bodily limb. Something dramatic is happening all around him. It is a battle of the cosmos. He is able to rest quietly, but this is only temporary.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Something very wrong is passing over me. I KNOW real evil exists. Its waves are coming directly towards me. It is too strong to deny.

*BRENT*

Good MUST, and DOES exist as well! I'm DEAD without it.

Brent rises to one knee bowing his head.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

The God I choose to serve is GOOD and forgiving. Evil will lose this battle for my soul. Even if you are the spirit of the Antichrist, you can't face the God of TRUTH who protects. You may take my life, but you won't have my soul. The created is not stronger than the CREATOR of the universe. It is to the Creator, I bow and trust.

*BRENT*

What are you? You are but merely a created being.

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.)*

You don't even know if I'm a god or goddess.

*BRENT*

You are just a created being.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I need to talk to *E* about this.

*UNKNOWN VOICE (from the deep)*

Her doubts are not yours.

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.)*

You don't know if I'm real, or an illusion.

*BRENT*

Screw you! You are talking to me. YOU are alive, and I'M alive. I am... REAL!

The shadow remains, but the presence of evil is diminishing.

*BRENT*

The God of Truth protects me. You had your choice, just like the rest of us. And what did you choose?

The shadow's hand slowly stops moving.

*BRENT (with tears and authority)*

You turned your back on the love, grace, and goodness of your Creator. (*sincere and compassionate*) I am sorry.

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.)*

There is a new battle that has just begun in this world. If you only understood. You already have the mark.

Brent looks at the top of his right hand, bandaged and bloody.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

That's a wound. It will heal and leave a scar. Maybe a reminder of what is to come, and that I have a choice.

*VOICE OF THE SHADOW (V.O.)*

Choice, you think people have a choice. If the goodness of God is all that you know, where is any choice? And why does a GOOD God even allow for evil?

*BRENT*

Real questions, they are, but not for a finite mind. Take it up with your Creator, IF YOU CAN! You were once really beautiful, weren't you?

Brent spins around and around with his hands out like a cross. From above, it looks like a red circle has been drawn around him. The core middle is navy blue. The circle turns orange.

### **INT. WHITE CELL (FLY) ----- NIGHT**

Brent sits down and immediately a FLY enters the room. Its organic buzzing lays a blanket of peace across Brent's shoulders. Relaxed, refreshed, quick as lightening, Brent catches the fly in his hand.

*BRENT*

Hello, my little friend! Up for a game of catch?

Brent opens his hand. The fly buzzes and zigzags in front of Brent's face. Brent catches him with his left hand.

*BRENT*

Left handed. I AM good.

Brent opens his hand, and the fly loops around Brent's head and pauses in front of Brent's forehead. Brent's hand whips up to his head. Fly drops to Brent's waist and then his knees. Brent's hand comes up empty.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Little friend, I feel like the Holy Spirit has been upon you. Thank you for somehow getting into this locked room inside the middle of the jail.

The fly heads under the door and leaves. Brent shivers with freezing cold. He lies on the mat that was thrown into his cell. He rests in peace for a few minutes. Brent has his eyes shut for a few moments.

**INT. WHITE CELL (MAT) ----- NIGHT**

*PETER (V.O.)*

Brent, we think we've got back on line.

*BRENT*

Ahhh, NO!

Brent sits up.

*BRENT*

You missed out on the party! Where have YOU been?

There is no answer.

*BRENT*

Are you there?

Immediately.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Yes, Brent. Look inside the mat.

*BRENT*

You have to be kidding me. What just happened? I just saw a demon, or the spirit of the Antichrist, with my eyes.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Just look inside the mat.

Brent tears open a corner of the new mat.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Pull out the stuffing to the mat.

He pulls out all the stuffing. A "ZEST" soap wrapper falls to the floor.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Color! It's a kind of small painting, of sorts.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Do those letters mean anything to you?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yes, "ZEST" = NEST. And the simple fact of colors in a white cube. Thank you, Peter.

Tears flow.

*PETER (V.O.)*

You are welcome, Brent.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

But I want to know what happened back there with the shadow.

**INT. WHITE CELL (BEACH CONVERSATION) ----- NIGHT**

*PETER (V.O.)*

Sit down amongst the stuffing. Just pretend you are on the beach for the fun of it. Get your mind out of the cell for a minute.

Brent builds himself a little nest of stuffing on his pretend beach, and leans up against the wall.

[Insert image #43]

*BRENT*

This ain't no beach.

*PETER (V.O.)*

No, it's not. But just relax. There are a few things I want to share with you, so RELAX.

*BRENT*

I'm all ears, what's left of them.

*PETER (V.O.)*

With the shadow, in simple language, you blew the circuit and "beat" the computer. To boot, you MAY have seen some sort of vision. You were experiencing the possible evil of new, sound and mind, technology. You saw firsthand how it can affect the world. In fact, you really scared some people. The intensity of your experience convinced some of us that you were dealing with more than just a big computer program. Some of us thought you were dealing with the spirit behind the programs. Those on our end who are Christians, have a different take on what happened than those of our closest friends and colleagues. It's worldview versus worldview, and you maintained, at some level, that the Personal and Spiritual was created in this universe.

Brent, it is important for you to know that people have given their lives for the technologies you now know of, spirit or no spirit! I say this not to frighten you. In time, you will learn how to wisely deal with what you have been given, and what will be thrown your way. Do you understand? And by the way, the epistemology you learned at L'Abri... you may, or may not, remember drawing on the wall... good stuff.

[Long pause]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Why was I drawing epistemological substratum on the wall? I don't really remember much of that from L'Abri. Are you referring to J's subject-object-criteria triangle. Wasn't God in the

middle, giving meaning to the broken, three focal points?

*PETER (V.O.)*

You spun the triangle and formed a dynamic circle and sphere. Apparently, God's Spirit spoke to you even through an imperfect epistemology. The epistemological tool reminded you of your presence in this world.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I never really understood *J's* epistemology, though I felt like God was with me. Look Peter, I am scared I'm a prophet in the end time scenario. I don't think I could ever go to Israel.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Why?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

This all could go to my head as a Messiah complex. I'm already struggling with that. The way the religious right uses *Revelation* to scare people into "salvation," REALLY bothers me! Some people are more worried about the "Second Coming" than the living Christ in the rest of Scripture.

Peter is quiet. Brent feels like a child and creates a flat dove from the mat's stuffing. He slides it into the middle of the room. The dove is about a foot in circumference.

### **INT. WHITE CELL CONVERSATION (BUTTERFLIES) ----- NIGHT**

Brent notices a pamphlet pushed under the door. It is the rules of the jail, and the rights of inmates. Brent is completely unable to focus and read them, as his eyes seem scrambled too much for the small writing. He tears the pamphlet into three pieces. He fidgets with them during conversation.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Brent, we would like your advice for the future of our satellites. How many do you want? Also, if you had to assemble a team of advisors, who would they be?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

How many satellites do I want? What? What a weird and strange question. (*pause, Brent laughs*) You are losing my confidence that you exist.

*PETER (V.O.)*

This is no joke.

*BRENT*

Okay, I will take three. What are they used for? Concerning the team, that would not be difficult.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Before I answer YOUR question, let's try something. We want

you to STOP talking out loud. You have been on our radar for awhile. Imperfect as it is, we have an idea to your thoughts, a link of sorts.

BRENT (V.O.)

How deep into my consciousness... subconsciousness?

PETER (V.O.)

It gets tricky, fast, especially the deeper we go.

BRENT (V.O.)

I can understand how I may be able to hear you, a super high or low frequency, but how do you read my thoughts?

PETER (V.O.)

Brent, unfortunately I am not allowed to talk much about this with you. You can call it protocol.

BRENT

Handy for you, ain't it.

PETER (V.O.)

I suppose, but believe me, I don't know about all the science, either. I can tell you that some things can be inversely read.

BRENT

What the hell does that mean?

PETER (V.O.)

Strike two; try THINKING the thought.

BRENT (V.O.)

This ain't baseball.

PETER (V.O.)

You sure?

BRENT (*raises his voice and smiles*)

Non capisco! And you know I'm going to strike out. I stunk at baseball in high-school. I could not catch a pop-up without struggle.

PETER (V.O.)

Funny.

BRENT (V.O.)

I thought so.

[Pause]

PETER (V.O.)

You are catching on.

*BRENT (V.O)*

To change subjects, are you a Christian? You said, "Those of us," earlier. I only ask because I need to be able to trust anyone that has access to my mind.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Interesting you have asked. Yes, I am. Maybe a different flavor, but yes. However, for the rest of your life, you will be dealing with people that are, and more often, are not. I was chosen to speak with you first because of my understanding of your background.

*BRENT (V.O)*

Why do I get the impression you are African American?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Because I AM black!

*BRENT (V.O.)*

How did I know that?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Top secret.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

How did I end up in here?

*PETER (V.O)*

Like your physics classes, you may never understand it.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Low blow!

*PETER (V.O)*

What happened to you in the GA TECH physics classes?

*BRENT (loudly)*

I FAILED. Several times!

*PETER (V.O.)*

Stepping out to "bat" again.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

"Hit batsman."

*PETER (V.O.)*

Believe me, we already know you failed physics.

[Pause]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I liked studying the physics of PING PONG, more than learning formulas. Then after my travels, I really was an ARTIST.

[Pause]

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Physics is an art too, Brent.

*BRENT (smiling)*  
MAYBE?

*PETER (V.O.) (laughing)*  
Anyway, Europe was good to you! Milking cows on the tops of the Swiss Alps... painting on the streets of Europe... L'Abri... R and J... Monzambano, Morocco, Ronchamp, the Hagia Sophia, ... cooling a Coca-Cola in a river in Scotland.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Not much you don't already know about me.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
I particularly like the light at Corfu.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
That was one of the simplest drawings in my journal.

[Insert image #44]

*PETER (V.O.)*  
That, too.

Brent starts folding the pieces of the pamphlet into three origami butterflies.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Where would you like those satellites?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
What did you say they would be used for?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
The word "satellite" will mean more to you as time passes. I know you need to relieve yourself, and the guards have not opened the door when you knocked. They are coming for you in a little while, but if you can't wait that long, feel free to use the floor.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I'll definitely have me a beach, then.

[Pause]

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
It just won't be at Corfu.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Okay, besides satellites in the U.S. of A.?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Yes.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Australia, the Middle East, and Switzerland.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Thanks, I'll pass this on.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Peter, you know that stuff doesn't interest me right now. Am I going to see *E* again?

*PETER (V.O.)*

I can't answer that, but I will tell you she's moving to California like she said she might. We know you would have died for her. Be prepared to let the thought of being with her die as well. You must face the fact that she will probably never marry you.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Great. I wonder if there may be a huge earthquake in California.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Why do you think that?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

It's a long story, and that journal is now gone.

*PETER (V.O.)*

We can discuss the diary poem of the rams and earthquake, later. Hopefully, we will have a lot of time.

*BRENT*

You couldn't possibly read my mind back then!

Brent has finished making his butterflies. He sits back against the wall.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Lord, my love for you trumps my love for *E*.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

Are you okay, Brent?

*BRENT*

Who are you?

*PETER (V.O.)*

She is a good friend. And remember, you do not need to respond out loud... baseball.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

Thank you, Peter.

Brent smiles.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

I am a Christian psychologist that has been studying your case. This is a pretty awesome event. You have quite a history.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

If you only knew.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

I know more, and less, than you think I know, but I certainly know details about your past, and a little about HOW you think. You have recently been through some tough times. Are you relatively okay, now? It seems to us you have reached a lucid pocket after a "re-birthing."

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Are you here to counsel me on *E*?

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

If that is what you want.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I love her!

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

That has been established. You think you can live without her?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Hell, I don't know.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

Honestly, it's going to be tough!

*BRENT (V.O.) (sarcastically)*

Only thought the wedding held nationwide interest.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

It's not ALL been your doing. Don't be too hard on yourself.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I'll always have a special place for her down deep.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*

Yes.

Brent slides one of the butterflies under the door.

*BRENT*

I -

Brent slides another under.

*BRENT*  
Am –

And another.

*BRENT*  
Fine.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*  
Brent, there are some things we need to briefly talk about.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I remember, baseball!

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*  
No, but glad you remember. Your status is that you are still in jail. There is no "Get out of jail free" card. This is no picnic. Your parents cannot currently pay bond, and you are currently on record for a felony.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Well, I've got you and Peter, and whomever else is behind the Wizard's curtain. I think I need TOTO.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*  
Dogs are good, but like I said, you are still in jail, and the time may come when you will forget and doubt us.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
You must be joking.

*WISE WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)*  
No. Just be you, and you will make it.

Through the window in his cell, Brent sees a group of men and women staring in at him. He hears them talking.

*MAN #1*  
So, the film's climax is his dance and fight with the evil shadow.

*MAN #2*  
We should be completely free with it, no inhibitions. Let that scene take us wherever it will.

*MAN #1*  
And if it's long, we let it run long.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Movie? You must be shitting me. Are y'all hearing this, too? Come on computer people, talk to me!

Some people on the other side of the window are crying, looking into his cell.

*BRENT (V. O.)*

There's no way to capture on film the evil intensity. It was not the shadow as much as the SPIRIT. It would come across as a joke.

*MAN #1*

We will need to use all the tricks, the right music...

Brent has heard all he needs to hear, then pees and craps on the floor near the stuffing.

*BRENT*

I now have a BEACH, you pricks.

### **INT. WHITE CELL ----- MORNING?**

Guards A and B open Brent's door and step inside.

*GUARD A (African American)*

Let's go!

Brent doesn't move.

*GUARD B (White)*

You are switching rooms, kid. Get up.

Brent doesn't move.

*BRENT (V.O.) (looking at GUARD A)*

One good guard, *(looking at GUARD B)* and one bad guard.

Guard A takes his hands. Guard B takes his feet, and they haul him into another cell.

### **INT. GRAY CELL ----- DAY**

They dump Brent into a small room with gray walls and Plexi-glass windows. Brent feels a different, overwhelming evil return. He shivers uncontrollably and violently in the freezing room. His body temperature is all messed up. Brent's mind now feels totally scrambled, and his body jerks with each sharp sound. Thoughts, even to Brent, don't seem coherent.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

As Christians, we are to be like the lion, Aslan in *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe*, though my death will atone for no one. This is where I am going to die. My body and mind can take no more. I don't get a stone table, just the concrete floor. I'm not too thrilled to have Dan Rather, the US military, and the whole world watching me die.

*BRENT*

Peter!

[Silence except for loud, sharp, clap noises.] Brent lies down; the pressures have returned. He is spread eagle on the floor. [HEART BEATING irregularly] He grins at what he sees - A CORDED STRING. It is the only loose thing in the cell. He is barely able to tie it around his left ring finger. Brent does this in memory of *E*, and is happy. Then he notices constellation maps in the spots on the floor.

*BRENT*

I'll draw Orion and the Big Dipper. Yes, yes... wait... move the North Star a little to the left... perfect.

[The constellation maps dissolve, and a star-filled, night sky evolves on the floor. The sky dissolves into the cell's original floor.]

### **INT. GRAY CELL ----- NIGHT**

Guard A enters the cell carrying a tray with a carton of milk, a cup of something, some grits, toast, a napkin, and a spoon. He places the tray on the ground and then exits. Brent arranges his milk carton, cup and spoon, and napkins, in a circle. Guard A re-enters and looks at Brent's arrangement.

*GUARD A*

You don't have it right.

The guard exits. Brent rearranges the configuration. The guard re-enters.

*GUARD A*

You still don't have it correct.

Brent rearranges the configuration in a square-like grid. Guards re-enter.

*GUARD A*

You haven't figured it out, have you?

Brent rearranges the configuration, trying, like it is the key to his survival. Guards re-enter again.

*GUARD A to GUARD B*

He's not eating.

*BRENT*

Would you eat this stuff? I am not sure what arrangement code will get me out of this cell.

The guards are surprised by the question.

*GUARD B to GUARD A*

This boy's gonna make president.

They exit. Now, Brent is even more confused. Locked in his own mind, he recalls a conversation from the guards about medication and food.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Medication, that's the first time I've heard anything about that word.

Brent drinks from the carton and continues to move the tray items around and around.

*BRENT (yelling)*

I need to go to the restroom!

*BRENT*

PETER?! I need ya now, like "PRONTO!"

There is a long silence. He briefly pulls down his pants half way. Later, Brent is curled up in the center of the floor, shivering. Each little noise makes him jump almost in physical pain. Guard A opens Brent's door, retrieves the tray, and eyes Brent's refuse on the floor in all four corners.

[Insert image #45]

*GUARD A*

Clean that up, now.

*BRENT (sarcastically)*

Yes sir! How?!

*GUARD A*

Figure it out!

The guard watches as Brent scoops his feces into the milk carton with a plastic spoon. Brent checks his pocket and wonders where his old spoon has gone.

*BRENT*

Ahh. Where's MY spoon???

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Must have had to turn it in when they bandaged my hand.  
Oh yeah, the security guard smiled when I gave it to him.

A new association with a white plastic spoon contradicts the joyful memories. Brent places the carton on the tray. The guard carries it away. Through a window, he sees an inmate in the adjoining cell stick a single match into the key hole between cells.

[Insert image #46]

On the other side of the cell is a steel, mesh door. On the door, is painted two pyramids that connect and are sideways. They are yellow. Brent has never seen such a symbol. He looks through the mesh. In the door across the hall, is a window. Brent sees the backs of white-hooded people. They are facing a stage and are watching a woman in a flesh colored leotard sitting Indian style, doing yoga.

[Insert image #47]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

What the hell? Are the old rumors of this jail being run by a KKK family, true? Is that lady real, or is she a projection on a screen?

Brent smashes his body up against the cell door, shaking.

[Insert image #48]

He starts to pull down his pants, but thinks better of it. He realizes that through all the sexual energy during the week, he has not masturbated and is content to wait. He looks at the string, turns away from the door, shuts his eyes, and makes hand signals in front of his face.

[Insert image #49]

The geometric patterns in his mind have returned.

[Insert image #50]

[Insert image #51]

*WISE UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)*

Brent, we have to test these images in your current mental state, and we need to know if you would physically fight for a just and righteous cause?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Fuck you. I'll practice to disarm someone, but not take a life.

Brent touches his ear and continues making hand signals, which turn into a poor display of martial arts. He does not know if the voices are real, anymore. His mind sees only grey. Tones and pressure noises return, crushing him to the floor.

[Insert image #52]

[Insert image #53]

Someone covers the window on the door across the hall, like a window on a ship. He feels cold enough that he could die. Any noise makes him jerk. Brent believes he will have to fight from cell to cell to stay alive, like in an underground Dungeon and Dragon's game; this becomes the breaking point. Life is only an eternal fight from one cell to another.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I can't fight anymore.

Rolling on the ground.

*BRENT (screaming in anguish)*

Jesssus! Help me!

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Where am I? Am I literally, in hell? I have been totally

forsaken. Where is the God from my childhood? I'm alone in death, and none of my friends even know where I am. Each person that goes by is an intense, spiritual being.

Emotions are out of control, and then a return to a brief, stubborn lucidity. Praying...

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I still believe in Your mercy and that You created me with purpose. If I am left here for eternity, You are STILL my God. I can only hope that you will remember me.

An African American SHERIFF marches by the steel, mesh door.

[Insert image #54]

*SHERIFF (very authoritatively, almost militaristic)*  
MY NAME IS JESUS!

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Why would a sheriff say that?

Brent closes his eyes and covers his ears.

[Brent becomes a Bishop, combined with a Knight, on a marble chess board.]

[A hand moves the Bishop/Knight across the board.]

Later, a hand opens the door to Brent's cell. A hand opens the door to a police car.

Brent sees sunlight for the first time in days.

[Insert image #55]

[Insert image #56]

### **INT. POLICE CAR ----- DAY**

Brent opens his eyes and finds himself inside a police car. The policeman's radio crackles with chatter. Brent presses his nose slightly against the window. The sheriff's car pulls up next to a car with an old lady driving an old man. They are near a traffic light at Athen's Pizza on North Decatur. On the car's antenna, is a small, American flag. The lady stares at Brent and smiles.

### **EXT. GEORGIA MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTE ----- DAY**

The police car pulls into the parking lot. The sun is bright. The acronym CIA comes to mind for the first time. The buildings of GMHI look big and ominous. The architecture is from the 1960's and 70's. From the outside, they look like experimental science buildings.

**INT. GEORGIA MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTE ----- DAY**

Brent, still handcuffed, grins at his freedom from small architectural encasings. The handcuffs are released, and he is put in a locked unit with people that seem more lucid.

The building has natural light. He is given a real meal. The floors no longer seem to be a trampoline. Brent is relieved there are female nurses on the unit. He feels safe and pampered, being able to use a private toilet.

**INT. GEORGIA MENTAL HEALTH INSTITUTE (DR.S OFFICE) ----- DAY**

*DR.*

Hello, Brent. My name is Dr. (*John Doe*). How you doing?

*BRENT*

Fair-to-middling.

*DR.*

Do you know where you are?

*BRENT*

GMHI. My mom used to work in the psych unit, but I don't know which building.

*DR.*

Did you say your mom was a psych nurse here?

*BRENT*

Yes, in the forensics unit. But, I think, she now works at Regional on Panther's Ville Rd.

*DR.*

Oh, okay. Tell me a little about yourself.

*BRENT*

I'm an artist.

*DR.*

Oh, really. I'm into art a little. What kind of art do you do?

Brent starts rambling; he doesn't know where to start or end sentences. Nothing seems coherent.

*DR.*

So, what gallery did you say you were going to show at?

*BRENT*

At (*prestigious gallery*). It's a pretty good gallery.

The doctor's eyes go still. He continues to take notes.

*DR.*

Well, let's see if we can find out what's wrong. Do you use any kind of recreational or illegal drugs?

*BRENT*

Everyone is asking that. I've only been around a few people who do them. I personally, have never had any.

*DR.*

At a cursory glance, from our records and what the police have said, it looks like you have had some kind of psychedelic. You sure you haven't been around any LSD?

*BRENT*

I have a vague memory of being at a friend's house, and they were talking about some kind of drug. I KNOW I turned down taking any.

*DR.*

What else do you remember?

*BRENT*

I had a beer.

*DR.*

Any idea how long ago that was?

*BRENT*

No. I think it was awhile before all this happened.

*DR.*

Can you guess at how long?

*BRENT*

Maybe a week before I went to jail, but I don't know.

*DR.*

LSD can do some strange things. The question is how long it would have stayed in your system. Do you know how long you were incarcerated?

*BRENT*

No.

Doctor continues with his notes.

*DR.*

We cannot rule out an illness, but I'm guessing right now, it is drug related. Your parents are asking for a blood test. Do you mind signing this so we can draw some blood for them? We would like to draw some, too.

*BRENT*

No problem. Why do Mom and Dad want to do that?

*DR.*

They want to check to see if any toxins from your paints could have caused all this. Their blood tests will actually be more extensive than ours. They say this is really out of character for you. After a few more questions, you can get cleaned up.

### **INT. GMHI SHOWER ----- DAY**

Brent revels in the personal shower. He can not remember the last one he had. Then, he remembers the string on his finger. It is wet for the first time, and he realizes the string won't last forever.

A MENTAL HEALTH EMPLOYEE pokes his head into the bathroom.

*MENTAL HEALTH EMPLOYEE*

Hey! Brent? Are you okay in there?

*BRENT*

I am OKAY! How big is your hot water heater?

*MENTAL HEALTH EMPLOYEE*

You've got another hour, if you want it.

*BRENT*

I'll take it!

### **INT. GMHI NURSE'S WINDOW ----- DAY**

Brent is called to the desk. A nurse explains that he will need some medication.

*BRENT*

What did you say this stuff was? And they do what?

*NURSE*

One is called Haldol, and the other is Cogentin. Haldol will help you relax a little and let your mind settle. You will feel more like yourself. The other, Cogentin, is to prevent side effects of the Haldol.

*BRENT*

Side effects?

*NURSE*

The Haldol can cause several, but we don't want you to get tardive dyskinesia.

*BRENT*  
I don't even know what that is.

*NURSE*  
Basically, it is uncontrolled movements in the face and tongue. It usually happens when people are on medicines like Haldol for a long time, especially without other meds to prevent it. You see it more in the older generation of patients. Do you see the older man over there with the tongue movements? But do not worry, you are not going to be on these very long.

*BRENT*  
What's your name?

*NURSE*  
(*Jane*)

*BRENT*  
Why do you wear your badges turned around?

No answer.

*BRENT*  
*Jane*, would you take these if you were me?

*NURSE (smiling)*  
I cannot answer that question.

*BRENT (taking the pills)*  
I am trusting you. By the way, it's nice to see women on the unit.

*NURSE*  
It won't be long before you start feeling better.

### **INT. BRENT'S ROOM GMHI ----- DAY**

Brent wants out. He keeps looking at the windows.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
If I break another window and try to escape, I won't get far. I could possibly go to the Greenhouse. I used to live there, and it's only two blocks away. The police would find me, and I have no money. That is just not a good idea.

Brent's new roommates are a Hindu from India, and a man with a beard and a Bible. There are approximately six bunks in the room, but only Brent and his two roommates.

Brent introduces himself to MR. HINDU, but all the man wants to talk about is the oneness of the universe.

*MR. HINDU*  
There is no personal God.

*BIBLE MAN (to Brent)*  
Do you believe in Jesus?

Brent's brain is *really* slow, now. He wants to converse, but can't keep up.

*BRENT*  
I- I- I- UMM - Yes.

*BIBLE MAN*  
You are a Christian?

Brent stares at Bible Man.

*BRENT*  
Yes.

*BIBLE MAN*  
Well, it says right here...

BIBLE MAN opens his big Bible.

*BIBLE MAN*  
...that unless you cut your hair, you are going to hell.

Brent slumps.

*BRENT*  
I - I - don't think that's what it means. (*long pause*) Didn't Jesus have long hair?

Brent's eyelids are hanging low.

*BIBLE MAN*  
It IS pretty clear. Cross reference it with this verse, right here.

*BRENT*  
I think I want to watch TV.

*BIBLE MAN*  
God is going to speak to you to repent.

Brent sits to watch TV, but is not interested in *Jeopardy*. Brent explores the building.

### **INT. WALK IN GMHI BUILDING ----- DAY**

Brent goes to the opposite side of the building and passes a room with a small window. He looks in. It is Pepto Bismol pink, but a tad darker. In the middle of the room is a lone table with straps. The room is very menacing.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Peter? (*pause*) God, where am I? I feel like a rat in a maze. At

least there are "scientists" here, and they seem more personable.  
Peter, are these your scientists?

No response from any voices.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

God, I don't know what voice in my head to trust. God is silent.  
Peter is gone? What is MY mind? I'm having a hard time  
distinguishing my thoughts and God's direction... and whatever  
the hell else is affecting me.

Brent walks to the open lobby adjacent to the strap room. Brent looks down at the journal in his hand. On the cover is a sketch of a lighthouse. It reads "60 lb. Medium Weight Drawing Paper."

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Where did THIS come from? I'm surprised they have left me with  
a spiral, metal-bounded sketchbook?

Brent looks down at a man on the floor sleeping on a mat.

*BRENT*

What are you doing over here?

*MAN ON MAT*

I'm on suicide watch. They say they can see me better over here.

*BRENT*

Why are you depressed?

*MAN ON MAT*

I just am. Lost my job. Lost all my money, and no more women  
in my life.

As he is listening, Brent looks up. There, above the man on the mat, is a mural on the wall. It is a painting of a beach and sailboats. The colors do not register in Brent's mind. Brent smiles and sits down.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

At least the waves are not YELLOW!

He looks at the restroom door. Brent pulls out his pen and sketches the beach mural on the first page of his journal. He uses a blue pen like his sketch at Corfu. He continues talking with the man.

[Insert image #57]

*BRENT*

What do you think of that painting?

*MAN on MAT*

Takes money to go there. I'll never see it again. I used to sail.

*BRENT*  
Despair is real, isn't it?

Brent tells him about the time he was at L'Abri. The man does not seem interested. They sit in quiet.

**INT. GMHI WITH T. ----- DAY**

As he nears the end of the drawing, Brent gets a call from the nurse's station. *T*, one of Brent's pastors from the PCA church, comes WHISTLING around the corner.

*BRENT*  
Hey, *T*! How did you get in here?

*T. (smiling)*  
I walked through that wall over there... using the DOOR.  
Actually, pastors have certain inalienable rights. I can get in here, but your parents will not be able to. They send a hug.

They walk to TV lobby. Brent is mentally far behind *T*.

*T.*  
Heard you took a trip up the mountain! *(smiling)* And busted into the radio tower... through the WINDOW?

Brent proceeds to break down and starts telling *T* his story and love for *E*.

*BRENT*  
I heard your whistle in Grant Park. You wanted me to follow you so I could show up at the wedding with *E*.

*T* looks a little stunned.

*T.*  
That wasn't me! What you are telling me doesn't make sense. Brent, what you are telling me isn't real. It is not truth. But, I love you anyway.

**INT. GMHI TV LOBBY ROOM WITH "T" ----- DAY**

Braves baseball comes on over the TV. It's a much better TV than the one in jail cell E1A. Brent stares at the TV as Smoltz, a pitcher, gets a hit. *T* watches baseball with Brent for a long while. Not much is said, as Brent checks out mentally and writes a poem.

*T.*  
Didn't know you write?

*BRENT*  
Most of it doesn't make sense when I go back and read it.

*T.*  
Do you mind sharing what you wrote?

Brent shows *T* his beach drawing and the poem in his sketchbook.

*BRENT WRITES:*  
"God still gives meaning to the abyss of baseball. Stats, mats, and hats,... and bats,... and chats. Christ heals the hits, the pits, and the mits."

*T.*  
Not bad, for a painter. Do you want to talk about the poem?

*BRENT*  
Not really. I'm getting tired.

*T.*  
Okay... Is there anything I can bring to you on my next visit?

*BRENT*  
There is a tremendous screened in porch over there where the smokers hang out. I don't smoke, but the screened in porch is the closest place I can go to get to the outside.

Brent tears up.

*BRENT*  
It's the only place I can smell the rain.

[Pause]

*BRENT*  
I can only take the smell of these cleaners around here for so long. Could you bring me a cigar?

*T* just stares at Brent, then smiles.

*T. (loudly)*  
A Ciiiiiiigar!!! (*pause*) Sure, what kind? What's your favorite brand?

*BRENT*  
It really doesn't matter. You know, my first cigar, I skipped a physics test that I knew I was going to fail. I sat out back of the testing auditorium and inhaled the whole thing. I was by myself and didn't know not to inhale. My lungs burned for days.

*T* and Brent hug. It is the first physical contact he has had in a week. Brent remembers something and goes to his room. He gets a white bag and hands it to *T*. Inside is his jail outfit.

*BRENT*  
*T*, I almost forgot, will you give this to my parents for me? I'd

like it as a souvenir and reminder for the days to come.

T. (*jokingly*)

Before you climb the mountain again, give me a call!

T leaves with bag in hand.

[Scene pans to Brent smoking a cigar with the smokers on the porch. It is raining.]

SMOKER

Where did he get that? Haven't seen one like that in a long time!

### **INT. BRENT'S ROOM GMHI ----- DAY**

Brent dreams that his parents are just outside the main entrance. The nurse lets them into the foyer between the unit's locked doors and the building's outside doors. By law, Brent cannot see them. Brent is briefly let into the "in-between" space and sees his parents for the first time. The family is technically not on the unit, and Brent is still in the building. He dreams that their car drives by the porch on a cloudy, overcast day. The rain falls. He knows they are praying for him. He also dreams of conversations with his parents, grandmother, and sister, on the phone.

### **INT. DR #2'S OFFICE (GMHI) ----- DAY**

Brent gets a new doctor.

DR. #2

Hi, Brent. I'm Dr. (X). By the records, it looks like you are doing a little better. The Haldol and Cogentin must be doing their job. How do you feel?

BRENT

I'm very confused about what is happening, but I want to thank you for having better food here.

DR. #2 (*laughing*)

Yeah, they bring the food in from a pretty good cafeteria for the men here. How is your mood?

BRENT

I feel okay. My brain seems to operate clearer, though I am confused about the past events.

DR. #2

No homicidal or suicidal thoughts of any kind?

BRENT

No.

DR. #2

We have run the blood tests. Nothing out of the ordinary. We tested you for everything! Apparently, your parents wanted to

know all possibilities of cause. It's good, and not so good, news. There is no probable drug cause, outside of a drug we are not aware of. There are always new "designer drugs," but I don't think this is the cause. You were under a lot of financial stress and not sleeping, right?

*BRENT*  
Yes.

*DR. #2*  
It is possible you just had a temporary break of some kind. And, it is possible that you may have some mental disorder. Unfortunately, it is not my job to make that diagnosis at this moment. It is basically my job to get you clear enough to get you out of here.

*BRENT*  
Where am I going to go next?

*DR. #2*  
Unfortunately, that's up to the law. You will probably be back in incarceration until either a bond is posted, or until a court trial.

Brent slumps in his chair, feeling an abandonment.

*DR. #2*  
Personally, I think it won't be long, and if you need treatment, you may get it better outside of these walls.

*BRENT*  
By the way, what happened to my last doctor? It may be good for him to see my improvement.

*DR. #2 (clears his throat)*  
He needed to drop your case for personal reasons.

*BRENT*  
What?

*DR. #2 (staring straight at Brent)*  
Let's just say his wife runs a "particular" gallery in town.

*BRENT*  
You're kidding me!

*DR. #2 (still staring straight at Brent)*  
You're going to be okay. You seem like a good kid. Just what were you doing up on the mountain, anyway? *(pause)* Actually, I do not need to know.

Brent just stares back at the doctor.

*BRENT*

You really want to know? It is a convoluted love story.

*DR. #2*

It's okay, Brent. It was good to meet you. Good luck, and do NOT hesitate to get help if things get rough later. There ARE ways to get help.

**INT. ORANGE JAIL COMMON ROOM E1A ----- DAY**

Brent sits calmly, playing chess with a roommate in the common room. E1A is not the raging machine it once was. [The window has been replaced in the door with STRONG PLEXI.] Brent sees two men; they are looking at him and subtly pointing.

*CELLMATE 1*

Rumors say he's the one who got past the shadow.

*CELLMATE 2*

It has not been done. It's NOT meant to be possible.

*CELLMATE 1*

He's changed the game!

*CELLMATE 2*

If so, you know how high up that is?

*CELLMATE 1*

That's well beyond the Special Forces.

*CELLMATE 2*

How did he fight?

*CELLMATE 1*

Don't know.

*CELLMATE 2*

Get up there to that level, and no telling who he was talking to.

*CELLMATE 1*

Don't you remember? We all could tell something was up that night. Daniel in the Den! We felt it down here.

They shake their heads. Brent intensely stares back at them, but is really just curious what they know about the shadow. He never asks, though.

*CHESS BUDDY*

I see you got your mind back.

*BRENT*

What do you mean?

*CHESS BUDDY*

Before, when you were here, you would mostly play with the pieces off the board. You were elsewhere. When you finally tried to focus, I beat you in several moves. You didn't really even remember the moves. Now, there is no way I can win at this game against you.

*BRENT*

I have played hundreds of chess games, but I'm really not that good.

*CHESS BUDDY*

Look around. Boredom is a huge problem in here. See that white guy? He sleeps all the time. No purpose. It's BAD! See him?

*CHESS BUDDY* points to the man who just sits on the edge of his bed, staring.

*BRENT*

Why does he never move?

*CHESS BUDDY*

It's like he is in some kind of shock, or something.

*BRENT*

Before, I got the strange sense that underneath the stiff facade, he is a decent human being.

*CHESS BUDDY*

I've seen him get nasty, but only rarely.

*BRENT*

He never was to me. He just sat there on his bed pointing in the same pose. He looked like a chess piece himself, a Knight.

*CHESS BUDDY*

When are you gettin' out of here?

*BRENT*

Don't know, at least a couple days.

*CHESS BUDDY*

You should know that between 2-3, you can go to the gym. And, for about 15 minutes, they will let you stand outside in the yard.

*BRENT*

I don't remember any of that. Before, I did see a long blade of grass on the floor and thought someone put it there as a form of witchcraft, or something.

*CHESS BUDDY*

Someone probably did bring it in and put it on the floor. Maybe just as a reminder of the outside. You have probably realized that

the small things become huge, in the crib.

*BRENT*

Yeah, the immediacy of present awareness and proximity.

*CHESS BUDDY*

You're definitely not from around here.

*BRENT*

What time did you say the gym opens?

A guard opens the door to E1A, the one with the window that Brent busted.

*GUARD*

Time for meds.

*BRENT (looking at CHESS BUDDY)*

I don't remember that last time.

*CHESS BUDDY*

Some of these people do better on pills.

*BRENT*

But I don't remember them giving pills out last time, and I was here for awhile.

*CHESS BUDDY (with a crazy look on his face)*

Maybe it was in the food.

The guard starts yelling out names. Brent does not hear his name and walks up to the guard slowly.

*BRENT*

Hey, I've recently been on meds at GMHI. I think I'm suppose to have them.

*GUARD*

Your name is not on the list. It would probably take at least a couple days before the proper paper work gets here from GMHI.

*BRENT*

I think I need them.

*GUARD*

You're S-O-L until I get the proper paperwork.

Brent later goes to the gym by himself. He shoots a few basketball hoops. He returns to E1A, and through a small window in an empty side cell, watches a storm roll in. He is mesmerized by the purple and blue bruise like colors against the orange wall. He sleeps in 15 minute intervals, for what seems to be days.

**INT. JAIL GYM (CHURCH SERVICE) ----- DAY**

GUARD comes to the door.

*GUARD*

Those with an orange wrist band can go to the church service in the gym.

Brent looks at his wrist band and heads out in line. He thinks about his wrist band and questions its color. He thinks it once was green. Inmates from all over the jail are sitting on the floor in the gym. Brent is aware he is one of the few white guys surrounded by a

hundred people. The white preacher walks in and talks about "Hope."

*PREACHER*

"...When you get out of here, you will need a job. The Bible says to work, to give unto Caesar what is Caesar's. Here are some ways to start your own business. You will need a business license... the proper tax forms..."

The preacher then gives a long listed column of instructions. Nobody is taking notes. Brent leans over to an acquaintance from E1A.

*BRENT*

You gotta be kidding me. Is this for real? He is talking so far above the needs of people in here, it's not even funny. Some of these people have totally lost their mind, and those who haven't, probably will not remember his twelve legal steps after they leave here.

None-the-less, Brent goes up and talks to the preacher afterwards. The preacher hands Brent a tract and starts to ask questions. When Brent has answered them sufficiently, he tries to recruit Brent to lead a Bible study in E1A. Brent walks away, wanting nothing to do with it. As Brent is lead back to E1A, a JAIL MATE with dreads approaches.

*JAIL MATE*

Do you know where I can get some dope around here?

Brent looks at him kind of funny 'cause it was at the end of a "church" service.

*BRENT*

Sorry, I don't do drugs.

Jail mate looks at Brent's E1A wrist band, and snickers.

*JAIL MATE*

Oh? You are one of those. From the land of pills. You got any of those instead?

*BRENT*

No.

*JAIL MATE (in a derogatory manner)*  
What ya doing in here?

*BRENT*  
I busted out some windows. A couple on Stone Mountain, and a big one at the Courthouse across the street. Then, I got E1A.

*JAIL MATE (smiling)*  
Now, that's what I am talking about! I didn't think you were THAT guy.

Brent smiles.

*JAIL MATE (yelling to his friends)*  
YO!!! Shit! This is the guy who smashed in the Courthouse window!

Brent watches inmates come toward him.

*JAIL MATE (looking at Brent)*  
What the fuck did you do it for? What's the connection between Stone Mountain and the Courthouse?

*BRENT*  
Not sure, now.

*JAIL MATE*  
NOT sure?

Brent heads back to E1A before he is the center of attention.

### **INT. ORANGE COMMON ROOM E1A ----- DAY**

Brent, back in E1A, lies on his bed thinking for an undistinguishable amount of time.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
T says what I went through was not real. You there, Peter?

No response. Brent looks at his finger; the string is still there.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Something sure as hell happened to me. It was not all a dream. No telling what those GMHI meds did to me.

### **EXT. POND - HILL AT EMORY UNIV. ----- EVENING ----- FLASHBACK**

Brent, E, and Mike are rolling down the hill near the pond, racing to the bottom. There is much laughter in the dizziness of the moment. Brent, later at dark, is sitting on a rock with E, next to the pond. He puffs, but not inhales, on the first cigarette that has ever touched his lips.

**INT. EXIT ORANGE COMMON ROOM E1A ----- DAY**

*BRENT (V.O.)*

They have let me keep the string on through the processing at GMHI and back into jail.

Guard opens door to E1A.

*GUARD*

Brent Weston, gather your stuff.

Brent laughs a little to himself, looking at a bed that only has a sheet and roll of toilet paper.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Are they going to reuse my toilet paper? Surely not... Just give it to another inmate.

*CELLMATE 3*

Remember, my name is *(Joe Smith)*! Maybe your lawyer can get me out, too.

*CELLMATE 4*

Another one bites the dust.

*CELLMATE 5*

He ain't coming back. Free bird! That bird is FREEEEEE!

*CELLMATE 6*

No telling where he is going.

*CELLMATE 5*

No telling where that Mo' Fo' has been.

*CELLMATE 1*

See ya, shadow buster.

Brent bows his head and looks back at a relatively calm room. Several men are just staring with a sad smile, except for one man who is yelling.

*CELLMATE 3*

IT'S NOT FAIR. IT'S NOT FAIR. His family must have money for a lawyer. He comes from one of those rich families.

*CELLMATE 5*

Remember us!

**INT. WHITE CELL of former BAT SCENE ----- DAY**

Brent looks at the window in the door as he leaves E1A. He is escorted to the WHITE CELL where he saw the bat shadow.

*BRENT (to the sheriff)*

Could you tell me what is behind that door over there with the shadow?

The sheriff stops and looks directly at Brent.

*SHERIFF*

Mops. Nothing but MOPS! For WASHING the floors. Got it?

The door is locked behind Brent. Brent instantly hears something coming through the wall. He goes to the left wall and puts his ear up to it. With his hand, he draws a circle on the wall and punctuates the middle with a thud. Surprisingly, he hears a thud back. He tries it again and backs away from the wall, quickly. He barely hears the thud this time. This sound is not only in his head. He starts to calculate the sound. The distance from the wall makes a difference in his calculations. He now knows someone is in the cell next to him. Then he puts his ear to the wall and hears the song "I'll Fly Away, Oh Glory." It sounds like a small church service in the next room over. Brent remembers the fly that once entered the cell to be with him.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Brent. Brent. *(pause)* Brent.

Brent immediately stops and looks around. He gets up and goes to the wall where the song was coming from.

*PETER (V.O.)*

You are making us laugh, Brent. Check the wall all you want, and measure your distances.

Brent immediately hears the difference in sounds. This one is not coming from the wall. This one seems omnidirectional. This has bypassed normal hearing. He notices when he raises an arm, the ear on that side has a tone.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Shit. Great. You again. Where have you been? Y'all left me hanging.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Au contraire.

*BRENT*

What do you mean?

*PETER (V.O.)*

We have been here the whole time. First, some of my colleagues want to apologize for putting you through the cell near the hooded people.

*BRENT*

Y'all put me through hell, you fuckers.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Brent, no need for the language, but we understand! Ever

thought about how abandoned Christ felt on the cross?

[Long silence]

*PETER (V.O.)*

Those hooded people were real, but the woman doing yoga... Brent, your mind was scrambled almost to the death. Do you remember those geometric patterns you analyzed in your mind?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I'm beginning to remember. Some of them were beautiful, and some of them were horrific. The bad ones repeated after certain types of thoughts. They were going very fast, and I was having an emotional response to each one.

*BRENT*

How did you get those into my head with my eyes closed?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Chinese secret... First inning and you have already struck out. THINK it, don't say it.

*BRENT*

What?

[Pause]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Oh, baseball! *(pause)* By the way, how are the Braves doing?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Let me check. *(pause)* Rock solid.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Stone Mountain?

*BRENT*

Funny.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Smoltzee is having a great year.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Their pitching is really good.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Apparently, so is yours! You hit the bull's eye with the orange... On that wall. You were really angry, yet still agile. No judgment on my part. Considering what you were going through, you needed that release.

Brent starts to see images flash behind his eyelids again.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Haven't we been through this before?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Chinese secret?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Whatever you want to call it.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
I want you to lie back on the floor and relax with your eyes closed.

Brent lies down on the floor. Instead of seeing static images that change every few seconds, they begin to morph. He tries to focus by pushing blood into his eyes at various pressures. Soon, he is seeing line drawings of aircraft flying through the sky. Planes, highly detailed in their movements and precision, are darting across the grey background in his mind.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Holy Shit. That's an F-4 Phantom taking off.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Old plane, but you just hit a homerun!

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Ahhh, umm, that's pretty impressive.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Tell me what colors you are seeing.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Basically, various types of grey with moving lines.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Brent, do you know that people like me may never get to experience what you just saw?

Brent's audible mind goes quiet.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I wish I could see where you work. It would be nice to meet you in PERSON!

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Not going to happen! But you will be trained to watch for us.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
If YOUR training and experimenting proceeds like it has been, there may be nothing of me remaining.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Trust in our God and in US. See if you can tell me what we are putting on our screen now.

Brent's body is barely moving, but his temperature is okay. Soon, Brent begins to see some lime green lines start to form in his head. He waits as they untangle themselves into a scientific drawing of a girded space shuttle. The shuttle starts to rotate without moving across his mind. The grid stays in full perspective from each angle, and then it vanishes like the lights were turned out.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

That's...

*PETER (V.O.) (interrupting)*

What?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

...was a space shuttle.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Two for two.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

The lines were in greenish color?

*PETER (V.O.)*

You beat me to the question.

*BRENT*

Don't tell me you can do this in color. Can you project a color movie into the mind?

*PETER (V.O.)*

The answer is no, not with the clarity you are thinking about. It IS simply amazing that you can see what you did. You are about 85% on the cusp of what we can do. We will try and run some full color after a few more tests. Hold on a minute. I actually have to go to the restroom myself. I will be back shortly. How are you doing?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Okay, but take me to the deep waters of Corfu sometime?

No response as Brent is questioning his puzzled mind.

*FRIENDLY WOMAN (V.O.)*

Hey, Brent. My name is Chris. I have the COMM until Pete gets back. I finally get my turn in the lead, but only shortly.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Hi, Chris. How did you get here?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

How does anyone get anywhere? Providence maybe, but I can say there was a lot of personal studying, at least a year on your case alone.

*BRENT*

Bullshit?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

"Bullshit?" Way to meet a stranger!

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Sorry, your voice sounds quite friendly. Mind me asking how old you are?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

I'm about your age, believe it or not.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Please, tell me you are single.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Actually, divorced.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Sorry to hear that, but I do feel relieved.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Appreciate the empathy, but back to a quick comment or two.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I ain't got nowhere to go.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

I'm not kidding, I have been assigned to your case. And Lord willing, will be for the long haul.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Chris, do your best to take care of me.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

God has gotten me here, AND I have earned it. Brent, you are a remarkable person. God has also been with you.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yeah, but I haven't earned it. Sounds like you are a Christian.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

I am.

*BRENT (V.O.) (smiling)*

You're not going to make me cut my hair to remain "saved," are you?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Are you thinking about BIBLE MAN?

*BRENT*

Can't y'all read my mind?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

The system is not foolproof, Brent. Got it? And it's BIBLE MAN, isn't it?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yes.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

God loves that man, too! His plight could have been yours. And besides, I am not his judge, nor yours.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

You know what my plight is now? I can not seem to trust the Holy Spirit talking to me. I am beginning to think that if this technology is used on a grand scale, many Christians could be deceived, and I'm not even bringing up any privacy of mind issues.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Sloooooow down, hold your horses. Not currently possible the way you are envisioning it, and theoretically...

*BRENT (V.O.) (interrupting)*

... and theoretically, if I am one of the few in the know of this technology, I may just fall into a superiority complex.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Brent, our leaders and scientists have to deal with the superiority issues, as well. After all, what do you think partly fueled Hitler's projects? A superiority mindset. It is important to note though, that some of our scientists originally came from Germany, during and after the war. These scientists' work and LIVES are now being redeemed. America is the great melting pot and the "shining city on a hill." This is serious. I appreciate your concern on the subject.

*BRENT (long pause)*

Oh, God.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Don't worry about all this right now, or the superiority issues. So far, you have been able to drop them. Hi, Pete! Everything come out okay?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Funny. So, how is it going Chris?

*BRENT (V.O.) (to himself)*  
How am I going to explain this to Mom and Dad?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
A little testy, but we have met.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Nothing says you have to tell your parents, but Chris will be here to help.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Are you cute?

*CHRIS (V.O.) (quickly)*  
Average! Brent, I will be here awhile yet tonight, but it's time for me to relinquish center stage. "May we live long and prosper."

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
"May the force be with us."

*PETER (V.O.)*  
That's the ticket.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Good to meet you, Chris!

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
You too, Brent.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Back to work. Those airplanes. Brent we are going to have them moving with your eyes shut, and when we say so, we want you to slowly open your eyes. That's it, got it.

Brent is lying on the floor. He occasionally opens his eyes.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
The afterimage lasts between 1 and 10 seconds, depending on the original image.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Okay, now we want you to keep your eyes open.

Brent sees outlines of planes very faintly.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I can barely see the planes.

PETER (V.O.)

That is okay. Now, be as still as you can with eyes shut.

BRENT (V.O.)

I don't see much. I don't see "Da plaaane... Da plaaane."

A minute or two goes by. Brent sees an abstract painting in colors start to morph. They start spinning in perfect geometries. For a few seconds, he sees a glowing kaleidoscope. Then in an instant, lights out. There is a temporary afterglow.

BRENT (V.O.)

Now, that looked like what I would expect from LSD, or something.

PETE (V.O.) (*kind of laughing*)

Brent, we got you up to about 93% of what we can do. This is very rare. A little room for improvement, but give us time.

BRENT (V.O.)

Well, I seem to have A LOT of that these days.

PETER (V.O.)

A lot of what?

BRENT (V.O.)

Time!

PETER (V.O.)

You will be out of here before you know it.

Without hesitation.

PETER (V.O.)

Brent, technology will soon be better with the definition of color. The best way to describe the kaleidoscope is a "combo." The grey lines were mixed with colors as much as we could control them. If you're curious, the grey line technology has been around longer than you might think. Color is being refined as we speak. We had a breakthrough with it a couple years back.

BRENT (V.O.)

With this stuff, I bet you can affect dreams.

PETER (V.O.)

The answer to that is yes, and no. There is still an extensive amount of research that has to go into dreams, how to understand and influence them.

BRENT (V.O.) (*to himself*)

This is crazy. I already have issues with my dreams in here. I don't know what was dream and what was not.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
To be expected!

*BRENT (V.O.) (to himself)*  
Maybe it's possible for the mind to receive frequencies, but there is no way they can read it, especially without some kind of device near. There ain't one in this room; I can see that. It is also possible that thoughts could be "interjected" at such a rate that all voices themselves, including mine, are faster than regular thought. I could be "receiving" entire conversations. Basically, in a relaxed state, I'm just listening to "both" sides talk - "them" and "me." Possibly, the "me" is also a projection of the computer people.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
You are now beginning to think. That's a fairly interesting assumption Brent, but that is not how we normally work. Not to say that cannot be done, but it is a little more dangerous.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Peter, basically you are "saying" that I am not just a very relaxed "receiver," but I am a "transmitter?"

*PETER (V.O.)*  
In the most basic scenario, isn't that true? You have your senses and a MOUTH!

*BRENT*  
It ain't that easy!

*PETER (V.O.)*  
"He swings and misses."

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
How am I suppose to take the fact that I am a transmitter?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
It may not be that easy for you.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
It's apparently not so easy for you and your computers, either. Let's hit the refresh button! My transition to this moment was not the smoothest.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
That's a fair statement.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
And if I can really even receive, what the hell is  $139 \times 9325$ ? Why can't you pop the answer into my head at any time?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Wow! Where did that come from? And you failed physics?

*BRENT (V.O.) (smiling)*  
That's right. TWICE, I think!

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Well then, how do you expect to understand what we could tell you even if we wanted to? But we cannot with our "broken connections." Also, we have developed a protocol over the years, protocol derived from experiences like yours.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Cop out!

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Precisely. *(long pause)* Give me a sec...

*BRENT*  
Like, I'm STUCK, if you haven't noticed.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Actually, I want you to give me 30 secs., as in count to 30 the best you can. And STARE out the window.

*BRENT (V.O.) (lips moving)*  
1, 2..., 10..., 20..., 28, 29, 30

Just as Brent hits 30 a sheriff comes around the corner and pauses right by the window. He takes a mop out of a bucket and starts mopping right in front of the window.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Get the point!?

*BRENT*  
SHIT! Did you make that happen, or did you just predict it correctly with a remote sensor?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
First of all, "SHIT," is not generally in my lexicon. SHHH - IT may be a proper response in this case. In the future, our dilemma is going to be deciding when and where to remind you of events like today. Judging how loud to "speak to you," or knowing how far to go to get a response, may also be a challenge. In coming years, technology is going to get fast, as in "warp" speed.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I follow.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Now, get some rest.

Brent is awakened, and he is being moved to the building with the Courthouse. He can barely keep his eyes open. He has been told he is on his way out.

*BRENT (to guard)*  
How long is it going to be?

*GUARD*  
I don't know. There is a bunch of paper work. It's going to be awhile.

**INT. JAIL EXIT ROOM #1 ----- DAY**

Brent is ushered into a room with approximately 20 men. It is a very small room with no bathrooms. People are talking amongst themselves and to themselves. Alcohol stench is in the air. An older African American almost passes out on the bench in front of Brent. Brent feels like a sardine in the can. Someone throws up in the sink. Brent does not think he will be in this cell very long.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
You there, Peter?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
We gotcha. What would you like to talk about?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Not sure! But I'd like to be out of here.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Kick back, it's a crowded beach.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I saw they fixed the window to the Courthouse.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Of course. They had to fix that pretty quickly, and besides, that's in the past. The window is new, and just a percentage of a penny that is being spent on you. Brent, this is as good a time as any to...

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Ahhh! Here it comes!

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Since you brought up the window, let's talk about the WINDOWS, as in plural. You mind if Chris joins in? You and she ARE going to be a team for awhile.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
No problem! Hey Chris.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Hey Brent. Good to be back. How are you doing?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Getting hungry, and I think they forgot to give me my lunch sack today in all the transitions. What did YOU have for breakfast?

Must have been BETTER than mine.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Yogurt, granola, and coffee.

*PETER (V.O.) (to Brent)*  
You did not ask me that?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
You had me flying airplanes, remember.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
"But of course."

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Dijon! You've been there, too? That was where I cried over my first painting.

*PETER (V.O.) (talking to himself)*  
Me, too.

Brent is confused.

*CHRIS (V.O.) (to Pete, as if Brent was not in the territory, but loud enough that Brent gets the hint)*  
Pete, you wanted to talk about the windows?

*PETER (V.O.)*  
Ah, yeeees, the wiiiiindows.

*BRENT (V.O.) (feeling a little ashamed)*  
I don't remember really breaking them out of anger. I had some kind of logic that seemed right at the time. And besides, I took the first window apart; it was already broken.

*PETER (V.O.) (seriously)*  
BRENT. BRENT. BRENT!  
Rest in peace.  
*(then laughing a little)*  
And let the windows rest in PIECES!

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Not funny!

Chris laughs in the background.

*PETER (V.O.)*  
We want you to forget those windows for now.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Brent, we know you had Psychology 101.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I don't remember a thing, except that my GA TECH psychology teacher had been a missionary to the Native Americans out West. But that is fuzzy. In the Architecture Department that seemed dedicated to the worldviews of Postmodernism, it was refreshing to meet staff who actually believed in an ultimate Creator that formed us with or without, evolution.

*PETER (V.O.)*

We figured you wouldn't remember too much. Your memory skills are not bad, but neither are they the best. Book knowledge apparently, is not your thing. However, we have taken interest in a couple memories that you began to explore in Painting I at GA State.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

That was one of my favorite classes ever, if not THE fav!

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Tell us about your encaustic painting.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Oh, God. You mean the one about the garage door window?

*PETER (V.O.)*

You do remember the events?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yes, but I don't know how accurate the memories are.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

That's okay. Let's just hash it out a bit. Whatever comes to mind, Brent, we are not making any judgments on you as a person here.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I cannot hide my thoughts anyway, can I?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Very good question; hang onto that thought for another time. But for now, tell us about the painting.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I don't remember the assignment, but I ended up going back to the house I grew up in on Burlington Road to face a childhood memory. I took my easel and introduced myself to the guys that lived in the house, then. I told them I had grown up in the house as a kid, and I asked them if I could paint in the driveway. They said, "Yes, that would be fine."

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

You are doing well.

*PETER (V.O.)*

You must have been near the pine tree your parents planted?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Should I be PARANOID about now?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Only if you WANT to be!

*BRENT (V.O.)*

You are correct. It was also near where I egged the house before I knew it was the wrong thing to do.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Pete, did we have that fun tidbit?

[Pause]

*PETER (V.O.)*

That's a negative.

*CHRIS (V.O.) (to Peter)*

It is nice to know we don't know it all.

*PETER (V.O.)*

So, we know you painted an image of a window in encaustic while at your childhood home.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yep, in the driveway. I pulled out a portable camping stove and warmed up the wax right there NEXT TO THE PINE TREE! The wax was melted in my metal coffee maker from Europe.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Did you paint on canvas or wood?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I think I recall it was on stretched canvas, maybe about 2.5' x 3.5'.

*PETER (V.O.)*

So why paint the window?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

It may have been one of the first times I knew good from bad. Or at least felt shame for breaking something.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Now we are getting somewhere. It's okay. What do you recall? Take as much time as you need.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

There was a small yard and small parking lot. They were for our house and the duplex next door. The two-door garage was painted white, and was separate from both our house and the duplex. Anyway, Dad had asked what I wanted for my birthday. I wanted a slingshot.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Brent, do you remember how old you were?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Not exactly... 5, 6, 7?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

So you got a slingshot for your birthday?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

It came in a white box with some kind of note from the maker.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Pete, did you ever have a slingshot growing up?

*PETER? (V.O.)*

Don't remember about a slingshot. But I had a BASEBALL BAT. Why, did YOU?

*CHRIS (V.O.) (laughing)*

Brent, what do you remember about the slingshot?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

It was awesome. It was made of wood by a real, Cherokee. It had a red snake with black dots, on the handle.

*PETER (V.O.)*

We have an idea where this is going, but it may be good for you to reflect on it.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I guess you know I broke the garage window?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Suppose so, but that is okay. What were you aiming at?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I had aimed at the garage once, and the rock ricocheted off its concrete wall. On another occasion, I aimed at the large wooden door. I soon realized the force of the impact, and refrained from aiming at the garage. Dad told me that if I broke anything of value with the slingshot, I would get a spanking.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Do you remember anything about the rock?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Grey and heavy, but not that big. God, it may have been a piece of GRANITE, but I don't know.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

What do you remember about the window itself?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Well, the garage was not used for the cars. It was a mess in there, and I hardly ever got to go in.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Okay, but what about the window itself?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

It was almost completely black behind there. Mysterious, but kind of scary. Behind the window, was my dad's stuff.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

How was the window actually broken?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I started to pretend the rocks were airplanes and spaceships.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Oh, boy.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

That is the kind of things many boys do.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I aimed the rocks into the air like I was launching them. I think I wanted to launch them over the garage, but that's speculative.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

One went through the window?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

With a big crash. I was frightened. I instantly knew I had broken something important.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

You okay?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yeah, I am doing well, but the O2 in this cell room is not enough for the amount of people in here. There is no moving air. *(pause)* So, you KNOW what happened next!

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

You got spanked.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yes, but not right away. When I knew I had broken the window, I went to see Mom immediately. I asked her if I was going to get a spanking.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

What did she say?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I really don't remember that conversation well, but something about the fact that, "We will have to wait and see when Dad gets home from work," and some comment about how I probably would.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

A little time to think about it, eh?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I felt horrible, and I hid.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Were you scared of your dad?

*BRENT*

He can be a serious man.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

OOPS! There are people in here.  
But, I HAVE always known he loves me.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Don't worry about the people; they probably won't remember you. Where did you hide, if you don't mind me asking?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

No problem. But don't you know all this already? I hid under my sister's bed for hours. Dad came home, and they had to eat dinner without me.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

They did look for you.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Actually, I heard them yelling for me, looking for me. I felt even worse for hiding when I could tell they were getting really worried. Mom was in tears. It was a small house. Awhile after dinner, Mom knelt down next my sister's bed and found me. She was so happy to see me.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

And your dad?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

I'm getting there. I don't remember that conversation very well either, but it went something like, "Son, we love you, but you really scared us tonight. First of all, you did break the garage window with the slingshot. Remember our deal? In essence you deserve a spanking for that, but that is not what concerns me most. The window is replaceable. What really bothered me was that you did not come when we called for you later. Did you not hear us calling you? You frightened your mother pretty bad. In essence, you deserve a spanking for the window and for scaring us, but I am only going to give you one."

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Did he beat you?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Hurt a little physically, but I would not say he beat me. I was spanked on the butt; I think with a Bolo paddle without the ball.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

A Bolo paddle? Is that a kind of toy?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yep. I learned not to buy them 'cause when the ball broke off the rubber tether, it got confiscated and put on the shelf as the paddle.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

How did you feel after the spanking?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Dad tried a little preaching to me afterwards, but I felt totally abandoned.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

We know a little about your parents.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Then you probably know that I only got a couple of paddlings at home while growing up. I don't even remember the other time, or times.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Despite their faults, you have some great parents!

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Yeah, when I did get a spanking in 8th grade at DeKalb Christian Academy, Dad came charging to my emotional rescue before the Headmaster. Dad did not like the reason I got spanked, or the fact that they were still doing it at that age. It may have been the last spanking at that school. Dad let them have it.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Forgiveness is a big thing when it comes to relationships. Brent, as you learn to forgive yourself and your family, just know you have also been adopted by a new family that may need forgiving at times, too.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Are you calling yourself part of my family?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Not as much as YOU being a part of OUR family.

*BRENT (V. O.)*

Excuse me, but I don't know if I would call your "group" a family; the Mob is also a family.

[Pause]

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Sure it is! But some families are healthier than others, and all have issues. And by the way, do you remember the etymology of your name?

*BRENT (V.O.)*

What has that to do with anything?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

It's what your parents named you. It may mean nothing to you, but think about it.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

"BRENT" is an arctic goose, but in original English it means, "From the STEEP HILL."

[Pause]

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Oh, my gosh.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

And "WESTON?"

*BRENT (V.O.)*

...WESTON means "of/from the West."

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

"From the steep HILL in the West." I like that.

*GUARD*

BRENT WESTON.

*BRENT*

I'm over here.

*GUARD*

Come with me. We need to get your clothes changed for discharge.

Brent is the first one taken out of the room. He asks to go to the restroom. Guard points to a sink in a low lit, dirty, yellowish brown closet, down the hall. Brent is amazed the guard is trusting him to go down the hall by himself. He takes a pee in the sink next to the mops. He returns and thanks the sheriff. He is taken to another set of cells. Guard calls many others out. Brent gets excited when the last one is called. If they follow the same earlier order, his name will be called next. He is given a bag with his stuff, and changes back into his shorts and tank top. His Bible is still in the backpack, but his sandals and Swiss Army Knife are gone. Someone hands him a small slip of paper with one Bible verse from *John*. It is typed in red.

*BRENT*

You would not know what happened to my sandals?

*LADY BEHIND COUNTER*

You say you had some sandals?

*BRENT*

YES!

Woman goes back behind a wall.

*LADY BEHIND COUNTER*

Nope, sorry.

BRENT is ready to go, barefoot and all. But they start releasing people opposite the order taken from the last room. Brent knows now, that he still has to wait awhile before they let him go. He has been told his parents are outside waiting, and he cannot wait to see them. But the line of discharge is long and going slow.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Peter. You there?

*PETER (V.O.)*

Yes, sir.

*BRENT (V.O.)*

Will I get to talk to y'all anymore? The technology; I don't how, or if it works, outside these walls.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Of course, but it may be more infrequent. You need to know your body and mind are not in a state that is acceptable to typical standards of society. It is going to be rough for you, but when you need it the most, we will be there for you. Remember the circle with the dot.

Brent draws a circle on the wall and punctuates the middle with a soft and quiet, but solid, hit. He hears a tone in one ear and then the other.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Chris?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Believe me, I'll be there. I'm on YOUR case! I'm your number one connection. YOU are my main assignment, got it?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
God, I am literally the last one out of here. They have followed the exact order, but only reversed.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Man up, dude! The first will be last, and the last will be first.

Brent's name is immediately called. Brent is finally let out into the lobby with his backpack. He is barefoot. He is not seeing clearly, and thinks he hugs his parents.

There is still paper work to be processed. He goes with his dad. His dad sits on a chair, and Brent climbs into his lap. For five minutes, he sits there in the lobby in his dad's arms quietly. Brent doesn't concern himself with what others think. He looks at his ring finger. The string is still there. It brings him back to the physicality of the world, and thoughts of *E*.

#### **EXT. LEAVING JAIL ----- DAY**

Eventually, the family walks out of the glass doors and past the Courthouse window that Brent had busted. Brent looks up at the sun, directly feeling its warmth. His eyes are extremely sensitive; they are blinking fast and squinting. His mind seems to have lost a tether. Brent feels the hot pavement on his feet; it reminds him of his other senses, and he smiles. Each stone on the gravel parking lot begins to hurt with each step.

*BRENT*  
May I get a hamburger?

*PARENTS*  
Sure, if that's what you want.

Brent senses something wrong with the lights inside the architecture of the fast food joint.

*BRENT*  
May we take the hamburgers and go somewhere else to eat?

The family eats next to the water near the base of Stone Mountain.

[Insert image #58]

## INT. BRENT'S PARENTS' HOUSE ----- DAY

Brent walks through the door from the garage. He is barely glad to be home. He is extremely tired. Brent doesn't talk much, and eventually asks if he can lie down. His parents are very accommodating. Brent goes back to a real bed for the first time in weeks. His mind is skipping in thoughts. Linearity in normal thinking is gone. He can't sleep; he cannot stay awake. Every 15 minutes, he is up and out of the bed. It is a vicious cycle. He goes to the piano bench where he first saw *E* sitting. He sits down and presses a few keys. He finds three or four notes that ring true to him, and repeats them over and over, trying to add in other piano notes. He has no idea how to play the piano; he never had any lessons. He goes back to bed. Through the night, he just turns in bed. The graph-line images return to his mind like a slide projector that turns off and on in the most random patterns.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Rough night?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Urrrg. Get away. Y'all don't exist. But the images in my mind are too precise for y'all not to exist.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
I'll take that as an affirmative!

Brent's mind seems scrambled.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
You come and go at your pleasure. When I want to communicate with you, I get nothing.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
It's important, RIGHT NOW, you now do something that you enjoy.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
I don't even know if you are real.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
You have not had a Coca-Cola in awhile!

BRENT smiles to himself, and goes to get one from the kitchen. There are no Cokes in the refrigerator, but several cans in the cupboard. He takes one, but does not open it.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
How about some music?

Brent goes back to his room and pulls out a small boombox and headphones.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
No headphones. We want you to take the boombox and put it on the counter in the bathroom and take a bath. And take the Coca-Cola with you.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
A BATTTH?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Yes, its been too long since you've just kicked back,  
listened to some music, and enjoyed some private space.

**INT. BATHROOM ----- PARENTS' HOUSE ----- EVENING**

Brent is drawing water for the tub, and turns on a pop radio station, B98.5.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Really not suppose to have a plug-in radio in the bathroom  
while taking a bath.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Guess that puts your life in your own hands for the time being.  
You will be fine.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
How you feeling, Brent?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Can't sleep! How YOU doing?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Ordered out CHINESE.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Chinese secret? Hmmm. Chinese FOOD sounds pretty good to  
me, about now.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Enjoy your bath.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Is Peter around?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
No, but I can call him up.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Up, from where?

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
I could CALL him. He is not sitting at the COMM. If you want to  
talk to him, I can make it happen.

Brent is about to open his can of Coca-Cola.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Have you ever had a HOT coke?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Not sure what you mean.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Don't open the can! Drop it into the tub, under the spout.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
That's pretty gross.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Having it temperature hot, or because it's in a tub?

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
TUB!!

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
Leave it under the hot water until it gets noticeably hot. THEN, wash the can under the spout above the water level.

*BRENT (V.O.)*  
Ohhh?

Brent plays with an unopened Coca-Cola can in the tub for awhile until it is hot. Then he washes it, and has his first hot Coca-Cola while chilling to the radio.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*  
When you have had about half a can of Coke, on the rim of the tub where you keep the shampoo and soap, I want you to do something. Turn the can at about a 45 degree angle, and balance it on the bottom rim of the can. Slowly take your hands off, but keep them close lest the can roll off into the tub. Trust me.

Brent does it, first try.

*BRENT*  
Your signals must be coming through the radio.

No response and it is quiet for awhile, except for the pop songs. Brent's mind scrambles again. He gets out of the tub and puts some clothes on with no linearity of thought.

### **INT. LIVING ROOM PARENTS' HOUSE ----- EVENING**

He walks out and finds his mom in the living room. She knows something is wrong.

*MOM*  
Brent, you okay? Would you like to talk about it?

Brent nods his head for "yes."

*MOM*  
Can you describe to me what's wrong?

*BRENT*  
I can't sleep.

*MOM*  
We noticed you seem a little anxious. Can you describe to me your thoughts?

*BRENT*  
They are skipping. It's like a slide projector in my mind, and I cannot turn it off. *(Pause)* I think I'm being contacted through radio waves.

*MOM*  
We love you, so it's okay to talk about these things. Would you say you're having thoughts that race uncontrollably?

Brent nods again. He puts his head slowly on his mother's shoulders.

*MOM*  
You are going to be okay!

*BRENT*  
Mother, please help. *(Pause)* Help me, please. My thoughts, they are too fast.

*MOM*  
Wednesday, we have set an appointment for you to see a doctor at a special hospital. It deals with these situations. *(Pause)* I made a birthday cake for you.

*BRENT*  
What day is it?

She hides that she is about to tear up, and smiles a little.

*MOM*  
It is Monday. We thought we would celebrate your birthday tomorrow.

Brent doesn't register. His eyes are glossy and close to tears.

*MOM*  
You think you can make it until Wednesday?

Brent silently shakes his head for "no," while his head is still on her shoulders.

*MOM*  
Do you think you need to go now?

Brent silently snuffles, and shakes his head for "yes."

*MOM (Confidently)*

Okay. We will all get our things and go.

**INT. BRAUNER HOSPITAL: ELECTROENCEPHALOGRAPH ROOM ----- EVENING**

*DIAGNOSTIC LADY*

You must be Brent?

There is small chat as DIAGNOSTIC LADY is putting electrodes onto Brent's scalp. Brent lies down on the table and is freezing cold, reminding him of jail. Lady connects wires.

*DIAGNOSTIC LADY*

That's unusual. Why is that string around your finger?

*BRENT*

It's a long, convoluted, love story. The string, I found in jail.

*DIAGNOSTIC LADY*

Fascinating. I want you to relax and try not to move.

*BRENT*

Okay.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Hey Brent, I have Peter here with me. If you feel currents that are bothersome, dance with them in your mind. Remember the stillness when you were on the floor in jail and making art with the sound.

**INT. WHITE JAIL (CLOSE UP: BRENT ON FLOOR) ----- NIGHT ----- FLASHBACK**

[Flashback to the floor of jail.] Brent is drawing symbols very slowly on the floor. Lifting a finger seems to change every current in his body. Brent feels as if he can play a spider's web like a musical instrument, with the acupuncture like pressure points on the floor.

**INT. BRAUNER MENTAL HOSPITAL: ELECTROENCEPHALOGRAPH ROOM ----- EVENING**

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

You can use the table itself to release the tension. And remember, position of the hand. You can make a circle with the thumb and birdie finger on each hand, and interlock them during the test.

Machine is turned on. It does not hurt. However, someone shuts a door in the building, and Brent's body shakes violently. Soon, the test is over. Diagnostic lady looks very puzzled. She is looking over the machine with hidden concern.

*DIAGNOSTIC LADY*

Brent, something is not making sense with the reading.

*BRENT*

Is something wrong with the machine?

*DIAGNOSTIC LADY*

Sorry Brent, but I think I am going to need to run the test again.

*BRENT*

I'm very cold. May I have a blanket over me during the test?

Brent interlocks his birdie fingers and thumbs. Then he touches his big toes together. The test is soon over.

*DIAGNOSTIC LADY (Not wanting to alarm Brent with same results)*  
This one is better.

She takes off all the electrodes except for two symmetrically opposite each other.

*DIAGNOSTIC LADY*

Where did you say you got that string?

*BRENT*

DeKalb County Jail.

The conversation goes fuzzy as Brent exits the room.

*BRENT (V.O.) (to Chris and Peter)*

She left two electrodes on my head on purpose. She left them where frontal horns would be, or antennas on a robot from *Meet The Jetsons*.

*PETER (V.O.)*

Don't worry about it.

*CHRIS (V.O.)*

Just take them off when you get back to your room and throw them away.

### **INT. BRENT'S ROOM at BRAUNER ----- NIGHT**

Brent's room looks like a nice hotel room with two, single beds. It has its own temperature controlled air-conditioner. He has no roommate, and there are not many people on the unit. On the table next to him, he has brought a book by C.S. Lewis, *The Problem of Pain*. He is told to get some rest, but he is unable to get any continuity of sleep. He keeps adjusting the thermostat. A tall doctor dressed in a nice, grey suit with yellow socks and tie, and classy, black, leather shoes, comes in by himself. He is very kind. Brent's mom and dad are already in the room.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
Hi, Brent. I'm Dr. (*Joe Smith*). How you doing?

*BRENT* (*staring a little glossy*)  
I'm not sure.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
You are an artist?

*BRENT*  
Yeah, I was painting a colorful series of established Atlanta restaurants, diners, and bars. The old guard working tables, and the multitudes of regular patrons, were on life's stage. Then it all suddenly happened. Everything was connected. It was as if I was living in a play.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
"Living in a play?" Hmmm? What kind of paint do you use?

*BRENT*  
Gouache, an opaque water-color.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
Hmmm. Haven't heard of that one. It was not oil? I see in your records you are allergic to oil base paints. Is there anything else you think you could be allergic to?

Brent nods "No."

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
It is my job to get you better. Do you know why you are here?

*BRENT*  
My mind is not working right.

Doctor asks many more questions, but Brent is confused and overwhelmed with telling his story. Dad pipes in, and there is a brief conversation about where the doctor attends church. After awhile, the doctor and parents leave the room. The doctor comes back alone.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
I have a couple of pills here that may help you get some rest. Would you be willing to take them?

*BRENT*  
Have other people taken these pills before? Or am I a guinea pig?

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
These are newer drugs, but we need to get the Alpha and Beta waves at the right levels and under control.

*BRENT*  
I don't understand. Is that what she measured on that machine?

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
Yes. Would you like to see the results?

*BRENT*  
Yes.

Doctor leaves and soon returns with a manila folder. Inside, is a series of seismic like graphs. He shows the graphs to Brent. He does not understand them. Brent doubts they are even his results, but tries to read the red handwriting and marks.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
Your natural brainwaves are not where they should be.

Doctor points to the lines and shows him the deficits and elevations.

*BRENT (Brent remembers Diagnostic Lady's name)*  
*(Jane Doe)* seemed puzzled with the results.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
Who?

Doctor stares at Brent, a little surprised.

*BRENT*  
The lady who read my brain waves.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
Oh, believe or not, I don't know the names of everyone who works here. I will let you know, there is a reading on here that I have not seen before. But let ME worry about that! For now, I would like you take these medicines and keep an IV in you for a little while.

*BRENT*  
You know, when I was in jail, I was hypersensitive to sound, and thought I could hear some kind of radio frequency.

Brent asks if that technology is possible. There is a brief conversation about the CIA's tests earlier in the century.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
It is really crucial that you get some rest tonight.

Brent takes the pills and is soon asleep for a continuously *long* time. This is the first time in weeks. Brent awakens the next day on his own, and the nurses take out the IV. He is also given some more pills, along with a nice lunch.

### **INT. BRENT'S BRAUNER ROOM ----- EVENING**

Brent is lying comfortably in his bed. He is chilling to faint sounds of a remote, Atlanta Braves baseball broadcast. His favorite announcers, Skip Carrey and Pete van Wieren,

are calling the balls and strikes in between Coca-Cola commercials. About the 5th inning, the doctor arrives in his church suit and tie, with red socks. Mom also enters. The doctor starts asking questions.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
So Brent, how did you sleep last night?

*BRENT*  
I don't remember.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
How do you feel now?

*BRENT*  
A little better.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
How about this afternoon?

*BRENT*  
I feel a little groggy, but okay.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
What did you do today?

*BRENT*  
For the last hour and a half?

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
That will work.

*BRENT*  
I've been fading in and out of sleep, listening to baseball. It's good to hear Skip and Pete again.

The doctor looks perplexed, and his eyes dart to the right without really looking at anything. Deep breath from his mom. Brent knows something has gone wrong.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
From which direction do you hear the game?

*BRENT*  
I don't precisely know. I thought it was coming from the hall, but I'm not sure. It could have been coming through the wall, you know, from the next room over. It seemed to move around a little as to the source. It even sounded, at one point, like it was coming from above.

*BRAUNER DOC.*  
Brent, this is a single story building. It did not come from above, and there is nobody in the rooms around you.

*BRENT*

How close is the closest radio or TV?

*BRAUNER DOC.*

There are no radios, and the TV room is way down the hall. I do NOT think you can hear the TV from here, but I will go down and check and see what they are watching. Why don't y'all rest for a minute.

Brent picks up *The Problem of Pain* by Lewis while the doctor is gone. The game goes quiet. The doctor soon returns.

*BRAUNER DOC.*

Brent, what you reading?

*BRENT*

*The Problem of Pain* by C.S. Lewis.

*BRAUNER DOC.*

What's it about?

Brent looks at the string on his finger and starts to tear.

*BRENT*

I'm not so sure, but I think good and evil, and personal pain, in context of losing his wife to cancer. I have not read it though.

*BRAUNER DOC.*

I think you should put the book down and not worry about that now. Why don't you wait awhile to read it.

*BRENT*

How long?

*BRAUNER DOC.*

At least until you are fully better.

*BRENT*

How long is that going to take?

*BRAUNER DOC.*

I really don't know. Maybe not that long, but why don't you put the book down for a couple years.

*BRENT*

Seriously?

*BRAUNER DOC. (very politely)*

Yes, Brent. I went and checked. They have NOT been watching baseball in the lobby. We need to talk about what may be going on with you.

Brent nods.

*BRAUNER DOC.*

GMHI originally thought you were on a psychedelic, but changed their minds. I, too, am going to rule psychedelics out for now. There are two illnesses that could be at play here; they may be interrelated. One is called Bipolar, and one is Schizoaffective Disorder. The good news is that there are some effective medicines to deal with both of these. They kind of act like a cast does to a broken bone, but only a cast for your neurotransmitters. The medicines help your mind link together properly. Combine the medicine and therapy, and I think you will be just fine. I heard you were planning to hike part of the Appalachian Trail with a friend?

Brent nods again.

*BRAUNER DOC.*

I would like to get you to the point where you can do that.

Brent turns to Mom.

*BRENT*

Mom, have you heard of Bipolar and Schizoa-aahh what?

*MOM*

Yes. Schizoaffective Disorder and Bipolar ARE treatable. Glad we now have an idea this is it. There has been a lot of research in these fields. Bipolar is not necessarily a new thing for the doctors. Schizoaffective is just a word for a condition they better understand.

*BRENT*

I feel relieved that there are names for what I am going through.

*BRAUNER DOC.*

If you have any questions how the meds work, or any other question, feel free to ask. Also, we would like to keep you here awhile. Rumor has it you have a great insurance policy! Honestly, let us take advantage of it and make sure we get you as well as possible. Many people don't have the resources to really get this under control. You ARE fortunate.

*BRENT*

Maybe I can ask my questions tomorrow; I'm getting tired.

Brent looks at Mom.

*BRAUNER DOC*

That will be fine. But I'd like to start you on Lithium and Zyprexa as soon as possible.

Groggy, Brent looks at the doctor and really doesn't care.

*BRENT*  
Okay.

Mom hugs Brent while he is still in bed.

*MOM*  
Dad can come tomorrow. We will both be here during visiting hours.

Doctor and a concerned Mom soon depart, with Mom asking many questions.

Later, left in silence, Brent walks the long hallway double checking for a TV or radio. He wants the final score to the Braves game. Arriving at a far-away TV room, people are trying to understand the suicide of Kurt Cobain, while a few are engrossed in *Star Trek: the Next Generation*.

**EXT. REMOTE SUBURBAN COFFEE SHOP IN VIRGINIA HIGHLANDS - 3 MONTHS LATER**

*E* and Brent are sitting outside at a coffee shop by themselves. There is a roof overhead. Brent is somber. His beard has been shaven and his hair much shorter. We see them talking from a distance for awhile. Brent seems to be looking beyond *E*, then looks at the string on his finger. *E* is drinking red wine and Brent, an Orangina.

*E.*  
... so why the string on the finger?

Brent pauses and looks directly at *E*, holding back tears.

*BRENT*  
It's a long story *E*, I honestly don't want to talk about that part very much.

*E.*  
That's okay Brent. We don't have to talk about anything you don't want to, and it's getting about time for me to go. Before I go, I want you to be one of the first to know that I am moving. I will soon be headed to San Fran... I think my art will be better received out there.

Brent looks down at the string.

*BRENT*  
*E*, I already knew that.

*E* looks a little stunned.

*BRENT*

*E*, do you remember those voices I briefly mentioned to you a minute ago, about when I was locked up? Whether or not they are real is another story, but they told me, emphatically, you were definitely moving to San Fran. In a sense, I have been emotionally prepared for this moment dealing with you following YOUR dreams. I wish you the best.

They sit there quietly for a few minutes as the wind blows through the trees. A single dove noise is heard from a pair of doves on a branch above.

*E.*

I must go now.

They hug. One of the dove takes off into the sun.

### **INT. BRENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Brent is in bed and takes the string off his finger. He looks out the dark window. The window turns bright. Birds are chirping.

### **EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE MAILBOX**

Brent opens a package from Jim. Inside is a pair of river, Jesus looking sandals. They are the exact kind and size that Brent had been wearing when arrested. There is a note. "Heard you 'lost' yours. I've had these since we worked the river together. Consider mine, YOURS now. Love Ya, J.!"

THE END

Other paintings of interest, pertaining to the script.

[Insert painting # 59]  
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[Insert painting # 76]

I want to thank my wonderful wife, Jenny, for proof reading this script. Her tremendous support and love, despite my past, has brought more than a grin to my face. She has consoled, calmed, and brought passion to my heart and brain.