

Curse of the Pharaohs

Written by

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FADE IN:

**1m0 PROLOGUE**

The NIGHT SKY.

STARS ECLIPSED by a BLACK DISC: the DARK SIDE of the EARTH - only its THIN BLUE CURVATURE ILLUMINATED by the SUN.

ABOVE the HORIZON CLIMBS SIRIUS - the DOG STAR - SHIMMERING BRIGHTEST and TRAILING in ALIGNMENT with the BELT of the ORION CONSTELLATION.

**SUPER** (NARRATED)

*IT IS SAID, THAT THE ANCIENT PHARAOHS  
WERE THE LAST TO HAVE EVER SEEN THE  
FACE OF THE GODS - [FADE OUT]*

*... IT IS SAID, THAT IT DROVE THEM ALL  
INTO MADNESS.*

CROSSING the CELESTIAL VOID between SIRIUS and ORION is the TINIEST WHITE DOT of a MAN-MADE SATELLITE - VANISHING on its ORBIT BEHIND the PLANET'S SHADOW.

**1m1 INT. MONOLITHIC CAVE - NIGHT**

STARING into a DARK POOL of WATER at the bottom of a NATURAL CAVE: A single AIR BUBBLE POPS UP. Then ANOTHER.

Suddenly a SCREAMING FACE with the EXPRESSION of PRIMAL FEAR BREACHES the SURFACE. A NO-NAME, a GUN-FOR-HIRE.

OTHER MEN STUMBLE around in CHAOS - the AIR still CHARGED with STATIC ENERGY. FLOODLIGHTS burst, RAINING DOWN SPARKS on EXPANSIVE EQUIPMENT and BLACK ROCK MARBLED with GOLDEN VEINS.

Something went TERRIBLY WRONG.

Mortally TERRIFIED, the GUN-FOR-HIRE desperately TIRES to CLIMB OUT of the POOL. HE REACHES OUT for HELP as he SEES his LEADER: A CHARISMATIC, BLEACH-HAIRED MAN with PIERCING BLUE EYES - KNEELING at the EDGE in front of him.

**GUN-FOR-HIRE**

*"Nay ep-ooro".  
[Coptic: have mercy, my king]*

The LEADER LOOKS straight THROUGH the man - DIRECTLY at WHAT ELSE is NOW EMERGING from the DARK WATERS.

For a SPLIT SECOND, there is ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

**LEADER**

*- My god...*

Then a SOUND of WATER: The HANDS of the FALLEN GUN-FOR-HIRE CLENCH and SLIP OFF the ROCK as the OTHERS RE-GROUP.

A BUNCH of THEM - COLD-SWEAT, WIDE EYES - TAKE all THEIR COURAGE and STEP FORWARD.

A BUNCH of MEN RAISES their ARMS against the EMERGING APPEARANCE. They are IMMEDIATELY CONFRONTED by ANOTHER GROUP BLOCKING the LINE of FIRE.

**REPENTANT**

*What we have done is not right!*

The PROTEST is BECOMING a STAND-OFF as the OPPOSING SIDE DRAWS their WEAPONS as well.

**FANATIC**

*You're not to judge.*

EACH SIDE is COCKING their GUNS - GRIM FACES with COLD-SWEAT on their BROWS.

**REPENTANT**

*It is not too late - there is still time! Step aside!*

We SEE the FIRE in BOTH of their EYES.

Then all HELL BREAKS LOOSE: GUNFIRE and SCREAMS of DEATH ECHO through the CAVE, only SURVIVED and WITNESSED BY the PIERCING BLUE EYES.

Slowly BACKING OFF without LOOKING AWAY, the LEADER GAZES with a strange MIXTURE of SHOCK and ECSTASY, while the GOLDEN VEINS of the CAVERN FLOOR turn RED with BLOOD.

One last time the ELECTRIC LIGHTS FLARE UP, PROJECTING a RISING SHADOW on the WALL.

**1m2 INT. / EXT. PROLOGUE - DAY**

PRESENT DAY, 1992:

The BLUE FLAME of a GAS STOVE IGNITES and a TEA KETTLE is PUT ON. SAM WASHINGTON POTTERING around the STOVE, completely in his ELEMENT.

**WASHINGTON**

*A good ritual is like a good riddle.  
At the surface it appears simple, but  
dig deep enough...*

He takes TWO TINS from the SHELF - one PAINTED with a SNAKE, the other with a FISH - and OPENS them.

**WASHINGTON**

*...you might look yourself in the  
mirror one day. Like two sides of a  
coin. As above so below.*

IMAGE: He MIXES a HANDFULL of TEA LEAVES from the TWO separate TINS and THROWS them into the KETTLE.

**WASHINGTON**

*Two secret ingredients for you to  
guess and one very old riddle...*

FLASHBACK - CENTURIES AGO:

IMAGE: A casted FISHER'S NET sinks BELOW the waves of a ROUGH SEA.

**SAM WASHINGTON (VOICE OVER)**

*Do you know how the devil got into  
this world?*

IMAGE: Small BOATS bobbing up and down off an ANCIENT COAST. FISHERMEN with HARDENED FACES hurry to HAUL in their last CATCH, before the STORM.

**WASHINGTON (V.O.)**

*His name was whispered by those, who  
had nothing.*

IMAGE: One of the FISHERMEN with only ONE EYE CURSES the HEAVENS under his breath. The final NETS are as EMPTY as the ones BEFORE.

**WASHINGTON (V.O.)**

*A gift to raise their voice against  
thee above.*

IMAGE: With the BOATS returning to SHORE, the NOBLE MEN of the ABBEY are standing in HIERARCHY upon the FISHER'S VILLAGE. Greedy MERCHANTS doing the TRADE BUSINESS for them.

**WASHINGTON (V.O.)**

*But even a gift doesn't come without  
sacrifice.*

IMAGE: The ONE-EYED FISHER begins to GUT and CLEAN the few FISH

they caught - careful not to waste any. SUDDENLY his BLOODY HANDS STOP. One FISH is DIFFERENT from the others.

**WASHINGTON (V.O.)**

*What is one man's loss, is another man's gain.*

IMAGE: With the BOATS making LANDFALL, WORD SOON SPREADS among the MEN and the FISHERS are QUICKLY SURROUNDED by OPPORTUNISTIC BY-STANDERS.

**WASHINGTON (V.O.)**

*The eternal struggle for survival.  
Every step up the ladder.*

IMAGE: The ONE-EYED FISHERMAN pushes through the RANKS of MERCHANTS and CLERICS, not wanting to GIVE UP his BARGAIN. KNEELING in the mud he PRESENTS the CURIOUS FISH to the HIGH ABBOT.

**WASHINGTON (V.O.)**

*We're asking the same question...*

IMAGE: The moment the HIGH ABBOT sees what the FISHER brought forth, he FORGETS all the MUD on his FINE ROPE. Familiar ECSTASY and WONDER shine in his EAGER EYES.

IMAGE: In the HANDS of the FISHERMAN lies a twitching FISH with a SAPLING GROWING OUT of its MOUTH.

**SARAH FIELDS (V.O.)**

*Wait, wait - what?! Hold up...*

The TEA KETTLE starts to WHISTLE.

**1m3 INT. APOLLO RESTAURANT, MONT ST. MICHAEL - DAY**

BACK TO PRESENT DAY, 1992:

**FIELDS**

*...there was a tree growing out of the fish?*

WASHINGTON takes the BOILING TEA off the STOVE.

**WASHINGTON**

*The body of the fish protected and nourished the seed.*

**FIELDS**

*The holy fish!*

**WASHINGTON**

*...and so begins the legend.*

SARAH FIELDS (*very chic, resolute Scottish reporter with black-and-white Parisienne style*) and HARRY WINSTON (*jovial, oxford bon-vivant London publisher with tweed jacket / bowtie*) sit at the KITCHEN TABLE of the APOLLO RESTAURANT.

With them is CHEF and OWNER SAM WASHINGTON (*avid soldier-turned-cook with practical burr-cut / jeans and shirt*). Preparing the TABLES for DINNER is maître d'hôtel THERESA SCHNEIDER (*Vienna-Austrian blood, precise like a Swiss clockwork*).

The APOLLO - a REFITTED TAVERN has a remarkable, large APPLE TREE growing THROUGH its FLOOR and ROOF.

WASHINGTON POURS FIELDS and WINSTON a CUP of the SPECIAL TEA.

**WASHINGTON**

*Here you go! A special toast from the APOLLO to you and your very first ARTEMIS newspaper edition!*

**HARRY WINSTON**

*So how did the tree from the fish end up in your kitchen?*

WASHINGTON sits down and POINTS at the STAINED-GLASS WINDOW of the old tavern. It features the ARCHANGEL ST. MICHAEL striking his SWORD against EVIL. A creature with the MARK of the BEAST crawling from under the TREE of TEMPTATION, which itself grows from a FISH popping out of a CUP.

WINSTON mimics the STRIKING POSE.

**WINSTON**

*Excalibur out of the water!*

WASHINGTON shelters the CUP in front of WINSTON.

**WASHINGTON**

*Ah yes, the executor. The left side of the brain taking over the defiant right.*

Suddenly there is a KNOCKING coming from the FRONT DOOR.

**SCHNEIDER**

*I'll get it.*

**WASHINGTON**

*...however, there was one - a young novice - that recognized the sapling*

*for what it was. The apple. The forbidden fruit. So in the night of the procession he went and stole the sacrilege to cast it back into the ocean.*

**FIELDS**

*Let me guess, he didn't throw far enough?*

**WASHINGTON**

*He fell to his death, right under this tavern, where the tree kept growing, half rooted in salt and half in freshwater. That which grows on the bare rocks of the shore...*

WINSTON takes a VERY SHORT SNIFF from his CUP of TEA.

**WINSTON**

*Calvados.*

**WASHINGTON**

*...calva-dora, yes. How did you...?*

**WINSTON**

*What can I say? I know my spirits. I'm spiritual.*

Meanwhile SCHNEIDER returns to the KITCHEN with a MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (*modern, wealthy with business travel costume and short black hair*).

**MYSTERIOUS WOMAN**

*Mr. WASHINGTON?*

WASHINGTON gets up.

**WASHINGTON**

*Yes. How can I help you, Miss...?*

**MYSTERIOUS WOMAN**

*FINNLEY, MORGAN FINNLEY. I'm sorry, we haven't met, but I was told you know my father...*

**WASHINGTON**

*FINNLEY? ATTICUS?! I never knew he had a daughter. What's the 'ol chap been up to?*

**MORGAN**

*That's the reason I'm here, MR. WASHINGTON. I'm afraid he's in grave*

*danger, but I can't say for sure...*

Her EYES well up in TEARS.

**MORGAN**

*...my father and I had quite the differences in the past. Even before he left. To be honest you might know more about him, than I do.*

**WASHINGTON**

*Hm..., the last I saw him was the day he got his farewell handshake and off he went. His service had earned him a new identity. He never spoke about his past.*

**MORGAN**

*My father left to protect us. That's why he joined the foreign legion. But he always planned on coming back. He'd sent us messages - no traces, only bread crumbs - but proof that he was alive and well out there.*

**WASHINGTON**

*You think someone followed them?*

**MORGAN**

*They stopped. This is the last message he sent, Mr. WASHINGTON...*

She slides a HOLIDAY CARD over the table, SHOWING a RIVER STREAM with BIG LETTERS reading VICTORIA FALLS - HEART OF AFRICA.

**MORGAN**

*...and it only has your name written on it.*

WASHINGTON TURNS it around. A small HANDWRITING simply reads: SAMUEL P. WASHINGTON.

**1m4 INT. LONDON OFFICE / EXT. CAIRO STREET - MORNING**

The BUREAU of a high-ranking STATESMAN. BRITISH imperial furnishing, cold war COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT.

An INDICATION LIGHT TURNS RED with a buzzing sound.

The SECRETARY (*bully figure, wearing a golden SIGNET RING - his FACE always HIDDEN out of frame*) lights his CIGAR stump again, then throws the still BURNING MATCHES into a crystal ashtray.



He acknowledges the BUZZER by pressing a BUTTON, which triggers a tiny STRAND OF PAPER being printed out.

He READS the PAPER and THROWS it onto the still BURNING MATCHES, before he pushes ANOTHER BUTTON next to a PHONE.

The INDICATION LIGHT TURNS YELLOW.

START OF SPLITSCREEN

LEFT: LONDON

The SECRETARY listens for the STATIC of the OPENED CHANNEL to fade out.

RIGHT: CAIRO

FROM BLACK: The BACK ALLEY of A BUSY SOUQ MARKET. A PACK of STRAY DOGS DOZES next to a pair of busted GAS PUMPS and tons of FAKE EYGPT SOUVENIRS piling up.

A MAN (*sharply dressed in an azure-blue SUIT, with barbered haircut*) SITS in a SHOESHINING CHAIR, right in the MIDDLE of the JUNK. Seen from behind, reading the *TIMES*, he takes out a SWEAT CLOTH and WIPES his NECK and BROW.

An OLD SHOESHINER (*rough BEARD, walking CANE - wearing a TRADITIONAL long ROBE and an eye-patch*) polishes his SHOES.

Next to him is a PORTABLE version of the COM-SYSTEM. The HANDSET is already PICKED UP. The cracked VOICE of the SECRETARY comes through.

**SECRETARY**

*Page seven.*

The MAN IN THE SUIT - CALLSIGN Z - switches to the PAGE and RIPS OFF a corner, FOLDING it two times.

**Z**

*Sterling.*

The SECRETARY pushes a THIRD BUTTON after the CONFIRMATION, the INDICATION LIGHT TURNS GREEN. He hasty PICKS UP the HEADSET.

**SECRETARY**

*...there has been an update with our situation in sub-Saharan Africa.*

He washes down a HEADACHE PILL with glass of SCOTCH.

**Z**

...

The OLD SHOESHINER heats WAX over a CANDLE FLAME.

**SECRETARY**

*LUCIFER KING handed over all of his businesses as of eight o'clock this morning. Including HORIZON HOLDING. You were right. He already left the STATES weeks ago.*

**Z**

*The Suez attack?*

The OLD SHOESHINER heats WAX over a CANDLE FLAME.

**SECRETARY**

*Unlikely. There is third party involved, but the Intel is fishy. Many factions want a piece of the pie. Our focus is on the big rat and now KING is in the race. These sectors have become of utmost importance, years of effort are at stake here.*

**Z**

*Have you thought about my offer?*

Z BRUSHES some ASH OFF his pants. He WEARS the same SIGNET RING as the SECRETARY.

**SECRETARY**

*We have reinstated your status on that behalf. All your requests have been met through the usual channels. Find KING and what he's up to. Let him have his rebellion while we profit from it, but stop him before this becomes a revolution!*

The SECRETARY SLAMS the HANDSET down.

END OF SPLITSCREEN

Z carefully PLACES the HANDSET BACK and WIPES the SWEAT off his NECK again.

While the OLD SHOESHINER completes his WORK, Z curiously LEANS IN closer to INSPECT the EYE-PATCH.

The OLD SHOESHINER neither SHIRKS AWAY from the LOOK, nor does he STARE BACK.

Z hands him a brand-new ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL, but the OLD SHOESHINER cannot CHANGE. Z WAVES it OFF.

**Z**

*It's alright, keep the change.*

**OLD SHOESHINER**

*Monsieur, that is too much...*

Z gives a DEAD-EYE SMILE, then SHRUGGS and BURNS HALF of the BILL over the CANDLE FLAME. His VOICE is SADISTIC.

**Z**

*...Shukran, Monsieur. Surme Alsalam Akhi.*

The OLD SHOESHINER SHOWS NO SIGN of either BEING IMPRESSED or INTIMIDATED, GIVING a BLANK STARE.

Z STANDS UP and ENTERS a DIPLOMATIC CAR CONVOY, that SHIELDED the small YARD the WHOLE TIME.

**OLD SHOESHINER**

*...and peace be with you.*

The CONVOY DRIVES OFF, leaving the ONE-EYED SHOESHINER in a CLOUD of DUST.

One of the STREET DOGS, with a BLUEISH FURR TROTS over to him, as he PICKS UP Z's SWEAT CLOTH with his CANE and holds it UNDER the DOG'S NOSE.

The DOG SNIFFS two times at the CLOTH, then CHASES after the DISAPPEARING CARS.

The OLD SHOESHINER watches the CONVOY VANISHING in the BUSY STREETS of CAIRO, heading down to the WEST BANK of the NILE RIVER.

**OLD SHOESHINER**

*So, you have returned, old friend?*

**1m5 INT. / EXT. CAHORA BASSA MINES - DAY**

An UNDERGROUND HOLLOW, WALLS of RAMMED SOIL SUPPORTED by OLD WOODEN BEAMS with PARAFFIN LAMPS illuminating the PLACE.

The CHARISMATIC BLEACH-HAIRED MAN - LUCIFER KING, TECH-BILLIONAIRE and LEADER of the BROTHERHOOD of ATON (PIERCING EYES, now in an EXCENTRIC WHITE JUMPSUIT wearing a GOLDEN MEDALLION) - SITS on a FLOORBOARD STEP, ENJOYING a FAST FOOD MEAL.

He takes a BIG BITE from his CHEESBURGER, SPEAKING to SOMEONE OUT OF FRAME.

**LUCIFER KING**

*...you know - \*SLURP\* turns out,  
\*GULP\*...it's true - all of it!  
\*SMACK\* I've seen them: the golden  
bloodlines...*

He briefly FALLS into a DISTANT STARE before TAKING ANOTHER BITE from his CHEESEBURGER.

**KING**

*...but who am I talking to, right?  
\*TONGUE IN TEETH\* I'm sure you've had  
your fair share of doubt.*

FOOTSTEPS begin SOUNDING from far.

*\*BELCH\* I'm just wondering - did you  
ever believe it all? Tearing down the  
old temple?*

KING GOBBLES the REST of the BURGER, DOWNING it with a SODA-SLUSH - however SPILLS some MAYO on his TRACKSUIT and MEDALLION.

**KING**

*Ah, crap...*

He GETS up, cleaning the MEDALLION - a SUN with RAYS ending in SHIELDING HANDS, the SYMBOL of the BROTHERHOOD - and PICKS up the WRAPPINGS.

The FOOTSTEPS arrive at the HOLLOW - a MISSIONARY CHAPEL at the ENTRANCE of the DECOMMISSIONED SALTMINE - with KING being the ONLY ONE in it, standing NEXT to a STATUE of CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

The COMMANDER of the BROTHERHOOD (PRESTIGIOUS SUIT of ARMOR with a SCARLET SURCOAT) makes a RESPECTFUL NOD, before ADDRESSING KING.

**HOOD COMMANDER**

*Hem Atef, the prospectors confirmed  
- limestone and gypsum, millions of  
cubics...*

KING FACES the CROSS.

**KING**

*In thy name I'll follow the river  
shores... - the PTAH will lead us!*

They WALK OUT of the CHAPEL, with KING THROWING his FASTFOOD WRAPPINGS into the DUSTED HOLY WATER FONT.

**KING**

*Get your men ready! The paragon of  
the river serpent has been awakened.*

*It will devour the legacy of the  
Solomon kings!*

OTHERS JOIN them as THEY HURRY through the ABANDONNED CORRIDORS of the SALTMINE. The MINE OPENS UP to a BRIGHT FLAT of WHITE SALT and SAND, SOURROUNDED by a RIDGE. OUTSIDE more MEN of the BROTHERHOOD are STANDING by, SECURING the AREA.

KING and his COMMANDER PROCEED CLIMBING a RIDGE OVERLOOKING the SALTMINES and the CAHORA BASSA LAKE in the DISTANCE.

More MEN of the BROTHERHOOD - now DOZENS - FOLLOW them OUT of the MINE, LAYING and CONNECTING BLASTING WIRES.

On TOP of the RIDGE TECHNICIANS await them.

**HOOD TECHNICIAN**

*Tango, Sierra, Kilo set - the charge  
is live, Atef!*

**KING**

*Alright fellas, time for the fat lady  
to sing!*

ORDERS are YELLED, the MEN - now HUNDREDS - TAKE COVER behind the RIDGE. KING takes the FUSE BOX and PUTS the HANDLE in.

**KING**

*If the prophet doesn't come to the  
mountain...*

He TWISTS the HANDLE of the FUSE BOX, TRIGGERING a CASCADING BLAST CORRIDOR of HUGE DETONATIONS. With a FINAL BANG the WHOLE MINE BLOWS UP.

As the ECHO still THUNDERS with DEBRIS RAINING from the BIG DUST CLOUD RISING from THE BLASTING OPERATION, a WALL of WATER RAGES through the CLEARED CORRIDOR and into the MINE.

**KING**

*...the mountain has to come to the  
prophet.*

**1m6 EXT. LIVINGSTONE AIRFIELD, VICTORIA FALLS - DAY**

The INBOUND DC-6 PLANE TURNS on a single strip TARMAC, while SERGEANT ABDULLAH BEKÇI (REBELLIOUS TURKISH FELLOW, 1920's ADVENTURER OUTFIT and GROOMED MOUSTACHE) LEANS patiently on the frame of a worn LAND ROVER, throwing DATES in his mouth.

As CUSTOMS OFFICERS and GROUND PERSONNEL arrive he just HOLDS UP an IDENTIFICATION CARD and IS NOT further BOTHERED.

FIELDS and WASHINGTON are FIRST OUT of the PLANE and DOWN the GANGWAY.

**BEKÇI**

*WASHINGTON, OVER HERE!*

**WASHINGTON**

*ABY!*

WASHINGTON HEADS OVER to BEKÇI flicking a CARRY-ON over his shoulder.

**WASHINGTON**

*Glad to see you, buddy!*

WASHINGTON INTRODUCES FIELDS and BEKÇI, they SHAKE HANDS.

**WASHINGTON**

*ABDUL's the liaison officer for the  
LEGION'S African CORPS...*

BEKÇI points at MORGAN stepping onto the GANGWAY, followed by WINSTON.

**BEKÇI**

*This' the daughter?*

WASHINGTON NODS.

**BEKÇI**

*Apparently not the only secret  
ATTICUS kept.*

**WASHINGTON**

*Any clue?*

**BEKÇI**

*Hop in. I'll tell you on the way.*

With WINSTON and MORGAN catching up, the GROUP gets in the CAR and the LAND ROVER DRIVES OFF the TARMAC.

SHIFT OF PERSPECTIVE.

One of the MECHANICS working at the AIRFIELD WORKSHOP PICKS UP a PAYPHONE, his EYES PINNED on the LAND ROVER LEAVING the AIRFIELD.

He PULLS DOWN a SCARLET RED DUST COVER from his MOUTH and DIALS a NUMBER hastily WRITTEN on his FOREARM, next to A TATTOO depicting a SUN with RAYS ending in small SHIELDING HANDS.

**1m7 EXT. ROAD TO THE FALLS, VICTORIA FALLS - DAY**

Leading from the AIRFIELD, the ROVER turns to the MAIN ROAD heading for the VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE, CROSSING the ZAMBESI RIVER between ZAMBIA and ZIMBABWE.

**WASHINGTON**

*So, what do you got?*

BEKÇI checks the REAR MIRROR.

**BEKÇI**

*Not much. They arrived two weeks ago. Small team, maybe a dozen, brought in a lot of hardware - military grade. They hired most of the locals, and then they just vanished...*

**FIELDS**

*Hardware? For what cause?*

**BEKÇI**

*Excavation. A dig site at one of the natural caves.*

**MORGAN**

*A cave? What's that got to do with anything?*

**BEKÇI**

*I have no idea, but if Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid show up at the same place it isn't usually by accident.*

**MORGAN**

*You think he was here?*

**BEKÇI**

*Hard to say ... his file went missing! Cover name, social security, place of residence - somebody broke into the ÉLÉPHANTINE.*

**WASHINGTON**

*They did what?!*

**BEKÇI**

*They stole his record - without somebody even noticing. That's how they must have found him. You know what that means.*

**WASHINGTON**

*That's ... impossible.*

**MORGAN**

*Sorry, I don't understand - what's the ÉLÉPHANTINE?*

**BEKÇI**

*It's the archive of the FOREIGN LEGION.*

**WASHINGTON**

*...and also one of the most secure vaults in the world! The archive is heavier guarded than Fort Knox.*

**BEKÇI**

*Believe me, MARÉCHAL FÔCHE is raging. They're turning around every stone as we speak. He said he's got our back - but this has to go without any fuzz.*

BEKÇI STOPS the LAND ROVER at a BORDER CHECK crossing the BRIDGE to ZIMBABWE. BEKÇI again only shows his IDENTIFICATION and they WAVE them THROUGH.

WINSTON takes a LOOK out of the WINDOW, where The VICTORIA FALLS come into SIGHT. A BREATHTAKING VIEW, SHROUDED by MIST and SPRAY - GLOWING under the SUN.

**WINSTON**

*But why? What on earth would be worth that much trouble?*

**BEKÇI**

*My bet is on money. Gemstones, oil, copper - Africa is the NEW WILD WEST. Lots of profit, if you know where to dig.*

**FIELDS**

*Doesn't sound like a bunch of dusters to me - more like a full-blown covert operation.*

**MORGAN**

*Have you gotten any word about my father?*

**BEKÇI**

*Nobody is talking - either they're too scared or whoever paid them had really deep pockets.*

BEKÇI PARKS the LAND ROVER as they REACH the UPPER FALLS on the SOUTHER ZAMBESI RIVER BANK. He POINTS towards the CLIFFS stretching over a MILE in FRONT of them.

**FIELDS**

*So, where's the mystery cave?*



BEKÇI GETS OUT of and WALKS around the LAND ROVER POINTING at the STREAM breaking over the CLIFF.

**BEKÇI**

*Right there, the patch of dry land in the middle! Livingstone Island and what they call the DEVIL'S POOL. The CAVE is just beneath, about twenty stories below.*

**MORGAN**

*Please, is there nothing we can do..?*

BEKCI opens the TRUNK and takes out two COMMANDO BAGS. The OTHERS get out of the CAR as well.

**BEKÇI**

*The site is closed off now, they have patrol boats downriver.*

BEKCI puts the BAGS on the HOOD and starts CHECKING the GEAR.

**WASHINGTON**

*If we want to find ATTICUS, we need to know what business whoever is behind this had in this cave. Is there no other entry?*

**BEKÇI**

*Well, that depends...*

He throws WASHINGTON a HARNESS with a ROPE.

**BEKÇI**

*...how good can you still climb?*

**1m8 EXT. AFRICAN JUNGLE, ZAMBESI RIVER VILLAGE - EVENING**

The LAST TWO HOURS before SUNDOWN - a SMALL VILLAGE at the RIVER STREAM. PEOPLE are FINISHING their DAY'S WORK. LATERNS are being LIT to HOLD OFF the NIGHT.

A TEENAGE BOY WALKS OUT of his HOME - his MOTHER HANGING UP CLOTHS to DRY. He has a FISHING ROD over his SHOULDER and KICKS a CAN over the DUSTY ROAD on his WAY OUT. His LITTLE SISTER FOLLOWS him, CARRYING an EMPTY REED BASKET. He TRIES to IGNORE her.

**SISTER**

*...I catch all the fish before you!*

She GIGGLES and SKIP-JUMPS towards the RIVERBANK, which is still within VISIBILITY of their HOME.

**BROTHER**

*BENU! Don't RUN OFF. Ma' said I have to look after you! We are NOT here for FUN - I catch the FISH and you STAY with me!*

His SISTER TODDLES BACK to him, MAKING a FACE.

**BENU**

*You never catch fish.*

**BROTHER**

*Yes I do - if I don't have to watch YOU all the time.*

**BENU**

*I can watch for myself.*

**BROTHER**

*You're still a CHILD - it is dangerous to go out all by yourself.*

**BENU**

*Not fair! You can go when you want...*

They SETTLE on a wide RIVER POCKET with ANKLE-DEEP WATER near a harsh BEND of the full STREAM. The BROTHER PREPARES a BAIT, SPEARING MEAT on the FISHING HOOK.

**BENU**

*\*Wuargh\*, that's gross!*

Her BROTHER CHUCKLES and CASTS the FISHING ROD into the STREAM. She TURNS AWAY with her BASKET and STARTS LOOKING for SOMETHING.

Not far off, she SEES a BEAUTIFUL BLUE LOTUS FLOWER GROWING between WEEDS and VEGETATION. She LETS out a HAPPY LITTLE SHRIEK, MAKING her BROTHER CHECK on HER.

**BROTHER**

*Stay away from the stream.*

Not LISTENING, his SISTER WALKS CLOSER. She TRIES to PLUCK the LOTUS FLOWER, but a RIPPLE in the WATER DISTRACTS her - RESULTING in the FLOWER and her BASKET FLOATING away. She GOES after them, BEYOND the SHALLOW WATERS. Her BROTHER TAKES another LOOK, but as his SISTER is NOW OUT of SIGHT, he CALLS for her.

**BROTHER**

*BENU. Come back here!*

As he TURNS BACK to his FISHING ROD, he SUDDENLY NOTICES the HOOK LYING DRY on the MUD. CONFUSED he LOOKS DOWN to his FEET and the WATER does not GO TO his ANKLES anymore. The RIVER is

GONE.

**BROTHER**

*What is going on..?*

FEAR takes HOLD of him. He PUTS the FISHING ROD DOWN, ACTIVELY LOOKING FOR his SISTER.

**BROTHER**

*BENU? WHERE ARE YOU!*

He SEARCHES the BEND, where his was SISTER STANDING a MOMENT AGO.

**BROTHER**

*Where did SHE GO?*

He PASSES the STREAM - already EBBED to a MERE TRICKLE with FISH FLAPPING on the EXPOSED RIVER BED.

**BROTHER**

*What happened to the WATER?*

As he COMES around the PASSAGE, he SEES his LITTLE SISTER STANDING in the MIDDLE of the RIVER BED, SOME FEET AWAY from a STRANGE HOODED MAN. The MAN has his BACK TURNED on them.

**BROTHER**

*BENU!*

She doesn't REACT, fixed on the HOODED MAN, standing there MOTIONLESS with her BASKET LYING right next to him. Her BROTHER RUNS UP to HER, TAKING her HAND - YELLING at the HOODED MAN.

**BROTHER**

*You stay away from her!*

The HOODED MAN slowly TURNS around - HOLDING the LOST LOTUS FLOWER in his HAND - his WRY EYES STARING BLANKLY into the sky as he SPEAKS with an UNNATURAL voice.

**HOODED MAN**

*The path is broken.*

**1m9 INT. USAF SPACE MISSION CONTROL, NEVADA - DAY**

PLAYING CARDS are being SHUFFLED - a HAND of FOUR is DRAWN and PLACED. The FIRST CARD GETS TURNED AROUND: the FIVE of SPADES. A COM-OPERATOR and his ASSIGNED ROOKIE are SITTING at ONE of MANY CONTROL DESKS with MULTIPLE SCREENS in FRONT of them.

**COM-OPERATOR**

(smoking)

*Do you believe in fortune..?*

He TURNS the SECOND CARD around.

**ROOKIE**

*-with the poker deck, Sir? I'm more a chess player myself...*

**OPERATOR**

*-of course you are.*

The CONTROL ROOM is QUIET - BUSINESS as USUAL for the NIGHTSHIFT. Only a HANDFULL of STATIONS are OCCUPIED.

**COM-OPERATOR**

*I'm talking about card reading,  
Rookie. A fantasy in a temple of  
numbers and digits. Believe me - you  
look at them all day - all night: you  
slowly driven into crazy...*

**ROOKIE**

*But what's to read in random  
chance,... Sir?*

The OPERATOR TURNS the THIRD CARD - the KING OF CLUBS around.

**COM-OPERATOR**

*You only see, what you want to see.  
That's the point.*

With a DESPISING LOOK towards the DIRECTOR WALKING UP and DOWN behind them on an ELEVATED PLATFORM he TURNS the LAST CARD AROUND: The EIGHT OF SPADES.

**COM-OPERATOR**

*Damn brainiac...*

SUDDENLY A WARNING MESSAGE POPS UP on the SCREEN FOLLOWED by a COMPUTER ALARM SOUND.

THE COM-OPERATOR ACKNOWLEDGES THE ALARM and SLIDES with his REVOLVING CHAIR to ANOTHER SCREEN on his LEFT, CHECKING the LOG FILES.

**COM-OPERATOR**

*Looks like we got a drifter here...*

The DIRECTOR COMES DOWN from his PLATFORM.

**DIRECTOR**

*Chief?*

**COM-OPERATOR**

*We lost one of the GRASSHOPPERS...*

**DIRECTOR**

*Which unit?*

The COM-OPERATOR TYPES ANOTHER COMMAND.

**COM-OPERATOR**

*It's one of HORIZON'S - made an*

*unauthorized course correction...*

**DIRECTOR**

*A breach?*

**COM-OPERATOR**

*Negative, Sir - it's a simple transceiver unit. The protocol is hardwired to the main chip. Must've been a technical malfunction.*

He FLICKS a TRAILING GREEN DOT on his MONITOR.

**DIRECTOR**

*Alright, make an entry to the log and send a report to HQ - let them sort it out.*

**COM-OPERATOR**

*Yes, Sir.*

He STARTS TYPING the LOG ENTRY, COPY-PASTING DIFFERENT VALUES.

**ROOKIE**

*A technical malfunction? And it just miraculously tumbles back into another stable orbit - what are the chances? One in a million?*

**COM-OPERATOR**

*Never talk chances, kid - you know first rule of the job: Don't ask question, you don't want the answer to...*

He SELECTS the FALCON UNIT on his VECTOR CHART and - with grand GESTURE - HITS the DELETE KEY.

The GREEN DOT VANISHES on the DARK SCREEN. A FEW SECONDS later the BEEPING ALARM SOUND GOES SILENT as WELL.

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*Listen up! We've got ourselves a  
rogue satellite...*

A SUBORDINATE HANDS him a CLIPBOARD.

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*...I want full network reset - codes,  
backlogs, subroutines. All COM goes  
dark and I don't care if the White  
House has to order pizza by messenger  
tonight!*

They PASS a DIRECTION LABEL READING: PRIVATE CONTRACTOR, where  
a BRIEFCASE-SWINGING LAWYER INTERCEPTS the TROOPS, PACING UP  
to the SPECIAL DIRECTOR.

**HORIZON LAWYER**

*This section is under civil  
jurisdiction and legal OWNERSHIP of  
HORIZON I...*

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*You guys just lost a military  
satellite - I don't give flying crap  
about your jurisdiction...*

They REACH a GUARDED HIGH-SECURITY LOCK featuring the HORIZON  
INDUSTRIES LOGO: A DISC with RAYS.

**HORIZON LAWYER**

*I have to insist - on behalf of my  
client...*

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*Your client Mr. King has been put on  
the most wanted list. I suggest you  
don't interfere with a federal  
investigation...*

The SPECIAL DIRECTOR PUSHES PAST the ADVOCATE, directly  
COMMANDEERING the GUARD.

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*...now open the goddamn gate!*

The HEAVY STEEL DOORS SLIDE OPEN, REVEALING a SMALL TEAM of  
HORIZON EMPLOYEES looking like DEER CAUGHT in the HEADLIGHTS.  
MPs, OFFICERS and SPECIAL AGENTS SWARM OUT the ROOM while the

SPECIAL DIRECTOR STARTS SIMULTANEOUSLY SHOUTING ORDERS and ASKING QUESTIONS.

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*Ok, everyone - stop what you're doing! Hands down! I want your names, the names of your co-workers, and your co-workers pet's name...*

He CHECKS his WRIST WATCH AGAINST the MISSION TIME.

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*...who's your COM-OPERATOR?*

A PALE GUY in a LABCOAT STEPS forward.

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*Alright, I'll give you one chance to cooperate - what happened here?*

**COM-OPERTAOR**

*The launch protocol was executed, then the satellite left its trajectory and is now hovering off-orbit...*

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*Why was the overwrite not activated?*

**COM-OPERTAOR**

*We've tried, but the uplink failed. The command-codes were wrong...*

He HITS the ENTER-KEY on the COMMAND LINE with the SAME ERROR.

**COM-OPERTAOR**

*...somebody replaced the chip.*

The SPECIAL DIRECTOR closes his EYES and INHALES DEEPLY.

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*Don't tell me I've just send a Trojan horse right into our own intelligence network?!*

**COM-OP**

*Negative, Sir - the system is not compromised. All connections have been dropped - to us it's just dead space junk now.*

**SPECIAL DIRECTOR**

*A billion taxpaying dollars worth of space junk. You're better telling me this is salvageable!*



**COM-OPERATOR**

*It's impossible. The protocol is hardwired - whoever replaced the command-chip is now the only one in control...*

**1m10 INT. MONOLITHIC CAVE, VICTORIA FALLS - NIGHT**

The END of the ROPE HITS a PATCH of BEDROCK just WIDE enough to OPEN a CONCEALED PASSAGE LEADING BEHIND the WATERFALLS.

BEKÇI ZIPS DOWN first, SECURING the LINE. FIELDS and MORGAN FOLLOW - WINSTON and WASHINGTON are LAST.

PALE MOONLIGHT SHINES through the WATER SCREEN REVEALING a RIFT on the BACK WALL.

THE SPACE is STACKED with ABANDONED MINING GEAR and SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT.

**FIELDS**

*Looks like they left in a hurry...*

She NOTICES a CARGO LABEL reading HORIZON HOLDING.

**BEKÇI**

*Not many people know about this place, the lower levels are closed to the public.*

WINSTON TAKES a CLOSER LOOK at HEAVY CABLES running from a DEAD GENERATOR to the RIFT at the BACK WALL.

**WINSTON**

*Seems like the fuse is blown. I'll see if I can fix it.*

The OTHERS APPROACH the RIFT. BEKÇI SHINES a FLASHLIGHT at the WALL OPENING.

**MORGAN**

*It's shimmering...*

BEKÇI PINPOINTS at a SPOT with his BOWIE-KNIFE.

**BEKÇI**

*...fool's gold. It runs through the stone.*

SOMETHING ELSE CATCHES his ATTENTION.

**BEKÇI**

*I'll be damned. That isn't a natural rift! This was a sealed wall.*

He SCRATCHES the MASONRY, TRYING to GET his KNIFE between.

**BEKÇI**

*You can barely see it. The seams are not thicker than a human hair. This looks old - very old...*

**FIELDS**

*So, what is this place? A tomb? Were they looking for treasure?*

**WASHINGTON**

*I'll guess there's only one way to find out.*

WASHINGTON IGNITES a HAND-FLARE from his COMMANDO BAG and STEPS into the RIFT OPENING of the CAVE.

The RED FLAME REFLECTS on the SHIMMERING BLACK ROCK as he ENTERS the NARROW CORRIDOR.

FIELDS, MORGAN and BEKÇI FOLLOW. CAREFULLY WATCHING each STEP, as they STUMBLE DEEPER into the UNKNOWN.

**FIELDS**

*Morgan, - what exactly was your father's profession, before he joined the Legion? Why'd he had to go?*

She BALANCES around a BIG BOULDER.

**MORGAN**

*He was a professor. A scientist. He researched on the origins of life - something he called the GENESIS CODE.*

**FIELDS**

*The GENESIS CODE?*

With the CEILING of the CORRIDOR RISING HIGHER, the QUESTION RESONATES with an EERY ECCHO.

**MORGAN**

*Yes, something he and his partner believed would change the world one day.*

MORGAN RESTS for SECOND.

**MORGAN**

*A beautiful thought - to answer the question where we came from - but all it did was bring misery and death...*

**FIELDS**

*What happened?*

**MORGAN**

*For years my father and his partner struggled with no results. But one day he comes home very late - excited - says they had a breakthrough, that they found something.*

Her EYES GLARE into the DISTANT.

**MORGAN**

*I've never seen him so happy.*

She PROCEEDS to FOLLOW WASHINGTON down the CORRIDOR.

**MORGAN**

*The same night he gets call - a fire had started in the lab - killing his partner - destroying all the research.*

**FIELDS**

*So it was no accident?*

**MORGAN**

*No. But the police investigation became fixated on my father. Money was missing, documents falsified. It was a witch-hunt and somebody was behind it. Someone was after him...*

The NARROW CORRIDOR reaches an END, LEADING into an UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - HIDDEN in DARKNESS and LOOMING SHADOWS.

**FIELDS**

*\*Ough!\* - smells like burned rubber.*

WASHINGTON HOLDS the HAND-FLARE HIGH with BURNING DROPLETS sizzling on the WET FLOOR.

**WASHINGTON**

*We must be directly under the river...*

BEKÇI CATCHES UP to them as the GENERATOR COMES BACK ON, FILLING the AIR with an ELECTRICAL BUZZ.

WORK LIGHTS slowly LIGHT UP the DARKNESS.

As their EYES ACCOMMODATE, the CHAMBER REVEALS the AFTERMATH of a FIREFIGHT. A DOZEN or more DEAD BODIES LIE scattered around a POOL of DARK WATER, SURROUNDED by an ARRAY of TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT.

**BEKÇI**

*Upon my soul! What the hell happened here?*

WASHINGTON STEPS CLOSER to one of the BODIES - a MERCENARY with his MACHINE GUN still LYING NEXT to him.

**WASHINGTON**

*Looks like they came with a piece...*

With SHAKING KNEES, MORGAN STUMBLES upon the GRUESOME SCENE, CLASPING her HANDS OVER her MOUTH.

DRIED STREAMS of RED BLOOD SHOW on GOLDEN VEINS at the CAVERN FLOOR.

**MORGAN**

*Please, don't let it be...*

WASHINGTON PUTS his HAND on her SHOULDER.

**WASHINGTON**

*Don't lose hope. ATTICUS is not with them.*

He KNOCKS on a BIG CABLE RACK.

**WASHINGTON**

*But we'll find him. And then get you both back home safely.*

FIELDS and BEKÇI CONTINUE to EXPLORE the CHAMBER, LOOKING for CLUES to WHAT HAPPENED.

**FIELDS**

*It doesn't make any sense. I cannot shake the feeling we're missing the big elephant in the room...*

**BEKÇI**

*But what? There's nothing else here - all the stone is natural. This is a dead end.*

He SHINES his FLASHLIGHT at a BLANK PILE of ROCKS just as WINSTON ENTERS the CHAMBER.

**WINSTON**

*What on earth...*

He MAKES a FEW STEPS towards the POOL of DARK WATER in the MIDDLE, SHAKING his HEAD.

**FIELDS**

*...yeah. Welcome to Frankenstein's Lab.*

She SLAPS a PIECE of HARDWARE.

**WINSTON**

*Don't touch anything!*

He HURRIES UP to FIELDS.

**WINSTON**

*Something must have caused a massive power-out down here...*

He TAKES a CLOSER LOOK at the TECHNICAL ARRAY, TRYING to FIGURE OUT its PURPOSE.

**WINSTON**

*Perhaps it has to do with one of those array towers - maybe some sort of an inductor...*

**FIELDS**

*Look, they're all centered around the water. But what's their purpose, eh?*

WINSTON WALKS UP to the CIRCLE of ARRAY TOWERS as WASHINGTON and a RECOMPOSED MORGAN JOIN the OTHERS again.

**MORGAN**

*...those are tesla coils - I remember them - the same my father had at the lab. Only those were way smaller.*

**WINSTON**

*Very unusual equipment - and surely not for excavation. They're used to transmit energy.*

With WINSTON SHARING his THOUGHTS, FIELDS SEES a GOLDEN SHIMMER APPEARING in the DARK WATER. She KNEELS DOWN at the EDGE of the POOL, REACHING OUT for the SURFACE - DARK and SMOOTH as a MIRROR.

**FIELDS**

*Wait a minute...*

She CURIOSLY DIPS her HAND in the WATER.

WINSTON WALKS UPON next to HER - LOST in THOUGHT and STARING at the CEILING above.

**FIELDS**

*Guys, I think I found something!*

She DANGEROUSLY LEANS CLOSER over THE EDGE, REACHING her HAND DEEPER for the SHIMMERING GOLDEN SPOT, as WINSTON SUDDENLY HOLDS her BACK.

**WINSTON**

*Wait, - it's a trick! An illusion!*

HE POINTS UP to the CEILING ABOVE - REFLECTED in the WATER.

Across IT SPANS a NETWORK of GOLDEN VEINS FOLLOWING a RIVER-LIKE PATTERN with a SINGLE HIEROGLYPHIC SYMBOL at its VERY CENTER. As the OTHERS also TURN THEIR HEADS, BEKÇI LET'S OUT a WHISTLE.

VISUAL:

INTERTWINED with the RIVER-LIKE GOLDEN VEINS on the CEILING THE SYMBOL SHOWS A GOLDEN THREE-HEADED SERPENT ENGRAVED into the BLACK ROCK LAYER.

**1m11 EXT. MOZAMBIQUE/MALAWI BORDER, DRY VALLEY - NIGHT**

The HEADLIGHTS of a MILITARY PATROL CAR APPEAR on a DUSTY ROAD STRETCHING for MILES through the PLAINS of the MALAWI HINTERLAND.

The DRIVER of the CAR is about to DOZE OFF as his NAVIGATOR GIVES him a BEAT with the ELBOW.

**NAVIGATOR**

THE SLEEPING CHIEF on the BACKSEAT WAKES UP with an INTERRUPTED SNORE.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*Chigaro? [position?]*

The NAVIGATOR FUMBLES around with a MAP.

**NAVIGATOR**

*Ah... just outside of Arame, Sir.*

The CHIEF LEANS FORWARD, SWITCHING on the INTERIOR LIGHT. The DRIVER SQUINTS.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*\*Grunts\* Give me that...*

As he HANDS FORWARD, A DOZEN GLOWING EYES LIGHT UP in the HEADLIGHTS. A PACK of FERAL DOGS JUMP-SCARES out of the WAY, HOULING.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*WATCH OUT!*

The DRIVER YANKS the WHEEL, STEERING the CAR right INTO the DITCH.

DUST SETTLES in the HEADLIGHTS, FUME is COMING out from UNDER the HOOD. The DEAD ENGINE is COOLING with a TICK-TICK-TICK.

The DOORS OPEN and the THREE PATROL GUARDS STUMBLE OUT of the VEHICLE, CAUGHING.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*You damn fool! Idiot!*

He BEATS the DUST out of his BERET. The NAVIGATOR HOLDS his HEAD up to STOP a NOSE-BLEEDING. The DRIVER feebly APOLOGISES,

BLAMING the JACKALS.

THEY GET AROUND the CAR to EXAMINE the DAMAGE as the NAVIGATOR POINTS towards a HOODED FIGURE STANDING in the MIDDLE of NOWHERE.

**NAVIGATOR**

*Eh, look -*

The PATROL CHIEF YELLS a COMMAND and the TWO GUARDS RAISE their MACHINE GUNS.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*Who is there?!*

The HOODED MAN DOESN'T RESPOND, STANDING STILL.

After another COMMAND the GUARDS MARCH ON the HOODED MAN. The PATROL CHIEF himself TAKES OUT his HANDGUN.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*BORDER PATROL - SHOW YOURSELF!*

Slowly the HOODED MAN LOOKS UP, FIXING his EYES on the PATROL CHIEF. For a SPLIT SECOND they GLOW as the EYES of a JACKAL.

**HOODED MAN**

*The path is broken!*

The TWO GUARDS STOP in their MOTION, FEARFUL. The PATROL CHIEF GETTING AGGRAVATED.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*Alright, that's enough! Take him in.*

Just as the PATROL CHIEF COMES FORWARD an ANKLE-DEEP GUSH of WATER SWEPS through his FEET.

**PATROL CHIEF**

*What the..?*

He TURNS AROUND, SEEING a RIPTIDE SPANNING the WHOLE HORIZON RACING over the PLAINS. BEFORE he has TIME to REACT the WATER already BREAKS AGAINST the PATROL CAR, SPINNING IT AROUND.

The SCREAMS of the MEN are DROWNED within the BLINK of an EYE.

Only the DYING HEADLIGHTS of the CARRIED ALONG PATROL CAR GLOW for a SECOND LONGER in the FLOODING WATERS.

**1m12 INT. TRANS-AFRICAN EXPRESS TRAIN - NIGHT**

A STEAM WHISTLE BLOWS. The NIGHT EXPRESS CLIMBS a STEEP OVERPASS TRAILING a THICK PLUME of BLACK SMOKE, its CARRIAGES SHAKING and ROCKING.

WASHINGTON STANDS in front of a LAVATORY MIRROR CABINET, PREPARING for having a SHAVE.

NEXT DOOR, FIELDS, MORGAN and WINSTON are having a LIVELY CONVERSATION in the MAIN CABIN.

BEKÇI - JUST COMING BACK from the AISLE - CAREFULLY CLOSES the DOOR, while CHECKING if someone FOLLOWED him.

HE THROWS WASHINGTON a fresh PACK of RAZOR BLADES through the OPEN LAVATORY DOOR, before SITTING DOWN with the OTHERS - lastly HANDING FIELDS a DAILY NEWSPAPER.

**BEKÇI**

*...next stop is Lusaka in three hours. I'll try to contact FÔCHE and the legion again once we're there - maybe they've got some news...*

As the TRAIN ENTERS a TUNNEL, the MIRROR CABINET SWINGS OPEN. WASHINGTON, with the BLADE already at his FACE, CLOSES IT - IRRITATED.

**WINSTON**

*Still our best chance finding ATTICUS is to solve the mystery of the cave. That eventually will lead us to his captors.*

**FIELDS**

*Oh, Harry - will you stop with your antiquities... We don't even know if he was in the cave, or if this golden hieroglyphic has to do anything with it...*

**WINSTON**

*The hieroglyphic is not an antiquity - it is ancient and I'm sure it is the key to the whole story...*

He PUTS a QUICK SKETCH of the THREE-HEADED SERPENT on the TABLE.

**WINSTON**

*To know your past, means to know your future. I'm convinced - everything we need is here...*



The OTHERS take a CLOSER LOOK at the HIEROGLYPHIC SYMBOL AGAIN.

**FIELDS**

*It's a three-headed snake in a cave  
... so what?*

**WINSTON**

*It is not only a three-headed snake  
-*

He POINTS to the THREE HEADS - each HAVING a DISTINCT FEATURE  
- a SPHERE, an EGG-SHAPE and a DISC with RAYS.

**WINSTON**

*This is the primordial form of  
NEHEBKAU, the Egyptian God of the  
river Nile - what is to become  
APOPHIS, the DEVOURER of WORLDS - God  
of Chaos...*

**FIELDS**

*...Looks like medusa had bad hair  
day.*

**MORGAN**

*Why does it have three heads?*

**WINSTON**

*Not much is known, but that it is a  
symbol of trinity. The serpent in the  
water, the sand and the sky - the  
unification of the old kingdoms  
under one rule. It is a map - if we  
follow it, we follow the river.*

The TRAIN EXITS the TUNNEL. WASHINGTON AGAIN HAS to CLOSE the  
MIRROR CABINET, CUTTING HIMSELF while DOING SO.

He CURSES and WASHES some BLOOD DRIPLETS off the SINK.

**BEKÇI**

*The River Nile? But we're thousands  
of miles away from Egypt.*

**WINSTON**

*Ah - Egypt, yes - but the Nile crosses  
nations, the whole continent. Nobody  
even knows, where its true source  
lies...*

**BEKÇI**

*And how exactly should an ancient map  
help us find ATTICUS?*

**WINSTON**

*It tells us, where our adversaries  
are going...*

**BEKÇI**

*Oh, - so only small problem: This is  
the wrong river!*

He POINTS OUT the WINDOW into the NIGHT.

**BEKÇI**

*This is the Zambezi Valley - deep  
Africa, all the way from the Victoria  
Falls - not the Nile. No Egyptian  
ever came here...*

**WINSTON**

*And how else would you explain the  
hieroglyph? You said it yourself,  
the place was sealed.*

A THIRD TIME the SHAKING TRAIN MAKES the MIRROR CABINET SWING OPEN.

WASHINGTON FORCEFULLY SLAMS it SHUT - WHEN he SUDDENLY SEES a PERSON CLIMBING the SIDE of the TRAIN - EEVES-DROPPING on their CABIN.

The SPY and WASHINGTON LOCK EYES through the MIRROR'S REFELCTION.

WASHINGTON SPINS round, OPENING the WINDOW - ONLY CATCHING A LAST GLIMPSE of the SPY CLIMBING ON TOP of the ROOF.

The STEAM WHISTLE BLOWS again.

**FIELDS**

*As crazy as it sounds - maybe Harry's  
right. The Hieroglyph is not the only  
connection to Egypt...*

She FOLDS the NEWSPAPER OPEN on the TABLE as well, POINTING at a HEADLINE READING:

TECH-LEADER LUCIFER KING  
MISSING AFTER MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR  
SATELLITE LAUNCH FAIL!

**FIELDS**

*... I couldn't help, but recognize  
the HORIZON label on some of the  
abandoned gear - when does one need  
space technology for mining, eh?*

**BEKÇI**

*HORIZON - LUCIFER KING?!? You must be  
kiddin'!?*

**FIELDS**

*First rule of a story: Follow the money. HORIZON tech is not something you get at the local hardware store. Think of it: Exiled Egyptian Royal, self-proclaimed mystic, eccentric billionaire...*

**WINSTON**

*Hah! And who is now believing in antiquities?*

**BEKÇI**

*You're all crazy. Old hieroglyphs, an Egyptian prince... WASHINGTON, please tell me we have a better plan!*

There is no answer from the LAVATORY.

**MORGAN**

*Alright, and how do we find them? What could he want from my father?*

There is a MOMENT of SILENCE, before WINSTON REPLIES.

**WINSTON**

*Maybe the start of a revolution...*

The OTHERS LOOKS at WINSTON.

**WINSTON**

*KING is a traditionalist. There've always been speculations about him returning - rumors, that he is the righteous heir to the throne.*

**BEKÇI**

*I'd thought he's just a rock star with a fortune company.*

**FIELDS**

*So it's a publicity stunt - finding the source of the Nile - having some voodoo magic...*

**MORGAN**

*My father is a respectable academic*  
-

**FIELDS**

*I wasn't implying that ..., but politics always finds a way of corrupting science - and KING SEEMS to have VANISHED the same time ATTICUS did...*

**BEKÇI**

*Speaking about the missing ... where  
did SAM go?*

**1m13 EXT. ROOF OF THE PROVOST TRAIN - NIGHT**

WASHINGTON grips a MAINTENANCE HANDLE and PULLS himself UP onto the ROOF. He SHIELDS his EYES against BLACK SMOKE BLOWING from the STEAM ENGINE. He CATCHES a FLEETING GLIMPSE of the GUY VANISHING in a PLUME of SMOKE, heading towards the ENGINE.

The GUY VANISHES in the SMOKE, heading towards ENGINE.

**WASHINGTON**

*Com'on ... Where are ya?*

**WASHINGTON**

*Don't do it, kid..!*

The YOUNG SCOUT JUMPS - WASHINGTON BOLTING forwards, but IT'S TOO LATE - he only CATCHES HOLD of the BOY'S RED SCARF. The KID DROPS like a STONE, PLUNGING into the GUSHING RIVER STREAM.

WASHINGTON LEAVES a CURSE UNSPOKEN.

The YOUNG ATON SCOUT RESURFACES UNHURT - a SMALL DOT in the NIGHTLY RIVERSCAPE. DEFEATED he PUNCHES the WATER - GAZING in ANGER AFTER the VANISHING TRAIN above.

WASHINGTON SLIDES DOWN the RAILING of the TRAIN ENGINE. GRIMACING in PAIN, he CATCHES a GLIMPSE of the SCOUT REEMERGING. As the RIVER DISAPPEARS from VIEW, he LOOKS at the RED SCARF still CLENCHED in his FIST.

**[ 1m12 ] EXT. LAKE VICTORIA, NORTHERN BANK - NIGHT**

The YOUNG ATON SCOUT RESURFACES UNHURT - a SMALL DOT in the

NIGHTLY RIVERSCAPE. DEFEATED he PUNCHES the WATER - GAZING AFTER the VANISHING TRAIN above.

**1m13 EXT. KHARTOUM, CROSSING OF THE WHITE & BLUE NILE - DAY**

The YOUNG ATON SCOUT RESURFACES UNHURT - a SMALL DOT in the NIGHTLY RIVERSCAPE. DEFEATED he PUNCHES the WATER - GAZING AFTER the VANISHING TRAIN above.

Sitting in a diner. Washington bumps into Atticus. Time slows down. Atticus is on his way to the

**KING**

*Find out, what they know - then make sure they don't talk.*

Head Osiris, Priests of Amun-Ra, HAND of ATON, PTAH, Faraj: Night Watchmen of the Great Pyramid of Giza TOMB of ECHNATON (TUNANKAMUN) KING falls on PYRAMIDION in MUSEUM, MORGAN gets eaten by CORCODILE,

there goes the FIRST BORNE. HEART OF THE DARK PHARAOCROCODILE APEXh little prince

The CONTACT hangs up the phone taking another look around. WASHINGTON waits another second, before he JUMPS up.

**WASHINGTON**

*Quick, he's heading back to that dockyard. Get the others!*

He RUSHES through the MARKET taking up the CHASE. JUST as he PASSES MIDWAY, a BEGGARLY MAN in RAGGED CLOTHS SLAMS into his SHOULDER. WASHINGTON SHAKES it OFF MUTTERING some APOLOGY, as he SUDDENLY REALIZES, that he KNOWS THIS MAN.

**WASHINGTON**

*... ? ATTICUS?*

The NAME SLIPS OFF his TONGUE and the VAGABOND STOPS in his MUMBLED SERMON. A MEMORY from the PAST. He TURNS around and LOOKS WASHINGTON right in the EYE.

Then THINGS HAPPEN QUICKLY.

The TWO MERCHANTS in BLUE ROBE suddenly start yelling and POINTING at ATTICUS, who for a SPLIT SECOND gives a KIND LOOK before falling back into CONFUSION.

A BLACK VAN DRIVES UP behind ATTICUS, STOPPING with SCREECHING BREAKS. The SLIDE DOOR FLIES OPEN and THREE ATON MERCENARIES JUMP OUT, GRABING ATTICUS and PULLING HIM into the VEHICLE.

WASHINGTON DRIFTS on the EDGE OF BEING UNCONSCIOUS. He TRIES TO GET UP and CHASE AFTER ATTICUS and MORGAN, but the ATON BRUTE LANDS another PUNCH, sending him BACK under the RIVER.

**WASHINGTON**

*Run! Run!*

WASHINGTON and MORGAN HUSTLE down the RUNWAY of the SHIPYARD. The GUNSHIP-HOVERCRAFT LOOMING behind them, CRASHING everything in its path.

Some TRAPPED BLUE ROBES LEAP OUT from their COVER, DRAWING FIRE on them.

LUCIFER KING SCREAMS at the GUNNER from the HELM to keep FOCUS AHEAD.

WASHINGTON takes a LOOK over his SHOULDER, FIRING his LAST CLIP at the GUNSHIP-HOVERCRAFT. From the CORNER of his EYE he NOTICES some GLASS CEILING above. He takes a SHOT, SHATTERING the PANE. SHARDS of GLASS are RAINING DOWN on the TURRET and KING, who GETS HIT in THE FACE and DASHES BELOW DECK.

MORGAN and WASHINGTON REACH the WATERFRONT of the RUNWAY just as THE GUNSHIP-HOVERCRAFT CAUGHT UP.

**WASHINGTON**

*Jump!*

He GRABS MORGAN and with LAST EFFORT DIVES into the RIVER. The GUNSHIP-HOVERCRAFT HITS the SURFACE by a WHISKER above their HEADS, RUSHING over them.

**WASHINGTON**

*This just keeps getting better.*

**1m16 INT. UNLOCATED SALT PIT PRISON, NUBIAN DESERT - DAY**

A RUN-DOWN CARGO TRUCK STOPS in the MIDDLE of NOWHERE, the TIRES BITING into ORANGE SAND.

DARK STORM CLOUDS FILL the HORZION and HEFTY WINDS TEAR at the TRUCK PANELS.

WASHINGTON, FIELDS and BEKCI - HANDCUFFED behind the BACK - are ROUGHLY DRAGGED OFF the TRUCK BED and THROWN ONTO the GROUND.

WASHINGTON GETS the AIR PRESSED out of his LUNGS, the WIND and SAND make it DIFFICULT to BREATHE and SEE.

He TRIES to GET his HEAD UP, BUT ALL there is to RECOGNIZE is more SAND and ROCK.

There are MEN YELLING - CLOSE and FROM FAR - next the DOORS of the TRUCK are SLAMMED SHUT and the VEHICLE DRIVES OFF.

WASHINGTON ROLLS OVER against FIELDS, who GRUNTS. HEADLONG he FINALLY RECOGNIZES a FORTIFIED ROCK-CUT ARCHITECTURE with TWO ARMED GUARDS APPROACHING.

**WASHINGTON**

*Where are we?*

**BEKCI**

*I can't see nothing.*

The GUARDS SECURE the AREA, SHOUTING against the WIND. They HOLSTER their RIFLES and PULL WASHINGTON, FIELDS and BEKCI ON their FEET.

A CAST IRON GATE RISES with a RATTLING SOUND. WASHINGTON, FIELDS and BEKCI are ESCORTED UNDERGROUND, PASSING a SALLY-PORT and an ARMORY.

FIELDS

Where the hell are we?

They are MARCHED FURTHER into the COMPLEX with HANDS REACHING OUT from BEHIND BARS and VOICES LAMENTING in REPETITION.

BEKCI

Look at the guards - the uniforms: no chevron, no insignia. This is a black site.

One of the GUARDS YELLS and PUSHES BEKCI.

BEKCI

EH, WATCH IT!

WASHINGTON

I'm not here to play games - I'm here to get ATTICUS and his daughter back.

Z

We're all playing one game or another. The only question is

Z

The only thing left to do is to work.

Z

I know, where he'll be in the end

WASHINGTON

What's your deal?

Z PAUSES in the DOORWAY.

Z

Staying relevant, MR. WASHINGTON.

Z WALKS OUT and the GUARDS SLAM the DOOR SHUT, LOCKING it with



a KEY.

As the GROUP is about to MOVE ALONG, both STOOGES SIT BACK DOWN WITH the CONTINUE their GAME OF CARDS.

Z

If you make it out of Sudan.

There is a contact waiting for you in Aswan - Captain of the Bastet.

BEKCI

Wait, you're not getting us outta here?

Z GETS UP.

Z

You have three days.

WASHINGTON

Just out of curiosity, what's your deal in this?

The OUTRIGGER PLATFORM GETS LOWERED by the GUARDS as Z APPROACHES.

WASHINGTON

Just out of curiosity - what's your deal in all this?

Z HALTS with ONE FOOT STEPPED on the PLATFORM.

Z

Staying in business, Mr. WASHINGTON.

INT. PRISON FORT - DAY

WASHINGTON

Quick!

The THREE SCURRY along the WALL of the LOWER BASIN, STAYING away from the BRAWLING MOB of INMATES and GUARDS.

BEKCI PUNSHES two FIGHTING MEN GETTING IN THEIR WAY, while WASHINGTON SHOVES through the AGITATED CROWD.

WASHINGTON PICKS UP the COOKS LADLE and JAMS it UNDER the RISING OUTRIGGER PLATFORM.

BEKCI

Are you crazy?

WASHINGTON

Hold tight!

THEY GRAB the WRAPPED DISHCLOTH from the JAMMED LADLE and LIFT UP with the PLATFORM.

DRAWING CLOSER to the UPPER POSITION, WASHINGTON, FIELDS and BEKCI JUMP AT the SCAFFOLDING underneath the OUTRIGGER STRUCTURE.

WASHINGTON PULLS himself UP behind the FOUR REMAINING GUARDS.

EXT. DESERT CANYON - DAY

**1m16 EXT. KNIGHTS OF AMUN-RA, CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

WASHINGTON TAKES A STROLL AWAY from the CAMP. He LEANS on a PALM TREE and WATCHES the STARS on THE NIGHTSKY, as FIELDS COMES UP. She leans on him and both look over the horizon.

FIELDS

What do you see?

WASHINGTON

This is too big for us, Sarah. I mean - a tyrant, an army – crusaders? How can we keep up with billionaire pharaoh?

FIELDS

We have to. For WINSTON and ATTICUS – and MORGAN.

**END EXT. APOLLO RESTAURANT, MONT ST. MICHEL - NIGHT**

FLYING EMBERS RISE ABOVE the APOLLO'S ROOF and the OLD APPLE TREE - ABOVE the GOLDEN STATUE of the ARCH ANGEL on top of the MONESTARY - UP to the NIGHTSKY and the CONSTELLATION of ORION - THE STRIKING POSE of the STATUE MATCHING the CELESTIAL IMAGE.

SHINING HIGH BEYOND are the HEAVENLY BODIES of the DOG STAR SIRIUS and the LATE EVENING STAR of VENUS.

It doesn't matter if it is true or not. He is able what no man of reason can achieve - uniting people. What's true and what's not doesn't matter, what matters is what you can achieve and king was able to do, what no man of reason could: uniting people

2m3 EXT. SHIPWRECKED BASTET, NILE RIVER BANK - DAY

**WINSTON**

*...it means they're digging on the  
wrong site of the river.*

*SPECIAL DIRECTOR*

*...and get me Secretary-General on  
the phone!*

**XmX INT. Galar Gym - Evening**

EVA is sitting in the LOBBY, preparing a handheld recording device. The CURRENT and UNDEFEATED POKE-CHAMP is TAKING his TIME to SHOW up for his INTERVIEW.

EVA is EXAMINATING the PICTURES of his PAST VICTORIES on the WALL. On NONE he LOOKS SATISFIED.

SWITCH of PERSPECTIVE:

LEON is wandering through the CORRIDORS of his OWN GYM. Having REARRANGED it, HE DOESN'T FIND the EXIT.

**LEON**

*Where is...*

EVA GETS up, as THE CHAMP FINALLY FINDS his WAY back into his OWN LOBBY.

**EVA**

*Hi, LEON - Thank you for doing this INTERVIEW - very EXCITED to MEET YOU.*

LEON is not a MAN of MANY WORDS.

**LEON**

*SURE.*

**EVA**

*Well, Congratulations for your FIFTH Title DEFEAT in A ROW - A HOENN REGION RECORD - how do you feel about this.*

LEON - uncomfortable with the INTERVIEW SITUATION - LOOKS EVA in the EYES for the FIRST TIME. She INTERESTS him.

**LEON**

*Yes, I'm very PROUD for the LEGION and for the THE STYLE of the ICE DRAGON - IT is a GREAT HONOR.*

FLYING EMBERS RISE ABOVE the APOLLO'S ROOF and OLD APPLE TREE - BEYOND the GOLDEN STATUE of the ARCH ANGEL on top of the MONESTARY - UP to the NIGHTSKY and the CONSTELLATION of ORION. THE STRIKING POSE of the STATUE MATCHING the CELESTIAL IMAGE.

It doesn't matter if it is true or not. He is able what no man of reason can achieve - uniting people. What's true and what's not doesn't matter, what matters is what you can achieve and king was able to do, what no man of reason could: uniting people

2m3 EXT. SHIPWRECKED BASTET, NILE RIVER BANK - DAY

**WINSTON**

*...it means they're digging on the  
wrong site of the river.*

Stole his own Satellite.

*All COM goes dark and I don't care if  
the White House has to order pizza by  
carrier today...*

*You're all under arrest!*

*and get me Secretary-General on the  
phone!*

Asd 🐱

Kartenmaterial Sub-Reddit Empfehlung (Achtung: Macht süchtig!)

[https://www.reddit.com/r/MapPorn/comments/eudxdb/a world map if it was drawn by a fish/](https://www.reddit.com/r/MapPorn/comments/eudxdb/a_world_map_if_it_was_drawn_by_a_fish/)

Daten Visualisierung, neuster Trend

<https://observablehq.com/@bmschmidt/data-driven-projections-darwins-world>

Feder und Schwert #34

Erklärung des Stream-Zwecks am Schluss und Einweihung zweite Stream Kamera.

## ■ Feder:

Der Stream-Name steht „Feder und Schwert“. Wir schreiben den Anfang der Szene 1m9 neu - der Diebstahl des Satelliten. Außerdem setzen wir einen besseren Anfang als Prolog. Show notes aufgenommen.

## ✕ Schwert:

Pre-IPO Investitionen SpaceX etc. - Gescheitert am Anmelde-Prozess -> Vielleicht für größere Fische interessant?

<https://equityzen.com/investor/>

Mind Med Aktie: Grund für Spitzenkurs und mögliche Aussicht.  
Wenn NASDAQ Zulassung -> Vermutung 15 USD.

<https://investorplace.com/2020/12/mmedf-stock-why-psychedelics-play-mind-medicine-is-soaring-today/>

<https://www.forbes.com/sites/willyakowicz/2020/09/25/psychedelic-drug-company-mindmed-applies-for-nasdaq-up-listing/#360d602d6cf7>

## Lese-Empfehlung:

Journalistische Perlen durch alle Themen - Sehr gute Schreiber:

<https://reportagen.com/>

Verweise auf Comic AbenteuerJagd Perfektes Weihnachtsgeschenk für Abenteuerfans und Schatzsucher:

<https://naqlschmid.de/comic-abenteuerjagd-band-1/>

Hammer Concept Art von Timothy Rodriguez

<https://timo.artstation.com/>

Zusatzempfehlung Concept / Final Art von Cornelius Dämmrich

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCb8X0HKrFhbblxIIEQz208A>

Neuigkeiten Seven Steps to Sahara Time, Vorstellung von Artwork und Ankündigung möglicherweise Zoom-Bühnenstück (auf Englisch) wir arbeiten da dran.

Nachtrag: Trends (Artificial Sun / Raumsonnen Beleuchtung)

Zuerst gesehen bei: DIY PERKS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6bqBsHSwPgw>

Thema Kontrovers: Kirchenfenster Moderne Kunst

<https://www.ndr.de/nachrichten/niedersachsen/hannover-weser-leinegebiet/Gericht-Marktkirche-darf-Reformationsfenster-einbauen,reformationsfenster106.html>

Reduzierung Verbrechen und Ornamentik - Moderne Architektur und Adolf Loos + Zeitverbrechen Podcast

[https://www.zeit.de/gesellschaft/2020-09/architektur-adolf-loos-paedophilie-verbrechen-podcast?utm\\_referrer=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.google.com%2F](https://www.zeit.de/gesellschaft/2020-09/architektur-adolf-loos-paedophilie-verbrechen-podcast?utm_referrer=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.google.com%2F)

JCS - Criminal Psychology

<https://www.youtube.com/c/JCSCriminalPsychology/videos>

Lesung des Ersten Skriptteils mit Original Soundtrack von, Commission work von fiverr.com - Curse of the Pharaohs Promo Soundtrack.

Enzo de Rosa/ Composer



<https://www.enzoderosa.com/>

Egyten Wal-Around Uncut no comment - All wichtigen Gräber, Tempel und Pyramiden einer Nilkreuzfahrt ungeschnitten - seltene Gelegenheit. Get Around Kanal ( Eigener Content ) Curse oft he Pharaohs Ideenfunke und Inspirationsstart.

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC32BUt3nIe3NYVs3J7B2toQ/videos>

Pyramidenenergie Herkunft:

Wardencliff Towers +

[https://it.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wardencliff\\_Tower](https://it.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wardencliff_Tower)

Hohlräume über Pharonen Grabkammer Cheopspyramide Hohlräume, wie Instrumente ( Gitarre) Frequenzbildung in 12-Ton Harmonie

<https://arxiv.org/pdf/1711.01576.pdf>

Sais, grab des osiris Übergabeort der Atlantislegende von Priestern Ägyptens an griechische Gelehrte, Mystiker ( Solon und danach Herodot)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sais,\\_Egypt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sais,_Egypt)