

M Y S T I C A

" F r e e d o m "

Episode #12

by
Karl Kaufmann

Projects4TV@yahoo.com

323-469-5155
323-850-5128

FADE IN:

INT. CITY BUS IN MOVEMENT -- DAY

WALTER, Caucasian, fifties, walks to the rear with a knapsack slung over his shoulder.

A mixed-blood YOUNGSTER stretches over two seats and obstructs the aisle with his feet. In one hand he holds a folded up baby carriage.

Opposite to him sits his YOUNG WIFE. She also stretches over two seats with her feet leaning out to the aisle, holding a BABY. It is impossible to pass through.

Attempting to do so,

WALTER

Excuse me, please let me through.

The Youngster takes a deep breath, annoyed. Walter makes his way through, walks past a few TEENAGERS, and sits down in the back. A LATINO WOMAN, fifties, follows and sits down near Walter.

Looking to the Youngster, loud and dry,

WALTER

Sorry to be in your way...

In a threatening tone,

YOUNGSTER

Then stay out of my way!

Teenagers chuckle, not fully at ease.

WALTER

Hey, it's Christmas time. Today you could forgive me for being in your way...

The Teenagers giggle. Walter takes a book out from his knapsack and reads.

The Latino Woman notices the front cover with the title:

"ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY"

Reading the small print,

LATINO WOMAN

"The true story of my ten years in captivity -- and my journey to freedom in America." FRANCIS BOK.

(impressed, to Walter)

Is this available in Spanish?

WALTER

I'm not sure.

(in goodwill Spanish)

Creo que si.

LATINO WOMAN

Slavery? Nowadays, nowadays?

Nodding, serious,

WALTER

It's scary. When they chop you off a leg only because you run away. As a seven year old.

She nods in agreement, touched.

The bus comes to a stop at a shopping mall. The Teenagers get off. OLGA, looking like Angel Mystica, comes aboard. She pays the fare and moves to the rear, sitting down near Walter.

She spots his book and shudders.

Sensing her discomfort,

WALTER

You must have gone through enough of your own ordeal, do I sense right?

With a slight Russian accent,

OLGA

It's over, thank goodness. I mean, it wasn't slavery but --

WALTER

Bad enough.

OLGA

Yes.

WALTER

You could write your own book.

Smiling, reserved,

OLGA

I'm not a writer, sir. Just a translator.

WALTER

Pardon my indiscretion, you Russian?

Olga nods.

Pointing at the man on the cover,

OLGA

What happened to him?

INT. RUSSIAN RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

IVAN (same as in Pilot) affixes the star on the Christmas treetop, and steps back to observe it.

He glances at TWO PATRONS and a WAITER serving them, and turns to the front door. It opens. Olga and Walter come in. Ivan disappears into the kitchen.

Olga and Walter take a seat at a table near the Christmas tree.

WALTER

You'll see that their NOODLES with field mushrooms aren't overspiced at all.

Reticent,

OLGA

When I was here... well, I don't know. Anyway, if you insist.

WALTER

Give it a chance. My treat.

OLGA

I've brought my good will.

INT. KITCHEN IN RUSSIAN RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Remodeled, with all amenities. A COOK and an ASSISTANT prepare food.

Ivan and SVETLANA (same as in Pilot) are in a corner. They observe the dining room through a window as the Waiter approaches Olga and Walter to take their order.

SVETLANA

What gall. -- Who is the man with her?

IVAN

What do I know.

SVETLANA

Why couldn't she stay with the sheik.
Move to a desert. And stop bothering
us.

IVAN

Aunt, you insist she has never seen
your face, right?

SVETLANA

You know how good the desert is for
rheumatism?

INT. RUSSIAN RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

WALTER

We could have some of our pamphlets
translated into East European languages.

Olga smiles.

WALTER

We can't pay top dollar. We're mostly
volunteers.

Teasing him,

OLGA

Who ride the bus.

The Waiter comes with the tea.

WALTER

My car broke down.

OLGA

Everybody rides the bus in my country.
Everybody who can afford it.

WALTER

This Francis Bok escaped running.

OLGA

There's nothing wrong riding a bus or
even running.

WALTER

He was in his rags and not a cent on him.

OLGA

Freedom is precious.

WALTER

He continued on the back of a truck, hidden in the cargo.

OLGA

Your victims don't run?

WALTER

We BUY them free.

OLGA

Oh like the organization in Switzerland?

WALTER

(nods)

D'you know how many of these fellows I could buy free? Just by using the bus instead of a cab?

OLGA

No.

WALTER

One to two a day.

OLGA

Do you use the network of Arab "retrievers"?

WALTER

That's the only way, also to keep the price low. Why?

OLGA

Because MY Arab "retrievers" were sheiks.

WALTER

We surely couldn't come up with the money to buy YOU off the market...

OLGA

You mean, the oil price would have to topple first that they'd sell me?

INT. KITCHEN IN RUSSIAN RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Svetlana gives noodles with mushrooms for two to the Waiter. He leaves. She walks to the window to observe him deliver it to Olga and Walter.

Ivan joins Svetlana at the window.

IVAN

So?

SVETLANA

I couldn't mess up their Kasha Simenukha again.

IVAN

If the last experience didn't prevent her from returning...

SVETLANA

He looks like a connoisseur.

IVAN

Maybe reviewing restaurants for a newspaper, or so?

SVETLANA

Or so. Yes.

IVAN

Let's have this on the house.

SVETLANA

Let's have this treat on us ANYWAY. And hopefully overcome the bad blood...

IVAN

A clean conscience is also YOUR most desirable thing?

Svetlana nods, and engrosses herself in work.

INT. RUSSIAN RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Olga and Walter enjoy their meal as "JINGLE BELLS" or other Christmas melody FADES IN AND GOES ON INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

CAMERA MOVES IN on star which crowns the Christmas tree, and

DISSOLVE OVER TO:

INT. MYSTICA'S HIDEAWAY, HEAVEN -- DAY

on sparkling right eye. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Angel PENUMBRA. She stares into the distance. MYSTICA comes with two servings of Christmas fruitcake.

MYSTICA

Here, it's Christmas time out there.

PENUMBRA

Thank you.

MYSTICA

...Cumbersome, to project the Christmas spirit.

PENUMBRA

They need a cake or a gift to express themselves.

MYSTICA

Believably.

PENUMBRA

Mmm, this tastes good. -- What's the dessert for Olga going to taste like?

MYSTICA

...She's smart.

PENUMBRA

Smart enough to look just like an "ordinary girl."

She stares at Mystica who grins.

PENUMBRA

THAT's what I'd call a Christmas achievement.

MYSTICA

(amused)

Enabling an angel's spirit to boost a human's.

PENUMBRA

(eats more)

I like this.

MYSTICA

Are you saying time to help out again?

PENUMBRA
I'm ready. Almost.

MYSTICA
'Cause I'm figuring if we should even
do anything. Except in their dreams.

PENUMBRA
Not this time, huh?

Smiling, mysterious,

MYSTICA
I like how this Ivan and Svetlana look
for redemption. This Christmas.

Penumbra grins, gives her thumbs up and, standing left of
Mystica, stares into the distance. Mystica's left eye sparkles
as Penumbra's right does.

CAMERA MOVES IN on either angel's sparkling eye, and

DISSOLVE BACK
TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

on two decorative stars next to each other. Each sparkles in
the same position where the eyes of the angels sparkled.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include entire Christmas tree with WILLIAM
(same as in Pilot) and ELAINE, reminiscent of Penumbra, at
his desk.

ELAINE
Olga said she wanted to come by briefly.

WILLIAM
Oh yeah.

Someone KNOCKS at the door.

WILLIAM
Secretary gone?

ELAINE
Come in!

Olga enters with a shopping bag.

ELAINE
Oh. What did you buy?

WILLIAM
Not a Christmas gift?

OLGA
William, you do work with book
publishers, don't you?

WILLIAM
Yees?

Olga gets a copy of Francis Bok's book out of her shopping
bag and puts it on the desk.

As Elaine peeks at the book:

OLGA
It may be the reverse course of action.
But, in case you do translations of
books, I'll be available to do this.

WILLIAM
You sound very passionate.

ELAINE
She has every reason.

OLGA
Today I met with a human rights
activist. He suggested I should write
a book about my own story.

William and Elaine are impressed.

OLGA
And guess what, I ended up in the
Russian restaurant. You know, the one
last summer.

WILLIAM
Where they sell jalapeños for mushrooms.

ELAINE
And?

Olga's cell phone BUZZES.

OLGA
Excuse me.
(answers phone)
Olga.
(beat, excited)
What?

INT. LIBRARY -- EVENING

Walter waits at the courtyard as Olga walks toward the escalators.

WALTER

Olga!

OLGA

Oh, there you are.

WALTER

Thank you for coming.

OLGA

Quick, 'cause I've promised to decorate the tree at home.

WALTER

I understand. Let's go to the atrium.

They quickly reach the...

INT. ATRIUM

...and walk into its empty, half-lit hall.

WALTER

After Christmas I'll have one of our victims speak here. And in other places in Southern California.

OLGA

I saw an announcement in the lobby. Vincent something.

He takes a flyer from his shirt pocket and unfolds it.

It has a b/w photo of Vincent, a tall young African.

WALTER

That's him. He'll be here early. Tomorrow. He just learned that his younger sister is in Los Angeles.

OLGA

And? HOW?

WALTER

A tidbit of intelligence through our organization.