

M Y S T I C A

" S e e i n g "

Episode #14

by  
Karl Kaufmann

Projects4TV@yahoo.com

323-469-5155  
323-850-5128

FADE IN:

INT. /EXT. SUBMARINE -- DAY

Rabbit HAAZY, white, sits on a marine blue carpet in front of an acrylic glass. Through it a world unfolds no rabbit would ever see. CLASSICAL NOTES in surround quality fill the room.

The UNICA, a Seattle 1000 (or Phoenix 1000) keeps descending.

Surrounded in a plush interior sits DR. RICHMOND, mid-fifties. Next to him lies the book:

"Absolute Transparency"

by Ezra Kaplan.

Haazy jumps up on the book, and Dr. Richmond lifts him up.

He places Haazy on his lap, and as he strokes him,

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN -- EVENING

on EZRA KAPLAN, early sixties, packing, hasty. Next to the little clothing in his suitcase books by Carl Jung, Abrams, and Lakhovsky stick out.

On them he places research papers identified by titles as "The Pre-Physical State," "Wave Form," "Scalar Waves," and "Quantum Physics." He closes.

In a safari jacket, exiting the...

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN

...Ezra carries the suitcase and a smaller case. He places them in his older, mid-sized sedan, and drives away on a...

EXT. ROAD UPHILL

...when an EXPLOSION can be heard.

INT. EZRA'S CAR -- EVENING

Ezra stops and looks back. Sweat covers his brow. The cell phone BUZZES.

Answering,

EZRA

Ezra Kaplan.

EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE IN MARINA -- EVENING

Coast Guard ENSIGN #1 acts as inconspicuous as possible.

ENSIGN #1

Unlike the media AND the police I believe  
in you.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

EZRA

You saved my life.

ENSIGN #1

The minimum I could do for a legendary  
researcher.

EZRA

Don't need the legend. Where are you?

ENSIGN #1

Sufficiently far away that this is the  
only way to make sure that you're still  
around.

EZRA

Sir, would you have the courtesy to  
tell me who you are? And how you know  
this number? It's not under my name.

ENSIGN #1

Not over a nonsecured line. I told  
you!

EZRA

How about my manuscript?

From his safari jacket Ezra gets out a spy pen and records.

ENSIGN #1

In safe hands.

EZRA

There IS something else you want to  
tell me, right?

ENSIGN #1

Affirmative. Instructions are waiting  
for you in a letter.

EZRA  
At which address?

ENSIGN #1  
You know where.

The call ends.

EZRA  
How the hell does he know of my P.O.  
Box in Atwater Village?

He wants to drive away but floods the engine.

He turns the ignition key. The engine turns over but does not  
start. He gives up. The phone RINGS.

Terrified, trembling,

EZRA  
Yes?

EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE IN MARINA -- EVENING

ENSIGN #1  
Professor, it's me one more time.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

EZRA  
Is there a bomb in my car too?

ENSIGN #1  
No sir. I would suggest, though, you  
abandon the car in front of the cabin.

EZRA  
I beg your pardon?

ENSIGN #1  
Who wants you dead will take you as  
dead. For the moment.

EZRA  
What?

ENSIGN #1  
And don't call a cab from anywhere too  
close to the cabin.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN -- EVENING

Ezra coasts downhill. He stops in front of the burning cabin, and leaves on foot with his luggage.

INT. EZRA'S CAR -- EVENING

On keys dangling from the ignition,

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RISE BUILDING -- NIGHT

as CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a group of open windows on an upper story. Light streams out. POLITICOS #1 and #2 can be heard.

POLITICO #1 (V.O.)  
Anyone picked up the car?

POLITICO #2 (V.O.)  
Yes. As planned. ...Will look like an  
accident to the investigators.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE IN HIGH RISE BUILDING -- NIGHT

As the Politicos have coffee:

POLITICO #1  
That'll puzzle Kaplan even more.  
(beat)  
No bodies -- no news.

POLITICO #2  
He readily left ON FOOT. No police.  
Not even a cab.

POLITICO #1  
Inventors are used to sleepless nights...  
(thinks)  
That ensign should be promoted.

POLITICO #2  
How the hell did you come across him?

Politico #1 pulls out a book from under a stack of papers.  
It's title:

"Absolute Transparency"

POLITICO #1  
The man loves wacko literature.

Politico #2 takes the book, stares at it, and shakes his head in disbelief.

POLITICO #1  
He finds it "entertaining."  
(thinks)  
I'm not sure if Kaplan was actually the best target...

POLITICO #2  
He's the one who exposed himself most.  
(waves book)  
And he can't stand publicity.

POLITICO #1  
(suspicious)  
He won't speak up?

Politico #2 denies with a head shake, places the book onto the table, and stares at #1.

POLITICO #2  
Most important: "Father" likes him.  
The message is set. Will reach "father" even at the bottom of the sea.

POLITICO #1  
(beat, some concern)  
How good that, push comes to shove, we still have "grandfather."

POLITICO #2  
We're not gonna need "grandfather" for this.

On Politico #1, nodding, convinced,

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STATION -- MORNING

as a cab pulls up and stops in front. Tired, Ezra gets out. He is still in his safari jacket. The DRIVER opens the trunk and hands Ezra his luggage. He pays, enters the empty...

INT. BUS STATION

...and approaches the counter.

EZRA

One way to downtown L.A.

The CLERK issues the ticket. The amount appears on the display. Ezra is about to slide his debit card through the ATM but desists at the last second. He pays in cash.

INT. /EXT. BUS RUNNING ON OPEN ROAD -- DAY

Most PASSENGERS sleep or listen to their earphones. Ezra wipes his brow, glimpses out at the desert, and turns back to the magazine on his lap.

MINUTES LATER

He lifts the paper up and shakes his head in contempt.

EZRA (V.O.)

"The fraud of homeopathy" -- This is such B-S. Who wrote this drivel?

He tries to find out the author. His cell phone BUZZES.

EZRA

Ezra Kaplan?

EXT. PUBLIC TELEPHONE IN MARINA -- DAY

ENSIGN #1

It's me again.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

EZRA

Sir, I may owe you my life but I don't approve of your tactics.

ENSIGN #1

Just checking how you're doing.

From his safari jacket Ezra gets out his spy pen.

EZRA

Come out of the dark if you want to talk to me.

ENSIGN #1

Everything in due course.

Ezra struggles with the recording device and fails to turn it on.

EZRA (O.S.)  
Stop treating me like a babe in the  
woods.

A BLACK MAN sitting behind Ezra listens, curious.

ENSIGN #1  
I repeat, you'll get the instructions  
the way I explained to you. Go through  
it, I want you to be safe.

EZRA  
(struggles with recording  
device)  
Damn.

ENSIGN #1  
I bag your pardon?

EZRA  
(irritated)  
It better be true.

On Black Man, bored,

CUT TO:

INT. UNION STATION, L.A. -- AFTERNOON

on suitcase as it is put on the floor.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)  
Thanks for coming to Atwater Village  
and sorry for any inconvenience. Now  
take bus #92 and head back downtown.  
Do not use a cab.

Ezra places the smaller case on top of the suitcase. He is in  
a different jacket and wears sunglasses. The spy pen sticks  
out from the breast pocket.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)  
During the ride change your jacket.  
When you reach Union Station you must  
look different.

The clock in the station shows 3:48.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)  
Be there by four p.m.

Ezra takes out a letter from his jacket pocket, glimpses at details in it, and walks to the fifth right-hand bench from the back. He shakes his head in disbelief.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)

Go to the grand waiting hall and sit down at the fifth right-hand bench from the back and wait.

Ezra sits down.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)

A shorter Hispanic man in his fifties will approach you with a shopping bag.

While Ezra's attention is at the letter a shorter HISPANIC MAN with a shopping bag approaches.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)

The fact that he does not speak English is proof that he is genuine.

HISPANIC MAN

Mister Kaplan?

Ezra glances at the Hispanic Man.

EZRA

Mister? -- That's about as much English you know, am I right?

The Hispanic Man smiles, consigns Ezra the shopping bag, and, making sure he has Ezra's approval, lifts up his luggage.

EZRA

(sighs)

Yes, you may.

The Hispanic Man checks no one is following him and leaves.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)

He knows where to deliver your luggage. Nothing else. Disguise yourself anew with the items in the bag. Then head for your destination by train.

Making sure he is unobserved, Ezra opens the bag which contains a checkered shirt with a breast pocket, a fake mustache, a mirror, a baseball cap, and stylish sunglasses. He does not like it.

EZRA (V.O.)  
Somebody already chose my looks.

He picks out the baseball cap and the sunglasses, and tries them on.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)  
That you survived the blast will not surface immediately. These measures will safeguard you from being recognized as you travel to the Gnostica. And only the right men know how you're dressed.

As he examines the mustache without removing it from the bag,

EZRA (V.O.)  
And that I sport this?

MINUTES LATER

In baseball cap, stylish sunglasses, mustache, and the casual, checkered shirt Ezra walks toward the subway. He carries the shopping bag from which his previously worn jacket sticks out.

ENSIGN #1 (V.O.)  
Take good care, you are the last hope for "transparency" to reemerge. At the latest, in Portland you will be seeing through everything. An insider.

On spy pen emerging from the checkered pocket as he walks,

DISSOLVE OVER TO:

INT. PENUMBRA'S HIDEAWAY, HEAVEN -- DAY

on plaque with the statement:

"Angels Would Do Little For Humans If There Weren't Us"

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include a number of woolen red devil heads displayed in a row above the plaque. Among the heads sticks out one whose horns are made of two daggers. On their grips dangle two baseball caps.

Angels PENUMBRA and MYSTICA walk by, take one cap each, and put them on.

They approach two other devil heads. One has a mustache and the other a goatee. Penumbra tears off the self-sticking mustache and applies it on her face.

Mystica does the same with the goatee.

MYSTICA  
Better the other way round.

PENUMBRA  
I thought so too.

They exchange their woolen beards.

They approach two other devil heads wearing stylish sunglasses,  
take them off, and put them on.

MYSTICA  
Does this make me any different? -- I  
don't understand these humans, they  
keep camouflaging themselves.

With a bright smile in her goatee,

PENUMBRA  
Keep smiling.

MYSTICA  
If only ONCE they had the chance to see  
how scary they look... the day all the  
crap in their minds will surface.

PENUMBRA  
Maybe it's better they don't.

MYSTICA  
There are enough heart attacks OUT THERE?

Penumbra nods. Mystica swings over to face a devil head.

In stylish sunglasses, staring at the face,

MYSTICA  
Would be therapeutic heart attacks.

She withdraws from the devil and turns to Penumbra.

MYSTICA  
This Ezra fellow might cause a few heart  
attacks with his sobriety.

PENUMBRA  
He bewilders ME.

MYSTICA  
Not only you.